### The Newman Boys

**by** MsMKT86

**Summary**

Bank robberies. Theft. Genoa City and the four towns that surround it get rocked by a gang of four bandits. 10 years after the death of their parents, Dylan, Victoria, Nick and Adam Newman seek revenge. They lie, steal and kill in search of answers and to finally even the score with their parents murderers.

**Notes**

This story came to me because I thought "Who writes a western?". It's AU because Dylan isn't Victor's son and the time period but I thought that the idea was solid and it would make a good story.

Thank you for clicking and I hope you enjoy it.

And as always, COMMENTS, KUDOS, BOOKMARKS and SUBSCRIPTIONS = LOVE!
WARNING: Abbott bashing (excluding Billy). Most of the bashing will be of Jack because...eh. So if you're an Abbott fan, this story is NOT for you.
The Fire and the Party

The flames were soaring, blazing and blistering. The popping of the glass and collapsing of the wooden building sounded loudly through the roaring flames. The four Newman kids wailed as they watched their childhood home burn. Dylan, the oldest at sixteen, had his arm around his little sister Victoria, who was eleven. She was holding the baby Adam who was five and the third child, Nicholas, who was seven, had his face buried in Dylan's leg. When they arrived home from school, they found the house engulfed in flames.

"Ma!" Victoria wept as she held a sobbing Adam tightly. "Pa!" Dylan wrapped his arm around her tighter. He had wanted to go for help but he knew it was pointless. They lived too far out side of Genoa City and by the time the fire brigade got there everything would be gone anyway. He had forced Victoria to help him wet the ground surrounding the house so that the rest of land didn't catch fire. He had slapped her in order to get to stop her hysterics. They weren't helping in the moment. He knew what the ugly truth was. Their parents, Victor and Nicole Newman were in the house. The house that was now a blazing inferno. The house that this time everyday their Pa was in waiting for them. He was never sure if he would make it for supper because of the work in the fields so he always tried to have lunch with them after school. The house that this very morning they had had a family breakfast in. Now hours later, the Newman kids stood with tear stained faces and watched as everything they ever knew turned to ash.

"Get back!" they all heard a man yell. They couldn't make out his voice and they didn't turn to look at him. "Get back from there!" he yelled again this time pushing them backward.

"What?" Dylan mumbled.

"Get back!" Neil Winters yelled. He worked for their father. He had a little house on one of the back fields and Victor paid him a dollar a month. A few moments later the fire brigade appeared and began putting the fire out. Neil and his wife Drucilla lead the Newmans to their wagon and back out to their house. The four of them sat on the back and watched as their home lay in a scorched heap.

"Ma. Pa," Victoria whispered sadly as she laid her head on Dylan's shoulder.

"Vicki, are you ready?" Esther Valentine, the maid at the Chancellor Estate, asked when she entered into the now fifteen year old girl's room.

"Why do I have to attend things like this?" Victoria asked as she watched Esther pull clothing from the wardrobe.

"Mrs. Chancellor is very important to Genoa City and because she has taken you in, you belong to this world," Esther said helping her into her underthings.

"But I don't want..." Victoria said gasping for air as she held tightly to one of the four posts of her bed as the maid drew the ribbons of her corset tight, "or need a husband yet."

"Mrs. Chancellor has been married since she was sixteen. You mother was married at sixteen," Esther grunted as she pulled the ribbons again, "you'll be married at sixteen," she grunted again. Victoria held on tightly and gasped again. She let out a deep breath when she felt the maid tying the ribbons.

"I have no interest in that," Victoria said as she stepped into the blue gown waiting for her. "I have
other plans for my life,” she said putting her arms through the arm holes. She watched in the full length mirror as Ester buttoned the dress up the back. It was royal blue and floor length with a moderate hoop for nighttime and a short train. It was off the shoulder and the short sleeves had black lace at the top and bottom just like the top of the bodice. She examined herself as she felt Esther tie the black sash at the back of the dress into a bow.

“Your plans don’t matter,” Esther said leading the young girl to her vanity. Her hands moved quickly, styling her hair in the latest style. “Your husband will make those decisions.” she said handing the girl a royal blue shawl, a pair of black lace gloves and a black bonnet with royal blue lace. “Mrs. Chancellor, Mr. Murphy and your brothers are waiting for you in the sitting room.”

Victoria nodded and exited her bedroom. She tugged at the life threatening corset under her dress before she descended the stairs. When she reached the sitting room she was greeted by her youngest brother Adam who was now nine.

“You look beautiful,” he said taking his sister by the hand.

“Thank you,” she said said smiling. “You look handsome.” Adam blushed a little before turning his head. He had turned into such a bright little boy. He was the smartest in his class and he often found himself explaining things to his siblings.

“Is everybody ready?” Katherine asked her surrogate children.

“Why do I have to go?” Adam questioned. “We’ll get there, I’ll eat supper and then I’ll have to go to bed.”

“It'll be late at night,” Patrick Murphy explained helping his wife into her jacket. “All the children need their rest.”

“Babies need rest,” Adam muttered.

“Stop complaining,” Dylan laughed. “Nick used to complain all the time when we would go to parties. You remember, Vicki?”

“I remember. He would cry into Pa's jacket because he had to stay home with Olivia,” she said tousling her brother's hair.

“I was little,” Nick said straightening his hair, “of course I cried.”

“I'm not crying,” Adam said pouting as he folded his arms. Dylan threw his head back laughing. The now twenty year old, had his father's laugh. On more than one occasion, Victoria and Nick both had to stop themselves from crying when they heard the reminder of their late father. Eleven year old Nick was becoming more and more like their mother everyday. Strong, compassionate and a mean streak that reached the moon. Victoria often found herself with her nose buried in a book; just to stay away from the constant reminders of her parents.

“Tonight is very important,” Katherine said as she ushered the Newmans to the awaiting carriage. “All of you be on your best behavior.”

“Katherine, Dylan is a grown man,” Murphy said as he tapped the ceiling of the carriage with his straight cane. “He knows what behavior is suitable.”

“I hope so because Jessica Lord-Buchanan is eighteen,” Katherine said as she peeked behind them. “Murphy, Esther's wagon is secure isn't it?”

“Yes. I checked the wheels myself,” he said patting his wife's hand. She smiled at him. The
Newman kids chatted amongst themselves during the ride. When the carriage came to a stop in from the massive Buchanan mansion, the driver opened the door and Murphy climbed out. He helped Katherine and Victoria out and waited as the boys exited. They were welcomed in by a sour faced man.

“I am Nigel,” he said helping Mrs. Chancellor out of her jacket. He handed all of the outerwear to Esther and pointed her down a long hallway. “This way,” he said leading them in the opposite direction. Dylan, Victoria, Nick and Adam could hear the low murmuring of people as they approached the ballroom. Nigel opened the doors and allowed them to enter. “Dinner will be served shortly,” he said with a glance at Adam.

“Thank you,” Murphy said. Nigel bowed slightly before leaving the room.

“The Duchess of Genoa City,” a tall, commanding man with a wide smile said as he approached them.

“Mr. Buchanan,” Katherine said holding her hand out to him. He kissed it and smiled again. “I’d like you to meet my husband, Patrick Murphy.”

“You run the mill out in Genoa City, right?” Asa asked shaking the Murphy's hand.

“Yes I do. The biggest lumber mill around,” he said proudly.

“Well, with Genoa City being smack in the middle of Llanview, Pine Valley, Port Charles and Forrester City, I would assume so,” Asa said clapping Murphy on the shoulder. “That's how I do business too. Bigger and better than anybody else,” he said with a hearty laugh.

“Enough business talk. Mr. Buchanan; this is Dylan, Victoria, Nicholas and Adam Newman,” Katherine said introducing each of them. Asa shook Dylan, Nick and Adam's hand.

“Jessie, Nattie come here,” Asa said turning to the crowd behind him.

“Victoria, these are my granddaughters, Jessica and Natalie,” he said introducing them.

“How do you do?” Victoria said.

“How do you do?” they said.

“Have you met anyone else?” Natalie asked as she linked her arm into Victoria's. Natalie had red hair, blue eyes and a very pretty round face.

“No, just your grandfather,” Victoria answered.

“Oh, well sit with me and I'll tell you everything you need to know,” the ginger girl said happily. Victoria followed her to two chairs. She looked back to find Jessica and Dylan speaking with each other. “Oh, could it be love?” Natalie said with a giggle as she pointed to her blonde twin.

“Maybe,” Vicki muttered.

“Alright, those are my parents Clint and Victoria,” Natalie said pointing to the happy people standing closest to them. “Next to them is my Uncle Bo and Aunt Nora. Their son Matthew is running around here somewhere; with your brother Adam no doubt,” she said with a laugh. “That's my oldest brother Cord and my other brother Kevin.” Victoria looked in the direction of the handsome men. It wasn't a surprise to her that they were both surrounded by women. Victoria only partially listened to Natalie talk about her family. She was too busy watching the room fill up with more guests.
“Katherine Chancellor, I’d like you to meet Eric and Stephanie Forrester,” Asa said introducing the couple. “Eric here owns just about everything worth putting your name on over in Forrester City.”

“How do you do?” Katherine said politely.

“Very well,” Eric said with a glance to Asa.

“I know that look. The Duchess here owns Genoa City,” Asa said.

“Excuse me Mr. Forrester but my father did not have a son and I was left with everything. I take the responsibility of being a Chancellor very seriously and I intend to continue in the direction of my father, even after I've gone to Heaven,” Katherine said sternly.

“My apologies,” he said as he cut his eyes at his wife. She had tired to cover her mouth the keep her laughing quiet but it hasn't worked.

“Dinner is prepared,” Nigel said appearing in the door way. Asa nodded and lead his family and guests into a massive wood paneled room with a sprawling wooden table. He sat at the head with his wife, Reneé, to the left of him. Asa clapped his hands and the room was filled in with servants carrying trays. They placed the plates in front of everyone and after Asa took the first bite, everyone began to eat.
All through dinner Natalie filled Victoria in on the who's who of the party.

"Those are the Chandlers from Pine Valley." Natalie said. "That's JR Chandler and his sister Colby." she said pointing to the brother and sister who were sharing food. "Those are their parents, Adam and Liza. My grandaddy doesn't like Mr. Chandler. Says he money hungry at the expense of people and he refuses to do business with him." Victoria nodded at the information. "That's the Corinthos family from Port Charles. My grandaddy says it takes a strong man to do business with a man the likes of Sonny Corinthos and his sons, Micheal and Morgan." Natalie whispered. Victoria looked at the three attractive men across the table from her. They seemed like hard men. Men who lived their lives with purpose.

"What of their mother?" she whispered to the red head as she looked at the beautiful blonde next to Mr. Corinthos.

"Oh, Miss Carly. My mama said that a woman that cruel must've seen the Devil but I think she's nice." Natalie said. "Rumor has it that she helped Hope Logan out of a bad situation with an outlaw." she said pointing to the pretty blonde girl with the sparkling blue eyes at the end of the table.

"What kind of situation?"

"Oh it was awful. He claimed to love her but he only wanted to steal all her mother's money and he was close to until Miss Carly caught wind. Suddenly the outlaw was gone and none of the money was taken."

"Oh." Victoria said. She looked at Carly with admiration. She had no idea what she as a woman could have done to scare off an outlaw but she was sure it wasn't something as sinful as adultery. She held her head high. Victoria knew that she was too strong a woman to resort to something as weak as selling herself. "Who is that? Sitting next to Mr. Murphy?"
"Oh that's Alan Quartermaine." Natalie said. "He and wife are both doctors. Isn't that wonderful? A woman doctor!" the red head beamed. She nodded and Natalie continued. "Those are their sons, AJ and Jason. I fancy Jason but he has his eyes on Colby Chandler." her tone sad. Victoria patted the girls hand. "Anyway, that's their sister Emily. I don't particularly like her. She's too nice."

"How can someone be too nice?"

"She never swears, or says a bad word against anyone. She's like a saint." the girl beside her said annoyed. "She's lovely other than the fact that she makes you feel like you don't try hard enough." Victoria nodded. She would stay away from Emily Quartermaine. She liked the use of the word damn every now and then.

"Why does your grandfather keep looking at Mr. Quartermaine?" Victoria asked.

"Oh, he thinks that he and Mrs. Quartermaine poised his parents." Natalie informated her.

"Oh my."

"They're still alive just real sick."

"That's good, I suppose." Victoria said.

"I think granddaddy's wrong, though. Edward and Lila Quartermaine have been old for my whole life. I think old age got them like Mr. and Mrs. Quartermaine said." Natalie said with a gentle smile. Victoria had more questions about the party guests. She was grateful that Natalie was so nosy. It was entertaining and informative.

"Alright now, all you children head on upstairs. The party will resume in the ballroom." Asa said rising from his chair. Natalie stood and grabbed Victoria's hand.

"I'll be right back. I want to say goodnight to my brother." she said. Natalie nodded.

"Goodnight Adam." Victoria said as she crushed him in a hug.

"I'm old enough, you know." he said hugging her back.

"I know, but Mr. Buchanan said it's bedtime." she said kissing his forehead. He sighed and grabbed Esther's hand. He looked back and waved to his brothers who had joined their sister at the bottom of the stairs.

"Are you having a good time?" Dylan asked her.

"Yes. Natalie is very nice." she answered honestly. "Are you having a good time?"

"Of course he is." Katherine said linking her arm into his. "He and Ms. Jessica are a fine match." Dylan smiled as he led Mrs. Chancellor back to the ballroom. Once inside, Victoria went in search of her new friend. She spotted her talking to people she didn't know but the three men were all very handsome. Natalie turned and held her hand out to her. She took it smiled politely at the men.

"Victoria Newman, this is Mr. Bill Spencer and his sons, Liam and Wyatt." Natalie said beaming. "They own the only printing press in Forrester City."

"How do you do?" Victoria said.

"Wonderful, Miss Newman. I knew your father. He was a good man." Bill said shaking her hand.
She fought back tears and gave him a weak smile. It had been four years and still every time someone mentioned one of her parents, she almost broke.

"Victoria, Liam and Wyatt have been so gracious as to ask for our hand when the dancing begins." Natalie smiled brightly.

"That's lovely." Victoria said collecting herself.

"It will be my pleasure, Miss Newman." Wyatt said with a slight bow of his head. Victoria blushed slightly.

"I can't wait, Mr. Spencer." she said coyly with a small bow. Natalie squeezed her had as they bid them goodbye.

"Wyatt Spencer. He's a very good match for you. We'll have to tell Mrs. Chancellor." her friend gushed.

"I don't want a husband." Victoria told her truthfully.

"But you need a husband. Who will take care of you?" Natalie asked a concerned look on her face.

"I can take care of myself." she said as they took a seat on one of the plush couches. The ginger girl shook her head.

"Do you remember me mentioning Hope Logan?" she asked.

"I remember."

"There she is with her brother Rick. That woman beside them is their mother Brooke Logan." Natalie said jerking her head toward the beautiful blonde woman. "She's a widow."

"So?"

"So, I don't want you to end up like her." Natalie said quietly.

"What do you mean?" Victoria asked.

"What do you know of my grandmama?"

"Not to much."

"Well, it's a bit of a well known unspoken secret kind of thing, what I'm about to tell you." Natalie said leaning closer to her.

"I don't understand what you mean." Victoria whispered.

"My grandmama is a madam. It's well know because people know about it but it's unspoken because no one speaks openly about it for fear of my grandaddy's gun and it's a secret because newcomers don't know it." Natalie explained.

"A real madam?" Victoria asked her eyes flashing to her red haired woman smiling next to Asa.

"Yes. Well, Miss Brooke works for her. Has for a few years now. People don't know that she run the house in Forrester City but I do. I saw her here in the house once and I overheard them talking about it."
"I appreciate you thinking of me, but I wouldn't become a whore." Victoria told her. "I'll manage."

"Just think about it please. Mr. Spencer comes from a very wealthy family and he's keen on you." Natalie said.

"I'll think about it." she lied.

"Thank you." the red head smiled.

"Hello, Nattie." a beautiful raven hair girl said as she sat down beside her.

"Hi. Stephanie Forrester, this is my new friend Victoria Newman." Natalie said introducing them.

"How do you do?" Victoria said.

"Fine, call me Steffy." the girl smiled. "What are we talking about?"

"I was telling Victoria about everyone."

"Have you gotten to my family yet?"

"Not yet." Natalie said.

"I'll do the honors." Steffy smiled. Natalie stood and pushed Victoria to the middle as Steffy continued. "That is my father Ridge and my mother Taylor. That's my twin brother Thomas, who's sweet on Natalie."

"No thank you. I see him as a brother." Natalie said shaking her head causing Victoria and Steffy to laugh.

"Yes, he knows. It still disappoints him." the dark hair girl chuckled. "Oh and that's my uncle Thorne and his wife Macy."

"What does your family do?" Victoria questioned.

"Well my grandmother, Stephanie is an expert dress maker. She always has been. My grandfather Eric believed that they could make it a successful business." Steffy replied. "We make and sell dresses, gowns really. My grandfather has a deal with Mr. Micheal Baldwin in Genoa City."

"I know him."

"Well, then you know that his wife, Lauren Fenmore-Baldwin owns a store. The first of it's kind. A clothing store." Steffy said.

"Yes. It was very exciting when Fenmore's first opened." Victoria smiled.

"You can buy Forrester Creations there." Steffy smiled happily. "I believe you're wearing one."

"Oh. This is lovely." Natalie said admiring the blue dress.

"Thank you." Victoria smiled. She was about to speak again when loud laughter drew her attention to the far side of the room. "Who is that?"

"That's Crazy Miss Addie." Steffy whispered.

"Yes, the Cramer Women of Llanview." Natalie said. "My cousins by marriage."
"How?" Victoria asked.

"Her right there. That's Blair Cramer-Manning. She's married to the man next to her, Todd Manning, he and my mother are cousins." the red head explained. Victoria nodded as she continued. "Crazy Miss Addie is her mother."

"Dorian Cramer the head of the household of ladies, she's the dark hair lady." Steffy said pointing slightly. "She's Kelly Cramer's mother." she said pointing to the blonde next to her.

"Why do you keep calling Miss Addie crazy?" Victoria asked but before either girl could answer, Wyatt was standing in front of them.

"Miss Newman, may I have this dance?" he asked sweetly, his hand held out to her. She blushed, nodded and placed her hand in his.

"Of course." she smiled.

Dylan danced Jessica around the ballroom. He did like her and he understood that as the oldest he would need to be with someone who was a good match for him. Jessica was beautiful. She had long blonde hair and royal blue eyes. She came from a wealthy family and even though he knew that because he did not have a family home he would have to leave his siblings and move to Llanview, he was prepared to do so. It was what was best for everyone.

"You're a wonderful dancer, Mr. Newman." Jessica said as he led her to a chair.

"Thank you, Miss Buchanan." he smile sweetly.

"Newman." a voice said from behind him. Dylan turned to see two men about his age approaching him. "I'm Micheal Corinthis and this is my brother Morgan."

"Nice to meet you." he said shaking their hands.

"Good evening, Miss Buchanan." Morgan said kissing her hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Corinthos." she smiled.

"Miss Buchanan." Micheal said. She nodded as she rose to her feet.

"I'll leave you gentlemen alone." Jessica said touching Dylan's hand before walking over to join her mother. The three of them stood silent for a few moments before Micheal made a grunting noise.

"I wish they had stayed home." he muttered.

"Who?" Dylan asked following his gaze. He felt the blood in his body boil. "Do you know the Abbotts?"

"No. I know of them." the older Corinthos boy said. "And that is enough."

"He knows things about them." Morgan added.

"I know gossip about them." Micheal cleared up.

"What do you mean?" Dylan asked his eyes locked on Jack Abbott.
"I've heard things from friends about them." he said.

"Where did they hear it?"

"One of the saloons our father owns in Port Charles." Morgan said.

"I don't understand." Dylan said his eyes meeting Micheal's.

"Oh you don't know." he chuckled. "Jack Abbott has an...appreciation for saloon girls."

"Yes and apparently, once you get a few drinks in him, he can't keep his mouth shut." Micheal said, taking a sip of the drink in his hand.

"What have you heard?" Dylan inquired.

"Not that you can truly believe a whore but according to one, the house they live in is on burned land." Micheal said.

"That's the truth." he muttered.

"How do you know?" Morgan asked.

"I used to live on that land." The Corinthos brothers nodded. "What else?"

"Well, you know they came into a lot of money in recent years." Micheal said.

"I had heard, yes." Dylan said.

"Apparently it's because they sold a lot of items that weren't destroyed in the fire." Micheal explained. "Jewelry, portraits, other things like that."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I also heard that they didn't get rid of all the valuables. They use them to pay for things." Micheal said.

"What do you mean?" Dylan asked.

"Jack tries to pay the girls with jewels but Milo, the man that runs the saloon, told him that cash was the only thing the girls would take." Morgan said. "He didn't like it but he still paid." Dylan's eyes searched the crowded room for Jack. *Had he heard right? They had sold things that belonged to his parents. Things that rightfully belong to him and his siblings.*

As the party wound down, Victoria bid goodnight to Wyatt Spencer and Dylan to Jessica Buchanan, Ester handed a sleeping Adam to Dylan and their carriage took off toward home. When they got home Esther came to retrieve Adam but Dylan shook his head and carried his younger brother into the house and up to his room.

"Adam." he said undressing him.

"Huh?" the boy asked his eyes still closed.

"Wake up. Listen to me."

"I'm wake. What?"

"When you hear three knocks on your door tonight, get up and come down to the parlor." Dylan
said helping his brother climb into bed. "It's important."

"Ok, Dyl." Adam said nodding. Dylan leaned down and kissed his baby brother on the forehead and left his room. Once he was in his own room he undressed and put on his night clothes. He paced the floor. He was waiting for midnight. He knew that Mrs. Chancellor, Mr. Murphy and Esther would all be asleep by then.

When the clock in his room struck twelve he tiptoed out into the hallway. He rapped three times on each of his siblings' doors before heading downstairs. He smiled when he saw the fire still burning. Murphy always liked to have a brandy by the fire after parties. He said it calmed his soul and he slept better. Dylan knelt in front of it and warmed his hands; he looked up when he heard the door creak open. Coming toward him were his three siblings.

"I know who did it." Dylan whispered to his siblings. They were sitting by the roaring fire with him.

"How?" Adam whispered warming his hands.

"It don't matter how. I just know." the oldest Newman chuckled tousling his brother's hair.

"Who was was it?" Nick asked.

"The Abbotts." he said.

"What?" Victoria asked aloud. "How do you know?"

"Pentacities ain't that bad." Dylan said kneeling in front of the fire again

"Dylan, how do you know that?" Victoria asked again.

"Micheal and Morgan Corinthos." he said. "They can't keep their big mouths shut."

"What'd they say?" Nick questioned.

"Just that the Abbotts have been sitting pretty for the past four years." he said.

"What's that matter?" Adam asked.

"You were five." Victoria said. "You don't get it."

"Well, you can tell me."

"The Abbotts were dirt poor." Dylan explained. "They had nothing. They squandered everything their daddy left them and that was long before any of us were born."

"So why did they kill..." Adam asked quietly. They were all silent. They looked to Dylan for answers.

"The money." he told them. "They took everything then burned the house to the ground."

"Are you sure that's true?" Victoria asked.

"Micheal and Morgan didn't say that exactly but I ain't stupid." Dylan said.

"They need to pay." Nick said angrily.

"What are we supposed to do now?" Dylan asked. "It's been four years."
"What happened to all of ma and pa's belongings?" Adam asked.

"They sold 'em." Dylan answered.

"Then we need to get it all back." Victoria said her arms folded across her chest.

"How Vick?" Nick asked looking up at her.

"I've got a plan but we've gotta leave Genoa City as soon as Adam's old enough." she said.

"What's old enough?" Adam inquired.

"Old enough to ride alone and shot." she said.

"Oh. I'm learnin'."

"I know Adam, and in a few years you'll be fifteen and we can put my plan into action."

"What's the plan?" Dylan asked.

"We'll talk about it later." she whispered. "We better get to bed, I think I hear Esther."
A/N: Hey guys! I know that a few of you are reading this so I appreciate that and I hope you enjoy this chapter.

Anyway, Happy Reading!

And as always, COMMENTS = LOVE!

DISCLAIMER ON PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

THIS FANFICTION IS UNBETA'D BUT PROOFREAD. ANY REMAINING MISTAKES ARE UNINTENTIONAL. APOLOGIES FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE.

Six Years Later

Dylan Newman stood in the study staring out across the back acres of his home for the past ten years. He was now twenty-six and the new owner of Murphy's Lumber Yard, Chancellor the business, the Regal Acres Manor House, affectionately called RAM House, and most of Genoa City, he was still unmarried. He and Jessica Lord-Buchanan had been courting for six years but nothing ever came of it. They were a good match but always at the back of his mind was his sister Victoria's plan. He was still unclear about what it was exactly but if it meant getting their parents belongings back and taking down Jack Abbott, he was going to do it.

Katherine had died four years ago and Mr. Murphy had become sick soon after, dying within months of his late wife. Mrs. Chancellor's daughter, only because she took her in at a young age when her father couldn't "handle her wild ways", Jill, had tried to get the deed to land and rights to the business but Katherine had a will and there was nothing she could do about Dylan being rewarded everything. Jill's son, Cane Ashby, was a good man. He and his wife, Lily Winters, the daughter of his father's former ranch hand, Neil Winters, were good trustworthy people so Dylan saw not problem going to in business with him. Cane now owned 45% of the lumber yard and 50% of Chancellor. Katherine's other sons lived outside of Pentacites and wanted nothing to do with the business; but Mrs. Chancellor had rewarded them all money.

"Dyl?" a now fifteen year old Adam asked as he entered the study.

"What is it Adam?" he asked turning to his brother.

"Vicki said she wants to meet tonight. In the stables."

"Why the stables?" the eldest Newman asked.

"Since Cane and Lily stay here now she wanted somewhere private." Adam said.

"Tell her that's fine," Dylan said. "Where is she?"

"She and Nick went into town. She said she needed to buy supplies."
"Supplies? Is she going somewhere?"

"I have no idea. You know how she gets." the youngest Newman chuckled before leaving the room. Dylan sighed and turned back to the window.

"Vick, we have all of these things at home." Nick Newman said as his sister piled his arms high with banded paper, quills and ink wells.

"I know that Nick but...be quiet. I know what I'm doing." she muttered as they browsed the shelves of the Genoa City General Store. After she collected everything they needed and paid, they boarded their wagon and headed home. "I want to meet right after supper." she said.

"Does it have to be in the stables?" he asked as they climbed the long driveway of RAM House.

"It's the most remote place. I just don't want to be overheard." she said as he pulled the wagon to a stop.

"Ms. Newman, you really should allow Mr. Sharp to drive you in the wagon." an elderly Esther said as she stepped onto the front porch.

"I do not need a driver when my brother is perfectly capable of steering a couple of horse through Genoa City without hitting people." Victoria said as she climbed the front steps. She stopped in front of the old maid. "Thank you for caring for me, Esther." she smiled. "Here, let me help you back inside," she said linking her arm into hers. "When will you daughter, Kate, be here to relieve you of your duties?"

"Very soon. She lived right outside of Pentacities with her father but I received word a few days ago that she was in Port Charles and she would be leaving there tonight." Esther said.

"Is she traveling alone?" Nick asked as Victoria helped the old woman into a chair in the parlor.

"No, sir. She and the lawyer Baldwin's brother Kevin Fisher have been married for three years now." she smiled.

"Good." Nick smiled.

"Thank you for allowing me to rest." Esther said. The two Newmans smiled before leaving the parlor. Ester had never seemed that old to them until Mrs. Chancellor got sick. The worry and constant care she gave to the sick woman showed itself on the maid's face and body. Her hair grayed, her skin became wrinkly and her steps slower. When Katherine died, Esther became even more downtrodden having lost, not only her boss, but her best friend. But she didn't have much time to grieve because Mr. Murphy became sick. His death effected the old maid greatly. She became ill herself and Victoria took on the responsibility of nursing her back to health with the help of Dr. Stitch.

"I have a meeting in town." Dylan said meeting his siblings in the hallway. "Apparently Mayor Abbott wants all of the affluent men into to meet at the City Hall for a meeting about visitors to Genoa City."

"What does that mean?" Nick asked.

"I don't know but I'm sure whatever it is Jack Abbott will explain and it will be a horrible idea." Dylan chuckled.
"Be careful, Dylan." Adam said.

"Of course." he said. "I will be home for supper."

"Mr. Newman, Mr. Ashby is in the carriage." Mr. Sharpe the driver said from the front porch.

"I'll be right there, Deacon." he said.

"We'll meet in the stables after supper." Victoria said. "My ladies sewing circle has been helpful in getting my plan together. It's time boys." she said mischievously.

"Vicki, I trust you but you are a frightful woman sometimes." Dylan laughed. He kissed his sister on the forehead and waved goodbye to his brothers before heading out the door.

When Dylan and Cane returned from their meeting they were both annoyed.

"Meeting didn't go well?" Lily questioned as they all sat down to dinner.

"Understatement," Cane answered.

"Jack Abbott is an idiot," Dylan commented. "He called this meeting because he wanted to figure out a way to get men like Asa Buchanan and Sonny Corinthis to move here."

"Why?" Nick asked confused.

"If the most powerful men in Pentacites all live in Genoa City then, Genoa City with be the most powerful city," Cane said quoting Jack.

"It was about money," Victoria asked.

"Yes and his insatiable need for it," Dylan replied. The dinner conversation shifted to other things but Victoria shifted in her chair. She just wanted the meal to be over so that Cane and Lily could retreat to their room.

When Esther came and cleared the table and The Ashby's exited the room, she spoke softly, "Everyone change. We'll meet in the stables in fifteen minutes," they all nodded and retreated to their rooms. She changed into the pair of riding pants that she fought with Esther about making her and a pair of boots. She slid one of Dylan's old shirts over her shoulders and tied her hair into a bun with a ribbon.

Victoria opened her room door, peeked out and seeing that the coast was clear she slid through the tiny opening and ran downstairs. Victoria stood on the bottom step and waited to see if she could hear Esther moving around. The last thing they needed was to be deterred. When it was silent, Victoria proceeded through the kitchen and out toward the stables.

She lit a few lanterns inside an empty stalls away from windows.

"Vick?" Nick's voice rang out.

"Back here," she called. She stood from her seat of hay so that her brothers could see the top of her head. The three of them came in and took a seat.

"Alright, Victoria. We're all here," Dylan said looking at her. "What's going on?"

"You told us six years ago that The Abbotts stole from us," she said.
"Yeah, I remember," the eldest Newman said.

"My plan was and is to take it all back. Or at least everything we can," Victoria stated.

"It's been ten years, Vicki," Adam said. "How are we going to find everything? I don't even know what we're looking for."

"But I do," she said. "Look, Dylan said they sold everything. So the people of Pentacites and pawnbrokers have Ma and Pa's things."

"But how are we supposed to get them back?" Nick asked. Victoria grinned and pulled out a few large pieces of paper from under her stack of hay. She laid them out in the center of their circle.

"This is a map of Pentacities. I had it made," she said. "All of the pawnbrokers from each city are shown and so are the richest people."

"Ok, so?" Dylan questioned, his eyes searching the map.

"So, we just have to go and get it all," she said exasperated.

"We'd use all of Mrs. Chancellor's money," Nick said.

"Who said anything about money?" Victoria smirked as she reached under her hay stack again and pulled out a revolver. "We're gonna take it."

"Vicki, that would mean we'd be outlaws," Adam said.

"So what? I'd run from the law, from the president, from Pinkerton, from the Devil himself if it mean I could get Ma and Pa's stuff back. If it mean I could get our stuff back," Victoria said seriously. "Jack Abbott and his sisters are gonna pay for what they did." Her brothers were silent. They all just stared at her. Nick and Adam looked to Dylan. "What's it gonna be?" she asked. The two young boys still waited for their brother to answer.

"When do we start?" Dylan grinned. Victoria hugged her oldest brother and they began to formulate a plan.
Three nights later, Dylan, Victoria, Nick and Adam met in the stables once again. This was the night that they would steal away and begin to take back what was theirs. They would take one of their older wagons and head toward Port Charles. Dylan decided that Michael and Morgan Corinthos were the perfect people to send them off in the right direction. They packed up the back of the wagon and piled in. They all gave their home for all these years a long last look before Dylan cracked the reins and the horses took off.

Nick and Dylan took turns manning the reins on the several hour trip to Port Charles.

Port Charles was beautiful. It had many of the most modern marvels of the day but the Newmans stayed their course. Dylan stopped at a general store into to restock on any supplies they might need for the rest of their journey.

"Dylan Newman," a voice behind him said. He turned to see, Jason Quartermaine approaching him. Dylan and Jason had become good friends over the years. The passing of Jason's grandmother Lila and Mrs. Chancellor drove the boys to form a bond. They would go shooting, camping and whatever else they could think of that would take them away from the chaos that their lives were thrown into. Jason, became a doctor and felt powerless when he couldn't save his
grandmother and Dylan inherited everything and was forced to became a businessman and head of the family when Mr. Murphy fell ill soon after Katherine's death. "What the devil are you doing in Port Charles?" he asked, his hand extended to him.

"Visiting," Dylan answered quickly, shaking his hand. "With my family," he said pointing to the wago outside.

"Ahh. Well, I was on my way to a meeting at the city hall," Jason told him as he joined Dylan and his shopping trip. "Apparently your mayor has come to Port Charles proposing a way to make Pentacites more prosperous."

"I assure you, Jason, that any idea that Jack Abbott has is absurd and should be voted against," Dylan said plainly, looking into the other man's eyes. "Do not trust Abbott."

"Why?"

"You're a doctor, Jason. In good standing," Dylan said as he laid the items on the counters. "75 cents," the elderly store clerk said. Dylan reached into his pocket and paid the man.

"I am. Why?" Jason asked as he and the oldest Newman walked on to the porch in front of the store.

"Then heed my warning, my friend. If you wish to remain as such, vote against Jack Abbott and whatever his plans are for Pentacites. You do not want to be in business with the likes of him," he told the youngest Quartermaine son. "Farewell," Dylan said shaking his hand before returning to his wagon. He nodded curtly at Jason before pulling away down the street.

As they approached the Corinthos manor, Dylan slowed the horses. He waited until all of his siblings realized the slower pace before speaking.

"Vicki, you will say nothing," he said clearly.

"What?" she exclaimed.

"You will not speak," Dylan repeated. "Until we do anything against the law we are still apart of this society and in that we have certain rules we must abide by."

"What rules, Dylan?" Victoria spat. "This was my idea."

"That doesn't matter to me," he said as Nick and Adam watched the exchange. "You have a bad habit of letting your mouth lead you," Dylan told her. "That is not what we need. We need information and anything else that Mr. Corinthos can give us."

"I would not ruin this," she said her arms folded.

"You would," Nick chimed in. "You just don't know when to shut up, Vick."

"That's not true," she shouted.

"That is why you will say nothing, Victoria," Dylan said pulling the horses to a stop in front of the massive home. "You will spoke when spoken to and not until then."

"Fine," she muttered as the doorman helped her out. She linked her arm into Nick's and they all climbed the stairs of the towering house. It has six giant white columns across the porch and dark green double doors. The windows were floor length and covered by thick dark green drapes.
Dylan knocked and a tall man opened the door.

"Good evening," the man said.

"Good evening. I am Dylan Newman. These are my brothers Nicolas and Adam and my sister Victoria. We are here to see Mr. Michael and Mr. Morgan Corinthos," Dylan said.

"The young sirs are out for the evening but Mr. and Madam Corinthos are in the sitting room," the man told him.

"We would greatly appreciate an audience with them," Dylan said. The man nodded, allowed them inside then led them down a long ornamented hallway. He knocked three times on the door before entering.

"Sir, madam, the Newmans to see you," he said stepping to the side and allowing them to step inside the spacious room. A vaulted ceiling with an exquisite crystal chandelier. The walls were white with beautiful art adorned upon them. Dark wood floors with plush rugs and ornate furniture all around. The windows were open and the curtains drawn allowing the fresh air and the lite floral fragrance from the large garden outside to waft into the room.

Sonny Corinthos, sat lounging in a large armchair his black suit fitting him exactly as it should, while his wife, Carly, wore a floor length dark blue and gray dress. The Newmans looked around the room in awe. RAM House was a marvel but this house put it to shame.

"Good evening," Dylan said approaching Sonny, hand extended.

"Mr. Newman," Sonny said shaking his hand. "What brings you here?" he asked gesturing for them to sit.

"We were seeking an audience with you sons but they appear to not be here," Dylan said.

"No, they are handling some business for me," Sonny said. "They should be home soon. What can I help you with?" The four Newmans exchanged a glance.

"We are seeking information about the Abbotts," Dylan informed them. Sonny and Carly now exchanged a glance and a smile.

"It's about time," she said, a smile still on her lips.

"I'm sorry?" Dylan said, looking from him to her.

"I was beginning to think that you would never figure out what to do about the information I gave my sons to give you," Sonny smiled deviously.

"The information you gave them?" Dylan said confused.

"Yes. While I'm sure, some of what they told you was knowledge that already had some of it was not," he told them. Dylan nodded. "Jack Abbott is a snake in the grass and like any snake, he needs his head smashed." Carly nodded her agreement.

"Is that why you are not attending the meeting at city hall?" Dylan questioned.

"Yes. I have no time for what he has to say. I have someone there in my stead," Sonny said. "What kind of information are you in search of, Dylan?"

"Anything really. We want to take back what is rightfully our," the eldest Newman stated.
"You're talking about becoming an outlaw," Carly spoke up.

"Yes ma'am. I suppose I am," Dylan said.

"Are you sure that is a path you wish to take?" Sonny asked.

"Positive," Dylan said firmly.

"Fantastic," Sonny said beaming, clomping Dylan on the shoulder. "Stay for supper. Michael and Morgan will be home and we can sit down and devise a plan."

"Thank you," Dylan said with an encouraging smile at is siblings.

Over dinner, Michael, Morgan and Sonny talked with Dylan about where they should go, who they should trust and who would be of help to them.

"Before you leave here, leave the wagon. We'll burn it," Sonny said. "We can't have you being followed."

"Won't we need it?" Adam questioned. "If we are collect any items how are we to carry them quickly away?"

"We will provide you with another one," Morgan answered. "One that no one has ever seen before. It'll be plain with no unusual marks on it"

"That way it will be harder to spot and harder for witnesses to recall when the sheriff comes asking," Michael added.

"The first place you need to go is to Forrester City," Sonny said. "You wanna see Mr. Bill Spencer."

"The man who owns the printing press?" Victoria asked.

"Yes. The very one," Sonny answered. "He is more than he appears to be."

"I wouldn't travel through Genoa City though," Carly said. "The last thing you need is for someone to spot you on a wagon heading out of town again."

"Of course," Dylan said. "I don't know how to thank you all."

"Taking Jack Abbott down is payment enough," Sonny said, lighting his cigar. Dylan nodded.

"You four must stay for a few days," Carly smiled. "I insist."

"Oh, I don't know," Dylan said, shaking his head.

"It'll take the boys that long to prepare the wagon and it'll give you time to rest up for your travels," Carly said in a motherly tone. "I'll have Johnny ready some rooms for you," she said sweetly.

"Thank you," Dylan smiled. He turned to his siblings and smiled again. He was surprised by the reception that they had received from the Corinthos and that they were so helpful. He hadn't realized how many people disliked Jack Abbott but it was clear to see why.
After dinner, Johnny showed the Newmans to their bedrooms for the night. They spent the next several days with the Corinthos family. They practiced their shooting and riding until the wagon was ready.

"Alright Dylan," Sonny said as he walked the four Newmans to the front of the house. "Stay your course. Do not let anything deter you."

"Yes, sir," Dylan nodded.

"Travel the roads that run along the outside of Pentacities," Sonny told him. "No one but merchants travel so those roads so you will mainly be on them alone."

"Yes, sir," Dylan said, extending his hand to the older man.

"Safe travels," Sonny said as he shook his hand and headed back inside.

"Alright," Michael said. "There are places to store your guns for the ride. We've fixed ya up with four brand new saddles. Places for the guns in the saddle bags as well."

"Thank you, Michael," Dylan said shaking his hand.

"You're welcome," Michael said.

"Mikey and I will be out and about," Morgan said as Dylan took his hand. "We'll take care of you. Don't worry."

"That's right. Don't worry about anything except for the task at hand," Michael said.

"Of course," Dylan said as he, Nick and Adam loaded up the wagon.

"Victoria," Carly said as she stepped out onto the porch. "Come with me for a moment, dear," she said with her hand held out to her. Victoria, climbed the stairs and placed her hand in Carly's. They walked through the house and into the parlor where the older woman went to a desk and opened a drawer. Victoria watched as she pulled out a velvet box. "Come," she said waving the young girl over. When Victoria was beside her she opened the box.

"That's beautiful," Victoria said as she looked down at the black and gold colt that lay in the box.

"It was a gift from my late father," Carly said picking the gun up. "I want you to have it."

"No, I couldn't," Victoria said shaking her head.

"Listen to me, this gun has never been fired and a piece this fantastic should see battle," Carly told her. "My father wanted to be his doppelganger but my mother would have none of that," Carly smiled at the memories that were dancing across the forefront of her mind. "You taking the gun will fulfill everything my daddy wanted for me and honestly what I wanted for myself."

"Are you not happy here, Miss Carly?" Victoria asked.

"Of course I am, dear," Carly said placing the gun back into the box. "Sonny has allowed me to who I truly am. I'm a Port Charles Spencer. One of the most feared and revered families this town has even known," she told her with a brilliant smile. "My mother is the Spencer you see. My father embraced that part of her even though she didn't. He encouraged it in me but my mother wanted me to have no part of that. My brother Lucas, when we were much younger, across town to live with my Uncle Luke and his family because he wanted to be a Spencer and carry the banner, as it were."
"Your mother didn't like that?"

"No. She hasn't spoken to Lucas in many years."

"I'm sorry," Victoria said, lightly touching Carly's hand.

"No, no. No need to be sorry. Lucas and I are very happy now. We have both been allowed to embrace the Spencer side of us and that's all that we both ever wanted," Carly smiled. "So, you take this gun, Victoria. Put it to good use," she said handing her the velvet box.

"Thank so much, Miss Carly," Victoria said clutching the box to her chest. "I'll take good care of it."

"I know," Carly said as she hugged her. Victoria returned the hug before she exited the room. She felt that now that she had this gun that everything was real. That she and her brothers were going to succeed in their plan and it gave the courage she needed to continue on this mission.

"Are you ready?" Dylan asked her as she descended the steps out front.

"Yes, let's go," she smiled as he helped her into the wagon. The Newmans waved goodbye to the Corinthos who stood on their porch.

The Newmans were headed toward Forrester City. Sonny had sent word to Mr. Bill Spencer to be expecting them for his services. Dylan, Victoria, Nick and Adam had no idea what to expect once they arrived in Forrester City but they were going to be prepared for anything.

"What did Miss Carly want?" Adam asked as they rode.

"To give me something," she answered.

"What was it?" Nick asked. Victoria smiled at her course brothers. She pulled the velvet box into her lap and opened it. She pulled out the black gun with the intricate gold designs.

"She gave you a Colt?" Dylan asked.

"Yes. It was a gift from her father but she has never even fired it," Victoria told them.

"It's a beaut," Nick smiled.

"Isn't it?" she beamed. "Did you know that Miss Carly was a member of the Port Charles Spencers?"

"Really?" Adam asked interested.

"Yes, her uncle is Luke Spencer and her brother is Lucas Spencer," Victoria informed them.

"That's fantastic," Nick said.

"Jack Abbott hates Luke Spencer," Dylan said as he led the four horses toward the outside of town. "Calls him a charlatan."

"Jack Abbott would know a charlatan when he saw one, wouldn't he?" Nick asked rolling his eyes.

"He thinks he's above that," Dylan said.

"He ain't above the dirt on my shoe," Victoria said, closing her gun box. The boys laughed.
A few hours later, they stopped for lunch. Carly and Sonny had had their maid pack them enough food for their journey to Forrester City. After they ate, they piled back into the wagon and continued on until they stopped to make camp for the night.

Adam and Nick collected wood for a fire while Victoria laid out everyone’s blankets and things and prepared for dinner. Dylan poured over the maps that Victoria had had made of Pentacites and each individual city. There was so much open space that surrounded Pentacites. Dylan was sure that they would be able to find a place to keep all of the things they were going to collect.

The four of them ate the meal that Victoria had prepared then drifted off to sleep. In the morning, they had a light breakfast, bathed in a nearby creek before they loaded the wagon and started toward Forrester City.

When the city limits of Forrester City came into view, Dylan woke his siblings up.

"We're here," he said, nudging Victoria. "Wake up the boys." She wiped her eyes and shook awake the other two. Forrester City was grand. All of the people looked so stylish and streets were very busy. Dylan stopped at a general store to once again restock and while Victoria, Nick and Adam were stretching beside the wagon she felt someone put their on her shoulder.

"Victoria Newman?" the familiar voice said. She turned around to see a smiling Steffy Forrester.

"Steffy Forrester," Victoria smiled as the women kissed each on the cheek.

"Forrester-Spencer now," Steffy beamed, showing Victoria her ring. "I married Liam Spencer last Spring."

"Oh. I hadn't heard. Congratulations," Victoria smiled.

"Thank you. I'm with child now," Steffy told her, her hands on the slight bump on her stomach.

"That's wonderful," she said genuinely. Victoria had always said that she hadn't wanted to be a wife and mother and if she did ever acquire those things then they would be on her own accord but standing here with Steffy who was absolutely glowing with happiness it made her think about what she wanted. She knew that the journey that she and her brothers were embarking on was dangerous and they she could wind up dead and she would never end up with the life she realized she wanted for herself now but in the end it would be worth it.

"Wyatt is still a single man," Steffy said patting Victoria's hand. "You and he were a good match."

"I suppose so," Victoria blushed.

"Are you ready, Victoria?" Dylan questioned when he returned to the wagon.

"Yes," she nodded. "It was lovely seeing you Steffy. Congratulations on everything. I'm so glad you're happy," she said hugging her friend.

"Thank you, Victoria. I hope to see you again," Steffy said returning the hug.

"I'm sure you will," Victoria said as she climbed back into the wagon. She knew that she would probably be seeing Steffy very soon now that she knew that she was married to one of Bill Spencer's sons. Dylan stirred the wagon down the busy street and stopped in front of Spencer Publications. He helped Victoria down and the four of them entered into one of the only three story buildings on the street. Dylan rang the bell that was on the counter and they waited.
"Ahh, the Newmans," Bill beamed as he came from the back room. "Welcome to Forrester City," he said his arms outstretched.
"Mr. Spencer," Dylan said his hand outstretched.

"Call me Bill," he said taking Dylan's hand and clomping down on his shoulder. "I got the letter. Follow me," he said as he shook Adam and Nick's hands and nodded at Victoria.

"We don't want to put you out," Dylan said.

"Nonsense," Bill said as he led them to the back of the shop. "Taking out Jack Abbott is something I am honored to be a part of." He stopped and turned a wheel on a large metal door. "Come on in," he said as the door swung open. Inside the vault were guns. Shotguns, rifles, pistols, revolvers and more ammunition then could be imagined.

Adam ran his hand along a silver revolver with an intricately carved wood handle.

"That's a Dollar Bill original," a voice said. When the Newmans turned around, standing in the open door of the vault was Wyatt Spencer.
"Dollar Bill?" Victoria asked.

"That's what everyone calls my father," he said stepping toward her. "He's about money, they say."

"Looking at this cache, I would agree, Mr. Spencer," she said, gazing around the room.

"We make all of these guns ourselves, Miss Newman," Wyatt flirted. "Ammunition as well."

"You do?" she asked, coyly. "How wonderful."

"We like to think so," he smiled.

"Wyatt, help Miss Newman pick out a gun," Bill said with a wide smile.

"I already have one, but thank you," she said.

"You do?" another voice said. This time Liam Spencer entered inside the vault.

"Yes. Miss Carly gave it to me," Victoria answered as she pulled the gun from her bag.

"That's a beaut," Liam said, admiring the craftsmanship of the weapon.

"I made that," Bill said. "I was just a young'un. One of my first."

"It's beautiful, Dollar Bill," Victoria smiled, returning the gun to her bag.

"Come," he said waving her over. "This revolver takes special bullets."

"Special in what way?" she asked as she joined him on the far end of the vault.

"They have carvings on them," Bill said showing her one of the shiny silver bullets. "The look beautiful and they hurt a hell of a lot more than a regular bullet."

"Wow," she whispered as she examined the rest of the bullets.

"There are only forty of them in existence," Bill informed her. "Use 'em wisely."

"Yes, sir," she nodded as she watched him slip each of her bullets into individual slots of a velvet pouch.

"I still think that you should be fitted with another," he said as he folded her pouch.

"I agree," Dylan said, nodding. "Forty bullets is far to little for the task at hand."

"My thoughts exactly," Bill beamed. "Wyatt, if you would." The eldest Spencer son nodded and led Victoria to the wall of pistols. "Have you found one for yourself?" Bill asked Dylan.

"Yes, sir," Dylan said showing him the all black revolver in his hand.

"That's the Luke Spencer," Bill said taking the gun from him. "There are only two other guns in the world that match this one and they belong to Luke and Lucky Spencer," Bill said.

"Oh, then perhaps I should choose another," Dylan said.

"No, Luke would be pleased that Victor Newman's oldest boy was using this gun," he smiled, handing him the gun back. He handed him a few pouches of bullets and clomped him on the
After a few hours, the Newmans were outfitted with four double holsters, two shotguns, two sawed-off shotguns, four rifles, four pistols and four revolvers. Bill had had Liam pull their wagon around the back of the building. They loaded everything on their wagon and climbed in.

"Wait," Liam said, "my father wants you to come to the house for dinner."

"We must be on our way," Dylan said.

"He pretty much insists," Wyatt said joining his brother by the wagon. "I'll accompany you. He wants you travel around Forrester City. The less you are seen the better."

"I understand," Dylan said, resigned. He handed Wyatt the reins when he climbed up and sat on the bench.

"I'll see you soon, brother," he said to Liam.

"Be safe," Liam said with a wave. Wyatt nodded, snapped the reins and they were off. They traveled out of town and into the woods. After about an hour, Wyatt slowed his pace. "There," he said pointing. "That's the Spencer Estate," They all followed his finger and sitting on the hill was a grand white house with wide white square columns and hundreds of windows. The wagon climbed the hill leading to the house. Once they were in front a young man approached. "Oliver, put his wagon in the stables. Do not let it be seen that anyone who comes."

"Yes, sir," the man said as he replaced Wyatt in the driver's seat.

"Follow me," Wyatt said as he linked Victoria's arm into his. The inside of the house was just as lovely and grand as the outside. Dark woods, pristine white paint, beautiful crystal chandeliers, a grand staircase and lovely drapes and rugs covered the floors and windows.

"You have a lovely home," Victoria said.

"Thank you. It is nothing compared to RAM House," he said with a smile, "or so I've heard." Victoria nodded as they entered into the large cherry wood parlor. The furniture was stylish for the times and seated on the chaise by the bay window was a beautiful brown hair woman holding a small blonde hair boy.

"Miss Victoria Newman, I would like you to meet, Mrs. Katherine Logan-Spencer, my stepmother," Wyatt introduced.

"Please, call me Katie," she smiled broadly as she put the boy on the chaise.

"Yes, ma'am. These are my brothers. Dylan, Nicolas and Adam Newman," Victoria said.

"It's lovely to meet all of you," Katie smiled. "This is Will," she said touching the boy on the head. Victoria looked at the Katie. Something was familiar about her.

"Vicki!" an excited voice said from behind them.

"Steffy," Victoria said turning in the direction the voice came from.

"Liam told me that you and your brothers would be joining us for dinner," she smiled, taking Victoria's hand. She nodded. "Good. It's been too long since we've spoken."

"I agree," Victoria smiled.
"Katie, I'm stealing my friend for a little while," Steffy said with a mischievous smile.

"Do not get into trouble, Steffy," Katie winked.

"Never," she laughed as she pulled Victoria from the room.

"Miss Katie is Dollar Bill's second wife?" Victoria whispered as they walked down the long corridor.

"Yes. Liam and Wyatt's mother Quinn died a long time ago. Before either both really had a chance to know her," Steffy told her.

"Steffy, may I ask you another question about Miss Katie?" Victoria asked as they stepped outside and on to the vast expanse of grass in front of the house.

"Yes, she is Brooke Logan's sister," Steffy answered looking straight ahead. Victoria gaped at her. "What? I know that was the question. I asked Liam the same thing," she said her hand on her belly.

"And he was honest?"

"Yes. He said that his father said that what Brooke Logan does with her body is her business and has nothing to do with Katie or her sister Donna," Steffy explained.

"Oh. I don't think I know Miss Donna," Victoria said.

"Probably not. She lives in Llanview now," she said.

"Why?"

"She caused a scandal."

"But Brooke being a...," she cleared her throat, "didn't?"

"No. That's a secret that people happen to know about. Miss Donna caused an actual scandal."

"Oh! What happened?" Victoria questioned excitedly.

"Well, she had been trying to entice my grandfather," Steffy began. "Flirting at parties, showing up the Forrester House when my grandmother was at the dress shop," she continued. Victoria shook her head. "One night at a party in Port Charles at Quartermaine's, my grandmother caught her trying to kiss my grandfather!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"So what happened?" Victoria asked.

"Katie, even though she is the youngest of the Logan women, is the most mature, their parents left her in charge of everything including the family. She thought it best that Miss Donna leave town instead of staying here and be looked at as a homewrecker," Steffy said. "Now she lives in Llanview and works as a maid in the Manning home."

"Oh. So Miss Katie is the head of her family?" Victoria asked, admiration in her voice.

"You see, not only did she and Dollar Bill marry for love, they married for money. My family runs this town but Dollar Bill and Kate finance it," Steffy explained.
"So, does that cause problems with you and the Spencers?"

"No. My family, the Forresters, recognize me as a Spencer now," Steffy said, sadness tinged in her voice. Victoria squeezed her friend's hand. "Now, now. It's alright. It's just an age-old family feud that has finally fallen at my doorstep."

"I'm sure they still love you," Vicki said with a gentle smile.

"I know they do," Steffy nodded. They walked in silence for a long while until Steffy spoke again. "I almost was not permitted to marry Liam."

"Why?" Victoria asked as they turned and started back toward the house.

"My father. "He's a Spencer. The mortal enemy of a Forrester. How do you know this isn't some trick put into motion by his no good father, Bill Spencer?"," she answered. Victoria squeezed her hand again. "Ridge Forrester is a wonderful man but this Spencer/Forrester feud makes him a fool," Steffy said, wiping a tear from her eyes.

"I'm sure that if he had known of the love you have for Liam and the love he has for you, he wouldn't have said those things," Victoria said, trying to be helpful.

"I don't know. You may be right; but it doesn't matter now," she said. "I'm married with a baby on the way. I'm happy," she smiled beautifully.

"And I am happy for you," Vicki smiled back.

"What about you and Wyatt?" Steffy questioned. Victoria just looked at her friend. "Liam told me about what you and your brothers are doing." The Newman girl was silent. "It's ok. I commend you. Abby Abbott lives in the lap of luxury and looks down on people who do not."

"We just want what's ours," Victoria said.

"I understand. Now back to Wyatt," she smiled.

"What about him?"

"He still fancies you."

"I'm flattered..." Vicki began.

"Do you fancy him?" Steffy interrupted.

"What?" Victoria asked shocked.

"You heard me, Vicki," she chuckled.

"I supposed I do."

"Then you should allow him to pursue you."

"I can not."

"Why not?"

"I am about to become an outlaw," Victoria told her friend not mincing words. "I do not wish for Wyatt, nor his family to be pulled into what comes along with that."
"We will be fine," Steffy said as they climbed the steps of the house. "Do you honestly think that the Newmans are the first outlaws the Spencers have helped?" she asked with a laugh as the butler held the door open for them.

"I suppose not," Victoria said as they entered back into the study.

"Girls you're just in time," Katie said with a warm smile. "Dinner is prepared. Come," she said as she held the hand of little Will and led them to the impressive dining room.

Everyone sat down to dinner and conversation began.

"After dinner, I'd like you to come to the office with me, Dylan. The boys and I have something for you," Bill said with a mischievous smile.

"Yes, sir," Dylan nodded. When the meal ended Katie insisted that they stay for a few days. The Newmans agreed. They were unaware that Katie had gotten word from Carly Corinthos that Jack Abbott was looking for them.

"Victoria," Katie said grabbing the young woman's hand before she exited the dining room.

"Yes?" Victoria said, stopping.

"Would you like to retreat with me and Steffy to the porch?" she asked smiling.

"Of course. I would love to," Vicki smiled. Once the three women were outside and seated at a small round table with about ten different desserts on it, Katie spoke.

"Adam told me that this was all your idea," Katie said as she poured Steffy some tea.

"Well, yes," she answered. "I do not think that Jack Abbott and his wretched family should have any of the things that they do. Positions, money, jewels. Any of it," Victoria told them. "I am not ashamed that I thought of this plan."

"No one is trying to shame you, dear," Katie said, pouring Victoria some tea now.

"On the contrary," Steffy said. "Everyone wishes that they could take down the Abbots. They are vile."

"Yes, they have sat perched on the throne of greatness that they did not acquired graciously," Katie said. "But my concern is not with Jack Abbott. Traci Abbott is the one I wish to see lifeless by a bullet or the hangman's noose."

"Why?" Victoria questioned.

"She, at one time, was courting Bill," Katie answered. "But due to her brother's greed the courtship ended but not before she became pregnant."

"She did that outside of marriage?" Vicki asked.

"Bill can be quite persuasive," Katie blushed. "But yes, she did and their daughter Colleen was born weeks before Bill found out that Jack had been stealing things from the house when they would visit."

"How was he doing his job as a chaperone if he was busy stealing?" Steffy questioned as she bit into a petit four.
"He wasn't. Traci got pregnant," Katie said. "Anyway, Colleen is, well was, older than Liam and Wyatt; but she died. She drowned in Chancellor River about five years ago on visit to see her mother and ever since then she's been trying to get money from Bill."

"Why?" Victoria asked.

"She's a grieving mother and she needs financial support from Colleen father to make it through," Katie explained. "Will was born a few weeks after Colleen's death. Traci made it her life's purpose to make mention to anyone who will listen that Bill didn't support Colleen while she was living and that now in her death he's left her mother wanting."

"Is that the truth?" Steffy asked. "About Dollar Bill not supporting his daughter?"

"No, of course not. Colleen lived in Oakdale with her husband, J.T. Hellstrom of the Bay City Hellstroms. While the Hellstroms are a well to-do family, J.T. and Colleen lived in a home purchased by her father. It was also her father who paid her dowry," Katie told the girls. "I know that my husband is power hungry and yes, sometimes it is at the expense of others but he loved his daughter. It devastated him when she died. I do not appreciate Traci Abbott spreading vile lies about him across Pentacities."

"People in Genoa City say that Traci is the nice Abbott. The one that gets dragged into things by her siblings," Victoria told her.

"That is the lie that Traci would have people to believe," Katie spat. "She is just as horrible as the rest of them." The three of them were silent as they finished their dessert before retreating to bed.

Victoria made a mental note to fill her brothers in on what she had learned about Traci. She didn't know about them but she always assumed that Traci didn't want any part in the plot against her parents but after hearing what what Miss Katie had to say, she wasn't so sure anymore.

When Dylan joined the Spencer men in the wood paneled office, they were all crowded around a desk.

"Ah, Dylan, come," Bill said looking up. Dylan approached the table and found several maps.

"What are these?"

"These are maps of Pentacities and the each city that makes her up," Wyatt answered.

"You'll need them," Liam said.

"Why? We have maps," Dylan asked.

"You do not have maps that show hidden roads that lead to hidden stores deep in the woods outside of Forrester City and Port Charles," Bill said.

"Hidden stores?" Dylan asked, his eyes roving the maps.

"Yes. There are two of them. The one outside of Forrester City is the biggest one. That is the one that tomorrow, the boys will set out for and clean out anything old and put in new supplies to be ready for you and your family," Bill explained.

"These maps also have the home of every well off person in these cities marked," Liam said, pointing to a few red dots. "These are also the people most likely to have you family's belongings."
"How do you know this?" Dylan questioned.

"Michael and Morgan Corinthos," Bill said. "They are from a trusted family and people allow them into their homes. They look out for things that are newly acquired and report back to the us."

"Us? You and your sons?" Dylan inquired.

"No, well yes...not exactly," Bill said. "We call ourselves The Pentacities Auxiliary."

"I've heard of that. They help underfunded businesses flourish."

"Yes, in the open," Bill told him. "But the PA is more about the aide of those who are lawless for a good cause."

"I do not understand," Dylan said, his brow furrowed.


"Lawlessness for a good cause is the only way that order is restored to Pentacities. We've had plenty of outlaws cross into our borders but once you enter Pentacities you are under the watchful eyes of the Auxiliary," Katie said as she entered the room. "If they are out for themselves and only the money, then we send them on their way with a warning never to return."

"Exactly," Bill said, "and you and your siblings are going into this with the blessing of the Auxiliary. We will not allow you to fail. Ending whatever hold that the Abbotts have on Genoa City and Pentacities as a whole is our only goal."

"I understand," Dylan said, nodding. He was surprised at all that he had just learned. He had, well everyone had, heard of the Pentacities Auxiliary and the Pentacities Ladies Auxiliary; but they had all just assumed that they were exactly what they presented to the world. The Auxiliary helped businesses that are floundering, get back on their feet and the Ladies Auxiliary helped feed the poor and keep them clothed. He had never imaged that they were behind keeping outlaws out of Pentacites.

"You should know that Dante Falconeri, the deputy in Port Charles is also a part of the Auxiliary. He is also Sonny's oldest son," Bill said. "That's a long story, don't ask."

"As is Michael Baldwin in Genoa City," Katie said.

"Lawyer Baldwin?" Dylan asked, shocked.

"Yes. He joined right after your parents," Bill said with a sad smile.

"My..." Dylan began but stopped.

"Yes," Katie said grabbing his hand. "Victor and Nicole Newman are the founding members of the Auxiliary, Dylan."

"That is why we are all being so helpful. We loved them. They saved everyone in our group from one thing or another at one point in time," Bill said. "Their deaths caused so much grief. They touched so many lives."
"Yes, that is why the Abbotts must be stopped," Katie said wiping a tear from her eye. "They took from all of us."

"I..." Dylan said. "We will end them," he said his voice cold.

"Very good," Bill beamed, devilishly. "Wyatt, bring it over." Dylan watched as Wyatt carried a slim, medium sized cherry wood box with golden filigree wrapped around it. His breath caught in his throat.

"Is that..." he began as Bill took the box from his oldest son and opened it and inside was a gold, intricately carved colt with a dark brown wooden handle. "I know this gun," he murmured.

"As you should," Bill said removing the gun from the box. "It belonged to your father." Dylan nodded and held his hand out for the gun. Bill handed him the gun and tears streamed silently down his face. He had always admired this gun. He father had always wore it with such pride and he had promised it to him if he died.

"How did you get this?" Dylan asked, locking eyes with Dollar Bill.

"Jack Abbott sold it to Carter Walton. He owns a pawn brokerage here in town," Katie said. "He is not a member of the Auxiliary but he is an ally. I suggest when you are ready to begin your mission, you start at Walton's."

"Thank you all," Dylan said wiping his face as he returned the gun to it's box. "We will not disappoint."

"We know," Bill said, clomping him on the shoulder. "You should head to bed."

"Yes," Dylan nodded. "Thank you again," he said as he gathered the maps and the box and retreated to his bedroom.
The following morning, after the Spencers' maid Pamela, helped her dress, Victoria headed downstairs to the parlor. Sitting on a leather couch together was Steffy and a black woman she didn't know.

"Good morning, Victoria," Steffy smiled brightly.

"Good morning," she smiled back, sitting across from the woman.

"This is Maya Avant-Forrester," Steffy introduced, "my aunt by marriage. This is Victoria Newman."

"How do you do?" Maya smiled prettily. She was dressed immaculately. Her slender frame wrapped in a light pink silk dress with a white sash around her tiny waist. Her black hair was curled in the style of the times.

"I'm well, Miss Maya. How do you do?" Victoria answered.

"Oh, Maya is reveling in the scandal she causes daily," Steffy laughed, grabbing her aunt's hand.

"I do not revel," Maya said shaking her head, smile plastered on her face; eyes shining.

"What scandal?" Victoria questioned interested.

"Marrying my Uncle Rick," Steffy informed her. "My father almost lost his mind when he got word of their engagement."

"Only because no one know of our courtship," Maya said.
"Are you not from Pentacites?" Victoria asked.

"No, not originally. I'm from Bay City by way of Port Charles," Maya told the Newman girl.

"She worked for Reneé Buchanan while living in Port Charles," Steffy said.

"Oh," Vicki said, eyes wide.

"No, no," Maya laughed, "I was just a singer."

"Oh, I didn't mean..." Victoria blushed.

"It's alright," Katie said joining the women, "Maya's got a tough skin."

"Good morning, Katie," Maya smiled.

"Good morning," Katie smiled back as she took a seat beside Victoria. "What are we talk about this morning?"

"The scandal Aunt Maya revels in," Steffy chuckled.

"I do not revel," Maya protested, a smile etched upon her countenance.

"You do," Katie laughed, "I would to if I shook up the Forresters daily."

"Was it because of your skin color?" Victoria asked.

"That was the least of it," Maya said.

"It was more about the fact that she worked at Bordello du Rouge and that a Forrester lowered himself to cross the threshold," Katie explained.

"But Miss Maya was a singer, right?" the young Newman questioned.

"Yes, but there was no one to say so that Eric, Stephanie or Ridge would believe," Maya said.

"Not at first," Steffy said squeezing her aunt's delicate hand.

"That's right," Katie nodded, "those Forresters were all up in arms until Reneé turned up at Forrester Manor to set the record straight."

"It was something to see," Steffy said. "Miss Reneé stood right up to my grandfather and told him she didn't appreciate him or my father spreading rumors about a very good friend of hers," Steffy told Victoria. "She said that what Rick and Maya say is the truth and that she would hope that they would be gracious enough to see the love between them and not just the assumptions they've made."

"Wow," Victoria said impressed by all of the strong women that resided in Pentacites.

xxx

While Dylan was having a cup of coffee with Liam and Wyatt in the office, Bill entered the room with Rick Forrester.

"Boys, Rick would like to speak with us," he announced as he took his place behind the desk. Rick tossed a glance toward Dylan, Bill spoke again, "Rick Forrester this is Dylan Newman. The newest member of the Pentacites Auxiliary. Now, what do you want?"
"It's nice to meet you," Rick said offering Dylan his hand.

"You as well," Dylan said, shaking the man's hand.

"I need to make a deal with the Auxiliary," Rick stated.

"What kind of a deal?" Bill asked.

"My father is going to be retiring soon and I fear that he will leave Forrester Creations in the hands of my brother," Rick explained.

"Is that a bad thing?" Dylan asked. "Is he not the oldest?"

"Yes, he is the oldest and yes it is a bad thing because while I have spent my entire life at my father's side learning the business, my brother has been at our mother's side learning how to draw and sew," Rick said. "It does not seem fair that a dressmaker should run a business."

"Does your father know how you feel about this?" Wyatt questioned.

"Of course he does but he assures me that he will not make his decision lightly and that whether he chooses Ridge or I, we will both always have a place at Forrester," Rick answered, "but I do not want a place. I want to be in charge. I have so many ideas."

"That's fine and dandy but what do you need the Auxiliary to do?" Bill inquired. "Forrester is as successful as ever."

"For now," Rick stated plainly.

"Meaning?" Dylan asked.

"Meaning that if my father names Ridge as CEO then Forrester Creations will fall into ruin," Rick told the room at large. "So please, if that happens, please say that the Auxiliary will step in." The Spencer men were silent. "I know that the Spencers and the Forresters have not always gotten along but please. I beg of you."

"Hmm, give me a week, Forrester, I will call on you then," Bill said.

"Thank you," Rick said rising from his chair. He shook hands with men in the room before exiting.

"What are you going to do now?" Dylan asked as Bill reached into his desk drawer and pulled out parchment and a quill. He quickly scrolled out a letter and slide it into an envelope.

"Here," he said handing it to Dylan. "Take this to Sonny. Wait for a reply." Dylan nodded his understanding and quickly ran from the house.

xxx

"Was that my brother I just saw run by?" Victoria asked as the Spencer men entered the parlor.

"Yes, he's on an errand for me," Bill informed her.

"I thought we were leaving today," she said.

"This supersedes your leaving," he told her. Victoria was curious as to why but she remained silent.
Over the next couple of days, Nick and Adam became more acquainted with Liam and Wyatt. The two Newmans took in everything they could from Wyatt and Liam about the people of Pentacites and some of the citizens they may encounter.

On the fifth day, Dylan returned. He handed a note to Bill and gathered his siblings and took them out to the gardens.

"What is it, Dyl?" Adam asked once they were far away enough from the house.

"Miss Carly told me that Jack was looking for us," he told them.

"For what?" Nick asked.

"He had some business questions and he wanted to talk about bringing you, Nick on at Jabot," Dylan said.

"Like hell," Nick spat. "I'd rather be kicked by a horse than work for him at a company he stole from us."

"Anyway, he hates Dollar Bill so we're safe here but there is no telling what the people of Forrester City will tell him," Dylan explained.

"Then we must leave soon," Victoria said.

Before any of them could speak they heard Bill calling for them. They headed back toward the porch to find him standing in the open doorway, waiting.

"In three days time, you will be initiated in to the Pentacites Auxiliary." he announced.

"Tomorrow, the initiation begins."

"What do we have to do to get ready?" Adam asked.

"Just be ready," Bill said before turning from them. The four of them looked at each other. Dylan had filled them all in on the who's who of the Pentacites and Ladies Auxiliaries. They were all interested and nervous about the next day.

By lunchtime, Sonny, Michael, Morgan and Carly Corinthos, Neil and Drucilla Winters, Michael Baldwin, Todd and Blair Manning and their daughter Starr, Asa and Reneé Buchanan, Brooke Logan and Luke, his wife Laura, Lucky and Lucas Spencer had arrived. The Newmans were introduced to all of them.

"You grew up good, boy," Neil said pulling Dylan into a tight hug.

"It's been too long, Mr. Winters," Dylan said, his arms wrapped tightly around the man who rescued him and his siblings all those years ago. Dylan, while grateful to Katherine for taking them in, had often wished that he and his family could have stayed with Neil. He was and is the closest living, breathing reminder they have of their late father.

"Yes, it has been too long," Neil said pulling back to look Dylan over.

"Mr. Winters," Victoria said tears springing to her eyes. Neil held his arms to her. She ran to him and wrapped him in an air tight embrace. "I've missed you," she whispered into his shoulder, tears dampening his jacket.

"Shh, I'm here now. I've missed you too," Neil said softly.
"Nicholas?" Drucilla asked, stepping in front of him.

"Yes ma'am," he smiled. She pulled him into her arms and squeezed. He hugged her back.

Adam stood off to the side. He didn't know if the Winters would remember him or not so he didn't want to invade their space.

"Adam, my man," Neil said once he released Victoria. "You've grown up so much."

"I'm fifteen now, sir," Adam beamed. "I didn't know if you would remember me."

"Of course we do, son," Neil said as he hugged Adam. The youngest boy hugged him back tightly.

"Alright," Neil said releasing him, "it's time to get down to business."

"We can't begin yet, Neil," Bill said handing him a tumbler containing a bronze liquid. "Everyone's not here yet."

"Well, then we must find some way to entertain ourselves!" Neil chuckled.

"I've got it," Liam smiled as he sat down at the piano and began to play a popular song that everyone began to sing and dance to.

"Miss Newman," Wyatt said with a slight bow.

"Victoria," she smiled. "What do you need, Mr. Spencer?" she asked coyly.

"Wyatt and would you like to take a walk with me?" he asked.

"Of course," she blushed slightly.

"Nick? Would you please chaperone your sister and myself on a walk?" Wyatt asked. Nick smirked and nodded. Wyatt held his arm out for Victoria and she placed her hand on his forearm.

They exited the parlor and entered into the perfumed gardens. They walked in silence for a while before Wyatt broke it,

"I hope that this is not too forward, but I fancy you, Victoria," he said, his eyes on hers.

"I was not unaware, Wyatt," she blushed again.

"Then why have you not returned any of my flirtations?" he asked. Victoria stopped walking. She didn't know what he wanted her to say.

"I..." she began but the words just wouldn't come.

"Do you fancy me as well, Miss Newman?" Wyatt questioned, his tone soft as he stepped in front of her.

"Yes," she said quickly. "Very much so," she said as she stepped around him and started walking again.

"Then I do not understand your hesitance," he said catching up to her. "We have known each other for four years now and I have yet to win your over."

"Mr. Spencer, please," she said stopping again, "I am not like other women."
"That is for sure," he smiled. Victoria kept herself collected even though his smile threatened to melt her.

"No, I mean I have views and opinions that I never share because it is not my place and that infuriates me," she explained.

"You would not have to hold your tongue with me. You do not," he told her.

"Do you mean that?"

"Yes, Victoria. Say what you must."

"Fine. You said before that you have yet to win me over," she said reminding him of his prior words.

"Yes," he nodded.

"Well, Wyatt, you have not won me over because I am not a prize to be won. I am a woman and while, yes, we have known each other for four years I have received nothing from you but flirtations. If you were truly interested in me then you would have asked Dylan if he would permit a courtship but you did not," she told him tightly. "You speak with a silver tongue yet all I ever hear is gainsay," she finished folding her arms across her chest.

"Are you finished?" he asked.

"Yes."

"I did not ask your brother for a courtship because Steffy said that Natalie Buchanan-Quartermaine said that you did not want a husband; much less a beau," Wyatt said trying to explain himself.

"Who is Natalie married to?" she asked.

"I do not see how that is important but AJ Quartermaine," he told her.

"Oh," Victoria said. She knew that Natalie had told her once that she fancied Jason Quartermaine but it seems it did not work out.

"Listen, Victoria. I have been trying to show you that you can be with me with no pressure to be the tame little flowers that most women are," he said. "That is not what I desire in a woman."

"Desire?"

"Yes, desire."

"What do you...um...mean?" she said, blushing, looking away from his stare.

"I mean I wish to have a strong woman like Katie or Miss Carly. A woman who takes charge of her life while unafraid to preform her wifely duties," he said in a husky tone as he moved close to her; his face a breath away.

"Mr. Spencer," she whispered, "I believe that my brother will have a problem with your new found closeness."

"He may, if he hadn't abandoned his post a little while back," Wyatt whispered back to her. Victoria glanced over her shoulder to see nothing but grass and the tall garden walls.
"Oh," she breathed. When she turned to face him again, Wyatt leaned forward and placed his lips on hers. Victoria froze. Her first kiss. She let her eyelids touch and gave into the pressure of Wyatt's lips against hers. He wrapped his arms around her and she did the same; deepening their kiss.

"I will ask for courtship, if that is what you wish," Wyatt said, breaking their kiss, his forehead pressed to hers.

"I do not desire courtship, Wyatt," she breathed deeply. "I am sorry."

"Do not be, Miss Newman," he said as he released her from his embrace. "Perhaps I should have asked sooner."

"Wyatt.." she began but he shook his head.

"Come, allow me to escort you back to the house," Wyatt said his arm held out to her. Victoria sighed and placed her hand on his forearm. He smiled briefly as they began to stroll silently back to the house.

xxx

By dinner time, Dorian Lord, Jason Quartermaine and a beautiful dark hair woman, the infamous Nikolas Cassadine and Dr. Ben "Stitch" Rayburn arrived. They all sat down to dinner and no one discussed business.

"Jason, why did you say nothing when I say in the city?" Dylan asked.

"I didn't know if you knew of the Auxiliary or my part in it," Jason said. "I've wanted to tell you for ages, my friend."

"I wish you would have," Dylan laughed.

"This is my wife, Samantha Quartermaine," Jason introduced.

"Call me Sam, please," she smiled.

"Of course. I'm Dylan Newman and these are my brothers Nick and Adam and my sister Victoria," Dylan said to her. She bowed her head to them and they continued eating.

"Excuse me," Adam said to man sitting next to him.

"Yes?" the man said.

"Are you Nikolas Cassadine?" the youngest Newman asked.

"Yes, I am. Do you know me boy?" Nikolas asked.

"Only what I have read in the paper and penny papers," Adam told him.

"And you want to know if what you've read is true?" Nikolas grinned. "You want to know if Nikolas Cassadine is truly the vicious killer those reporters make him out to be," he said loudly as more of a statement than a question, drawing the attention of the whole table.

"No," Adam said honestly.

"No?" Nikolas question.
"No, I would not ask such a foolish question; especially if I believed what those papers say, Mr. Cassadine," Adam told him. "If you are truly what they depict then my asking would be the end of me and I have work to do. So no, Mr. Cassadine, I do not want to know if you are what the papers say. I was merely hoping that I was putting a face to the name."

Neil clapped his hands and howled with laughter at Nikolas' impressed look.

"I like this kid, Neil," Nikolas laughed causing the entire table to erupt into laughter.

When the meal was over and everyone retired to the sitting room, Neil, Lawyer Baldwin and Bill stood in front of the fireplace, tumblers in hand.

"Mrs. Quartermaine, if you will," Neil said his hand out to her. She took it and joined the three men in the front of the room.

"My father, Julian Jerome, has a piece of the Newman fortune," she said. "I have told him for years to rid himself of it but he refuses because Jack Abbot sold it to him on the cheap."

"What is it?" Dylan asked.

"A large solid gold vase. I believe it's from..." Sam started.

"China," Victoria finished for her. "It's an antique. Our mother used to fuss when Nick and Adam would run in the house and jostle it."

"I remember that thing," Adam said. "I got a whoppin' from Pa for almost knocking it down one time."

"Why are you telling us this?" Dylan said.

"You have a job to do," Bill said.

"What's that?" Nick asked.

"That vase belongs to you," Lawyer Baldwin said, "and you say you want what's yours."

"Yes," Dylan said.

"Then steal it," Neil said with finality.
"What?!" Dylan asked, shocked at Neil's statement.

"Steal it," Neil repeated, "it's a simple thing."

"How?" Victoria questioned.

"My mother and father travel to Pine Valley at the end of every week, but the house is never locked," Sam told them. "That is when you should go and retrieve the vase."

"And today is Friday," Dollar Bill said.

"Yes, you bring the vase back and you'll be in," Lawyer Baldwin smiled.

"And your initiation ceremony will take place," Neil informed them.

"Don't fret darlings," Dorian Lord spoke from a leather chair in the back of the room, "grab the vase and make a mad dash."

"Don't make it seem so easy, Dorian," Laura Spencer said. "The Jeromes are highly guarded."

"I do not consider one man to be highly guarded," Dorian said sipping her drink.

"Do not underestimate Franco, Ms. Lord," Lucky Spencer said. "He is deadly," he said turning toward Dylan and his siblings, "and he will kill you without a second thought."

"Don't be so dramatic, Lucky," Starr Manning commented.

"It is not dramatics," Morgan chimed in. "Franco is a vicious killer and a swine."

"May I asked a question?" Adam asked rising to his feet.

"Of course," Neil said.

"This seems an impossible feat," he said, "why is this our first task?"
"Because not all of us believe that you four are going to be able to take down the Abbotts," Jason answered, cutting his his eyes at Dorian, her daughter and granddaughter.

"What is the reason for your disbelief, madam?" Dylan asked, turning to Dorian.

"Your youngest brother is a boy and your sister has never shot," she answered in a matter-of-fact tone. "The four of you are novices. You are the children of great people. That does not equate you with greatness."

"You speak as if you know us," Nick said before any of his siblings could speak, getting to his feet and standing beside Adam, "you do not."

"Novice we may be but while you sleep in your family home, the den of a demon sits atop the ashen foundation of mine," Victoria spat.

"So please," Dylan said, venom in his voice, "we would ask that you refrain from stating your cavil opinions about what the Newmans are capable of."

"Our parents legacy and fortune is spread to the four winds," Adam said, his eyes boring into Dorian's, "and we will stop at nothing to get it back."

The room was silent. No one had ever spoken to Dorian Lord that way before and the people who had now lived in ruin.

As Victoria glanced around the room, she noticed a lot of people's faces held smirks.

"Like Bill, Neil and Lawyer Baldwin were saying," Katie said, still smirking and cutting her eyes at Dorian, "do this task and you're officially a member."

"It'll be dangerous, yes," Carly said, "but your entire mission is dangerous."

"Do not let the grievances of a few deter you," Sonny added.

"When do we leave?" Dylan questioned.

"Tomorrow night," Sam answered. "My parents left yesterday with a few guards but Franco remains at the house."

"Thank you for the information," Dylan said. "We will not disappoint."

"Dylan meet with Neil and I tomorrow in my office," Bill said, putting his arm around his shoulders. "We have some blueprints to go over with you." Dylan nodded.

The Newmans spent the rest of the evening getting better acquainted with the other member of the Auxiliary.

"Come," Carly said her hand held out to Victoria. The Newman girl took and followed Carly across the room. "Victoria Newman, I would like for you to meet my brother Lucas, my cousin Lucky and my illustrious aunt and uncle, Luke and Laura Spencer," Carly said proudly introducing her family.

"You're too kind to this old man, Caroline," Luke grinned, "and Victoria, it is an honor to meet you. You look like your father."

"Thank you, sir," Victoria said as tears sprang to her eyes.
"As I understand it, your eldest brother has a gun that bares my name," Luke smiled.

"Yes, sir. He received it from Dollar Bill," she told him.

"Yes, well I hope that it does him well on this journey," the older man smiled again. "The guns of Luke Spencer and Victor Newman were forged to do great things."

"Great but terrible," Laura said with a smirk.

"And you love me for it," Luke said turning to his wife and kissing her chastely.

"Good evening, Miss Newman," Lucas said as he took her hand and kissed it gently.

"How do you do?" she said with a small bow.

"Vick, are you going to introduce me?" Nick said coming to stand beside his sister.

"No, Nicholas. You can't seem to stay put long enough for that," she said pointedly.

"I was bored," he smiled crookedly, shrugging off the daggers she was shooting him. "I'm Nick Newman," he said his hand held out to Lucas.

"Lucas. Lucas Spencer," he said shaking his hand. Victoria watched as Lucas' eyes racked her brother's body.

"It's nice to meet you. Don't let my sister's pension for lying derail you from befriending me," Nick said smiling.

"Never," Lucas smiled back. Nick patted Victoria on the shoulder before leaving the two of them alone. They were soon joined by Steffy.

"Come," she said her hands held out to the two of them. They each took one and she led them to a couch on the far side of the room. "How are you both?"

"I'm doing lovely," Lucas said. "You seem to be doing well," he chuckled.

"I am," Steffy beamed. "Victoria? Are you alright?"

"I'm...preparing myself," she answered.

"That's good. Preparation is the very best course of action," Lucas said with a gentle smile. Steffy nodded her agreement.

"Ok, enough business talk," Steffy said. "Victoria, I saw you take a stroll with Wyatt. What happened?"

"Nothing. Really," Victoria said, looking from Steffy to Lucas. "He, he...kissed me and told me that if courtship was what I sought from him then he would ask it of my brother," she told them.

"And what'd you say?" Lucas inquired.

"I told him that while I am flattered by this game that he and I have been playing all these years, I do not wish to court him," she answered.

"But Vicki," Steffy began, saddened.
"No. I would not do that to a beau or a husband would a relationship progress that far," she said with a weak smile. "My family and I are about to embark on a dangerous mission and no one in daft enough to think that none of us could return from it." Lucas and Steffy were silent. "I would not wish to make a husband a widower when he needn't be," Victoria finished.

"But Victoria," Lucas said, "look around this room," he said as he pointed. "So many women on the same path as you have found love and happiness and a husband. Why would you not give Wyatt the opportunity to court you?"

"Unless, it is more than just not wanting to make someone into a widower," Steffy said.

"What do you mean?" Victoria questioned.

"Ohh, she means maybe you refused a courtship with Wyatt Spencer because even though he is wealthy, charming and handsome, you do not see yourself as Mrs. Victoria Newman-Spencer," Lucas answered. Victoria was silent this time.

She knew that that was the exact reason she had turned down Wyatt. While she fancied Wyatt and thought him to be wonderful, there was something that always seemed to be missing. That thing that made her light up like Steffy or Katie did when the object of all of their affections entered the room.

"Is that it?" Steffy asked grabbing her friend's hand. Victoria nodded.

"But I also do not wish to leave a widower," she said softly. "No one deserves that."

"I understand," Steffy said squeezing Victoria's hand.

"As do I," Lucas nodded. "I mean, I would never be allowed to leave a widower but I can empathize."

"Couldn't you sympathize with that plight because of your widow?" Victoria asked.

"No. Mainly because I'm a homosexual," Lucas smiled. He loved to tell people and gauge their reaction.

"You covet men?" the Newman girl asked.

"I do more than covet honey," Lucas laughed. Steffy joined the laughter. Victoria had never met a homosexual before. Of course she had heard about them but she had always heard that they were, disgusting sinners that needed to repent or be doomed to spend an eternity doused in damnation and burning in hellfire. Lucas Spencer proved everything that she had heard wrong. He was kind, strong, smart and funny. Nothing like the picture of the wretched sinners they painted in church.

xxx

A little while later, Rick and Maya returned to the house. Rick shook hands with everyone before Neil and Bill pulled him and his wife to the front of the room.

"Everyone, this is Rick and Maya Forrester," Bill introduced.

"What are they doing here?" Todd spat.

"Rick has asked that the Auxiliary help his family's business," Bill informed the room at large.

"Forrester Creations is the premier dress maker in all of Pentacities," Dorian said. "Why should
"It is premier for now," Rick said. "If my father gives my brother control, he will run it into the ground."

"Rick here is willing to do whatever it takes to keep Forrester afloat," Bill said.

"Anything at all," Rick said.

"Do you wish to be a member of this Auxiliary?" Neil asked.

"It would be an honor," Rick nodded.

"And you Miss Maya?" Neil asked.

"Yes, of course," she answered.

"Then you each must complete a task," Neil said.

"What sort of task?" Rick questioned.

"You need to gain access to the safe in the Bank of Trust and Trade in Pine Barrens," Bill told him.

"I do not bank there," Rick said. "How am I supposed to do that? And why?"

"Liam and Morgan will accompany you," Bill said.

"And why you ask," Neil said. "Because Jack Abbott has a deal with the banker there."

"What kind of a deal?" Dylan spoke up.

"For every one diamond he turns in the bank pays him the price of two," Bill explained.

"So what do I have to do?" Rick asked.

"You, Liam and Morgan are to recover every last diamond that Abbott has given that bank," Neil said, "and you are not to take no as an answer."

"Alright," Rick nodded in understanding.

"Now, Miss Maya, Ashley Abbott is in charge of the Genoa City Womens' Auxiliary which is a false subsidiary of the Pentacities Ladies Auxiliary," Drucilla said joining them by the fireplace. "Your task is to spread the word that she is keeping the money they collect for herself."

"Is that the truth?" Maya asked appalled.

"Yes," Lawyer Baldwin answered. "There is clear evidence that the money from the Womens' Auxiliary is not being received by the people that she claims they are collecting for. A few of our homeless shelters have had to combine facilities in order to stay afloat."

"That's terrible," Maya said, her hand on her chest.

"This task is not as easy as it seems," Drucilla told her. "Many people will not believe you at first but be sure to tell them that as a member of the Pentacities Ladies Auxiliary you know for a fact that this organization is not what it seems. The point is to garner doubt in that auxiliary and in Ashley Abbott."
"I can do this," Maya nodded.

"Good. Katie, Starr and Lucas will go with you," Drucilla said.

"Good," Neil said. "Now that all of that is settled, everyone head to bed. Our pledges have a long few days a head of them."

The next day Dylan and his siblings went over the blueprints of the Jerome house that Neil and Bill gave him that were supplied by Sam. When the evening fell, Rick, Liam and Morgan left for Pine Barrens outside of Port Charles and Maya, Katie, Starr and Lucas left for Genoa City.

Drucilla and Laura outfitted the four Newmans in black pants, shirts, vests and boots. Laura pulled Victoria's dark brown hair up into a bun and placed a hat over it. The two women fastened their double gun holsters around their waists, then escorted them to the parlor.

"Are you sure about this, Dylan?" Neil asked, his hand on his shoulder. Dylan glanced at his three siblings.

"Positive," he answered.

"Well, night is upon us," Bill said. "Take the back roads and you will be in Port Charles by tomorrow night this time."

"Good luck," Sonny said as he shook each of their hands.

"We will not fail," Nick stated firmly.

"We know," Neil smiled.

"Victoria, please be careful," Steffy said as she wrapped her friend in a tight hug.

"I will try," she said returning her hug. When the two women released each other, the Newmans exited the parlor and made the wagon that was waiting for them out front.

Dylan took the reigns and when everyone was settled, he snapped them and they were off.

The following night, Dylan pulled the wagon into the tall bushes at the end of the lane that lead to the Jerome house. Each of them loaded their guns and holstered them. Dylan pulled each of his siblings into a tight four-way hug.

"Be safe and keep each other safe," he whispered. The other three nodded. "Let's go," Dylan said as they hopped the fence and started down the long, dark lane.
A/N: Hey guys! So here is the next chapter. This is kind of action packed and after this one things really start to pick up. So I hope you enjoy it.

Happy Reading!

And as always, COMMENTS and KUDOS = LOVE!

THIS FANFICTION IS UNBETA'D BUT PROOFREAD BY HUMANS. ANY REMAINING MISTAKES ARE UNINTENTIONAL. APOLOGIES FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE.

As the four Newmans approached the grand house nerves threatened to be the end of all of them. They each knew that from the moment they hopped that gate that they had begun their journey into being bandits. That there was a small opportunity to change their minds and say 'no way, we're not doing this', but that window of opportunity closed when they were tasked with this mission and they didn't decline.

Dylan had been sure to go over the blueprints thoroughly with his siblings so that there could be no mistakes. They climbed the wide porch steps slowly and once they reached the double doors, Dylan wasted no time pushing them open. They were quickly inside with the doors shut behind them. Sam Quartermaine had told Dylan to do a quick sweep of the entryway. If he saw anything that looked out of sorts to go back out the front door and out through the treeline on the right side of the house. There was a cellar door there. The cellar led to steps that led to the hallway and across the hall from where they would emerge was the parlor; but they hadn't needed to go back. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary.

The Jerome House was grand. Cathedral ceilings, two grand staircases, beautiful paintings in gold frames and every other accoutrement one of great wealth possesses. Dylan silently pointed his siblings in the direction they were to go. The three of them nodded and followed him through the house.

When they arrived in the parlor their eyes were immediately drawn to the glittering gold vase that sat on the center of the mantle beneath a painting of Alexis Davis-Jerome, one of Port Charles' most successful lawyers, despite being a woman.

The Newmans looked at each other with wet eyes as Dylan slowly approached the mantle. He lifted the heavy vase and gently slid it into the bag that Nick held open.

"What do you think you're doing wit that?" a gruff voice asked from the shadows.

"Who are you?" Dylan asked.

"I do believe the better question is," the voice said as they heard a match flicker to life and one of the large gas lantern began to cast an eery yellow glow on the room, "who are you?"
"I asked you first," Dylan said sternly as the stranger stood across the room, a slick grin on his face.

"Franco," he answered. He was tall with dark brown hair, dark piercing brown eyes, a slim frame but at his hip were two pistols. Victoria had no way to communicate to her brothers that Franco was extremely handsome. That the sexiness of his smirk is why Julian Jerome hired him. He his handsomeness and size made him seem unassuming so the fact that he was as deadly as a viper was unknown to people until they ended up with a bullet between the eyes. She could only hope that they realized what she did before one of them wound up dead. "Now, who are you?"

"Dylan, Nick, Adam and Victoria," Dylan answered.

"No last name?" Franco asked as he strode into the room.

"None that concerns you," Dylan answered.

"I see," the handsome man said as circled around them. The room was tense and silent but no one wanted to give in and break it. The silence that had befallen the house was interrupted by the sound of a dog barking from the back of the house. "Stay here," he said behind gritted teeth.

When Franco disappeared from the room, Adam ran to door way and watched him vanish around the corner.

"Let's go!" he said waving his siblings forward. The four of them bolted from the room, down the hallway and toward the front door.

"Where do you think you're going?" Franco's slick voice said from behind them. "We've only just started our acquaintance and you're leaving already?" he asked in a honeyed tone.

"It is too late to receive visitors, Franco," Victoria spoke up. "We'll have to continue this chat in daylight hours.

"Tsk, tsk," Franco said wagging his index finger from side to side. "We will continue now," he said venomously. "Now, it seems that you have something that belongs to my employer," Franco said pointing to the sack in Nick's hand. "I'd like it back now please," he said his voice childlike, his face holding a sadistic grin.

"No," Dylan said, "it belongs to us."

"Not if you're dead," Franco said drawing both of his guns. "Now, I suggest you drop that sack and git. The only other outcome ends bloody and blood is so hard to clean up," he said chuckling evilly.

"Too bad because the only way you're getting this from me is if you pry it from my cold, dead hands," Nick spat.

"That won't be a problem but it hardly seems necessary," Franco said one of his guns trained on Victoria and the other on Adam. "Drop it or the woman and the boy get it."

"Don't you dare!" Dylan shouted.

"Ahh, a hero," Franco smirked. "They don't last long in my presence."

"It will do you well, you lower your weapon sir," Dylan said brandishing the Victor and Luke pistols.
"You're too green boy," Franco said. "Put those away before you hurt yourself."

"Do not think that you know me," Dylan growled. "You will stand down or you will pay the price."

"I'm shakin' in my boots," Franco laughed.

**BANG!**

The sound was deafening. The Newmans stood shocked as their eyes stared at the end of Franco's smoking gun.

"That was a warning," he said as he reloaded. "Now drop that bag and git."

"Never gonna happen," Nick said sharply. Franco didn't speak he just fired again. Adam hit the ground.

"Adam!" Victoria screamed.

"Tsk, tsk," Franco said when she made a move toward him. "You move, you die." Tears welled in Victoria's eyes. She knew that the fear that was in her was swelling inside of Nick and Dylan too. Adam had not moved since the shot had been fired. They had no idea if he was just playing an elaborate game of possum or if he had gone on to meet their loved ones in heaven. "Drop the damn bag. That's the last time I'm going to say it."

"You shot our brother," Dylan growled.

"So?" Franco shrugged.

"Just give him the vase," Victoria said. "It's not worth losing someone else."

Nick couldn't believe his ears. If they left the vase in the hands of Franco and the Jeromes then, in his eyes, the deaths of Adam, their Ma and Pa would be for naught.

"I can't do that," Nick said in a low tone.

"Please Nick," Victoria said sadly. Nick looked to Dylan. His older brother just nodded.

"Fine," Nick said.

"Put it in the middle of the floor, grab your young'n and git," Franco instructed. Nick took a deep breath as he slowly walked the sack to the middle of the room. He gently placed it down before returning to his siblings side.

Franco moved to the middle of the room and after putting his guns away, grabbed the sack. He opened the bag, grinned at them evilly before suddenly there was a dark spot directly between his eyes.

Nick, Dylan and Victoria looked to their left to see Adam holding his left shoulder with his right hand and his left arm extended a smoking gun in his hand.

"Grab the bag, Nick," Adam said firmly. Nick moved silently, grabbed the bag and the four of them quickly vacated the house. They ran down the lane, Dylan helped Adam over the gate and they jumped back into the wagon and made for Forrester City.

Victoria silently tended to Adam's wound as best she could. There wasn't much she could do in a
bumpy wagon but she had stopped the bleeding, cleaned the wound with some whiskey that Dollar Bill had sent with them and covered the wound with pieces of her shirt that she had torn off. She wrapped Adam in a blanket as Dylan stirred the horses swiftly along the back roads.

When the Newmans finally arrived back at the Spencer Estate, Dylan grabbed Adam and ran him inside.

"Please help!" he called as he burst into the foyer. "Please!"

"What on earth..." Drucilla began as she stepped out into the hallway. "Oh my...Neil!" she called.

"What is it?" he asked joining his beautiful wife in the hallway. "What happened?" Neil asked his eyes wide.

"Franco," Victoria answered, her voice frantic as Neil took Adam from Dylan and carried him into the parlor.

"Dr. Stitch," Dylan said, a minute amount of relief seeping into voice at the sight of the familiar face that was approaching him quickly, "please take care of Adam. We can't..." he trailed off.

"I will," the doctor said his hands on Dylan's shoulder. "First, we need to move him to a bedroom. I can't work here."

"We'll carry him," Michael Corinthos said volunteering himself and Wyatt.

"Victoria, Dylan, Nick," a pretty woman said as she approached them tying a white apron around her waist, "my name is Elizabeth Webber-Spencer. I'm Lucky's wife. I'm a nurse and I will be assisting Dr. Rayburn with anything that he needs to help your brother; but you needn't worry. From what I hear from Dr. Quartermaine, Dr. Rayburn is an excellent doctor. So be strong. That's what your brother needs from you right now; your strength," she said grabbing each of their hands before briskly exiting the room.

"She's right, ya know?" a voice said from behind Victoria. She turned to find Wyatt Spencer.

"Is she?" she questioned, drying her wet eyes.

"You know she is," Wyatt said coming to stand beside her. "You know Dr. Rayburn from Genoa City."

"Yes. That's true but I suppose all of the things you know leave you when someone you love is hurt," she told him.

"I understand," he nodded. "Would you allow me to try to take your mind off of the situation at hand?"

"Wyatt..." Victoria sighed.

"I promise there will be no kissing," he said crossing his heart and smirking.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked unable to control the smile that Wyatt had put on her face.

"Dancing in the garden," he said his hand held out to her.

"I'd like that," she said, placing her hand in his.
As Victoria and Wyatt approached the garden, she could hear laughter and music. She looked to Wyatt for an explanation but he just smiled at her as he guided her through the high walled garden.

"Devon!" Victoria shouted without meaning to at the sight of her childhood best friend playing the fiddle while everyone danced around.

"Vicky!" he called back. He put his fiddle down and opened his arms wide. Victoria ran to him and wrapped him a tight hug. "It's so good to see you!"

"You too! It's been too long!" she said still embracing him. After the death of her parents, Victoria and her siblings were taken in by the Winters. Neil and his family were like family to the Newmans. She and Devon had been friends for as long as she could remember. He was a few years older than her but they were fast friends. The pair used to get into all sorts of trouble; but a year to the day of the fire that all came to an end. Jack Abbott had just become member of the Pentacities Council and he got them to pass a law that disallowed blacks from adopting children; so the Newman kids were taken away then taken in by Katherine and Murphy.

Murphy had told them that he and Katherine thought that the Winters were the people who should have raised them up but because of the guilt that Jack Abbott felt he couldn't allow the Newman children to live on that land. At the time, none of them knew what he had meant but these last few weeks had been illuminating.

"There's someone I want to you to meet," Devon said as he released her. He walked over to a group of people talking and grabbed the hand of a beautiful brown skin woman. "Miss Victoria Newman, I would like to you meet Miss Hilary Curtis-Winters. My wife," he said with a giant smile.

"Wife?" Victoria asked, her face lite up with excitement. "It is so wonderful to meet you, Hilary," she said as she pulled the exquisite woman with the doe brown eyes into a hug.

"You as well, Victoria," Hilary said as she returned the hug. "Devon has told me all about you. I feel as if I know you already."

"Then you have me at a disadvantage that we must remedy," Victoria smiled, pulling back.

"I would love to," Hilary beamed, releasing the Newman girl. "Now, husband," she said picking up his fiddle, "it's time to play. You've left poor Ethan all alone to entertain this bunch," she said putting the instrument in his hands and kissing him briefly on the lips.

"Yes, ma'am," he smiled as tapped his foot four times and joined in with the man playing next to him.

"Shall we?" Wyatt asked, with a small bow and his hand held out to her.

"Yes," Victoria beamed as she placed her hand in his and allowed him to sweep her across the stone floor.

After about thirty minutes of dancing, Victoria retired to a bench where Steffy was sitting.

"Having fun?" Steffy asked with a smile.

"I am. Are you?" Victoria asked.

"Yes. I miss Liam but there is always fun to be had," Steffy told her.
"So, who are all these people? Out here and inside." Victoria asked looking around at all the dancing people.

"The Pentacities Auxiliary," Steffy answered.

"What do you mean?"

"This is everyone. The entire Auxiliary is here for the initiation."

"Oh. Well, I don't know too many of these faces," Victoria said looking around.

"Well, allow me," Steffy said getting to her feet and holding her hand out. Victoria took her hand as Steffy scoped out the party. "Alright well, you know, your brothers, Cane and Lily Ashby, Kevin Fisher, Devon and I saw that you met Hilary," she said pointing each of them out.

"Yes," Victoria nodded.

"I bet she and Devon didn't tell you that they are both officials in the Genoa City branch of the Auxiliary," Steffy informed her.

"No, they did not," she said shaking her head.

"Well, they are Secretary for their respective Auxiliaries," Steffy explained. "They record minutes and keep a list of all the members and a few other things. It's a bit of a difficult job though," she told Victoria.

"Why?"

"All of the minutes are kept in code so that if they were ever discovered no one would be able to make heads or tails of them," she chuckled.

"How do you know this?" Victoria questioned.

"Liam and I are in the Secretary/Treasurer position in the Forrester City branch," Steffy revealed with a brilliant smile.

"Oh, that's wonderful," she smiled back at Steffy.

"Alright, grab your brothers and let's go," Steffy laughed. Victoria grabbed each of her brothers and they followed Steffy over to a group of people. "Hello, everyone. This is Dylan, Nick and Victoria Newman," she introduced.

"How do you do?" Victoria said with a small curtsy.

"Very well, Miss Newman," Lucky said with a smile. "Allow me to introduce you. As you know I'm Lucky Spencer. I am the Vice President of the Port Charles Pentacities Auxiliary. You know, Dr. Quartermaine and his wife Sam. They are our secretaries," he said pointing to the gorgeous doctor and his wife.

"Yes," Victoria nodded.

"And you know my brother Nikolas, who is our Treasurer and my sister Lulu, who is the Ladies Auxiliary Vice President," Lucky said.

"We do," Nick said, shaking Nikolas' hand and bowing his head slightly to Lulu; Dylan following suit.
"And you know Michael, of course," he said.

"Yes, they do," Michael Corinthos said shaking Dylan and Nick's hand and taking Victoria's and kissing it. She blushed slightly.

"Well, that over there playing the fiddle beside Devon is my oldest brother Ethan. This is my brother-in-law, Dante Falconeri," Lucky told them, pointing to the dark hair man next to Lulu. "He's an Ally to the Auxiliary and a deputy in Port Charles."

"It's nice to meet you," Dylan said shaking Dante's hand.

"You as well," Dante smiled.

"This is Nathan West and his wife Maxie Jones-West," Lucky said moving along. "Nathan is also an Ally and a deputy in Port Charles and Maxie is..."

"One of the infamous Joneses," Victoria said, admiration in her voice.

"Infamous are we?" Maxie laughed. "It's wonderful to be under the same umbrella as the Port Charles Spencers," she beamed.

"Are you not an Ally, Miss Maxie?" Nick questioned.

"Please, call me Maxie and no. I'm full fledged. My sister and I were brought up in the life but she and Emily Cassadine are like saints and they couldn't bring themselves to do the things that the rest of us do," she explained.

"Your sister?" Dylan asked.

"Me," a blonde woman said softly. "I'm Georgie Jones-Spinelli and this is my husband, Damien Spinelli," she said with a gentle smile.

"It's nice to meet you," Nick said.

"Georgie and Maxie work at CoeCoe Cosmetics in Port Charles," Lucky explained, "and Spinelli is the telegraph operator in Port Charles."

"Yes, Young Gun is correct," Spinelli said extending his hand to Dylan. Dylan nodded and shook it.

"And this is Brad Cooper," Lucky introduced.

"Hello. I'm a homosexual," Brad said with a wide smile. Victoria was shocked. She had met two homosexuals in a matter of days and again she was pleased to know that the wretched picture she had been given in church was all wrong.

"It's nice to meet you," Dylan said shaking his hand; Nick doing the same.

"You as well," Brad said.

"Brad works at General Hospital in Port Charles," Lucky told them.

"Are you a doctor, Mr. Cooper?" Victoria asked.

"No, I am a laboratory attendant," he told her. She nodded her understanding.

"It's very nice to meet all of you," Dylan said with a smile.
"It's good to meet you as well," Lucky said. "It's an exciting time for all of us, believe me."

"Well, we've got several more people to meet," Steffy said grabbing Victoria's hand. "There'll be plenty of time to talk later," she said pulling her away, Dylan and Nick following them. When she stopped at the next group, Wyatt smiled at her.

"What are you doing, Steffy?" Wyatt inquiries with a smirk.

"Introducing the Newmans to everyone," she told him.

"Ahh, well allow me. Dylan, Nick and Victoria Newman, this is my cousin Caroline Spencer and her beau Carter Walton," Wyatt said pointing to them.

"How do you do?" Victoria said with a curtsy.

"Very well thank you," Caroline said, "and yes our courtship caused a scandal in Forrester City but it was short lived because the Forresters had yet another scandal when Rick married Maya."

"Oh," Victoria said.

"Caroline is a bundle of joy," Wyatt said sarcastically, "and she works at Forrester Creations, funny enjoy; as a dress maker and Carter owns..."

"A pawn brokerage," Dylan finished for him. "Miss Katie told me."

"That's right," the beautiful black man said with a gorgeous smile, "and I hope she told you that when you begin this journey to justice you start with me."

"She did," Dylan nodded.

"Good," Carter beamed.

"And this is Hope Logan," Wyatt introduced the stunning blonde with the dazzling blue eyes. "She is also a dress maker at Forrester Creations."

"It's lovely to meet you all," Hope said with a bright smile.

"You as well, Miss Hope," Nick said as he kissed her hand.

"Which of you is an Ally?" Dylan questioned.

"Only me," Carter spoke up. "The rest of them are the unsavory type," he laughed.

"And you love me for it," Caroline said as she kissed his lips.

"Crazy as that makes me," he grinned.

"Steffy, where do you work?" Victoria asked, turning to her friend.

"Well, because my marriage to a Spencer, I lost my job at Forrester Creations but Dollar Bill was more than happy to hire me at Spencer Publications as copy-editor," she explained.

"I see," Victoria said.

"She's very annoying in the workplace," Wyatt joked.
"I am not, Mr. Vice President," Steffy laughed, playfully slapping her brother-in-law's arm. "Vice President?" Nick questioned. "You?"

"Is that so hard to believe?" Wyatt quipped.

"You just seem..." Nick began.

"Childish, overtly flirtatious with the womenfolk and somewhat irresponsible?" Wyatt questioned. Nick nodded. "Well, generally but I take the Auxiliary very seriously."

"That's good to know, Mr. Spencer," Victoria said coyly.

"I'm glad you think so, Miss Newman," Wyatt flirted.

"Ok, well, let's go," Steffy smiled. "More people to meet," she continued as she pulled her friend toward the next group of people. "You should not continue to flirt with Wyatt if you have no intention of beginning a courtship."

"And why not?" Victoria asked. "Wyatt is allowed to float from woman to woman on a whim but I am not allowed to flirt with one man. It seems unfair."

"It's not proper," Dylan said. "Do not do it again."

"Fine," Victoria said through gritted teeth. "I won't when you and Steffy are within earshot," she whispered to Nick, who laughed.

"Hello," Steffy smiled at the group of people seated around a table.

"Hello, Miss Steffy," a beautiful man with dark hair said in a husky tone.

"Please allow me to introduce Dylan, Nick and Victoria Newman," Steffy said blushing slightly at the man's tone.

"It's a pleasure," the man grinned. "I'm Antonio Vega and this is my younger brother Cristian," he introduced.

"Likewise," Dylan nodded.

"I'm Nash Brennan and this is my wife..." the man with the radiant smile and long hair began.

"Jessica," Dylan finished.

"Hello, Mr. Newman," Jessica said, her cerulean eyes averted toward the ground. Nick, Victoria and Steffy were all tense by the awkward moment that was occurring between Dylan and Jessica. Ten years ago Katherine had arranged for Dylan and Jessica to begin a courtship but because of his sister's plan to regain all that they had lost he never pursued it.

"It is nice to see you again," Dylan said interrupting the silence that had befallen the group.

"You as well," she said her eyes finally meeting his.

"So, Mr. Brennan, what is it that you do?" Dylan asked, turning to him.

"Antonio and I own a vineyard in Llanview," he told him. "Brennan Winery and Vineyard. It's been in my family for ages but I brought Antonio on when I joined the Auxiliary."
"Was your business in danger?" Dylan questioned.

"Slightly but we're thriving now," Nash smiled brightly.

"Very good," Dylan returned his smile. He was happy that Jessica found a man who could take care of her.

"What do you do?" Nick asked Cristian.

"Oh, my brother is a dreamer. An artist," Antonio answered. "He doesn't have a place of business. He works when the mood strikes him. ¿No es ese derecho, hermanito?"

"Yo no tengo que probarme a mí mismo o mi arte para usted, Antonio," Cristian said haughtily before directing his attention to the Newmans. "I'm a painter," he explained. "Every couple of months or so Asa Buchanan allows me to show my work at the Athenium Theater."

"Do you sell your paintings?" Victoria asked.

"Yes. Last month I sold a panting for $25 to Mr. Manning," Cristian smiled. "I also am available to be commissioned."

"I think it is wonderful that you do whatever it is that your heart desires," Victoria smiled.

"Thank you," Cristian beamed.

"Well, we've got a few more people to meet," Steffy said. They bid their goodbyes and moved on.

"Hello."

"Hello, Steffy," a tall, very handsome man said with a bright smile.

"I would like to introduce all of you to Dylan, Nick and Victoria Newman," Steffy said introducing each of them.

"Well, it's nice to you. I'm Ryan Lavery, Secretary of the Pine Valley Pentacities Auxiliary and this is my wife, Greenlee Smythe-Lavery, who is Secretary of the Ladies Auxiliary," Ryan introduced.

"It's lovely to meet you," Victoria said.

"You too," Greenlee smiled.

"This is Bianca Montgomery, the Treasurer of the Ladies Auxiliary and her sister Kendall Kane-Slater and her husband Zach Slater, who is the Vice President of the Auxiliary," Ryan said pointing to each of them.

"Nice to meet you all," Nick nodded.

"And last but certainly not least, is Adian Devane," Ryan said. "He and Tad Martin, the Treasurer of the Auxiliary, own Martin and Devane Fugitive Recovery."

"Bounty hunters?" Nick asked with a boyish grin. He and Adam had read all about bounty hunters in the penny papers. Mostly about Colt Seavers. The bounty hunter that had made it his life's goal to catch the notorious Nikolas Cassadine.

"Yes," Adian said, "and even though Tad and I surround ourselves with and are actively criminals, it is a surprisingly lucrative business."
"Interesting," Dylan grinned. He was fascinated to see that all of these respectable people were crooks and no one had a clue.

"Everyone come back inside now," Drucilla said from the opening of the dance area. "Pamela is serving coffee."

Devon and Ethan packed way their instruments and everyone filed back inside the house.

A few hours later, Stitch and Elizabeth returned to the parlor.

"It was a shoulder wound," Stitch said, "the bullet went clean through and luckily missed all major veins, arteries and bone."

"So what does that mean?" Nick questioned.

"It means that Adam's gonna be just fine," he smiled. "I stitched him and he's resting now."

"That's excellent news!" Neil beamed.

"We can continue with the proceedings in a few days when Adam is more healed," Stitch said.

"Wonderful," Neil said.

"That's fantastic news, Miss Newman," Wyatt said with a smile.

"Yes, it is, Mr. Spencer. The absolute best," Victoria said with a toothy grin.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Thank you so much for reading. Don't forget to drop me a comment or kudo!

Translations:

No es ese derecho, hermanito? - Isn't that right, brother?

Yo no tengo que probarme a mí mismo o mi arte para usted, Antonio. - I do not have to prove myself or my art to you, Antonio.
Neil clapped his hands and everyone settled down.

"I'm pleased to hear that Adam will be just fine thanks to Dr. Stitch and Nurse Webber," he announced to the whole room. "Now, I understand that Steffy has taken the liberty of introducing the younger members of the Auxiliary. I'll start us off with the older members. Ya'll know me and Drucilla. We're both president of our respective Auxiliary and the Auxiliary as a whole," Neil told them with a smile. "Lawyer Baldwin and his mother, Gloria Bardwell, are the respective vice presidents. You know about Devon and Hilary and Dr. Stitch and his sister Kelly are our treasurers," Neil said pointing to them. "Now on to our faithful members. Kevin Fisher and his wife, Kate Valentine-Fisher; she's Esther's daughter."

"How do you do?" Dylan asked extending his hand to Kevin.

"Very well," Kevin said shaking the outstretched hand. "My mother-in-law misses you four."

"We miss her, too," Victoria said with a bow.

"And you all know, Cane and Lily," Neil smiled.

"I wanted to tell you for years," Cane said shaking Dylan's hand.

"And you remember Mrs. Lauren Fenmore-Baldwin," Neil said pointing to the red hair woman. "That is her father-in-law, Jeffery Bardwell and of course you remember Malcolm and Olivia."

The three Newmans hugged the two people who had become like an aunt and uncle to them when they stayed with the Winters all those years ago.

Neil then proceeded to introduce the Newmans to the rest of the Auxiliary. Some of them they knew but had no idea of their position within the Auxiliary.

Neil presented and introduced the members of the Port Charles Auxiliary. Sonny and Carly Corinthos were the respective presidents, Lucky Spencer and his sister Lulu Spencer-Falconeri were the respective vice presidents, Jason and Sam Quartermaine were the respective secretaries and Nikolas Cassidine and lawyer Diane Miller were the treasurers. He introduced them to the other members. Shawn Butler, who works for Sonny, and his wife, Jordan Ashford-Butler, Dr.
Patrick Drake and his wife Dr. Robin Scorpio-Drake, Luke and Laura Spencer, Dr. Kevin Collins and his wife Lucy Coe-Collins- who owes CoeCoe Cosmetics, Duke Lavery and his lovely wife Anna Devane-Lavery, cousins Olivia and Connie Falconeri, Lucky's wife, nurse Elizabeth Webber-Spencer, Frisco Jones, Felicia Jones, Milo Giambetti, who works for Sonny as well, and Robert Scorpio.

Neil moved on the Forrester City Auxiliary. Bill and Katie were the respective presidents, Wyatt and Brooke Logan were the respective vice presidents, Steffy and the absent Liam, were the respective secretary/treasurers. The other member Steffy had introduced them to out in the garden.

Next, Neil presented and introduced them too the Llanview Auxiliary. The Newmans quickly realized that this branch of the Auxiliary was full of Buchanans. Clint Buchanan and his Vicki Lord-Buchanan were the respective presidents, Todd Manning and Nora Hanen-Buchanan were the respective vice presidents, Cord Buchanan and his wife Tea Delgado-Buchanan were the secretaries and Kevin Buchanan and Blair Cramer-Manning were the respective treasurers. Bo Buchanan was the husband of Nora and the Llanview sheriff, Addie and Kelly Cramer.

Finally Neil presented and introduced them to the Pine Valley Auxiliary. Jackson Montgomery and his wife Erica Kane were the respective presidents.

"Wow!" Victoria said in awe. "It's so very nice to meet you, Miss Erica."

"Oh, aren't you sweet," Erica said with a beautiful smile.

"Our parents would spend their anniversaries in Pine Valley," Dylan informed her.

"Once they brought be back a red feather boa worn by you," Victoria beamed.

"I remember that night," Erica said. "Your mama got on stage that night."

"Our ma?" Nick questioned with a quirk of his eyebrow. "No way."

"She did," a man with dark hair that was gray at the temples said. "I'm Ned Quartermanie and this is my wife Lois Cerullo-Quartermaine," Ned introduced.

"Eddie Maine?" Dylan questioned.

"Yes. How do you know that, boy?" Ned asked.

"Our father would sing your songs and dance our mother around the house," Victoria said tearfully.

"Well, hold on to those memories," Erica told them. "Happy memories are the only antidote to gloom that this life sometimes brings." The Newmans nodded.

Neil introduced them to Tad and Dixie Martin. Dixie was the vice president of the Ladies Auxiliary and Tad was the treasurer of the Pentacities Auxiliary. Dr. David Hayward, Deputy Jesse Hubbard and his wife, Dr. Angie Baxter-Hubbard.

"Now that you've met everyone, in a few days time, upon the return of Rick and Maya Forrester, we'll begin the initiation," Neil informed them. "Now everyone head to bed. Dylan and his siblings trickled out with the crowd and settled in for the night.

The next morning, Dylan greeted the morning with a new found sense of purpose. He bathed, dressed, checked on Adam, who was resting, then headed downstairs. He joined, Dollar Bill, Neil and Lawyer Baldwin in the parlor. They were speaking with a man he didn't recognize.
"What are you doing here, dressmaker?" Dollar Bill asked as he gracefully sat down on one of the leather chairs.

"My daughter," the man rumbled.

"I don't know why. You have nothing to say to each other," Bill told him. "You made that perfectly clear when you didn't respond to her letter informing your wretched family that she was with child."

"Excuse me," Dylan interrupted. "Who are you, sir?"

"Forrester. Ridge Forrester," the tall, classically handsome man replied. "Who are you, boy?"


"It's a pleasure," Ridge said.

"That is entirely yours, I assure you."

"Excuse me?"

"Dollar Bill, how long have Liam and Steffy been married?" Dylan asked as he poured himself a cup of coffee.

"Almost four years now," Bill answered.

"And out of those four years how many has Mr. Forrester been involved in Steffy's day-to-day?" Dylan inquired.

"None," Bill answered honestly.

"That's a lie!" Ridge said angrily.

"Is it?" Dylan questioned. "I have been here for a little while now and Steffy has not mentioned to me once about looking forward to a visit with her father."

"So what?" Ridge asked, clinching his fists. "I'm here now."

"And, as it appears to me and the rest of the gentlemen, Steffy does not wish to see you. So by staying in this house and causing a problem would be most ill-advised," Dylan said calmly. "What then will the people of Forrester City say when they hear that the great and powerful Ridge Forrester was tossed out in the street like a dog by Dollar Bill Spencer who was only trying to protect Mr. Forrester's very own daughter."

"You can't do that! Steffy loves me!" Ridge yelled.

"And you would do well to lower your voice. There are injured people on the mend in this house and I will not have you disturbing them," Dylan told him coldly. "Why don't you just leave Steffy a note and be on your way? There is nothing more any of us can do for you."

Ridge looked at each of men through narrowed eyes before grabbing a quill and paper and scrolling a brief note to his daughter.

"You make sure she gets this," he said to Dylan as he shoved the note in his palm then stormed out of the room.
"That was entirely impressive," Neil said with a smile.

"I just wanted him gone before he awoke Steffy," Dylan told them. "She is dealing with so much right now, what with Liam being gone and a baby on the way."

"No, no. We completely agree but most people would have just caved under the stern gaze of the dressmaker," Bill informed Dylan.

"But Victor was in this room today," Lawyer Baldwin said as the other two men nodded their agreement.

Dylan was taken aback by this. Being compared to his father was a wonderful feeling but also a dreadful one. He realized that if people who didn't know him that well saw his father in him, he knew that his siblings that knew both, him and his father, would see it and he didn't want to cause them any pain.

"Thank you, gentlemen but if you don't mind I would like to keep that piece of opinion within this room," he told him with a curt nod.


"I guess your headline just died, Bill," Lawyer Baldwin joked.

"Be careful there, Baldwin or the next headline will say 'Genoa City lawyer found drawn and quartered'," Bill laughed alongside Neil and Dylan.

A few days later, Rick, Liam and Morgan returned from Pine Barrens in the morning and a few hours later Maya, Katie, Starr and Lucas returned from Genoa City.

Neil, Bill and the other presidents allowed them time to wash up and change into fresh clothes. After a few hours they returned to the study.

"Will the Newmans, Rick and Maya please join us at the front?" Neil asked. Rick rose from his seat and offered his hand to his wife. Dylan, Victoria, Nick and the newly up and about Adam followed the couple to the front of the room. "Rick, did you get the diamonds?"

"Yes," he answered as he grabbed a large leather bag off the floor.

"What did the banker say?" Dollar Bill asked.

"That he had no idea that his practices were unethical and that he would do whatever he could to make it right," Rick answered, "but that was after Morgan suggested that he offer his cooperation."

"Well, I didn't want to rob the man," Morgan commented, "he was slight and it wouldn't have been any fun."

"Well, after his searching every nook and cranny of the place he returned with this bag," Rick said. "Liam checked the bank provenances and this is everything save for two four carat emerald cut diamond rings and two small velvet bags of twenty diamonds each. Apparently, the rings were the only two things that Jack brought in that were in a setting but he bought them back a few years ago and the bags of diamonds were sold off to the Chandlers in Pine Valley and to..." Rick explained but trailed off.

"To who?" Sonny asked. Rick was silent.
"To his brother," Morgan answered, "three years ago."

"Oh no!" Steffy gasped. "I'm so sorry, Victoria," she said.

"For what?" Victoria asked. Steffy reached up and took the necklace from around her neck and handed it to her friend.

"My father gave me that about three years ago," Steffy told her, her eyes locked on the large round diamond glinting in the firelight. "It was his way of showing that he still loved me even though I decided to have a courtship with Liam."

"It's alright," Victoria said grabbing her friend's hand. "You did not know."

"Thank you, Rick," Dylan said as Rick handed him the bag.

"You are quite welcome. I am also sorry for my brother's part in the dismantling of your family's belongings," he said to the eldest Newman.

"You are not at fault," Dylan said shaking his head.

"Not at all," Neil said. "Maya, what happened in Genoa City?"

"My task seemed impossible but it was actually quite easy," she answered. "The women of Genoa City are not fools and were all too ready to believe the information that I had."

"It was a waste of a trip," Starr commented.

"Yes, we could have sent a poster with the information and gotten the same reaction," Katie said.

"I simply told the ladies who sat around us that Ashley Abbott was a thief and the money that they have been raising is being pocketed by her."

"After that, the women just stopped voting for whatever she said and she cracked right up," Lucas laughed. "I'm sorry. I know better than to laugh at the expense of the...eccentric."

"By the time we left, there were talks of dismantling the group and Ashley screaming at them about knowing who her family is," Maya explained.

"Excellent," Lawyer Baldwin smiled.

"And now the Newmans," Neil said with a smile. "Other than, young Adam being shot, how did you fair?"

Nick reached down in the sack at his feet and pulled out the golden vase.

"Very good," Clint and Jackson said simultaneously.

"Now, if you all will excuse the presidents and vice presidents, we will exit for deliberations," Neil said leading the way from the room.

About an hour later, they all return to the room; Dollar Bill holding six long rods.

"I am pleased to announce that Dylan, Victoria, Nicholas, Adam, Rick and Maya have all been accepted into the Pentacities Auxiliary and the Pentacities Ladies Auxiliary," Neil announced proudly. "Rick, Maya, please step forward." The pair does so and Bill and Katie step forward, Wyatt and Brooke flanking them.
Wyatt and Brooke step in front of Rick and Maya and begin to undress them until Rick is bare chested and Maya in her stark white chemise. Brooke rolled it up to expose her side, close to her breast.

Bill and Katie stuck their rods into the fireplace then turned back to face the room.

"Tonight, we welcome two new members into our family," Dollar Bill declared. "Rick, do you swear to abide by the rules that govern this body?"

"I do," Rick answered.

"Do you swear to keep the secrets that you learn from the Forrester City Auxiliary?" Bill questioned.

"I do," Rick said.

"Very good," Bill smiled.

Wyatt slid a bullet from his pocket and put it between Rick's teeth, and lifted the Forrester's arm above his head and held on tightly as Bill pressed the white hot rod to his side. Adam peeked around when Bill pulled away to see a large smoldering PA on Rick's side.

"Maya, do you swear to abide by the rules that govern this body?" Katie asked.

"I do," Maya answered.

"Do you swear to keep the secrets that you learn from the Forrester City Auxiliary?" Katie questioned.

"I do," Maya said.

"Very good," Katie smiled.

Brooke slid the bullet that Rick had had in his mouth between Maya's teeth, and lifted Maya's arm above her head and held on tightly as Katie pressed the white hot rod into her side, leaving the smoldering PA behind. Wyatt and Brooke quickly moved Rick and Maya to the back of the room, where Elizabeth tended to their brands.

Neil and Drucilla took the rods from Bill and Katie and stepped to the front; Lawyer Baldwin and Gloria flanking them.

"Tonight marks a momentous occasion," Neil said proudly. "The children of the beloved Victor and Nikki Newman join our ranks." Lawyer Baldwin and Gloria stepped forward and undressed the Newmans in the same way that Wyatt and Brooke had done Rick and Maya. "Dillon, Nicholas, Adam, do you swear to abide by the rules that govern this body?" Neil asked them.

"I do," the brothers answered simultaneously as Stitch and Devon each grabbed a rod and jammed it into the fire.

"Do you three swear to keep the secrets that you learn from the Genoa City Auxiliary?" Neil asked.

"I do," they answered.

"Very good," Neil beamed. "Gentlemen," he said to his son and Dr. Rayburn. Lawyer Baldwin slipped a bullet between each of their teeth and he, Cane and Malcolm grabbed the arms of the
Newman men and held them over their heads as Neil, Devon and Stitch pressed the burning rod into their sides.

Victoria winced slightly. The sizzling sound and the smell of burning flesh was starting to get to her but she had her mind made up. She was joining.

"Victoria," Drucilla said motherly, "do you swear to abide by the rules that govern this body?"

"I do," Victoria answered, masking the fear in her voice.

"And do you swear to keep the secrets you learn from the Genoa City Auxiliary?" Dru asked.

"I do," Victoria nodded.

"Good," Drucilla smiled as Gloria put the bullet between her teeth and prepared her. Victoria bit down hard as the burning from the PA brand seared her skin. She could hear it sizzling and smell it burning and feel it blister and bubble as she was quickly lifted to feet and pulled to the back of the room and tended to Elizabeth and Lucas alongside her brothers.

After the six new recruits were tended to, Neil called for the attention of the room again.

"In a week, when the Newmans are completely healed they will begin their journey to justice," he announced. "It is the will of the Presidents' Council that each of you help them without question. The only goal of this Auxiliary is the ruination of The Abbotts. Anything else is your pettiness and we can tend to that matter later. No one is in any way to deter or disrupt their efforts. That is cause for immediate dismissal," Neil told the entire room. "Now, our recruits need rest, so let's all retire," he said leading the way upstairs.

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