



*Jokers' Wrath MC | Book Three*

# ANGUISH

*USA Today* Bestselling Author

**BELLA JEWEL**

# Anguish

## Jokers' Wrath MC, Volume 3

Bella Jewel

Published by Bella Jewel, 2014.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# Table of Contents

[Title Page](#)

[~\\*ANGUISH\\*~](#)

[ANGUISH | Copyright © 2014 Bella Jewel](#)

[ACKNOWLEDGMENTS](#)

[DEDICATION](#)

[PROLOGUE](#)

[CHAPTER ONE](#)

[CHAPTER TWO](#)

[CHAPTER THREE](#)

[CHAPTER FOUR](#)

[CHAPTER FIVE | MACK](#)

[JAYLAH](#)

[CHAPTER SIX](#)

[CHAPTER SEVEN](#)

[MACK](#)

[CHAPTER EIGHT](#)

[CHAPTER NINE | MACK](#)

[JAYLAH](#)

[CHAPTER TEN](#)

[CHAPTER ELEVEN](#)

[CHAPTER TWELVE | MACK](#)

[JAYLAH](#)

[CHAPTER THIRTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER FOURTEEN | MACK](#)

[JAYLAH](#)

[CHAPTER FIFTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER SIXTEEN | JAYLAH](#)

[CHAPTER SEVENTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER EIGHTEEN](#)

[CHAPTER NINETEEN | MACK](#)

[JAYLAH](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY | JAYLAH](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE | MACK](#)

[JAYLAH](#)

[CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO](#)  
[CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE](#)  
[CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR | MACK](#)  
[JAYLAH](#)  
[CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE](#)  
[MACK](#)  
[CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX | JAYLAH](#)  
[CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN](#)  
[CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT](#)  
[CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY](#)  
[MACK](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE](#)  
[MACK](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR | JAYLAH](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE | MACK](#)  
[JAYLAH](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN | MACK](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT](#)  
[CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE | MARCUS](#)  
[CHAPTER FORTY | JAYLAH](#)  
[MACK](#)  
[CHAPTER FORTY-ONE](#)  
[MACK](#)  
[CHAPTER FORTY-TWO](#)  
[CHAPTER FORTY-THREE | TWO MONTHS LATER](#)  
[MACK](#)  
[EPILOGUE | TWO HOURS LATER | JAYLAH](#)  
[THE END](#)

## ~\*ANGUISH\*~

All rights reserved. This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook is copyright material and must not be copied, reproduced, transferred, distributed, leased, licensed or publicly performed or used in any form without prior written permission of the publisher, as allowed under the terms and conditions under which it was purchased or as strictly permitted by applicable copyright law. Any unauthorized distribution, circulation or use of this text may be a direct infringement of the author's rights, and those responsible may be liable in law accordingly. Thank you for respecting the work of this author.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# ANGUISH

**Copyright © 2014 Bella Jewel**

Anguish is a work of fiction. All names, characters, places and events portrayed in this book either are from the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, establishments, events, or location is purely coincidental and not intended by the author. Please do not take offence to the content, as it is FICTION.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A massive thanks to all the blogs on my tours. You're amazing for taking the time to share and review for me; you'll never know how much that means to me.

A special thanks to Love Between The Sheets for always having time to organize my release day blitzes and cover reveals. You ladies are super amazing and I'll always appreciate the effort you've given me.

Thanks to Lisa from Three Chicks and Their Books for always reading an ARC before releasing and helping me out. Thanks to Kylie from Give Me Books for always sharing and reading for me, too. You girls are amazing. I adore you.

A massive thanks to Ari from Cover it Designs for this gorgeous cover. You never disappoint.

To Lauren, my crazy, awesome editor. You do such a great job. I couldn't do it without you. I adore you, lovely.

To my girls, Belle Aurora and Sali. For always reading and helping me create the best work I can. For always talking to me and making me smile. I love you two, my besties.

And of course, to my admin, MJ, for ALWAYS keeping my page running beautifully. I couldn't do it without you, girly.

A massive thank you to Kris Scharr, for coming up with the amazing name of Joker's Wrath MC, as well as picking the name of a character to show throughout the series. You're a gorgeous girl and an amazing fan. Thank you.

And, last but certainly not least, to my loyal readers. You make this real for me; never stop giving such love and passion. You make our journey so amazing.

# DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my very own biker, my husband. Thank you for the countless hours you have put in to helping me out with my work, or just keeping the kids busy while I write.

You know I'll love you forever, my big man.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## PROLOGUE

“You stole my fuckin’ drugs.”

The foot at my throat presses me further into the cold, scratchy pavement. I gasp, my fingers clawing at fleshy ankles. His skin doesn’t budge; my nails are too short to break the flesh that I’m so desperately scraping at. It does nothing to move him, or send him on his way. Instead, he pushes harder, cutting off more of my air supply.

“That’s not exactly how it went down,” I croak, struggling.

“You were meant to deliver them; instead you fuckin’ sold them, and ran with the money.”

He’s right about that. I did take the drugs and sell them. I had good reason—my boyfriend was in trouble, and I was doing anything I could to get him *out* of trouble. I didn’t think ahead. I didn’t realize that I’d then owe a very unhappy drug dealer money. Not my finest moment, that’s for damned sure.

“I had no choice . . . I was helping someone I care about.”

He presses his boot down further into my throat, and my air supply narrows down to a dangerous level. My head pounds as the blood and oxygen are cut from my brain.

“I bet that person ain’t here helpin’ you tonight, now, are they?”

No, he’s right about that. Samuel is probably sleeping with someone else. The moment his debt was cleared, he left me. The dirty, cheap fucker *left* me. Now I’m dealing with the backlash. A furious drug dealer who wants his money.

Money I don’t have.

“Don’t I get,” I gasp, “one chance to get your money?”

He glares down at me through angry grey eyes. I squirm again as my vision starts flittering in and out. Shit, I’m going to pass out and he’s probably going to kill me, or worse, drag my helpless body away to do God knows what with.

“I have m-m-m-money,” I croak.

“If you had money, you wouldn’t have stolen my drugs.”

“I . . .” God, I’m on the edge. “I can get it. I s-s-s-swear.”

He stares at me, and for each second he does, my vision swims. Then, much to my relief, he lifts his boot off and reaches down, hurling my weak body up. He pulls me close, so close that our noses touch. My knees wobble and I have to push all my focus into not falling flat on my face and giving him another chance to take me.

“Listen, and listen fuckin’ good. You’ve got two weeks, and trust me, that’s me bein’ fuckin’ generous. Get my money, or I come for you.”

Shit.

I nod.

“Don’t try and run. You do, I’ll fuckin’ find you.”

I close my eyes, take a deep, burning breath and nod again.

“Two weeks.”

Then he’s gone.

And I know . . . I just *know* . . . I’m in deep, deep shit.

# CHAPTER ONE

“You can’t be serious, Jaylah!”

I turn and scowl at my best friend, Josie. She’s leaning against my kitchen counter, her face scrunched, her pretty little nose turned up. I glance at her arms, which are crossed angrily across her ample chest. She’s a tiny, busty, ball of sass. It’s why I adore her.

“It’s a job, it gets me away from the house. If I’m away from the house, I’m not so easily tracked,” I point out, popping a piece of carrot into my mouth and chewing loudly. Josie glares at me.

“He’ll find you no matter where you are!”

I shake my head, wagging my finger at her. “It’s only been a few days; I still have a week or so left. I don’t know if I’ll have that kind of money before then, so being away is safest.”

“He’ll come here . . .”

“And I won’t be here.”

“What if he goes after me? Or someone else you care about?”

I give her a ‘really?’ look. “My parents live six hours away and their surname is completely different to mine, since I changed it. He wouldn’t find them easily. Besides, I’ll tell Dad and he’ll be ready. You live two hours away; I hardly think he’s going to go after you. The person he’d likely go after is Samuel, and personally, I’m not going to complain if Samuel gets his ass kicked.”

She drops her head into her hands and sighs loudly. “Even if it does get you away . . . you’re forgetting one vital piece of information.” She lifts her head. “You’re not a fucking nanny!”

I snort, choking on a piece of carrot and throwing myself into a coughing fit. When I’m done, I straighten, patting my chest and rasping, “How hard can it be? Changing nappies, feeding . . . it’s a piece of cake.”

“It’s a child . . .” She gapes. “You know—not a dog!”

I wave a hand. “It’s live-in, it’s good pay, and it’s only a baby.”

“Babies poop, and cry, and spew . . .”

“So do dogs,” I point out.

“Jesus, Jay. There’s got to be something else.”

I take a step closer. “I have Gregor after my ass. He doesn’t play nice. I need somewhere he can’t find me. He won’t find me there; it’s some distance away. I can pay him off, and then it’ll all be over. It’s a thousand dollars a week, including food and a room! All to look after one baby.”

Josie sighs and shakes her head. “I can see there’s no talking you out of this. At least go and make sure it’s what you want before saying yes.”

I smile. “Good news—I’m going right now to meet the child and his father.”

“Oh, God,” Josie groans.

“It’ll be fine.” I wave my hand, grabbing my keys with the other. “You’ll see.”

~\*~\*~\*~

It’s not fine.

Oh no. It’s *far* from fine.

I’m standing in front of what is quite possibly the most dazzling man I’ve ever seen in my life. He’s Native American, of that I’m sure. He’s got these chocolate eyes and dark hair that, I won’t lie, makes me want to punch him. It’s that beautiful. Long and thick, flowing around his shoulders. He’s tall and muscled, wearing a leather vest over a dark, tight tee.

Oh boy. Oh boy. Oh boy.

“Ah . . . are you, um, Mack?”

He looks me up and down, slowly. “Yeah.”

God. His voice. Like melted honey, mixed with cream . . . oh, man.

“Oh, good. I’m Jaylah. I’m here for the, ah, nanny position.”

He quirks his eyebrow. “*You’re* a nanny?”

My spine straightens and I put my hands on my hips. “Excuse me, buddy, but I’ll have you know I’m the best damned nanny there is.”

He stares at me, expressionless. He’s a hard man; you can see it in his eyes and the firm expression that seems set on his face.

“What did you expect?” I go on. “Mrs. Doubtfire?”

His lips twitch, but he doesn’t smile.

“You available all day, every day?”

I tilt my head to the side. “I don’t get a day off?”

“No.”

I cock my eyebrow. “You want me to babysit . . . every day?”

He stares at me, like that’s already obvious.

“What are you, like some fancy businessman or something?”

I already know that’s a joke before it’s finished leaving my lips, but I say it anyway. He gives me a ‘seriously?’ look, and I realize it really was a stupid question.

“Okay, well, clearly you’re not a businessman.” I laugh sheepishly. “But what could possibly keep you so busy you need me to look after your kid seven days a week?”

“None of your fuckin’ business,” he snaps.

“Keep your shirt on,” I huff. “I was only asking.”

“You either want the job,” he says, his voice low and deep, “or you don’t.”

“I do,” I point out. “But I have a life, you know. Friends and stuff.”

“You can visit them, with the baby.”

“Seriously?”

He does that staring thing again.

“Only one thousand dollars a week? To basically be the child’s . . . mother?”

“One and a half if you start now.”

“One and half thousand?” I breathe.

“No, one and a half fuckin’ dollars.”

Oh, a smartass. Nice.

“And I live . . . here?”

He nods sharply.

“And . . . *you* live here?”

He looks like he wants to slap my stupidity right out of me.

“Okay, I’ll do it.”

He nods. “Come in.”

“Wait, aren’t you going to ask me some nanny questions? Like, what are you going to do if my child runs onto the road and gets hit by a car?”

He gives me a strange expression. “He’s a baby. Come in.”

“What about if he chokes?”

“Baby . . .” he grinds out. “Drinks fuckin’ milk.”

“Climbs through a window?” I call out, following him inside.

He grunts.

“Plays with your hairdryer?”

He stops, turns, and gives me a mortified expression.

“What?” I say, shrugging. “You have nice hair . . . it’s only an assumption.”

Okay now he looks like he wants to punch me, or throttle me.

“I mean seriously . . . you’re not going to ask me anything?”

He growls. “You a murderer?”

“What? No.”

“Rapist?”

I gape. “Ew. No.”

“You cook?”

“That depends.”

He narrows his eyes. “Yes or no?”

“Ah, kind of.”

He nods and continues, like that’s an acceptable answer. “You capable of heating a bottle?”

“Yes.”

“Gettin’ up when he cries?”

I nod.

“Then you’re hired. Now move.”

Bossy.

We step into a really nice, really modern place. The cool floor is pleasant against my feet as I follow him into the lounge room. I skid to a halt when I see all the people on the lounge. There are a few really pretty girls, but the rest are males. Big, burly males that look like they’ve dropped out of heaven and been rolled in leather. They’re *gorgeous*.

They’re also . . . oh, no.

*Oh no, no, no.*

Mack nods to one of the girls and she stands, walking over to me, a baby wrapped up in her arms. She stretches it out to me with a smile. God, she’s pretty, like a mini Pocahontas or something. Her eyes sparkle with humor at my expression. I reach out, take the baby and hold it close. I’ve never held a baby . . . shit . . . where’s his head?

“I’m Santana.” She smiles, warmly. “Welcome.”

I turn back to the group, who are all staring at me, and I’m about sure I’m going to pass out.

I know who they are. I’ve seen the news.

Motorcycle club. The biggest in the city.  
Joker's Wrath.  
Oh God. I'm a nanny for a biker.  
This should be interesting.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER TWO

“You have to take me to get clothes,” I say, following Mack towards the kitchen, his baby tucked tightly in my arms. “I can’t look after the baby and get my things at the same time. I don’t have a seat. You’re going to have to watch him while I go and—”

“No.”

“Seriously?” I cry. “You wanted me to start right away and I am, but I need to get all my things and—”

He spins around and glares at me. “Then go and fuckin’ get them. Take the baby; get the seat. I don’t fuckin’ care just do it.”

The baby? Not his name. Not *my son*. I narrow my eyes and watch as he swings the fridge door open and pulls out a beer, then he turns back to me, brown eyes burning holes through me.

“Are you always this moody? If so, I think we need some sort of call . . . so I know when you’re not approachable.”

He stares at me, lip curled in disgust. “Call?”

“You know, like a bird call. Ka-kaw! Ka-kaw!”

He blinks. “Are you fuckin’ nuts?”

“No.” I narrow my eyes suspiciously. “Are you?”

He gives me an unfathomable look, one that says he has no idea how to take me. “You’re the one makin’ fuckin’ bird noises—no, scratch that. No fuckin’ bird makes noises like that.”

“They do,” I say matter-of-factly. “I’ve heard them.”

He looks to the ceiling for calm.

“Well . . .” I encourage, tapping my foot against the tiles.

He mutters a few choice curses, and looks back to me. “I don’t make bird noises and I don’t do calls. You stay away from me; I stay away from you. Take care of the baby. I’m at the club half the time so you won’t need to worry about anything else but that.”

“Does the baby have a name?” I mutter sarcastically.

“Diesel.”

“And his mother?”

“None of your fuckin’ business.”

“That’s apparent,” I mutter.

He shoots daggers in my direction. “You do your job, we’ll be fine.”

I roll my eyes and turn, staring down at the bundle in my arms. He’s definitely like his father. All dark hair, brown eyes and gorgeous olive skin. My guess, he’s only about two months’ old. He’s tiny, and squishy and adorable. I’m not a huge fan of babies, or children for that matter, but this one . . . he’s cute.

“Your father is an arrogant bum-head,” I murmur, figuring it best not to swear in front of an infant. “But you and I will get along just fine.”

Mack grunts. “I’m questioning your sanity.”

I turn and glare at him. “Excuse me, biker, but you’re the one who hired me without asking questions.”

He crosses his arms. I jerk my chin up.

“Just do your fuckin’ job.”

“Jesus, you’re a bossy man. I’m surprised anyone decided to breed with you in the first place. Yeesh.”

A low, throaty growl leaves his throat, but I ignore it. I walk towards the room that Santana told me belonged to the baby before they all left us alone. “Come on, handsome. Your daddy needs therapy. It’s not his fault, he was likely born that way . . .”

“Fuck me,” Mack mutters from the kitchen. “I’ve hired a fuckin’ looney.”

I smile, stepping into the room. I place Diesel down onto the table that holds all his diapers, and unwrap him. God, so tiny. His little legs kick about. I have no idea. None. Zero. I don’t even know how to use a diaper. I pull out my cellphone and scroll down until I find my mother’s name.

“Hello?” she answers.

“Hey, Mom, it’s Jay.”

“Jay,” she croons. “I haven’t heard from you in weeks. How are you, sweetheart?”

“I’m fine,” I say, placing a hand on Diesel’s belly. I don’t know if he’ll roll right off the table. I don’t even know if he can roll . . .

“You sound off. What’s going on?”

“Well,” I hesitate, “I took a job.”

“Oh, how wonderful. What is it?”

Here goes. "I'm a nanny."

Silence.

Dead silence.

"You're kidding, right?"

"No," I scoff. "It's a great job. Live in. It's this little baby, he's about two months' old and his name is Diesel."

More silence.

"Oh God, how did you get a job like that? Someone needs to help that baby, right now! Do you need me to call someone . . . the police maybe?"

"Jesus, Mom," I groan. "I'm not going to kill the child."

"Do you remember what you did to your Cousin Lucy?"

I throw my head back and groan. "It was an honest mistake. At the time it seemed like it would work . . . She was crying too much."

"You tied a basket to the clothes line and put her in it, then you swung her and she fell out."

"I was twelve. My motherly instincts hadn't kicked in," I protest.

"That poor, poor child. She never was the same."

"She was fine!" I cry. "There was only a slight dent in her head."

"Oh, God. You should quit. Right now."

"Well, I'm not quitting. So I need your help."

"You're going to prison."

"What? Mom!"

"You're going to do something worse. That poor baby. He's too young to die."

I roll my eyes and sigh. Diesel starts croaking on the table, squirming uncomfortably. "Mom, pay attention. I need to know how to take care of a baby."

"You can't just take care of a baby! There are no instructions. It's so hard, oh God . . . There was this one time when you ate prunes . . ."

"Mom," I cry. "Focus."

"Right," she says sternly. "I can't believe I'm helping you with this. His death will be on me."

"Jesus, Mom, I'm not going to kill the child."

She's silent and I know she's shaking her head, not believing a word I say.

"You said he's two months' old?"

"Around that."

“Then he’ll need a bottle every three hours.”

“Every three hours!”

She sighs. “Do the world a favor and let someone else have the job.”

I’d love to, but the money is too good to pass up and I need it. Call me selfish, but I can’t change what needs to be done.

“No, it’s okay. Three hours is fine.”

*Goodbye sleep, I’ll miss you. It was great knowing you.*

“He’ll also need his diaper changed a lot. You need to check it every few hours. Make sure you clean his, ah, parts properly. You don’t want infection. Oh, and don’t forget the diaper cream.”

“Diaper cream?”

“It stops that diaper rash they get on their little bottoms, the poor chickens.”

God, my mother just called children . . . chickens.

“Fine, bottle, diapers, diaper cream. What else?”

“Gas!” she cries. “Gas will make him cranky. You need to pat his back until he burps mid-way through and after his feedings.”

God.

“You need to keep him nice and warm; it’s cold out. Wrap him at night, it’ll help him sleep. Don’t put him on his stomach. He could stop breathing.”

Oh, man. I don’t want that to happen. Maybe I’m not cut out for this. Diesel starts crying beside me and I stare down at him.

“Oh,” Mom croons. “Is that him?”

“Yes, he’s crying. What do I do?”

“Maybe he’s hungry. You need to offer him food. If he’s not hungry, you need to change his diaper. If that’s not it, give his back a good, soft pat. He might have gas. If not, maybe he’s tired. Give him a pacifier and nurse him to sleep.”

My God. This baby thing is hard.

“Okay,” I say, as Diesel’s screeches get louder.

“You’re meant to be looking after the baby, not talking on the phone!” a voice barks.

I turn to see Mack standing at the door. He’s got his arms crossed and he’s glaring at me.

“I’m getting advice,” I point out.

“I thought you were a fuckin’ nanny?”

“Who is that?” Mom cries. “And tell him to stop using such vulgar language. That’s not the baby’s father, is it? My goodness, no wonder—”

I move the phone from my ear.

“Now you’ve sent my mother into a frenzy. I am a nanny, I’m just getting advice on sleeping . . . ah . . . patterns.”

He gives me a skeptical look. “Well, stop him from crying while you’re at it.”

“You could always come and, I don’t know, pick him up. He is your son.”

He turns and walks off.

Walks off.

Issues.

“Jaylah!”

I sigh and press the phone back to my ear. “Sorry, Mom, all is well.”

“What’s going on? Who is this man you’re babysitting for?”

“It’s not babysitting, and he’s a single father.”

“That’s not good. It’s never good.”

“I’m going now, Mom,” I say, because Diesel’s screeching is getting louder. “I love you.”

I hang up before she can answer. I lift the baby into my arms and walk out into the kitchen. There are some bottles on the sink, and a tin of formula beside them. *Right, I can do this.* I spin the tin around, reading the back. It doesn’t look so hard. I hold Diesel in one hand and open the tin, flipping a bottle over and scooping some of the powder into it. I lose half the contents onto the counter, but it’s not bad for my first shot.

Then I pour some water from the kettle in, figuring boiled must be the best. It’s too cold. Shit. I remember the days of my mother testing temperatures on her wrist, but how the hell did she heat it? I find a glass and fill it with hot water, plonking the bottle into it. I’m pretty sure I’m not supposed to use the microwave. Right?

After ten minutes of Diesel’s screaming, the bottle is warm. I shake it once more and rush to the couch, adjusting him awkwardly as I press the bottle to his lips. He latches on like a trooper and begins sucking with a force I’ve never seen coming from something so tiny. His little hands are balled into fists and his brown eyes are on mine.

My chest feels funny . . . This little warmth creeps through me.

He is kind of cute.

While he's feeding, I pull out my phone and balance it in one hand, doing the old one finger text.

**Jaylah – Hey Jos! I need a favor . . .**

**Josie – What did you do? Did you kill the baby? Have you been kidnapped?**

I giggle, and reply.

**Jaylah – No, not yet, anyway. I need my stuff. I got the job, woohoo. Could you be a gem and pack up the basics for me?**

**Josie – Why can't you come and get it?**

**Jaylah – Well, the father is kind of moody. It's a long story; you'll see when you come over.**

**Josie – I guess I don't get a choice. See u soon!**

I text her the address and a list of what I want, then I drop the phone on the couch beside me. Diesel has nearly finished his bottle and his eyes are drooping.

"Uh-uh, buddy," I say, poking his cheek softly. "It's not bedtime yet."

He doesn't respond. His eyes flutter closed and he stops sucking. Great. I haven't even bathed him. I stand, plucking the bottle from his lips. He makes a few sucking motions, then his mouth settles and he makes a squeaking sound. Then he's asleep. Damn. I wish I could sleep that easily.

I carry him into the bathroom. Hmmm. That's a big, big bath. It'll be impossible to bathe him in that. I turn and walk out, edging down the hall. I'm not sure which room belongs to Captain Broody, but there are only a few so it won't be hard to find. I'm right; he's in the second room on the right. He's sitting on his bed, playing his guitar softly.

Oh God, he plays the fucking guitar.

I think I just peed a little.

That's hot.

"Ah," I begin, and he snaps his head up, glaring at me. "Where do I bath him?"

He looks confused. "Where do you usually bath something?"

"The bath is too deep."

He narrows his eyes. "So hold him."

"I'll break my back leaning over it."

He cocks an eyebrow.

"Seriously?" I snap. "Some help would be good."

"Who is gettin' paid here?"

“Jesus, never mind.”

I turn and walk out. As I pass the laundry, I stare at the deep yet not too big sink in there. That’ll be perfect. Smiling happily, I gather a towel, find some baby soap and fill it. I lay a towel out over the washing machine, and place Diesel down. I begin to undress him, but halt when I start trying to take the tiny shirt over his head.

Shit.

I move it, but it catches on his chin.

Shit. His head is too big for this tiny hole. Who invented such an outfit?

I purse my lips and use my fingers to stretch it as much as I can, slipping it over his head. He cracks up, and begins to cry, his little legs flailing about. “I’m sorry!” I cry, lifting his naked baby body into my arms. Ack, he’s so tiny, so freaking small. “I didn’t mean to hurt you. It’s the shirt . . .”

I’m talking to a baby.

I’ve lost it.

I stick a finger into the water. It’s warm, so I gently lower Diesel in. His body quickly becomes slippery and I have to use both of my hands to make sure he doesn’t sink. I swish his body side to side gently, letting the water go around him. He stops crying and starts making cooing sounds at me. Oh God.

“You’re all right, little man,” I say, smiling. “You’re going to grow up and be a super dude.”

He coos and my heart melts a little more. Who knew babies were so cute? I wash him as best I can and then lift him out of the water. The screeching starts again; someone doesn’t like being taken from his bath. I quickly wrap him in a towel and carry him into his room, placing him on the table thing again. I’m sure there’s a name for it; I just don’t know what it is.

I place a hand on his belly and lean down, taking a diaper and a warm suit. I stand up straight, and am struck in the eye with . . . oh my God . . . the baby is peeing in my eye! I squeal loudly, wanting to jump back but not wanting him to roll off the table. He continues to squirt at me, and my shrieking becomes louder as warm urine is splashed over my face.

“What the fuck?”

“He’s peeing on me!” I squeal. “Your child is peeing on me. Hold him, oh my God, my eye!”

Silence.

Then loud, booming laughter.

“You horrible . . . horrible . . . horrible . . .”

He laughs louder.

“Will you hold him? I’m going blind!”

“You gotta learn. Have fun with that.”

Then I hear his heavy footfalls as he leaves. Seriously? Seriously?

“You will pay for this,” I yell. “There will be sweet, sweet revenge.”

More laughter.

“Sweet revenge.”

Oh God, help me.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER THREE

*Waaah.*

*Waaah.*

Oh, God. Again?

I roll in the large, squishy, really *warm* double bed I'm sleeping in. Diesel's shrieking is getting louder and louder. Jesus, I only fed him . . . I check the time . . . ack. Two hours ago. My God, I had no idea how hard a baby would be, and it's only the first night. I think of the money, and the help I'm providing, and push the covers back with a groan, throwing my legs out of the bed.

I pad down the hall and into his room. His little arms and legs are flailing about as he cries. I lean down, lifting him into my arms, and press him close to my body. "Hush, sugar," I murmur. "We'll get you a bottle."

I slip out of his room, holding him to my chest. I get into the kitchen and prepare a bottle one-handed while bouncing him with the other. Then I plonk down onto the couch, and listen as he makes small suckling sounds as he drains the bottle. My eyes droop and I shift us so we're both lying down. My eyelids flutter and Diesel drops the bottle, making a squeak before drifting off to sleep.

I'm not far behind him.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~

"Ah . . ."

I hear the feminine voice and my eyes flutter open. I look up to see two girls staring down at me. One of them I recognize as Santana, and the other is a girl I've never met, but she's gorgeous. It takes me a moment to realize where I am, and then I sit up quickly, Diesel in my arms. He stirs, croaking, but nestles back into my boobs.

Then I realize what I'm wearing.

Or . . . what I'm not wearing.

Three, yes three bikers are standing by the front door, and they lazily let their gazes travel over me before smirks appear on their lips. Yeah, lap it up, boys; you won't be seeing it again. Santana giggles, and her eyes flicker to the bikers who are still smirking. They're hot. Like, über hot. One is huge and mega fine, all dark and dangerous. The one beside him is bad boy through and through, not as built as the first, but equally as handsome.

The third one is in a wheelchair, but damn, is he rockin' it. He's gorgeous but he has a really kind, gentle face. I recognize one of them from yesterday, so I'm guessing he's close to Mack . . . or maybe Mack is like, their president or something. My eyes scan over their leather jackets. Nope, the big guy is the president, says so right there on his patch.

"Ah," I say, still bouncing the baby. "I ah . . . he woke up and we fell asleep here . . ."

Santana reaches out and takes the baby, smiling at me. "Go and get some sleep. I'm happy to watch him for a few hours. You look exhausted."

I stare down at my now empty arms. I feel kind of lost without him already. Looking back up at the girls, I murmur, "Thanks."

The pretty girl beside Santana reaches a hand out and I take it. "I'm Ash," she smiles.

"Jaylah, but call me Jay."

"Jesus . . ."

Mack's barking voice fills the room and I turn, staring at him. He's shirtless, oh mamma, and he's got his big arms crossed over his chest, glaring right at me. What? I'm not doing anything. Sheesh.

"What the fuck is goin' on?" he demands.

I stare down at myself. Well, this does look a little suspicious considering I'm wearing a pair of tiny panties, and let me tell you, they're tiny. Boyleg, showing a great deal of ass, and they ride low on my hips. Then there's the top . . . well . . . the tiny tank that is cut way, way above my belly button. It's the comfiest thing to sleep in, but not really appropriate when company is around.

Oh God . . . are my nipples hard? My God, they're hard.

My hands go over my chest quickly and a little squeak leaves my lips. I look back to Mack and he's staring at my body, his eyes all lusty chocolate-brown. Shit. When they meet mine again, some of his anger is gone, but he still looks totally broody.

"You doin' a fuckin' striptease?"

“Excuse me?” I snap, crossing my arms.

He nods his head. “What the fuck are you doin’ prancin’ around in that in front of my brother and the club?”

Brother? I gaze at the three by the door. No way are any of those guys Mack’s brothers.

“Hey!” he barks. “Look here.”

I turn back to him, arms still crossed, and snap, “I am not doing a striptease. I was sleeping on the couch and they just . . . came in.”

“You sleepin’ on the couch in fuck-me panties?”

My cheeks heat, and instead of speaking with my voice I make a little squeaking sound. Great. Well done, Jaylah. I’m sure he thinks you’re super cool now.

“They are not fuck-me panties,” I finally growl. “They’re just panties.”

“They’re fuck-me panties.”

Men.

I glare at him, and he glares back.

“Stop being an asshole, Chief,” Santana snaps, giving him some sass. Go, girl.

“Back down, *Chante*, this aint’ your business.”

“Excuse me,” she breathes. “But I created the ad, I’ve looked after your child for two weeks, and I took the damned call to get her over here. She was the only one who would even walk through the door after getting a look at you, so you’re going to stop being an asshole so she doesn’t leave.”

“Tana,” the big man behind us warns, his voice all sexy and husky.

She turns, giving him a bright smile. “I’m just saying.”

“Well, stop sayin’.” He grins.

“Ah,” I say, staring around the room.

“Poor girl.” Ash laughs. “Let me introduce you to the, ah, family.”

Jesus. Family.

“The big guy giving the fuck-me eyes to Santana, that’s Maddox. He’s the president of the club, and a giant pain in the ass.”

Maddox bares his teeth at Ash, and she simply blows him a kiss. Okay, then.

“Next to him you have my man, Beau Dawson, but you can call him Krypt. He’s the vice president, and is equally as pain-in-the-assey as Maddox.”

Assey? Is that even a word?

Krypt, handsome devil he is, winks at me. Oh, boy.

“And then you have Tyke. He’s not a pain in the ass and is a complete sweetheart.”

“Hey,” Tyke grunts. “Don’t ruin my rep.”

I smile at him, and he gives me a warm smile in return.

“You’ll meet the rest of the club later, lucky you, and don’t worry, they don’t bite.”

“Much,” Maddox grunts.

Double oh-boy.

“Ah, okay, well . . . it’s nice meeting you. I’m Jaylah, but you can call me Jay. Or Lah, if you prefer. Though I really don’t like that, because it makes me sound like a Teletubbie, and—”

Mack clears his throat.

Shit, I’m rambling and talking about Teletubbies. Way to impress the bikers.

“Well, Lah,” Mack says, and I want to slap him, really hard. “I think they’ve got the point.”

I narrow my eyes at him. “Jay.”

“Lah,” he says, tilting his head to the side and giving me a challenging look.

“Really?” I growl. “Why couldn’t I have gotten a cooler biker to babysit for, like Krypt? He looks cool. You’re just bossy.”

“Krypt is bossy, too.” Ash giggles.

“Woman,” Mack hisses. “Be grateful you’re gettin’ anything from me. I’m payin’ you good money to do this job. Quit complain’ about it.”

Woman . . . WOMAN?

He did not just call me woman.

“Oh, you did not just call me woman.”

He cocks his head. “I did, woman.”

“Mack,” Maddox warns. “Ease up, bro.”

“Poor poor girl,” Santana sympathizes, patting my shoulder. “He’s a challenging one.”

I shake my head, throwing my hands up. In doing this, my boobs bounce around freely, being that they’re unchained. A whole lot of eyes go to my chest. I quickly cover them and mumble, “I’ll take Diesel. I need to get my things today.”

Speaking of, Josie never showed up last night so I'm only left with the basics I had in the car. That's not what bothers me, though. No, what bothers me is that Josie never showed up. Worry fills my chest and my face falls.

"Is everything okay?" Ash asks.

"Ah," I say, turning. "Yeah. My friend was meant to bring some things over and she didn't . . . I'm sure it's nothing."

"You look worried. Is there something that would stop her?"

Yeah, an angry drug dealer.

"No, it's . . . fine."

I reach for Diesel, but Santana doesn't let him go. "Have a shower, go and get your things and then come back. I'll watch him."

Mother hen.

"Okay, thanks." I smile.

She returns it, and looks down at Diesel. "I missed you," she coos. "Yes I did."

"Jesus," Mack grunts.

I start towards him and realize he's blocking my way. He doesn't move when I reach him, and I cross my arms. "Move."

He gives me an intense look, and we have a complete Mexican stand-off for a moment before he steps aside. I hurry past him, feeling naked and exposed. The moment I'm in my room, I press my back to the door and sigh. Damn, that was just too much. I head into the shower. I need something to wake me up.

I turn when I step into the bathroom and face the full-length mirror running down the wall next to the dark blue tiles. Well, aren't I a sight? No wonder they were all staring at me. I look like a hooker. I'm not really tall, but I am curvy. Not fat, but certainly not skinny. I've got a well-shaped booty, curvy hips and ample breasts. Apparently just enough to attract a lot of male attention.

My hair is as wild as me. It's black with streaks of pink and purple. It falls in long, semi-curly waves down to the middle of my back. My eyes are somewhere between green and blue. I've never hated myself, or thought I was ugly—no, I was never that girl. I've just never loved myself, either. I'm happy with my looks, I flaunt what I've got, and I hold no shame.

That's good enough for me.

I strip out of my clothes, which smell scarily like baby vomit, and get into the shower. After soaking for half an hour, I force myself to get out and get dressed into the clothes I had on yesterday, because I don't have any fresh ones. Great. This looks...professional. Then I fetch my phone and flip it open, dialing Josie.

"Jay?" she squeaks when she answers.

Her voice doesn't sound right.

"Jos?" I ask. "Are you okay?"

"I, ah, I'm sorry I didn't make it last night, but . . ."

"What happened?" I demand, knowing she's dancing around something big.

"Gregor came past when I was at your place getting your clothes."

Shit.

Double shit.

"Are you hurt?" I cry. "God, tell me he didn't hurt you."

"No," she says softly. "He just wanted to know where you were. I said you had to go out of town for work, but you'd have his money. I didn't bring your clothes or come to you because I was scared he'd follow."

"Shit, honey, I'm so sorry."

"It's okay," she says. "I'm okay."

"I'll come and get the clothes. You just stay away from my house and everything *me* until this is sorted."

"I'm okay, Jay."

"No," I yell. "No, you're not getting hurt because of me. Do as I ask, Josie."

She sighs. "Okay, but I'm worried about you."

"I'm as safe as I can be," I whisper, thinking of all the bikers in Mack's life.

"Are you going to get your things?"

"I'm on my way."

"Okay."

I hang up and drag a brush through my hair, then I hurry back out. All the bikers are still there, and Santana is on the couch beside Ash, cooing over Diesel. I rush out and into the kitchen, past all the bikers standing around the counter.

"Fuck," I hear Mack mutter. "It just gets better."

"Feelin' ya," Krypt grunts.

I don't glance at them. I don't really need or care to know what they're talking about. I pour a coffee, then I rush past them and take a dive for my keys.

"Where you goin'?" Mack asks, snatching the keys before I can reach them and lifting them into the air.

"Give them to me," I say, my voice a little more frenzied than I'd like.

"I said," he grinds out, "where you goin'?"

"To get my things!"

"You takin' the baby?"

"I'm sorry," I snap. "Are you deaf, or did you miss the part where Santana said she'd watch him?"

"I didn't hire Santana."

"Fuck me!" I cry, throwing my hands up. I charge over to Santana, pull Diesel from her arms and then charge back towards Mack.

"Give me my God damned keys."

"Something's wrong," he observes, studying my face.

"Yeah, I need more clothes."

"You in some kind of trouble, girl?"

I growl, "No, now give me my damned keys!"

He tilts his head to the side. "Tyke, go with her."

"What?" I screech. "No!"

"Do it," Maddox orders.

Fuck me.

"Take my truck," Mack continues. "It's got a seat."

I close my eyes, struggling for calm. Diesel squirms in my arms, and I force myself to open my eyes and stare down at him. He smiles at me.

Smiles. This cute little, open-mouthed, baby smile.

"Awwww," I croon, unable to stop it. "He's smiling at me."

"What?" Ash cries, leaping up.

"No way!" Santana yells, doing the same.

They rush over and skid to a stop beside me, staring down at Diesel.

"Oh my lord!" Ash croaks. "Oh, look how cute he is."

"Ohhhh, I've wanted a smile for weeks," Santana breathes.

"Fuck me," Mack grunts.

I spin around, turning the baby towards his father. "Don't you want to see?"

“No,” he says, something painful flashing in his gaze before he turns away.

Whatever the reason for this baby coming into Mack’s life, it isn’t a good one. He barely looks at Diesel, and he rarely addresses him by his name. I’ve picked all this up in just one day. I turn back to the girls, and Santana is giving Mack a sad look. Yep, definitely something going down.

“Well,” I say, forcing my eyes away from them. “Time to go.”

Ash takes my arm before I leave. “You should come to our cookout on Saturday. We’re having one at the club.”

“The club?” I say. “The . . . biker club?”

Maddox barks a laugh. “We scare you, girl?”

I turn to him. God, he’s daunting. So huge, all muscle and *man*. “No,” I say. “I just . . . What does one bring to a biker club cookout?”

“Dead bodies,” Krypt adds, his voice completely serious.

I gasp.

“Guns,” Maddox adds.

“Ass,” Mack comments.

“Stop it!” Ash snaps. “You’re all horrible. Honey, don’t stress. It’s really fun; trust me. I’ll swing by Saturday and we can get ready together, then I’ll ride with you.”

“Hey,” Krypt cuts in. “What about me?”

“You can suck it up, after that mean comment. Poor Jay.”

“Yeah,” Mack grunts. “Poor Lah.”

*Fuck you*, I mouth at him.

He grins.

Oh boy, does he look good grinning.

Yum.

“You ready to ride?” Tyke asks, wheeling his chair towards me.

Wait, can Tyke drive?

He must see my confused expression because he laughs and says, “I can drive. Only one of my legs is completely fucked. The other is mostly good.”

Mostly. Eeek.

“Right,” I say. “Well, let’s go.”

With that, we’re out the door.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Josie isn't there when I stop in to get my things, but neither is Gregor, which I'm grateful for. I'm not entirely convinced he's not following me, so I lead Tyke on a wild goose chase on the way home, telling him I need to stop and get things. By the time we're back at Mack's house, he looks as if he's about had enough.

Poor guy.

I text Josie and tell her I'm safe, and she tells me she's going to see her grandmother for a few months. She lost her job as a reporter recently and now I'm going to be here for a while, she's no doubt decided to take a break. She deserves it, and she's really close to her grandmother. I'm happy for her, and even more than that, I'm glad she's away from Gregor.

No one is home when I get in, and Tyke tells me I'm welcome to the club, but I refuse. I thank him and then head inside, putting Diesel down for a sleep. He goes easily, which I'm thankful for. In the time he's asleep, I unpack my things and set my room up. I'm mid-way through when I hear a feminine giggle.

Narrowing my eyes, I head into the lounge to see Mack standing at the counter with a slutty girl wrapped around him. *Awkward*. I take a step back, trip over a coffee table, and land flat on my ass. When I dare to look up again, they're both watching me.

"Who is that?" the girl snaps.

"My nanny," Mack grunts.

"Yes, I'm fine, thanks for asking," I mutter, shoving to my feet.

The girl twists her face in disgust. "You have a nanny?"

I roll my eyes. "He has a kid, moron."

Her eyes widen and Mack glares at me.

"You have a kid? I thought you didn't have an Old Lady?"

"I don't," he growls, still staring at me.

"But you've got a kid?"

"A baby," I point out. "Tiny. No mother. Poor thing."

I'm horrible, I know, but he deserves it. He's done nothing but ignore his child, acting as though he doesn't exist. I don't care what sort of situation he's in—the child is innocent, and deserves the love of his father.

"Bedroom, now," Mack snarls at me.

I don't get the chance to answer. His fingers curl around my arm and he hauls me down the hall and into his room. He slams the door behind him and spins, pinning me to the wall by pressing his body against mine and putting his hands up beside my head. Holy mother. This is extremely close, and I'm getting a great view of his gorgeous face.

"Back up," I breathe. Wow, that didn't come out exactly how I'd planned.

"There are rules," he growls. "The first is that you stay the fuck outta my business. That means you don't share it, nor do you involve yourself in it. The second is that I bring women over, you wanna live here and keep this job, you fuckin' live with it."

I open my mouth to argue, but he cuts me off.

"The third, and most important, is that you do your job, and you do it without becomin' involved in my life. I don't need or want your opinion, and if I didn't have to keep you here, I wouldn't."

Um, rude.

"Let me tell you something," I hiss, finding my sass once more. "You couldn't find another girl to stick around if you tried. You have a child who you ignore, and I don't think it's right that you're giving your attention to whores instead of him."

"I hired you, and now it's up to you to make him your problem."

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" I snarl, shoving at his chest. He doesn't move.

"I'm in a situation I don't wanna be in. End of fuckin' story."

"Then give him to someone who will love him the way he deserves, you selfish son-of-a—"

He guts me off with a snarl so low and throaty it has the words coming to a screeching halt in my throat. His eyes, two deadly brown orbs, burn into me. Oh, boy. He's scary. Really scary. He leans in close, so close the warm puffs of his breath brush against my skin. When he speaks, his voice comes out in a deadly hiss.

"What makes you think you're holier than fuckin' sin? You don't walk in my shoes, you don't know a fuckin' thing about me, and you don't get to

fuckin' tell me what kind of man I am. Keep your mouth shut, or I'll throw your ass out of this door tomorrow. What's it gonna be?"

He's serious; I can see it in his eyes.

"Fine," I snap. "I'll do my job and keep out of your shit."

"Smart fuckin' girl."

"Are we done?"

He pushes off the wall and swings the door open. "We're fuckin' done. Send the girl in."

Asshole.

Giant asshole.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER FIVE

### MACK

“You can’t keep ignoring him.”

I turn and glare at Santana, who is giving me yet another lecture about the baby my dead ex left behind, a baby she didn’t tell me about, a baby that was shoved on me, all while a huge bomb was being dropped on my life. Ingrid came into my life like a warm sunny day, and left like a fuckin’ hurricane. The anger I feel for her right now, drags deep down into my soul.

“Keep your nose outta my shit, *Chante*,” I warn. “You might be the one girl I can tolerate, but it don’t mean I won’t put you in your place.”

“If you don’t want him here, you should just . . .”

“I said,” I growl, low. “Keep your nose outta my shit.”

She throws her hands on her hips, tilting her head to the side. “Don’t speak to me like that, Chief.”

I quirk my lips. Tiny, sassy and full of attitude is the best way to describe Santana. Maddox must be a solid man for puttin’ up with her. God knows, deep down I love the crazy woman; she’s the only one I tolerate.

“We’re done here, *Chante*,” I say, pressing a fist to the side of her face and giving her head a little jerk. “Go and find your man.”

“There’s something I came here to tell you,” she says, flopping onto the couch at the club and staring up at me. She pats the cushion beside her and I give it a disgusted look.

“Oh, come on,” she prompts.

With a frustrated grunt, I sit down.

“So, I went past your place to get the last of my things, and there was a car outside your house.”

“Cars drive all the time,” I point out sarcastically.

Santana smacks my shoulder. “Don’t be smart. No . . . this one was just sitting there. I saw a man inside. He was watching the house.”

My chest clenches.

“Was it someone from the Tinmen?”

She shakes her head. “I don’t think so. It was strange. He was just watching. I didn’t go in. I walked past and waited until he was gone before I entered.”

“Jaylah?”

I know it’s not Jaylah. I know because I saw it before she came, but I don’t want Santana to get suspicious.

She shrugs. “It could be. Is she in some kind of trouble?”

“No idea.”

“Maybe you should try and find out.”

I shoot her a glare. I’m not about to spend any more time with the girl than I already do. It’s been four days, and we’ve officially driven each other up the wall. She feeds me sass on a daily basis, and I am a prick to her. She’s good with the baby, though. She keeps him quiet, and she does her job well. Still, she drives me fuckin’ crazy.

“Not gonna happen.”

Santana sighs. “You’re such a pain in the ass.”

I flash her a grin and she rolls her eyes.

“Just try and see what that guy was doing there. He gave me the creeps.”

“I will,” I assure her, but this isn’t something I’m going to involve the club in. This goes far deeper.

“Thank you, and be nice to Jaylah. She’s a cool chick.”

“She’s a pain in the ass.”

“A hot pain in the ass.” She winks, standing and disappearing down the hall.

She’s right about that. Jaylah is fuckin’ stunning. Saw it the minute I opened the door and she gave me a mouthful of sass. The girl could talk underwater with a mouth full of marbles, and she could go right ahead and make it sassy and cute at the same time. It’s not what makes her fine, though. No . . .

It’s her fuckin’ body.

She looks the way a woman should look. Curvy, full ass, full breasts, an abundance of thick hair . . .

Fuck.

Fine.

God help me, I want to fuck my nanny.

~\*\*~\*\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# JAYLAH

“Oh my God, how much can one baby poop?” I groan, pinching my nose while lifting a dirty diaper and folding it up.

“Mack!”

I clench my eyes at the moan of the woman in Mack’s bed. I’m getting more than tired of it now. It’s been five days since I started here and Mack has had a woman in his bed every one of those nights. I picked him as a player, and I was right. He brings them in, says very little, fucks them and throws them out.

Emotionally detached.

I’ve noticed on more than one occasion that he struggles with any kind of emotion. Except anger. He seems to be able to hold that one strong. He’s broody, but he’s not an asshole. He keeps to himself most of the time, and is fiercely loyal to Maddox and the club. Santana told me he spends a lot of time as a nomad, travelling about and not staying in one place.

Mack intrigues me; I won’t lie.

However, he also frustrates me. Like right now, for example. The sounds of his woman screeching has just gotten too much. I don’t know who she is, and I don’t fucking care. There’s a baby in the house, and he’s a baby Mack refuses to acknowledge, for whatever reason.

“Harder, oh God, yes, harder.”

That’s it.

I stare down at the diaper in my hand, and a sly smile spreads across my face. Oh yes, yes, yes. I quickly finish up with Diesel and place him in the crib, then I take the rolled up diaper and walk out of the room. Without hesitation, I go to Mack’s room and swing open the door.

I don’t think, or pause, even though the sight I get is Mack’s super fine ass clenching as he drills into the woman he’s got pressed against the wall. Instead, I make a disgusted sound, causing them both to turn. I hold the diaper in my hand and in a loud voice, I growl, “I’m tired of this. You want to fuck, go and do it somewhere else. Your son is in the other room, you

selfish bastard, and I'm tired of hearing the sounds of whores when I try to get him to sleep. So, from now on in, every time you bring one of them home, I'm going to drive them right back out."

Then I lift the diaper and I hurl it right at the blonde woman's head. It hits her in the face because she's detangled from Mack and has stepped around him, no doubt to abuse me, fully naked. I watch in fascination as the diaper breaks open and shit goes everywhere. Her screams fill the room, and I can't help it—I burst into a fit of hysterical giggles.

"That's what you get when you enter this house, lady. Go get your kicks elsewhere."

Mack storms towards me, also fully naked. His face is twisted in rage. I shut the door before he reaches me, and then I turn and run back to Diesel's room, shutting and locking the door before collapsing onto the sofa in hysterics. I'll never forget seeing that woman's face covered in baby poop. As I sit, I hear her screams, her gagging, and Mack's abuse as he orders her out.

"You can't send me out. There's shit in my hair."

My giggling gets so intense I double over with a bellyache.

"Get out. We're done," I hear Mack say.

"Mack!" she screeches. "You can't kick me out!"

"Out!" he barks.

A few minutes later the front door slams, and I hear the pounding footsteps as Mack comes towards the room. He bangs on the door, and I cover my mouth to smother my giggles.

"Open the door," he orders.

My laughing gets more intense and I stand, walking over to the door, still unable to control myself. I open it and Mack is standing there, arms crossed, a wild look on his beautiful face. Oh boy, someone is angry. Hehe. I try not to laugh, I swear, I really do but he just looks so pissed off.

"You think this is funny?" he growls.

"Oh." I giggle. "It's funny."

"There's shit all over my bedroom."

My giggling gets more intense.

"And all over the woman I just had my dick inside."

I lose it, hysterically laughing, to the point where tears are streaming down my face.

"Now you're goin' to clean it up."

I wave a hand, trying to gather myself enough to speak.

“No,” I breathe between giggles. “I’m not.”

He takes hold of my arm, jerking me out of the room, still in hysterics. He drags me down the hall and we stop in his doorway. He points to the mess and hisses, “Clean it, now.”

“I said,” I pant, “no.”

He spins me around and suddenly I’m pinned against the wall. He leans down close and my giggling stops. I stare up at him, realizing that every inch of him is pressed against me, and he’s only wearing a pair of unbuttoned jeans. Images of his mighty fine ass flash through my mind and I lick my lips.

“You interrupted my fuck. I don’t sleep without it, and now I’m goin’ to have a long night. You gonna take her place? You gonna be the one in my bed every night? ‘Cause if you ain’t and I see you behave like that again, I’ll pick you up myself and throw you out the fuckin’ door.”

Oh, I’d love to be in his bed every night.

Yum.

His brown eyes flash and scan over my face before meeting my eyes again. “Well?”

“Well, what?” I breathe.

“Woman, if you keep lickin’ your lips and lookin’ at me like that, I might just take what I need . . . like it or not. Is that what you want?”

“Maybe.”

Shit. Did I just say that out loud?

I did, because his eyes turn to milk chocolate and his face softens in a way I haven’t seen it do since I’ve been here. Oh, boy. Would Mack take me to his bed, every night? I swallow. Oh, oh, oh, boy.

“Be careful what you wish for, Lah,” he murmurs.

My knees quiver.

“About the poop,” I squeak, changing the subject. “I’ll clean it.”

I duck out from his grip and rush into his room.

That didn’t go how I wanted . . . No.

It went better.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

“I don’t know about this,” I say, staring at the massive cabin surrounded by large sheds.

Santana laughs. “They won’t bite in here, I swear.”

“It’s a biker club.”

She hooks an arm through mine. “Come on, I promise I won’t leave you.”

“I’ve heard about your escapades.” I wiggle my finger at her. “I know you and Maddox like to get *dirt-ay* in the sheds, the office, the—”

“I get it!” She giggles, cutting me off. “But I swear, today I’ll behave.”

“Ladies.”

We both turn to see Ash coming in with a gorgeous, but very tiny blonde by her side.

“That’s my little sister,” Santana says proudly. “Pippa.”

I’ve heard the story of Pippa and Santana. Ash told me last night when she came by to give me some extra formula they had at her house for Diesel. Apparently Santana had left it there, and we were way out.

“Pippi,” she croons when her sister stops.

I watch them hug and I take in the tiny, blonde girl. She’s super small and extremely fragile looking, but she looks sweet as hell. She smiles and pulls back, staring at Santana like she’s God. I can’t help the smile that stretches across my face. I adjust a sleeping Diesel in my arms and extend my hand. “You must be Pippa. I’m Jaylah.”

The tiny girl turns and flashes me a killer smile. “I’ve heard about you,” she says in a soft voice. “It’s nice to meet you.”

“I’ve heard about you, too.” I beam.

“How’s my little monkey?” Ash croons, leaning in and kissing Diesel’s head.

“He kept me awake all night,” I say, and at the very thought of it, I begin to yawn.

“We heard about your little poop-throwing contest.” Ash grins at me.

I start giggling, unable to stop it. “God, you should have seen that girl’s face. There was poop in her hair!”

“I can’t believe you had the guts to do that to Mack,” she says, laughing.

“Mack is a big softie,” Santana says, waving a hand.

I give her a horrified look. “Softie? You’re joking, right?”

She laughs and shakes her head. “Yeah, maybe softie isn’t the right word, but he’s not as bad as he seems.”

Ash and I stare at her.

“He’s not!” she protests. “I swear. When things were bad with Maddox, he would crawl into my bed and just hold me. Mack is loyal to those he loves, he just has to learn how to love them . . .”

A pang radiates through my chest. I didn’t realize Santana and Mack had such a strong bond. Hell, I didn’t even know it would bother me that they had a strong bond. I guess it’s because all I get from Mack is constant grunting or nothing at all. Sometimes he doesn’t even answer my questions.

“Well,” I say, my voice small, “you’re lucky because trust me, living with him isn’t easy.”

“Are things okay?” she asks, her eyes concerned.

“Sure, he’s just a hard one to crack.”

“You’re right about that,” Ash says. “Are we going in?”

I stare at the club again, surrounded by all those bikes.

“Jay is scared.” Santana grins.

Ash hooks her arm through mine. “Don’t be, I swear they don’t bite.”

Oh, God.

Someone help me.

## CHAPTER SIX

Oh. My. God.

I've never seen or even pictured a biker club or what it might be like on the inside, but even if I had, it would have been wrong.

Very wrong.

This is . . . *insane*. Upon first glance, I get an eyeful of bikers. Lots of them. About twenty, maybe more. They're strewn about, some playing pool in the large living area, others drinking the indoor bar, others kissing and fondling what I assume are whores and some are just lazing about, smoking. They're all dressed in leather, but some are young and others are older, with long, grey beards.

"I . . ."

Santana laughs, waving to the guys as she drags me past, as if they're just long lost uncles. A chorus of "Tana" travels through the room, and I shudder. Damn, I wouldn't want to mess with any of these girls. Not with these clubs behind them.

"Are those women . . . whores?" I whisper to Santana.

Ash is behind me, but she answers for Santana. "Yeah, they are. There's anywhere between three and ten of them that come in and out, basically for the boys' pleasure."

"Aren't they married?" I squeak.

"Some have Old Ladies," Santana adds. "Even then, it doesn't stop all of them."

"Old Ladies?" I gasp. "What the hell is an Old Lady?"

"That's what you're called when you're a biker's woman. It's a term of endearment, believe it or not."

Old Lady? That's a compliment?

"Ah, okay," I say, pressing Diesel closer to my chest.

"Ohhhhhheeeee!"

The squeal comes from behind us. We all stop and turn to see a gorgeous, tall woman rushing towards me. I realize she's looking at Diesel,

and I tighten my grip.

“That’s YaYa,” Santana whispers. “She’s harmless.”

“Is this Mack’s baby?” she croons, skidding to a stop in front of me and leaning down. “Ohhhhh, he looks just like him.”

I blink. Awkward.

She presses kisses all over his face, which in turn causes him to cry and me to be bombarded with all her hair, and trust me, she’s got a lot of it. She finally lifts her head and looks down at me, narrowing her eyes. “Who are you?”

“This is Jaylah,” Santana answers for me. “Mack’s nanny. She’s awesome.”

She studies me, then smiles. “Takes a good strong woman to put up with that man.”

“You’re telling me,” I mutter.

She laughs. “Well, you call YaYa if he gets too much, you hear?”

I stare at her, confused.

“It’s her first time in the club, or any club,” Santana informs YaYa.

YaYa laughs, loudly, wrapping an arm around my shoulder. “You’ll be just fine, honey. They’re all big teddy bears.”

They might be teddy bears, but they’re filled with steel.

“Come on. Let’s get a drink while we wait for the guys to get back.”

The girls lead me over to the bar area and I notice Tyke sitting, drinking. I smile at him, and he flashes one right back. Thank God, a familiar face.

“Austin,” Santana calls and a young, good-looking biker comes out.

“Hey Tana,” he says, nodding to the rest of us.

“Can we have some drinks?”

“Alcoholic?”

“No, not for now.”

He nods and begins making drinks. Santana sits next to me on the stool and reaches out for Diesel. I hand him over and we all sit down.

“So, tell us more about the night you threw poop on Mack’s woman,” Ash says, leaning forward.

“It was hilarious, even when he was angry at me, I couldn’t help but laugh until it hurt. She was horrified, and I got them right in the middle of doing it.”

Santana’s eyes widen. “They were doing it? Like . . . fucking?” she whispers.

I nod, grinning. “I walked in and they were against the wall, I just made a noise and when she turned, I threw it. Hit her right in the face.”

“Oh my God.” Ash giggles. “That’s gold. How did he react?”

“He chased me down the hall.” I laugh. “And when he finally got me, he pinned me to it and told me I ruined his nightly fuck, and unless I was willing to take her place, I’d better stop.”

Their mouths drop open.

“He offered you to take her place?” Pippa gasps.

I blink. “He was kidding.”

Ash shakes her head. “Oh, honey, I bet he wasn’t.”

“Pretty sure he was.”

Santana leans closer. “Honey, trust me, if you wanted a piece of Mack you could get it. He likes his women; he just doesn’t get close to them.”

A piece of Mack.

Oh, yes.

I shake my head. “It’s fine, I just got out of complicated. I don’t need it again.”

“Come on,” Ash says, leaning close too. “You can’t say you’re not curious. Even I’m curious about broody, silent, sexy-as-hell Mack.”

I shrug. “Sure, he’s good looking but we clash in big ways and I’m just the nanny.”

“Not even a taste?” Santana asks, wiggling her brows. “You wouldn’t want just a sip of all that fine ass?”

I snort. “No . . .”

“You’re such a liar.” Ash laughs. “If he came in and offered his dick, you would so jump on and ride it.”

“Ash,” I squeal softly. “You devil!”

“You want to ride Mack,” Santana taunts.

“I don’t want to ride him!”

“You so do. Just admit it.”

“Look,” I say, unable to wipe the smile from my face. “I won’t deny that I’d like a piece of that, but it’ll never happen, so lets drop it.”

“It might happen,” Santana teases.

“There is no way in hell Mack is putting his dick anywhere near me. Trust me.”

“I saw how he looked at you in those panties.” Ash winks.

“Those are my pajamas!”

“Those are what you wear when you want to get some!”

I laugh. “Wrong.”

“Admit it, just once, and I’ll let it go.” Ash grins. “Just tell me there’s a part of you that wants to have a ride of that sexy biker?”

“You just don’t give up.” I grin.

“Come on,” Santana teases, wiggling her eyebrows.

“Fine, if things were different, I’d most certainly jump on and ride the fuck out of that sexy biker. Happy?”

Santana is about to laugh, but stops suddenly and stares at the door. My heart starts pounding because I know even before I twist to see, that we’re not alone. Biting my lip, I turn around and squeak when I see Mack, Maddox, Krypt and another biker standing, watching us.

“Please tell me they didn’t hear,” I say, more to them than the girls.

“They were fuck-me panties,” Maddox says. “And I’m sure Mack would be all for you havin’ a ride.”

My cheeks burn and I turn, but not before catching a glimpse of the dark brown eyes trained on my lips. Mack heard all right, and now he thinks I want to have a piece of him, a piece of him while I’m riding him. My God, it couldn’t get any worse.

“Stop teasing her,” Santana chastises Maddox.

“Baby,” he growls. “It was fuckin’ hilarious listenin’ you to girls goin’ on . . .”

Oh, man.

Mack hasn’t said a word, and when I dare to look up, he’s still watching me. His eyes flicker, and I’m almost sure he’s undressing me and making me ride him right there. I reach over, taking Diesel from Santana’s arms.

“Well, it was great seeing the club but I have to go. It’s time for his nap.”

I turn and rush out of there like a crazy person.

That was not cool.

~\*~\*~\*~

I run to the car quickly, horrified. I cannot believe Mack heard me. All that time I was sitting there and he was just listening to me rambling on about how I wanted to ride him. Ride him! I’m horrified; no, scratch that, I’m beyond horrified. There are no words to describe the mortification that I feel.

Diesel wiggles in my arms, bringing me back to the here and now. I soothe him with a few gentle rocks before swinging the SUV door open and buckling him in. I'm halfway through when cool fingers curl around my upper arm. I turn my head slowly to see Mack. He's staring at me. I'm not entirely sure if he's amused or angry—the look on his face is unreadable.

I swallow, darting my eyes around, looking anywhere but at him. I mean, I'm not denying there is some serious sexual tension between us, but I certainly didn't want him hearing me going on about my sexual fantasies that included me mounting and riding him. There is only so much a man needs to know.

I turn back to him after a few minutes, my cheeks pink, my voice stuck in my throat. Playing it cool, I put my hand on my hip and mutter, "What do you want?"

He stares at me, saying nothing, just studying me with those intense brown eyes. I hate when he does that. He gives me the look that doesn't quite tell me how he's feeling.

"You goin' to be around tonight?"

He wants to know if I'm going to be around tonight? What is that supposed to mean? Oh my God, does Mack think we're going to fuck? Oh, no way.

"I'm going to see Josie tonight," I say. It's a lie, a total lie, but he doesn't know that.

He gives me a look that tells me he does, in fact, know that I'm lying.

"Yeah, that's not goin' to happen," he says, his voice low and suddenly husky.

Oh boy, time to get out of here, like *now*.

I turn, preparing to get into the car, but his fingers curl around my arm and he hauls me back so hard I slam into his body, his chest to my spine. I shudder; I can't help it. He's hard . . . everywhere. I swallow, gathering my courage before pushing out of his arms and turning to face him fully.

"Look, I have to go. It's time for Diesel's sleep. He can't miss it."

Mack's eyes hold mine in an intense stare that seems to go on and on. I squirm beneath his gaze. It's as if he knows all my secrets. Maybe he does. "What time will Diesel wake up?"

I gape at him. I've never heard him use Diesel's name, like, ever. He just calls him *the baby* or *the child* but he never, ever, ever refers to him by

name. It takes me a moment to reply, but when I do my voice is low, and I won't lie, a little proud.

"He wakes up around dinner time," I say hoping this is the start, hoping this is where he comes in and acts like the dad I know he can be inside.

He crosses his big arms across his chest, and something flickers in his expression, but he quickly smothers it.

"Well, give him to Santana tonight," he says, and my heart drops. "I want to spend some time," he hesitates looking at me, his eyes intense, "discussing things."

Things? What things? Does he know about Gregor? My heartbeat picks up and I begin to struggle for air. No, he couldn't possibly know about Gregor. God, maybe he knows about Samuel. It's possible. But what it's probably about, which I hate to admit, is that I just announced to an entire biker club that I wanted to ride him.

Ride. Him.

"I'm thinking having dinner with Ash," I lie.

He cocks a brow. "Didn't hire you to have dinner with Ash."

"So I can't have a social life?"

He narrows his eyes. "Never said that. But you're on duty, it's a weekday."

Fuck.

"Well, she can come over for dinner, and—"

"We're talkin'," he mutters, cutting me off.

"About?" I squeak.

He leans in close, getting in my space. "You'll find out."

"Give me something," I plead.

He tilts his head towards my ear. "You can think about it on the *ride* home."

Oh. My. God.

He totally just used my words against me. I was right, I was totally right. He wants to talk about my little sexual fantasies, and I don't want to talk to him about my little sexual fantasies.

"I have to call my best friend," I cry, stepping back.

"Then call her, and then we'll talk."

"You don't talk. You just growl."

His lips quirk, and then he murmurs, "That's the point."

Then he's gone. Gone. Leaving me standing there, terrified of heading home.

Shit.

Shit.

*Shit.*

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER SEVEN

I put Diesel down for his nap as soon as I get home, then I pick up my phone and sit out on the patio. I need girl advice—Josie advice, to be specific. She'll know what to do. She'll know how to deal with this awkward Mack situation. If there's even a situation.

*Of course there's a damned situation.* He now thinks I want him, and I'm nearly sure he's going to approach me about it.

I don't know what I'll say if he does.

God.

"Hello?"

"Josie!" I cry, tucking my legs beneath me.

"Jay, is everything okay?"

"No."

Her voice comes out concerned. "What's happening?"

"Well, there's this thing going down . . ."

"Is Gregor there? Are you okay?"

"Oh, no, everything is fine with Gregor. This is about Mack."

"Mack?"

"You know, the biker I live with . . ."

She's silent for a minute, then she breathes. "Mack is a biker?"

"Yes, Josie, pay attention."

"Okay, hang on, let me sit down."

"You'll need to," I advise. "It's good."

"Right, I'm done. What have you done?"

"Me?" I cry. "What makes you think it's me?"

She laughs. "It's always you."

She's right, dammit.

"Well, I was talking to the girls from the club, and they kind of pushed out of me that I'm kind of, well, into Mack . . ."

"Into?"

"Well . . ."

“Are you banging him?”

“Josie!” I cry.

“Explain yourself.”

“I just said it to please them.”

“Said what?”

My cheeks burn. “That I wanted to, um, ride him?”

“Ride him?” she squeaks. “Like . . . load up the saddle and fuck his gorgeous brains out?”

I snort. “Not quite that, ah, dramatic.”

She giggles. “So, what happened then?”

“He heard me.”

Her giggle turns into laughter. “Oh my God, that’s brilliant.”

“It’s not. Now he said he wants me home so he can ‘talk’ to me tonight. He’s going to ask me to fuck him, isn’t he?”

Her laughing turns hysterical.

“It’s not funny, Josie!” I cry.

“It’s hilarious. I can’t wait to see your face when he asks you to jump on.”

“There’ll be no jumping on,” I snap. “I’m his nanny.”

“Ohhhh, sexy nanny.”

“I hate you.”

She tsks. “You do not.”

I sigh. “No, I don’t.”

“You have to tell me what happens . . .”

“I will.”

“Unless, of course, he’s got you pinned beneath him.”

“Josie,” I warn.

“Drilling your brains out.”

“Drilling?” I giggle.

“A man like that drills, baby!”

I laugh. “I got to go. I’m starving and need to start dinner before Diesel wakes.”

“Okay, make sure you call me.”

“I will, later.”

I flip the phone closed and push to my feet, heading into the kitchen. I open the fridge door and stare inside. HmMMM. I’m not the best cook in the

world—okay, another lie, I suck. I can make toast, which is considered somewhat of a success, but aside from that, zilch. I suck.

I pull open the drawers until I find the take-out menu.  
He'll never know.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# MACK

Ride me.

*Ride me.*

She fuckin' said it, out loud.

She wants to ride me.

*Fuck.*

I pace up and down Maddox's office. If I go home and I tell her everything I want to tell her, I'm startin' something complicated. I'm not entirely sure Jaylah is the kind of girl that just fucks, but hell if I don't want to ask her anyway. I'd love nothing more than to have her in my bed, night after night, fuckin' her sweet body over and over.

But then there's the connection . . .

A girl like her, they have one.

Guys like me, we don't.

The shrill sound of my phone ringing jerks me out of my thoughts of screwing my nanny. I stare down at the screen and growl. Private number. Again. I know who it is, I fuckin' know. I just don't want to be a part of it. He won't stop, though. No until he gets hold of me, and gets what he wants.

Revenge.

Closing my eyes, feeling my jaw tic, I answer it.

"Yeah?"

"You finally answer."

His thick accent fills my ears and I flinch.

"Benito."

"Miakoda," he murmurs. "It's been too long."

"Not long enough, Brother."

A low laugh. "I'm surprised you still refer to me as your brother, after everything."

"Can't change facts."

"No." He hesitates. "We have unfinished business, Miakoda."

"Mack," I growl.

“Such a modern name.”

“What do you want, Benito?”

“What do I want?” He laughs low. “What does Benito want?”

“Get the fuck on with it.”

“I want to make you pay, Miakoda. I want to make you pay for taking my wife and then fuckin’ killin’ her.”

“I didn’t kill her,” I hiss.

“But you did, because she loved you. She never stopped.”

“She left me.”

“She left because she was afraid, but she loved you. Now, Miakoda, I believe you have something that isn’t yours.”

*Diesel.*

“Pretty sure it’s mine,” I snarl.

“As am I, brother, considering I’m sterile. However,” his voice drops low, “she was my fuckin’ wife and you, Brother, stole her from me and then got her killed. Now you’ve got the child. The only thing left.”

“You didn’t love her,” I growl, low. “You laid your fuckin’ hands on her.”

“She was my wife!” he roars.

“And I was the last one to fuck her.”

Low blow. I know it. He knows it.

“You’ll pay, Miakoda. Your son will pay. Everything you fucked up in my life will be returned to you in doubles.”

“Is that a threat?” I growl.

“No,” he whispers. “It’s a promise.”

Then he flips the phone closed.

Fuck.

Fuck.

*Fuck.*

## CHAPTER EIGHT

I'm serving up Chinese when Mack storms in.

I've been preparing all afternoon for this so-called 'talk,' and so it surprises me when he storms right past me.

"Hey!" I call.

"Not interested."

Seriously?

I watch him disappear down the hall and my mouth drops open. No, seriously? He made a big point of telling me I had to be here for our 'talk,' and now he's storming to his room.

Fucking moody bastard.

As if he heard his dad come in, I hear Diesel stir. It starts with a small whine, and quickly turns into a hungry screech. I close up the Chinese containers before I go to him. Apparently I'm not quick enough, because Mack comes storming out.

"Stop worryin' about the food and get the baby!"

"Jesus," I say, dropping the container and walking past him. "You need to get laid or something."

He mutters something under his breath as I disappear down the hall. I rush into Diesel's room and lift him out of his crib. His little hands are waving about, making little fists that fly in different directions. His face is red, and he's right into his crying fit.

"Hey," I soothe. "It's all right, let's get your dinner."

I rock him in my arms as I rush out. Mack is on the couch, staring at the football on the television, a bowl of food in his hand.

"Really?" I cry.

He turns, stares at me, and then, as if dismissing me, looks back towards the television. I lift a spoon and hurl it across the room, hitting the coffee table. I expect him to bark something cruel, or growl, but instead, he smiles. It's only small, but it's a smile. My lips twitch in response, and with so little words, I feel like we've had our first real moment.

“Come on, baby,” I coo to Diesel. “Let’s get you fed.”

I prepare his bottle and then walk over, dropping down onto the couch beside Mack. I place the bottle into his mouth and he starts sucking angrily. Hungry little champion. While he eats, I run my fingers over his soft, baby hair and smile down at him; I can’t help it. When I look up, Mack is staring at me. He has a look on his face, but it quickly disappears when he sees that I’m watching him.

I think, underneath all the stone, Mack is deep.

“I didn’t pin you for a football fan,” I say, staring at the television.

“I’m not.”

“So you’re watching it because . . .”

“Nothin’ else to do.”

I turn back to him. “What about all your women?”

He snorts lightly. “You threw poop at the last one.”

I laugh softly. “You’re right. My bad.”

His lip twitches.

“You don’t hang around places for long, do you?”

He looks to me. “Why do you say that?”

“You’re restless. I can see it. My guess, this is the first house you’ve had in a long time.”

He studies my face before answering, “Yeah, I’m usually on the road.”

“Is Diesel the reason you’re here?”

He stares briefly at Diesel, and there is definitely something in his eyes. It makes me want to push—in fact, I think it’s the best thing I can do. I make it my mission in that moment to make sure Mack is forced to spend more time with his son. I just have to be clever about it.

“No,” he finally answers, turning back to the television. “I’m here for Maddox.”

“Why?”

“There’s trouble.”

“Trouble?”

“Club trouble.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah.”

We’re silent for a moment, and I honestly don’t know what to say. Swallowing my pride, I decide it’s the right thing to apologize for today. It was rude of me to be so bold; he’s probably horrified.

“Listen, Mack, about today,” I start.

He turns to me, his eyes intense. “Don’t worry about it.”

Okay, not what I expected.

“It’s just . . .”

He stands, and my entire body jerks as shame rises over me. He doesn’t want to talk about it. I can’t blame him, but now I feel like a complete jerk. He looks down at me, his eyes scanning my face, then he murmurs,

“Night.”

Shit.

That was a fail.

~\*~\*~\*~

“So, what happened?” Josie asks.

I peer into Diesel’s room. I’ve put him down for the night and so far he’s been quiet. I’m thankful, because quite frankly, I’m exhausted. Who knew babies were so much damned work? He’s worth it, though, and it makes my heart ache to think his mother, whoever she was, is missing out on this. Even worse, it’s a shame Mack is missing out.

“Nothing,” I say, closing Diesel’s door and tiptoeing to my room. I drop down onto the bed and cross my legs.

“Nothing?” she says, her voice low.

“Yep, nothing. He came home in a bad mood, we had an awkward conversation and he went to bed.”

“Oh, my.” She giggles.

“It’s not funny, Josie. I feel like a complete idiot.”

“Maybe he thought you were uncomfortable.”

“I sat beside him,” I point out. “I even brought it up.”

“Well, maybe he’s in his room right now, waiting to see if you’ll come in and rip his clothes off.”

I roll my eyes to the ceiling. “He’s not waiting for me.”

“How do you know?” she pushes.

“Ah, because he practically ran away from me. He’s horrified.”

“Well, you did kind of announce to his entire club that you wanted to ride him.”

“I was joking!” I cry.

She giggles again. “Still . . .”

“Yeah, I know,” I cry, throwing myself backwards dramatically. “I’m like the nanny from hell, and he’s probably embarrassed of me.”

“Or,” she says, her voice chipper, “he’s in there thinking about you, right now . . .”

I laugh softly. “No, honey, he’s definitely not.”

“How do you know?”

“Ack,” I cry. “Because I’m totally, like, a stalker nanny.”

She laughs loudly. “That’s an actual thing.”

“Right? I’m sure I fall into that category.”

Her voice drops low. “You don’t watch him sleep, do you?”

I giggle. “No.”

“Then you’re good.”

I’m about to answer, but my voice is cut short when the most beautiful, sultry, sexy voice comes travelling through the door and into my room. Mack. *Singing*. I gasp, the words stuck in my throat. His voice, it’s like heaven. Not all husky, but not all soft either, just the perfect in between.

“Oh my God,” I breathe. “Josie, do you hear that?”

She’s silent, and then she whispers, “Is that Mack?”

I nod, and then shake my head because she can’t see me nodding.

“Yes.”

“Oh my God,” she cries. “He sings. He sings!”

“And plays the guitar,” I whisper, mesmerized.

“Is he singing Eric Church’s ‘Wrecking Ball’?”

“Yes,” I croak. “Oh God, I think my panties just got wet.”

“Mine too. You should totally go in there and jump him. Make him lick every part of your—”

“Josie!” I snap, cutting her off. “You’re ruining the moment.”

“Go and stand by the door, get your stalker on and listen to him. Oh, man. Take me with you, I need to hear more.”

“*Gonna ride you baby*,” Mack’s voice travels through the door and both Josie and I squeal.

“Oh my God, he’s totally singing that on purpose,” she cries and I can hear her clapping. “It’s a sign!”

“It’s not a sign!”

*I think it’s a sign.*

“Oh, it so is. Go in there, do it, Jay!”

“I can’t,” I yell. “Oh man!”

“I’m hanging up. Go in there and ride that sexy biker.”

She hangs up and I growl, frustrated. I push to my feet, unable to stop myself. Every part of me says I should stay right where I am, but I can’t stop my feet from dragging me to the door. I need to get closer; I need to hear him clearer. I open my door, pushing it softly and tiptoeing into the hall. His voice becomes smoother as I near his bedroom, and my heartbeat picks up.

His door is just cracked slightly open, and his voice flows out along with the faint light. I peer in, and he’s sitting on the bed, guitar resting on his crossed legs. I can really see his heritage when he’s sitting like that. His gorgeous body is long, lean and muscled. His hair is down, flowing around his shoulders, and he’s in nothing but a pair of exercise shorts. His eyes are closed and he’s singing softly.

It’s the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.

I’m so in the moment, I don’t realize I let myself relax against the door. It squeaks, jerking me out of my thoughts. Mack’s head shoots up and our eyes meet in an intense, crazy moment. I don’t know if he’s going to lose his shit, or drag me in and make my night a whole lot better. Mortified with myself, I squeak, “I love that song.”

Oh God, I’m so lame.”

He tilts his head to the side. “Yeah.”

Yeah. In other words, *go away, crazy stalker nanny.*

“You play beautifully.”

*Take the hint, Jaylah. He doesn’t want you here.*

He doesn’t answer, and instead of walking away, I go on.

“Your voice is amazing.”

He stands, dropping the guitar beside him. He walks towards me, his body lean and taut. He stops when he reaches the door, putting his hand above my head to rest on the frame. Leaning down close, so close I lose my breath, he murmurs, “Night, Lah.”

Then he closes the door.

Closes it.

Oh my God, I’m such an idiot.

I stand in the hall, horrified. I just made a complete fool of myself and in his sexy-man way, he basically dismissed me.

Fool.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# CHAPTER NINE

## MACK

“I need a fuckin’ beer,” Krypt grumbles, taking my door handle and shoving it open.

We’re bombarded immediately by the booming sounds of music. I stop, narrowing my eyes. It would appear Jaylah lets her hair down when I’m not here. Maddox, Krypt and Tyke pass me and I follow closely behind.

“Holy. Fuck.”

That comes from Tyke.

“Fuck,” Maddox breathes.

“Jesus,” Krypt growls.

God, what’s she fuckin’ done now? She tried to cook dinner last night and nearly burned my house down, then she fucked my washing machine because she put too much soap in, and now the guys have stopped and they sound like they’re about to have a fuckin’ fit. It better not be my fridge, I love that fuckin’ fri—

Holy. Shit.

My thoughts are cut short when my eyes find what it is that’s got the guys frozen in their spots. Jaylah is on the floor, her head in the kitchen cupboard, ass in the air, and she’s wearing the tiniest fuckin’ shorts I’ve ever seen. I’m not even sure they’re considered shorts. Her ass is on display for the world to see, and she’s got a nice fuckin’ ass. Curved, firm, and fuckin’ sexy.

My eyes travel up her tanned thighs and stop at the curve on the base of her ass. Fuck. Sweet. So fuckin’ sweet. She’s wearing some sort of crop top, so the golden skin on her back can be seen stretching over her sweet hips, and she has a fuckin’ nice spine. Her thick hair is tucked up underneath a cleaning bandana and she has yet to realize there are four men watching her shake her ass.

And she’s shakin’ it.

Fuckin' sweet.

Maddox clears his throat, and her entire body freezes. Slowly, she turns, her eyes widening as she notices us. The color drains from her face and she squeals, slipping on the damp floor and landing on her back. Krypt is the closest and quick as lightning, he swoops down and clutches her, pulling her to her feet. Her cheeks have gone from white to pink as she takes us in, her eyes stopping on me.

"I," she begins. "I was, ah . . ."

"Know what you were doin', honey," I murmur, unable to keep the soft from my voice. She looks so fuckin' sexy.

Her cheeks grow redder and she covers her chest. "The cupboards were messy and I have screwed up so much. I thought I'd clean, I thought you weren't coming home and . . ."

"All women cleaned like that," Maddox says, "I'd be a happy fuckin' man."

Her cheeks grow so red I'm sure if I put my hand to her skin, it'd be hot.

"I . . ."

"You always clean in Daisy Dukes?"

"Daisy Dukes?" she squeaks.

I nod to her shorts. "The things you're wearin' that can't be considered shorts, yet aren't panties."

She clicks and her hands go to her hips. There she is. Sassy Jaylah.

"These are my cleaning pants, and I'm usually alone when I clean."

"Glad you weren't today," Krypt mutters.

She shoots him a look. He winks at her.

"We gotta get some shit," I say, stepping forward and staring at the mess on the floor. "You wanna lock the door when we leave? The entire fuckin' neighborhood will be here if they find out there's a cleanin' strip show."

She glares at me, but I ignore it.

Fuckin' woman.

She's got a way.

~\*~\*~\*~

# JAYLAH

I got busted.

Cleaning in what Mack would like to call my Daisy Dukes.

They weren't meant to come home. I was trying to be a good nanny instead of a stalker nanny, and failed miserably. Not to mention that my back feels like someone has hit it with a sledgehammer, I fell onto the floor so hard.

And their faces.

God, their faces.

They were all looking at me like I was a piece of meat and they were four hungry dogs. Lust filled the room and women or not, they were pushing it my way. Especially Mack. I thought after our last experience, he was done and dusted with his lusty eyes. I was wrong. He gave them to me today, and he gave them to me hard.

Now I'm hauled up on the couch, my head pounding, my back aching, and with a sore throat. This is a result of cleaning chemicals, a bad slip, and a cold I felt coming on from the moment I woke this morning. Diesel is tucked up on my chest, his little body curled up, his legs underneath him. He likes lying here like this; in fact, I'd go so far as saying it's his favorite thing to do except eat, of course.

"Little man, you're proving to be somewhat of a challenge," I tell him. "You're bringing out this side to me . . ."

He squeaks, as if he knows I'm talking to him. I wish I knew what was going on in his head right now. No doubt he's probably wishing I would shut up so he could go to sleep. My eyes ache, and I know the cold I've been ignoring all day is going to make an appearance in the next few hours. Maybe if I have a rest with Diesel now, things will settle. At that thought, my eyes droop. I run the tips of my fingers over Diesel's back and not only do I lull him off to sleep, I join him.

## CHAPTER TEN

Cool fingers touch my cheek, and I want to open my eyes, but for whatever reason, they refuse to co-operate. My head has gone from a steady pound to a throb that's sitting right behind my eyes. I can still feel Diesel on my chest, warm and a little heavy. The fingers on my cheek glide down and I swallow, trying to wake myself up. When I do this, my throat feels like razor blades are slipping slowly down it. I whine.

I'm freezing. The only part of my body that's warm is the part where Diesel is tucked. The cool fingers leave my cheek and I'm grateful, their very touch was causing shivers to break out through my body. In the distance, I hear a voice. Mack's. It sounds somewhat like he's on the phone, because I can't hear anyone else in the room. I keep my eyes closed. Opening them right now seems pointless and, to be quite honest, painful.

"Yeah, hurry up. She's sick, and someone needs to take the baby."

I can hear Mack talking, but his words drift in and out, and I struggle to make them out. I shift, and my entire body aches. Even my skin feels sore as it grazes over the couch. Great, this is a mega cold, and I'm supposed to be looking after Diesel to get the money for Gregor. If I'm sick, I'm hardly settling my debt. Shuffling sounds fill the room and then a cool cloth is pressed against my head.

I cry out. I'm already freezing. Why the hell would he put a cool cloth to my head?

"Hush," he orders. "You've got a fever. I need to break it. Doctor is on his way."

The doctor? It's just a cold.

"I'm freezing," I rasp.

"You're overheating. Your body is trying to cool you down. Just hush."

"Please, Mack," I whisper.

"Hush, honey."

*Honey.*

I must drift back out, because what seems like only minutes later, Diesel is being lifted off my chest. He cries out and I can hear soft feminine sounds as someone, no doubt Santana, soothes him. I force my eyes open and see Mack is still beside me, staring at Santana, who is rocking Diesel. “You take him tonight. She’s out of it.”

“No problem,” she coos to Diesel. “We’ll have a great time, won’t we, honey?”

“No,” I croak. “Need the money.”

Did I just say that? Jesus.

“Why do you need the money?” Mack asks.

“No,” I croak again, unable to stop the words leaving my lips, even though I don’t want to say them.

My head pounds and I groan, pressing a hand to my forehead. “Hurts.”

“Stay still,” Mack says, his voice the softest I’ve ever heard. “Doctor is nearly here.”

“Don’t take Diesel,” I rasp.

“Hush.”

The room falls silent and Mack moves, more shuffling sounds penetrate my sound bubble, and then I hear Mack whispering to Santana. I open my eyes, staring over at them, and what I see has my heart twisting. He’s smiling at her, a true, genuine, beautiful smile. His eyes are crinkled, and he looks happy. She’s beaming up at him, and together, they look like . . .

No.

It’s not possible.

He reaches out, curling his hand around the back of her head and he pulls her close, kissing her forehead. She giggles when he says something to her, and then after a moment I hear him whisper, “Makes me fuckin’ ecstatic, *Chante*.”

He says this word so affectionately. I don’t know what it means, but I can tell it’s a term of endearment. His voice is soft and gentle when he says it, like he really, truly means it. I blink, trying to clean my blurred vision. Did Mack and Santana have a thing? Or are they just really, really close? I know Santana adores Maddox, but there’s a bond there, a bond I didn’t notice until now.

I close my eyes again, unsure why my stomach is twisting. I’m just the nanny. I never expected to be anything more, but seeing him being so kind makes me wonder if he just hates me. What else would explain how snappy

he is to me the majority of the time? My bottom lip quivers, and I hate that I even care. He doesn't know me; of course he doesn't like me.

What did I expect?

"Doctor," I hear Mack say, and my eyes flutter open again.

There's a tall, greying man standing at the door. He shakes Mack's hand and then he's by my side.

"Hi Jaylah, I'm Doctor Williamson. How are you feeling?"

"Crap," I croak.

He nods, understanding. "I'm just going to check you over."

He spends the next ten minutes checking me, and then he goes over whatever he finds with Mack, giving him a script. They shake hands again and then he leaves. Mack turns to Santana and murmurs something to her, and then he's gone.

I close my eyes again, not wishing to speak.

I just want to sleep.

~\*~\*~\*~

Mack brings home a heap of stuff, and I take whatever he hands me. I manage to push myself off the couch after a few hours and have a shower, and then I drop into bed. I pull the covers over me, still freezing. My head is spinning, and I keep mumbling to myself, even though I'm not trying to. It just happens. I'm about to drift off again when the covers on my bed are jerked back.

I'd protest, but when I try my voice comes out garbled.

Another cool cloth is pressed to my forehead and I squeak, my throat burning too much to do any more. "You've got a fever. You can't have that cover on," Mack informs me.

I want to plead, but I can't. Instead, tears leak out of my eyes and run down my cheeks. He reaches out, swiping one away with his finger before murmuring, "You're goin' to be just fine."

He sits beside me, running the cloth over my head until I shake myself to sleep. I would swear I wake up during the night to find him beside me, but that couldn't be right. He has no reason to stay beside me. I even feel cool hands stroking my cheeks and a warm kiss to my forehead, but that couldn't be right either.

Mack doesn't even like me.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

I'm sick for three days, but by the fourth I'm feeling much better. Santana brings Diesel home and I get back to my routine of taking care of him. Mack made no indication that it was him helping me during the nights I was sick, but I know it was. The first night I was out of it, but the other two I know he came in and helped me. Sometimes he would wipe my face, and others he'd simply stroke the hair from my forehead.

But he was there, and it meant something to me.

He's not saying a word, and I have a strong feeling he doesn't want me to say anything either. So I don't. I go on, pretending nothing happened. After he left this morning, I sighed and leaned against the counter in the kitchen, rubbing my temples. Honestly, the man is complicated. I honestly don't know if he likes me or if he hates me.

He's so confusing.

I've just put Diesel down for a nap and have just pulled a fresh batch of cookies from the oven—no, I didn't bake them, it's called rolled cookie dough—when a knock sounds out at the door. I skip over, feeling good, so glad to be past the cold. The cookies are just because I'm trying to make Mack realize I'm not so bad to have around. I swing the door open and face a man so like Mack, I actually gasp.

He's shorter than Mack, but both share the same dark brown eyes and long, thick hair. This man is bigger in regards to muscle tone; he resembles Maddox in that department. He's quite built. He's got something else in his eyes, though. Something evil. I can see it the moment our gazes connect. Still, I plaster a smile on my face. For all I know this could be Mack's friend, hell, maybe his brother. I'm not about to be rude.

"Hi." I grin.

He studies me, and then in a low purr, says, "Hi."

"Can I help you?" I ask.

"I'm looking for Mack," he says, and his eyes very clearly fall to my breasts that are pushed up slightly because of the top I'm wearing. Yuck.

“He’s not here right now. Can I help you?”

He studies me longer before asking, “Who are you?”

“Me?” I wave a hand. “His nanny.”

I swear his face flinches.

“You datin’ him?”

Huh?

“Ah, no.”

He nods sharply. “Tell him Benito came by. I want to talk to him.”

“Of course,” I say, my voice still chipper. Then I get a bright idea, prompted by my need not to piss anyone off that’s close to Mack. “Wait, before you go, let me give you a cookie.”

I turn and rush off, but not before a confused look washes over his face. I lift two cookies and place them in a napkin, and then I turn and rush back, handing them to him. He stares at them, looks back at me, and then stares down again.

“I just made them,” I inform him.

He just stares.

“Oh my God, you’re not allergic, are you?”

He looks up at me, completely dumbfounded. “Cookies?”

“Yes, you’re not allergic to cookies?”

“Ah, no.”

“Right, well, I hope you like them. I’ll tell Mack you called.”

He tilts his head to the side, but after a moment, nods and leaves.

Great, I’m making progress.

Soon he’ll have nothing to be angry with me for.

~\*~\*~\*~

“You gave him fuckin’ cookies!” Mack roars.

I was wrong. He can find more things to be angry about. Like me giving cookies to a man who apparently wants him ‘in the ground’.

I didn’t know. Yeesh.

“I didn’t know who he was!” I protest.

He leans in close, his eyes wild. “Cookies. Fuckin’ cookies.”

I throw my hands on my hips. “I was being a good hostess, looking after you and your stupid friends.”

“He ain’t my friend,” he snarls. “He’s my brother, and he wants me put out.”

Brother. I figured.

“Well, how was I supposed to know? He came to the damned door. And, I’ll have you know, he checked me out. I was still nice though, because I was trying to impress you. Beats me why,” I snap putting my hands up. “You’re always so fucking moody!”

He blinks at me, then growls, “He checked you out?”

“Yes.”

“He ask you anything else?”

“If I was with you,” I add.

“With me?”

“You know, your *woman*.”

He blinks again, then mutters, “Fuck.”

He spins around, pulling out his phone. He presses it to his ear and barks, “Maddox?”

Silence.

“Need a watch on my joint. I’ve got a problem, and I need to make sure that problem doesn’t get close to Jaylah and Diesel.”

My heart stutters. He used our names. *Melt*.

“Fine, hurry it up.”

He ends the call, and turns back to me. “You tell him anything else?”

“Ah, no.”

“Good.”

He turns and storms down the hall. “Mack?” I cry, before he reaches his room.

He looks back at me. “What?”

“Why does he want you,” I hesitate, “in the ground.”

His face hardens. “Because I took his wife, fucked her, had her baby, and now she’s dead.”

Oh, boy.

Shit just got real.

# CHAPTER TWELVE

## MACK

“You didn’t fuckin’ tell me any of this shit,” Maddox snarls, pacing the living room.

“Shit, Mack,” Krypt grunts.

“Mack,” Santana says softly, her eyes disappointed.

“Yeah,” I growl. “That’s because it wasn’t any of your fuckin’ business.”

“He wants you dead, he knows where you live—it’s my fuckin’ business,” Maddox retorts, his voice hard.

“He’s my brother.”

He stands, walking over and gripping my shoulder, hurling me closer. “And so am I.”

“You think I forget that?” I growl.

“That fucker came to your front door. Fuck knows what he would have done if you answered it.”

“He wouldn’t have done any-fuckin’-thing because he’s a piece of weak shit.”

“Don’t matter. Your baby is there.”

I flinch. He always has to shove that in my fuckin’ face. Like I don’t already know every second I lay my eyes on that boy.

“Low fuckin’ blow,” I hiss.

“It’s the truth,” he grunts, shoving me back.

“All I need from you is to make sure my house is watched. That’s it. This ain’t club business, and there’s no reason for that to change.”

Maddox runs his hand through his now short hair. “I’ve got shit goin’ down left right and center. I’ve got cops questioning me, an angry fuckin’ biker club, and a bunch of drug runners from Mexico still out for my blood. Last thing I need is more shit.”

“I’m askin’ for someone to keep a watch on my place when I’m not there, not a fuckin’ war.”

“He wants you in the ground. It’s a war.”

“He’s my fuckin’ problem,” I warn. “Stay out of it.”

“Not gonna happen. I’ve got people I care about all around. Who do you think he’s goin’ to target for revenge? Fuck, Mack, why didn’t you tell me?”

“None. Of. Your. Fuckin’. Business,” I grate out.

“Fuck, bro,” Krypt mutters. “It is our business.”

I take a deep breath for calm. They don’t fuckin’ get it.

“Anything else we should know?” Maddox snaps. “Or is that it?”

“That’s it,” I grate.

“Fine, I’ll have people on your fuckin’ door, but we’re goin’ to sort this out, Mack. I don’t need more shit.”

“You’re not doin’ anything; I am.”

He steps closer again. “We’re done talkin’ here. The decision has been made. Take care of your kid and that nanny, and we’ll work out the rest.”

He turns before I can answer and storms out, Santana rushing after him. Krypt stands, gives me a hard look, and leaves.

Fuck me.

This shit just gets worse.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# JAYLAH

“It’s been two fuckin’ weeks.”

I cringe at the aggressive voice flowing through my phone.

“I know, and I’ve got some of the money for you.”

“I don’t want fuckin’ *some*, I want it all. I’m sick of waitin’. These repayments are doin’ fuck all.”

I swallow, staring down at Diesel who is sleeping on my bed, beside me.

“I’m working on it. I’ll have it for you in less than a month. Shit, come on.”

“You better have another two thousand for me by this afternoon, or I’m goin’ to make myself known.”

Great.

Mack paid me for last week today, but I only have one week . . . it isn’t enough to give him two thousand. Shit. I’m going to have to ask Mack for an advance, make something up.

“Fine, I’ll have it for you.”

“Meet me around the back of Costa’s at five p.m. Don’t be late.”

“Got it,” I mutter.

“And if you fuckin’ forget, I’ll pay a visit to your boyfriend.”

Then he hangs up.

I close my eyes, gathering my courage.

This is going to end badly; I can just feel it.

~\*~\*~\*~

“Please,” I say, my eyes pleading. “I have a bill, and I need the extra.”

Mack crosses his arms, staring at me. “How do I know you’re not goin’ to bolt?”

“I’m not, I have money owing and . . .”

“If you have money owing,” he cuts me off, “why don’t you just pay it with the money I gave you?”

Shit.

“My bills are, ah, more than that.”

“Show me.”

I squeak, “What?”

“If I’m goin’ to give you extra money, you better show me the bills and make me believe that two grand is going into them.”

Oh, no.

Oh. No.

“I don’t have them here,” I begin.

“Well, sucks for you then.”

He turns and walks out.

Walks out.

I drop my head into my hands and groan. This isn’t happening. How am I supposed to go to Gregor with less than he wanted? Shit. Shit. *Shit*. I’m going to have to face him without the cash; I have no choice. Swallowing my fear down, I lift my phone and dial Santana.

“Hey chicky,” she answers, first ring.

“Hey Santana,” I swallow. “Could you watch Diesel for a few hours?”

“Sure, what’s going on?”

“I have an appointment. I don’t want to drag him along.”

“No problems, I’ll swing by. What time?”

I stare down at my watch. Shit.

“Could you come past now?”

It’s nearly four-thirty; he made sure I had very little time. Now I have no choice but to drain my bank account, and go to him with what I have. Which is \$1752.50. Not enough.

“I’m on my way.”

Santana arrives ten minutes later. Diesel has just woken from his sleep, and is halfway through a bottle when she swings in. Mack is working out downstairs and I’m hoping he’ll stay down there until I’m out. He can ask questions later. I pass Diesel over, and Santana begins cooing right away.

“Are you okay?” she asks, looking up at me as I stare helplessly at my keys.

“Ah, yeah, I’m fine.” I straighten and turn to her. “I’ll see you soon.”

She gives me a suspicious look, but nods and says, “Okay, enjoy.”

I rush out before Mack comes out.

God, I don’t have a good feeling about this.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Gregor is standing in the deserted car park. The people have long gone, since the shop closed at four. It's quiet, and it's secluded. No one is around and that's not a good thing. I get out of my car and hesitantly make my way towards him. His eyes scan over me as I near, and a small smirk plays around his lips.

"Well, I was wondering if you'd do a runner."

I swallow down my fear and bring back my sass. "I said I'd pay you, Gregor, and I will."

He tilts his head to the side, studying me. "And you've got my money?"  
Shit.

"I couldn't get all of it, but I have three quarters."

His eyes harden instantly, and he steps forward. I step back.

"I said two thousand. I don't mess the fuck around."

Shivers run through me and my skin prickles.

"I don't have two thousand, I've only been working a few weeks, and —"

He slaps me, so hard my head swings to the side. "And I only gave you two fuckin' weeks to get it back to me. I've been generous, givin' you longer, and all I am askin' for is two thousand fuckin' dollars."

Tears burn under my eyelids.

"I know," I croak. "But I don't have it."

A hard fist connects with my stomach, doubling me over in pain. I drop to my knees and he delivers a swift kick to my ribs, sending me to my back. An agonized scream is ripped from my throat as I land with a thump. He leans over me, his eyes wild. "You've got a week to get me four thousand; double what you owed me this week. You don't? Next time we meet, it'll be with me puttin' a bullet in your brain."

He reaches down, taking the money from my hands. He flicks through it, straightens and disappears.

Shit.

~\*~\*~\*~

“Where’ve you been?”

I look up as I step through the front door. Mack, Maddox, and Santana are all sitting around the dining table. I’m trying to stand as straight as possible, but my stomach is turning in ways that are beginning to concern me.

“I had an appointment,” I say. My voice, God, it’s so obvious.

I’m right. Mack’s face scrunches and he narrows his eyes, getting up and walking towards me. I take a painful step back.

“Where were you?”

“I said,” I say, my voice strained, “an appointment.”

He knows I’m bullshitting, and he calls it. “Bullshit.”

“I don’t need to explain myself to you.”

I try to step away, but his hand curls around my arm, stopping me. I wince, as quietly as possible.

“I fuckin’ employed you, therefore you do need to explain yourself to me. You left the baby with Santana and ran out.”

I lose my shit.

Stress, fear, all of it—it all gets the better of me.

“You know what?” I cry, tugging my arm out of his. “Shove your job up your fucking ass. I don’t need it. I don’t need you. I certainly don’t need an asshole who can’t even look at his child and acknowledge him.”

It’s a low blow, I know.

I turn, trying to get my arm from his grip, but he’s too strong.

“Let me go!”

“You wanna tell me what’s goin’ on, or do I need to guess?”

“Fuck you.”

“Has it got somethin’ to do with you askin’ me for more money?”

I stiffen, and he snorts. “That’s what I thought. You’re goin’ to sit down, you’re goin’ to tell me what the fuck is goin’ on, and we’re goin’ to sort it.”

“No,” I say, jerking my arm. It doesn’t budge. “I’m going to get my shit and leave.”

The state.

No, the country.

Possibly find a one-way ticket to space and never return.

“No,” he grinds out. “You’re goin’ to sit down and fuckin’ tell me what’s goin’ on.”

“I don’t want, or need, your club involved in my shit. Thank you, goodbye.”

I tug, hard. So hard he lets me go, and I stumble backwards. A pained cry leaves my throat and I double over, gripping my ribs as pain radiates through my body.

“Stand up,” Mack’s voice is like a whip. “Now.”

“No,” I croak.

“Stand up!” he roars.

I stand slowly, and he takes a step closer. Maddox is standing now too, I notice. Santana is watching with a concerned expression on her face.

“Lift your shirt,” Mack orders.

“What?” I cry. “No way!”

“Now, or I’ll do it for you.”

“Do as he says,” Maddox growls.

I turn to him. “Who invited you, Hulk?”

He flashes me a grin. “You either do it, or I fuckin’ will.”

I grind my teeth, and lift my shirt. I hear a few hissing sounds, and then Mack’s voice. “What the fuck happened?”

“It’s nothing. I fell.”

Suddenly, he’s in my face, his arm curled around my bicep. “You tell me, or I’ll tie you down until you fuckin’ do.”

I close my eyes and without warning, burst into a fit of uncontrollable tears. I hate my stupid ex-boyfriend. I hate Gregor, and I hate Mack. Okay, that’s a lie, I don’t hate Mack, but he’s on my hit list for the moment. He’s close in my weak moment, so without thinking I launch myself at him, wrapping my arms around his waist. He stiffens, but I don’t care. Oh, man, he smells amazing. Like beer, and man, and something else, something better.

“My stupid ex-boyfriend,” I wail. “He got himself into serious shit, he owed money, I wanted to help him. I stole drugs and I sold them, giving him the cash. The dealer found me, and now I owe him money.”

I realize I’m clutching Mack’s shirt, sobbing wildly.

“Now he wants more than I can give.”

“Let me go.”

“No,” I screech, ignoring his request. “Please don’t fire me. If you fire me, he’ll kill me.”

“Girl,” he says, his voice low. “You’re puttin’ shit all over my shirt . . . let me go.”

“You just need to deal with it,” I hiccup, curling into him more. His body grows even more tense. “You are always so mean, it won’t hurt you to just deal.”

Maddox bursts into a fit of laughter, and I hear Santana giggling as Mack’s body quickly turns harder than a brick wall. Someone doesn’t like comfort.

“Shhhh,” I whisper.

Maddox’s laugh gets so loud it’s all I can hear. Mack tries to peel me from clutching him like he’s the air I need to breathe.

“Love the snot, embrace the snot,” I murmur into his chest.

“You’re seriously whacked,” he grunts. “Now let me go, and tell me what’s goin’ down.”

I don’t want to, but I pull back, swiping the back of my hand across my face. I look up into the most dazzling brown eyes I’ve ever seen and I want to melt. Pity they’re hard. I take a step back, and blink up at him. When my vision clears, I continue on with my story.

“I didn’t have any money. When I saw this job come up, I applied for it. Gregor called this afternoon and requested two thousand dollars. I didn’t have it, so he beat me a little, and then told me I now owe him four thousand next week.”

“Gregor?” Maddox growls. “Gregor Potani?”

I whip my head around. “You know him?”

His eyes widen. “You stole money from Gregor Potani?”

“Stop saying it like that,” I squeak. “I was trying to help my boyfriend.”

“Gregor Potani . . .” he repeats.

“I get it!” I snap. “Stop.”

“You got rocks in your fuckin’ head?” he continues, ignoring my outburst.

“I didn’t know how big he was until after . . .”

“You do have rocks in your head.”

I turn back to Mack. “Can you tell him to shut up?”

“You stole money from Gregor Potani?” he says, his eyes wide, as if I’m a freaking moron.

Like I don't already know that.

"I know, okay?"

"You fuck around with someone, you don't fuck around with Gregor Potani."

"No shit!"

He sighs and runs his hand through his hair. "How much?"

"What?"

"How much do you fuckin' owe him?"

"Eight grand."

"And you've given him?"

"Close to three and a half."

Mack mutters a curse, and turns to me, his eyes hard. "Here's the deal. I'll give you the cash, you pay him and get him off your back and out of your life."

"No way," I say, shaking my head.

"I wasn't finished. As repayment, you work for me until all that money is repayed."

"In case you missed the vital point in all this, I'm not a nanny."

"You are doing a good enough job; the kid is alive. That's my deal, you take it, or you fuckin' get your ass blown to bits."

I stare at him, narrowing my eyes.

"That's it? I work for free until the money is back to you?"

His lips quirk. "There may be other duties involved, considerin' I'm gettin' your ass out of a seriously bad drug debt."

"I am not going to fuck you."

He grins at me. Shit, he's good looking when he grins.

"Don't grin at me. I'm no one's whore."

"I never said sex, but now you've mentioned it . . ."

"Dream on."

He shakes his head, still grinning, and turns to Maddox. "I want someone trailin' her, even after we've paid him off. God only knows what that fucker is up to."

"Fuck, more?" Maddox growls, but I can see his eyes are tired. "Fine, I'll put a trail on her."

Then Mack turns back to me. "We got a deal?"

I stare at him, then look to Maddox, and then I sigh. I don't have a choice. Unless I'm willing to strip, or worse, I'll never have that money in

time. “Deal.”

“Good, now sit down so I can check your ribs.”

“No, it’s—”

“Sit down, Jaylah,” he orders.

Taking a deep, calming breath, I walk over and sit down next to Santana at the dining table. She gives me a sympathetic smile.

“Welcome to the family,” she says.

“I don’t think so . . .”

She laughs softly. “Poor girl.”

Mack orders me to lift my shirt, and hesitantly, I do. He kneels in front of me, pressing my ribs and asking me exactly where he hit. The feeling of his fingers against my skin has me reconsidering fucking him. Shivers break out, and he notices, oh, he notices. I see his lips quirk, but thankfully, he says nothing. He pulls my shirt down and declares, “You’ll be fine. Just take it easy.”

I nod, standing. I reach out to Diesel. Santana shakes her head. “I’ll stay the night. You get some rest and you can start again in the morning.”

“But—”

“Do as she says,” Mack orders.

Right.

I lean down, pressing a kiss to Diesel’s head.

“Night, little man. Tomorrow on, it’s just you and I.”

I stand straight and head out of the room, but not before I catch the warm look that flickers across Mack’s face.

I’m going to pretend I didn’t see that.

It’ll only complicate things.

I don’t need complications.

# CHAPTER FOURTEEN

## MACK

“You think there’s more goin’ on?” Maddox asks, lighting a cigarette.

I look over my shoulder and glance at Santana, who has fallen asleep on the couch with Diesel tucked in her arms. I nod to Maddox and he closes the door, blocking her from view. I turn back to him.

“I don’t know what’s goin’ down, but my guess is that whoever the boyfriend is, he was in more trouble than just owing a debt.”

Maddox nods, taking a deep drag from his cigarette. “The problem I’ve got is that we don’t know what’s goin’ down. We could pay him out, but it likely won’t end.”

I nod. “Yeah, that’s the fuckin’ problem. We need to know why the boyfriend got himself in debt to fuckin’ begin with, and why Jaylah was so desperate to get his debt paid off. She sold drugs, for fuck’s sake. She would have had to get herself tangled enough to even get hold of them, but to get tangled with Gregor? That’s either bad luck, or it’s exactly how this was meant to go down.”

“Gregor ain’t no small dealer,” Maddox mutters. “He’s one of the biggest in the area. For him to be after her ain’t good.”

“No,” I grunt. “Fuck, so much bullshit.”

Maddox stares hard at me. “You could just fire her, and get another nanny.”

“You saw the response to the advertisement, bro. I couldn’t live with half of those Nancy fuckin’ Goody-Two-Shoes women. Jaylah has got sass, spunk, and she doesn’t take any shit. Plus, the baby likes her.”

“Diesel.”

I jerk my head. “What?”

“Your son, his name is Diesel. Not kid. You gotta stop, Mack . . .”

“Don’t tell me how to feel about this,” I hiss.

He steps closer. Maddox has always been bigger than me, but I've always had a whole lot more steam. I don't lie down just because he's trying to overpower me. "That boy needs you, and if you don't start bondin' with him, he won't know who you are. I don't know what went down with his mother and you, but it ain't his fault. You can't deal with him, you should give him to someone who can."

"Comin' from a man that's got his fuckin' happily-ever-after, that's rich. I'll deal with this when I'm good and fuckin' ready. Until then, the boy is safe. He's loved by those around him, and that's enough."

"If you truly believe that, then you've learned nothin' in your life," he mutters, but his eyes show his disappointment in me.

He steps past me, dropping the cigarette and crushing it out with his boot as he goes past. When the door slams, I grind my teeth and glare into the darkness.

They don't get it; none of them fuckin' get it.

That woman took my heart, ripped it out, crushed it, and then handed it back to me in one tiny package.

A package I wasn't ready for.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# JAYLAH

My ribs don't feel any better when I wake in the morning, but I'm grateful that it isn't worse. I force myself up, and I shower slowly. By the time I'm done, everyone is already downstairs. Maddox and Santana spent the night, because they had Diesel. I ignore the stares as I brush past them to get coffee.

"Morning Jay," Santana says.

"Hey Tana," I flash her a quick smile, ignoring the two very fierce male eyes boaring into me.

"You make contact with Gregor?" Mack asks.

I close my eyes, take a breath, and turn, coffee in hand. I suck in a little gasp when I see him. Jesus. None one should look that good in the morning. He's wearing a pair of faded cargo pants, top button undone, boxer briefs poking out the top. No shirt. Hair messy, yet lose, so it flows halfway down his back. My God . . . drool.

"I . . ." God, did his ab muscles just . . . flex? "I didn't."

"Good," he says, making my head jerk up.

"Good?"

"I'm comin' with you to drop the money off."

I'm already shaking my head before he's finished his sentence. "Oh no, that's not a good idea."

"It's not an option."

"Mack, seriously, I'm not taking you with me to face a drug dealer. It will cause all kinds of problems, and—"

My sentence is cut off with a little squeak when he steps close, his body pressing against mine. He leans down close and my heart skitters as his full lips come into clear view, and God, do I want a taste of them. His brown eyes are intense and determined. "I said," he grinds out, "it's not an option. I'm not giving you money to have you deliver it and get shot. Then how will I get my payment?"

"Shot?" I croak.

“You’re just assuming he’s going to let you walk. You don’t know Gregor the way I know Gregor. There’s a good chance he’ll top you, regardless.”

My heartbeat picks up, and my skin becomes clammy. “Top me?”

“That’s why,” he says, letting his eyes slowly travel down my face, “I’m coming with you.”

“O-o-okay.”

What am I going to say? No? Pffft. I’m not stupid, and there’s no way I’m risking my head being anywhere but on my shoulders. Mack steps back, and I let out the breath I didn’t realize I was holding.

“Make the call,” he says, nodding towards my phone. “Don’t tell him I’m coming.”

“Okay.”

I take a sip of coffee.

“Now, Lah.”

I scowl at him. He winks at me.

I lift the phone and the nerves jerk back into my body. I close my eyes, take a deep breath, and then I dial Gregor.

“You got my money?”

“Yes,” I whisper.

“That was fast. What did you do? Rip another dealer off?”

Fear creeps up my spine.

“I borrowed it, from, ah, family. When do you want to meet?”

“Lunchtime, same place.”

“Okay.”

“You’d better have it,” he says, his voice low and threatening. “Or you’ll more than have my boot in your ribs.”

The phone disconnects, and a gag creeps up my throat but I squelch it down.

“Well?” Mack asks, unperturbed.

“He said to meet at twelve, behind Costa’s.”

Mack turns to Maddox. “You want to trail us?”

Maddox nods. “I’ll get the guys on it, make sure if shit goes down, you’re covered.”

“Good.”

Santana stands, walking over and putting a hand on my shoulder. “You okay?”

“I will be when this is over.”

“It’s going to be okay,” she soothes.

I force a smile and step into the kitchen. I eat, even though my stomach turns, and I spend the rest of the morning talking to Santana and playing with Diesel. When lunchtime rolls around, I feel ill. This could go so badly. Is Mack right? Will they just try to kill me? Granted it’s the middle of the day so I’m hoping that is some protection, but in saying that, Costa’s is quiet as hell when you go around the back. I’m grateful for Mack in that moment, because if he weren’t around I would have waltzed in and just handed the cash over, probably earning myself a bullet to the brain.

“You ready?” Mack asks, coming in.

He’s dressed all in black, his colors loud and proud. God, he makes one hell of a sexy biker. From what I’ve seen, he hasn’t got a mark on his beautiful, bronzed body . . . and that just seems to make him even more . . . edgy. He’s different. He’s not like all the rest. They’re out there and loud, you know they’re dangerous just by looking at them. Mack, he’s the still-waters-run-deep kind of dangerous.

“I’m ready.”

We make our way out to his truck and climb in. I know someone is trailing us, though you wouldn’t know they’re around. They’re silent, and that’s even scarier. Mack pulls out and we head towards Costa’s. My hands are firmly tangled in each other on my lap, and my heart is pounding.

“Your boyfriend,” Mack says suddenly, jerking me from my thoughts. “How’d he get involved in this shit?”

I blink at him, taking a few moments to gather myself.

“He’s not my boyfriend.”

“Not what I asked,” he murmurs.

“Right,” I swallow. “He gambles.”

Mack’s brows go up. “How the fuck did he go from gamblin’ to drugs?”

“The same way they all do.” I sigh. “He owed a fuck-load of money to the casinos and to bad people. He needed to pay it back so he started selling drugs. He went to a medium-sized dealer, Jason. He would sell them, and Jason would pay him good cash for the big jobs, giving him a cut. He decided one afternoon, why bother giving it to Jason? Why not just take it all for himself? He took the cash from a deal and paid off his debt. Of course, Jason lost his shit and things went south. I was desperate; I wanted him safe, and I didn’t realize at the time it was way over my head. I dived

in, deciding to do a job. I mean, how hard could it be to make a few sales? I knew it was illegal, but I honestly thought they'd blow Samuel's head off. Unfortunately for me, the person I made a deal with was Gregor. He took me without too much question; why wouldn't he? I was willing and eager. Samuel had done one job for him in the past, so he assumed things would be good. The moment I handed over the drugs to the buyer and the cash hit my hand, I bolted, paying Jason off."

"Leavin' you with a debt. Didn't think that one through, did you?" Mack says, his voice low.

"No, I didn't. I thought I could come up with some big story about being mugged. I was naive, stupid, because Gregor wouldn't have a bar of it. So, it came about that I owed him eight thousand dollars and Samuel got off scot-free."

"That fucker know you're in the shit?"

I nod. "Yep, and after I told him, I found him in bed with another woman. That's how much it meant."

"Shit."

"That about covers it."

"We'll sort this shit out, and then you're goin' to promise me you won't be so fuckin' stupid ever again."

I smile a little. "I swear."

"Then let's get this done."

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Gregor is waiting, as we expected him to be. He's leaning against the wall, his arms crossed over his chest. We get out of the car and his eyes swing to Mack, and a smile stretches across his face. "Miakoda," he practically purrs. "It's been a long time."

"Gregor," Mack mutters. "Here to sort this debt."

Gregor's eyes flick to me. "He's the family member you borrowed money from?"

"No," I bite out.

"Ah," he says, as if understanding. His eyes flick between us, and I get it. He thinks Mack and I are together.

"Can we get this done?" I growl.

He gives me a sly smile. "How're your ribs?"

"Best you fuckin' stop taunting' her," Mack snarls. "And take the money, endin' this."

"Miakoda," Gregor says, his eyes going to Mack. "No need to get snappy."

"End it, Gregor or you will find not only me on your ass, but the entire club."

He sighs dramatically. "Fine, give me the rest of the cash."

Mack hands it over, and Gregor counts it. "Good."

"I trust now this shit is finished," Mack says, his voice a low whip.

Gregor meets his eyes, and the look he gives Mack makes me feel uneasy. "Of course."

"Not sure I trust you," Mack snarls, stepping slightly in front of me, his hand curling around my wrist.

Gregor presses a hand to his chest, a slow grin on his face "Me? Are you saying I'm dishonest, Miakoda?"

"I'm sayin' I don't fuckin' trust you."

He waves a hand, "The debt is settled. Next time you might want to keep your girlfriend on a leash."

“Excuse me!” I cry, but Mack tugs my wrist so hard I’m forced to close my mouth.

“If that’s it?” Mack hisses.

Gregor nods, still grinning, and goes to turn. That’s when it happens. The gunfire. It comes out of nowhere, and the bullet goes into Gregor’s back, sending him soaring forward and landing on the ground with a thump. I scream. Mack pulls me behind his back and spins around, pulling his gun out and lifting it.

“Jaylah!”

That voice.

I peer around Mack, my heart pounding, to see Samuel running towards me a gun waving about in his hands. Oh, no. Oh no, no, no. Gregor makes a gurgling sound on the ground, and my chest seizes.

“That’s,” I croak, “Samuel.”

Mack snarls a curse as Samuel comes closer. Samuel skids to a stop and lets his eyes travel over me. “Are you hurt?”

“What the hell are you doing?” I cry.

“I fucked up, Jay,” he pants. “I want you back. I know I left you with debt. Now it’s sorted.”

Sorted.

*Sorted.*

He just shot one of the biggest drug lords in the fucking state.

“Have you lost your mind?” I scream.

He blinks, confused. “I’m trying to get him out of the picture.”

“You fucking moron!”

“We gotta go,” Mack hisses, dragging me towards the car.

“Hey,” Samuel yells. “Hey, you. Let her go!”

He raises his gun to Mack. Bad choice. Well, another bad choice. Mack aims his gun at Samuel’s leg and shoots. With a scream and a splatter of blood, Samuel leaps backwards and begins wailing.

“You fuckin’ stupid boy,” Mack roars. “You just signed your own death warrant. No fuckin’ way you’re signin’ hers.”

Mack shoves me in the car, and I watch as Samuel rolls around on the ground. “Please,” he squeals. “Don’t leave me here.”

“Mack,” I plead. “Gregor isn’t dead.”

“No,” he snarls. “He fuckin’ isn’t. Which means when he comes to, he’s goin’ to want blood.”

“Oh, God.”

“Can’t you finish—”

I don’t finish my sentence before more gunfire rings out. From three different directions, men appear, shooting at us. Gregor’s men.

“No fuckin’ chance of me finishin’ him off. We just got stuck in a fuckin’ war,” Mack roars. “Get in.”

“You can’t leave him,” I cry.

With a snarl, Mack leans down and lifts Samuel up. I quickly shut the door and drop down as gunfire erupts all around us. Samuel is thrown in the back, and Mack is in the front only a second later. He puts his foot to the floor and we skid out of there in a cloud of dust. He drives almost sluggishly, and it takes me a minute to notice why.

“You’re shot!” I cry, staring at the blood coming through his jeans.

“I’m fine.”

“Mack, you’re shot.”

“It’s fuckin’ fine.”

“Oh God,” I cry, pressing my hand to my head. “Oh God, this is bad.”

“Fuckin’ right it’s bad.”

I spin to Samuel who is pale, staring at nothing.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” I scream.

“I . . .”

“Leave it,” Mack snaps. “Just leave it.”

He drives, and as we near a hospital, I become confused. “What?”

“Droppin’ your boy, here, off. No fuckin’ way I’m havin’ him near me.”

“But they’ll find him, and—”

Mack pulls over so suddenly my words are cut off. He turns to me, his eyes wild. “He just got himself labeled with the worst fuckin’ target there is. You’re automatically involved because you were there. Nothin’ I fuckin’ do will save him, and I’m not about to try. Furtherest I can keep you from this shit, the better it will be. He put himself in this mess, he can get himself out of it.”

Then he gets out of the car, opens the door, lifts Samuel out and dumps him outside emergency. Then he’s back in the car and we’re speeding home.

“What are we going to do?”

“No fuckin’ idea, but we’re goin’ to sort it.”

“He knows it wasn’t me, right?”

Mack nods sharply. "He was lookin' at you, but don't mean he won't think you set it up."

"Oh, God."

"And his men saw us there. You put two and two together . . ."

"He'll kill us."

"We'll kill him first."

Oh Jesus. My head spins as Mack comes to a stop outside his house. He gets out, then jerks me from the car and runs me inside. Maddox, Krypt and Tyke are waiting when we get in, and the minute they see us and then see Mack's bleeding leg, they know things went south.

"What the fuck happened?" Maddox asks.

"All was fuckin' good, until her ex showed up and shot fuckin' Gregor."

"Shot him?" Krypt almost breathes.

"Shot him. Like a fuckin' hero."

"He dead?" Maddox asks.

"Nope, and the rest of his goons showed up, which just took things from bad to worse."

"Fuck!" Maddox roars. "Where's the boyfriend?"

"He's not my boyfriend," I whisper, my voice broken.

They all give me sharp looks. I shut up.

"Hospital. I shot him," Mack says.

"He's a dead man," Krypt informs him coolly.

"Yeah, and now she's in danger," Mack growls, jerking his finger to me, "because Gregor'll think it was a set up."

"You got a fuckin' plan?" Tyke asks.

"Yeah," I grunt. "I talk to him. He doesn't take what I have to share, things get ugly."

"What?" I squeak.

"Good option," Maddox agrees.

"Only one we got."

Shit.

# CHAPTER SIXTEEN

## JAYLAH

I wish I loved cooking. I mean, seriously, I would die to be one of those women who are naturally skilled in the kitchen, whipping up gourmet dishes and earning themselves nicknames with “Crocker” on the end. Unfortunately for me, I didn’t inherit such a gift. No, I burn toast. I’ll give myself some credit, though; I can buy cookie dough, roll it out and put it in an oven.

That’s got to count for something.

The girls are coming over for poker tonight to ‘take my mind off everything that’s going down,’ so I’m trying to figure out what I can serve them that’s not going to taste like I dug it from the earth, washed it and presented it on a plate. I’m flicking through cookbooks for beginners when a knock sounds at the door. I turn, wondering whom it could be. Most of them don’t knock.

Mack is downstairs working out, so I figure I’ll answer it. I close the book and walk over, opening the door slowly. When I get an eyeful of the serious man candy standing there, my mouth drops open. Holy hotness. This man just about whacks you with sex—it’s just oozing off him, and he hasn’t even opened his mouth.

He’s the meaning of tall, dark and handsome. He’s got thick, black hair that is messy, parts of it falling over his forehead. A chiseled jaw is coated in two days’ growth, giving him somewhat of a professional, yet dangerous look. His eyes, oh man, are nearly black, and his lips . . . full, gorgeous. He’s, I’d guess around six-foot tall, and built. I mean, yum. Even under the white button-up shirt he’s wearing, I can tell he’s all muscle.

He’s dressed in a suit; well, half a suit. He’s got black slacks on that he’s pulled his shirt out of messily. The tie around his neck has been loosened, but it’s a dark red, and it’s as dangerous as him. He’s rolled his sleeves up to his elbows, and there’s not a jacket to be seen.

I stand there, gaping at the male beauty in front of me because if I wasn't lusting—okay, I'm not entirely lusting, he's still on my hit list—after my boss, I'd go for this bad boy.

"Ah, can I help you?" I squeak.

Smooth, Jaylah.

His lips quirk and he takes me in. "Lookin' for Mack."

Oh man, his voice.

"And you are . . ."

Another lip quirk. "Marcus Tandem."

Marcus. What a name.

"He's just downstairs, I'll—"

"Marcus!"

Mack's voice fills the space behind me and I turn to see him walking towards us, a grin on his face, his body covered in sweat. Oh man, I'm about to be in a hot man sandwich and I want to stay there, oh yes I do.

"Mack." Marcus grins when I turn back.

Mack brushes past me, and I shudder as his skin grazes mine. He reaches out, taking Marcus's hand and shaking it. "What the fuck are you doin' here?"

"Travelling," Marcus says, his smile wide. God, he's beautiful.

"Thought I'd check in, see how you're goin'."

"Fuck, it's awesome to see you. Come in."

I step back and let the two men walk in. As Mack passes me, his eyes meet mine, and my heart jumps. Marcus is hot—I mean, super, fucking hot—but Mack is the man for me. Oh boy, I'm screwed. I close the door when they're both through, just as Diesel stirs in his bouncer. I go over, lifting him into my arms and hushing him.

"Somethin' I missed?" Marcus asks.

Mack's eyes flicker to Diesel, to me, then back to Marcus. "Long story for another day. What brings you to town?"

"Business, as always."

Mack walks to the fridge, swinging it open. He pulls out two beers, handing Marcus one. I go about my business, getting Diesel a bottle, but I can't help but overhear their conversation as I do.

"So, I got married," Marcus says.

Mack's head whips around, and he gives his friend a horrified look. "You're shittin' me?"

They stare at each other, and I can't help but look between them.

"Nah."

"You, the king of fuckin' players, got hitched?"

"Long story for another day," Marcus says, his voice dropping low.

They stare at each other, and I feel there's something much bigger to that story. Oh yes, much, much bigger.

"She a good woman?" Mack asks.

"Again, long story."

Hmmmm.

"What else has been happenin'?" Mack goes on, changing the subject.

I turn away, busying myself again.

"Didn't catch your girlfriend's name," Marcus says and I spin around.

"I am not his girlfriend," I cry.

Marcus looks confused. "Then what are you?"

"His nanny."

He snorts. "Okay, precious, must have read it wrong, but I was sure I felt the sexual tension dripping off the two of you."

My mouth drops open, but I quickly close it.

"I'm a lesbian!" I blurt. "I don't like men. Especially broody ones."

Mack stares at me, Marcus laughs, and I go red.

That was tactful. Truly.

"Honey," Mack murmurs, "you ain't a lesbian."

"I might be," I point out. "You wouldn't know."

"Lesbians announce to an entire club of bikers that they want to ride their boss?"

I gape, stutter, and then close my mouth.

Marcus laughs louder.

I turn, red faced, and carry Diesel from the room.

This should be interesting.

~\*~\*~\*~

"Oh my God," Ash breathes. "Who is that?"

I sip my wine and glance over at Marcus, who is talking to Maddox and Krypt.

"That's Marcus, a friend of Mack's."

"Oh . . . holy mother. He's so hot."

“He’s also married,” I point out.

Ash grins. “No one said I can’t look.”

I giggle and Santana joins us. “Oh man, that dude is fine!”

“Can’t deny that,” I add, all of us staring at Marcus.

“What’s his deal?” Santana asks. “He looks bad ass!”

“I don’t know,” I say, my voice low. “But Mack said he’s a total player, yet he announced he’s married, and it totally sounded like a set-up or something. It wasn’t, ‘Hey, I got married, she’s amazing’ it was more like, ‘Hey, I got married, and it’s a long, business-type story’.”

Pippa joins us and her eyes turn to Marcus, too.

“Is he, like, a big businessman?” Ash asks.

“I think so,” I respond. “He looks really edgy, but totally in control.”

“What do you think he does?” Pippa whispers.

“Maybe he’s a hitman.” Santana giggles.

The men turn and see us all staring at Marcus. With flaming cheeks and soft laughs, we all turn away. Maddox breaks away and comes over, wrapping his arms around Santana’s middle and leaning in. We can all hear what he murmurs in her ear. “Those eyes are mine, baby. Get them off Marcus.”

She gives me a sly grin before responding with, “I was only looking. No one floats my boat like you, Maddox.”

He snorts, she laughs, and we all burst into a fit of giggles.

“Let’s start this game!” I announce.

“We’re goin’ to be in the basement,” Maddox says, kissing Santana’s neck, patting her belly, and then letting her go. “Call out if you need.”

The group of guys all go into the basement, and us girls sit around the table.

“Let’s do this!”

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

“We should play, like, truth-or-dare strip poker!” I squeal after five glasses of wine.

“Oh my God.” Santana giggles, sipping her orange juice. “That would be funny.”

“I . . . no way,” Pippa breathes.

Santana pats her hand, “You can watch. Supervise, if you will.”

Ash claps her hands. “Let’s do it.”

“Okay, here are the rules,” I say, my voice slightly slurred. “Truth or dare; if we can’t do it, we have to take off an item of clothing. If we can do it, we pick who has to take off some clothes.”

“So it’s like strip truth-or-dare.” Ash giggles.

“You got it, girlfriend.” I laugh. “Let’s go.”

“Just let me check on Diesel,” Santana says.

She rushes off, and we all begin writing down questions we want to ask. When she returns, we begin.

“Ash, you first,” I say.

“Hit me.”

“Truth or dare?”

“Dare!”

I grin. “I dare you to run downstairs, kiss all of those men on the cheeks, and then run back up.”

With a burst of uncontrollable giggles, she rushes towards the basement. We all follow. She skids down the stairs, lunging at Krypt whose eyes widen at the sudden intrusion. She kisses him smack on the lips and then leaps onto Maddox’s lap. His eyes widen, too and even more when her lips find his cheek. Then she leaps on Mack, who looks as if he’s about to toss her off, and does the same, then Tyke, then Marcus.

“What the fu—” Krypt grunts, but she’s already running back up the stairs, and we’re all giggling.

“Santana.” Ash laughs. “You have to take off clothes because I did it.”

Santana stands, letting her jacket fall to the ground.

“Who’s next?” she asks.

“You stripped, so it’s your turn,” I say. “So, truth or dare?”

“Truth,” Santana says.

I drum my fingers on my chin, but Ash beats me to it. “Have you ever had anal sex?”

We all burst out laughing, like teenage girls, and Santana’s face goes bright red.

“If you don’t answer, more clothes gotta go.” I grin.

“No.” She giggles. “But we’ve, ah, tried.”

Ash squeals loudly, and claps her hands. “Oh my God!”

Pippa’s face is red, but she’s laughing.

“You bad, bad girl.” I laugh.

“I nominate you to strip,” Santana says, poking her tongue out.

I’m wearing a dress, which means I’m going to end up in my bra and G-string. Sweet. I lift the dress and throw it onto the floor, and all the girls whistle.

“Damn, Jay, you fine.” Ash winks.

“I’m busty,” I point out, sipping my wine. “That ain’t fine.”

“Oh, lady.” Santana grins. “It’s fine. Shall we call the men up and ask . . .”

“No!” I cry, giving her an evil glare.

She just laughs.

“Your turn,” Pippa says.

“Okay, dare.”

Shit, I should have said truth.

Ash jumps in quick. “I dare you to go down and kiss Mack, right on the lips.”

My mouth drops open, “No way.”

“Then you gotta undress, which is going to leave you half naked,” Santana points out.

“I can’t . . .”

“Strip then, lady.”

Fuck.

I take another large drink of wine, emptying the glass. Then I turn, and the girls squeal with delight as I walk towards the stairs. My head is spinning and I’m feeling brave, thank God. I swing the door open and rush

down. All the guys turn to me and their eyes widen. I don't look, I just charge towards Mack who is watching me with a confused look.

I throw myself onto his lap, therefore presenting my ass cheeks to the rest of the guys, and I crush my lips down against his. This could go so bad, for one, he might throw me off his lap and make a fool of me. That wouldn't be cool. His body is tense for so long I'm sure it's about to happen. The girls are squealing and clapping at the top of the stairs, and I hear Marcus mutter, "Fuck, that's a sweet ass."

"Agreed," Tyke says.

He's not going to kiss me back. Shit, I've just made a complete fool of myself and . . .

He kisses me back.

I didn't think it could happen, hell, I didn't think it *would* happen, but it's happening. His mouth is moving against mine, his tongue is sliding between my lips and oh, God, his hand is on my ass. I mewl like a kitten, rubbing myself against him. The girls begin to whoop, and the guys start muttering profanities. God, Mack, he tastes like heaven and hell, all blended together in a destructive concoction.

He's divine.

I pull back after a moment because if I don't, I'm going to let him rip my G-string off and fuck me right there on the couch. I wouldn't care, either. No, I'd probably let him do it. I slide off his lap, stare at his molten eyes, and then I turn and run up the stairs. When I reach the top, Santana grabs me and shakes me. "Oh my God, I think I wet my pants."

"I did wet mine. Damn," Ash breathes.

"I want to be kissed like that," Pippa adds.

We all laugh again, and my head is swimming, my body deliriously happy. That was the best kiss of my entire life. We all head back into the living area, and I try to take Mack's lips from my mind, but fuck, is it hard. He kissed like a damned pro. The best kiss I've ever had. I want more, oh yes, much more.

"Who is stripping?" Pippa asks.

I turn to Ash. "Get 'em off, baby!"

She grins, and drops her tiny shorts, revealing a G-string also. We all whistle and laugh, just as the guys come up the stairs. They all stop, stare and their eyes—yes, all of them—turn to looks of pure, raw sex.

"What are you girls doin'?" Maddox says, his voice husky.

“Playing strip truth-or-dare,” Santana offers.

“We’re watchin’,” Krypt says, dropping to the couch and staring at Ash’s ass. “Actually, changed my mind. I’m takin’ you and fuckin’ you hard on the back of my bike.”

I burst out into a fit of giggles, and Ash slaps Krypt’s hand when it reaches up to her bare ass. “Oh no you don’t. We’re not done.”

“We’re watchin’ then,” he says, his eyes lusty.

Damn.

I avoid staring at Mack as all the guys sit down. This shit just got . . . real.

“You can’t watch,” Santana protests. “You have to play.”

“Fuck no,” Mack grunts.

I turn to him finally, and his eyes are on me. Shit. Oh, God. My cheeks go pink and I quickly turn away.

“Then you can’t watch,” Santana says, throwing her hands on her hips.

“*Chante*,” he murmurs. “I’m fuckin’ watchin’.”

Oh, man.

“Fine,” Ash says, and we all move away from the living area. Tyke flicks on the ball game again, but we all know they won’t be watching it.

“Ash, you’re up again,” Santana grins.

“I’m picking truth this time,” she says.

“Oh, let me!” Pippa says and we all grin at her, happy to see her coming out of her shell.

“Have you had . . .” her cheeks go pink, and her eyes flick to Tyke, who is watching her. Oh boy. Sexual tension alert. “. . . sex on a bike?”

Ash’s face flushes and she looks to Krypt, who is grinning at her.

“Answer the question, baby.”

“Yes, I have,” she squeaks.

We all clap and laugh, asking her details and getting some rather saucy ones that have Tyke muttering, “Fuck me.”

“Santana, get that top off woman,” Ash says, pointing to Santana.

Santana flicks her top off, leaving her in a bra. Her belly is slightly rounded, and we all say, “awww” at exactly the same moment.

“God, you guys are terrible.”

I grin. “Your turn. Truth or dare.”

“Dare.”

“I dare you to go to the neighbor’s house, knock on the door in only that and ask for some sugar.”

“No way,” Santana cries, laughing.

“Then drop some more clothes.”

Her pants go next and Maddox’s eyes grow lusty. “Fuck.”

“Keep it in your pants, Hulk.” I grin at him.

He bares his teeth to me in that way he does, and I laugh softly.

“You’re up,” Ash says to me.

“Truth.”

I’m going for the safe option.

Santana rubs her hands together. “Where’s the strangest place a man has gone down on you?”

My cheeks turn red. “Gone down?”

“You know, gave you a tongue lashing?”

Oh, dear. Oh, man.

“Ah,” I squeak.

I glance at the guys who are all watching me again. Shit. I can’t afford to lose another item of clothing. That’ll expose things I don’t want to expose, which means I have to tell them the humiliating truth.

“Well?” Ash asks.

“I’ve never . . .”

Santana’s eyes bug out. “You’ve never had a tongue lashing?”

Now I’ve got the room’s attention.

“No,” I cry, emptying my wine glass again. “It’s . . . icky.”

They all stare at me.

“You’re shittin’ me,” Maddox grunts.

“I just can’t imagine that it would feel good. I mean, ew.”

“Oh my God,” Santana breathes. “You poor girl.”

“I’ll do it,” Marcus says, putting up his hand and giving me a wicked grin.

“No,” I squeak.

“Woman,” Mack mutters. “*Fuck.*”

“It’s not that strange,” I protest.

“Honey, it’s strange. It’s the best thing, like, ever,” Ash says.

Santana nods.

“You pee out of that thing. It’s so gross!”

Everyone erupts into laughter, and my cheeks go pinker.

“Mack.” Krypt chuckles. “Take that girl to your room, rip her fuckin’ panties off and put your tongue in her. Show her what she’s missin’ out on.”

Oh. My. God. He did not just say that.

“Krypt!” I cry.

“I’m sure he’d be good at it, too.” Santana giggles. “Wouldn’t you, Chief?”

Mack flashes her a grin, and I want to curl up and die.

“Okay,” I murmur. “The game is done.”

“Aw, party pooper,” Ash cries, throwing her hands over her chest.

“I agree with her,” Maddox says, standing and walking to Santana. He leans down, throws her over his shoulder and carries her away. “I’m takin’ my woman, now.”

“Maddox!” she squeals, but her cheeks are red and she looks damned happy.

“Wanna do the same?” Krypt asks Ash.

“Oh, hell yes.”

“The house just turned into a sex-fest,” I murmur, leaning down and pulling my dress back on.

“I think I need another drink,” Pippa says.

“Me too, girlfriend. Me too.”

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

I'm drunk.

Holy shit, am I drunk.

It's late—I don't even know what time. Santana has gone and thrown herself into the spare bed in Diesel's room, sleeping with him to make sure he's got someone when he wakes. She really loves doing it, and declared that I have to take a night off a week so she can. I'm totally okay with that. I need one night off, though I already know I'll miss the little man.

Anyway, back to the drunk.

After the guys and gals went and got it on, we all came back and continued drinking. Even the guys got into it. My phone rang about fifteen minutes ago, and I stumbled outside to answer it. It was Josie and we talked, I told her how I kissed Mack, she squealed, and then we were done. Now I'm pressed against the wall, my head spinning in a delightful way.

"You're still alive."

I turn my head to see Mack walking out. He closes the door behind him and we're alone in the darkness. Oh, man. My heartbeat just kicked up about thirty notches.

"I'm alive," I whisper.

He steps closer. I can feel him more than see him. His body heat invades my space, and I swallow. Oh man. Oh, man.

"You drunk, honey?" he murmurs.

Honey.

*Sigh.*

"Ah, yes."

He steps closer again, and I can smell the beer mixed with his very own scent wafting over me. Oh, holy mother. He's slightly under the weather too, and inside, for a while there, I saw some of the tension slip from his body, and it made him look even more beautiful.

"You wanna explain you leapin' onto my lap and kissing me earlier?"

I flinch. I knew that was coming.

“It was,” I swallow, “a dare.”

“You like it?”

“What?” I squeak.

“Did you like it?”

Oh, man.

“Ah, yes.”

“You really never had a man’s tongue?”

“Oh my God, Mack, stop.”

“’Cause after that kiss, I’m thinkin’ I’d like it to be me that puts it there for the first time.”

My knees are going to give way. Mack doesn’t want me. I’m hallucinating.

“Am I dreaming?”

He chuckles, so low and soft I nearly don’t hear it. “No, but we’ve both been thinkin’ about this all fuckin’ night, and I figure why the fuck not take it?”

“I’m your nanny.”

That really is a poor protest, but hey, it’s all I’ve got.

“You gonna stop bein’ my nanny if I put my tongue in your cunt?”

Eeek.

“I owe you money, so no.”

“Good.”

Then he steps closer, and his body presses against the length of mine. God dammit, my lady pieces just betrayed me and got really, really wet.

“Mack,” I breathe, when his fingers go down and slowly raise my dress. “I really don’t—”

“Shhh,” he murmurs, his lips finding my neck.

Oh, shit.

“No, really,” I whimper. “I don’t—”

“Shut up, Lah.”

“Stop calling me that!”

“Shut up.”

“I don’t like it, I really don’t, this is awkward for me, and—”

He kisses me, his lips crushing down on mine in a scorching kiss that has my knees going weak and my hands going up to tangle in his thick, long hair. His tongue invades my mouth, dancing with mine, and silencing me in a way nothing else could.

“Now,” he rasps, pulling back. “We’re done talkin’.”

“You don’t understand,” I cry, pressing my hands to his chest. “What I said inside, it’s not the only reason I don’t want to do it.”

He stops, tilts his head, and murmurs, “What’s the reason.”

“I can’t tell you.”

“You got diseases?”

“What?” I cry. “No!”

“Then what?”

“I . . .” Oh, God, the shame. I wouldn’t say this if I wasn’t drunk, that I’m sure, but I don’t have the strength to push him away and he’s determined. “I get . . . overly excited.”

His body starts shaking.

“Are you laughing at me?” I cry.

“Sorry,” he says, though I can hear the laughter in his voice. “Excited?”

“Yes, you know . . .”

“No, honey, I don’t.”

“There’s a lot of . . .”

“Go on.”

My cheeks flame, and I cry, “I get really wet!”

He’s silent. “That’s it?”

“What do you mean is *that* it?”

“You get wet, that’s it?”

“That should be enough,” I protest.

“How wet are we talkin’?”

“What?”

He leans in closer, his hand going around my hip to pull me closer.

“How wet are we talkin’?”

“I don’t know!”

“Then how do you know it’s too much?”

“My ex-boyfriend told me.”

“You a squirter, honey?”

I gasp. “NO!”

His body starts shaking again.

“Mack!”

His fingers go back to lifting my dress.

“Did you not hear me?” I cry, squirming.

“I heard you, and I can’t fuckin’ wait to have your sweet cunt in my mouth. Wet or not.”

Oh, God. I never knew Mack could be a dirty talker, though I won’t lie and say I haven’t heard the girls at the club talking about how he’s a maniac in bed, but still . . .

He starts lowering himself down my body, his lips grazing against my belly as he goes.

“Mack, I really don’t—”

He rips my panties aside, cutting me off. His hot breath is against my flesh, and oh man, I just convulsed in the best way.

“Mack, really, I don’t want you to do this.”

“You want me to stop?” he murmurs.

“Yes.”

“Okay.”

He leans in and presses a kiss to my clit. My entire body jerks, and I cry out.

“Sure?” he asks.

“No,” I wail. “Yes. No.”

He doesn’t wait for any more; no, he just closes his mouth over me like I’m the food he needs to survive. He consumes me, devours me, his tongue slides up my flesh and down, then up again. I’m screaming, I know this, but I don’t fucking care. What was wrong with me? Why would I not want this? I’m a fool, a . . . oh, God, he just bit my clit. He bit it. I’m going to come shamefully hard in my boss’s mouth.

“Oh my God,” I scream, my legs giving way as the best orgasm of my life tears through my body. Mack’s arm goes round my middle and he holds me up.

“Fuck, so wet, wettest I’ve ever seen.”

“Oh God,” I whisper shamefully.

“You taste like fuckin’ heaven,” he rasps, sliding his tongue out and taking every ounce of my arousal.

“Mack, please.”

“Again,” he demands and he presses his tongue back to my jerking clit. Then his finger goes up, sliding inside of me. He makes a ragged sound, and I cry out his name as his finger does amazing things to the bundle of nerves already on fire inside my body.

“Mack,” I plead.

“Fuckin’ again,” he orders.

I give in to him again, long and slow, sweet and sexy, until my legs are jelly and my body is slumped in his arms. He pushes my panties back, slides his body up mine, and then shoves a deep, angry kiss onto my lips. I can taste me, and I protest for a moment, but soon I’ve got no fight left. I melt into him, and I take all of my cum off his tongue and lips, licking and sucking until he’s grinding against me.

“Fuck,” he growls, pulling back. “Fuck.”

“Mack,” I breathe.

“You have no idea how much I want to fuck you right now.”

“Then why don’t you?” I whimper.

He pulls back, letting me go gently. “Can’t.”

Then he’s gone.

Gone.

Oh, man.

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

### MACK

Running my hands through my hair, I turn onto the highway, ready to end this shit with Gregor so that I know Jaylah is safe. Not just Jaylah, but . . . my . . . son. The very thought of the baby, my son, has my body jerking. I push it out of my mind as quickly as it came in, and instead take my focus to the party two nights ago.

Fuck.

I shouldn't have done it. I shouldn't have walked out there and put my mouth on her sweet pussy, but I fuckin' did. And because of that, I complicated shit. Now she's no doubt thinkin' about it as much as I am. I should have stayed away, kept my guard up and let the relationship go, but it was impossible after she threw herself onto my lap in that basement and kissed me.

And fuck, did she kiss me.

I let out a low, feral growl. I can't be doing this; not after Ingrid. That was enough to teach me that emotions are fucked. Anything besides sex is just a dangerous game to play. Jaylah isn't just a fuck-and-leave kind of girl. I know that, I knew that before I did it, but I fuckin' did it anyway. She might act like she'd just take a piece and leave, but I can see it, even under all her spunk, that she's not going to be a mere sex toy.

*Stay the fuck away, Mack.*

I focus back on the road, and how I'm goin' to deal with Gregor. I hope to fuckin' God he lets it go, but there's a chance he won't, and it'll start yet another fuckin' war we don't need. With everything goin' on in the club, and Benito around, I don't have time for any of this shit.

When I reach the old warehouse where we organized to meet, I pull the truck over and get out.

I reach around, checking my gun is secure in my back pocket before walking in past the old creaking gates. Dust flies around, a result of little

rain in the past month or so, and my black clothes quickly become dusty. I see Gregor standing beside a sleek, black car. Why the fuck anyone would bring a car into this dust pile is beyond me. Especially a car like that.

He's crouched over, even though he's trying not to show it. He took a solid blow to the gut with that bullet. I have no doubt he's livin' in some pretty serious pain right now. I stop in front of him and scan the area around us, making sure I'm not about to step into a set-up, then I turn and mutter, "Gregor."

"Didn't think you'd come along," he says, his voice tight.

"Said I would."

He nods. "You and me, we got problems, Miakoda?" he asks.

"That depends," I say, my voice dropping. "You gonna go after Jaylah?"

"I was shot."

"Not by her."

"By her boyfriend."

"Ex-boyfriend, who she no longer has anything to do with."

Gregor's eyes flash and he straightens. "I'm a fair man, Miakoda, but I don't take kindly to being set up."

"You think I set you up?" I growl. "Gregor, if I was having you fuckin' set-up, I would have pulled the gun and shot you myself, not given you fuckin' cash. That boy came in like a screamin' loon, and thought he was savin' Jaylah. We didn't ask him to. We didn't fuckin' want him there, and he's a fuckin' idiot."

"You expect me to believe you?" he hisses.

"Yeah, I fuckin' do, because if you don't, we got problems, and I don't have the fuckin' time or effort for problems."

"I've heard Benito is back in town."

I flinch and give him a hard stare. "Benito has got nothin' to do with this."

"He wants that baby; he wants you to suffer. He's even been talkin' about the girl . . ."

I step forward, blinded by rage, and I curl my fists in his shirt and snarl, "We're not here to talk about Benito. He's my fuckin' problem. We're here to talk about you and me. Now, if I wanted to fuckin' kill you, I would have. You believe me, we walk away and you can do whatever the fuck you want to that little bastard who shot you. If you don't believe me then we start a fuckin' war, here and now."

He holds my eyes, his gaze intense.

“I can do whatever the fuck I like to Samuel?”

I jerk my head in response. “I couldn’t give a fuck about that piece of shit and Jaylah might care, but she’s not goin’ to step in the way. He put himself in this mess; he can get himself the fuck out of it. Now, how’s this gonna go down?”

He studies me. “Hands off me, Miakoda.”

I drop him, shoving him back slightly. He winces in pain but rights himself quickly.

“You assure me there’ll be no interference from you or the girl, and we’ve got a deal,” he growls.

I reach out my hand, “Deal.”

He takes it and gives it a quick shake before letting go.

“I mean it, Miakoda. If I hear of her being involved again, I won’t be so nice.”

I shoot him a glare so hard he flinches, but he holds his ground.

“And I mean it when I say we’ll have a big fuckin’ war if you touch her.”

He nods.

I nod.

And it’s done.

For now.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# JAYLAH

“Hush, sweetheart,” I soothe, bouncing Diesel in my arms as I pace the room.

I know he can feel my tension because he’s upset, crying and won’t calm down. I’m trying to soothe him as much as I can, but my heart is racing and my head is pounding. Mack went to see Gregor this morning, and I don’t know how it’s going to end. Something really bad could happen, and it would be all on me.

I could be the reason Diesel is left without a father.

The sound of a car pulling in has me spinning on my heel and rushing to the window. I see Mack’s black truck and he slides out. He doesn’t really drive it much, he’s usually on his bike, but he looks equally as sexy in a truck, I must say. My breath whooshes out as he nears and I see he’s unharmed. I put Diesel down in his bouncer, and try not to act too desperate when Mack enters the house.

“Mack,” I squeak.

Yep, not desperate at all.

He flicks his gaze to me, and oh boy, he looks a little angry.

“It’s done,” he says, his voice low.

Done? What does he mean *done*? Is it finished? Did he kill Gregor? How is it done?

“Done?”

He turns to me. Oh man, holy angry alert. “I said, it’s done.”

“Done how?”

“Finished.”

“Mack,” I plead.

He steps closer, glaring at something over my shoulder. The wall, probably. “He won’t bother you again.”

“Does that mean he’s not alive?”

His eyes come to mine. “He’s fine. He won’t bother you again.”

“And Samuel?”

“Samuel ain’t my problem.”

My heart starts pounding. “But he’s not safe. He’ll kill him.”

“Not. My. Problem.”

I gape. “I don’t like the man, but he doesn’t deserve to die, Mack.”

Mack turns, stepping closer and getting in my face. “He decided to mess around with drug dealers, let his woman get involved, shot one, so he can deal with the outcome of that. He made a choice, Jaylah. He’s gotta live with it.”

“But—”

“You wanna get yourself killed for his bad choices?” Mack growls.

“No, but I don’t want him to die knowing I could have tried, or—”

“You did try, and you nearly got your ass blown apart because of it. Your debt is paid; it’s done.”

“But—”

He reaches out, curling his fingers around the back of my head and pulling me close. Diesel has settled in his bouncer, and it seems strange he did this when Mack came in. Like he knows his voice. That warms my heart.

“You gonna go out there and try and fuck what I just did up?”

“I . . .”

“No, you ain’t. You work for me now, Jaylah. You owe me that money, and there’s no way in hell you’re bringin’ that shit back into my home with that baby around.”

My temper flares.

“So now you care about what happens to the baby you barely even look at?”

“Step down,” he snarls.

“And you’re going to blackmail me into not helping Samuel, because you know I owe you, and you know I’d never let anything happen to Diesel. Which is his name, in case you forgot.”

“Step. Down.”

His voice is like a whip, making my body flinch, but I don’t step down.

“No, Mack,” I hiss. “You step down. I came in here, took your baby on full-time, put up with your moods and your bullshit, and even your random sexual acts towards me, and I do it without a whole lot of fuss. Most women would have thrown the towel in after a day with you.”

“No fuss?” he growls, low. “You threw a shitty diaper at the woman I was fuckin’.”

“You shouldn’t have been . . .” I look down at Diesel. “. . . banging her.”

“Since when did that choice become yours?”

I step closer now, getting in his face. “Since you wanted me in your house, to do every fuckin’ thing you’re afraid of.”

His body jerks. “You’re walkin’ a fine fuckin’ line.”

“What are you going to do, Mack?” I challenge. “Fire me? We both know that’s not going to happen, not just because of the money, but because you like me with Diesel, you like me being here, and hell, sometimes you just like me.”

“What I’d like,” he grinds out, his hand still around the back of my neck, “is for you to do as you’re told, and trust me.”

“News flash, caveman,” I mutter sarcastically. “We’re not in the past anymore. Women actually don’t have to do what you say.”

He growls.

I hold his stare.

“Are we done here?” I say, my eyes still on his.

He lets me go and steps back. “I find out you made contact, tried to help, or fuck, even breathed on Samuel, I won’t be happy.”

“I’m shaking,” I mutter.

He glares at me, I blow him a kiss and then scoop Diesel up and leave the room.

Take that.

# CHAPTER TWENTY

## JAYLAH

I've just put Diesel down for his nap when there's a soft knock at the door. Mack has gone out, but Tyke and Austin are watching the house, so whoever is knocking must be allowed to. Figuring it must be Ash or Santana and seriously hoping it is, because I need to vent, I rush over. I swing the door open without hesitation, and see a lady I've never met in my life standing there.

She's got hair black as the night, and beautiful dark blue eyes. She's awful skinny, though, which is a shame, because she's a truly beautiful woman. It tells me something bad is going on in her life, because not only does she look it, but her eyes are also empty. I smile, having no idea who she is. "Hi."

She stares at me, shocked for a moment. "Ah, is Santana here?"

I shake my head. "No, sorry. She doesn't live here."

She blinks. "Does Mack live here?"

She looks worried.

"Of course. Is there something the matter?"

Her head tilts to the side and she studies me. "Are you his girlfriend?"

I want to snort, but that would appear rude, so instead I smile and say, "No. I'm his nanny."

Her face relaxes. "Oh, that's good."

"I'm sorry, I don't believe we've met."

"I'm Ingrid's sister."

Ingrid. Who's Ingrid?

"You've lost me." I laugh nervously.

"The mother of the baby in there."

Oh. Shit.

"Oh, right. I didn't . . ."

"He hasn't told you about her, has he?"

I shake my head. "Mack isn't an easy man to talk to."

She nods, understanding. "Listen, I'm not here to cause any trouble. When I dropped Diesel off to Santana, she said I could come back and see him sometimes. It's been a while, and I'd love to see him, if you don't mind?"

Shit.

I don't know if Mack would want me to let her in, or if he wouldn't. I stare at her, unsure, but her eyes are so soft and gentle I figure what the heck? The poor woman looks like she's had a hard time, and she deserves to be able to see the baby. It's not like I'm going to let her run away with him.

I must have paused for quite some time, because she whispers, "Please?"

I nod quickly. "Of course, come in. I'm Jaylah."

"I'm Tracy. It's nice to meet you."

I lead her into the house and she looks around, her eyes softening slightly in approval.

"This is a lovely home."

"Yes." I nod. "Mack has done well."

"And how is Miakoda?"

I smile, even though she can't see it. I've heard a few people refer to Mack by his real Native-American name, but it just doesn't seem . . . quite right.

"He's okay," I say, honestly.

"How is he dealing with Diesel being around?"

How to answer that?

"Diesel is loved, warm, safe and taken care of."

She's silent, and I know in her head she's probably thinking, *That didn't answer my question*. But she lets it go.

"That's wonderful."

"He's just gone down for his nap, but you can look in on him. He won't stir."

I open Diesel's door quietly and we step in. He's sprawled on his back, thumb in his mouth—which is a habit Santana keeps telling me he needs to break—and little legs spread-eagled. He sleeps like his father; that I know. Well, except for the thumb part.

"Oh," Tracy whispers.

She walks over to the side of the crib, and leans over, looking in on him. “He’s grown, even in this short time.”

I smile. “Yes. I’d imagine quite a bit, considering he eats more than a fully-grown male.”

She laughs softly, which makes my smile widen.

“He’s truly beautiful, isn’t he?”

I have to agree with her there.

“He is.”

“He’s so much like Miakoda, but so much like Ingrid, too.”

“Then she must have been very beautiful,” I whisper, gently.

She reaches down, stroking a finger across Diesel’s cheek. Then she turns to me. “She was. Her and Miakoda, they had something really special.”

Why does that make my chest clench? It shouldn’t matter to me, but it hurts, it tugs something deep down inside me that I’ve been pushing down for weeks now.

“Perhaps I can get you a coffee, and you can tell me?” I suggest.

She nods. “That would be lovely.”

“Maybe Diesel will be awake by the time we’re done, and you can have a cuddle.”

“I’d like that.”

We head back out to the kitchen, and I figure I should text Mack and see how far away he is. I don’t know if he gets along well with Tracy, and I don’t want him walking in and getting upset. It’ll only make her feel worse and right now, that wouldn’t be a good thing. She already looks like she’s hanging on the edge.

I pull out my phone, and turn to Tracy. “Have a seat. What would you like?”

“Coffee, white, no sugar. Thank you.”

I smile and nod, turning to the coffee-maker. I flick it on, then I glance down at my phone and scroll down to Mack’s name. I type out a quick text.

**J – What time can I expect you tonight?**

He responds about a minute later.

**M – 6**

Well, that was short and sweet.

I put the phone down, prepare the coffees, get out the biscuits I made and sit at the table with Tracy. She smiles at me, but God, it’s so weak it

breaks my heart.

“Thank you,” she says.

“Any time.”

“So he hasn’t told you about Ingrid?”

“Not really. I’ve figured most of it out myself.”

She nods. “I understand why he would keep it secret. It was a hard time.”

I smile at her, and she continues.

“Ingrid was married to Benito, Miakoda’s half-brother. There was a lot of tension between the two brothers. Miakoda’s mom had given birth to Benito long after Miakoda was adopted out because of his past, which was partly on her, so it was a big blow for him to find out she’d had another kid when she didn’t protect him. He didn’t meet Beni until he was around twenty years’ old. The two never hit it off, but Miakoda tried to stay in his life all the same.”

Shit. Poor Mack. His mother did wrong by him, he got adopted out and then found out another son was born.

“Miakoda was so hurt, but soon found out Benito didn’t know his mother well either, even though she’d had him after Miakoda. It seemed she’d burned bridges with both her children. I think it’s what pushed Miakoda to stay.”

I nod, understanding.

“Benito met Ingrid when he was only eighteen, Miakoda was a good bit older than Beni, so it was a shock to us all when he came out of his shell around Ingrid. They had a strange bond, a friendship so deep it seemed they were brought together for a reason.”

My chest hurts again.

“Anyway, Miakoda joined Maddox’s club and travelled a lot. He came back to visit a lot, though. During the times he was away, Ingrid and Beni were struggling. Beni was quite controlling, possessive and difficult to live with. Not to mention they couldn’t have children because of an accident Beni had when he was younger. It put strain on them.”

I nod, understanding how that would put strain on any relationship.

“Miakoda coming back was like bringing back light to a dead candle. Ingrid came alive, and the two of them spent a lot of time together. I could see it happening, but I did nothing to stop it. I don’t know why.”

I do; it’s because she knew they were meant to be.

“She was everything to him. He looked at her with such warmth it melted my heart. He would have laid his life down for her, and their love was real.”

My chest seizes, but I keep smiling and nodding her on. The very thought that Mack had a special person that was his one-and-only makes sense. It makes sense, because whatever happened turned him hard as he is now.

“I knew they were having an affair, but Ingrid wasn’t going to leave Benito, not at that point. Miakoda was always on the road; she wasn’t sure she could deal with his life. So for years he came and went, in between travelling he would come to her, and they would start a whole new fire together. The last time he came was when she got pregnant with Diesel.”

Oh, no.

“It scared her, and she freaked out. She knew Benito would find out, and she knew he would go after Miakoda. Not wanting that to happen, she knew she only had one choice. She had to end it with Miakoda, because if she told him about the baby, he would tell Benito and things would get bad. So she broke it off, and disappeared for a month or so. When he came back to find her, she was gone. He left after a few weeks, and we didn’t see him again.”

My heart aches for all of them; it literally aches.

“She told Benito she was pregnant when she got back, and for a while he believed it was a miracle and that the baby was his, but he soon figured it out and things got rough. Ingrid left him and came to live with me, but by this stage Mack was long gone and still didn’t know he was going to be a father. I watched my sister break to pieces, desperate to find him again, desperate to take it all back and run away with him. It didn’t happen, of course. He was gone and she knew she had to do it alone.”

Tears prick the backs of my eyes, but I keep it together.

“Diesel was born, and it was the first time I saw her smile in nine months. She loved that baby more than life itself.”

The tears roll over, and I do nothing to stop them.

“Then she had the accident. It was raining, she was tired from night after night with Diesel, and she was coming home from the store when she swerved and ran into a truck. She died instantly.”

“I’m so sorry,” I whisper, my voice hoarse from tears.

“Diesel was with me,” she whispers, her voice cracking. “He was all we had left of her. She was all I had. But I couldn’t keep him; I was struggling to feed my children, I couldn’t have a baby as well. So I had only one option, and that was to find Miakoda. It was my luck that he’d settled back down with Maddox. When Ingrid tried, no one knew where he was . . .”

“I’m so sorry, Tracy.”

She nods, pulling a tissue from her purse and pressing it to her nose.

“It can’t be undone; it just pains me. It pains me to see him so broken. Miakoda had a hard life as it was, but she brought life into his eyes. It was beautiful, something so many people don’t find.”

I swallow, my heart aching for all of them. Most of us want to find something that beautiful in our lives, but we rarely ever do. No wonder Mack is hard; no wonder he doesn’t let anybody in. After a heartbreak like that, I wouldn’t either.

I can’t say anything else so I place a hand over hers, offering my comfort. Diesel cries in the other room, and her face softens. “May I?”

“Sure, go for it.”

She stands and walks off. When she’s gone, I drop my head into my hands and sigh. Poor Mack. Poor Diesel. Poor Tracy. Poor Ingrid. It’s such a sad situation, and even worse when the woman you fell in love with was your brother’s wife, of all things.

I push the tears back to where they came from, and stand. Tracy enters the room, Diesel tucked in her arms, a small, happy smile on her face.

“Hello darling,” she coos. “Aunty Tracy has missed you.”

I smile at her, walking over and stroking Diesel’s very soft baby hair. “And I’m sure he’s missed you.”

She smiles up at me, and presses her face into Diesel, breathing him in. I let her have a moment, and clean up the coffee mugs and empty plates. Tracy sits on the lounge, and I join her once I’m finished.

“He’s so alert now,” she says to me.

I stare down at Diesel, who has started becoming more alert. He smiles more, and his big brown eyes are always wide and happy.

“He’s very alert,” I agree. “Especially at three a.m.”

She laughs. “Don’t worry, it doesn’t last long, and there are times you’ll so desperately want it back.”

“I don’t doubt that. I love my midnight cuddles.”

The front door opens, and we both turn to see Mack striding in. Shit, it's not six o'clock. What the hell is he doing here? His eyes flick to Tracy and his face gets hard.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"Mack," I warn.

He ignores me. "Well?"

Tracy hands Diesel to me, standing. "I just wanted to visit my nephew."

"After you dropped him off and ran?" Mack bites.

"Mack!" I cry.

"I'm sorry, Miakoda. I just wanted to see him."

"Don't call me that, and don't you think it's up to me if you see him?"

"Mack!" I yell now, and Diesel starts to cry.

We all look to him, and in an angry whisper, I say, "Well done."

He glares at me, and storms past. I walk over and touch Tracy's shoulder. "I'm so sorry."

She's got tears in her eyes and it breaks my heart.

"Give me your number. I'll meet you sometime when I'm out, and you can see Diesel again," I whisper.

She nods, a tear rolling down her cheek, and writes down her number. I tuck it in my pocket and hug her. She's frozen for a moment, but soon she's responding, wrapping her arms around me. I hold her there for a long moment, and she kisses Diesel's head before letting me go. "Take care of both of them, Jaylah," she says, so low I almost can't hear her. "He needs someone to push him. If you don't, he'll never discover how amazing Diesel can be for him." Then she pulls back and leaves without another word. I'm scared and honored that she thinks I'm the one who can do that for them.

I turn to Mack. He's in the kitchen, clanking things around. Clearly, now isn't a good time.

I ignore him as I prepare a bottle for Diesel. I feed it to him in silence, and watch as Mack storms around. Boy, is he angry. After feeding Diesel, I start organizing his bath.

I'm not talking to Mack until he calms down, so when the bath is done, I busy myself spending time with Diesel. I play with him, cuddle him, and when six rolls around, I tuck him into bed.

"Things will get better, little man. I promise."

I stroke my fingers over his soft cheek and then go to face the dragon.

When I get into the kitchen, Mack is standing with a beer in his hand, staring at nothing. It's now or never.

"Want to tell me what that was all about?" I ask.

"No," he says, brushing past me and heading towards the couch.

God, this man is difficult. I follow him, and before thinking, I say, "She told me about Ingrid."

His body flinches and he turns, giving me a hard stare.

"And?"

And? *Seriously?*

"Mack, come on. You can't treat everyone like you treated her, or you'll have no one left."

"Maybe," he growls, stepping close, "that's what I want."

"No, it's not."

He gives me a horrified expression. "And you know me so well, do you?"

"I know enough. I know there's a sweet-as-hell side somewhere in there. I've seen it with Santana, and I've seen it when you think I'm not looking and you're staring at Diesel. Hell, I even saw a glimpse of it the other night." I swallow, remembering the night he had me against the wall. "Outside."

Memories of his mouth on me make my body shiver before I can squash them down. His eyes travel over me, noticing.

"Stop analyzing me, and understand this is what I am."

"You're wrong."

"Fuck it, Jaylah."

"You are," I cry. "I've seen it, I've seen the way you look—"

Suddenly I'm being lifted and launched through the air. I land on the couch perfectly, my ass to the cushion, my back resting upright. Mack comes down over me quickly, his hands on the cushion beside my head. In a sense he's straddling me, only he's still standing.

He brings his face down to mine. "When are you goin' to get it?" he growls.

"I won't," I say, my voice breathy. "Because I know you're better than this."

"If I wanted a counselor," he bites out, "I would have gotten one of them instead."

The look in his eyes is challenging, and mine is equally so. “Well, you got me, and you’re going to have to just deal with it. I’ve seen something in you, and I’m not letting it go. I felt it the other night when . . .”

His eyes grow lusty. “What you felt out there was my tongue in your sweet-ass pussy. It was nothin’ more.”

I gasp. “You’re a bad liar.”

“No need to lie.”

“You have every need to lie,” I breathe.

“You need to quit lookin’ at me like that, and on top of that, you need to quit fuckin’ interfering in my life. You’re a nanny; that’s it.”

Oh God, he’s so close I can smell him. I no longer care about the conversation, or making him feel, or how rude he was. All I want right now is to taste his lips, maybe this time to taste *him*. My body jerks at that thought, and he notices and his eyes go molten. I’m not shy when it comes to sex. I’ve always been quite active in the bedroom, and this is no exception. I can see it in Mack’s eyes—I know what he wants and he knows, he God damned knows, I want it too.

My fingers move before my body has the chance to realize what’s happening. The backs of my fingertips graze his jeans and I feel him there, thick and hard. God. Yes.

“Don’t,” he growls, but I don’t believe it, not for a second.

“Why not?” I whisper, meeting his eyes. “You put me against that wall and got your taste.” I press my palm to his jean-clad cock, and he flinches. “Now I want my turn.”

I find the top button of his jeans and pop it open. He doesn’t pull back, which he easily could, considering he’s leaning over me. Instead, he keeps his arms either side of my head and his face close to mine, his eyes fierce. I lower his zip and my heart pounds as anticipation fills my body. I want to touch him, I’m dying to touch him, and if I only get once chance then I’ll take it.

I spread his jeans open and my hand slides in, where I find him completely commando. Oh, holy shit. I gasp as my fingers graze his hard, throbbing flesh. His eyes remain on mine as I release him from his jeans, curling my fingers around what is an extremely thick, hard length. It’s long, too. Yum.

“You better know what you’re doin’,” he rasps. “I don’t play, Lah.”

I squeeze him, and he hisses. “I know exactly what I’m doing, Miakoda.”

He flinches, and his eyes burn right into mine. “Careful.”

“Or what?” I whisper, stroking his thick length from root to tip.

His jaw clenches, but he doesn’t moan. I suspected Mack wouldn’t be a moaner, and it only makes this more challenging.

“Maybe I should make you beg,” I murmur, squeezing and stroking, harder and faster.

“Won’t,” he grinds out, “fuckin’ happen.”

“Won’t it?” I grin.

I reach my hand up, licking my fingertip and swirling it around his throbbing head. His jaw goes rock hard, and his body flinches. He likes it; I know he likes it.

“You’re not into giving control, are you?”

His eyes flash and he bares his teeth at me.

I squeeze his cock again.

“I bet you’d love me to put my mouth on you.”

“Stop fuckin’ talkin’,” he grinds out.

I stroke him harder and faster.

“Are you going to moan when you come, Mack?” I taunt.

“Shut the fuck up,” he growls.

I stroke harder.

“Even you can’t have that much control,” I push.

I’m taunting him, I know I am, but fuck, it feels good to watch him fighting so hard for his control. It turns me on to the point of no return. My pussy is wet and I’d do anything to have him deep inside me right now, but I need this moment, and even if he doesn’t believe it, so does he.

“Shut. Up.”

“Will you say my name when your cock explodes on me?”

He makes a hissing sound, but no moan. His entire body is rock solid, as solid as his cock. I know he’s close; I can see it in his eyes, in the set of his jaw and the way he’s holding his body. I rub my thumb over the underside of his head, putting pressure there as I move my hand.

“Come on, honey,” I breathe, using his words. “Come for me.”

“Fuck,” he grinds out, and then he explodes.

His entire body shakes as his cock lets go, and when I say it lets go, I mean it lets go. He explodes, spurting cum into my hand and onto my body.

I shudder, loving it. There's nothing more erotic than watching a man explode in your hands, seeing him coming undone. It's amazing, it's sexual, and it's fucking nice.

"Jesus," I whisper.

He stands there for a moment, his eyes closed, his body still wound up tight. Then he pushes up, taking his jeans and jerking them up. His eyes fall to me, and something flashes in them, but before I see what, he turns and mutters, "Night."

Well then, pretty sure that didn't go how I wanted it to.

Oh, and he didn't moan.

The fucker.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

## MACK

*“I love you, Koda.” Ingrid smiles.*

*I stroke my fingers through her dark brown locks. She’s the most beautiful woman I’ve ever met. She’s sunshine and fuckin’ rainbows. She made a hard past beautiful.*

*“And I love you, Ingi,” I murmur, running my fingers down her soft skin.*

*“One day, Koda, we’re going to be together, and none of it will hurt.” I hope she’s right, because life without her would be no life at all.*

*“One day, honey.”*

*“Tell me I’m the only one for you. Tell me you’ll never love anyone the way you love me?”*

*She asks me this all the time, and I answer her the best I can. I can’t give her much, because she will never know or understand just how much she’s changed my life. There’s no way she could ever understand how beautiful she is to me. No one, not a single soul on this earth, could ever compare.*

*I nuzzle into her hair and my fingers slide down her firm belly, reaching her panties. “So fuckin’ beautiful.”*

*I close my eyes, breathing her in, feeling every inch of her.*

*“Come on, honey,” she says. “Come for me.”*

*I wake up in a cold sweat, my heart pounding, my head fuckin’ racing. Holy fuck. I was dreaming about Ingrid, and somehow she turned into Jaylah and those words she said earlier were in my fuckin’ dream. I throw the covers back, standing. Fuck, fuck this. Jaylah is an annoying pain in the ass. Why the hell am I dreamin’ about her?*

*I’m dreamin’ about her because she ripped into my heart earlier and tugged at it.*

*Fuck.*

I shove the door open and walk down the hall, angry with myself, and her. Especially her. If she would just do her job as a nanny, and stay out of my shit, we wouldn't continue to have these problems. I pass Diesel's room and like always, I stop. Fuck, that's another thing I can't deal with. He smiled at me the other day, just looked at me and smiled. Like he knew. It fuckin' burned somewhere deep down in my soul.

Now, looking at him, my fingers ache to touch the skin I know is smooth. But I can't. I'm no good for him. He doesn't need me in his life; he needs Santana and Jaylah and Ash, who love him. I can't love him, because I can never ever be what he needs.

I'm just like my father.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# JAYLAH

I stumble out of my room, busting to pee. It's dark, I'm half-asleep, and not paying attention. That's why I crash into the hard, partially-naked wall of muscle in the hall. I make a loud oofing sound and step back, confused. I realize after a few moments it's Mack. He's standing in the hall, not far from Diesel's room. He's still, barely making a sound, and even when I run into him, he doesn't speak or move.

Something is wrong.

I feel it the moment I realize my hands are on his chest and he's solid as a rock. He's hurting, it's radiating off him, and I don't think it's a coincidence he's standing outside of Diesel's room while he's doing it. I don't know what to do. I don't know if I should just walk away, or if I should help him. My heart wins the battle, and I run my hands down his chest. There's nothing I can say to him right now to make him feel better, but I can let him know I'm here, even if he doesn't want it.

I slide my fingers over his bare chest and when I reach his arm, I slide them down further until I find his hand. My fingers curl in his, and surprisingly, he lets me do this without pulling away. I twist my body so I'm standing in front of him, and I take a step closer. He's breathing quite heavily. Whatever is going down in his head is eating at him, and I hate that he's feeling like that.

We stand like that for a solid five or more minutes. I decide he probably wants his own space now, and go to step back. He stops me by curling his fingers around mine. I'm confused. In the dead of the night, it almost feels as if we're . . . connecting. I don't want to pull away, but I don't want to push, either. If he wants me here, I'll stay. If he wants more, I'll give it.

But he has to make the first move.

"Don't," he says, his voice utterly broken, "go."

Oh God, I'm going to cry. The pain in his voice splits me in two. I squeeze his fingers, letting him know I'm here. His face comes down, and I can feel his breath against my cheek. My body is still, stiff, and a little

scared. I don't know what he wants, but whatever it is, I'm going to give it all. His lips graze my jaw and I shiver. My body eases and I step a little closer to him.

He's still got my hand locked tightly in his, like it's his lifeline.

His mouth moves slowly over my skin, scattering soft kisses up my jaw, over my cheeks, and then finally, he finds my mouth.

The kiss he gives me is so very different to the one I experienced from him the other night. This one is pure, raw emotion. It's soft, it's deep and it's fucking beautiful. My knees wobble, and his hand finally leaves mine and goes around my hip, pulling me close so our bodies are molded together.

Wordlessly, his fingers explode my body at the same time as his mouth devours mine. My lips burn by the time we part, swollen and full. His fingers are on my hips, and slowly he takes the hem of my silky nightie and he lifts it up. I let him. It slips over my head and drops to the floor in a pile beside us. His fingers continue with their torture, running up my skin with silky softness. When he reaches my bare breasts, he draws in a gasp of air and cups them.

I moan. The first sound for long, long minutes.

He rolls my nipples in his fingers so skillfully, sending burning lust through my limbs. I whimper, pressing myself to him, no longer caring about how that might look. I clench my thighs together when he dips his head and captures my nipple between his teeth. I arch into him, crying out. God, that feels so good, so fucking good.

He snakes a hand around to my hip and pulls me into him, pressing my pussy against his boxers, and there I can feel how hard he is. Oh, man. Oh, yes. Using his fingers, he rotates my hips against his while he sucks my nipples. I cry out, sure I could orgasm just like this. My fingers go up, finding his hair. I run my fingers through the silky strands. He's got it down, and it's so fucking amazing.

He lets my hips go, moving around to my panties. He slides them down and I kick them off. Then his fingers are there, stroking me, making my body come alive with want. Then, before I know what's happening, he lifts me and my legs go around his hips. He presses me to the wall, one hand on my ass, one hand still stroking my clit.

"Mack," I breathe.

His fingers slowly stop their torture and he puts both hands on my ass, rubbing my pussy up and down his firm, muscled belly. Shit, that's hot. I can feel how wet I am, and when he makes a growling sound, I know he can feel it too. He rubs me against him until I'm close to the edge, ready for him, ready for everything he wants to give me. His hand goes down between us and he shoves his boxers down.

Then, he's inside me.

No warning, no hesitation. He just drives upwards, filling me with his cock. My body burns and stretches around him in the most exquisite way, and a strangled gasp is ripped from my throat. He's big, he's long, and it feels fucking sweet. I jerk when he slides out, and slams back in. Oh, God. Oh, yes. He does this again and again.

Then my back is against the wall, one of his hands is gripping my thigh, the other is in my hair, and he's fucking me slow. Real slow. Deliciously slow. His body rocks in and out of mine, his cock sliding into my waiting, warm depths. I cry his name, my face drops into his shoulder and I press my lips to the skin there.

His body is tight and wound up, but he doesn't stop the wickedly slow, deep pace. He just fucks me, right there against the wall, throwing everything away and giving in to what we both have wanted for weeks now.

I know when my time is near. My back arches, his mouth finds my nipple, and I come. I come so hard my head slams into the wall behind me and I yell his name.

He makes a low, throaty hiss before his body starts working faster, harder. We're in the moment, my mind is spinning, my body is alive with him and I can't gather one solid thought in my mind. That is, at least, until he says one word that rips my world to shreds and shatters me in mere seconds.

"Ingi," he rasps, so low I nearly don't hear it.

I go so tense; so fucking tense. My throat burns as realization hits me. He was thinking of . . . her. The one. The woman who stole his heart. He was thinking of her while he was fucking me. My chest burns, and my eyes well with tears. I've heard women talking about their men saying another woman's name, but never, never did I think it would wound me so deeply.

Nothing in the world could compare me to the pain inside my chest.

His body has stilled, and I know, I know he knows, but it's too late. It's too fucking late.

“Jaylah,” he murmurs.

“Mack, put me down,” I croak, broken.

“Honey.”

“Now.”

He lets me go and the moment my feet hit the floor, I pull away from him. I don't lift my nightie, or my panties, I just run to my room and shut the door.

Then I fall to the ground and let my heart tear itself to pieces.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Crying sucks.

It hurts, it makes me look terrible, and I hate it.

Yet I spent my night doing it. I tried not to, and for a while I succeeded. Then I heard Mack playing his guitar, singing softly. The song ripped me to pieces. It was a song from Lady Antebellum, and I knew it was him trying to tell me what he clearly couldn't say. It didn't matter. The damage was done. He said another girl's name while he was inside me. He was thinking about her. He broke my heart.

I might not love Mack, but I care about him. Enough for it to rip through my soul. Enough for me to feel so damned pathetic it burns. Whatever has happened, I let him get to me, and that moment . . . I thought it was the first of many. I thought he'd finally let me in. I thought maybe I would be able to help him grow, help him to love his son, to help him be a happy man.

But I wasn't even on his mind.

Not even close.

Thinking about that was what got the tears started, and then every time I relived that moment they just got worse. I spent the night in my own agony, my own heartache and my own shame. How I was going to face him in the morning, I didn't know. It would happen, though, because I couldn't leave.

That just made it so much worse.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

I stare at the club.

I wouldn't be here, but I need to talk to Santana, Ash and Pippa. Maybe even the other girl I met two days ago, Indi. I could have called them over, but I needed to get out. This made sense.

I know Mack is here, or at least, I think he is. He was gone when I woke this morning and I haven't seen or heard from him since, so I can only assume he's here.

Tucking Diesel into my arms, I enter. Tyke is at the gate with Austin and another guy called Grimm. They're smoking and when they notice me, all of them give me a smile. I smile back, giving a lame little wave.

"Morning, guys."

"Mornin' Jay," Tyke says, nodding. "How's things?"

Shit. Terrible. Awful.

"Fine, how are you?"

He shrugs. "Livin'."

I grin at him, and then wave again before passing them and heading into the club. Diesel is strapped to me in one of those baby carrier things, and he's dead to the world. Sleeping seems to be his favorite thing to do. I thought babies were meant to cry a whole lot, but not Diesel. No, he's mellow and laid-back.

When I step through the front doors, bikers are strewn about, as always. They all greet me, some with nods, others with hellos, and I wave to them before heading to the area where the girls usually hang out. It's a space Maddox set up for Santana, so she could come and be with him, but have her own space. It's somewhat like a living room, only it's smaller.

When I walk in, the girls are in there, drinking coffee around a small table. They notice me, and their eyes widen. "Jaylah," Santana says. "We were coming to yours this morning?"

"I wanted to get out," I say, my voice soft.

"Uh-oh," Ash says, standing. "What happened?"

“Nothing, I just . . .”

“Don’t lie, honey,” Santana says softly.

I close my eyes and turn to Ash, “Can you take Diesel?”

“Sure, honey.”

I unstrap him and she takes him in her arms. “Hi baby,” she coos. “I missed you.”

I sit down at the table and Santana slides me a coffee. “So?” she asks. “What happened?”

I didn’t plan it, but I can’t control it. I burst into tears, and all the girls quickly surround me.

“Aw, honey,” Ash says, her hand on my shoulder. “What happened?”

“Mack and I . . . we . . .”

Santana gasps. “You two slept together?”

I nod, sobbing.

“Honey, why are you crying?” Ash soothes, still patting my shoulder.

“He said another woman’s name! He called me...Ingrid...” I cry, dropping my head into my hands.

The girls go quiet.

“What?” Santana breathes.

“I thought it was amazing. I ran into him in the hall, and he seemed upset. He asked me not to go and before I knew it, we were kissing and touching, and it was beautiful. So sweet, and soft. He was gentle with me, like nothing I’ve ever seen from him. Then we were . . . having sex, and he said her name.”

“Who?” Pippa squeaks, speaking for the first time.

“Ingrid.”

“Oh, no,” Santana says, her voice pained for me. “Honey.”

“He said another woman’s name,” I cry, a little hysterically. “I’ve never been so hurt in my life. I thought all that passion was for me, but it wasn’t. It was for her . . .”

“Shit,” Ash says. “I’m so sorry.”

“I don’t even know why I care.” I laugh hysterically now. “He’s made it clear he’s not interested. What made me think that would change? Honestly? I’ve got no brain in my head, and—”

“Hey!” Santana says, her voice firm. “Don’t you dare do that. You didn’t do anything wrong.”

“He was thinking of another woman,” I whisper, my voice broken.

“Shit, sweetie,” Ash says, wrapping an arm around me.

“What does that make me?”

“Jaylah,” Santana soothes. “Don’t.”

I leave my head down, pulling myself together. The door opens behind me, but I don’t move, I just stare at the table.

“Jaylah, honey,” Maddox says, and I flinch. “Everythin’ okay?”

Damn him for using that soft voice.

“She’s fine,” Santana says, and I know she’s giving Maddox a *look*.

“All right.”

I turn, figuring he’s alone, and my eyes meet Mack’s. He’s standing next to Maddox and the moment we connect gazes, I flinch. I turn quickly, horrified, embarrassed and ashamed.

“Jaylah,” he says, his voice low. “We talk?”

“No,” I say, surprised at how firm my voice is.

“Jaylah,” he goes on.

“I said,” I growl, “*no*.”

“Mack, not now,” Santana warns, her voice hard.

There’s silence for a long moment, and then the door closes.

“Is he gone?” I whisper.

“He’s gone, honey,” Ash assures me.

“How am I supposed to face him now? I’m so ashamed.”

Santana reaches across, taking my hand. “It was probably a mistake. Maybe you should talk to him.”

“Not going to happen.”

“He won’t stop until you do. It’s better to do it and get it over with,” Ash adds in.

“Right,” I say, standing. “Listen, I’ve got to take Diesel for his check-up. I’ll talk to you girls later.”

I take Diesel from Ash’s arms and tuck him back in his carrier.

“Jay . . .” Santana tries.

“Later.”

Then I’m gone.

~\*~\*~\*~

“He’s sleeping, and I need the shop,” I mutter.

Mack stares at me. “So take him.”

“Mack,” I growl. “You can sit here and fuckin’ make sure nothing happens while I’m gone.”

He crosses his arms. “I said no.”

“And I said I don’t fucking care.”

“I’ll go to the store.”

My lips quirk, sarcastically, of course. “To get me tampons?”

He gets a horrified look on his face.

“Didn’t think so. Watch your son.”

“I can get tampons,” he grumbles.

“There’s a special sort.”

“Sort?” he mutters.

“Yeah, sort. They have to be thin, but not too thin. They can’t be those horrible fluffy ones that are just awful. I don’t like certain brands; there are only two I like. I’ll write them down. Don’t get the pink packet, those are shit.”

“Fuck,” he growls. “Fuckin’ go. Shit.”

“That’s what I thought.”

I lift my purse and walk to the door. “He’s asleep, Mack. You’ll be fine.”

“When you get home, we’re talkin’.”

“No,” I say, reaching for the door. “We’re not. I’m going to do my job, be professional, and we’re going to make sure it stays like that.”

“Jaylah,” he says, his voice a warning.

“I’m your employee, Mack. You’ve reminded me of that so many times. What happened was clearly a mistake. I’m done. I don’t care. It’s finished.”

“Heard you cryin’ all fuckin’ night,” he says and I flinch.

“Well,” I hiss, turning and facing him, “if I’d called you by another man’s name, I’m sure you would have been crying too.”

“It was a mistake.”

I shrug. “It was a mistake that made me realize it’s time to keep shit professional. I’ll be back.”

I step out before he can say anything more.

# CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

## MACK

I'm pacing. I'm pacing because the baby is crying. No, he's fuckin' screaming and she's not here. My heart is pounding and my head hurts. What the fuck am I supposed to do? I got nothing, nothing to offer him. She was meant to be here so I never had to do this, so I never had to feel this shit.

His screaming gets louder.

Fuck.

I walk into the room and he's squirming in his crib, his fists flying around. This baby has a set of lungs on him. My heart is pounding so hard I can feel it in my head. This shit is not happening. I'm not picking him up. I can't. *I can't*. What the hell am I supposed to do? How the hell am I meant to stop him screaming? It's burning something deep in my chest.

I step out, staring around. I see my guitar against the wall.

It's worth a shot.

I take it and walk into the room, sitting on the sofa across from him. I start strumming softly, and when I start singing, my voice is shaking. Fuck, fuck this.

I close my eyes, blocking out his screams, and I just sing. I give it everything I've got, praying it works, praying he stops screaming, because I don't know what I'll do if he doesn't.

He does.

After five minutes, his screaming turns into whimpers, and then he stops all together. I open my eyes and see he's watching me through the bars on his crib. Watching me with those brown eyes that are so much like hers it fuckin' burns me. He's got his thumb in his mouth and his eyes are trained on me, unmoving.

I keep singing.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# JAYLAH

When I step into the house, I hear Mack's soft voice immediately. I drop the bag of tampons that I actually didn't need, because I was simply making an excuse to get out and leave him with Diesel, and slowly walk down the hall. The singing is coming from Diesel's room, which surprises me. I get up on my tiptoes and carefully make my way down further, until I'm stopped at Diesel's door. I peer in, and what I see melts my heart.

Mack is sitting on the sofa, his eyes trained on his son, and he's singing. Softly, so sweet, so God damned heart-wrenching.

I made the right choice.

Diesel is watching him, his thumb stuck in his mouth. He's got red cheeks, and I know he's been crying. I know him crying would have flustered Mack, and it melts my heart that he's figured out a way to soothe him. It's not much, but it's a start. A beautiful start. My throat gets tight, and I can't force my eyes away from them.

Stepping back, I tiptoe back down the hall.

They can have a few minutes more.

He needs it.

More than he thinks.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

“You gonna seriously stalk off and ignore me?” Mack says as I walk to bed later that night, pajama bottoms on, top bound up around my waist in a knot and book in hand.

“Yes,” I say, continuing without looking back.

“You know I fucked up,” he says.

I stop, but don’t turn. “You think?”

“Jesus, I had just woken up. I wasn’t thinkin’.”

“I don’t know why you’re explaining yourself to me, Mack,” I say, my voice low. “It shouldn’t have happened in the first place.”

“Bullshit,” he says, his voice gravelly.

“Bullshit nothing,” I snap. “You’ve been an asshole to me from day one. It was a moment of weakness, and it won’t happen again.”

“It will.”

“No, it won’t.”

“Yeah, it will.”

I spin. “You called me by another woman’s name,” I shriek. “It won’t.”

“I fucked up,” he snaps, stepping forward.

“Jesus, Mack. Do you have any fucking idea how much you hurt me? Do you have any idea how you crushed me with just that one word? The sad thing is, a part of me gets it. I’ve heard the story, I know what went down—I know she was the one and only and you’ll never love the same again, but when you said her name, it tore me to pieces.”

His face softens slightly. Only slightly.

“I was dreamin’ about her.”

I growl, turning. “That doesn’t make it better.”

“Then you were here, and you were whisperin’ those sweet fuckin’ words to me again.” His voice drops low. “Come on, honey, come for me.”

I shiver, but don’t turn back.

“It doesn’t excuse it.”

The bite in my voice is gone, and it’s softened.

“No, you’re right, it doesn’t.”

“I might not be her, hell, I might be just something you think you can play with, but I’m still a person, Mack. I have feelings, and there is nothing worse than knowing a man was inside you, and he was thinking of someone else.”

“Wasn’t thinkin’ of her, Jaylah.”

“You said her name,” I breathe.

“It came out. Don’t know why, but it wasn’t because I wasn’t thinkin’ of you.”

“That’s a lie,” I mutter, turning again.

Suddenly his body heat is at my back, and his breath is on my neck. “I’m a lot of things, Jaylah. I don’t connect, I don’t like bein’ close to people and I don’t pretend to be anything else, but when I was inside you, it was you in my head.”

“You said another woman’s name,” I breathe, unable to move, hating that he’s so damned honest and yet loving it at the same time.

“It was you.”

“It wasn’t.”

“It fuckin’ was.”

“Jesus, Mack, just stop. You humiliated me.”

“Then I’ll show you that when my cock was inside you, I was thinkin’ about you and your sweet cunt.”

“Stop.”

“I’ll show you.”

“No.”

“Yeah.”

Then his arms circle my waist and he lifts me effortlessly. He carries me down the hall to his room, which I’ve never really been in except to throw a diaper filled with poop at the woman he was fucking. He drops me down onto his bed, which has a rich red cover that matches his white tiled floors and black curtains. It’s a little vampire-ish, but I’m not complaining. His bed is comfy.

He hovers over me the moment he’s gotten me to my back, and his lips are on mine. I want to protest, to throw him off and tell him I’m not having anything to do with him, but I can’t. His lips are so soft, his body so hard, and he’s making me feel every stroke of his lips against mine. He kisses me

until my breath is gone, my body is melted chocolate, and little moans are breaking free.

“See that mirror,” he growls, taking my pajama bottoms and yanking them down.

I turn my flushed face to the mirror running alongside of his bed. It’s huge, and I can see us there. I stare for a moment, transfixed. Mack is so dark—his eyes, the olive tone of his skin, his long, thick hair. I consider myself quite an olive girl, but in comparison to his Native-American tone, I look pale. My hair is fanned out over the pillow, my cheeks are pink, my eyes are sparkling, and my knees are up around his waist.

“Don’t for one fuckin’ second take your eyes off that mirror. I want you to see that when I’m inside you, I’m inside *you*.”

I swallow, not moving my eyes from the mirror and watching as he removes my clothes. I can see the curve of my breast, and my dark nipples, as he runs his fingertips over them. Then he slowly slides his fingers down my belly. When he reaches my knees, he turns and meets my gaze in the mirror. His eyes are intense, powerful, dominating. He presses my knees, forcing them apart, then he dips his head between them.

I jerk and my eyes flutter closed.

“Open your eyes,” he orders.

I flick them back open, staring at myself. Oh, God. His powerful body is down between my legs, his big, muscled arms curled around my thighs. All I can see of his face is his dark hair as he devours my pussy, his head moving as he licks and strokes, sucking my clit and probing his tongue into my depths. His long, lean, muscled body is bent over the bed, his knees on the ground.

His teeth graze over the skin covering my clit, then he tilts his head and licks the smooth skin of my outer lips, then his head is out of my pussy and he’s kissing the skin above it, then he dips down and runs his tongue up the inside of my thighs. Oh. My. Lord. My body bucks, and I watch in the mirror as my back arches and my breasts tingle, my nipples forming hard peaks.

“Mack,” I breathe, and even my lips are red and swollen.

He hums against my flesh, then his tongue is in my pussy once more. He fucks me with it, driving it in and out while one of his fingers works my clit. In seconds I’m screaming my orgasm, my back arching off the bed, my head tilted back. Mack fucks me with his mouth until my shudders have

died down. Then he's on his feet, taking my hips and pulling me to the end of the bed.

Before I know what's happening, my legs are over his shoulders and he's watching me in the mirror. His eyes are intense as he presses his cock to my entrance. I can see him about to enter me, and to give me a clearer view he uses his hands and pushes my legs up, holding them out so I can see everything. His cock pressing to my entrance; the curve of my pussy.

"Now watch, watch as I fuck you, and know it's you in my head."

Then, he slides in. I've never seen something so erotic in my life. He pushes in slowly, no hard pounding. Inch by inch, he slides into me. I watch his face change as he fills me. The tightening in his jaw eases and his eyes grow hooded. My eyes do the same, and my lips part on a gasp as he fully sheaths himself.

"Do you see that?" he rasps.

I nod, whimpering when he starts fucking me. My entire body shakes as I watch his hips rotating, the muscles on his ass bunching and pulling as he pushes in and out of me. God, so good, so fucking good.

"Do you see that?" he growls again. "Do you see my cock inside you?"

"Y-y-y-yes."

"Feel it. Put your hands on it, and see that it's all for you."

Oh, God.

He takes my hand and brings it down between my legs, and presses it to the base of his cock. He keeps fucking and I feel it sliding in and out, our combined warmth, my arousal, all of it. I can even feel the way my pussy hugs his cock with each thrust.

"Now put your fingers in your mouth," he orders hoarsely. "Suck it off, and taste how fuckin' sweet you are. Understand that when I'm inside you, I'm thinkin' about you and your sweet pussy."

I lift my fingers, my back arching, and suck off my arousal. He growls loudly, and it's the most I've seen come from him. I've never experienced Mack so vocal, or so honest, or so passionate, and I love it. I love this side to him that I know he keeps hidden. For whatever reason, he felt the need to show me he didn't just fuck me and not mean it. I don't know why he felt the need to do it, but I'm so glad he did.

"So tight," he growls.

"Mack," I whimper, arching.

"Don't come yet. Hang on," he grinds out.

I watch his cock again, sliding in and out of me. God, it's the most beautiful sight, and the moment I see it, glistening and hard, I come. I can't stop it; I can't hold it back. I come with such force my entire body shakes, and my head bends back into the pillow as I scream his name.

"Fuckin' sweet," he growls. "Now watch me, honey."

My body is still shaking when his thrusts get harder and faster. My eyes are trained on him in the mirror, and his muscles bulging and his back tensing tells me he's close, and it's the sweetest sight I've ever seen. Then, without warning, he pulls out, curling his fist around his wet, hard cock. He jerks it and I watch in fascination as he explodes. His head drops back, his powerful body arching as his cock shoots liquid over my exposed pussy and thighs.

It's the most amazing thing I've ever seen in my life.

"Mack," I whisper as he comes down from his high. He lets my legs settle and he steps back, fully naked, beautiful.

"Now do you get it?" he rumbles.

"I get it," I breathe.

"I'm not an asshole, Lah. I'm hard, but I'm not an asshole. If I'm fuckin' you, it's you I'm thinkin' about. I fucked up, but I won't do it again. You're in my bed, then it's only you on my mind."

"Okay," I whisper.

"This, between us . . . I don't know what you want out of it, but—"

"I want what it is. I don't expect more."

"Jaylah . . ."

"I get it. I've seen you, Mack. I've watched you, and I know how you are. I know you don't give your heart—hell, you barely give a damned smile—but I also know there's something here, whatever it is. I'm willing to keep going with it. If it's sex, that's fine with me; sex with you is amazing. If it's sex and then it breaks down, that's fine too. I don't expect you to throw me on a white horse and ride with me into the sunset. I've never been that girl. I've never had high expectations. You are who you are, and I'm willing to go with that."

He stares at me for so long I squirm. Then, in a low voice, he says, "You should shower."

He gets it; I know he gets it.

And he's not going to argue.

That's fine with me.

Really, it is.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# MACK

“Causal sex with your fuckin’ nanny,” Maddox says, pressing a cigarette to his lips and drawing, long and hard.

“It’s a mutual choice,” I mutter, pressing my ass against my bike.

“It’s never a mutual choice. Girls feel too much, and they say it’s fine, but it ain’t.”

“Jaylah knows what I am.”

“Don’t mean she won’t try and save you.”

I hold his eyes, and we drop into a stare-down. He finally turns away with a grunt. “You’re playin’ with fire, Mack.”

“It’s sex, Maddox.”

“It’s not just sex. That girl is deep; it’s written all over her.”

“Deep is you and Santana, it ain’t Jaylah and me.”

Maddox shakes his head, finishing his smoke. “Your life, your choice. Just take somethin’ from me,” he says, his voice low. “Don’t you hurt that girl. You feel her getting too close and you can’t give her what she want and needs, you take a walk.”

I nod, jerky.

“Got you, bro.”

“Speakin’ of bro, how’s your brother?”

I flinch. “No fuckin’ clue. He hasn’t come by again, and he’s disappeared.”

“You think he’ll be back?”

I nod. “He’ll be back.”

“You got a plan for when he does?”

“I’ll deal with Benito.”

His eyes flash, but he nods.

“How’s the shit after Mexico?” I ask, changing the subject. I don’t want Maddox involved in my life.

“Shit.”

“Got backlash?”

“From the Tinmen, we do.”

“They’re pissed, their plan didn’t work, and they know shit is comin’.”

“They’ve been on the lowdown, no doubt reportin’ to Howard in prison.”

I lean against my bike again, placing my hand on the seat. “You got any idea how you’re goin’ to end this war?”

“I’ve got a few choices. The first is settin’ them up and bringin’ the club down with the cops.”

I nod, rubbing my chin. “Could work, but that means involvin’ ourselves with the law.”

“Yeah, but it means puttin’ them fuckers behind bars and breakin’ the club.”

“The other chapters will come into it,” I point out.

“True, but there’s a solid chance they won’t, too.”

“What’s the next plan?”

“The next plan is us settin’ them up, only with someone fuckin’ bad.”

“Any chance of workin’ this shit out and gettin’ them out of the city?”

Maddox shakes his head. “No chance. They’re invested now, and they want this turf. They also want our asses. Howard might be in prison, but he’s fuckin’ smart, and he ain’t goin’ to back down.”

“Either way, we’ve got a fuckin’ war with the other chapters.”

“Yeah,” he grunts. “But we show our strong side, they mightn’t fight back.”

“It’s a big risk.”

“What other choice have I got?”

I nod. “None.”

“Worried for my woman,” he mutters. “Worried for my baby.”

“You gotta get them out of town. We’ll get them out.”

“Can’t keep her runnin’ for the rest of her life.”

“Santana knows what she’s doin’. She knows the club life and she wants to be here. Don’t start pushin’ her away; it’ll only put her in more danger.”

He nods. “Yeah.”

“We gonna ride and check out this warehouse?”

He spins to his bike, throwing his leg over. “Let’s ride.”

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

### JAYLAH

“So, you two are fuck buddies?” Santana gasps.

I shake my head. “No. We’re just not together.”

“Fuck buddies,” Ash points out.

“No.”

“Yes.”

I grunt. “I’m fine with this, okay?”

“You sure about that?” Santana asks, bouncing Diesel in her lap.

“It’s sex, great sex, and nothing more.”

“If you fall for him—” Ash begins, but I cut her off.

“Ash, Santana, it’s fine. I’m not going to fall for him. I know what Mack is; I’ve known it from the start. I’ve heard about Ingrid, I know how much she meant to him, and I know things won’t change between us. I’m okay with that. I’m only there for a few more months at the most, and then I’ll go home.”

They give each other looks. I sigh.

“I’ve got to go to the store.”

I reach my hands out and Santana hands me Diesel.

“We still on for our girls’ night, Saturday?” Ash asks.

“I’ll be there,” I call as I walk off.

“You better be!”

I smile and get into my car, strapping Diesel in.

These girls will get under my skin, I already know that much.

And I kind of like it.

~\*~\*~\*~

“What do you think, little man?” I sing to Diesel as we walk to the car.

“Should we stop and get some ice cream?”

“I think he’d like that.”

I squeal and spin around to see Benito, Mack’s brother, standing at a car across from mine. I didn’t even hear him approach. My heart races and I tuck Diesel to my chest, terrified. After hearing the story, I know Benito wants revenge.

“How are you, Jaylah?” he purrs, stepping closer to me.

I step back, my heart racing. My eyes dart around the parking lot, hoping to see someone else, but there’s no one around. I don’t like this; not at all.

“I’m just leaving,” I say quickly, going to turn.

He catches my arm and I squeeze my eyes shut. He forces me back around and his eyes are on Diesel, staring at him, drinking him in.

“He looks just like my brother.”

I swallow.

“He should have been mine,” he says, his voice low. “She should have been mine. Instead, he took what wasn’t his and then left me with nothing.”

Oh, God.

His fingers tighten on my arm.

“You fucking him?” he growls.

“Please,” I beg.

“You are, aren’t you?”

Oh, God.

“I wonder how he’d feel if I fucked you—hell, if I got someone to put a baby in you that wasn’t his.”

My skin crawls.

He leans in close.

“Imagine how much that would hurt? If I took from him the way he took from me. Would you like that, sweetheart? Would you like me to fuck you? I can assure you it’ll be a better ride than my brother.”

Vomit rises in my throat and I try to step back but his fingers curl into my arm, and I wince in pain.

“You better tell him to take better care of you, and that baby,” he says, his eyes dropping to Diesel. “I might just decide taking what’s his will be fun.”

I swallow the lump in my throat, but no words come out. There’s something in his eyes that tells me he’s not joking.

“You’ve got a sweet ass. I’ll enjoy being inside it.”

Then he lets me go and turns, getting into his car and driving off. My knees are shaking so badly, I fling the door open and drop down onto the seat. Diesel is tucked into my arms, stirring, as if he feels my tension. I take a solid moment to get myself together, and then I strap Diesel in and drive home.

I don't feel so good about things anymore.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

When I get home, Mack has all the guys around.

I walk in and they're sitting on the lounge, beer in hands, pizza on the table. I rush past them, head down. I wish he didn't have them here tonight; I don't want to talk to them. I just want to go to bed and forget about Benito and his threat, a threat I believe is very, very real.

"Jaylah," Krypt says in greeting.

I look up, nod quickly, and rush into the kitchen.

I put the bags down and hand Diesel over to Maddox, who willingly takes his nephew. Then I rush into the kitchen, avoiding Mack's eyes, even though I know they're on me. I start putting the items in the fridge frantically, so frantically I drop a bottle of sauce and it smashes all over the ground. My hands tremble as I scurry about, trying to pick it up, tears flowing freely from my eyes.

"Mack," I hear Maddox growl.

Then strong hands catch me under the armpits and haul me up and right over the sauce mess. I'm set on my feet on the other side of the counter, and Mack is in front of me.

"What happened?"

"I dropped the sauce. I'm sorry, I was cleaning it up, and—"

"Before that."

"I went to the store."

"Jaylah," he warns.

"I saw Benito," I blurt, and his body goes rock solid.

"What?" he growls.

"He said awful things, Mack . . ."

I look around and see Krypt is standing, Maddox too. Great, the biker mob is now listening in.

"What did he say?" Mack grinds out.

I drop my head, but he captures my chin and lifts it so my eyes are on his. "What. Did. He. Say?"

“He said you would pay. He said wouldn’t it be nice if he took what was yours and fucked it, maybe even put a baby in it.”

“Fuck,” Mack barks.

“He meant me, Mack. He’s . . . he’s going to try and get to me.”

His eyes flash and his jaw goes tight.

“Shit just got real, Mack,” Maddox growls. “We’re gettin’ involved.”

“Fuck,” Mack says again, and then he turns to me. “He hurt you?”

“No, he held me a little tightly, but . . .”

He reaches down and jerks my shirtsleeves up, and I tilt my head to see faint bruises on my arms.

“I’ll kill him.”

“Mack,” Krypt warns.

“No one fucks with me like that.”

“Mack.”

I stare between all of them, not sure what I’m supposed to say or do. I know telling Mack was the right thing, but I also don’t want anyone to get hurt because of it.

“I’m okay,” I whisper.

Mack turns to me and surprises me, and the room, it would seem by all the wide eyes. He curls his fingers around my chin, bringing me close. “No one touches you. No one fucks with me. He won’t get to you, Jaylah. I swear it.”

I swallow.

“I don’t want him to take me, and fuck me,” I whisper.

“Honey, he won’t.”

“And I don’t want him to let another man put a baby in me.”

“He won’t.”

“Mack, if he gets . . .”

He leans in closer. “He won’t.”

I close my eyes, and his fingers remain on my chin as I deep-breathe. God, I hope he’s right.

## CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Mack's flesh drives into me.

He's not making love to me, he's not even fucking me; he's riding me with a force so powerful I don't even have it in me to open my mouth and scream.

My legs are around his hips, his face is buried into my neck and his fingers are tangled in my hair. If I turn, I can lick his bicep, which is riding awful close to my face, clenching and unclenching with each powerful thrust. My bed squeaks in protest, and aside from that, it's the only sound in the room.

Then he pulls his cock from my depths and I'm hauled up to my knees. He's in front of me now, his lean body covered in a fine sheen of sweat. That's because he came in here more than an hour ago, and has been fucking me since. I've come three times and he still powered on, driving into me, fucking me until I couldn't breathe.

"Suck me," he rasps.

Oh. Yes, please.

I lower myself, taking his wet cock into my hands. It doesn't turn me off to know he's coated in me—it only makes me want it that much more. I lean down, running my tongue around his head and tasting him, tasting me, tasting us. He groans, my skin prickles, and I lower my mouth over him. Oh God, I can taste everything that is me, and it's erotic. So erotic.

I suck myself off him, and his fingers find their spot in my hair again and he tugs. I lick and suck the tip before moving down and capturing his tight balls in my mouth. "Holy fuck," he breathes as I suck them in, rolling them with my tongue and giving them a good deal of attention before releasing them and licking my way back up his shaft. Then I start sucking him, good and deep, letting his cock hit the back of my throat.

He's thick, he's long, and he's about to burst. He's so hard my teeth graze the soft skin along the sides of his length, and he hisses frantically. For whatever reason, he's having trouble finding where he wants to go. I

know exactly how to encourage him along. I've only ever done it once, when I was about eighteen, and the guy loved it when I was giving head.

I don't know if Mack will love it, but it's worth a shot.

I grip his ass cheeks, taking him deeper, distracting him. I release one cheek and subtly stroke his length, coating my finger in my own saliva. Then I reach down to his balls, stroking, fondling, and his groans increase. I suck him harder, my lips burning with the pressure, but I'm loving every moment of it.

Then I find his ass, and I push my finger in.

"What the fuck?" he barks suddenly, but I don't release him.

I press it in, finding the little bundle of nerves all men have inside them, and I press at the same time as I suck, hard.

"Holy fuckin'—" he begins but it ends on a guttural groan.

I press again, sucking harder, and I repeat this until he's yelling, yes, yelling to the roof. Then he's coming, deep inside my mouth, shot after shot hitting the back of my throat. I can feel him pulsing around my finger and it turns me on. God, does it turn me on. His hips buck harder and he milks every last drop from his body before I slowly remove my finger and release his cock.

In the darkness, we're both silent for a moment. After all, that was probably the hottest thing I've ever done, aside from watching him fuck me near the mirror. Not to mention he just rode me for a solid hour. He must be exhausted. I roll and drop to my back, panting, completely content. He drops to his back beside me, and still says nothing.

"That was hot," I say, my voice low.

"Never had anythin' like that in my life. In fact, I've never come so hard in my life."

That's news, and I smile into the darkness.

"You're a fuckin' sweet lay, honey."

I'm not sure if I like that compliment. It makes my chest hurt, and I'm reminded that's all I am to him—a sweet lay. Nothing more. Nothing less. And when he's done with me, he'll find another sweet lay. Hurt, I roll to my side and shuffle under the covers.

"I'm tired," I say, my voice soft. "Are you staying or going?"

"Jaylah," he begins.

"Tired, Mack."

He doesn't push, as always. He just rolls, pressing his lips to the back of my neck, and then he's gone. I clench my eyes shut, knowing I need to stop this, but not being able to find it in me to walk away. He makes me feel amazing, and I don't want that to end.

Not yet.

Maybe not ever.

~\*~\*~\*~

"He's got a temp," I whisper to my mom on the phone, frantic. "He's really hot, Mom."

"Honey, calm down," she says, her voice gentle. "You need to make sure he's not wrapped up."

"He's sick," I croak. "Mom, he's sick."

"I know. Sweetheart, listen to me, unwrap him and make sure he's not overheating."

"But—"

"Do as I say, Jaylah."

I nod, even though she can't hear me, and I unravel Diesel. He cries, loud and piercing, and my eyes fill with tears.

"Mom," I plead.

"Honey, babies get sick. You need to figure out what's going on, and probably take him to a hospital."

"Did I do something wrong?" I cry.

"No, God no. It happens, trust me. Now, are his cheeks red?"

"Yes, but he's been crying."

"Has he been pulling at his ears?"

He has. For the past few hours his little fingers have been curled around one of his ears. "Yes," I whisper.

"Okay, how hot is he?"

I check the thermometer I put in, and it's high, really high.

"He's hot, Mom, oh, God."

"Honey, you need to call Mack. Then you need to take the baby to the hospital."

"Okay," I say, panicked. "Okay."

"Call me as soon as you can, and stay calm. It's going to be okay."

I hang up without answering, and lift Diesel into my arms. He's crying, really loud, and his little hands are waving about. I can feel the heat coming off his skin and panic rises in my chest. Every time I press a cool cloth to his face, he screams so loudly I am forced to remove it.

I turn and rush into the living area, lifting my phone to ring Mack, but I don't have to. The door opens and he comes strolling in. It's after six in the evening, so he's right on time. He looks to me, then to Diesel, and before he can say anything, I whisper, "He's sick, Mack."

Something changes in his face and he stares at me, his eyes dangerous. "Sick?"

"He's got a really high fever, he won't eat, he's pulling his ears. Babies, they can die of high fevers. We have to go to the hospital."

"Get him in the car," he orders.

"I have to get his things, Mack, we can't go without them."

"I'll get them."

"You don't know what to get," I cry.

"Fuck, Jaylah."

"Hold him. Just hold him while I do it."

"No," he says, stepping back.

"Mack," I scream so loudly Diesel starts to cry harder. Shit. "This isn't the time for you to live in your fucked up little world. Your son is sick, do you hear me? And if we don't take him to the hospital, he could die. Now, open your God damned arms and take him, and stop being so fucking pathetic."

He flinches at my words, but I don't give him the chance to respond. I walk forward and I pass Diesel to him. It takes a second, but he lifts his arms and takes his son. His entire body flinches and his eyes flare with alarm as Diesel squirms and cries. If Diesel weren't so sick, it would be a truly beautiful moment.

"Press your hand to his back," I say, my voice softer now. I lift Mack's hand and place it to Diesel's back.

"Now put your other one under his bum."

I tuck Mack's hand under his bum so Diesel is curled against Mack's chest. He instantly turns his face to Mack's chest and stops crying. Tears burn the backs of my eyes, but I don't have time to watch the beauty unfolding before me. I turn and rush off, getting the basics. It takes me only

five minutes, but by the time I'm back, Mack is staring at me, his face worried.

"Jaylah," he says, his voice low. "His breathing just slowed."

My heart kicks up a notch and panic rises again. I have to squash it down; I know I do. I can't let it get the better of me.

"We've got to call an ambulance, Mack," I say, pulling out my phone.

He says nothing. He just holds onto his son. There's a look in his eyes I've never seen before. I dial an ambulance, and a lady answers.

"What's your emergency?"

"We've got a baby," I say quickly. "He's got a fever, he was screaming but now . . . his breathing is really shallow."

"We're on our way. What's your address?"

She goes over some things with me quickly, but assures me the ambulance is five minutes' away. I turn back to Mack, and he's staring at me still, fear in his features.

"He gonna die, Lah?" he whispers.

Holy shit.

"No, honey," I soothe, curling my fingers around his bicep.

"If he dies . . ."

"Mack," I say softly. "We're going to get him help."

"I fucked up."

I squeeze his arm and stare down at Diesel. It's alarming that he's stopped screaming. It's even more alarming that his breathing has gone from deep, to jerky. His little back is rising and falling rapidly, too rapidly. I swallow away my tears and place a hand over Mack's, and both our hands rest on Diesel's back.

Five minutes later the ambulance arrives.

They take Diesel from Mack, and he's smart enough to give him over. They start shouting things and pressing devices to Diesel's tiny body. I clench my jaw, fighting my tears as they turn to us. "Who wants to ride with him?"

"Mack," I whisper.

"Jaylah," he says, but I don't let him argue.

"He's your son," I say. "Go."

He stares at me, then his fingers go out and trail down my cheekbone before he gets in the ambulance and leaves. The moment they're gone, I run to my car and get in.

The entire way to the hospital I cry, because I'm terrified about what is happening. If something happens to Diesel, I'll never . . . I'll never be the same. That baby has become a part of me, and letting him go is something I'm not willing to do.

I ring Santana on the way. She needs to know.

"Jaylah," she answers happily.

"Santana."

"What's wrong, honey?"

"Diesel is sick, really sick. We're taking him to the hospital. I just wanted you to know."

"Oh no," she breathes. "We'll be there soon."

I hang up without another word.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

I run through the doors of the hospital, demanding to know where Mack is. A nurse quickly shows me the way and I see him standing outside of Emergency, his arms crossed, his head down. I run towards him and he lifts his head when I near closer.

“Diesel?” I ask.

“Checkin’ him out now.”

My chest seizes, and I feel as if I’m going to stop breathing at any moment. I reach out and take Mack’s hand, but he jerks it away softly. It burns, but I say nothing. It’s not the time, nor the place. We stand there together, silently, saying nothing until Santana, Ash, Maddox and Krypt come in.

Santana rushes over and I let go of Mack’s hand. She throws herself into his arms and he holds her, really holds her. My chest seizes and I look away. Of course he holds her; I’m the reason his baby is in the hospital. Why would he want me anywhere near him? Santana gives him comfort while Ash takes my hand. I jerk at her touch, but I don’t pull away. I just stare at the floor.

A moment later, the doctor comes out.

“Who is responsible for this baby?” he asks.

Mack nods, letting Santana go. “I am, and her.”

I nod weakly.

“His temperature is alarmingly high, and it would appear he’s got an infection in his left ear as well as in his chest. Have you noticed any coughing, struggling to feed?”

My knees shake. This is why I should have never been a nanny. It’s not just about feeding, and changing, and taking care of a child, it’s about knowing if they’re sick, and being able to make sure it doesn’t get worse.

“He was coughing mildly,” I whisper. “A few nights at most. It seemed to settle after a feed . . . I didn’t know . . . I didn’t realize.”

The doctor reaches out, giving me a soothing pat to my shoulder. “It’s not your fault. With babies it can be hard to tell. The milk would have soothed his chest and throat, so therefore it would have stopped with feeding.”

I’m a horrible person.

“What about his ear?” he continues. “Was he pulling it?”

“Only this morning, probably a few hours before I brought him here.”

“Has he been restless?”

He had been restless for a few nights. Another reason this wasn’t the job for me.

“Yes.”

“Listen, he’s going to be okay. He’s on a drip with something to treat the infection and make sure he’s hydrated. With babies his size, that’s the most important thing. He’ll need to stay a night, but you’re both welcome to stay.”

“This is my fault, isn’t it?” I croak.

The doctor shakes his head. “No, babies get sick all the time. It’s part of being a parent. He’s ready to be seen.”

The doctor leaves, but I stare at his retreating form.

“I’m not a nanny,” I whisper to no one in particular.

“Honey,” Ash begins.

“I’m not a nanny, and because of that, I missed the signs.”

“Jaylah,” Santana cuts in.

“He could have died, because of me.”

Tears break out and spill down my cheeks.

“Shit,” Maddox says.

I turn to Mack, and whisper, “You need to find someone else. I’ll find a way to pay you back, but . . . I can’t do this. I’m . . . not a nanny.”

Then I turn and run out of the room, down the halls and out into the parking lot. I go to my car, lean over it and start sobbing. He’s sick because of me. I didn’t notice the signs. I didn’t realize something was wrong. If I were qualified, I would have known. My body shakes with each sob, and I don’t even try to control it.

A firm hand curls around my shoulder, and I’m spun into a hard chest. It’s Mack’s chest; I already know that. I press my face into his shirt, and I cry. Hard, ugly and broken. “It’s not your fault,” he says, his voice low.

“I didn’t notice, Mack,” I croak. “He could have died because of me.”

“Not your fault.”

“I’m not a nanny.”

“And a mother isn’t a mother until she has her first child.”

I flinch.

“Do you think first-time mothers don’t make the same mistakes? Do you think they don’t have to learn and figure it out?”

“I’m not his mother.”

“No, but you’re the closest fuckin’ thing he’s got.”

I flinch and start crying again.

“He could have died.”

“He didn’t.”

“Mack, you should get—”

“You’re not going anywhere.”

I shake my head in his chest, trying to pull back, but his arms tighten around me. “If it’s about the money, I’ll get it, and—”

“It ain’t about the money.”

“Mack . . .”

“It’s about you being the only one with the guts to push my son on me. It’s about you makin’ me feel so fuckin’ good when I’m inside you. It’s about you talkin’ to that baby in a sweet-as-fuck voice that shows me how much you love him. It’s about you bein’ perfect for us, because you’re *not* a nanny.”

I cry harder.

He holds me tighter.

“Mack,” I squeak.

“You’re not leavin’, Lah.”

“I’m not leaving.”

“Now, pull back, get your shit together, and come and be by his side. He needs you.”

I pull back and look up at him. He leans down, curling his fingers behind my neck and he kisses me, hard and fast. Then he turns and walks back inside.

And I realize Mack touched me, held me, for the first time without hesitation.

My heart melts.

## CHAPTER THIRTY

“Hush, sweetheart,” I murmur, stroking Diesel’s hair.

He squirms in my arms, croaking, his little cry hoarse. I press him closer to my chest, and he tries to nuzzle me there. I know he’s hungry, and Santana has gone to get him a bottle and find Mack.

“It’s coming, darling,” I say, rocking him.

It’s late, and I know everyone is tired, but they’re all being so kind, staying around with us. It’s been a long night, and we’ve all discovered a little something about ourselves tonight. What we’ve figured out, more than anything, is that Diesel is one of us. There’s no way this little man is going anywhere. He’s a member of the Joker’s Wrath Motorcycle Club, and he’s our youngest, most cherished member.

“Here we go,” Santana says.

She’s shaking the bottle, her finger pressed over the teat. Mack comes in behind her, and she doesn’t waste time. She hands me the bottle, flashes me a smile and disappears, leaving Mack and I alone.

“That was subtle,” I murmur.

Mack’s lips quirk, but he doesn’t smile. His eyes are on Diesel, whose little arms are making not-so-subtle grabs for the bottle.

“He’s got an appetite.”

I snort. “That’s an understatement.”

I’m about to press it to his lips, but I stop and look to Mack. “You want to feed him?”

Something flashes in his face, and I can see he’s about to protest, so I say, “Don’t go back now, Mack. You’re better than that. He’s your son, and as hard as you are, we both know you’re not letting him go. So why not try bonding with him? He’s part of you.”

“He’s also part of her,” he says, his voice low.

“That makes him even more beautiful.”

His eyes flash to mine, and there’s something deep and warm in them. I stand and walk over, passing Diesel to him. He takes him awkwardly, and

mutters, “I don’t know how to do this.”

“Sit,” I order, my voice still soft. “I’ll show you.”

He sits down, and I adjust Diesel across his lap, propping his head up in the crook of his elbow. Then I hand him the bottle, and direct his hand in. Diesel latches on, and Mack smiles. He smiles, a beautiful, heart-wrenching smile that has me beaming.

“Jesus,” he says. “He’s goin’ to pop the top off this thing.”

I laugh. “No, but he’ll give it a good go.”

He looks at his son and my heart cracks.

“Why are we so fuckin’ stupid as humans?” he asks.

I look to him, tilting my head. “How do you mean?”

“We run from shit, but when it goes bad and we lose it, our first comment is ‘I wish I would have done that’.”

“I don’t follow.”

He looks up at me. “If he’d died, I would have never forgiven myself, yet I pushed away from him. It would have taken him passing for me to realize what a fuckin’ idiot I was. It’s the same with so many. They don’t talk to someone, they avoid them, but when that person dies, the first thing they say is ‘I wish I’d been there, I wish I wasn’t so stupid’. That brings me to my point. We’re stupid as humans. It shouldn’t take that shit for us to pull our heads out of our asses and fix shit.”

I nod, understanding. “You’re right,” I whisper.

“I got you to thank for this, Jaylah.”

“No.” I shake my head, sitting on the bed and watching them. “This is all you.”

“Wrong,” he says, but doesn’t go on.

His word is enough for both of us to understand.

I lie back on the pillow, exhausted.

“Jaylah?” he says as my eyes flutter closed.

“Mmmm?”

He hesitates, then in a voice so low I’m not sure if I dreamed it, he says, “Thank you, honey.”

~\*~\*~\*~

# MACK

“Never thought I’d see the day,” Maddox says, standing at the door, watching Diesel sleep in my arms.

My son’s warmth is radiating through my body, and every now and then he reaches out and curls his tiny fingers around one of mine. Breaking my heart with each movement. Breaking it because I was such a fucking asshole.

“Can thank her for that,” I say, nodding my head to Jaylah who is curled up, looking fuckin’ perfect, sleepin’ on the bed.

“She’s a good girl, Mack.”

“I never said she wasn’t.”

He turns his eyes to me, and they grow serious. “Let her go.”

I blink at him. “What?”

“Let her go, bro.”

“What are you fuckin’ on about?”

He shakes his head. “She cares about you, it’s written all over her, and more, she cares about that baby. You ain’t gonna give her what she wants, then you need to let her go. She’s a good woman. She deserves to be more than a fuckin’ bedmate.”

“Jesus, Maddox,” I grunt.

“You care about her?”

Fuck.

I glare at him. He goes on. “You don’t, you let her go. Don’t hurt her, Mack. That’s one woman who deserves more than just an occasional fuck.”

“You think I don’t know that?” I hiss.

“Then you’ll let her go.”

“And if I don’t want to?” I grind out.

He turns, looking back over his shoulder. “Then you’ll give her what she needs.”

Fuckin’ bastard.

He’s always right.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

“Dammit, why can’t I have an ass like yours?” Santana groans, turning and staring at her ass in the mirror.

I laugh, smoothing my tiny skirt down over my thighs. “Santana, you have a killer body.”

She rolls her eyes. “I don’t. I’m getting fat.”

I snort. “You’re growing a baby.”

“Still . . .”

I button up my skin-tight shirt and stare at myself in the mirror. “Is this too slutty?”

“God, no. If I had a booty like yours, I’d be wearing that, too.”

“I agree,” Ash says, coming out of the bathroom in a tiny black dress.

“Whoa, Momma!” I laugh.

She twirls. “Krypt is going to have a fit.”

“Let him.” I grin, releasing my hair from the curlers and letting it flow down my back.

“Krypt ain’t goin’ to be the only one,” Santana murmurs.

I turn, and they’re both staring at me. “What?”

“Yeesh, you’d turn a woman lesbian.”

I laugh, shaking my head. “You girls are over-reacting.”

I step in front of the full-length mirror and gasp. It’s been a while since I’ve dressed up, and I must admit, I like it. My hair is flowing in loose curls around my shoulders and down my back. I’m wearing a tight black top that buttons all the way up the front, literally. I can open it or close it as much as I want. I’ve left the two buttons at the top down so my cleavage is on display. I’ve paired it with a short white skirt. It’s a little short, but it suits the top.

My shoes are black pumps, strappy, and fucking high. I look good; even I’ll admit that. I’ve got makeup on, but I’ve left it light and smoky, almost seductive. I breathe out, and then grin. “Damn, we’re going to have a good night.”

“You’re right about that.” Santana beams.

“How did you go dropping Diesel off?” Ash asks.

I frown. “It was hard, but she’s a great woman, and I know it meant the world to her that we asked if she could have Diesel for the night.”

“Tracy is really sweet. How’d you get Mack to agree?” Santana asks.

“I told him that he either gave Diesel over or he couldn’t come.”

Ash pouts. “I can’t believe the guys are crashing our girls’ night.”

“Protection,” Santana grumbles.

“Dammit,” I mutter, but secretly, I’m not overly upset that they’re coming. I’m looking forward to being around Mack.

“Well,” Ash says, adjusting her hair. “Let’s go.”

We all hook arms and head downstairs. The guys are waiting in the living room, with a few beers. They’re all in black, looking like a bunch of sex gods. I watch as Maddox and Krypt’s eyes go lusty as they take in their women. I grin and turn to Mack, whose eyes have gone far beyond lusty. He looks as if he’s going to throw me over his shoulder and say, *fuck the girls’ night*.

“Honey,” Maddox murmurs, “you’re pregnant. You’re not meant to attract more male attention.”

Santana snorts. “I might be pregnant, but I’m not an old woman.”

“No, you ain’t,” he mutters.

Krypt has his face buried in Ash’s neck, and he’s kissing her. She’s giggling, her cheeks pink, and I can’t help but smile. I’m not paying attention, therefore I don’t notice that Mack has moved closer and curled his arm around my hip. He pulls me close to him and his face drops to my ear. “Before we go in, I’m parkin’ my bike, liftin’ that skirt and fuckin’ you hard and fast.”

I shiver.

“Got me?”

I nod.

“Time to go,” I say breathily, and everyone looks over to me. “What?”

Maddox grins, Krypt gets a knowing look in his eye, and the girls giggle. Yeah, yeah, so they know what’s going down. So what? Mack’s arm stays curled around my hip, and it feels nice, maybe even like it’s not just sex.

“She’s gonna flash every car with that skirt.” Maddox nods at my ass.

Mack’s fingers tighten on my hip. “Not when she’s pressed against me.”

Oh, boy.

“Let’s ride,” Krypt grins.

We all head out the front and I stare at Mack’s bike, realizing I’ve never been on it. I have been on a bike before, but not a shiny, sexy Harley-Davidson with a super-hot biker. He notices I hesitate and turns to me. I get a good, solid look at him now, and my mouth goes dry. He’s wearing a pair of black jeans that fit him perfectly. He’s got a dressier shirt than usual on, which surprises me, but he makes it look so fucking hot. The sleeves are rolled up to his elbows and the top few buttons are undone. Plus, it’s untucked.

Bad boy.

He’s got heavy black boots on, and his jacket is slung over his shoulder. His hair is pulled back with a tie at the base of his neck, and this allows me to see his sculpted jaw, and God, it’s nice. His skin is flawless, so fucking perfect. Even with slight rubble, he looks like a damned god. Like he belongs in a museum.

“You scared?” he asks.

“No,” I whisper.

“Then get on.”

He hands me a helmet and I very, very carefully slide it on. This is why I went with leaving my hair down instead of doing an up-style. I didn’t want it to get too messy. I can fix it like it is. Mack pulls his own helmet on, puts his jacket on, and then climbs on the bike, before ordering me to, “Get on.”

I do as he asks, careful not to flash everyone. When I’m on, I press myself to him, my pussy to his back. God, if he didn’t have a jacket on, he’d be able to feel me. He’d be able to feel how wet I am. My cheeks go pink as I wrap my arms around him, and as if hearing my thoughts, he turns his head slightly and says, “You wet for me?”

Oh, God.

“Yes.”

“Fuck.”

Then he starts the bike and we speed off.

~\*~\*~\*~

He doesn't fuck me hard on the bike, but that's because Ash runs over and hauls me off before he can. I notice his irate expression, but he doesn't stop her. We all enter the big, pounding bar, and I glance around. It's all wooden, everything from the bar to the booths. It's shiny, it's attractive, and it's classy. There are colored lights coming from the ceiling, and pool tables in the middle of the room.

Booths are spread out around a dance floor, and there's a DJ in the corner. Mack leans down to my ear and murmurs, "Drink?"

"Vodka," I yell, unable to take my eyes off the gorgeous bar.

"Come on, let's get a booth," Ash says, dragging Santana and I to a large semi-circular booth. We slide in.

"Isn't this bar awesome?" Santana yells over the music.

"It's cool!"

There are a group of girls in the booth beside us and I notice Ash watching them, her eyes hard. I see where they're staring and see that they have their eyes on our bikers. My lips quirk, and I turn to Ash. "Calm down, wildcat."

She turns to me, but before she can answer the room goes quiet. The DJ announces he's getting a drink and will be back in five. The music stops and we can hear each other speak. We can also hear the girls in the next booth.

"I'd take the big one," a blond girl murmurs. "He's hot."

"See the other one, though," a dark-haired woman breathes. "Yummy. I'd like him deep."

My mouth drops open, Ash growls, and Santana's eyes flash.

"No way," a redhead says. "Give me the fucking Indian."

The fucking Indian?

The. Fucking. Indian?

Oh, hell no.

I stand before I think about it, and charge out of the booth to the sounds of Santana and Ash yelling my name. I walk around to the girls' booth, put my hands flat on it, and lean down.

"Ah, can we help you?" Blondie asks.

"Those guys you are checking out," I say in a sing-song voice.

"Oh, the hot ones?" Redhead murmurs.

"Yeah, aren't they fine?"

She nods. "Especially the Indian."

I lean down ever closer. “That Indian is mine, and you just pissed me the fuck off.”

Her face whitens and she mumbles, “I wasn’t trying to be rude, I didn’t know . . .”

“Fucking Indian,” I breathe. “Fucking. Indian.”

“I didn’t mean it like that.”

I lean in closer and bark, “Fucking Indian!”

“I’m sorry!” she cries.

“That man is a lot of things. He’s gorgeous, he’s talented with his body and his mouth, he’s sweet and hard at the same time, but he’s not a fucking Indian.”

“Okay, I get it,” she mumbles.

“I’m very glad to hear that.”

I push back and turn, but not before I hear her mutter, “Stupid Indian bitch.”

Oh, she did not.

I spin, lash out and take her drink, which is bright red with fruit all through it, and I dump it on her perfectly-styled hair. She screams, sliding around the booth like a mad woman.

“Next time I won’t be so kind,” I growl.

Then I turn and head back to our booth, listening to her cries and wails about her dress and her hair.

Bitch.

When I get back, the guys are back and are staring at me.

“What?” I ask, sliding in and taking my drink. “She pissed me off.”

Maddox’s lips quirk, Krypt throws his head back and laughs, and Mack rewards me with a kiss so hard my lips feel like they’re bruised.

“You just get fuckin’ better,” he murmurs into my ear.

“No one calls you a fucking Indian.”

He chuckles softly.

“No one.”

His body shakes.

“Are you laughing at me?”

“Wild.” He nips my earlobe. “Fuckin’ wild.”

## CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

We're dancing, loud and happy. Santana is to my left, shaking what her momma gave her, Ash is to my right, her arms in the air as she squeals happily. I'm in the middle, wiggling my hips, drink in hand. We're just happily enjoying our dancing when hands go to my hips. I look over to see a tall, attractive man smiling down at me.

"Hey, sweetheart," he purrs.

I stare up at him, confused. "Do I know you?"

"Just wanted to dance."

I'm still wiggling, not realizing it. His hands are on my hips still, because I'm in shock.

"Ah, no thanks."

He grins down at me and I return the grin, but mine is cold. I'm about to tell him right where to go when he's suddenly launched off me. I spin on a squeal to see Mack holding him by his shirt, his face close.

"Get the fuck away from her."

Oh, man.

"Just dancin', dude," the guy growls.

"She don't wanna dance."

"Funny that, 'cause my hands were on her hips."

Mack's eyes flare and I mutter a, "uh-oh" before he lifts the guy and literally throws him across the room. My mouth drops open as the man skitters through crowds of people before crashing into a table. Holy shit, I had no idea Mack was so strong. He turns to me, but the man is up and charging towards him.

Not good.

"Mack," I cry.

He spins just as the man reaches him, but he's not quick enough, and it earns him a fist to his mouth. Mack takes two steps back, blood leaking from his lip. His eyes go from angry to furious and he lifts his fist, hitting

the guy four straight times. The guy's nose splits and he screams, then Mack proceeds to lift him once more and launch him back across the room.

My God.

Bouncers are closing in, and Mack doesn't waste time. He drops his shoulder to my belly, lifts me up, and disappears in the opposite direction. He carries me through the crowds of watching people and through the back door. The bikes are around the back, and he stops at his, dropping me to my feet. It's quiet out here, and there's no one around. I open my mouth to speak, but Mack gets in first.

"You like bein' a dick tease?"

Oh, I don't think so.

"Excuse me?" I snap.

"I saw him there, Jaylah. Hands on you, you grinnin' up at him."

"I was about to give him a smart remark!"

"When you're in my bed," he growls leaning in close, "you're mine."

"Last time I checked, we're fuck buddies, and that doesn't include all this possessive shit. Don't fool me for other stupid, brain-dead girls, Mack. I'm not thinking this is something it isn't; I'm not waiting around forever for you to get your head out of your ass. I'm here until the money is paid back, then we're done."

"Wrong."

"Right."

His fingers tangle into my hair and he pushes me against his bike. It's warm there from earlier, and I gasp at the heat against my legs.

"You're in my bed. You're mine."

"No, Mack."

"Fuck it, don't *push* me."

"Push you?" I laugh. "You're the one who is choosing to live like a caveman, taking girls home over your shoulder, fucking them and disposing of them."

"Cavemen didn't do that."

Argh.

"Stop it. We're fuck buddies. *Fuck. Buddies.* That does not give you the right to throw me over your shoulder, carry me out and demand that I'm yours. You want me to be yours, *Miakoda*, then make me yours, otherwise all we're doing here is fucking."

His jaw ticks, and his eyes look almost black under the moonlight.

“You want somethin’ I can’t give.”

“Wrong,” I grind out. “I’ve seen you give it. I’ve seen you give it to Santana, and in the past week I’ve seen you give it to Diesel. You either choose to give it to me, or you don’t. You don’t, we end this when the money is paid back.”

“Santana?”

“I’ve seen you with her,” I growl, hating that I sound jealous. “I’ve seen how fucking sweet you are to her.”

“She’s like my sister.”

“You’re still giving it to her.”

“It’s different.”

“No.”

“Yes.”

He growls. I glare.

“We’re fuck buddies; that’s it. You made that very clear,” I snap. “So go ahead and take what’s yours, because it’s the only thing I’ll give you while we’re playing this stupid fucking game.”

“Then for now, I sure as shit will be takin’ what’s *mine*.”

With that, he reaches down, jerks my skirt up, and then lifts me so my backside is against his bike. Shit, will this thing fall over? I don’t get time to ponder that because his lips crush down on mine. Oh, yes. Mack angry is hot, and annoying, but mostly hot. His tongue toys with mine and I hear the buckle of his belt as he undoes it. He’s going to fuck me, I don’t doubt that, but he’s not going to be slow about it.

No foreplay.

Just sex.

He reaches between my legs, pulling my panties aside. “You’re fuckin’ wet.”

I am wet, because this is *hot*.

He jerks his jeans down, grips my ass, and then he’s inside me, deep, super deep and hard. Fucking hard. I cry out his name but then bite my lip, not wanting anyone to interrupt us right now.

“Baby,” he rasps.

Baby? Oh God, my heart just fell in love with him a little more.

“Mack,” I mewl. “Fuck me hard.”

“Jesus,” he grinds out and he fucks me hard.

“Harder,” I breathe, sliding my fingers up his shirt and running my nails down his belly.

“Fuck, baby, I fuck you harder we’re gonna be on the ground.”

“Mack,” I demand between moans. “Fuck me like you mean it.”

He lifts me off the bike and takes a few steps, then my back is against a fence and he’s fucking me so hard that all that’s coming out of my throat are little *oomphs* as my back hits the fence. His fingers are biting into my ass, mine are shoved up his shirt and he’s giving it to me hard. Really fucking hard.

“Mack, I’m going to come,” I scream.

“Come, fuck, put that wet all over my cock.”

My body jerks, and I come so hard I feel my arousal release and coat him. I don’t have time to be ashamed; I’m too busy jerking with an incredible pleasure that I’ve never felt before in my life. Mack thrusts a few more times, then he’s pulsing deep inside me, growling my name, his teeth nipping the skin at my neck.

“Oh, God,” I breathe when we both stop panting.

“Fuck.”

Silence falls, and he slowly releases me, letting me slide down his body. I fix myself, and realize that the silence is extremely painful because I don’t know what it means.

“Are we clear, Mack?” I whisper into the darkness.

“Yeah,” he grinds out. “We’re clear.”

“We fuck. It ends.”

He’s silent.

“Mack?”

“Fuck.”

“Mack.”

He turns, gripping the back of my head and pulling me close. “Not done more than fuck since . . .”

“I know.”

“You’re askin’ me to trust. I don’t fuckin’ *trust*.”

“Then it ends,” I whisper.

He drops his forehead to mine, and after a long moment he murmurs, “Yeah, it ends.”

My heart falls to pieces.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

It's been two weeks since I last fucked Mack.

Things have gone back to normal—well, as normal as they can be when things are the way they are. He barely says much to me, but he is getting closer to Diesel. There have even been a few days when I've gone out and left them alone. Soon, my debt will be paid back, and this will be over for good.

I won't get to see him every day, even if it is just him muttering a greeting and then leaving. I won't get to hold Diesel at night. I won't be a part of the club, and I won't have its members in my life. That hurts, it hurts more than I ever could have imagined.

Diesel cries from beside me, and I snap back to reality and rock his bouncer. He settles after a minute or two and goes back to sleep. I'm off in my own little world when I hear a thump at the door. I listen for a minute, but no knock comes. I rush over and peer through the window, but there's no one there.

Probably a stray dog.

I open the door and stare down to see a box on the porch. It's addressed to me, so without hesitation, I pick it up and bring it inside. I walk to the table, and plop it down before taking a seat and undoing it. I don't think I was expecting anything, but maybe Mom or Josie sent me something.

I lift the top, and stare. I just stare.

There's a heap of stuff in this box, but none of it is nice.

With trembling hands, I reach in and lift the note sitting on the top. I open it and read.

*Now I have proof you matter.*

*Now I'll make him pay.*

*See how happy she made him? You'll never compare, but you're enough.*

*I'll have you. I'll destroy you. Then I'll destroy him.*

Bile rises in my throat as I stare at the contents of the box. The first thing I pull out is a photo of Mack and me. It was the last time we had sex, when we were at the bar. I'm standing, hair disheveled, and his forehead is pressed to mine. It was right before he ended it, but in the picture it looks like he's completely in love with me. His eyes are on mine, our bodies close. His jeans are still undone, his shirt loose, and we're just watching each other.

I put the photo down with a gasp, and gather myself.

Then I pull out the next item. It's a letter. I open it, and what I read has my heart twisting.

*Ingri,*

*I miss you. Every second I'm away, I forget how to breathe.*

*Not seeing your face everyday is killing me, but know that I'm always with you. I love you so much it burns. There's not going to be a day in my life that you won't be everything to me.*

*I adore you.*

*And I'll love you every second I breathe, and beyond.*

*There will never be another.*

*Koda.*

I hiccup, then I begin to cry, because it's in that moment I realize I'm fully in love with Mack. I realize it because seeing his letter to another woman has my heart burning in a way I'll never, ever be able to unfeel.

I don't swipe my tears, I just lift the letter and drop it to the table, then I go to the next item. It's a pair of panties that has a note attached. My stomach twists when I read that note.

*These are the panties she wore the last time she saw him. She hid them from me, but she left their arousal on them.*

I drop them, feeling the bile rise up to a threatening level. Sick. So fucking sick.

My fingers tremble as I pull out the rest of the items. There are a few pictures of Mack and the gorgeous Ingrid. Then there is a box of pregnancy tests. I blink a few times, then turn them over and stare at the note. And I stop breathing.

*Soon, soon there'll be a baby in you that isn't his. That baby will haunt you for the rest of your life. And his. I'm coming for you, Jaylah.*

I cry out, and drop the pregnancy-test box on the table. I push out of my chair, not thinking, just needing to get out of there. I get Diesel, get a bottle,

then I run to the car and get in, driving off. I don't know where I'm going. I don't even care.

I just need to get away from all of it.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# MACK

The house is silent. Too silent. I called the boys off two hours ago, because Jaylah wasn't meant to be home, but she should be by now. She's not here, and neither are they. Where the fuck would Jaylah go at this time of the night, and with Diesel? I know she's hurtin', she's been avoiding me for weeks and that shit is on me. I treated her bad, like a piece of cheap pussy, and she's not that. She's a fuckin' beautiful person, and without her I wouldn't be with my son.

I fucked up and now she's pulling back.

I walk in and go to drop my keys on the table when I see a box. What the hell is all that? I reach down and lift a piece of paper, and my chest tightens when I see it's a letter I wrote many years ago to Ingrid.

Dropping it, I dig through the rest of it, and my blood runs cold.

Fuck.

"Jaylah!" I yell, even though I know she isn't here.

Fuck.

I pull out my phone, dialing her number. She doesn't answer. *Fuck, no, please no.* I dial Maddox next, and he answers second ring.

"What?"

"Benito has been back, something was dropped off for Jaylah. It was fucked up, and she ain't here. Got a sick feelin' she's with him, and—"

"She's here, bro."

"What?" I growl.

"Showed up a while ago, beside herself."

"Shit, I'll be there in ten."

"Right."

I hang up, take my keys, and charge out the front door.

I know what that shit would have done to her, and it's enough to send the poor girl over the edge. I've been a fuckin' bastard to her, and I know, even if I'm strugglin' to admit it, that seeing that shit and knowing it affected her, hurts me. She's hurtin' for me. Everything she does is for me,

and I've done nothing but push her away when I know, deep in my fuckin'  
soul . . .

She matters to me.

A fuckin' lot.

'Bout time she found that out.

I'm done with games. I'm done with loose pussy, and I'm done with  
livin' like a stone.

Time to change it.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

### JAYLAH

“You okay?” Santana asks, handing me a glass of soda.

I nod, staring at the wall, not sure what I feel. I know I feel sick, and so disgusted that any person could go to such lengths to make someone pay. Worse is the fact that I’m involved, when all I did was take a position as a nanny, fall for the God damned worst man in the world, and adore the baby that comes with him.

“Leave her be, Tana,” Maddox says softly.

I want to turn, I want to say it’s okay, it’ll be fine, but I can’t. I’m too shaken. I drove for more than an hour, around and around, not knowing where I was going. Figuring it was dangerous for me to be on the roads when I am so out of it, I turned and came to Santana’s house. She welcomed me with open arms and took Diesel, bathing him and keeping him happy and comfortable.

Maddox put a big beefy hand to my shoulder a while after and told me he was going to call Mack. I tried to protest, and mid-way through his phone rang, and it was Mack, so my protests were cut short. That’s when I turned to the wall and refused to take my eyes off it. I don’t want Mack here. What’s the point? He’s made it clear we’re done. I think it’s time I make that possible.

The very idea of leaving Diesel has my heart twisting in an ugly way. That baby has become important to me, super important. I would even go as far as saying I love him, and that terrifies me. At the same time, I can’t allow my heart to get broken when Mack breaks it, and he will—it’s just in his nature. It’s not that Mack doesn’t know how to love, because he does. It’s simply that he doesn’t want to.

Sometimes, I think that’s worse.

I hear his bike pull up, and I keep my eyes to the wall. I can’t remove the images from my head, I can’t stop seeing that letter, and I can’t stop

processing how it all made me feel. I press my lips together, keep my eyes wide, and pull back any emotion trying to shove forth. I can't let Mack see it. Instead, I need to keep it together until I can end this finally. That means I'll have to find a way to pay him back, but I will.

The door opens, and I listen as Maddox greets Mack.

"She been like that long?" Mack asks.

"Yeah."

Normally, I'd be the first to yell "I'm in the room!" but right now I just don't care.

"Fuck."

Now he feels sorry for me. That's not what I want.

"Diesel?" he asks next.

"He's fine, sleepin'."

There's silence.

"Jaylah?" he says, breaking the quiet and walking closer to me.

I stand, not facing him. "We have to talk."

He doesn't answer, and when I turn he's staring at me, and God, his brown eyes are killing me.

"Outside," he murmurs.

I nod, and follow him out.

We step out onto the back porch and I turn to him. I keep my face blank as I begin speaking.

"I can't be in Benito's way anymore. I've decided it's time I leave—"

"Jaylah—"

"Because there's no way I can keep feeling like this. I did nothing wrong, and—"

"Jaylah—" He tries again.

"It's not fair," I continue, speaking as if he's not trying. "It's not fair that I should be the target of someone after you because of your ex-girlfriend—"

"Fuck, Jayl—"

"It's certainly not fair that I should be your sex toy." My voice breaks but I keep going on. "I know I owe you money, and I promise you I'll pay it back but I can't—"

"Listen to me—"

"Keep going on like this. I'm a person. I have feelings, too. I know that doesn't matter to you. Nothing does. You fuck and let them go, but it

matters to me. I care about you, for whatever stupid fucking reason, but there's only so much I can take, and—”

“Jaylah!” he roars.

I close my eyes and tears leak out and run down my face. I keep talking.

“I hate that I care about you. I hate that he keeps telling me I'll *never* be her. I hate that I *know* that. I hate that I love your son like he's my own. I hate that he's after me, and I'm fucking scared. I hate that no matter how much I try, walking away from you is going to be the hardest thing I've ever done, because—”

“Enough,” he rasps.

He doesn't let me finish. His fingers go up and curl into my hair, and he jerks my head forward, capturing my lips in his and kissing me so hard he takes my breath away. He kisses me like I matter; like there's a small piece of him that thinks I could be his new Ingrid. That I could make him happy, make him laugh, make him smile.

“Mack,” I whisper through my tears and his lips, which are still roaming mine, his tongue sliding out to touch my bottom lip.

“Fucked up,” he groans, running his mouth down my jaw.

“Mack, please.”

“So fuckin' beautiful.”

“Mack.”

“Not Ingrid,” he says, and my body flinches. I go to shove him back, but he holds me firm, and murmurs, “Better.”

*Better.*

My knees wobble, but he keeps going.

“She was sweet. You're sassy. I like sassy. Sassy makes me want to wake up.”

Oh, God.

“She was beautiful. You're stunning. I like stunning. Stunning makes me want to kiss every inch of you.”

I'm going to lose it.

“She was perfect. You're not. I don't like perfection. Perfection is a lie.”

My body starts trembling.

“She loved me, but she was too scared to tell me how it was. You're not. That makes me want to fuckin' keep you.”

I'm sobbing now, and I don't care.

“But most of all . . . she didn’t fight for me. You do. You fight for me, you fight for my son, and you fight for those you love. That’s what makes you *better*.”

I hiccup and clutch his shirt.

“I’m not good at this. Fuck knows, I’m really bad, but I’m goin’ to try, because you’re the first girl since her that’s made my heart come to life. Only with you, I know what I’m gettin’. You’re real, you’re beautiful and you’re exactly what I need. Does that mean I didn’t love her? No. I did. With every piece of my heart, but that was *then* . . .”

“Mack,” I whisper.

“*Then* was a long time ago, sweetheart.”

“Mack.”

“We’re in the now. And right now, the only things I want are you and my son.”

I kiss him, shutting him up the way he shut me up. I kiss him hard, deep and long. He returns it, his fingers leaving my hair and going around my hips, pulling me closer and giving me everything that’s inside him. I know this isn’t a miraculous transformation, and that things won’t be easy, but he’s trying, and I’ll take whatever I can get.

“Now,” he murmurs, pulling back and running a thumb down my jaw. “As much as I’d like to stay and bend you over that railing and fuck you, we gotta talk about my brother.”

I nod.

He leads me inside, and we sit down at the table. Maddox sits, too. Santana has gone to bed, exhausted, so it’s just us three.

“Shit is gettin’ worse, and she’s in danger,” Mack says, not holding back.

“What are we gonna do about that?”

“I need to make contact. See what it’s goin’ to take to get him to back down.”

“That won’t work,” Maddox mutters. “He’s pissed, and he’s made it clear that ain’t gonna change anytime soon.”

“Not sure what else I got,” Mack grunts. “He fuckin’ hates me, and the feeling is mutual. This ain’t just goin’ to go away.”

“Then you need to let us step in, and you need to step back.”

“Not gonna happen.”

I stare between the two of them, my eyes darting from one to the other.

“No other choice. He’s messin’ with your girl and your baby. If somethin’ happens to them, it’s on you. Right now, he’s gettin’ too close. He walked right up to the front door.”

“We up security,” Mack growls.

“Not enough; he’s too smart. Best thing for you to do right now is take them away for a few days, let us find him and then we can go over what we’re goin’ to do when we do.”

“I know what you’re trying to do,” Mack grunts. “Not goin’ to work.”

“You got a baby. Don’t forget that.”

Mack flinches, and I know Maddox has hit him hard.

“Go away, a few days, let us find him and figure some shit out. Then you can come back and we’ll end it.”

The two stare at each other, but I can see Mack already knows this is best. He nods jerkily and turns to me. “Anywhere you wanna go?”

My heart pounds and I nod, softly.

“Where, honey?”

“To see my mom.”

He turns to Maddox. “You goin’ to make sure we’re not followed.”

He nods.

“Then we’re goin’ to visit your mom. Best you let her know.”

Oh, yes!

~\*~\*~\*~

A knock sounds at the door, but Mack is quicker than me and he rushes toward it, not hesitating. He swings it open and a low, feral growl leaves his throat.

“Please!”

That’s a familiar voice.

I’m midway through packing and at the sound, I stop. I’ve heard that voice before, so many times.

“Get the fuck out of here.”

“Please, you have to help me. He’s after me. He’ll kill me.”

*Samuel.*

I close my eyes, exhaling loudly. I put the shirt I was holding down and turn, walking out and over to the front door. Mack is standing, arms crossed, no sympathy whatsoever emanating from his powerful body.

“I said, get the fuck outta here.”

“Please,” Samuel practically squeals.

Yeesh.

I step beside Mack and gasp at the sight of my ex-boyfriend. He’s skinny, pale, with dark rings under his eyes, and his once blond hair is dull and fluttering about. Not to mention, he’s high. I see nothing changes.

“Why are you here, Samuel?” I mutter.

Mack tenses, but says nothing. He does, however, move his arm so it’s hooked around my waist. Samuel watches this and his pale face gets even paler, if that’s possible.

“Jaylah,” Samuel squeaks.

“Why are you here?” I repeat.

“Gregor is after me. I’ve been running. I need somewhere to stay; I’m scared. Please, help me.”

My heart flutters a little. It’s hard not to feel that way. Once, I cared about Samuel. I didn’t love him, but I cared. Then he fucked me over and I nearly got my life taken for it. He repayed me by fucking someone else, then he shot a massive drug lord and wants my help. A part of me, a big part, wants to help him, because it’s not in my to purposely see someone hurt.

The other part thinks of Diesel.

“You shot him,” I point out.

“I was trying to save you!” he screams.

“Save me?” I laugh bitterly. “You got yourself tangled in that shit, I so stupidly tried to pull you out of it, and then you fucked another woman and left me with your debt, enough for me to get abused by Gregor until you decided to be a hero.”

“I made a mistake,” he says frantically.

“You’re high right now.”

“I have nothing else!” he cries.

“Samuel, we’re done. You put yourself in this situation, I told you to stop, so many times, but you didn’t want anything to do with it, and now you’re living the consequences.”

He scowls and his body flinches. A mood swing. These happened a lot, too. “Maybe I should have kept fucking Esmeralda.”

There it is.

Mack snarls, “Watch it.”

I don't bother reacting. I stare at him, my expression actually a little sad. "You've ruined your life, and that's on you. Blame me, go ahead; I risked my life once for you; I won't be doing it again."

"He'll kill me, you stupid, fucking bitch!" he bellows. "And all you care about is fucking an Indian!"

That's it.

"You know what," I hiss, "if he kills you, it's because you're a fucking lunatic who messed with the wrong shit. You were told, Samuel. Warned. You didn't listen. Now you want me to risk my life, my man's life, and my baby's life. That won't happen, because nothing is more important to me than them. So go ahead, beg. In the end, you made your bed, and honey—" I lean in close. "—you're going to lie in it."

His face scrunches up.

He doesn't get to speak because Mack cuts in. "You got five minutes to leave, or I'll bring my gun out and do Gregor's job myself."

"But . . ." Samuel begins.

"One." Mack warns.

"You're not counting at me!"

"Two."

"Fuck me, just listen."

"Three."

"He's got a gun, Samuel," I say calmly. "He'll use it."

Samuel's face twists and he bellows, "You'll pay for this," before he turns and disappears.

I close my eyes for a moment. A part of me hates, truly hates that Samuel could likely die and there's nothing I can do to stop it, but there's another part of me that knows I can't save him. He's made his choice.

Mack's hand curls around my neck. "He made his choice, baby. He's gotta live with it."

"I know," I whisper.

"Your baby?"

I turn to him, confused. "Huh?"

"You called Diesel your baby."

I give him a serious look. "That's because he is my baby."

His face softens, and he murmurs, "Honey."

I grin and kiss him. "You're stuck with me now."

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

### MACK

“Stop squirmin’, woman, he’s goin’ to be fine.”

Jaylah turns, scowling at me, and then she crosses her legs underneath her and stares out the window. She’s worried about Diesel, because we didn’t bring him with us. I figured it safer to separate him from us, just in case we’re followed. We very subtly sent him to his Aunty Tracy’s for two days while we’re away. We made sure we weren’t followed when we dropped him off, so I know he’s safe.

Jaylah isn’t happy about it.

“What if someone followed, and you didn’t see?”

“Jaylah, we’ve gone over this. They were trailed; no one came past for three hours. They weren’t followed.”

“Mack . . .”

“Baby,” I murmur and her face softens. She turns to me, her eyes gentle. “He’s okay.”

“I feel empty without him.”

There it is. My heart clenches. My girl loves my baby. Nothin’ in the world could feel better than that. I reach over, catching her hand and pulling it onto my lap. “Try and relax for me, yeah? It’s only two days until Maddox can get some information.”

“What if he can’t get it?”

“Maddox is good,” I say.

She hesitates, squirms, and then continues with, “And if he doesn’t?”

“Jaylah, you gotta trust me.”

“Is it always like this?” she asks, her voice soft.

I shrug. “At the moment it is, but only because we’ve got problems going down. The problem with my brother isn’t with the club, so no, it’s not always like this. Club life ain’t always safe, or even legal, but they’re the best family you will ever know.”

“I’ve already figured that out.”

Silence falls, and then she whispers, “What happened to your family, Mack?”

I flinch. I don’t tell anyone about my past. No one knows, not even Maddox. Now she wants to know, and fuck, I want to tell her.

So, I tell her.

“My father was a piece of shit. Right from the day I was born. I don’t entirely blame him; my mother chose him and she chose to let him do what he did. It was nothing for him to raise a fist on a daily basis. He broke my arm, my leg and two ribs by the time I was four.”

She flinches, and I know if I looked at her, I’d see tears in her eyes. I release her hand and curl my fingers tightly around the steering wheel.

“He was Native American by blood, but was kicked out of the village before he was fifteen years’ old. He ran amuck, fucked up a lot of things, brought shame to his heritage, and met my mother when he was twenty. She was drug fucked, a prostitute and as worthless as him. The two got into business together; a business that did some serious illegal shit.”

Jaylah’s eyes are on me, but I keep focus.

“She had me two years into that business. I never had a good life, never had love—never had fuckin’ nothin’. She left me alone at a young age and would go out for hours—I don’t know how I survived. She used to let that piece of shit beat me, because she was too out of it to fight back. By the time I was five, the authorities took me away. I was in foster care for only a small amount of time before they did the best thing they ever did for me . . . they signed the papers, and I joined Maddox’s family.”

I glance at Jaylah, and she’s watching me, her eyes emotional but soft. “They saved you?”

I nod. “They were amazing people. They adopted even though they had no purpose to, they just wanted to save a life, and they did. It killed us when they passed, but we had each other and that was all we needed. I found out about Benito in my late teens. I was fuckin’ furious. Why my mother would go and have another child was beyond me, and worse, I was wild with envy. At that point I didn’t know he had been shoved through foster systems his entire life; I just thought she’d replaced me.”

Jaylah reaches over and squeezes my hand. I let her.

“I stuck around, feeling for him, wanting to connect with the only blood family I had that mattered. We never got along, shit was always hard, but

when he married Ingrid, I found sunshine in her, and things went okay for a while. Until, of course, he found out what I'd done. After that, a hate grew."

"Is that why you're so hard?" Jaylah whispers.

I glance at her, catch her expression, and then turn back to the road. "I'm hard because I was raised to be hard. Everyone who was supposed to love me always put me second. I closed my heart off."

"That makes sense," she whispers. "Your own family didn't give you what you needed and that wasn't okay. Then you fell for a woman who was taken."

"And she didn't give it to me either," I murmur. "Because she refused to leave him."

"I'm sorry, Mack, for all of it."

I shrug. "Life ain't always easy."

"No," she whispers. "But it's not meant to be hard either."

"You're a good girl, Lah."

She reaches up, trailing her fingers down my jaw. I flinch, and it takes all my concentration not to close my eyes.

"And you're good for me, Miakoda."

I flinch.

She grins.

Fuckin' girl is under my skin.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# JAYLAH

It's well into the afternoon. Mack spent a while telling me his story, and as I processed it we sat, silent. It was a lot to take in, but it helped me understand him and his hesitance towards emotion. That was beneficial for us both. After we got out of the silent moment, we stopped and got some food before continuing the last stretch towards my parents' house.

We're about an hour out, and I'm singing lightly to a country song on the radio. Mack occasionally smiles, and it only encourages me. I turn and stare at him, and he looks amazing. His dark tee is stretched perfectly over his chest and his hair is loose, flowing around him. I reach out, running my fingers through it and murmuring, "Have you ever been jerked off in a car?"

He hisses through his teeth and rasps, "No, baby."

Baby. That'll never get old.

"You want to see what it's like?"

"One condition," he grates out. "Put your legs up."

"What?" I gasp.

"Baby, put your legs up, and get those shorts off."

"But . . ."

"You want my cock in your hand?"

Oh yes, yes I did.

"Then get your shorts off and put your legs up."

"Cars will see."

"Even fuckin' better."

"Mack."

He reaches down and unzips his jeans, all while keeping his eyes on the road. He pulls out his cock, closes his hand around it and starts stroking. My mouth goes dry, and I can't take my eyes off him.

"I'll do it myself if you don't play with me, honey."

I shuffle out of my pants without any more questions. I shift so I'm closer to him, and I spread my legs, putting one up on the door. He hisses, releases his cock, and reaches over, finding my clit. He starts stroking

softly, and I mewl, pressing up into his finger while my hand reaches across and curls around his cock. I begin to stroke, softly at first, working with his finger.

As he increases the pressure, I start stroking him harder.

“Mack,” I breathe. “I’m close.”

“Hang on,” he grinds out.

“Mack.”

“Fuck it.”

He pulls the car over suddenly, taking it down next to a tree. His windows are fairly heavily tinted, but I hardly get the chance to think about that. Mack moves, twisting me and flipping me over before I have the chance to squeak out his name. He raises my ass, shifts so he’s on his knees, and then drives his cock into my depths.

“Mack,” I cry out. “Oh, God.”

“Fuckin’ wet baby,” he growls. “Sweet cunt.”

“Harder.”

“Can’t go harder, honey,” he growls. “Too cramped.”

“I need you, harder, deeper, oh Go—”

My moan is cut off, because he presses his body down over mine, wraps his arms around my middle, and he fucks me harder.

“Holy. Shit,” I yell.

He’s deep, so fucking deep. I scream his name as I come, my body trembling. His arm tightens around my belly and he keeps driving, all while holding me and fucking me harder.

“Coming baby,” he bellows. “Fuck.”

He explodes inside me and my entire body jerks with the pleasure of it. He holds me tight until we’re both down from our high, then he leans closer and kisses my shoulder, sweeping my hair off my back. My skin tingles, and I whimper his name once more before he pulls me back up and kisses my neck.

“Best road trip ever.” I giggle.

He laughs hoarsely, and gets back into the driver’s seat. “No fuckin’ shit.”

I giggle again.

Then we hit the road.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

“Just a warning, my mother is crazy,” I say to Mack as we get out of the house at my parents’ gorgeous three-story brick home on a large property.

“No crazier than you, I’d guess.”

I slap his arm, and he flashes me a smile.

“Nice place,” he notes.

“Yeah, it is.”

The front door swings open and my mom comes bounding out. She’s only a tiny woman, petite, with dark hair and pretty blue eyes. She’s a pocket rocket, wild as they come. She runs towards us, and I can’t help the smile that spreads across my face. I rush towards her and throw my arms around her neck when I reach her. She’s only slightly taller than me.

Slightly.

“Jaylah, my baby. I’m so glad you’re here.”

I squeeze her, fighting back the tears. “Me too, Mom.”

She pulls back, looking over me. “You look beautiful.”

I grin, and watch as her eyes pass me, and land on Mack. She sucks in a breath, and I know she sees his beauty the same way I see it. “Oh, my,” she murmurs.

“Mom,” I say, turning and pointing to Mack. “This is Mack.”

“Come over here, Mack, and give your mother-in-law a hug.”

*She did not just say that.*

My cheeks flame as she rushes toward him, no holds barred, and literally throws herself into his arms. He has to take a step back to steady himself, but I catch his grin. She lets him go and stares up at him. “Well, aren’t you a handsome man. I’m Jenna, how are you?”

Mack reaches out, taking her hand. “Good to meet you, Jenna. I’m fine.”

“I’m so glad you came to visit me. I made fried chicken and my famous pumpkin pie.”

Mack’s eyes crinkle and I grin. He likes her; I can see it loud and clear.

“Well then, I’d better get my shi . . . stuff out of the car and come in.”

“You can say shit in front of me, Mack,” my mother chirps. “I don’t mind.”

Oh, boy. She totally does mind, but that just shows how much she likes him.

“Come on, Mom, let him go so he can get the bags.”

“I’m still sad you didn’t bring that sweet baby.”

I roll my eyes. “You’ll get to meet him.”

“But not when he’s cute and tiny,” she points out, then turns to Mack. “I’ll have to tell you what Jaylah did to poor little Lucy when she was younger.”

“Mom!” I groan.

“He deserves to know.”

Mack chuckles and pulls the bags out, throwing them over his shoulder.

“He’s strong,” Mom admires. “Good for the wedding night.”

My cheeks heat.

“Mother . . .”

“Jaylah, a man should be able to carry you to your suite, not the other way around.”

Jesus.

“*Mom!*”

“She makes a point,” Mack says winking at me as he passes.

“Lord,” I mutter.

“That’s a good man.” Mom nods, taking my hand and following Mack to the house.

“Where’s Daddy?”

“He’s inside, love.”

We head inside and I see my father coming in through the back door. His eyes light up and crinkle, like they always do when he sees me.

“Poppet,” he breathes.

“Daddy!”

I run towards him, not caring at all that I still call him Daddy. He’s just that kind of man. The best father you could ask for. He wraps me in a hug, spinning me around and locking me in close. I’m their only child and they’ve probably spoiled me a little much during my life, but they’re the best parents I could ever ask for. I could have come to them for money to

pay off Gregor, but I guess a huge part of me didn't want to let them down. Stupid, I know.

"I missed you." I beam when he drops me on my feet.

"Missed you too, sweetheart."

I smile up at him. He's tall, with salt-and-pepper hair and a muscular build. His eyes are the same as mine, and his skin is olive from working in the sun.

"Daddy, I want you to meet Mack."

I turn and nod towards Mack, who is standing back.

"Good to meet you, son," my dad says, walking forward and extending his hand.

"Nice to meet you."

They shake and both appraise each other.

"Call me Mickey."

Mack nods.

"You want a beer?"

"Love one."

"Good, I'll show you my shed. You like old cars?"

And just like that, Mack and Daddy are gone. Well then, it would appear he's fitting in just fine.

"Come and help me prepare the mashed potato," Mom says, taking my hand and leading me into the kitchen. "Tell me more about him."

I spend the next hour telling Mom about Mack, and how things have been. I don't inform her about Benito and the problems going around, because I don't want her to panic. I just fill her in on Diesel, and how things have been since I've had the job.

"So you haven't killed that baby?"

"Mom!"

"It's a shock, love."

I laugh.

"I've missed your laugh," she says, hugging me. "Now, go and get those boys for dinner."

Grinning, I do just that.

It's good to be home.

~\*~\*~\*~

“Mmmm,” I whimper as Mack’s tongue runs up my spine.

“Shhh, baby,” he murmurs. “You scream, they’ll know what I’m doin’.”

“You’re a rebel.” I giggle softly.

He reaches my neck, presses his lips to it, then with his body curled over mine, he slides his cock inside me.

“You do that without warning.” I gasp. “And I love it.”

“Fuckin’ hot in here. Love just slidin’ in.”

“Fuck me softly, Mack,” I whimper.

“I am, honey.”

“Softer,” I plead.

“Baby.”

I press my face to the pillow, whimpering as he slows down, dragging his cock in and out, torturing me. I can feel my orgasm building, but it’s slow, intense, and I find myself biting my lip as it nears. Mack runs his hands down my back, over my hips, and then he leans back and puts his hands on my ass.

“Gorgeous,” he murmurs.

“Mack,” I breathe.

“Come on, baby.”

I’m so close, God, so fucking close . . . then . . .

“Jaylah!”

I freeze. Mack freezes, and I hear my mother’s soft knock at the door.

“No way,” I breathe.

“Shit,” Mack grunts. “That door locked?”

I can’t remember. I scramble, Mack scrambles, and we just make it back into the bed, pulling the covers over us and laying down as if we were sleeping when my mother opens the door. God, the woman has no shame.

“Morning, guys!” she cries happily.

I bite my lip to stop from bursting into a fit of uncontrollable giggles. I lift my head and stare at her. She looks at me, looks to Mack, and her cheeks go bright red.

“Oh, my.”

“Mom, we weren’t—”

“How rude of me to walk in while Mack is making love with my baby.”

Oh. Jesus. She did *not* just say that.

Mack starts shaking beside me, with laughter, no doubt.

“We were just wakin’ up, Jenna,” Mack assures her.

“Honey,” she says, wagging her finger—yes, wagging her finger.  
“Nobody wakes up with cheeks as flushed as hers.”

Someone kill me now.

“Mom!” I cry.

“Nothing to be ashamed of, sweetheart,” she says casually. “It’s great to have an active—”

“Mom!” I screech. “Stop.”

“Hosh posh,” she scoffs. “Don’t act like a crazy woman with me, young lady.”

“Someone take a gun to my head, right now.”

Mack bursts out laughing, throws his arm around me and pulls me closer. I take the blanket with me. My mother doesn’t need any further confirmation that we were in the middle of a fucking session when she walked in. No one else’s mother would be so casual about it, no; only mine would be. She’s completely nuts.

“Can you leave now?” I cry.

“Right, of course. I’ll let you two finish up.”

Oh. Lord.

“Mother, please stop talking.”

She puts her hands up. “I was just telling you breakfast is ready. I’ll put it in the oven, and you can come when you’re finished. A man like Mack, I imagine won’t be quick.”

Motherfucker.

“Mother!” I cry.

“Right, leaving.”

She rushes out and closes the door. I bury my face into Mack’s chest and he’s still laughing, hard.

“Think I love your mom, honey.”

“Shut up.”

“She’s fuckin’ classic.”

“Be quiet.”

“Great way to kill a boner,” he mutters.

Now I burst out laughing. I sit up and turn to him. “That mean we’re done?”

“Honey, your Mom is no doubt outside listening. We’re done.”

I giggle and climb out of the bed. “Dang. I was so close.”

His hand lashes out and curls around my wrist, tugging me backwards.  
“You want my mouth?”

Oh, boy.

“Not sure that’ll be any quieter.”

“Lie back.”

“Mack, she’s probably listening.”

He doesn’t listen. He just takes me, flips me to my back and slides underneath the blankets. He doesn’t take his time—no, his mouth is covering my pussy in seconds. I press a pillow to my mouth to stop my cries as he lashes me with his tongue, hard, fast and quick. I need it. He obviously needs it, and we don’t have long. My back arches, he sucks my clit, and then I’m coming. That quick.

I squirm as my body convulses with orgasm.

“Fuck it.”

He slides up my body, takes my leg, throws it over his hip and then he’s inside me. He fucks me hard, his hips thrusting in short, hard bursts. I toss the pillow, curl my hand around his neck, pulling him down, and I kiss him. I kiss him hard, deep, and the movement of our tongues muffles our groans. Minutes later, he’s coming inside me, his hand is over my mouth, and I’m arching with another orgasm.

Bliss.

~\*~\*~\*~

The next two days fly by. Dad takes Mack fishing and I get some much needed girl-time with Mom. When it’s time to leave, I cry. I hate leaving my parents; I don’t see them enough. Maddox called last night and said that he’d found Benito’s location. That meant it was time to leave, and time for Mack to end things with his brother.

I’m sad to leave, but I’m also desperate to see Diesel.

The trip is long, and we get in late afternoon. Santana’s car is outside Mack’s house, as well as Maddox and Krypt’s bikes. I smile, jumping out of the car. My legs ache, my lower back hurts, and it takes a solid few minutes of stretching to make them feel better. Mack comes around to walk in with me, but I’m already bounding towards the front door.

I burst inside, and Ash, Santana, Krypt and Maddox are sitting around the table. Ash has Diesel in her arms, and I run towards him. She passes

him with a laugh and I pull him into my arms. I press my face to his, and coo to him, “I missed you, little man. Yeah, I missed you.”

He reaches out, tugging my hair, giving me that adorable baby cackle. My heart melts and I press him closer.

“Mack,” Maddox greets.

“What’s up?” Mack says, walking past and stopping at me.

His arms go out, and with a pout, I pass Diesel. Diesel instantly grabs the chain around Mack’s neck and pulls it into his mouth. Mack grins down at him, brushing his lips across Diesel’s soft hair. My heart melts, and I want to throw myself at both of them, but that would definitely be rude, so I turn, wave and yell, “Hi!”

“How was your trip?” Santana asks, smiling at me.

“Awesome.”

“Mack, we talk outside?” Maddox asks, standing.

“Yeah,” Mack says, passing Diesel back to me.

Krypt stands, flashing a grin at me, then they all head outside.

“Do you girls know what’s going on?” I ask.

Santana nods, and leans in close. “I overheard them talking about the Tinmen; apparently there are rumors they’re planning an attack. It’s put Maddox on full alert. Not to mention Benito moving in.”

“Jesus,” I whisper, pressing Diesel closer.

“Yep.” Ash nods. “It’s not looking good.”

I turn and stare at the door.

I have a bad feeling about this.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

### MACK

“You’re fuckin’ kidding me?” I growl, pacing the front porch.

“Local gun dealer told me they’d loaded up on weapons, even explosives,” Krypt adds.

“So what do we do?” I ask, facing Maddox who is standing with his fists clenched.

“We make the attack first.”

Fuck.

“You wanna attack?”

“Fuckin’ hell yeah I do. They’re not comin’ near my club. We need to let them know who owns this fuckin’ turf. Which means, we go first.”

“And by first, you fuckin’ mean when?” I ask.

Krypt turns to me. “Tomorrow, Mack.”

“Fuck me.”

“We loaded up, too. It’s time to end this shit.”

“You’re already on the cops’ radar. You sure this is smart?” I growl low, facing Maddox again.

Maddox crosses his arms. “Yeah, I’m fuckin’ sure. I’ve been smart, Mack, that’s all you need to know. They won’t find shit.”

“Marcus,” I mutter.

Both men flash a glare at me.

“You think I don’t know what he has his finger in,” I snort. “I’ve known Marcus Tandem a long time. He might be the fuckin’ mighty businessman, but he’s also got his fingers in a lot of pies.”

Maddox steps closer. “If you know about that, then you know we’re covered.”

“Covered, yeah, but it’s still fuckin’ dangerous.”

“Never said it wasn’t.”

“I got a baby.”

“Then you step down.”

I growl, stepping closer. “Ain’t gonna happen, and you fuckin’ know it.”

“Then tomorrow we move out.”

“Fuck. What am I supposed to tell Jaylah?”

“You tell her it’s club business, and you’ll be gone a few days. We’ll have the girls covered with security, so she’ll be safe.”

Shit.

“Fine. We leavin’ first thing?”

Krypt nods. “Be there.”

“Yeah,” I mutter, staring through the window at my girl. “I’ll be there.”

~\*~\*~\*~

“I hate that you’re going,” I whisper, clutching his leather jacket.

Mack leans down, running his fingers over my jaw. “Only be a few days.”

“If something happens . . .”

His eyes flash. “It’s my life, baby. It’s a risk sometimes.”

“What about Diesel?” I breathe.

Soft lips connect with mine, and he kisses me for a minute. “He’ll be fine. If anything happens, he goes to you.”

“What?” I breathe.

“Saw how much you love him; saw how much he means. No one else in the world I’d want my boy with than you.”

Tears well in my eyes. “Miakoda, I think you’re making me fall in love with you.”

His eyes soften and the corners crinkle slightly. “Already there for me, baby.”

Jesus.

I reach up, my fingers grazing his jaw. “Please come home.”

“I’ll come home.”

His lips come over mine again, and I hear the murmuring of voices around us. That’s when chaos begins. It starts with Tyke roaring, “Maddox, inside!”

I pull back from Mack, turn, and before I can see what’s happening, his arms are at my middle and he’s pulling me inside. Gunfire sounds out,

hitting the walls around us, exploding into bikes, and the girls begin to scream. My mind flashes to Diesel, who's inside. Oh, God.

"Mack!" I scream.

He's nearly at the door when I see her through the back window. Ash is out in the yard, coming from the trees. She's a fair distance away, and she looks frantic.

"MACK!" I cry again. "Ash, she's in the yard."

He gets me through the door, and spins to me, all while pulling out his gun. "Someone will get her. Do not fuckin' go out there. Stay here, away from the windows. You get a gun and you fuckin' shoot."

Then he's gone.

*Gone.*

Santana is gathering the women, all of them except Ash.

"Ash is out there!" I scream.

She turns to me, her face white. She scans the room, and then her hand goes to her throat.

"I'm getting her," I yell. "They guys are all around the front; they won't see her. I don't have time to wait for them to get to her. "

"Jaylah, no!" Santana yells. "Let them. Don't go out there."

I don't listen; I don't stop.

I run out the front door. Gunfire is everywhere. That's when I see her. My entire body goes still. She's on the ground, blood pouring from her chest. *No.* My mind screams at me, and I can see bikes surrounding the clubhouse. Loud explosions are everywhere. Where's Krypt? Where is he? Why isn't he helping her? Why isn't anyone helping her? Then I remember; Krypt isn't here. He went out. Oh God, he's not here to help her.

They were meant to help her, and they didn't. I can't leave her there.

"Don't you fuckin' dare!" I hear Mack roar. "Jaylah, don't."

I turn. Half of the club members are back inside, loading up on weapons. Maddox glares at me. Mack's eyes are wild, and both are giving me a clear warning.

"Ash, she's down," I scream. "I'm not leaving her."

"Jaylah," Mack roars as I spin. "You fuckin' stay there. We got this."

"You don't!" I scream, and then I leap off the porch.

"Fuckin' hell!" Maddox booms. "Get them fuckin' covered. Pull back the explosion."

I run full-throttle towards Ash. Voices are everywhere, gunshots, screams, and explosions. I don't focus on those; I focus on Ash. I make it to her in record time, and she's covered in *so much* blood. She's not awake. *God, please, please don't let her die.* I have to get her somewhere safe. I glance around quickly. I can't take her inside; it's too far. Instead, I lift her hands, and I drag her back into the trees.

A gunshot flies by my head, and my heart begins to pound so hard I find it difficult to breathe. I drop to my knees, sheltering Ash and I behind a thick lot of trees. Then I reach down, pressing my hand to her neck. Motherfucker, her pulse is barely there, if at all. Her face is going blue. God, she's struggling to breathe. I rip off my shirt, tears streaming down my face, and I press it to the flowing wound.

"Stay with me, Ash, please," I cry.

I have to breathe for her; I have to. I pull off my pants next; they're stretch material. I roll them beneath her and bring them up and around, tying them tightly so the material holds the pressure on her chest, then I check her out. I go with her airways first; they're slightly blocked with blood. I tilt her head slightly, allowing the liquid to run out. I hiccup loudly. Get it together. *Get it together.*

I lean down, and I start breathing into her mouth. I'm not entirely sure if it's pointless or not, but I won't stop. I breathe into her until I can hardly breathe myself. Her pulse is there; faint, but there. My hands, my arms, my body, they're all covered in her blood. I'm crying so hard I can't see, but I don't stop. I push breath into her body over and over as gunfire sounds out around me.

I don't know how long I'm there. I don't count the minutes. I just breathe into her until it feels as if razors are pushing in and out of my lungs, and my head is spinning. Her color isn't as blue, and I know it's helping her. When she takes her own, ragged breath that's deeper and sturdier, I crumble. My hands go around her head gently and I press her to my chest. "Please, hold on, Ash. Hold on."

I hold her there for minutes, hours—I don't know. Soon, the gunfire is gone and voices are bellowing around us. Footsteps, then Krypt and Mack are beside me. Krypt drops to his knees, but my hands are firmly around Ash, and I refuse to let go. "She wasn't breathing w-w-w-w-well," I whisper. "I breathed for her."

Tears fall from Krypt's eyes, and he rasps, "No."

My body jerks for him. He reaches out, pulling her into his arms. Mack is already calling an ambulance. I try to stand, sway, and then because of my lack of proper breathing, I crash into the dirt. My eyes flutter closed as my brain kicks in and tries to take over. Hands are on my body, words are being frantically whispered into my ear, but it's too late.

I'm out.

~\*~\*~\*~

I wake in a hospital bed, still covered in Ash's blood. I've got clothes on, but my skin is still tainted with her pain. Mack is by my side, staring at the wall, his face blank. I reach out, and the moment my fingers curl around his he turns to me. His eyes, they're so angry. So angry.

"Mack," I croak.

"I'll get the doctor."

He stands, and then he's gone. My heart cracks open. I don't understand. Why is he angry with me? As I wait for him to come back, my eyes well with more tears. He returns a minute later, with an elderly man. The man introduces himself, checks me over, and tells me I'm okay to go, that I'm going to be fine.

I slide out of bed, unable to look at myself, horrified by the blood. Mack is staring at the wall again, but the moment I'm out, he turns and walks me towards the hall. With shaky legs, I follow him.

We get out and I see Krypt, Maddox, Santana and Tyke all sitting. Seeing Krypt, it breaks my heart. His face is so broken, so fucking broken. I want to go to him, but I can't.

"Mack," I whisper. "What's . . ."

He spins to face me before I can answer. "I told you to stop," he whispers.

I reel backwards. "What?"

"I said stop. I said stay inside. I said don't fuckin' go out!"

I blink. Maddox is by his side in a second.

"You did a stupid fuckin' thing."

Stupid?

I don't understand.

"I . . . she was hurt."

“And you could have been killed,” Maddox growls. “Fuckin’ worse, Santana could have been killed, because she was seconds behind you and if I wasn’t there, she would have been out that door chasin’ you. We had a plan, shit was set up—we were goin’ to end it, and you runnin’ out there fuckin’ ruined the lot. You’re not even a fuckin’ Old Lady. You fuckin’ don’t belong here.”

I jerk at his words. “I was h-h-h-helping her.”

“We had a man on it. He was waitin’ for the fuckin’ right time!”

Maddox roars.

“Maddox,” Santana whispers, but her voice is so broken.

“You could have been killed,” Mack adds in, his voice like ice. “You ran out, Santana, ran out. Who the fuck was watchin’ that baby?”

I flinch.

“Ash was hurt,” I say pitifully.

Tears burn in my eyes and then tumble down my face.

“Saw you there, blood all fuckin’ over you, thought you were fuckin’ hit,” Mack whispers, his voice now a whip.

“She was.” I swallow, and a sob rises up. “Hurt.”

“A man was goin’ for her,” Maddox snarls.

“I didn’t know!” I scream.

Suddenly, Krypt is up. He shoves past Maddox and when he reaches Mack, he lifts his fist and he punches him so hard, Mack takes two steps back. Then, in a deadly voice, Krypt roars, “Your fuckin’ girl quite fuckin’ possibly saved Ash’s life. She ran into a fuckin’ war to save my girl. She was fuckin’ brave, and beautiful, and fuckin’ amazing. She got her breathing; we might not have had fuckin’ time if we had waited for your fuckin’ man, you selfish son-of-a-bitch.”

Mack looks like he’s going to explode. His fists are clenching angrily, and his face is red.

Krypt doesn’t stop. He turns to me, and hauls me into his arms. “She comes outta this, honey,” he murmurs into my ear, “I’ll owe you for the rest of my life. If she doesn’t, I’ll still owe you. Brave, beautiful girl. Thank you.”

Then he lets me go, and disappears. I turn to Mack, who is staring at me, and I can see the emotion in his eyes. I shake my head and rasp, “She could have died. Nothing else mattered in that second.”

I turn to Maddox, and whisper, “You should be ashamed of yourself.”

Then I leave the hospital.  
It's the worst mistake I ever make.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

## CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

After ensuring Diesel was safe, and finding out he was with Tracy until this blew over, I found Mack's car keys and took them. I did all this only communicating with Santana, who cried a lot of the time. I need to breathe; I need to gather myself. They blamed me . . . as if it's my fault Ash is in surgery, fighting for her life.

That fucking hurt.

I make my way out to Mack's truck, and am barely there when I feel the presence behind me. At first I think it's Mack, and I turn slowly, not worried. When I see it's not Mack, but Benito . . . my heart twists. He grins at me, not saying a word. Then he lifts his hand and plunges a needle into my neck. I try to scream, I try, but nothing comes out except a pathetic gurgle.

Then, my world goes black.

~\*~\*~\*~

I wake in a dark, dark room. So dark I can't see a damned thing. It takes me a solid few minutes to realize it's not just my eyesight but the fact that I am, in fact, in a dark room with no windows, no natural light, no lamps, nothing. I'm in complete darkness. My throat burns and terror fills my body. I know why I'm here; I know what Benito wants, and I don't like it.

I curl up, finding that surprisingly, I'm not tied. That either tells me Benito is stupid, or he's a cocky bastard. I'm going with the second option. He's probably got this place, wherever it is, surrounded. My eyes burn with tears, and I tuck my legs to my chest. This is without a doubt the worst day in the history of bad days. I don't know if Ash is okay, and I don't even know if the club will notice I'm gone.

I drop my head, focusing on my breathing.

I'm busy doing that, so it takes me a moment to hear the locks on the door rattling. I lift my head in time to see the door open, and Benito walks in with a tall, dark man beside him. He flashes me a sick, sick grin, and my

skin crawls. How this man is related in any way to Mack is beyond me. He closes the door behind him and flicks on a light. Huh, so there is light.

“How are you feeling, Jaylah?”

I glare at him.

“Don’t be like that. This doesn’t have to be difficult.”

“You’ll pay for this,” I growl, and Benito throws his head back and laughs.

“I doubt that, considering you were storming out of a hospital after a deadly attack on the club. Which means you were alone, and those members are going to be busy worrying about the recent fight. How long do you think it’ll take them to figure out you’re gone?”

I swallow. He’s right about that. The guys will think I’ve gone somewhere to cool off. It might take them hours, even days to figure out I’m gone. How the hell are they supposed to find me? I could be cities away—hell, they could have put me on a God damned plane while I was out and flew me across the ocean.

“They’ll find me,” I say anyway.

Benito laughs. “If that makes you feel better then I’m all for you believing it. Now, I’m here to introduce you to your new baby-daddy, Kane.”

My heart feels like it stops beating as I turn to Kane. He’s a darker man, with a crooked smile, and cold brown eyes.

“No,” I rasp.

“Oh, yes. Best you get acquainted with him, because you’ll be sent home with his baby inside you. I wonder how Mack will feel about you then. Do you really think he’ll care for you with another man’s baby? Worse, he couldn’t possibly care for a child that isn’t his. Poor Mack. He’ll be heartbroken.”

He would be, too. I know what it would do to Mack to know I was raped and impregnated. I would lose him. Tears burn in my eyes at the very thought.

“Not to mention,” Benito goes on, “he’ll know you’ve been with another man, especially when I send him photos.”

Vomit rises in my throat, and my stomach burns. I blink, and a tear rolls down my cheek. That piece of shit. He’s going to crush not just me, but Mack too. He’ll create a monster, and Diesel will be forced to live with that monster.

“You can’t possibly imagine how it feels to know you’re putting your dick in something that’s tainted. I fuckin’ did it for years. My wife was opening her legs for Mack, all while laying in my bed and taking my cock too.”

I gag.

“He’ll pay for that.”

More tears fall.

“So will you.”

No. God, no.

I have to fight; I have to get up and fight. There are only two of them. If I jump up suddenly, I might shock them enough to be able to escape. It’s worth the shot. Without thinking anymore about it, I leap up and I charge towards Benito. Instead of skirting around him, I drive a fist straight into his groin. He roars, lashing out and slapping me so hard I drop to the ground.

It doesn’t stop me. I roll, my face burning, and I charge towards Kane. He’s a big guy, super big, but I don’t stop. With all my might, I smash into him. He takes a step back, trips, and we both go down. I lift a fist, driving it into his face over and over.

Benito is up and behind me in seconds. He lifts me and launches me across the room. I hit the wall with a hard thump and a scream.

I slide down, falling to my knees. Benito is there in a matter of seconds, driving his foot into my ribs. I scream, falling to my stomach as pain radiates through my body. I cry, heavy and hard as he leans down, tangling his hands in my hair and raising my head. “That was a fucking mistake,” he spits in my face. “Now, I’m going to make it hurt.”

No.

God, please.

Mack.

~\*~\*~\*~

“Where the fuck is she?” I roar, smashing my hand into the wall again.

“You need to calm down, bro,” Maddox warns.

I spin to him. “The truck is still there; it’s still fucking there. The keys are on the floor. He’s got her, Maddox.”

“Yeah,” Maddox says, stepping forward. “And we need to get our shit together so we can find her.”

“He’s goin’ to fuckin’ rape her,” I bellow.

“We’ll find her, Mack.”

“He’s goin’ to put some man’s baby inside her.”

Maddox flinches, but his voice remains hard. “We’ll get her.”

“Maddox,” I rasp, panting. “I fuckin’ blamed her.”

He steps forward, squeezing my shoulder. “We fucked up, but we’re goin’ to find her.”

“We ran her outta here for saving Ash’s life.”

“We’ll get her.”

“She fuckin’ saved her life, and we sent her out.”

“Mack . . .”

“We didn’t do that, he wouldn’t have her.”

Maddox leans in closer. “You need to fuckin’ stop.”

“Fuck.”

He wraps a hand around my neck. “Let’s go. We’ll get her back.”

We have to get her fuckin’ back.

## CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

### MARCUS

Motherfucker.

He's got Mack's girl.

I saw it, just as I was pulling up to the hospital to check on everyone. He had her over his shoulder and he was takin' her away. I didn't take a minute to think about it; I threw myself into my truck and I followed them. I don't need this shit. I have so much of my own bullshit to deal with. Katia. I'm dealing with Katia. I don't need to be dealing with Jaylah, too.

But Mack is my friend, and fucked if I can just walk away knowing where his woman is.

They're in a small house, right in the middle of fucking nowhere. Three cars, eight men. I've been watching for three hours, figuring out who the fuck is in there and where she might be. There are two men standing by the door, guns in their hands. Another two come in and out frequently, driving off and coming back with shit. What shit, I don't know.

The rest I've counted coming in and out, including Mack's brother, Benito, and a big, angry looking dark man. I've got one fuckin' gun, and no idea how the fuck I'm supposed to take down eight men. I'd call Mack, but sure as shit I've got no service, and I'm not risking leaving to go and get him. So it's me, and me alone.

Best option is to skirt around the trees, get in the back door. Maybe through a window. There's a few open. Might be able to climb in, then shoot.

I hate shooting people. I'm a businessman, and more often than not, I try to keep my hands clean. Mack and the club do all the filthy work; it's what they're for. But fucked if I can walk away from this without shooting at least one fucker.

Might as well get it over with.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# CHAPTER FORTY

## JAYLAH

I'm fighting, with everything I have.

Benito is on one side, Kane on the other. They're taking me to a bed that has cuffs on the head and foot. They're going to tie me up, and Kane is going to fuck me until I'm carrying a child, which could take weeks because my pill would have to wear off. They'll crush my spirit and damage me to the point of no repair.

So I'm fighting.

I'm biting, I'm clawing, I'm screaming, and I'm giving it everything I have. I won't let this happen; I can't let this happen. God, please, this can't happen. Tears are streaming down my cheeks and I'm struggling to breathe as I fight, and God do I fight. I give it everything. My lungs are burning and my body hurts, but I don't stop. Not even for a second.

When my body is dumped onto the bed I kick my legs out, hitting Benito right in the stomach. He bellows, grabs my leg and thumps it hard, so hard a scream leaves my throat. Then he jerks my body down the bed, strapping my ankle in. No, no, no, no. Please, no. With another desperate scream, I wave my other foot around.

"Fuckin' get her!" Benito growls.

"Should have knocked the bitch out," Kane grunts, lashing out and slapping me so hard I'm dazed.

I'm dazed long enough for them to strap me down. With desperate screams, I thrash up and down, trying to free myself, but there's no hope. I pull so hard that in minutes, my wrists and ankles are grazed and bleeding. My arms are numb and I'm hysterical.

"Let me go!" I wail. "Stop!"

Benito leans down, his face close to mine. I snap my teeth, but he pulls back with a laugh. "Let's see what he gets to play with."

No.

Please.

Hands go to my shirt and before I know what's happening, it's ripped off. Bile rises in my throat and I start to scream, wildly, loudly, high-pitched.

"Gag her!" Benito orders.

Kane finds a piece of rope and a shirt, then he shoves the shirt over my mouth and ties it securely there. I scream beneath it, but the sound is muffled. Angry, terrified tears run down my face as I try, God, I try to fight. My body convulses with pure disgust when they take off my bra. Vomit rises, and I'm afraid I'll choke.

Benito reaches down, roughly handling my breast. "Nice."

Then they're at my pants. No. This isn't happening. This can't happen. I didn't do anything wrong. Fear flashes through my body as they cut off my shorts, then I'm in nothing but my panties. Benito hooks his fingers into them and I thrash so hard I'm afraid I'll snap my own wrists. His finger trails down my stomach and I flick my head from side to side, screaming with everything I've got.

His fingers just reach the top of my pubic bone when a gunshot rings out. He jerks back, his face turning to Kane's. "What the fuck?"

More gunfire sounds and I clench my eyes closed, praying with everything that it's Mack, or Maddox, or someone here to help me. Benito rushes to the door, and I can hear the sounds of men beating each other, loud *oomphs* and grunts. Then I hear a familiar voice, but I can't pin whose it is. "Fuckin' cunt, move."

I blink, trying to clear my vision. I watch as Benito pulls a gun out, and so does Kane. Oh, God. Benito opens the door slightly, but goes flying back when whoever is on the other side kicks it, making him lose his balance. Kane cocks his gun just as Marcus enters the room. Marcus. Tall, beautiful Marcus. I sob happily but stop when his eyes flash to me, and holy shit, is he angry.

A gun explodes, but it would appear Kane is a bad shot. Marcus raises his gun, hits him in the leg and sends him down. Then he spins to Benito, who is pushing himself up, gun in hand. He shoots his hand, sending the gun flying. Benito screams. Marcus runs in, pulling the key off the bedside table and unlocking me quickly.

"Get dressed," he orders.

I pull the closest shirt I can find on, but there's nothing else, so I'm left with only that and my panties. Marcus pulls me behind him and turns to face Kane, who is on his hands and knees, fumbling for his gun. Marcus kicks it, but another man lunges through the door, landing on Marcus with force. That force pushes us back and I fall to my ass. Kane is rolling for his gun, but I dive for it.

Marcus and another man are fighting, hard and fast. Fists are flying, there are loud grunts, there's a lot of blood. I spin, lashing out and kicking Kane in the face. I hit him and he goes down with a bellow. I shove to my feet and rush towards Marcus—that's when I see Benito. He's on his knees, and his gun is pointed to Marcus's head. My heart leaps into my throat.

Marcus saved my life.

Marcus is Mack's good friend.

Marcus is married.

He can't die. I won't let him. Without thinking, I raise the gun and point it at Benito. His eyes flash to me, and he goes to move his gun but I'm too fast. I pull the trigger.

The force sends me flying backwards, and I topple, landing hard on the ground. Another shot of gunfire rings out, then Marcus is by my side, hauling me up and into his arms. I stare down and see Benito staring lifeless at the ceiling, a bullet-hole in his chest.

I killed him.

I killed Mack's brother.

A scream leaves my throat and I start fighting in Marcus's arms. "I killed him, Marcus. Oh God."

"Enough," Marcus demands, his voice firm. "You stop that, and stop it now. It's done."

"That's Mack's brother," I sob. "Marcus."

He walks me outside and through a heap of trees. Bodies are down everywhere, but the majority are alive, just beaten black and blue. Marcus is beaten black-and-blue himself. His eyes are dark, his lip is split and his knuckles are a mess. One looks swollen, like it might be broken. He fought through all those men to save me.

He opens the door to his truck and throws me in. "Put your seatbelt on."

Then he's around to the front driver's door, sliding in. He starts the truck and pulls out angrily, speeding off with enough force to send me backwards into the chair. I'm still crying; I didn't realize it, but I am. I

killed Benito. I killed him. He's dead because of me. I killed Mack's brother. I double over and hiccup loudly.

"You need to get it together," Marcus says, his voice still firm. "It's done."

"I killed him."

"Breathe it out," his voice is a little softer.

"Marcus."

"Breathe it out," he repeats.

I close my eyes and I breathe it out.

It doesn't make it better.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# MACK

My cell rings just as I'm about to get on the bike and hunt my brother down. I stare down at the display, and see it's Marcus. He's probably fuckin' pissed we didn't end the Tinmen. I answer it, raising a finger to Maddox.

"What?"

"Mack?"

"I've got a situation, Marcus. We'll talk about the other shit later."

"Your situation the girl I got sittin' in my car beside me right now?"

My body flinches. "What?"

"Jaylah. I got her."

"What the fuck have you got her for, you piece of—"

"Shut it, Mack. I was comin' to the hospital to see you, saw a man carrying her off. Followed him. Shit went down; bad shit. She's trembling, vomiting, in shock. She killed someone, buddy. And that someone was your brother."

My blood runs cold.

"She was tied to the bed, half-naked. Don't know what went down. Got her out, on my way back."

"Why didn't you call me," I growl. "When you first saw her getting taken?"

"Think that was on my mind? No, I was acting out of instinct. It was the last thing on my mind."

Of course, fuck, I'm being an asshole. Jaylah...

"Marcus," I rasp. "She hurt?"

"She ain't good."

"Hospital?"

"Possibly, bringin' her to you. She don't wanna come to you, fucked her . . . Shootin' your brother . . ."

My poor, brave, beautiful girl.

"Where were they? We gotta clean that shit up."

“Send the boys out, I’ll text the details.”

“Bring her home, Marcus.”

“On it.”

I hang up and turn to Maddox. “We got her.”

His shoulders visibly relax, until he asks, “She good?”

“She killed Beni.”

His jaw tics. “Fuck.”

“Got a mess to clean up. Marcus is sending the details.”

“I’ll deal, you be here for her.”

“Wasn’t plannin’ on bein’ anywhere else.”

He nods and turns around. “Boys, mess to clean. Let’s ride.”

“Text you the details,” I yell.

“Copy,” Maddox says, throwing his leg over his bike.

The text from Marcus comes through five minutes later.

Now I fuckin’ wait.

## CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

I don't want to get out.

I can't.

I killed his brother. I'm a murderer. I killed his brother.

Marcus gets out. I press the lock closed the moment he's exited, locking myself in. I drop my head into my hands, and my body shakes. I hear my door handle rattling, then I hear, "Jaylah?"

Mack.

Oh, God.

Mack.

"Baby, open the door."

Baby. He won't call me *baby* when he knows what I've done.

"Open for me, honey. Fuck, open the door."

I clench my eyes together and sob loudly.

"Baby."

I start shaking, and then a minute later the door is opening. Marcus obviously had more than one key. Of course he did.

I don't look up. I press my hands over my face and tremble as Mack reaches in and lifts me out. He carries me inside and puts me onto the couch. Then he's kneeling in front of me.

"Baby," he murmurs. "Look at me, honey."

"I killed him," I screech. "I killed him. I'm so sorry."

"Hush," he soothes, curling his fingers behind my neck. "Hush."

"I killed him."

"Baby, calm."

"I shot him. He's dead."

"He was goin' to do fuckin' bad things to you," he murmurs.

"He was your brother," I sob.

"And baby, for what he was goin' to do, I would have put him in the ground if you hadn't."

"I'm a murderer."

“Honey, hush.”

“I got shit,” Marcus says softly. “Help her sleep.”

“Give it to me,” Mack orders.

There’s shuffling, then Mack has a small pill in his hand. He looks down at me, soft brown eyes searching my face. “Take this for me, honey.”

“Mack,” I whimper.

“Baby, please.”

He slips it past my lips, and I don’t protest. I swallow the pill. Then Mack climbs onto the couch. I hear Marcus leave and I clutch Mack’s shirt, crying so hard my body aches. Soon, the aching turns to a numb feeling, and my eyelids droop closed.

Then I’m out.

~\*~\*~\*~

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)

# MACK

“It’s done,” Maddox says, walking in later that night with Santana by his side.

Jaylah is sitting on the couch. I’ve patched her up, cleaned her up, and she’s eaten. She still looks pale, and her eyes are distant, but she’ll come out of it. Hurting someone is hard enough; killing someone is worse. I’ve tried not to think about Benito, tried not to feel a slight stabbing that he’s dead.

He deserved it, but deep down, he was still my brother.

“No trace?” I ask.

“Doubt it. Benito was into bad shit; won’t be a surprise that he’s disappeared.”

“The ones left alive?”

“He paid them big to be involved. They won’t speak; I’ve made sure of that.”

I nod.

Santana is looking over at Jaylah. Her eyes meet mine for a second and I nod. She reaches out, squeezes my arm and then goes and sits beside her. Her arms go around the tiny, shaking body of my girl, and Jaylah sinks into them.

“How’s she holdin’ up?” Maddox asks.

“Took a life. Never easy.”

“No, it ain’t.”

“Ash?” I ask, turning to him.

“Awake, doin’ well.”

“Krypt?”

“He’s hanging in there.”

“I’ll take Jay to see Ash tomorrow, first thing.”

“Best thing you can do, in my opinion?” Maddox says, turning to watch Jaylah again.

“What?”

“Get that baby for her.”

I only just rang and spoke to Tracy, checking on Diesel. But I never thought to bring him home.

“I’ll make the call,” I mutter, walking off.

Half an hour later, Tracy is entering with Diesel in her arms. She looks to Jaylah, and her eyes go soft. Jaylah turns and her eyes catch my boy, and tears well in them.

Tracy walks over, placing Diesel in her arms. He knows her—his little hands curl into her shirt but she doesn’t notice. Her face is buried in his neck, and her body is shaking.

“I’ll call later,” Tracy whispers.

I nod at her.

Maddox claps me on the back. “Leave you to it.”

Santana curls into me, wrapping her arms around my waist. “I’m glad she’s okay, Chief.”

“Me too, *Chante*.”

She leans up, kisses my cheek, and then everyone is gone. I walk over to the couch, sitting beside Jaylah. I pull her into my side and lay back, taking both of them with me. I wrap them in my arms. Diesel tucks in, and I press his pacifier into his mouth. He sucks, still with his fingers tangled in Jay’s shirt.

Then together, we fall asleep.

## CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

My feet can't move quick enough.

I rush down the halls, Mack behind me with Diesel in his arms.

I reach the door and I step in. A choking sound comes from my throat when I see Ash sitting in bed, a drip in her hand, and a few other random tubes connecting underneath her shirt where I know she was shot. Krypt is sitting beside her bed, and when we enter, his eyes soften. Ash tears up and I run over.

I stop at her side and I lift her hand, tears streaming down my face. She reaches up softly, pulling me down, and carefully, I close my arms around her. Her body is shaking, and I hold her there, so close, for a long time. When our tears have dried, I pull back and stare down at her. "Figures you would look hot even in a hospital bed," I whisper.

She laughs hoarsely. "I don't know about that."

"How are you feeling?" I ask.

"I'm alive because of you. How do you think I'm feeling?"

I smile weakly. "You scared me."

"You saved me."

She reaches out and takes my hand. "Jaylah, I'm pregnant."

My body jerks, and I start crying again. "The baby?"

She smiles. "We were keeping it a secret until I was twelve weeks. I only found out a few days ago. I thought . . . I thought I'd lose him or her, but for whatever miracle . . . my baby is okay. Thanks to you, my baby is okay."

I sob loudly, and a warm, hard hand circles my waist. I turn and Krypt is standing beside me. He pulls me into his arms, dropping his face to my hair where he murmurs, "Thank you."

"Stop it," I croak when he pulls back. "I'm never going to stop crying."

Ash smiles a beautiful smile. "Thank you is the only thing we can give you, but you deserve so much more."

My lip quivers, but I nod.

“How’re you doin’, sweetheart?” Krypt asks.

“I killed someone. It’s not easy.”

He nods. “Know the feelin’. This advice, it might not help you, but it might make it clearer in your head. Do you think, even for a second, that he wouldn’t have taken your life if given the chance?”

I shake my head. “No, but it doesn’t make it better.”

“Bad people are bad people, Jay. If he didn’t do it to you, he would have found another way. Maybe through Mack, maybe through Diesel. You saved more than yourself by killin’ that man. Feel it, mourn it—move on from it. Life is hard, shit goes down, and you can either let it defeat you or you can stand and fuckin’ fight. You, sweetheart—you’ve got somethin’ worth fighting for.”

I smile at him, my lip still trembling. I reach out and take his hand; he lets me. I squeeze it and then turn to Mack, who’s holding Diesel. His eyes are soft and on mine, and I know in that moment that Krypt is right. I have so much to fight for.

And I’m going to make sure I keep fighting for it.

No matter what.

# CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

## TWO MONTHS LATER

“Mack is going to go bananas, knowing we’re here and he doesn’t know about it,” Santana squeals happily as we approach the massive, and I mean *massive* home.

“I owe it to Marcus to say thanks. It’s been a crazy few months, but now it’s time,” I say, slipping out of the car.

“Do you think we’ll get to meet his wife?” Ash asks rubbing her rounding belly as she climbs out, too.

“Oh, I hope so,” I say, tying my hair up and walking towards the gates.

“This place is huge!” Santana gasps, gazing at the massive home.

“Marcus must be loaded.”

I press the intercom, leaning in.

“Hello?” a feminine voice says.

“Hi, we’re here to see Marcus.”

Silence.

“And you are?”

“Friends of his. I’m Mack’s, um, girlfriend.”

“Oh,” she squeals happily, making me leap backwards. “Buzzing you in.”

Suddenly the big gate slides open. Santana shoots me a look, and I shrug. We all walk in, up the large driveway that circles a huge water fountain, and up to the front door. We don’t even get the chance to knock before one of the most stunning women I’ve ever seen appears. Her eyes are bright, she’s got a massive smile on her face, and I can’t help but feel that she’s friendly.

She’s got the most dazzling green eyes I’ve ever seen. They’re as deep and beautiful as emeralds. Her skin is a gorgeous olive, and her hair is silky, blond and thick, flowing around her waist. She’s tiny, though, like a little

fairy. She bounces up and down as she takes us in, her face happy. "I'm Katia, Marcus's wife."

Damn, Marcus picked a gorgeous woman. Not that that surprises me, considering he's a freaking stunner himself.

"Hey Katia," I say first. "I'm Jaylah. This is Santana and Ash."

She waves, flashing that beautiful smile again.

"Come in. Marcus is on the phone, but I'll get him for you."

"Thank you."

"Can I get you a drink?"

"I'd love one," Santana says.

"Me too, please. Being pregnant is a bitch," Ash adds.

Katia laughs. "Well, you're beautiful pregnant women."

We all grin and follow her through the house. It's a big, beautiful house. Damn, she has it good. She steps into a large kitchen and works the coffee machine like a pro. She gives us all cold water while the coffee brews. Then she turns and says in a soft, friendly voice, "I'll get Marcus."

"Thank you."

She disappears, and I turn to the girls. "She's so pretty!"

"Oh my God, right?" Ash grumbles. "Damn, she's making me feel like a budda."

We all laugh.

"You're gorgeous," I say.

"Like you can talk," Santana says to Ash, rubbing her belly. "If you're a budda, what am I?"

We're all giggling when Katia enters the room again. "He won't be long."

I smile at her, and she continues with her coffee.

"So," she says. "Tell me what it's like being a biker babe?"

Santana giggles. "Biker babe?"

"Yeah, I've seen those guys. You girls get to ride around on their bikes and give them the nasty, too. Right?"

The nasty. At that I burst out laughing. I like Katia. She's my kind of girl.

"The nasty?" Ash giggles.

"You know." Katia leans in close. "Spank the bacon."

Now we all laugh so hard we double over.

“Not sure I’d call it spanking the bacon, but it is great.” I giggle hysterically.

“Katia.”

We hear Marcus’s voice, and all of us straighten and turn. Holy mother of hotness, I swear that man gets better each time I see him. His eyes flick to his wife, and there’s something in them, something I can’t quite read. He steps closer, and I watch as she stares up at him, love and admiration in her face. She adores him. I turn my gaze back to him, and his face is dark, closed off and so very . . . dangerous.

He doesn’t look at her the same way she looks at him, and it makes me wonder what this is all really about.

It’s certainly not normal.

“Hi Marcus,” I say, my voice slightly shaky. He has that effect; he’s so powerful and dominating. “I know it’s taken a while, but I wanted to come by and, ah, thank you for what you did.”

His eyes flash to me. Oh, boy.

“No need to do that.”

“Of course there was,” I protest. “You saved my life.”

His eyes hold mine, dangerous. “No problem.”

He turns to Katia. “My office, ten.”

Then he’s gone.

Damn, that was intense.

“Sorry about him. He can be slightly, ah, broody.”

Santana grins. “I bet he likes to spank the bacon?”

Katia’s face lights up. “He most certainly does.”

We all laugh again.

That girl is definitely our people.

~\*~\*~\*~

# MACK

“You went to visit Marcus?” I murmur, running my tongue up Jaylah’s neck.

“Yes,” she whispers.

“Marcus.”

She giggles. “Yes.”

“Marcus . . .”

Her giggles turn into laughter. “I know he’s a bit, ah, stiff, but he saved my life.”

“Stiff,” I grunt. “He’s a fuckin’ asshole.”

“No he isn’t.” She grins.

“Baby, he is.”

“Do you know what the deal is with him and Katia?”

“No fuckin’ clue, but whatever it is, it’s dodgy.”

“You think he loves her?”

“With Marcus, no.”

“She’s a really good girl.”

“No doubt, baby.”

She pouts. “If he’s using her, I’ll take him down to Chinatown!”

I burst out laughing and tuck her into my side. “I’m sure you will, honey.”

“So, why did you come home early?”

“Got a surprise for you.”

She stares up at me. “You do?”

“Yeah, I do.”

“Is it awesome?”

I grin down at her, pressing my lips to hers. “Pretty fuckin’ awesome, babe.”

“Of course it is; it’s from you.”

I press my lips to her cheek, breathing her in. Fuckin’ beautiful.

“We’re waitin’ on the others,” I murmur against her skin.

“Why?” she gasps.

“Because they need to see it, too.”

“O-o-okay.”

I run my lips down her neck.

“Do we have much time before they come?” she breathes.

“Enough time for me to put your sweet cunt on my lips and make you come.”

“Oh, yes.”

“Maybe enough for you to get on your knees and suck my cock.”

“That works.”

I grin and lift her, throwing her onto the couch. “Better concentrate, baby. This one is going to blow your mind.”

She laughs softly. “Miakoda, there is never a time you don’t blow my mind.”

She’s fuckin’ right about that.

# EPILOGUE

## TWO HOURS LATER

### JAYLAH

“What’s he doing?” Santana asks as the guys all disappear outside.

I bounce Diesel on my lap. “I don’t know.”

“Ohhh! He’s so secretive. I think he looooves you.” Ash giggles.

“Come over here, cutie.” Pippa, who is here too, smiles and stretches her hands out to Diesel.

I put him on the floor. “Show Aunty Pippa how you roll, handsome man.”

He giggles and reaches for his foot, putting it into his mouth.

“Such a charmer.” Santana laughs.

He hears her voice and lets his foot go, then with what seems like great effort, he rolls towards her.

“Oh my God!” she cries happily. “Come here, baby boy.”

He half rolls, then plops back down. He tries again and gets it. We all coo over him, clapping and praising as he rolls towards her. Santana lifts him into her arms, kissing his cheeks, and then she hands him to Pippa, who does the same. He’s a very loved boy.

“He’ll never lack for women.” Ash grins.

“Not like his daddy,” I snort.

Santana laughs. “Mack finally found the one. I’m happy for him.”

“The second one.” I laugh. “But what is it they say? First is the worst, second is the best . . .”

Santana snorts, Ash laughs, and Pippa giggles.

“You know,” Santana says, “I never knew about Ingrid when I met Mack.”

“You didn’t?” I gasp.

She shakes her head. “Nope. I met him when I was in a bad way five years ago. He was away more than he was there, but the months I was first around, he spent a lot of time with me. After six months, he was back and forth. I only even saw him with a few women, but I had no idea the love of his life was at home with another man.”

“So he slept around while he was with her?” I whisper.

“My guess,” Ash says. “He was hurting. I mean, she wouldn’t leave her husband; she surely couldn’t ask him to be faithful.”

“You’re right about that.” I nod.

“I don’t know if he was with her at those times, but it wasn’t often he was with women.”

“Poor Mack,” Pippa says softly.

“Yeah,” I say. “But he’s coming good now.”

“You know he saved me?” Santana says, her eyes going soft.

“He did?” I ask.

“Yep. I was in a bad way when Maddox saved me.” Her eyes go to Pippa’s and they share a soft look. “It had been three months and I wasn’t moving from the bed, just wallowing. He came in, and he offered to shoot me.”

We all gasp.

She laughs. “I know, it sounds bad, but I wanted to die. I thought Pippa was dead, and I didn’t think I could go on. He made me get out of the bed, and he held the gun up. He said he’d shoot me, if that were really what I wanted. He said other things, things about Pippa and letting her down. It scared him; it scared me, but he snapped my brain into a good place. He saved me.”

“Do you think he would have shot you?” I whisper.

“If I really, truly wanted to die? Yes.”

“Oh my God,” Pippa breathes.

Santana reaches over and takes her hand. “But the thing was, I didn’t really want to die and he knew it. From that day forward, things picked up for me.”

We all grin, and tears well up in my eyes. I have a good one. He might be hard, occasionally stubborn, but he’s got an amazing heart.

“I think I love him even more,” I breathe.

“Oh, honey.” Santana laughs. “That’s totally not possible! He’s made it all the way.”

~\*~\*~\*~

Mack's fingers run down my cheek as he pulls me closer. "You ready, honey?"

I nod, staring at him, blinking back my tears even though I don't know what he's done. He gives me his soft, melted chocolate eyes and I want to fold into him. He glances at everyone who is watching, then turns his eyes back to me while pulling out some papers he had tucked in his jeans.

"You know how much I want you in my life, Lah." He grins, and I giggle softly. "You're sassy, you're crazy, and you drive me nuts. Through all that, you love my son like he's your own, and you give me the family I never had. I've been fightin' for it my entire life, even with Ingrid, but I could never reach it. Now, I've reached it."

He hands the papers to me and I stare at them, confused. "What are these?"

"These are kind of adoption papers."

My heart goes to liquid and I suck in a breath.

"Diesel is my son, but he needs a momma, and the best one he can have is you. You sign these, baby, and you become that."

I choke back a sob as I stare down at the legal papers that will make me one of Diesel's legal guardians. Tears burn under my eyelids as I stare at them.

"We need you," Mack says into my ear. "He needs you."

He needs me. They need me. Oh, God. He wants me to be Diesel's mother. I turn and stare at the gorgeous baby that's in Maddox's arms and I know, I've known from the minute I met him that he's meant to be with me. I love him like he's my own, and nothing, nothing in this entire world would make me happier than making that real.

I turn back to Mack, and the tears flow over, pouring down my cheeks. "You want me to be his momma?"

He smiles, stroking my cheek. "Fuckin' hell yes I do."

"And you want us to be a family?"

He steps closer, wrapping his hand behind my neck. "Never had somethin' that was all mine and real. You're real, and you're all mine. Diesel is ours, and he's our fuckin' glue. I want it all, and I don't wanna wait a second more. Marriage, that binds *us*, but this . . .this binds us all. This makes us one. This makes us a family."

I cry happy tears as I lean down, taking the pen from his hand and signing the forms. A loud, happy cry leaves my lips when I'm done, and I turn to Maddox. He hands Diesel to me and I pull him into my arms. "I'm your mamma now, little man. I swear I'll do the best I can, and we'll always be together."

Mack wraps his arms around me, burying his face into my neck and breathing me in. I hear Santana sob, but I don't turn to look at her. I look at my family, and my heart swells. Diesel, Mack and I. Just the three of us, all from difficult situations, all of us needing someone. Together, we've given each other exactly what we each need. I reach up, cupping Mack's jaw, and whisper, "I love you, Miakoda."

He grins down at me. "Same here, baby, right from the depths of my soul."

"Shit," Ash croaks. "I'm going to lose it."

"Suck it in, woman," Krypt whispers.

At that, I burst out laughing, and turn to face the rest of my family.

"Does this mean I'm an Old Lady?"

Mack grins, Maddox winks, and Krypt crosses his arms, smiling.

"Fuck yeah it does," Mack growls, wrapping an arm around me. I stare up at him, smiling, happier than I've ever been in my life. He dips his head low, and murmurs in a husky, sexy voice, "Welcome to the Joker's Wrath Motorcycle Club, honey."

That's what I call home.

## THE END

Thank you all so much for reading *Anguish*. I hope you liked it. If you're curious about Marcus and Katia, you'll be happy to know their book is coming up next, and is available for pre-order for only 99c! Check it out and see more of your favorite Joker's Wrath characters! And don't stress, this series isn't quite finished! You will find out more in 'Til Death – Marcus & Katia's story. Enjoy.

[OceanofPDF.com](http://OceanofPDF.com)