



How **dirty**
do you want it?

DIRTY

BASTARD

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

**EMILY MINTON &
SHELLEY SPRINGFIELD**

DIRTY
BASTARD



GRIM BASTARDS MC

EMILY MINTON
and
SHELLEY SPRINGFIELD

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DIRTY BASTARD

GRIM BASTARD MC

by

Emily Minton & Shelley Springfield

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DIRTY BASTARD

GRIM BASTARD MC

by

Emily Minton & Shelley Springfield

She's a biker chick with an edge.

Daughter of an MC President, Trix Slade is used to living on the wild side, but nothing prepares her for being kidnapped by the Grim Bastards MC. Hell bent on getting back home, Trix will do anything to get away from her captors—anything. There's only one problem. Boz is as sexy as he is wild—a tempting combination for a woman like Trix.

He's a bastard with a soul.

The Bastards' president, Boz Creed, wants to bring Trix's father down and knows the best way to get to him is by using his precious daughter. Determined to get the revenge he seeks, Boz is willing to do anything to get what he wants—anything. There's only one problem. Trix is as sexy as she is stubborn—a deadly combination for a man like Boz.

Can love between two rival clubs survive without someone taking the ultimate fall?

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DEDICATION

To all the people who pour their thoughts onto a piece of paper, but are never brave enough to share them with the world.

Point of View

*I've heard it said, "Don't go to bed
While hanging on to sorrow.
You may not have the chance to laugh
With those you love tomorrow."
You may not mean the words you speak
When anger takes its toll.
You may regret your actions
Once you've lost your self control.
When you've lost your temper
And you've said some hurtful things,
Think about the heartache
That your action sometimes brings.
You'll never get those moments back,
Such precious time to waste,
And all because of things you said
In anger and in haste.
So if you're loving someone
And your pride has settled in,
You may not ever have the chance
To say to them again,
"I love you and I miss you
And although we don't agree,*

*I'll try to see your point of view.,
Please do the same for me."
- Unknown*

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PROLOGUE

Boz

Twenty-Two Years Old

I SIT down at the picnic table and take a long pull from my beer. Looking over to my dad, I shoot him a questioning look and ask, “How long are we gonna be here?”

“We’re here until I’m ready to leave,” Dad replies, taking a drink of his own beer. “You know better to ask questions of me, boy.”

Not wanting to deal with his smart-ass mouth, I get up from the picnic table and walk to the other side of the yard. All around me, members of the Satan’s Revenge MC are partying like there is no fuckin’ tomorrow. There are probably ten kegs scattered around the front of the clubhouse and even more inside. So much weed is being smoked that the tangy smell hangs in the open air of the yard. Yeah, they are having a damn good time and so are my brothers. I, on the other hand, am ready to get back to my own damn clubhouse.

Dad thinks it’s a good idea to make ties with some of the other local clubs. He thinks it is the only way the Grim Bastards will continue to grow stronger in the biker community. He wants connections to the other clubs, something that will make us allies, even though we are also competitors. I disagree completely. We’ve always been secluded, and I liked it that way. Most clubs are solitary; it’s the biker way, but seeing as he’s the President and I’ve just earned my patch, he is getting his way. That’s the only reason I am making the rounds visiting the rival clubhouses.

So here we are, along with three other brothers, playing nice with the Satan's Revenge boys. What Dad thinks we are going to get out of it, I'll never know. Getting drunk, high, and sharing pussy with another club isn't gonna gain us a damn thing. Hell, I don't understand most of what he does and I can guarantee that when I become President, a lot of shit is gonna change. He just keeps getting more and more careless, running the club into the ground. If he keeps on, there won't be a club left when it's my turn to rule.

I keep walking until I find a free chair near the bonfire. Sitting down, my eyes take in the scene around me. All my brothers are partying along with the Revenge boys, looking as if they are having a fuckin' blast—each one forgetting that this club is not their own. Do they not realize this club is bigger than ours, has more manpower, more money? They could take us out if they wanted. Why can't they understand that we need to grow from within, not align ourselves with outsiders? I take another drink, trying to ignore the nagging feeling in my gut.

"Hey, I don't know you," says a voice from my right side.

I turn to see a freckly-faced kid standing a foot from me, with a huge ass smile on her face. "No kid, you don't."

"I'm not a kid. I'll be fourteen next week." Her smile doesn't fade as she steps closer. Dropping to her knees on the ground, she looks at my cut for a second before she asks, "You're one of the Bastards, right?"

I nearly laugh when I hear the question come out of her mouth. "Yeah, I'm a Bastard."

She smiles at my words then looks at my arms, taking in my tats. "What does Hold Fast mean?"

I lift my hands and look down at the ink. HOLD is written across the fingers on my right hand and FAST is on the left. "My grandma was from Scotland. She was a McCloud, before she married my Gramps. Hold Fast is her family's creed."

She reaches out and grabs my hands, pulling them closer for a better look. "I like it. One of the brothers has LOVE on one hand and HATE on the other. This is much cooler."

Her touch surprises me, causing me to instinctively pull back. This girl isn't even fourteen—fuckin' fourteen! She shouldn't even consider touching a man she doesn't know. I stare at her for a minute, wondering

what the hell she is doing here. Taking in her slightly curved body and long blonde hair, I know that some of the brothers would not let her age stop them from taking what they wanted.

She may look like a young girl in the face, but her body is screaming eighteen. Hell, I haven't seen many women with curves like she has. Just looking at her, I know she is as innocent as the day she was born. I also know she won't stay that way long if she doesn't get her jailbait ass away from these drunk bikers.

Deciding to give her some advice, I say, "You shouldn't be here, girl. You need to take your ass home."

She gives me an odd look, her bright blue eyes shining with something I don't quite understand, then throws her head back and lets out a tinkling laugh. "That's the funniest thing I've heard all night."

Before I can ask what she means, Hoss, the Revenge President, comes over and rests a hand on the top of her head. "What's got you laughing so hard, Trix?"

For a second, my stomach twists at the thought of Hoss even touching the fresh, young girl. He has to be twenty years older than she is, if not more. Knowing there is nothing I can say or do to stop him from doing what he wants to her, I bite down on my cheek to keep from telling him to get the fuck away from the kid.

"He told me I needed to get my butt home," she explains, laughter lingering in her voice. "I just thought it was funny."

Hoss looks from me to her for a second then says, "He's probably right, sugar. You need to be getting your ass to your room. It's gonna be getting rowdy soon."

Looking across the yard, my eyes take in all the drinking, partying, and more than a few women in nothing but what God gave them, and I wonder how much rowdier it can get. If this kid is used to this kinda shit, she's probably been around the clubhouse for a while. She's probably also seen more than any kid should ever see.

"But, Daddy..." she starts and my stomach churns even more.

This son of a bitch has her calling him Daddy. I've seen and heard a lot of shit in my twenty-two years and have already had my share of women, but I will never touch a damn kid. Hoss may be president of Satan's Revenge MC, but he's nothing more than a fuckin' pervert.

He reaches down and grabs her arm, then drags her to her feet. “You know the rules, girl. When I say it’s time to head to bed, you do it. No questions asked.”

She sticks out her bottom lip in a pout. “But, Momma said...”

Again, he cuts her off. “Your momma said for you to get your ass to bed early. You have dance practice in the morning. If she has to fight to get you up, I’ll never hear the end of it. If that shit happens, the next time everyone is here, she won’t even let you come out. Now, do as you’re told.”

His words have it all clicking in my head. He’s not her ‘daddy’; he’s her *father*. My stomach unclenches, but then a thought hits me. What kind of father lets their kid hang out at a club party? My dad did, but I was a boy. It’s different with girls. Does he not realize what could happen to her? He may not be a pervert, but he’s definitely a fuckin’ idiot.

She finally nods her head and goes to her toes to place a kiss on his cheek. “Okay, Daddy. ‘Night, love you.”

“Love you too, Trix,” he says, returning her kiss.

She gets a few steps away before turning around and looking at me. “Bye. Nice meeting you, funny man.” Then she takes off, running straight into a clubhouse full of drunk and horny men.

Not able to hold my tongue any longer, I look up to Hoss. “Do you let her stay here at the clubhouse all the time?”

His eyes cut to me and I can see a bit of anger in them. “Yes, my girl doesn’t go anywhere without me or one of my boys. My family lives at the compound. It’s the safest place they can be. We protect them, and not one of my brothers would ever harm a hair on her head.”

“Men do stupid shit when they’ve downed a few,” I reply, knowing how right I am. I’ve been known to do some fucked-up shit while drunk.

“My boys would cut off their nuts before they’d hurt that girl. She’s been around them her whole life. They love her as much as they do their own kids,” he says with a shake of his head. “You needn’t worry about my little girl, Boz. You should be more worried about your own family.”

I look across the yard and see my dad getting a blow job from some club whore while hitting a joint. “He’s just having fun, man.”

The words taste bitter on my tongue, knowing my mom is at home waiting for him. Seeing him like this pisses me off. It always does, but that doesn’t stop him from doing that shit. My mom’s a great woman, always

doing what she can to help the club, and he repays her by doing shit like this. I'll never understand how he can hurt her like he does.

I really don't have any room to judge; I've been known to get some side pussy from time to time. The only difference is my wife is a fucking bitch—a bitch that right now is carrying another man's child. I just hope that Cherry grows the hell up when the baby comes. Hell, we didn't need to get married if we were just gonna keep on acting the same way we did when we were dating. As fucked up as this sounds, I thought marriage would turn Cherry into a woman like my mom. I figured she would be an old lady I could be proud of, but that sure as hell hasn't happened.

“Yeah, he's having fun,” Hoss replies with a shrug. “But, like you said, a man does stupid shit when he's downed a few. Add a couple of joints and a few lines to the mix, and that shit becomes fuckin' ridiculous. They also can't seem to keep their trap shut. You'd be surprised what comes flying out of their mouths when they're fucked up.”

Letting out a frustrated sigh, I shake my head. “Is he starting shit?”

Hoss' eyes go hard as he replies, “Just get a handle on your dad.”

Lifting my chin to him, I stand up and walk toward Dad, hoping like hell I can get him to go home. All we need is for him to do something stupid and fuck up everything. This definitely isn't the time or the place for him to be running his mouth. He does this shit all the damn time, and I end up having to do damage control. Hopefully, I can avoid that tonight.

“Hey, Dad, you ready to head out? I need to go check on Cherry.” I'm not sure if he's just too drunk to care, or if he's relaxed because he just got his dick sucked, but he doesn't put up a fight. I'm not complaining; I'm ready to get home. You know it's time to go when the best part of your night was talking to a thirteen-year-old girl.

PROLOGUE

Part Two

Trix

Eighteen Years Old

WALKING INTO the yard, I paste a smile on my face as my eyes take in my family, my father's MC. Dad decided to throw me a going-away party tonight, and everyone turned up. All the brothers are here with their old ladies. Even a few of the nomads showed up to help me celebrate.

I'm leaving for college next week, and there's still a lot of shit to do. I haven't even started packing yet. Not to mention, we still haven't bought anything I'll need: sheets, towels, and all that other shit. A new wardrobe is also in order. I'm not sure how the students will feel about biker bitch chic. Still, none of that is happening tonight. Tonight, we party.

Looking around the yard, I notice there are a few other clubs here tonight. Most of the local clubs have at least a few members here, but I could care less about them. The only club I care about is the Grim Bastards. Well, it's really only one of their members that means shit to me: Boz. My eyes automatically seek him out. The moment he comes into sight, my heart skips.

I've had a crush on this man since we first met. There's something about his smile that just gets to me, gets to me in a way no other man has. He's absolutely gorgeous, but not in an average way. No, he's rugged, a total bad-boy type. Boz is taller than most of the other guys, standing at least a few inches above six feet by the looks of him. He's not huge, but

he's not small, with more than enough muscles to make any girl happy. His hair is dark brown, like rich coffee, with hints of highlights from the sun. It's shaggy, curling around his ears. On anyone else, I would think it needed to be cut, but it looks good on him. He's covered in tats, even more than the first time we met. His face is angular, with a strong chin and a deep dimple on his right cheek, and his skin is smooth, but I would love to see what he'd look like with some whiskers.

I try to be discreet as I continue to stare, but he notices me anyway. A huge smile spreads across his face as our eyes meet. Seeing his smile, I am in pure heaven. My pussy convulses at the sight, and I have to hold back my moan. When his lips cock up a bit more, a blush covers my face. I'm about to walk away, embarrassed of my reaction, when he nods to the man he is talking to and starts walking my direction.

As soon as he steps in front of me, he says, "Long time no see, little Trix. Whatcha been up to?"

"Nothing much," I reply, unable to keep the cheesy grin from my face. "You haven't been around in a while."

Boz takes a slow look from my head to my feet. When he gets back to my face, he shoots me a wink. "Way too long. You've grown up while I've been away."

I roll my eyes at him, trying to pretend his words don't make me giddy. "Are you still trying to make me laugh, funny man?"

"Always," he replies with another wink.

"I haven't changed that much, really. I'm still the same old Trix," I tell him, for lack of anything better to say.

"I'm sure that's not true. You were just a kid the first time I saw you. Still in high school last time. Now, you're a woman. Eighteen, right?" He waits for me to nod my head before continuing. "Which means you're no longer jailbait. I can touch you however I want."

Since hitting puberty, I've had men sniffing after me. Even some of the brothers my dad trusts with his life have tried to get in my pants. Normally, I just shake it off, chalking it up to men being dickheads. With Boz, it's different. I want him to want me. Hell, I need him to want me.

I laugh, still doing my best not to show how much he affects me. "No, you don't have to worry about jail. You just have to worry about my dad killing you for even thinking about me."

“Oh, I’m not worried about your father. Hoss knows me, and he knows I wouldn’t be after your ass unless I wanted more than a quick fuck. Plus, who said he had to know about it, anyway?”

My heart skips another beat when he says he wants more than a quick fuck. Could he really mean that? I’m so new to this game that I’m not sure if he’s telling the truth. I hope he is, though. I hope he wants me as much as I want him.

Shaking my head at him, I mumble out nervously, “Whatever.”

“I thought you were interesting when you were only fourteen. From what I’ve seen over the years, you’ve grown into a woman I’d like to get to know. Just by looking at you, I know you’re a woman I’d like to have in my bed.” He tells me this as he pushes a piece of my hair away from my face and strokes his fingers gently down my cheek.

His slight touch causes my body to shiver. “I’d like to get to know you better, too.”

I would like a lot of things with Boz. I’d like to hand him my virginity on a silver platter, let him teach me what it means to be a woman. Still, I don’t want to be used. As far as I can tell, most of the brothers like to use women. The only women that get any respect are old ladies, and that is given grudgingly.

“You like that, darlin? Do you like my touch?” he asks, stepping even closer to me.

“Yes,” I whisper, almost breathlessly.

The man has no idea how much his touch affects me. Let’s hope he never finds out how wet my panties got as soon as his hand made contact. It’s like my body went up in flames the second I noticed him. At that moment, everyone else ceased to exist and nothing else mattered to me but him.

“There’s a lot more I could give you that you’d enjoy. All you have to do is say so, darlin’. Just give me the chance, and I’ll have you moaning and screaming my name,” he says with a cocky grin, proving he has one thing on his mind.

“Is that all you want?” I ask, hoping it isn’t. “You just want someone to fuck?”

He steps impossibly closer to me, bringing his chest flush with mine, then leans down to look in my eyes. “Is that all you think I want, Trix?”

I shrug my shoulders as my heart pounds against my ribs. “I don’t know.”

“It’s not,” he says with a slight shake of his head. “I want you under me, over me, and any other way I can get you. But, I also want to see where this leads, see if the reality of you is nearly as sweet as I think it will be.”

I’m about to respond, but he cuts me off. “Do you want the same thing?”

I don’t hesitate a second with my reply. “It’s all I’ve wanted since the first time I met you.”

In all honesty, I’ve thought about him way more than he could ever imagine. He was my childhood crush, and my feelings only grew as the years passed. Every time I caught a glimpse of him visiting the club, my infatuation with him skyrocketed. Somewhere along the way, my feelings became more real. They were no longer just a fascination with his looks, his cut, or his ink. Instead, they became an all-out obsession for the man.

He quickly takes a look around and says, “Let’s get out of here.”

Wishing I could but knowing it’s not smart, I shake my head. “I can’t just disappear. Dad would freak the hell out and come looking for me. Him catching us wouldn’t be good.”

“I know just the place to go,” he says with another cocky grin before grabbing my hand.

I look at him for a couple of seconds, replaying his words in my head. How the hell does he know where to go at my dad’s club? I’ve never noticed him going off with the whores, but obviously he has. I’ll be damned if my first time is going to be in some corner where he fucked a skank. As much as I hate to, I take a step back.

I bow my head and try to keep the irritation from my voice. “Never mind. There’s no way you’re taking me someplace where you’ve fucked a club whore.”

He steps closer to me and lifts my chin to look directly in my eyes. I try to jerk my face back down; no way I want him to see the hurt in my eyes. His hold is firm, though. He keeps me right where he wants me and searches my face. I watch as his eyes soften and one side of his lips cock up.

A smile plays on his lips as he says, “I’ve never taken a woman anywhere at this club, so don’t pull that shit on me.”

Again, I start to say something, but he cuts me off. “I’d never treat you like a whore. Don’t ever think I would. You’re worth more than that, better than the bitches that spread their legs for anyone with a cut. It’s up to you to let me prove what I’m saying is true.”

I am stunned so it takes me a second to answer, but I finally mumble, “Okay.”

He lets go of my chin but moves his hand to my cheek. “Go grab us a blanket and meet me at the side yard in ten minutes.”

I nod my agreement to him, turn, and rush inside before I lose my courage. Running straight to my room, I grab a blanket off my bed and pull my phone out of my pocket. Then, I shoot a quick text to my best friend. *My V Card is dust!*

After that, I sneak back outside, doing my best to avoid any prying eyes. I may be a grown woman now, but I will always be my dad’s baby. If he thought I was even considering having sex, he would lock my ass up. There’s no telling what he’d do to Boz, but I can guarantee that he’d be feeling some pain. I don’t want either of those two things happening.

I reach the side yard and find it empty; Boz isn’t there. My excitement slowly dies as each second ticks by. As the seconds turn into minutes, humiliation crashes down on me. He seemed so sincere, seemed like he wanted to be with me. Now, he doesn’t even show up. After a few more minutes, tears start to fill my eyes. I’m debating on going back to my room when Boz comes out of the shadows at the back of the club house.

When he finally reaches me, he says, “Sorry, darlin’. I got slowed down by my dad. He’s drunk off his ass and needed to be settled down. Glad you didn’t give up on me.”

“Never,” I tell him honestly. “But, I did think you had changed your mind.”

He shakes his head. “Not a chance, Trix. I was on the verge of killin’ Dad if he didn’t shut the fuck up and let me come find you.”

“I’m glad you came,” I say, hoping my nervousness doesn’t show.

“Me too, darlin’,” he says as he reaches out and brushes a hand over my cheek, leaving me completely breathless.

His hand slowly moves down, pushing my hair back. Then, he slides his fingers through my long locks, before grabbing the back of my neck. There is something about his touch that is different this time. It’s gentle but

also electrifying, sending a zap of pure energy through my body. It's also possessive, as if he is marking me as his own. I want to be his, more than I've ever wanted anything in the world.

Grabbing my hand, he asks, "Are you sure about this?"

"Yeah," I mumble, fear creeping into my voice.

As much as I want him, my mind is running in overdrive. Being a virgin, and the daughter of an MC President, I have very little experience with this shit. Other than a few kisses from high school boys brave enough to risk my father's wrath, I'm completely naïve about this stuff. Well, as naïve as a girl that grew up in a biker clubhouse can be. I've always wanted Boz, even dreamed that he would be my first, maybe only. But now that it's about to happen, my ass is freaking out in a major way.

"Don't be nervous. Nothing will happen that you don't want to," he says, reading my mood.

He then takes my hand and leads me into the treeline behind the clubhouse. With each step we take, the sounds of the party grow more faint. The only light is the shining of the moon, making it seem as if we are in a world of our own. We walk in silence for a few minutes, until we come to a clearing just beside a creek. It's a place I know well.

He takes the blanket from me, and as he spreads it out on the ground, he says, "No one should bother us here."

My eyes stare at the moonlight reflecting off the water and ask, "How did you know this place was here?"

"Your dad showed it to me a while back. The fucker made me go fishing with him," Boz says, surprising the shit out of me.

This spot has always been special to me; it reminds me of Mom. We lost her to breast cancer, not long after I met Boz for the first time. Losing her nearly killed Dad and me both. Being here brings back a ton of wonderful memories of her and our family. It's where my mom taught me to swim, where we would have tea parties and talk about girly crap. It's also a place my dad would take us, just to get away from the club for a few minutes. He said it was our spot, a place for our family to be together. The last time Dad brought me here was the day after Mom's funeral. We sat by the creek, and I cried in his arms until I fell asleep.

"I know it's no fancy bed, but I always liked it out here," Boz says as he sits down and pulls me down beside him. "I hope you're okay being out

here.”

The sound of crickets chirping reaches my ears as a huge smile spreads across my face. I’m more than okay; I’m absolutely ecstatic. I have the man of my dreams by my side, and we are in the most beautiful place God ever created. How could it get any better?

I look up at him and, with all honesty, say, “I think it’s perfect.”

He raises his hand and runs his thumb along my cheek. “Good. A woman like you deserves perfection.”

I know he’s running a game on me. I can tell that these are lines he’s used a million times before. Still, it doesn’t matter. He is saying everything I need to hear, everything I’ve ever dreamed he would say. I want more, more of him.

He then leans down and places his lips on mine, igniting a fire deep inside me. A nearly silent whimper escapes me, allowing his tongue to sneak inside. His lips are aggressive and fierce, his tongue gliding against mine as he devours me. It goes on and on, before he finally pulls back and leans his forehead against mine.

“You taste fucking amazing,” he says with a groan.

Not guarding my words, I tell him, “I will remember that kiss for the rest of my life. I will never forget the way your tongue feels when it’s wrapped around mine.”

He lifts his head just a little and simply stares at me for a second, as if he can’t believe what I just said. Finally, his lips come back to mine. He slowly pushes me backwards, until I am laying flat on the blanket, and continues to kiss me as his body comes down on mine. We kiss for a few minutes, our hands all over each other. Touching and caressing, we get as close as we can to each other with our clothes still on.

Finally, he starts to lift my shirt. As soon as his hand touches my stomach, I go wild. Sitting up, I pull off my shirt. I do the same to him, trying to jerk his shirt off.

“Slow down, darlin’,” he says, slipping off his cut and tossing it on the edge of the blanket.

He then pulls off his shirt, giving me my first glimpse of his ink-covered chest. I reach out to touch the massive Grim Bastard tat, but he stops me, going in for another kiss. At the same time, he reaches up and rubs his hand along the seam of my bra, barely touching my breast.

Slipping a finger inside the cup, he whispers, "So fucking beautiful."

He reaches around and unsnaps it, allowing my bra to drop to the ground. "Oh yeah, more beautiful than I ever imagined."

His lips meet mine again, stealing my breath away. His hand caresses my breast as he takes my puckered nipple in between his fingers and squeezes, before giving it a twist. My pussy convulses with anticipation of what's to come. I am soaking wet with desire. Unable to stop myself, I rub my thighs together just to get a little friction.

He tightens his fingers on my nipple and says, "Fuck, darlin', you're gonna have to quit doing that. I can feel the heat coming off of that sweet little pussy everytime you move. My dick is already so damn hard, it's about to bust out of my pants."

"I want you." I reach down and rub my hand over his jean-covered cock.

At first contact, fear starts to fill me again. He's hard as hell and so fucking huge. I may have never touched a dick before, but I've seen my fair share around the clubhouse. None have been this big. The thought of him trying to fit in my body is as terrifying as it is exciting.

My hand works up and down his length, squeezing tight each time I come to the tip. With each squeeze, he lets out a grunt. The sound is driving me insane with need. He pulls back enough to unbutton my jeans. He slides them down, taking my panties with them. As soon as they join my other clothes, he comes back down on me.

As his tongue invades my mouth once again, a moan of pure pleasure escapes me. As if he knows what I need, his hand slides between my legs, tweaking my clit. Instinctively, I lift my hips to meet his searching fingers. I need his cock to be inside me.

When he finally rubs his fingers in between my folds, he mumbles, "Fuck, Trix. Your pussy is soaking wet. I can't wait to feel it wrapped around my dick."

"Please," I beg, not quite sure what I am asking for.

One of his fingers enters me, curling up to touch the bundle of nerves hidden deep inside. It feels so damn good I almost come from the pressure alone. As he slides his finger in and out, he uses his thumb to rub small circles over my clit. Unable to hold back a minute more, I let out a long moan.

I grab onto both of his shoulders and pull him toward me, needing his lips on mine. As his tongue enters my mouth again, he pushes another finger inside, stretching me to my limits. My hips keep moving against his hand, until fireworks explode in my body.

As my pussy convulses around his fingers, he groans. “Your pussy is so fucking tight. I’m afraid I’m going to hurt you.”

Placing my lips on his, I say, “I need you inside me now.”

He kisses me one more time before getting up to unbutton his jeans. “I’d like nothing more, darlin’.”

After he gets his pants unsnapped and the zipper down, he kicks off his boots. Just as he starts to push his jeans down, the sound of someone walking through the woods hits my ear. “Boz, brother, get your ass back to the club house.”

Boz stops, zips his pants back. “What the fuck?” Reaching over for his tee, he hands it to me. “Put that on, darlin’.”

“Who is that?” I ask, covering myself up as quickly as possible.

He just shakes his head, before walking to the edge of the clearing and shouting, “What the hell do you need, Round?”

I hear heavy footfalls hitting the ground, just before an older man steps into the clearing. He doesn’t even bother to look at me as he says, “It’s your dad.”

“What the fuck did he do now?” Boz asks, walking back to the blanket and shoving his boots back on. “You do know I’m not his keeper, right?”

The older man doesn’t answer, just turns around and starts back to the clubhouse. Over his shoulder he says, “Hurry the fuck up. He’s hurt bad.”

Leaving me without a word, Boz takes off at a run. I jump up, pull on my jeans and head after him, not even bothering with the rest of our stuff. As soon as I step into the clubhouse, I see Boz in my dad’s face.

When I get close enough, I hear Boz talking in a menacing whisper. “Who the fuck shot him?”

It’s at that moment, I see Boz’s dad lying on the floor, his vacant eyes staring at the ceiling. His chest is covered in blood, and there is no doubt in my mind that he has drawn his last breath. Unable to hold it back, my stomach revolts. Leaning forward, I heave today’s lunch onto the floor. One of the old ladies comes over and grabs my shoulders, pulling me into her arms. She leads me out of the room, away from the dead body.

Just as we step outside, I hear Boz shout, “I asked you a fucking question. Who shot my father?”

“I don’t know,” Dad says with a shake of his head. “He’s been running his mouth all damn night, putting his hands on the old ladies. You know this shit was bound to happen sooner or later.”

That’s the last I hear before I am jerked outside. Peeking at Boz just before the door closes, I see his eyes on me. From the look on his face, I can tell that any chance we had is gone.

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CHAPTER ONE

Boz *Thirty Years Old*

LOOKING DOWN at the new club whore sucking my cock, a smile spreads across my face. “Take it down your throat.”

Her eyes come to mine, but her mouth never loses suction. No way is she letting go of the President’s dick when she’s finally allowed to get her mouth on it. Blowjobs are one of the perks of being in charge. I sure as hell enjoy this particular perk, that’s for sure. How I see it, if they are willing to give it up for free, I’m not gonna object to taking a bit every now and then.

Being President, I have power, respect, and all the pussy a man could ever want. Every bitch that walks into the club wants me. They all want to be my old lady. Well, that shit ain’t gonna happen. I tried that once—biggest fucking mistake of my life. If, and it is a big if, I decide to have an old lady again, it will not be a fucking club whore. I will not claim someone who opens her mouth or spreads her legs for any other man but me.

Since my wife, I have only considered claiming one woman—Trix. Hell, she wasn’t much more than a girl at the time. Barely eighteen, she was everything I thought I wanted. Everything I still want. But that shit ended when my dad bled out on the floor of Hoss’ club. I may still want her, but

I'm not dumb enough to think it will ever happen. Not wanting to dwell on what will never be, I look down to the whore taking my dick.

"Grab my balls, babe. Play with them, but not too hard," I instruct her, gliding in and out of her throat. "Yeah, just like that."

Women are obviously not a solution to all of my problems, but they are a good way to take my mind off things for a while. If I can't clear my head by hitting the open road, I find other ways to do it. The club whores are always willing to help a brother out, especially me. Works out well because they like to fuck just as much as we do.

"You're doing good," I praise her as I slide in deeper. I can feel my balls tighten and let out a sigh. This is what I needed, just a quick release until I can get my dick into some pussy.

Even though I should be thinking about the blowjob I'm getting, my mind is on the shipment of guns coming in. We started working with the Slayers about three months ago. We're the middle men, between them and a club in Canada. They get the guns to us, and we take them to the boys up north. The runs don't always go smoothly, but we're learning as we go. It's not much work, and it's a shitload of money when things go right, which leaves us more time to handle the rest of the shit Dad fucked up.

Ever since the club started running the shipments, the money has started rolling in, but shit has gotten a lot harder for me and the rest of the officers. We haven't had any down time for nearly a month. Hell, today's the first day I've been at the clubhouse for over a week, and I haven't had any pussy for longer than that. Even now, I don't have time to fuck. Still, it's what the club needs, so I can suffer a bit. It's all good as long as my boys and I get paid in the end.

Her teeth get a bit too close to my cock, and I pull back, giving her hair a quick tug. "Watch what you're doing."

"Sorry," she mumbles, going back to work with even more enthusiasm.

As soon as I feel her tongue glide over the head of my dick, my mind goes back to the guns. Something seemed off with the shipment coming in tonight, but I never could figure out what it was. There are times when decisions I have to make are between life and death, but I've learned to trust my gut. It hasn't steered me wrong yet. Still, this load was worth more than the last three, so I couldn't pass it up just on a gut feeling.

The bitch on the floor swallows around the head of my cock, bringing my mind back to the matter at hand. She is moaning like crazy with my dick crammed down her throat, as if she's enjoying it more than I am. Looking down, I can see that she has her hand down her pants, playing with her pussy. I know she's doing it all for my benefit, so I reach out and pat her on the head, thanking her for the extra effort.

Fisting her hair around my fingers, I give her an order. "Suck it harder, bitch."

Her throat is milking me with every downward slide, and I know I'm about to come. Her tongue circles the head of my cock each time I pull out, sending a wave of pleasure down my spine. This one can definitely suck a dick. I spend a second trying to remember her name, but I can't. Shaking my head, I realize she doesn't need one. The boys will give her one after she's been here for a while.

"I'm about to coat your throat with my cum," I tell her as I fist her hair tighter and pump into her mouth faster. "You'll like that, won't you?"

She mumbles something around my cock, but I'm too close to care what she has to say. I find my rhythm and, after another minute or so, shoot my cum down her throat in long jets. I make sure that she gets every last drop before pulling out of her mouth.

Shoving my softening cock into my jeans, I lift my chin at her. "Thanks."

She stays on her knees, just looking up at me with a smile on her face. I'm about to tell her to fuck off, when I remember she's new. She doesn't know the rules yet. I hate having to explain this shit to fresh meat, but better me than someone else. "When I'm done, you leave."

She tilts her head to the side, her hand still in her panties, and asks, "Isn't there anything else you want?"

Nope, this bitch ain't gonna last long in the club if she doesn't learn to follow simple rules. "Get up and get out. I got shit to do."

Turning away from her, I sit behind my desk and listen as she gets up. Finally, she scurries out of the room, shutting the door as she leaves. Just as it clicks shut, my phone dings with an incoming text. I reach over and see that it's from Brew.

Sliding my finger across the screen, I open the message and read his text. *Shipment not at location.*

“What the fuck?” Where the hell could the guns be?

Moving my fingers as quickly as I can, I reply. *Get your ass back here now.*

A second later, my phone dings again. *Five minutes out.*

If the shipment isn't found and found quickly, it will mean a shit storm is heading our way. I'm not sure who fucked up, and it doesn't really matter. The guns are supposed to be in Canada by the end of the month. If the delivery isn't made on time, blood will flow.

Not knowing what's going on, but hoping that it's not our boys' fault, I decide to make a call. As soon as the Slayer's MC President answers the phone, I bark out, “Where the fuck is my shipment?”

“It should be in your hands by now,” Vince replies in the same tone. “My man called in over an hour ago to say he was heading home.”

I run a hand through my hair, trying to figure out how much I should tell him. I don't like having other clubs in my business, but I have to trust my gut. “We don't have it.”

“What the fuck do you mean?” he growls out, finally understanding the importance of my call. “It was delivered, and my man has our money.”

“Shit,” I mumble, knowing if they have the money then the problem is on our end.

“I suggest you figure out where the hell the guns are, and quick,” Vince says, his voice cold as ice. “If you fuck up with the boys in Canada, your club is gonna be in a world of hurt. They ain't gonna play any games with your ass. They'll come down and destroy your entire fucking club.”

As much as I want to deny his words, I know they're true. The club we deliver to in Canada could make twenty of ours. “I'll get their shit to them on time. Don't you worry.”

“I'm not, hombre, but you should be,” he replies, before taking in a deep breath. “I respect you, Boz, but you need to know that my club did our part. If this shit isn't taken care of on your end, you can bet your ass I'll make sure they know who's responsible.”

“I'd do the same thing, brother,” I reply, knowing friendship doesn't mean shit when your club is on the line.

“Glad you understand,” he says, his voice finally losing its edge. “I gotta protect my boys.”

My mind goes in circles, trying to figure out what the hell is happening. It's not unusual for a few of the guns to come up missing, but an entire load of guns doesn't just disappear. Only one thing comes to mind—one of the Slayers must be dirty. It couldn't be one of my men. Could it?

"Do you trust your man?" I ask, hoping like hell he doesn't.

Vince lets out a mirthless laugh. "Would I have him handling this shit if I didn't? Do you trust *your* man?"

"Hell yeah," I reply, thinking of Crank.

He is a crazy fucker that can piss me off in about two seconds flat, but he's been a brother for years. We've grown up together, and he's never given me a reason to not trust him. He sometimes does stupid shit, like showing up late for church and running his smart ass mouth, but that's it. He's been leading the shipment pickups since we got started, and there hasn't been a problem until today.

Vince brings me out of my thoughts and back to the conversation. "Well, I'd be talking to my boy if I were you. I trusted you to handle your end. I would've never brought you on if I thought you couldn't handle things. Don't make me regret it," Vince says before hanging up the phone.

"Shit," I mutter, blowing out a frustrated breath.

Tossing the phone on my desk, I have to wonder if I made the wrong decision getting tied up with Vince and the Slayers. Before I can focus on it too much, my office door swings open. I look up just in time to see Brew and Smoke walk into the room. Both look pissed as fuck.

My dog Grim follows behind them and sneaks in just before they shut the door. I'm surprised he hasn't already tried to get in here. He's always by my side, and he doesn't like to be away from me for very long. I snap my fingers, bringing him to my side, then run my hand over his fur.

Brew is shaking his head as he says, "It's gone, brother."

"What the fuck do you mean, it's gone?" I ask as I stand from my chair. My body vibrates with anger as I wait for answers.

"I'm not sure, Boz. Crank just texted and said that it wasn't there," Brew replies, walking to my fridge and pulling out a beer. "I texted you as soon as he contacted me."

"You were supposed to be on his ass." Getting more pissed by the second, I slam my fist down on my desk just as Grim lets out a growl.

“I was, brother, but then Crank never showed up. I waited at the meeting spot until I texted you. Crank fucking disappeared, and there was nothing but complete radio silence,” he replies before taking a drink. “I didn’t even have the pick-up location.”

The pick-up location was always held ‘til the last minute, for security reasons. Even then, only the lead got it, and he was responsible for making sure his backup knew the spot. When Vince told me how his club handled this shit, I thought it sounded like a good plan. Now, I’m not so sure.

Placing my hands flat on my desk, I look at my VP and Sergeant at Arms. “There was more than half a million dollars’ worth of guns in this shipment. If it’s gone, we’re gonna lose a ton of money. Not to mention, we’re gonna have to deal with the boys up north, and that ain’t gonna be pretty.”

I am fucking livid. Somebody needs to figure out where our shit is, and they need to find it now. I haven’t worked this hard and done everything that needed to be done to make this club strong, to have someone mess it up and lose it all. Not to mention, we’re not ready for a war with the boys in Canada. I should have listened to my fucking gut.

Slamming back in my chair, I ask, “What’s Crank saying?”

Smoke grabs his own beer before leaning against my desk. “He called in a few minutes ago, said he talked to you.”

“I haven’t talked to his ass all day,” I reply, looking at my VP as my blood starts to boil.

“The motherfucker said he told you,” Smoke replies, looking over to Brew. “Did he call you?”

He shakes his head. “No, brother. Just got the one text.”

“Stupid fucker.” Smoke takes a seat across from my desk as he says, “Crank said he was run off the road by a black van. He’s not sure, but he thinks one of the Revenge boys was behind the wheel.”

“Fuck, that shit never even crossed my mind,” I say with a shake of my head, trying to take it all in. “I can’t believe this shit.”

“I told you, brother. I saw one of their boys talking to Cherry. You know that bitch was digging, and now we know what for,” Brew says, taking a drink of his beer.

My ex has never been anything but trouble, but this is a new low, even for her. A few weeks ago, I walked into my office and found her looking

through my drawers. Not only is my office off limits to anyone but me, but that bitch shouldn't have even been on this side of the clubhouse. Only members are allowed in this area. Needless to say, I went off on her ass. Guess I should have done more.

"You're gonna have to deal with her," Brew says, looking from me to Smoke.

Cherry is Smoke's sister, but he's damn near cut all contact with her. Still, I know me blackballing her from the club will hurt him. I don't have much of a choice now, but I'll have to figure out what she knows first. Then, her ass is out.

"I'll need to bring her in and have a talk," I tell Smoke.

"You gotta scratch that bitch off," Smoke nods, not even flinching. "But, you know she's not gonna give up what she knows too easily. Hell, I'm not even sure you can torture it out of her."

He's not wrong. The woman is tough as nails. I gotta play it smart, and there's only one way to do that. "You know your sister. If I piss her off bad enough, she'll spew that shit at me."

"That'll take time," Brew says with a shrug. "That's something we don't have a lot of."

"We've got three weeks. Hopefully, that will be long enough," I reply, folding my arms over my chest. "If not, we'll get out the fucking blowtorch. What I don't understand is what the hell Hoss is doing, taking our damn shipment. I thought we were good with them after all the shit Dad dragged us into."

Dad had worked long and hard to gain us ties with the Revenge MC, but he blew that shit fast. When Hoss wouldn't back every one of his plays, Dad thought it was a good idea to cut out Revenge completely and it hurt our club. It took all I had to convince Dad to go to Hoss and work out a deal with him. It cost a hell of a lot for my club, but we settled shit with Revenge and became allies again. After that, we even partied together, and our clubs became almost like brothers.

Everything changed when Dad screwed up again, just like I knew he would. He couldn't keep his mouth shut, and one of Hoss's boys shot him in the heart. It didn't take long for me to figure out that Dad deserved what he got, but shit was still strained between our clubs.

It took a while, but I finally was able to call a truce with Hoss. He understood that shit wasn't my doing, that it was my father's. After I took over and made some changes, he saw how I ran things and didn't hold my dad's actions against me. We may never call each other friends, but I thought we at least had respect for each other. Guess I was wrong... really fucking wrong. Well, I haven't busted my ass to have it turn to shit because Hoss decided to fuck with us. He'll learn, and he'll learn really damn fast, not to fuck with the Grim Bastards.

"Call church. It's time to come up with a plan to take care of business and get our guns back." I smile at Brew and Smoke.

Brew smirks before nodding his head. "You got it, Pres."

"You got a plan?" Smoke asks, placing his empty bottle on my desk.

I study him for a second, then shrug. "Not yet, but I will by the time you get all the boys here."

CHAPTER TWO

Trix

SLAMMING MY hand on the snooze button, I do my best to go back to sleep. The solid weight beside me keeps me from being comfortable enough to get the extra ten minutes I need. Rolling over in bed, I stare at the guy sleeping next to me. I take a minute to study his whisker-free face and wavy blonde hair, wondering what the hell I ever saw in him. He's sweet, sometimes too damn sweet. He's also cute, in a pretty boy kind of way, but that's really the issue—he's a boy, not a man. Hell, he doesn't even come close. If there is one thing I learned growing up as princess of the Satan's Revenge MC, it's that whoever I end up with has to be a man.

Sometimes, I wish I had just stayed at home. Whenever some snooty little bitch wrinkles her nose at me, or some frat boy tries to grab my ass, I wish I would've listened to Dad and just stayed where I belong. I love school, but I don't fit in here any better than I did back in high school. I'm still the biker babe every guy thinks he can fuck and every girl snubs. I will always be biker trash, even if I have more brains and more money than half the people at school.

I really thought things would be different if I went away to college and got away from the clubhouse. I didn't go far, just to Knoxville. A three-hour

drive and I'll be back in Nashville; twenty minutes later and I'm home. He wouldn't let me go any further, no matter how much I begged.

When I realized things were the same here as they were at home, I came up with a plan and followed it. I said to hell with college parties and worried more about learning all I could. Now, all I have left are my finals and graduation. When it's over, I know I'm gonna miss living in the city and having everything just a five-minute drive from my dorm, and I'm gonna miss the freedom of being away from the club. That's all I'm going to miss, though.

The snooze alarm goes off again, bringing me out of my thoughts. Turning over, I reach out and shut the clock off, then flip back on my side and give Jacob a shake. "We gotta get up."

"Just five more minutes, Trix," he says as he rolls toward me and flops his arm around my waist. "I wanna snuggle with you."

My eyes roll, but I stay still for a minute, giving him what he needs. Lately, Jacob has ended up in my bed more often than his own. He's edging toward dangerous territory— relationship land— and that's not gonna happen. I decided to give up the whole boyfriend thing a long time ago; the one and only time I tried, my heart was broken.

Everyone in town knew my dad, so the local boys were afraid to talk to me. Any that decided to try only did it because they were using me to get into the club. I learned that the hard way when I was still in high school. It's a lesson I'll never forget.

My first and only boyfriend acted like he was interested. He would turn up everywhere at school, waited for me in between classes, at lunch, and after school. He even tried to walk me home a few times. I got kind of used to the attention, and have to admit it felt nice at the time. It didn't take me long to realize he was more interested in the club than me. His constant questions about Satan's Revenge taught me that.

My dad figured it out before me, but he didn't say a word. Later, he told me it was a lesson I needed to learn early. He said I needed to toughen up and figure out the difference between friend and foe on my own. His harsh words broke my heart again. But he fixed it the next day, when he had a little 'chat' with the boy. The kid never spoke to me again. Hell, he never even looked at me, nor did any of the other boys at school.

Then there was Boz, the man I still crush on. He fills my dreams and still stars in all my sexual fantasies. I haven't seen him in four years... not since the night we almost got together. His club doesn't come around Dad's clubhouse anymore. Hell, I stuck to the clubhouse after the party, but no one even mentioned the Grim Bastards. It was like the whole incident never happened.

Nothing ever came of Boz's father's death, either. Boz just loaded his body into a van and rode away. When I finally got the nerve up to ask Dad about it, he simply said it was 'club business'. From what little I did gather, I don't think they are enemies with my father's boys, but they definitely aren't friends. I guess that animosity was more important to him than our stolen moments together.

Jacob's hand finds my breast and gives it a little squeeze. "I love waking up with you, baby."

I can feel his hard cock pressing into my stomach, but I ignore it. Dealing with him and his dick is the last thing I want to do this morning. Jacob and I met last year. He has the same major so we have had a few classes together, but I didn't take much notice of him at first. This semester, we both have Investment Management. Somehow, we got assigned together when we had to have partners for a class project, and surprisingly, we got along great.

As time passed, our studying ended up leading to dinner. Then, he finally asked me to a movie. I hadn't been out with a boy since the dickhead in high school, so I figured what the hell. We continued to study together and would go out to eat or to a movie. He was nice and a ton of fun, so our occasional dates turned into an every weekend kind of thing.

Over the last two months, we have spent damn near every night together. I finally gave Jacob my virginity three weeks ago. I had held onto it since the night with Boz, hoping he would come back to me sooner or later. He never did; things between the clubs never settled down enough to let that happen, so I figured I might as well get rid of my V-Card.

Since then, Jacob has thought of nothing but getting in my panties. I can't say I don't enjoy our time together, because I do. But giving it up to Jacob was not what I always dreamed about. It's fun, but nothing like my night with Boz. In my mind, Boz was the man that would take my virginity, and he would make sure I enjoyed it.

I've been dreaming about Boz since the night he walked out on me. That's not true; I've been dreaming of him since my 13-year-old self laid eyes on his ink-covered hands. Maybe in my mind, I have made him into some type of a hero. Jacob, for sure, doesn't fit that mold.

Even without that night with Boz, being around the club my entire life, I know more about sex than most seasoned whores. The one thing I know for sure, there should be more to it than him sticking it in and pumping a few times then moaning in my ear. Every time he's done, I want to scream, "*Where the fuck is mine?*" If it wasn't for his talented tongue, the big O would be a mystery to me.

He pushes his dick against me again and says, "Come on, baby. We've got time for a quickie."

I snort, knowing any sex with him is quick, but roll over anyway. A second later, he's on top of me pumping away. I count the seconds off in my head: one thousand one, two thousand one. By thirty-two, he's moaning in my ear and rolling away. I'm left high and dry, once again.

CHAPTER THREE

Boz

BANGING THE gavel against the table, I take my seat. “Let’s get this shit started.”

A few of the old timers are a little slow taking their seats, so I wait before I start speaking. “Transporting guns has brought more money into the Club than we’ve seen in years.”

The money we make from the shipments has finally put the club in the black, and all the members are getting a share now. We’re not rolling in the dough, but we’re getting there. This shit could destroy it all and have us right back where we started from.

“We need the transport money to keep coming in,” I say, looking around the room. “Without it, we’d be fucked again.”

“Hell yeah,” one of the new member shouts from his spot by the wall. “No one wants to sign on with a club that doesn’t keep their members’ pockets lined.”

I glare at his ass, letting him know he’s gonna have to deal with me later, and go on. “If it wasn’t for Dad running us into the ground, I never would have started taking these shipments, but I didn’t have a choice. We make a chunk on the junkyard, but not enough to keep us in beer and pussy.”

“We already voted on it, and we’re all good with running guns for the Slayers. Why are you bringing this shit up now?” a long time brother asks. “What the fuck’s wrong now?”

The boys have become accustomed to bad news. Shit, that’s all we ever got when Dad was in charge. Money wasn’t the only thing my father screwed up. Before he fucked up, Trenton belonged to the Grim Bastards, and we knew we had to make it ours again. Dad let outsiders come in and run our town. We were nothing more than a token biker club with no power.

After becoming President, gaining control of Trenton was my first order of business. The boys and I locked down the whole damn town; nothing came in or out without our okay. We made sure no other club’s drugs or pussy were being sold within city limits. It took a little time, a lot of blood, and we had to take on a few members that wouldn’t have earned a cut before, but Trenton is now Grim Bastards MC territory again.

“The shipment is lost,” I tell them, looking to the back where Crank just walked in with two black eyes. My anger jumps up another notch at seeing my brother injured.

A chorus of what-the-fucks hit my ears. Taking in a deep breath, I tell them everything I know. At least, what I can tell them about it. The shit with Cherry talking to one of Hoss’s boys is staying between me and my officers. I’m gonna deal with her myself.

When I’m done, one of the old timers shakes his head. “I’ve known Hoss for years. He can be a fucking ass, but he’s not a liar. He agreed to a truce, so he’ll keep his word.”

“I’m telling you, I saw one of their boys,” Crank shouts from the back of the room. Not surprisingly, everyone looks at me.

I lift my chin at Crank and say, “Tell us everything that happened. Don’t leave out one fucking thing.”

Crank goes on, telling everyone what I already know. All my doubts fade as he picks up his shirt and points toward a blood covered bandage. Pulling it back, he shows us a knife wound. It doesn’t look bad, but another inch to the right and it would have gotten his lung.

“I tried to stop the fuckers from taking the guns,” Crank tells us.

Stone, Crank’s dad, looks over to him and growls out, “There’s no excuse, boy.”

The old timer shakes his head and asks his question again, “Why would Hoss do this?”

I ignore the interplay between father and son, while looking around the room. “I can’t figure it out either, but that’s the only lead we’ve got right now. I’m not sure who else would have the balls to fuck with us.”

Round, Smoke and Cherry’s dad, scoots back from the table and stands up. “It could be Torch. You know he goes from club to club. He could be hanging with the Revenge boys now.”

Just the sound of the son of a bitch’s name pisses me the fuck off. He’s a member of a rival club from Nashville. He showed up in town before my father died. Of course, Dad let him hang at the club like he was one of the brothers. I didn’t trust him from the get-go, but Dad didn’t care. The man always had killer weed, and that’s all Dad gave a shit about.

I shake my head and start to say something, but Round cuts me off. “He’s had a hard-on for the club since you ran his ass out of town. You cost him a hell of a lot of money.”

Not long after Torch showed up, he started bringing in meth. Of course, most of us have tried it a time or two, but Torch loved the shit. Now, I don’t have a problem with drugs. Hell, half our income comes from the shit. But, I’ve never seen anything kill a person as fast as meth. Even if they don’t die, the person they were before is gone.

By the time Dad was gone and I ran Torch’s ass out of town, he had already spread it far and wide, making sure half our members got hooked. After I took over, they either got off the shit or gave up their cut. Most cleaned up, but a few walked away. Those that are gone weren’t that big of a loss anyway. More importantly, we lost one of the family, Smoke’s other sister, Shelia.

She had been dating the dick the entire time he was here. Her addiction didn’t show, not like the others. Shelia kept that shit hidden. By the time we found it, Torch was already gone and she was in the throes of withdrawals. Smoke laid into her hard, helped her get clean. He spent the next month watching her like a hawk.

None of that mattered, though; as soon as he left her alone, she hit the road. We didn’t hear anything from her until Smoke’s mom got a call from the Nashville police. Her daughter’s body had been found in an alley in Nashville, dead from an overdose. Granted, she didn’t die from Torch’s

hands, but he's the one that put the needle in her arm the first time. If it wasn't for him, she'd still be here.

"No, Round, I don't think it's him this time," I reply. "But, we need to keep our ear to the ground, just in case."

"I'm telling y'all, I saw a few of the Revenge boys!" Crank shouts again, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Did you not hear me? Nothing you can say matters. You fucked up," Stone says, standing up and walking over to his son. He knocks Crank in the side of the head. "Keep your mouth shut. You've already caused enough trouble."

Brew scoots back in his chair and looks at Crank, completely ignoring Stone's order. "I thought you said you saw *one* of his boys, not a *few*."

I lean forward, laying my hands on the table. "Which is it, Crank, one or a few?"

"It was a few. Just a fucking slip of the tongue, brother," he says, looking between his dad and my Sergeant at Arms.

"If it was Hoss and his crew, what are we gonna do to get our shit back?" Stone asks as he takes his seat. "We can't lose those guns."

I cross my arms on the table and lean forward. "We're gonna hit him where it hurts. I'm gonna take the one thing that means more than anything to him—his little princess, Trix. We either get the guns back or money to replace them. Until he hands over the shipment or proves he doesn't have it, we'll keep her here with us."

After I get done detailing my plan, I stand up and point to Crank. "I know you're hurt, brother, but do you feel like helping pick Trix up?"

"I can do that," he says with an easy smile.

I shake my head at his confidence, staring at his two black eyes. "I'm not sure you can, brother. That's why you're taking Brew with you. He's gonna let me know if you fuck anything up. If you do, you'll pay."

"We got this, Pres." Brew scoots away from the table and stands up.

The image of the hot chick that I nearly claimed fills my head: those long legs and that wavy, blonde hair. Trix hasn't left my mind since that night. If Dad hadn't fucked up so much shit, she'd be by my side now. Even with all the shit that went down, I still want her. If I didn't know it would have caused more trouble for the club, I would have done it anyway.

Knowing I still want her, I look from Crank to Brew. “Go in easy. Keep it clean and don’t hurt her.”

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CHAPTER FOUR

Trix

“**HURRY UP**, Adyson. You know I have to study,” I call out, hoping my friend will get her ass in gear.

I should be back at the dorm, studying for finals, but Addy wouldn't let me. She called me from the mall and said we needed to blow off some steam. According to her, the best way to do that is to go shopping. This shopping trip has taken nearly four hours and cost me almost five-hundred bucks. I didn't even need anything from the mall, but who can pass up a thirty-percent off sale at Saks? My new Saint Laurent high-tops are gonna look badass with my Revenge tee. Dad may be pissed I spent so much money. Hopefully, I can sweet talk him out of his hissy fit.

Addy huffs up beside me, lugging her own bag full of goodies. “Don't call me Adyson. You know I hate it when you do that. I don't know why you're in such a rush. You know you don't need to study any more than I do.”

She's right. We've both spent the last four years with our noses buried in one textbook or another. I'll ace my tests, or at least, I should ace them. Still, there's no reason to take a chance. Dad may be easygoing about what I spend, but my grades are another matter. If they start slacking, my ass will be stuck at the clubhouse again. Addy should know this by now. I don't

know how many times I have to tell her for her to understand. And I know she hates when I call her Adyson; that's why I do it. Her family are the only ones who call her that. She likes for her friends to call her Addy.

It's not like she doesn't know how he is, but I remind her again, just to keep her off my ass. "You know how my dad is. If I don't pass these finals with flying colors, he's gonna have a shit fit."

"What's he gonna do?" she asks with a shrug. "You know all you have to do is smile at your Dad and he gives in."

Even after all these years as friends, she still doesn't understand how powerful my father is. Sure, he loves me, but that doesn't change the fact he is a biker, born and bred. He will have his way, even when it comes to my life.

"He'd drag my ass back home, even though I'm almost done. You know he didn't want me to go to begin with. He'll use any opportunity he can to get me home," I tell her with a shrug of my own.

The only way he agreed to let me come in the first place was if I chose a finance major, so that I can help with the books and paperwork at the club when I finish school. He has my whole life mapped out for me. I'll be a lifer in the club, just like him. Only difference is that I'm a woman, so I'll never have any power. I'll only ever be Hoss' little girl.

"You're an adult now, Trix. He can't make you do anything."

Addy and I are so close that most everyone thinks we're sisters. We became friends the first day of fifth grade. Some girl was making fun of her for wearing glasses, and it pissed me off. I gave the girl a bloody nose, and Addy and I have been inseparable ever since. Still, she doesn't understand what it means to be the daughter of an MC President.

"Whatever." I ignore her, knowing just how wrong she is, and go back to my thoughts.

I have more than just my dad and money on my mind tonight. After Jacob left this morning, I realized he had forgotten his phone. Figuring I could do him a solid, I ran late for class and took it to him. When I got to his dorm room, the door was open, and right before I walked in, my name was spoken. Unable to stop myself, I stood there and listened.

The distance muted what they said, but I heard enough to know that Jacob was using me, just like the boy from high school. My father's name and the name of the club were mentioned more than once. Something was

said about me helping him get his cut, and then they started talking about all the pussy he would get once he was a member.

They started laughing then, but it died as soon as I walked in their room. I tossed his phone on his bed and pasted a fake-ass smile on my face. *“I’ll make sure my dad knows the lengths you’re willing to go to for the club. He’ll appreciate it.”*

With those words, I walked away. He tried following me, begging and pleading for me to let him explain. I gave him about a minute to spew his lies, then sent a swift kick to his balls that left him in a blubbering mess on the dorm floor. I kept on walking, my pride stinging with every step I took. As I stepped outside, I wondered if I’d ever find someone that wanted me, not my father’s club.

Addy interrupts my thoughts when she stops walking and grabs my arm and says, “You seriously don’t think Hoss will make you quit school if you don’t pass just one final. That’s the stupidest thing I’ve ever heard. Who lets their kid go to school for four years and then makes them quit because they have to redo one damn class?”

I start laughing. “Did you seriously just ask me that? Did you forget who we were talking about or how my dad is?” I ask her, heading toward the car again.

“But you’re so close,” she says, like that matters.

“He knows I’m supposed to graduate at the end of this semester. If I fail a class, there is no way he’s gonna let me come back.”

All this talk about finals and my dad reminds me of the bags I’m carrying. Again, the money I spent runs through my head. Dad’s been on my ass about using the credit card on clothes and shit. He gives me a hefty allowance, and he doesn’t see why I need to spend more. I don’t, not really, and I should have thought about that before I went into the store.

“You’re quiet again. I don’t like it when you’re deep in thought and not your chatty self,” she says, bumping me with her hip. “You can’t seriously be worried about finals? You’re going to do great. It’s not like you even have hard ones to take. You finished those a long time ago.”

Looking into my best friend’s eyes, I have the urge to tell her about what Jacob did, but decide against it. The last thing I need right now is an irate Addy on my hands, and she would be beyond irate if I told her. She’s

hell on wheels when she gets pissed, especially where I am concerned, so I avoid it as much as possible.

Shrugging my shoulders, I smile and say, “No, I was actually thinking that I should have found a closer parking spot if I was going to buy so much shit.”

She nods to her bright yellow VW beetle. “You can put your bags in my car, and I’ll drive you to yours.”

“I’m not that lazy. Mine’s only a few rows past yours,” I say with a laugh. “I’m also wondering how to tell Dad I spent so much money on one pair of shoes.”

“Hmmm...” she murmurs, hitching her bags up her arm. “You could tell him they’re special shoes. If you wear them, you’re guaranteed an A on all your finals.”

I let out another laugh before hip-bumping her back. “I’m sure he’ll fall for that. I’d use that excuse all the time if it—” I stop midsentence, hearing a screeching noise behind me.

I turn around just as a black van pulls up behind us. I instantly go on guard when two humongous men jump out. I have no idea what they would be doing here, but I’m sure, whatever it is, it’s not good.

Giving my best friend a push, I scream, “Run!”

Instead of doing what she’s told, she looks at me with confusion clouding her eyes. “What’s going on? Who are they?”

One of the men walks right up to me and grabs my arm in a brutal hold. Even with two black eyes, the sneer on his face lets me know he’s not to be messed with. “You’re coming with us, bitch.”

“Get the fuck away from me!” I try to pull away, but his grasp is too tight.

He smiles a blood chilling smile and says, “Your dad has something that is ours, and until we get it back, you’re coming with us.”

“I’ll be damned if I’m going anywhere with you,” I say as I get in his face, doing my best to pretend to be brave.

His hold tightens, sending a wave of pain from my arm through my entire body. “I suggest you watch the way you talk to me. You may be with us for a while, and I’m pretty sure you don’t want to make trouble for yourself.”

My eyes zero in on his cut. Seeing the Bastard insignia, I let out a relieved breath. This is Boz's club. He may not still want me, but I doubt he would hurt me. "What do you want from me? I have nothing to do with Dad's club."

The man's smile grows as he replies, "There's a lot I'll be wanting from you."

Ignoring him, I look over to Addy. She is in in the arms of the other man. Addy's doing her best to fight him off, but he's carrying her like a child, not even noticing her attempts at getting away. I watch as she reaches up and scratches the man's face. When he rears back, I'm sure he's gonna drop her. Instead, she lets out a scream, letting me know he retaliated in some other way.

Unable to watch my friend be hurt, I shriek, "Take your hands off her!"

"Forget her. You need to be worried about *your* sweet ass," he sneers, twisting my arm behind my back.

Trying to keep the pain from my voice, I demand, "Just leave us the hell alone!"

"If you want trouble, I can give you all the trouble you can handle and then some," he whispers before licking my ear.

I cringe, feeling vomit rise in my throat, and finally jerk my arm away from him. "Don't touch me again."

Of course, he just laughs. He's clearly an asshole, and I sure as hell don't want to go anywhere with him. It's either fight or die at this point. Knowing I have no choice, I pull back my fist. Before I can even throw my first punch, he swings at me, sending me swirling into darkness.

CHAPTER FIVE

Boz

MY EX-WIFE comes into the office and smiles at me. “Smoke said you wanted to see me.”

Without even waiting for my reply, Cherry starts to pull her shirt over her head. As always, she thinks that when I call her into my office, I’m just looking for a good fuck. It has happened, more than I’d like to admit, but not right now.

I ignore her lace-covered tits and say, “Heard you were talking to one of Hoss’ men a few days ago.”

“What?” she asks, hesitating for just a second before tossing her shirt on the floor.

I wait until she shimmies out of her skirt before replying, “Brew said he saw you in town talking to a man wearing a Revenge cut.”

She shakes her head and tells me, “I may have run into one of Hoss’ boys, but I can’t remember. You know, I’ve met them all.”

I wait until she steps out of her heels and say, “You need to think real hard, and remember who you were talking to.”

Without saying a word, she reaches around and unhooks her bra, dropping it to the floor. Cupping her naked breasts, she says, “I have better things to think about.”

The smile on her face lets me know she thinks I will let this shit drop if she continues to lose her clothes. Even after the divorce, I've never turned down her pussy. It was just too damn good to pass up. Today, that changes.

Staring straight into her eyes, I lower my voice to a menacing whisper. "Cherry, I want you to tell me who you were talking to."

Her hands are at her panties when she says, "I really don't remember what Brew is talking about. If I saw one of the Revenge boys, I don't know who he was."

Narrowing my eyes at her, I change tactics. "What about you being in my office a few weeks ago? I walked in and caught you with your hands in my desk?"

"I told you, I was just waiting for you to come in. I was looking for paper to leave you a note, since I didn't have time to wait anymore," she says, pushing her panties to the floor.

I'm just about to ask her something else when the phone rings. I look at it and see that it's Brew calling. "Yeah?" I answer.

"We got Trix, boss, but there's two of them," Brew says, sounding pissed.

"What the fuck do you mean, there's two?" I ask, anger filling my voice. Can't these boys do anything without fucking shit up? I'm getting used to Crank screwing up, but Brew has a good head on his shoulders. That's why he wears my Sergeant at Arms patch.

"We followed her to the mall, which took for-fucking-ever. I thought her ass was gonna shop the whole night. I figured we'd follow her to wherever she was going and then get her when she was going back to her car. Only problem is, she wasn't alone when she walked out," he says before taking in a deep breath. "Still, I figured we could pick her up later, but Crank wouldn't listen. He damn near ran their asses over with the van and jumped out before I could stop him."

"Stupid motherfucker," I mutter, my anger boiling over.

Brew takes a breath before adding, "He grabbed her right then, so I didn't have a choice but to get the other bitch. She was screaming like fuck. She would've had the police on us if I hadn't gotten control of her."

After the shit that went down with the shipment, I should've known better than to trust Crank with this. The motherfucker had just made one mistake; I shouldn't have given him a chance to make another. Running a

hand through my hair, I take a frustrated breath. “What the hell is going on with him fucking everything up?”

“I don’t know, brother, but I think that’s something you need to take up with him. Still, I’ll tell you, if we were voting him in right now, he wouldn’t get my fucking vote for a cut,” Brew answers, still sounding angry as fuck.

I can hear Crank mumbling in the background, but Brew doesn’t even bother responding to him. Instead, he gives me an update. “We should be at the clubhouse in five. Be ready, because neither one of these bitches are gonna be easy to handle.”

With that, he hangs up, and I shove my phone back in my pocket. I turn around and see Cherry on the floor, naked ass in the air. She is looking at me, waiting for her orders. I flick my hands toward the door. “Get dressed and get the fuck out.”

She pushes herself off the floor and places her hands on her naked hips. “You don’t want to fuck?”

I shrug, not bothering to answer her, knowing she will be even more pissed at my silence. Instead, I walk over to the fridge. I grab a beer then head to my desk to sit down. Cherry starts picking up her clothes, huffing with each move she makes. The entire time, her eyes are trained on me.

“Did you really just call me in here to ask me a bunch of fucking questions?” she asks as she pulls her panties up her legs.

I cock my brow at her, realizing our conversation isn’t over. “Yeah, I did. I’m too busy to finish right now, though, so plan on finishing this later.”

She fluffs her hair, pushing out her tits. “Does it matter if I don’t want to finish it later? I don’t even know why I asked that. Everyone knows the answer to that question. You’re a selfish bastard, always have been. What difference does it make how I feel, as long as you get what you want?”

“Don’t go there, Cherry,” I warn, coming close to losing my patience. I may want her pissed enough to start spouting shit, but I’m not gonna put up with her mouth.

She yanks on her skirt and says, “You never care about anyone but yourself. You get done with someone, you just kick them to the curb.”

“Same old song and dance, Cherry. I’m getting tired of hearing it,” I reply before taking another drink.

She keeps throwing this shit in my face, but I tried. I fucking tried as hard as I could. I've seen enough marriages fall apart; I didn't want that to happen to us. Even though she was carrying another man's kid, I stayed by her side. We weren't living the life I wanted, but we tolerated each other without fighting constantly. Then she came home and told me she had an abortion. She didn't want to have a baby that wasn't mine. In spite of everything that she had done, I couldn't believe she would take it that far. She killed the kid, even though I was willing to raise someone else's child as my own. That same night, I packed up her shit and took her to her dad's place. The next morning, I filed for divorce.

She finishes getting dressed and slides her shoes back on. Then, she stomps to the door and pulls it open. As usual, Grim comes running in and almost knocks her down. "Stupid dog, always getting in someone's way," she mutters just before stepping in the doorway. She turns back and looks at me. "Don't call me the next time your dick is hard."

As angry as I am, I can't hold back my laugh. "I didn't call you because my dick was hard, and don't talk to my dog like that."

"Fuck you, Boz. You and your piece of shit mutt," she says before flipping me the bird. "You'll get what's coming to you soon enough."

Finally, she's starting to break. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"You'll find out," she replies and starts to stomp out the door.

Shouting out her name, I stop her just before she breaks away. "Cherry! We're gonna have a long talk, and you will tell me what I want to know, or you'll wish you did."

She turns away and keeps walking. Her mumbled, "*whatever*," reaches my ear.

I'm done with Cherry; this is the last damn straw. Even if she is my VP's sister, she has to be taught a lesson. The bitch will learn, and she will learn really damn quickly, not to fuck with me.

"Come here, boy," I say to Grim as he walks over to my side. He gives my hand a lick before looking up at me with his big, brown eyes.

"Don't listen to that bitch. We both know you're smarter than she is," I say, laughing as I rub him between his ears. He sits down, wagging his tail, knowing I'm right.

CHAPTER SIX

Trix

I COME awake to the sound of men's voices. The pain in my head keeps me from making out what they are saying, but I'm aware enough to realize it's the same two men talking that came after Addy and me in the mall parking lot. Fear instantly overpowers my pain.

Opening my eyes, it takes a moment for the black spots to disappear. As soon as they do, I look around for my best friend. She's sitting on the other side of the van with her knees pulled up to her chest. Tears are streaming down her face as she rocks back and forth. As scared as I am, she must be fucking terrified.

I start to move toward her, and I hit my knee hard on the floor of the van. The sound of bone hitting metal brings the bastard that hit me to the back of the van. He smiles when he reaches me, running his fingers over my t-shirt covered breasts.

Trying my best to kick him away, I shout, "Get the hell away from me!"

"You're a feisty little bitch, aren't you? I have no problem with that. Sometimes, it's fun having a wildcat in my bed. I have my own way of calming you down, if you can't figure out how to act."

"Don't touch me." I jerk away from him, but he just laughs.

He's about to touch my tit again when a voice from the front shouts out, "Leave her the fuck alone and get up here!"

As soon as he's gone, I look over at Addy again. She still has tears streaming down her face. I hate that my family got her into this shit. She isn't used to drama. Not that I'm accustomed to being kidnapped, but I've seen some pretty bad shit in my life. Being a biker's daughter, I learned early that anything can and might happen. Addy, on the other hand, grew up as the daughter of a doctor, with a stay-at-home mom who loved to make cookies. At least, that's what she would like for everyone to think. I know better than that. I've seen what a vindictive bitch that woman can be. Still, Addy has not had to deal with the type of shit biker life is about; her family isn't like that.

Finally crawling to her, I whisper, "Everything will be okay. Either we figure a way out of this or my father will. Just do what they say so we don't get hurt."

"I'm scared," she says, leaning into me.

"Don't freak out, Addy. I'll come up with a plan," I tell her as quietly as I can. "I'll protect you, no matter what happens. I'll make sure you're safe."

"How could you possibly come up with a plan to get us out of this shit?" she asks, not even bothering to whisper.

"Shhhh," I remind her to be quiet and tell her the only thing I can. "I have no idea, but I'll figure out a way to get away from these dickheads."

I really don't think Boz will hurt us, but after the rough treatment I got, there's no way to be sure. The Boz I knew would never have ordered his men to kidnap me in the first place, so how can I be sure? One way or another, I will find a way out of this shit. Even if it's just surviving until Dad gets us.

"I had my monthly check-in with Mom yesterday, so she won't be expecting to hear from me until graduation. My next class is Monday, and even then, the Dean isn't gonna call if we miss. He won't give a damn," Addy tells me with a sob.

She's right. It's gonna take a few days before anyone even knows we're gone. My dad won't call because I'm supposed to be studying for finals. Other than dating Jacob, I spend most of my time studying. After kicking him to the curb, the only other person who would miss me is sitting by my

side. She's a loner like me; neither of us really have any other friends. The only other person in her life is her sister, Alex, and she also knows that Addy is supposed to be studying. Until now, our lack of friends never bothered me. I'm rethinking my opinion.

"This is gonna kill Alex." Addy's soft crying brings me out of my thoughts.

I put my arm around her shoulders and whisper, "We're gonna be okay."

"Yeah, I know," she says, not sounding at all sure. "I just want to go home."

I know what she means. "Me too, hon. Me too."

Doing my best to comfort her, I pull Addy in for a hug. I hold her close, whispering whatever I can think of to make her feel better. Nothing seems to work as she continues to cry on my shoulder. Listening to her fall apart breaks my heart.

I know I have to have some information, so I ask the men up in the front of the van. "Where the hell are you taking us?"

"You'll figure it out when you get there," replies the ass that had his hands on Addy.

"Can you at least tell me what you're gonna do with us?" I ask, even though I'm not sure I want to know.

The same man answers me. "You'll get answers when the Pres wants you to have 'em. You might as well sit back and keep your mouth shut, because you're not getting any answers from us."

I start to say something else, but the fucker that touched me looks over his shoulder and says, "If you can't keep your mouth shut, I have no problem gagging you. I'm sure I can find something to put in between those pretty lips."

I sit quietly for a minute, glaring at the dickhead. There's no way he's putting his nasty-ass cock anywhere near my mouth. If he even tries, I'll bite the fucker off.

I'm confused as hell right now. The only thing I know for sure is that my dad will save us. It may take a few days, but Dad will find us. He'll come in guns blazing, and I'm gonna make sure the first bullet ends up in that fucker's cold heart.

These men must have a death wish, because they were as good as dead as soon as they laid their hands on me. As part of the biker brotherhood, they should know better. You don't mess with families. It's an unspoken rule that everyone knows—a rule I can't believe Boz is willing to break. Since he is breaking it, I can't put anything past him or his crew. Addy and I may be in real danger, more than I want to admit.

We all stay quiet until finally pulling up to the Bastards' compound. Seeing it, part of my fear starts to fade. Bringing us to the clubhouse means we're gonna be used for collateral. Tonight's not gonna be fun, but at least it won't end with Addy and me in body bags. I'm not stupid enough to think they may not hurt us, but I doubt they'd bring us here if they planned to take us out. If the Bastards are anything like my dad's club, we'll be locked in a room. We'll never be more than a few feet from a guard, so chances of escape are nearly zilch. Still, I have to come up with something.

If I'm right about being used as collateral, the best thing to do is just sit back and wait for the cavalry. Dad and his boys will have us out of here soon. After that, there won't be a place in Kentucky or Tennessee that anyone wearing a Bastards patch will be safe.

Knowing I may not get another chance, I grab Addy's hand and whisper. "Keep your mouth shut and do whatever they say."

"What do you mean, whatever?" she asks. The fear in her voice causes tears to form in my eyes.

As much as I hate to even think about it, we may not be the same people tomorrow that we are today. I've seen my dad and his boys do a lot of shit over the years, and I've heard about even worse things being done. Dad would never admit to forcing himself on a woman, but he's a biker and bikers do shit they'd never admit to their families. I just hope these bikers do whatever they are going to do to me instead of Addy.

"I'll do my best to keep the attention on me, so don't worry," I tell her, trying to hide my fear behind brave words. "We're here because of my dad, so let me deal with them. No matter what they do to me, just keep your mouth shut."

Before she can reply, the boys up front stop the van and climb out. For a split second, the urge to run hits me, but that crazy fucker that likes to hit has the rear door open before I can make my move. I wouldn't leave Addy to deal with this shit all on her own, anyway. Until I can figure out a way

for her to get out of this mess, there's not a whole lot we can do but learn to deal.

He stares at us for a minute, and I fully take in his cut for the first time. My eyes finally move to his patch: *Crank*. Wonder how in the fuck he got that name? He's isn't wearing an officer patch, so that's good. He's a member, but he doesn't have that much power. Hopefully, he'll be forced to turn us over to someone else.

Crank looks from me to Addy, an evil smile spreading across his face. "Who should I taste first?"

As scared as I am, I know it's now or never. Addy would die if this douche got his hands on her, so I have to make sure his attention is on me. "I need a damn drink. My mouth is dry and a beer sounds good."

The guy that was driving the van appears next to Crank. "Don't worry, girl. We'll get you something."

As soon as I get a clear look at his face, I remember seeing him before. I can't place where or when, but I know we've met. I glance at his patch: Brew, Sergeant at Arms. I can tell immediately this man is different. He's not safe in any way, but he's a hell of a lot better than his partner. He's the one I want watching over Addy. Instead of looking at him, I turn my head to the man that is going to make my life a living hell. "I could really go for a visit to the bathroom, too. I could always just piss in the back of your van if you'd like."

He snarls at me before reaching in and grabbing my foot. He pulls me to him and tosses me over his shoulder. Smacking my ass, he says, "You piss on me, bitch, and it'll be the last piss that you ever take. Understood?"

He carries me inside the clubhouse, never taking his hand from my ass. As soon as we get inside, he walks through the bar room toward the hall. Stopping in front of a door marked *Office*, he barks out, "Pres, we got em'."

Not waiting for a response, he walks inside. Knowing it's time to face the man I once thought I loved, my fear ratchets up a notch. Tears start to fill my eyes as my dream of what Boz and I could have had fades away, but I put a stop to them as soon as I see the other guy lead Addy into the room. She's not gonna pay for being friends with a biker's daughter.

Knowing I have to do something quick, I start to fight. "Let me down, you sleazy son-of-a-bitch."

“Shut the fuck up,” Crank says before slapping my ass again. This time, he does it with such power that it causes a wave of pain to shoot through my body.

Another quick slap and he says, “I’m gonna close that mouth for you, baby. You won’t be able to talk when it’s full of my dick.”

“Put her down,” says a gravelly voice from behind me. Even without seeing him or his cut, I know the voice belongs to Boz. That voice could bring me to my knees.

The dickhead lets me down and twirls me around, allowing me to see the man that controls the Grim Bastards. My eyes lock on his, and I have to fight the urge to run toward him. The attraction is still there; I still want him just as bad as I did the last time I laid eyes on him.

He is, hands down, the most gorgeous man I’ve ever seen. Even though this isn’t the time to be noticing how sexy he is, I can’t help it. Boz now has his hair cut short on the sides and in the back, not long and curling up like it used to be. Even with it cut this way, there’d still be just enough on top to get a good handful while his head was buried between my legs. His chin is covered in scruff, as if he hasn’t shaved in a day or two, but the crisp lines around it proves he wears it like that on purpose.

He hasn’t really changed, but there’s a hardness in his eyes that wasn’t there before. He’s wearing an old Metallica tee, with his cut over it. I can see a bit of ink peeking out of the collar, and his arms are covered in tats. I remember clearly, even only seeing it in the moonlight, that the man has ink all over his arms and chest. It’s not all cluttered up where you can’t tell what anything is, but he does have a lot of them. All I know is that I think they are sexy as hell, and I’ve always wondered if he has them everywhere else.

I’m about to look at his face again, but he moves a hand, drawing my attention to it. I look at the word *fast*, tatted across his fingers. Looking at the other hand, I read *hold*. Then, the memory of the pleasure those hands once gave me fills my mind.

Shaking away my thoughts, I demand, “Why did you have us kidnapped?”

He cocks a brow before answering, “That’s between me and your dad.”

“How could you do this to me?” I say, taking a step forward, never breaking eye contact. “I know it was just one night, but didn’t it mean

something to you?”

His lips turn up in a grin. “It meant something, Trix.”

I’ve seen him a few times since our one night, but I was always too shy to say anything. I would avoid him when he came around, but he has never been far from my mind or my dreams. Many nights, I would run the batteries dead in my vibrator, all while thinking of those ink-covered fingers sliding in and out of me.

Again, I shake away my thoughts and ask, “Then, how could you do this? How the hell could you have me and my friend kidnapped?”

“One thing has nothing to do with the other, darlin’,” he states with a shrug.

My anger continues to grow. “I’ve dreamed about that night a million times. They were the best fucking dreams of my life, and now you’ve ruined it for me. Every time I think of it, I will think of you pulling this shit.”

He throws his head back and laughs, a deep, throaty laugh that leaves my panties soaking. “Don’t worry, baby. I’ll make sure you have something else to dream about.”

This is the only man I’ve ever truly wanted, but I can’t focus on that right now. I need to figure out why the Bastards kidnapped us. I know the other guys said my dad took something that belonged to them, but that’s not the sort of shit my father does. I need to get to the bottom of this before any plans can be made.

“What the fuck is going on? You know family is off-limits!” I say, letting my anger show.

“That doesn’t have anything to do with you,” he replies with a shake of his head.

When his eyes meet mine again, I press him for an answer. “I know this is between you and Dad, but seeing as we’re the ones being held against our will, don’t you think Addy and I deserve to know the reason behind it?”

Before he can answer me, Crank grabs my arm and tugs me back to him. He squeezes it hard enough to cause me to wince, then says, “Don’t ask questions. Just do what you’re told.”

He then looks toward Boz and says, “Let me take her to my room. I’ll teach her some manners.”

“No,” I whisper, my false bravado crumbling at the very thought of being alone with him.

I hear a low growl coming from behind me. Out the corner of my eye, I see a huge dog get up from beside the desk and take a step toward us. The dog shows Crank his teeth as he continues to growl.

“Let her go, brother,” orders Boz, before calling his dog to his side.

“Whatever.” Crank gives my arm another bone-crunching squeeze before releasing it and shoving me away from him.

Boz looks at me a second before saying, “Normally, I would say this shit is no concern of yours, and I’m betting Hoss would say the same about his club.”

I shrug, trying to play the badass again. “Well, I’m not sure. Dad hasn’t made a habit of kidnapping young women.”

He smirks at me. “You don’t know that. Your pop could have a whole basement full of bitches, and you wouldn’t know.”

He’s right, so all I can do is nod. He lifts his chin at me and says, “But, I don’t mind telling you what is going on, a little of it anyway.”

“Well, that’s awfully sweet of you,” I reply, placing my hands back on my hips and glaring at him. “Aren’t you a nice fucking guy?”

The smile on his face disappears and is replaced by anger. “I will only warn you one time to watch your attitude, Trix. We could’ve had something, but that doesn’t give you the right to run your fucking mouth.”

I start to reply, play the bitch again, but he shakes his head. “I don’t tolerate disrespect from anyone, especially in my own damn clubhouse. If you keep that shit up, you’ll wish I let Crank take you to his room.”

His words have me stepping closer to him, further away from Crank. “I’m not trying to give you attitude. I grew up with my dad, and I learned to respect the patch you’re wearing. So with all due respect, you had to know I’d be a little pissy when you sent your brothers to snatch us up and throw us in the back of a van.”

Another chin lift is his only reply, so I push on. “I’m not asking you to tell me club business. Just give me enough so I know what I’m dealing with.”

“Hoss has something of mine, so I decided to take something of his,” he says finally, resting his ass on his desk and crossing his ankles. “When he gives my shit back, I’ll hand you over.”

“What did he take?” I ask, not believing my dad would do anything to put me in danger.

He ignores my question, looking to the guy standing beside Addy. “Brew, take them to the safe room. I want them locked in, no visitors.”

The last part he directs at Crank, allowing me to let out a relieved breath. Still, I need to know more. “Will my friend or I have to pay for whatever you think my dad did?”

“We’ll see how your dad responds, but you need to get one thing straight, Trix. I don’t ‘think’; I know Hoss or one of his boys had something to do with it.” He looks back toward Brew. “Get them out of here.”

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Boz

AS BREW turns to take Trix and her friend out of the office, I grab a beer and sit down at my desk. I wait until the door is shut behind them, before looking at Crank. “What the fuck were you thinking?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about, Pres.” He shrugs before walking over to grab his own beer. “I picked up the bitch, just like you told me to.”

“Well, let me see. I told you to grab Trix, not her friend. I also told you to make sure the pick-up went clean, but you took her in the middle of a fucking mall parking lot!” I end in a shout, letting my anger show.

Sitting down across from my desk, he shrugs again. “I saw the opportunity and I took it. Figured we got a two-for-one kind of deal.”

“I don’t give a fuck what you figured. You follow orders!” I growl, losing what little patience I have for the fucker sitting in front of me.

“I don’t see what the big fucking deal is,” he spouts off, a cocky smile on his face. “The job is done, and you got what you wanted.”

Standing up, I place my nearly-full beer on my desk and walk to Crank. Grabbing him by his cut, I bring him closer, eye to eye, so he gets my point. “The big fucking deal is you didn’t follow orders. If this shit happens again, your ass is out. I’m not gonna have a brother I can’t trust.”

Shoving him on his ass, I walk away before I strangle the bastard, leaving the fucker lying on the floor. Walking straight to the bar, I plant my ass on a stool and grab a bottle of Jack and a shot glass. I pour a shot and down it, chasing it with a swallow of beer to calm the fire in my gut. I'm just setting my drink down when Brew walks out of the hallway.

"They give you any trouble?" I ask him as he sits down on the stool beside me.

"Nah, but I didn't give them a chance to. Took them to the room, locked the door, and left 'em there. Gonna give your girl time to cool down."

"She's not my girl," I say instinctively, but the words leave a bitter taste on my tongue.

He cocks a brow at me. "Not yet, but I have a feeling she's gonna be."

"What the hell are you talking about?" I ask, taking another swallow.

Grabbing his own shot glass, he pours himself a drink, one side of his lip tipping up. "I haven't seen you look at anyone like that since first meeting Cherry."

I can't hold back my snort of amusement. "Cherry and I just got done having another fucking argument, right before you got here. I figure the only thing you see when I'm looking at that bitch is pure hatred."

"It wasn't always like that, though," he says before taking a drink.

"You used to look at her like she was the reason you breathed. I was so glad my brother found someone who could give him that. I was hoping one day I'd find something like that for myself. Got over that feeling real fast when I realized Cherry was a crazy bitch. She may be Smoke's sister, but I know crazy when I see it."

I laugh again, then change the subject. "Do you think being locked in the safe room is gonna calm Trix's ass down?"

He shakes his head. "No, it won't. She's gonna buck every step of the way. She's not gonna stop running her mouth, either."

"I'm not gonna lie to you, Brew. Her attitude pissed me off, but I like the fire I see in her. I like it a lot. I wouldn't mind having a woman that looked like her and had her fire in my bed."

"I'll agree with that. She's a fine piece of ass. Hell, they both are," Brew agrees, but goes quiet when Crank finally comes out of my office and takes the stool on the other side of him.

He smirks at us, obviously hearing the end of our conversation. “It’ll be nice having some different pussy hanging around this place. I can’t fucking wait to get inside Trix. When I’m done with her, I’ll give the redhead a go.”

Just the thought of someone besides me getting anywhere near her pussy pisses me off. “Keep your hands and your dick away from Trix.”

“That goes for the redhead, too. Stay the fuck away from Addy,” Brew says, laying his claim to Trix’s friend.

I look in Crank’s eyes, making sure he sees how serious I am. “You pass that around to the boys. If anyone, including your ass, touches either one of them, they’ll answer to me. Is that understood?”

“Loud and clear, Pres. Loud and clear. I’ll pass it around,” Crank smirks before standing up and walking away.

“There’s something off with that motherfucker,” Brew says, watching Crank walk away.

“Did he say anything about the shipment while y’all were out getting Trix?”

Brew shakes his head. “Just the same stuff he already told you. He keeps repeating the same story, word for word. It’s like he practiced that shit.”

“Yep, I noticed that, too,” I agree, downing the rest of my beer. “Something’s just not adding up. I’m getting a bad feeling about all this.”

“I’ve known Hoss for a while, and I can’t see him doing this shit. I have to wonder if we haven’t jumped the gun a bit,” Brew says before taking another drink.

I’m starting to agree, but I don’t tell him that. Instead, I start to list the problems off in my head. First of all, why would Hoss want to take our shipment? His crew is bigger, has a longer history, and they sure in the hell have more in their pockets than we do. Taking the shipment makes no sense. Not only will they have to deal with us, but they’re gonna have to answer to the Slayers, and as far as I know, they’re allies.

“Have you heard about any issues between Hoss’ boys and the Slayers?” I ask, hoping that I missed something.

Brew shakes his head. “Nope, not a damn thing. I even asked around a bit last night, and no one knows shit. In fact, I heard that Vince and Hoss traded some girls a couple of months ago.”

Both the Revenge boys and the Slayers sell pussy. We do too, but our stable is still small. Hoss has enough girls to service the entire 101st Airborne. Hoss and I both recruit only willing women, but I can't say the same for Vince. Every so often, we all switch girls. It's a good way to keep them fresh for the clients. I quit trading with the Slayers, because more than one girl ran as soon as his crew dropped them off. I've done some bad shit, but forcing a woman to whore herself is a step too far for me.

"Have you heard anything about Hoss or his crew? Has anyone been bragging about this shit?" I ask, already knowing the answer.

"No, brother. Not a peep."

This is what bothers me the most. When a club does shit like this, there is always talk. Someone wanting to spout off about fucking with another crew, or at least a leak about an unexpected shipment coming in. No matter how tight you pull ranks, shit slips out. We've had people snooping, even had some of the whores giving out freebies for information. Still, we haven't heard shit.

I look back over to Brew and say, "I'm not sure what the fuck is going on, but I can guarantee we'll figure it out."

Brew nods his agreement, then waits for me to go on. "First things first, we gotta get word to Hoss that we've got his girl. We need to make sure he knows it's retribution for the guns. His reaction will tell us a lot."

Finishing off my beer, I say, "I'll make a call to him as soon as I get a little closer to figuring out what in the fuck is going on."

"He'll do whatever it takes to get her back, even if he has to kill everyone that stands between him and her," Brew says while finishing off his beer.

"Yeah, he will," I mumble, already second-guessing my decision to take on Hoss' crew. "But we'll be ready for whatever he throws at us."

"I'll make sure that word gets around to Hoss, see how he reacts, and let you know," Brew says, before tossing his empty bottle into the trash can and getting up to get another.

Realizing there's nothing else I can do right now, I decide to have a little fun. "I'm gonna go make sure Trix is adjusting to her new room."

Brew laughs and says, "I didn't figure it would take you long."

I cock a brow and smile. “I plan on spending a lot of time making her adjustment as smooth as possible.”

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Trix

ADDY LETS out a long sigh and plops down on the bed. “So that’s the man you’ve been dreaming about since you were a kid?”

My mouth drops open as I stare at her. “Why the hell are you so calm all of a sudden? You were bawling like a baby in the van!”

She swings her legs up on the bed and gets comfortable. “Well, I was scared shitless then, but as soon as I heard Boz’s name, I knew we would be okay. No way would the man you talked about all the damn time hurt us.”

Since the first time I met Boz, I’ve told Addy all about him. She knew about the childish crush I had on him and about the night I nearly gave him my V-Card. She also knows that I’ve been comparing every man I’ve met to him since then, and none have made the cut.

Letting out another sigh, she changes the subject. “What’s going on, Trix? What the hell do we have to do with your dad’s problems?”

I’m at a loss for words. I’ve been trying to figure that out since I woke in the van. “I don’t know, sweetie, but don’t worry. Dad will get us out of here.”

I look around the room, seeing if there is anything we can use as a weapon. All it has is a bed and a dresser. Getting up from the bed, I walk over to the dresser and pull open the drawers. Each one is empty, of course.

There are two other doors; the first one leads to a closet. Somehow, the bags of stuff we bought at the mall are sitting on the floor. Other than that, it's empty. Those fuckers didn't even leave a hanger behind. The second door leads to the bathroom. It isn't anything special, just standard issue clubhouse toilet and shower. There are a few ratty-ass towels, a bottle of shampoo, and some soap. Those fuckers are crazy if they think I'm stripping off my clothes, even if there is a lock on the door.

After searching the entire room, I go back to the bed and sit beside my best friend. "It might not be pleasant being stuck here, but I think we'll be safe."

"I know," she says, sitting up. "I'm not really worried, as long as we get out by Monday. I don't want to miss finals."

Running my hand over the sheets, I say a silent prayer of thanks that they are clean. "I don't know if we'll make finals, but surely being kidnapped is a good enough reason for our professors to let us make up the tests."

She lets out a laugh and says, "I would hope so." It doesn't take long before she grows serious and says, "I need to talk to my sister. She'll be worried to death about me."

I lay my hand on her back and remind her, "I'm not sure they give a shit about what we want."

"Trix, you don't understand. It's important. You gotta talk Boz into letting me make a phone call. I won't tell anyone where we are, but I have to let my sister know I'm not gonna be around for a few days." Her voice rises with each word she says.

"That's not gonna happen, and you know it," I say calmly. "Please, Addy, stop asking for something I can't give. Just give me some time to try to come up with a plan."

She finally nods. "Okay, but I reserve the right to bring it up again later."

"Fine, we'll talk to Boz soon about calling your sister," I say, knowing it will not work. There is no way he is gonna let us call anyone.

Changing the subject again, she asks, "Do you really think your dad will know you are gone?"

"Oh yeah," I reply with a fake smile.

I don't tell her that he'll only know because Boz or one of his men will tell him. A hostage is only good when they are being used to attain your goal. If Boz kept us here and didn't tell Dad, he wouldn't gain shit but two women. I'm not stupid, and I realize that would be enough for some men, but Boz isn't the kind of man to force himself on us. I can't say the same for Crank. Hopefully, Boz has enough control over his boys to keep us safe.

"Do you think we should just wait for your dad?"

I nod at her. "I think our best bet is to just stay put until Dad gets here, but if the opportunity comes to run, get the hell out of here and don't waste time waiting on me."

She looks at me curiously. "What are you talking about?"

"If you get a chance to go, take it, but only if you're sure you'll make it. Don't try anything stupid," I order her, hoping she understands how important my words are.

"I'm not leaving without you," she states, shaking her head.

"More than likely, we'll walk out of here together. All I'm saying is, worry about yourself," I say, trying my best not to sound nervous. "And if you do get out, do not call the cops."

"What?" she whispers, staring at me in horror.

"You call my dad and only my dad. Don't call your parents, your sister, or anyone from the club— not one person but Dad," I tell her, giving her hand a squeeze. "If Boz and the boys think the cops are involved, this will get a hell of a lot worse, so do what I say."

She nods her head. "Okay, I'll do what you say. Neither you nor your dad has ever let me down, so I trust you."

I get up from the bed and walk around the room again. Finally making my way to the bar-covered window, my eyes land on the closed gate. Beside it, two armed men stand guard. Even if we made it out of this room, we'd never make it past the guards. Giving up the idea, I turn around and see Addy on the verge of another breakdown.

"Our stuff from the mall is in the closet, and there's towels and bath shit in the bathroom. Why don't you go get cleaned up? Maybe being clean will make you feel a little better," I tell her as I move around the room, trying to look like I have my shit together.

"Yeah, I'll do that," she tells me as she goes to her bags and gathers some clean clothes.

Just before she steps into the bathroom, I shout. “Make sure you lock the door.”

She doesn’t reply, simply nods her head and closes the door behind her. A second later, I hear the click of the lock. Knowing I’m finally alone, I let out a defeated sigh. No matter how I act or what I say, my ass is scared to death. Growing up with my dad and the boys has given me some clue of what to expect. Boz may be the good guy I thought he was and just hold us until Dad shows up, or he could hurt us really bad in that time.

I’m lost in my thoughts, when I hear a key in the door. My body instantly goes alert as I prepare for whatever is coming. My only hope is that it is either Boz or Brew. My prayers are answered when Boz walks in with a cocky smile on his face.

I instinctively jump from the bed and ask, “What do you want?”

“I was just checking on you, Trix,” he says, walking over to me. “How are you doing?”

Placing my hands on my hips, I shoot him a glare. “How the hell do you think I am? You had me and my best friend kidnapped.”

He shrugs his shoulders and says, “You know I don’t plan on hurting you, so it could have been a hell of a lot worse.”

“From where I’m standing, it doesn’t look too damn good,” I snap, taking a step away.

He places a hand on my arm, forcing me to stand still. “I see you still have as much fire as you used to.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I tell him, crossing my arms and trying to avoid looking into his gorgeous green eyes.

“I’ve heard and seen things over the years, darlin’. Just because you weren’t aware of it, doesn’t mean that I wasn’t paying attention. There’s been plenty of times I’ve seen that spark that you’ve got. Your attitude lets me know you still have it inside you,” he says with a smile. “I’ve always wanted a woman with fire, and I plan to get me some of that right now.”

His tantalizing scent reaches me, just as I reply, “You need to go find someone else, because you aren’t getting anything from me.”

He chuckles and asks, “Do you need anything?”

“Other than to go home, no,” I reply, finally looking at him. “You could tell me why you decided to kidnap Addy and me.”

“I didn’t want your friend, but she was there, so my boys had to grab her too,” Boz says with another shrug of his shoulders.

“That still doesn’t answer my question.” I try to step back, but his hold keeps me in place.

He looks at me a second before he finally nods. “I was supposed to take possession of something a few days ago. Instead, someone from Revenge MC got their hands on it.”

I know he’s not telling me everything, but it’s more than my dad would have shared. “How do you know it was one of my dad’s boys?”

“A brother says one of your father’s men ran him off the road and stole my merchandise,” he explains, but his eyes don’t quite meet mine. “Until your father makes good on the stolen property, you and your friend are stuck here with us.”

“That makes no sense. And, like I said before, this has nothing to do with me or Addy.” I know I sound whiny, but who gives a shit?

“I figure you’re enough collateral to get him to realize I mean business,” he says with a shrug.

Finally pulling away from his hold, I step away from him. Pacing back and forth across the room, I start to rant. “Let me get this straight. You have no proof whatsoever, besides what your brother said. You didn’t go to my father, didn’t ask him about any of this. Instead, you kidnapped me and my friend?!”

He reaches out and grabs my arm, forcing me to look at him. “I have to trust my brother’s word.”

“Well, let me tell you something. I know my father, and I trust *him* with my life. This is not the type of shit he does. If he or one of his boys stole your merchandise, they wouldn’t have left any witnesses breathing,” I tell him before yanking my arm out of his grasp.

“We’ll see, when I talk to your dad. Until then, we should make the best of it and enjoy our time together,” he tells me as he grabs the back of my neck.

I lay my hands on his chest, attempting to push him away. Instead, he forces me to the wall and places his mouth on mine. The kiss was so unexpected; I can do nothing but gasp. His tongue sneaks into my mouth, sliding against mine. His taste is intoxicating, just the way I remember it. I

lose myself for a moment and just enjoy the feeling of his soft lips on mine again.

He moves his hand from my neck to my hair, fisting it as he controls our kiss. His free hand grips my hip as he rubs his hard cock into my lower stomach. Loving the effect I still have on him, I can't stop my hands from running down to his rock-hard ass. Our kiss deepens, and I pull him closer to me, grinding my pussy against his leg as memories of our time together fill my mind.

His hand moves from my hip around to my ass as he lifts me up, forcing me to wrap my legs around his waist. My hands go up to his dark brown hair, grabbing a handful of the silky locks. He lets out a moan against my lips that causes a wave of pleasure to rocket through my body.

"Mmm, that feels so good," I murmur, pulling back just enough to breathe. Nothing has ever felt better than Boz, not then and definitely not now.

"Yes, it sure as hell does. I haven't felt anything this good since the last time you were in my arms." He draws in a deep breath of his own. "You've always been able to get my dick hard as fuck, darlin'. I need inside that sweet pussy of yours."

He moves in and starts kissing me again, but his words break my lust-filled haze. I bite down on his bottom lip, just enough to get him to move back an inch, and mutter. "No, I can't do this."

Suddenly, what I'm doing hits me. I can't be this stupid, no damn way. I forgot for a minute how pissed I am at him. He called my dad a thief, and kidnapped me. Now, I'm about to fuck him? I can't be that stupid, no matter how long I've wanted to be back in his arms.

"You don't really want me to stop, do you?" he asks, trailing kisses down my neck. "I sure as hell don't want to stop."

I push on his chest as my legs drop to the ground. "Yeah, I do."

He steps back and looks at me for a second. His hand goes down to adjust his hard cock. "Whatever you say, Trix."

With those words, he turns away and walks out of the room, leaving me wishing I hadn't turned him away.

CHAPTER NINE

Boz

THE NEXT morning, I slide into the seat next to Smoke, as Grim plops his big, furry ass down on the floor beside me. I motion for the prospect behind the bar to bring me a coffee. “And make it Irish.”

I went to sleep last night with a hard cock. No matter how many times I jerked that shit, it kept popping back up. One of the club whores would have been more than willing to help me out, but they wouldn’t have been any better than my damn hand. My dick wants one thing—Trix’s sweet pussy.

I’m all too aware that a rival President’s daughter is not someone I should be going after for a quick fuck. Hell, a few years ago, I would have never even considered it. She was meant to be more than pussy to me. Now, though, that shit can never happen.

All Trix can ever be is another woman in my bed. If Hoss were to find out I just fucked her, it would bring even more trouble to my door, but there’s no reason he needs to know. She’s a grown woman, so it isn’t his call anyway. I want her. Hell, my dick wants what it wants. There’s nothing I can do about that. She wants me, and it won’t be long before she’s begging me to fuck her.

Before the prospect can get my coffee, Brew sits down across from us and says, “You gotta do something about the stupid motherfucker.”

Neither Smoke nor I ask who he’s talking about. Everyone at the table, everyone in the club, knows that Crank is treading on thin ice. Word doesn’t take long to get around, and everyone has heard about the guns and how he hasn’t been following orders.

“I know I do, and I will,” I reply, grabbing my coffee from the prospect’s hand. “I just gotta figure out what the fuck I’m gonna do,” I say, taking a sip. I have to get some answers and get to the bottom of this missing shipment. I also have to take care of Cherry and Crank. We don’t need anyone that we can’t trust as a part of the club.

Knowing I’m not gonna say anymore, Smoke changes the subject. “What the fuck happened to your lip?”

A smile spreads across my face as I shrugged. “Trix decided to get a little feisty.”

I didn’t even realize the little fireball had sunk her teeth into me until I looked in the mirror. Hell, I was feeling too damn good to notice shit like her teeth. Nothing in my life has ever felt better than that kiss. Hell, her mouth was better than any pussy I’ve ever been in.

“I’d say that one can get more than a little feisty,” he says, looking at Brew. “I bet you had a blast trying to get them two bitches under control.”

“Had to go a round with the redhead,” Brew says, his face growing hard. “But Trix never got a chance to put up a fight.”

A chill snakes up my spine as I ask, “What do you mean by that?”

“She spouted off a little bit, and put up a fight to get away. Before she could throw the first punch, Crank slammed his fist into her head. She went out like a light.”

I jump from my seat, sending my chair crashing to the floor. “What the fuck? I told you to go in gentle.”

Grim jumps up from his spot on the floor and lets out a growl, looking around, trying to figure out what has me so worked up. When he doesn’t see anything threatening, he lays back down, still keeping an eye on the room.

Trix wasn’t some bitch we were grabbing. Her father is a biker, and an MC President, and she deserves what little respect we can give her. I realize shit can happen, but she didn’t need to be hurt. The woman might weigh one-twenty. Either one of the boys could’ve took her with one hand tied

behind their back. How did I not notice that she had been hurt? He must've hit her where no one would be able to tell. It had to be a hard hit, though, to knock her out. I don't know why she didn't say something about it.

"I know what you told us, and so does Crank, but he didn't give a fuck," Brew says with a shrug. "I gotta be honest with you, brother. He had a hard-on for her the minute we saw her walking into the mall. He wasn't willing to take a chance on letting her get away. If you don't do something about him always going in full throttle, that shit's gonna happen again."

Anger shoots through me in one long wave, touching every part of my body. I'm about to pay Crank a visit, but my ringing phone stops me. I pull it from my pocket and see Hoss' name flash across the screen.

Lifting my chin to Smoke and Brew, a silent command for them to shut up and listen, I place the phone against my ear. "Yo."

"What the fuck kind of game are you playing?!" he shouts, forcing me to pull the phone back a bit.

"You took something of mine, so I returned the favor," I say, even though I still can't understand why he would do something so damn stupid.

"I heard all about the shit you have going with the Slayers. I didn't take your fucking guns, didn't even know you were getting another shipment." I can hear him take a deep breath, before he goes on. "I want my daughter back right fucking now, or I'm coming after your ass."

"One of my men saw your boys there. He saw them drive off with the shipment." I tell him the story Crank told me. "If you didn't authorize it, then you need to be talking to your crew."

"Do you think I'm stupid enough to call you before knowing where my boys were?" he asks, but doesn't give me time to respond. "Not one of my men was even on the road that night. We had a party for one of the old timers. He's going nomad, wants to see the world before he's six-feet under."

My stomach twists as I think of what he just said. I expected a lie, but not this one. The story he told wasn't even on my list of shit he would say. It's too damn easy to verify. Parties like that pull in a big crowd, and bitches from all over are brought in to pick up the extras.

"Give me a second," I mumble out, clicking mute on the phone.

I look around the room, until I see one of the club whores. "Hey, Pinky. Did you work a Revenge party a few days ago?"

“Yeah,” she replies with a smile on her face. “Tone’s going nomad, so Hoss brought girls in from all over to help say goodbye to him.”

Fuck! This isn’t looking good. Still, it could have gone down like Crank said. Unmuting it, I bring the phone back to my ear. “I can admit you might not have known the shit was going down, but you don’t know if all your boys stayed at the party.”

“I talked to every one of my men. Questioned each one of them,” he growls out. “I’m telling you, we didn’t have a damn thing to do with this.”

“Well, you’ve got to prove that to me if you want your girl back,” I tell him, letting him know she’s not going anywhere until he does what he is told.

He’s silent for a minute, before finally saying, “Let me talk to her.”

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CHAPTER TEN

Trix

I'M STILL half-asleep when the door opens and wakes me up fully. I jerk up in the bed, waking up Addy, who was asleep beside me. My eyes lock on Boz as he and his dog walk into the room. The big brute runs and jumps on the bed, licking my face. I noticed the dog when we were in Boz's office. While there, he looked like a ferocious beast. Now, he's sweet as pie.

Boz has a smile on his face and a plate in each hand, and Brew follows close behind him with two cups of coffee. The smell of bacon makes my stomach growl, reminding me that I haven't eaten since yesterday. Guess it's time to feed the prisoners.

His eyes never leave mine as he comes further into the room and sets the plates down on the dresser. "You two look awful cozy."

I get up from the bed and ask, "What are you doing in here? Did you finally decide that your captives should have some food and water?"

"I don't give a shit what they are doing. Just give me the bacon and nobody will be hurt," Addy says, jumping from the bed.

Brew lets out chuckle and replies, "Have at it, babe."

Boz ignores them, getting closer, and pulls me into his arms. His nose goes to my hair, and he inhales. "Damn, darlin', you smell good."

Having him this close to me draws a delicious shiver from my body, but I do my best to play it off as disgust. “Just let me go.”

Brew walks past us, chuckling with each step he takes, handing Addy a cup of coffee. “Here you go, babe.”

I watch as she grabs it, then look back to Boz. “Is there a reason you’re still holding me?”

“I came in here to talk to you. But now that I’m here, I’ve got other things on my mind that I’d like to do,” he says, leaning into me.

When his lips touch mine, it’s just like before—pure magic. Within seconds, I’m panting and grinding myself against him. “Yes.”

He chuckles against my lips and whispers, “I’d like to take those clothes off of you and fuck the hell out of that pussy.”

And just like before, his words are cold water on my desire. “Not gonna happen, big boy,” I reply, trying to pull away.

Of course, Boz doesn’t let me go. Instead, he runs his bearded chin over the top of my head. “Your hair is so damn soft. Just touching it gets me hard. I cannot wait to have it wrapped around my fist as I pound into you from behind.”

I finally squirm my way out of his arms. “I don’t think so. There will be no fucking between me and you. No way, no how.”

He grins before shooting me a wink. “Oh, yes, there will. It may not be today, but one day soon, all you will be thinking about is how much you want me.”

As much as I hate to admit it, even to myself, what he says is true. If we don’t get out of here and get out fast, I’m gonna give in. Right now, all I can think about is having him inside me. That’s only gonna multiply the more time I spend with him. Another kiss and I’ll probably be taking off my panties and throwing them at him. It doesn’t help that I’ve always wanted him.

“You sure are cocky,” I say, trying to act like he doesn’t affect me. “What makes you think I’d ever want to fuck you? Never mind, I don’t even care. Just tell me what you came in here for then get out and leave me alone.”

He glares at me. “Don’t be a bitch, Trix.”

I place my hands on my hips and smirk. “Don’t be a dirty bastard, Boz.”

“Fine, have it your way. You’re the one missing out on the ride of a lifetime,” he says, backing a step away from me.

He just stands there, not saying a word, so I walk over and get a piece of bacon off one of the plates. After taking a couple bites, I ask, “Are you finally gonna tell me what you want? There’s no way you came in here just to bring us something to eat.”

“I talked to your dad. He denies taking my shit, and he knows you’re here.”

I let out a relieved breath as a smile spreads across my face. If Dad knows where Addy and I are, it won’t take him long to get us out of here. “Does that mean we get to go home?”

“Nope. It doesn’t change shit,” he says with a shake of his head. “He wants to talk to you, though, so I’ll let you call him if you want.”

I am so happy at the thought of talking to my dad that I throw myself right into his arms. The dog lets out a woof, as I say, “Thank you so much!”

He gives me a quick kiss on the top of my head and says, “Go brush your hair, change clothes, whatever shit women do, or sit and finish your breakfast. There’s no hurry. We’ve got all day. When you’re ready, we’ll make your call.”

I don’t give a shit about my hair or anything, but I’m not risking an argument now. Sitting back down on the bed, I pull on my shoes then rush to the bathroom. Just before stepping inside, I look back at Addy. “I’ll be right out.”

She smiles, shoving another bite in her mouth. Turning away, I step inside and get busy. After quickly running a brush through my hair, I brush my teeth then hurry back into the room.

As soon as I step out of the bathroom, I notice Brew and Addy are gone. “Where did Brew take Addy?”

Before he can answer, I see that he is sitting on the bed holding the pair of my panties I took off yesterday. “What the hell are you doing?” I ask, walking over and yanking them out of his hand.

He looks up at me with a sexy grin on his face and says, “Just imagining what you look like in that little scrap of lace. I was about to put them in my pocket for when I was wanting you later. The lace will feel a hell of a lot better than my hand, but you’re probably running a little low on clothes,” he says before standing up and walking toward me.

“Well, keep on imagining, because you ain’t gonna find out. How do you even know those are mine? They could be Addy’s,” I say, tossing the dirty panties into the closet.

“Even though the little redhead is good looking, she would never wear those panties. That little piece of lace is for hot bitches like you.”

“Whatever you say.” I roll my eyes at him, barely holding in my laugh. “I’m ready to go talk to my dad now.”

“Come on, then,” he says, putting out his hand for me to grab.

I look back at my breakfast with regret, but realize talking to my dad is more important than food, so I take his hand. He leads me out the door but stops, turns, and says, “Grim, come.”

The big fur-ball jumps up and comes running toward us, nearly bowling me over. I reach down and pat his head. “You gotta be easy with me, big boy.” Boz lets out a snort as he leads me down the hall. “He likes you.”

“I like him, too,” I say with a smile, and then go quiet as we pass a group of women.

One look at them tells me they’re club whores, and not the nice kind. Nope, these women are bitches all the way to the bone. They’re the girls that come to the club thinking some brother will lay claim to them. Not one of them is smart enough to know that most bikers don’t mind sharing pussy, but they refuse to share old ladies.

I shake off my thoughts as Boz opens a door and we walk into a bedroom. “I don’t see any reason why we need to be in here. Why can’t we just call from my room or from your office?” I ask as I step further into the room.

He shuts the door behind us and says, “I don’t want anyone interrupting. Any of the brothers could come to the office to talk business with me, and Brew could bring Addy back to your room at any time. No one will come knocking on my bedroom door. Not if they know what’s good for them.”

His words remind me that Addy wasn’t in the room after I came out of the bathroom. “Where did Brew take her?”

“After she got done eating, he took her to the common room. He figured she’d be bored, locked up in that room,” he tells me, pulling the phone from his pocket.

I shoot him a glare before crossing my arms under my tits. "I've been stuck in there, too. Don't you think I might be getting bored?"

He looks at me and smiles. "I can keep you from being bored."

"You know that's not what I mean," I huff, taking a step away from him.

"If you want to get out a bit, all you have to do is say so. We can go chill with them after you talk to your dad, if that's what you want."

That shocks me into silence for a minute. Every time I think he couldn't be more of an ass, he goes and says something nice. "Thank you. I'd like that."

He looks at his phone for a second, before pressing some buttons and setting it on the dresser. The speaker is on, and I can hear it ringing from across the room. I walk closer and pick up the phone just as my dad answers the call. "Yo."

Hearing his voice brings tears to my eyes. "Daddy!"

"Are you okay, baby girl? Has that cocksucker done anything to hurt you?" he asks, his voice filled with anger.

As much as I want to tell him about Crank's rough treatment during the kidnapping, I know better. If I told him about the shit Crank has pulled, he'd tear this place apart to get to me. Boz and his boys don't deserve to die because of Crank. When Dad gets his hands on them, it'll be because they dared to kidnap his daughter and her friend.

Pulling in a deep breath, I lie to my father for the first time in my life. "I'm okay. No one has laid a finger on me."

"I swear, Trix, I am gonna do whatever it takes to get you and Addy back home. I'll get to the bottom of this shit and get you out of there as soon as I can," he tells me. "You just stay safe until I get this figured out." His concern for me makes the tears I had come rolling down my face. If I didn't already know the love my dad has for me, this sure would tell me. I know he will do anything to make sure that I am safe.

"Boz may be stupid enough to fuck with you, but he's taking care of me, so don't worry," I say, watching as Boz's eyes narrow. I smile at him, doing my best to play the innocent.

"He better hope like hell that he watches out for you. If anything happens to you or Addy, I'll kill every last one of them." I can tell by his tone that he is getting worked up.

For some reason, I start to feel like a little girl again, and I want nothing more than to be in my Dad's arms. "I just want to come home."

Boz walks up to me and gently rubs my back. I lean slightly into him. No matter how strong I think I am, there are times when I know that I need support. "I miss you, Daddy."

"Don't you cry, girl. Don't do that to me. I'm holding on by a thread here. I'm telling you that will push me over the edge." His voice is gentle.

"Okay, Daddy. I'll do my best," I reply, wiping my eyes.

"I love you, Trix. Now, let me talk to Boz, and tell the fucker to take it off speaker," he says, causing more tears to fall.

"I love you, too," I say, handing Boz the phone.

He does as Dad said, taking it off speaker. Then he walks to the other side of the room. I can hear part of his mumbled conversation, but nothing that tells me anything. When he finally ends the call, he comes over to me and pulls me into his arms.

Running his hands up my back, he says, "you'll be home soon, darlin'."

I want to scream at him, tell him he did this to me. Instead, I lean my head against his chest, take comfort in his arms, and say, "I know."

We stand there in silence for a minute or two as I cry my pain out on his chest. Grim comes and sits by my feet and whimpers, nudging my leg with his head. Nothing has ever felt better than having these two comfort me. When my tears are finally gone, I casually wipe the wetness from my face. Biker bitches don't cry, and Lord knows, I was born a biker bitch.

Taking in a breath, I slowly blow it out. "Can we go chill out with Addy and Brew?"

He reaches up and wipes away the stray tears I missed. "Anything you want."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Boz

I LEAVE Trix sitting with Brew and Addy then walk over to the bar. “Bring me a cold one.”

The prospect lifts his chin to me then grabs a beer from the fridge. Bringing it to me, he smiles. “Here you go, Pres.”

I nod at him but don’t respond. My conversation with Hoss keeps running through my head. The way he talked to Trix; Hoss didn’t sound like a man that knew anything about my guns. If he did, he would be delivering that shit to my front door right now. Hell, he’d do anything to get his girl home. Something just isn’t right. I have got to find a way to get to the bottom of this.

“Looks like Grim is trying to steal your girl,” the prospect says with a chuckle, bringing me back to the here and now.

I turn my head and watch as Trix strokes Grim. Hell, my damn dog has been attached to her hip since we came out of my room. He seems to like her as much as I do, and Grim is a damn good judge of character. “Looks like it.” I don’t even bother correcting him about calling her my girl; all the brothers have heard that I don’t want anyone but me getting near her.

Taking a swig of my beer, I look around the clubhouse. My eyes zero in on Cherry as she heads my way. Fuck, I didn’t want to deal with this shit

today, but it doesn't look as if I'm gonna have much of a choice. As angry as she looks, maybe she'll spill all her secrets as soon as she opens her mouth. One can hope.

She struts over to me, a hand on her hip, and tosses her thumb to the spot where Trix is sitting. "Who the hell is that bitch?"

"That's none of your business," I reply, taking a drink.

"So you have a new whore on your dick," she shouts, drawing Trix's attention.

I can see the fire in Trix's eyes, and it pisses me off. Right then, I decide I'm not willing to play nice with this bitch anymore, even if she is Smoke's little sister and my ex. That doesn't change a damn thing. I grab her and motion for one of my brothers. "Take her ass down to the basement. I'll deal with her later on."

Fear flashes in her eyes, and I can't keep the smile off my face. "Yeah, bitch. You and I are gonna have a long, hard talk."

"We have nothing to talk about anymore, Boz," she says as she tries to pull away from me, but my hold stays firm.

I lean forward and whisper in her ear. "You were seen in my office, babe. We know you were digging for something, and I'm gonna find out what."

She shakes her head manically back and forth. "Please, Boz, don't do this."

Shoving her away, I make sure someone has his hands on her before I look around the room. My eyes land on Crank, and he has a smirk on his face. Something about that look pisses me the fuck off, and I come to a decision. It's time to deal with him.

I walk over to Brew and the two girls. Looking at my brother, I lift my chin just a hair. "Call church. I want every patched member here by dark."

It's time I get this shit straight with both Crank's fuck up with the kidnapping, the shit with the shipment, and Cherry. Cherry I can handle any way I want, but out of respect for her father, I'll let him have his say. Doesn't mean I've got to listen to him, but he can give me his opinion. Crank's fuck up, on the other hand, has me itching for his cut. That will mean a vote, and that's what's going to happen tonight.

Turning away from him, I grab Trix's hand. "Come on. Let's go get something to eat."

“Wouldn’t you rather eat with that jealous bitch that just called me your new whore?” she asks, shooting daggers with her eyes.

“Nah, I’ll deal with her and her bullshit later,” I reply as I pull her along with me toward the kitchen. Grim follows closely behind us.

“What do you feel like eating?” I ask her as soon as we step inside.

The clubhouse kitchen was the first thing I fixed when we started getting some extra money coming in. Before, there was only one old, avocado green stove to service over a hundred men. With parties and meetings, that number sometimes reached nearly three hundred, so the old ladies had to make shit at home and bring it in. We now have three brand new, stainless steel, six-burner stoves. We also have three double-door refrigerators and a deep freeze. The rest of the room still looks like shit, with peeling paint and broken cabinets, but the old ladies can now cook a feast without having to run shit back and forth from their homes.

I go to the first fridge and start looking around to see what we have, doing my best to put both Cherry and Crank out my mind. My eyes land on the deli meat and my mouth waters. “I’m not much of a cook, but I can make a mean sub. If you don’t want a sandwich of some sort, you’ll have to fix something yourself.”

She looks at me with a funny look on her face and starts laughing. “I don’t think you want me to fix anything. My cooking isn’t anything to brag about. You’re probably a better cook than I am. Most people are.”

“It can’t be that bad. You’re a woman. You have to know more about cooking than me,” I tell her as I pull out the sliced ham and turkey.

She shoots me a glare and asks, “What the hell is that supposed to mean? Just because I’m a woman, it means I’m an expert in the kitchen?”

“I wasn’t being a dick. I just figured your mom taught you this shit,” I say with a shrug, then look back in the fridge to find the cheese.

When I find it, I pull it out and turn around. Standing a few feet from me, Trix looks like she’s about to cry as Grim whines at her feet. I watched her cry when she talked to her dad, but this is different. She looks like her entire world has just ended, and I can feel her pain down to my soul.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, setting the food down and walking over to her.

She blinks away her unshed tears and tells me, “My mom died three months after my fourteenth birthday. Before that, she kept telling me she

would teach me to cook when I got a little older. Without her, I never had the urge to learn.”

Fuck, fuck, fuck! How the hell could I forget that Patty was dead? I didn't know her that well, but enough to feel the loss when I heard about her death. According to the rumors, she had breast cancer. By the time the doctors found it, the shit had spread through half her body. She died a painful death in a matter of weeks.

Pulling her into my arms, I whisper, “I'm sorry, darlin', so fucking sorry. I didn't even think about what I was saying.”

She lets me hold her for a second, then pulls back and asks, “Are you gonna make me one of your killer subs, or what?”

I nod, glad my girl can shake such deep shit off so quickly. As soon as the thought crosses my mind, I realize where my mind is leading me. *My girl*. Shit, how did that happen so fast? Hell, who am I kidding? I've wanted her for as long as I can remember. Something about her just pulls me in, and makes it hard to walk away. It happened in just a few hours last time. Why should now be any different? I want her just as bad as I did back then.

“Chop, chop, big man,” she says, snapping her fingers. “I'm hungry. In case you've forgotten, you brought me breakfast but didn't give me a chance to eat it.”

I lift her chin so her eyes are on me and say, “You know I kinda like you, right?”

She gives me a shy smile and says, “I like you, too, kidnapping aside, but I'll like you even more if you make me something to eat.”

I chuckle, then let her go. “I will, but remember, it was your choice not to eat your breakfast. I tried to get you to, but you were in too much of a hurry,” I say as I start to put the sandwiches together. It only takes a few minutes and only a few more than that to gobble them down. As soon as we're done, Trix gets up and starts putting the food away, dropping little bits to Grim as she goes along. After that, she loads our dirty dishes into the dishwasher.

When that's done, she looks around the room and shakes her head. “Someone needs to clean this pig sty every once in a while. I don't mind picking up after you and me, but I'm not playing maid to the whole damn club.”

Something about her words hit me in the gut—you and me. She said *you and me*. Even if she doesn't know it, she's coming to think of us as a pair. She's feeling it, too. Nothing has changed since the night I almost had her. Almost nothing. Only difference is, now I have her here with me.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Trix

AFTER WE finish lunch, Boz leads me back to the safe room where Addy and I have been staying. He walks past the prospect standing guard and leads me inside, to where my best friend is sitting on the bed. With only a quick lift of his chin to me, he turns around and walks out. What the fuck was that? He makes me lunch and runs off without saying a word?

Looking at Addy, I try to forget about Boz's odd behavior. "I thought you were staying with Brew?"

She shrugs, standing up from the bed and walking toward the bathroom. "He said he had something to do, so I'm back in jail."

"Oh," I say, looking around the room. "Boz made me a sandwich. We talked and stuff, then he just walked in here and left me, without a word."

Addy smiles as she opens the bathroom door. "Men are strange. We both already knew that. You can tell me all about it when I get done taking a shower."

She shuts the door behind her and I hear the click of the lock. A shower sounds like a great idea, but I hate the thought of having to put my nasty ass clothes back on. Standing up, I walk over to the closet. I open the closet door and look in my bags from the mall for something clean to wear. I don't have much to choose from. I only bought one outfit while I was there. If we

have to stay here much longer, Boz is gonna have to do something about that. We can't keep wearing the same shit all the time. If nothing else, that asshole is gonna have to get me a clean pair of panties.

After setting my clothes on the dresser, I hear a key in the door. I hope it's Boz, coming back to explain why he acted like an ass when he left. My hopes are dashed when Crank walks in with a smile on his face. My fear of him rushes back, and I immediately look around for an escape route from the crazy bastard.

He sees my stance and chuckles. "No reason to be scared of me, beautiful. I just came to see how you were doing, and wanted to see if you needed anything."

"You don't scare me," I lie, doing my best to be strong.

No matter what he says, he isn't concerned about me and sure as shit doesn't care if I need anything. I take a couple steps back, trying to get as far away from him as I can. There really isn't far for me to go.

"You're not supposed to be in here. Where did the guard go?" I ask as my back bumps into the dresser. Fuck, now I'm really screwed.

He walks to me and runs one of his grimy hands through my hair. "Don't worry about any of that. I know how to handle the men here. They know to do what I tell them, and we both know you were waiting for me to come see you."

Jerking away, I shake my head. "Not hardly. Are you here to let us out?"

"That's exactly what I have in mind. I know of the perfect place we can go," he replies as he grabs my arm and jerks me toward him. "I would suggest you don't start acting stupid when I'm not doing anything to you, or I'll wait for your friend to come out and have some fun with her instead."

"No, wait! That's not what I meant!" I try my damndest to jerk my arm away from him as he's pulling me toward the door. What the fuck am I supposed to do now? I don't want to take a chance on this fucker hurting Addy—I'll do whatever I have to do to keep her safe—but I'm not going down without a fight.

"It's okay, slut. There's no need to be shy. Considering where you grew up, I'm sure you know how to handle a cock. I just want to try out that pussy before any of my brothers get a piece of it." He leers at me as he pulls

me up against him. I am struggling as hard as I can to get away from him, but he is so much bigger and stronger than me that it is having no effect.

He grinds his cock against me before he backs up a step, looking me up and down. "That pussy of yours is all I have been able to think about since I saw you yesterday. I know it's gonna feel good wrapped around my dick."

I am about to scream for help, and hope like hell that someone will come and help us, but he moves too fast. His hand shoots out, slapping me across the face, causing blood to drip on the floor. Whipping me around, he wraps one arm around my waist and slams his other beefy hand over my mouth. It doesn't stop me from trying to kick the shit out of him, causing one of my shoes to fly across the room, but nothing I do seems to faze him. The only reaction he gives me is a brutal squeeze around my waist.

"Calm the fuck down, or I'll snap your damn neck. This is your last fucking chance before I change my mind and go get your little friend. Her pussy, your pussy, whichever. It makes no damn difference to me, bitch. I'd rather have yours, but I'm sure hers is just as good," he whispers in my ear as he licks the side of my neck.

He grinds his dick against my ass. "If you're good to me, I won't hurt you. At least, I won't hurt you too bad."

He keeps his hold on me as he turns and pushes us out the door and forces me to walk down the hall. We don't go very far before he leads me into a room and kicks the door shut behind him. He wastes no time in shoving me onto what I assume is his bed. Landing hard on my stomach, I can do nothing to fight him off. Within seconds, he has me flipped onto my back and he's sprawled on top of me. Pressing his lips against mine, he uses his teeth to force my lips open and slips his tongue inside. The taste of him causes bile to rise up my throat.

Unable to stop it, vomit spews from my mouth.

"What the fuck?" he shouts, shoving off me and spitting on the floor. "I should cut your fucking throat for that."

I'm quiet as he stares at me with murder in his eyes. Suddenly, he pulls his shirt over his head and tosses it at me. "Wipe that shit off. A little puke isn't gonna stop me from getting what I want, and I want some of that pussy." I take his shirt and sit up enough to wipe the vomit from my face and neck, but there's nothing I can do about what got on my shirt.

As he comes toward me again, I know I have to do something. If my vomit didn't stop him, I'm not sure anything will, but I know I'm not gonna just lie here and let him rape me. I let out an ear-splitting scream and start to fight.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Boz

I **HEAD** back to Trix's room, realizing I was kind of a dick earlier. Hell, the feelings inside me have me scared shitless. How the hell did we get back here so damn fast? Shouldn't that shit have faded over time? The sounds of running feet bring me out of my thoughts. I'm shocked as shit to see the redhead running toward me. So damn shocked, I nearly let her run past me, but catch her just before she's gone.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" I ask as she struggles against my hold.

Instead of answering, she looks at me with fear-filled eyes. Wanting an answer, I give her a little shake. "How the hell did you get out of your room?"

"Let me go!! I have to find Trix!" she shrieks at me as she tries to jerk away.

She's so damn frantic, with tears streaming down her face, that it takes a minute for her words to sink in. "What the fuck do you mean, *find Trix?*"

Again, she does nothing but look at me. Her entire body is shaking, and I realize she's about to go into shock. Knowing I'm gonna need a little help with this situation, I shout, "Brew!"

Focusing on her, I ask, "Where is Trix?"

“She’s gone, she’s gone, she’s gone...” she chants, blinking away her tears.

Before I can say anything else, Brew walks up to us and jerks her from my arms. My normally rough as hell friend is gentle when he asks her, “What’s going on?”

She snuffles, before answering him. “Trix is gone.”

Brew looks at me for a second, before looking back at her. “Why isn’t she with you, and how did you get out of the room?”

“I was in the shower,” she says, drawing my attention to her wet hair. “When I came out, she was gone. There’s blood on the floor, and one of her shoes was in the middle of the room.”

I turn toward the room they were in and start to run. Before I even get to the door, I hear an ear-splitting scream from down the hall. Changing directions, I take off running to the only other room down this hall—Crank’s room. The only thing on my mind is killing the motherfucker.

As I sling the door open, my dog Grim rushes past me and lets out a deep growl. Before I can even see what’s going on, he launches himself across the room, landing on Crank’s back. It takes me a second to see Trix lying underneath him, tears rolling down her face. Anger like I’ve never known fills me.

“What the fuck?” I shout, pushing Grim away and jerking Crank back by his hair.

As soon as I get him away from her, my fist goes flying. “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Another solid punch to his gut, and I scream, “I told you not to touch her, told you to keep your fucking hands off her!”

At this point, Crank has fallen to the floor, but that doesn’t stop me. I send a hard kick to his gut, before straddling him and throwing another punch to the fucker’s face.

Trix jumps off the bed and starts yanking on my shoulder. “Please, just get me the hell out of here...”

Landing one more punch, I get off the floor and shake away the pain in my hand. I look at Trix and say, “He deserves to die. No one is gonna hurt you and get away with it. You should want him dead just as much as I do.”

I look around the room to see that Smoke, Brew, and Addy have joined us. Smoke has a death grip on Grim’s collar to keep him from coming after

Crank again. Addy has her head buried in Brew's chest as he holds her against him. I can hear her muffled crying from across the room.

Lifting a chin to Smoke, I start barking out orders. "Take his ass to the basement and take Grim with you. Don't get started until I get there and don't let my dog eat his face off. I plan on taking care of this fucker myself."

Looking over to Brew, I nod to the hysterical redhead. "Take her back to her room and get her ass settled down."

With that, I pick up Trix and toss her over my shoulder. She lets out a yelp and screams, "Put me down, asshole! I've been man-handled enough today!"

"I'll put you down when we get to my room. We have shit to talk about," I tell her, my hand slapping her ass as I step out of the room.

We're halfway down the hall when she starts struggling again. "We have nothing to talk about unless it's you telling me that you are gonna let me go home. That's the only thing I want to discuss with you. Now. Put. Me. Down." Each word is punctuated by a sharp finger jab to my ribs, but I barely feel it in my rage.

Ignoring her, I walk into my bedroom and kick the door shut behind us. After I loosen my hold, Trix slides down my front and stares up at me. "What do you think you're doing?"

I continue to ignore her as I take in her scratches and bruises. I look at her face, neck, hold out her arms and check those too, all the way down to her feet. Then, I turn her around and do the same to the back of her.

As I'm pushing her hair out of the way to check the back of her neck, she turns toward me and crosses her arms. "I'm fine, just a few bruises and a little blood. It's no big deal."

"Do you wanna explain to me why you have such a problem with me killing that motherfucker?" I ask her as I take in her tear-streaked face. It makes me want to go finish what I started even more.

She stares at me a moment before she replies, "Oh, I want the fucker to die, but I don't want the fact that you killed someone because of me on my conscience. He'll get paid back some way. Karma's a bitch."

I can't do anything but stare at her; she has stunned me. She can't be oblivious to the bad shit I've already done and will continue to do... I'm a biker, for Christ's sake. I have to do a lot of things to protect myself, and

I'll do whatever needs to be done to protect her, as well. "I'm no saint, darlin'. I would do whatever's necessary to protect you. I hope you know that."

My eyes land on her shirt, which is covered with blood and what looks like vomit. "Did you get sick?"

"If that dickhead tried to stick his tongue down your throat, you would have thrown up, too," she says defensively.

I can't help but crack a smile at her words, my anger finally starting to cool. "You're right about that."

She uses two fingers to pull her shirt away from her chest. "Do you think I could get something clean to wear?"

I look at her for a second, still checking for injuries, before I finally nod. "I can do you one better. You can use my bathroom to take a shower. There's a new toothbrush and all that other shit under the sink. Take whatever you need. I'll have you something to wear when you get out."

She turns to the back of the room, where my bathroom door is open, then looks down at her vomit covered shirt. She stands there for a second, before turning back to me. "You promise no one will bother me?"

Nodding my head, I look her straight in the eye. "I swear it on my life."

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Trix

AFTER MY shower, I return to the mirror. Clean of blood and vomit, I can see the damage Crank did more clearly. As I take in my injuries, my body starts to shake. Bruises are already forming on my arms and breasts. I was sure the asshole broke my nose, but he didn't. It bled a hell of a lot, but it doesn't even look like it's gonna bruise. My eyes shut and I realize how close I came, so close, to being raped. If it wasn't for Boz and his dog, Crank would have been inside me. I'm not sure I could have ever come back from that.

Opening my eyes, I lay the toothbrush on the counter and grab the bag that Boz brought me. It's my stuff from the mall. Luckily, I had bought a new outfit to go with my high-tops. Too bad I didn't go on a panty shopping spree. I put on the one clean pair I had last night. I may not have wanted to shower here, but I at least changed my panties. Oh well, guess it's commando for me. I pull on my new jeans and slide the tee over my head. Grabbing my dirty socks, I pull them on, followed behind by my new sneakers. With that done, I run Boz's brush through my hair and open the door.

As soon as I step into the bedroom, I see Boz walking into the room with a plate of food and can of soda. He sees me standing there and gives a little shrug of his shoulders. "I thought you might be hungry."

I turn my back to him and say, "I probably would be if my life wasn't so fucked right now. In just the last two days, I've been kidnapped, almost raped by your douchebag brother, and been hit more times than I have in my whole life. Since then, my appetite seems to have disappeared."

"You don't have to worry about Crank. He's being taking care of," he says, as if that makes a difference.

I shake my head, still refusing to look at him. "That asshole should have been taken care of a long time ago."

He doesn't say anything, so I go on. "Why the fuck am I here? And what about Addy? We have nothing to do with my father or his club."

Boz walks over to me and twists me around to look at him. "Why don't you sit down and eat your sandwich. If you do, I'll tell you what's going on."

Willing to do anything to get some information, I sit down and take the plate from him. "Okay, I'm eating."

"Eat, then we'll talk," he orders as he leans against the wall, crossing his feet at the ankles.

We sit in silence as I start to eat my sandwich. He stands there staring at me, never taking his eyes off my mouth. I tolerate it until I've swallowed the last bite, then look up at him and say, "I ate. Now quit staring at me and get to talking."

He chuckles and says, "Okay, okay. No need to get pissy. Tell me what you want to know."

What I want to know? That's easy. "Everything."

"I already told you," he says, not meeting my eyes. "The Revenge MC got their hands on something that was mine, and I want it back."

I nod my heads. "Can you tell me which brother told you this shit?"

"It was Crank," he replies through clenched teeth. "At the time, I didn't have any reason not to trust him."

"Now you do?" I ask, needing to know his answer.

My dad was never rough with my mom, but I know not all guys are like my dad. A lot of men wouldn't give a shit about what Crank almost did. Hell, I've seen more than one of Dad's men rough up women. All the

club whores wear bruises from time to time. Even a few of the old ladies sport black eyes every now and then.

“Fuck yeah,” Boz replies, shooting daggers with his eyes. “He knew better than to touch you. If I can’t trust him not to do something so fucking stupid, how the hell am I supposed to trust him about anything?”

My heart skips a beat as I realize he is telling the truth. “Are you going to let us go now?”

He shakes his head. “No, I’m not.”

Jumping from the bed, I glare at him. “Why the hell not? You know Crank’s a fucking scumbag, so there is no reason to keep us!”

He shakes his head. “I can’t let you go anywhere until I figure out what in the fuck is going on. I have to find out the truth.”

“What does that have to do with me and Addy?” I ask, placing my hands on my hips.

Boz comes closer, grabbing my arm and pulling me to him. “Not a damn thing, but I’m still not letting you go.”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Trix

I **TOSS** the ball once more and watch Grim run across the yard after it. His body flies through the air, he catches it in his teeth, and then he rushes back to me and drops it at my feet. I run my hand over his brown and black fur and praise him for his hard work.

Handing the ball to Addy, I sit down on the green grass. “It’s your turn. My arm is getting tired.”

“I don’t mind playing with this handsome fellow at all,” she replies, giving his head a gentle pat. “Are you gonna catch the ball for Auntie Addy?”

Laughing at her cooing, I take my first real breath since we got here. Today has been so different from the last two days—no kidnapping, no attempted rapes, no gut-wrenching phone calls with my dad. No one has even hit me yet. That has to be a good sign. Best of all, Addy hasn’t shed a tear. She actually seems to be enjoying herself.

We’re no longer stuck in our room. Granted, we had a quick trip to the common room yesterday. I even had a trip to the kitchen with Boz, but after that, we had to spend the rest of the night locked in our prison. This morning, though, Brew came to our room and told us we had free reign, as long as we stayed with him.

So far, he hasn't left us alone. In fact, he's barely been two feet from Addy. Still, I'm happy to be out of our room. The fresh air is a great change from the old beer and lingering pot stench that we breath inside, and sunshine feels good on my face—so damn good, I can't stop myself from closing my eyes and tossing my head back.

The sun's rays are just warming my face, when I feel a pair of familiar lips touch mine. I open my eyes to see Boz smiling down at me. My lips spread into a wide smile as I say, "Hey, you."

"Hey, yourself," he replies, sitting on the ground beside me. "Grim's sure getting a workout."

Nodding at him, I ask, "He's a shepherd mix, right?"

"Yeah, his mom was a shepherd, but I'm not sure what his dad was. The vet says he thinks maybe a lab."

"How long have you had him?" I ask, enjoying have a normal conversation with him that doesn't revolve around club shit or sex.

He shrugs his shoulder. "I'm not sure. Probably close to three years now."

He goes quiet, and we sit in silence for a few minutes. Not wanting our conversation to end, I ask, "Where did you get him?"

"That's kind of a long story," he says but doesn't elaborate.

"I'm not sure if you know this, but my friend and I were kidnapped. We're being held for ransom by a group of big, scary bikers, so I have all the time in the world for a long story."

He laughs and mumbles, "Big, scary bikers."

His laugh sends a wave of pleasure from the top of my head to the tips of my toes. It's as if the sound skims over my body, leaving a fiery trail behind. I'm skirting a line that I shouldn't cross with him, but I'm getting tired of fighting the attraction I feel. We probably only have a day or two more together; I'm gonna grasp on to whatever time I have. Who knows? Maybe I'll finally get off with something bigger than a tongue inside me.

Leaning into him, I bump him with my shoulder. "Come on, tell me."

He clears his throat, then starts his story. "A few years ago, I had to go and check on some shit for the club. When I got to the man's house, I found Grim living under the dickhead's porch. He had whip marks on his body, and he was so starved you could see his ribs."

“Please, tell me you beat the shit out of that man,” I say, looking at the beautiful dog that was once a half-starved pup.

He nods, his beautiful green eyes also trained on Grim. “I beat his ass within an inch of his life. When I was done, I took Grim home with me.”

This, this right here, is why I’m attracted to Boz. He’s a dick and about a dozen other nasty names that I can think of. Still, he’s the kind of man that I could fall for, not just fall in bed with. After spending the last few months with Jacob, I know for sure that Boz is the kind of the man I need. But my father would never allow it to happen, not after what he has done.

“You’re a good man, Boz,” I tell him, leaning into him again. This time, though, I lay my head on his shoulder. “If you don’t watch it, I might start liking you for more than just your sandwiches.”

He turns his head and places a kiss on my forehead. “That’s good.” We go silent again, just sitting there watching Grim and Addy play. Finally, he breaks the silence by pulling away and standing up. “I’m gonna go take a shower. I’ll be out to get you after I’m done.”

Biting my lip, I summon my courage. “I need a shower, too.”

“You do?” he asks, cocking his brow.

“Yeah,” I reply, pushing myself off the ground. “I’m all about being green. If we shared a shower, we’d be doing our part to save the earth.”

A smile spreads across his lips as he grabs my hand. “Come on, Trix. Let’s go conserve some water.”

He leads me inside and down the hall without saying a word. Just before we walk into his room, he looks down at me. “Are you sure this is what you want? I’m telling you now, if we walk in this door, I’m gonna end up buried balls-deep in you.”

Feeling a need like I’ve never felt before, I nod my head. “Yes, please.”

He chuckles as he pulls me into his room. He kicks the door shut behind us and leads me to the bathroom. Once there, I watch as he starts to undress. My eyes are glued on him as he pulls off his cut and hangs it on the back of the door. He then kicks off his boots and pulls his shirt over his head. Once it’s gone, I see the Grim Bastards logo on his chest.

Unable to stop myself, I reach out my hand and touch the Reaper’s staff. “That is absolutely beautiful, in a gothic sort of way.”

“I’m sure that’s what my gramps was going for when he designed it,” he says with a smile before unbuttoning his jeans. “I’m getting naked. Why

don't you join me?"

After pulling my shirt over my head, I toe off my shoes and slip my jeans off. Considering my lack of a bra or panties, I'm standing completely nude in front of him. I've never been shy, but for some reason, being here with him, I am now.

His hand comes out and gently cups my right breast. "I've never seen anything prettier than your pretty pink nipples. I thought they were beautiful when I saw them in the dark, but finally being able to look at your naked body in the light, they are fucking amazing."

"I'm glad you think so," I say, as he wraps his strong arms around my waist and presses his lips against mine.

His tongue strokes seductively against mine, sending a shiver through my entire body. The taste of him is truly addictive, a mixture of malt liquor and cinnamon. There's no doubt in my mind that from this day forward, either of the two will bring me to orgasm from a simple taste.

His hand moves down to my ass and gives it a quick squeeze. "I need to be in you so damn bad."

"That sounds like a good plan to me," I agree, plastering myself to him.

He pulls away just long enough to grab a condom from the drawer and slide it on. Then, he leads me into the shower and turns the water on. A second later, his teeth nip at my lip, laying claim to my mouth again, while his fingers squeeze my ass. He kneads the flesh, then runs his hands up my back. A second later, he pushes me against the wall. He goes down to his knees and jerks my legs apart.

The shower pours over him as he says, "I have to see if your pussy tastes as sweet as I have always imagined."

He dives in, devouring me with his mouth. His fingers open my pussy and sink inside, moving in and out of my depths. He pulls them out, replacing them with his tongue. Quickly, his fingers are back and his lips are sealed over my clit. Each pull of his mouth has my body edging closer and closer to release. Just before I reach the point of no return, he pulls back and stands up.

"When you come, it'll be with my dick inside you," he says before gripping my thighs and lifting them from the floor of the shower.

I instinctively wrap my legs around him, bringing his cock to my opening. He doesn't hesitate, just slides right inside. My pussy stretches to

accept him, leaving behind a delicious burn that is both pleasure and pain. He glides in and out, grunting with each upward stroke.

"This pussy is mine, Trix," he says as he bottoms out. "I'm gonna have it over and over again."

I'm too far gone to reply. My only thought now is getting off and getting off big. He slides into me again and again, until my pussy finally spasms around a cock for the first time in my life. Closing my eyes, I rest my head against the wall and enjoy the fireworks going off in my body. He slams into me once more, planting himself deep. His cock twitches inside of me, extending my own orgasm.

We're both quiet for a few minutes, until I muster the strength to open my eyes. When I do, I see his green eyes staring at me. I smile and say, "Can we do that again?"

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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Boz

AFTER OUR shower, I leave Trix in the common room with one of my brothers. I walk down to the basement, needing to take care of this shit with Crank. As soon as I open the steel doors, my eyes lock on Cherry. She is huddled in a corner, her leg shackled to the wall. She doesn't look like she's in any pain, no bruises or blood. But judging by the way she is glaring at her brother, the bitch sure isn't happy to be here.

As soon as she sees me, she starts crying. "Please don't do this, Boz."

I nod my head at her and reply, "I'll deal with you later."

Looking over to Crank, I paste a smile on my face. He's standing in the middle of the room; his bare feet are in shackles, and both are bolted to the floor. Both wrists are chained to the ceiling, forcing his body into an X. I take in his bloody and bruised body and have to shake my head. Brew and Smoke both have worked him over good, not leaving an inch of his body untouched. The chains are probably the only thing holding him upright at this point.

He went through a few hours of torture at my boys' hands, but he stuck to his story through each and every blow. He still claims Hoss' boys took our shipment. The small changes, little slips of the tongue, are enough for me to realize that he knows more than he is telling. However, the brutal

beating he took, while keeping his mouth shut, is enough to tell me he's not gonna talk. I could kill him, but a dead rat is no good to me. I want him back on the streets so my boys can watch him.

Crank's blackened eyes come to mine as he spits a mouth full of blood onto the floor. "Did you come to take your turn?"

If he's still talking, my boys didn't do a good enough job. Shaking my head, I walk over to Smoke and grab the torch from his hands. "No, I came for your ink."

I hear a gasp from Cherry, and my eyes go to her. This woman grew up in the club, so she knows what's about to go down. Her body is vibrating with fear, so I shoot her a wink. "It's a good thing you don't have anything to do with this shit. Isn't it?"

"What do you mean, take my ink?" Crank asks, drawing my attention from Cherry.

"You were voted out," I explain, staring at his bleeding chest. It's free of ink, so I move around to his back and find his colors. "We don't want to have to call a nasty fucker like you brother anymore."

"Over some piece of snatch?" he asks, turning his head to look at me. "You can't do that shit. It's not fair."

My fists clench as I fight the urge to knock him in his already bloody mouth. "That's my woman you're talking about."

Trix might not know it yet, but she became mine the minute I sunk into her sweet pussy. I'm not sure how that's gonna go over with Hoss, but he's gonna have to get used to it. I'm not letting her go, even if it means war. No one is taking her away from me again.

"She wasn't wearing your brand, so she wasn't yours at the time," he says, twisting his head from side to side to keep his eyes on me.

I ignore his words and go on to explain why this shit is happening. "This here has nothing to do with Trix. It's all about your stupid ass. You grew up in this club, had your cut for more than five years, and still you don't know how to follow orders."

"What the fuck are you talking about?" he asks, even though he has to know the answer to that shit.

"There's too much shit to list, but let's just talk about this last week. First, you lost our shipment." I start with his first major fuck-up.

He shakes his head. “I told you that wasn’t my fault. The Revenge boys did it.”

I nod, letting him know I hear every word he is saying. “That may be true, but it wouldn’t have happened if you sent Brew the location, like you were supposed to.”

“I did. I swear. Something must have fucked up with the phone,” he tries to explain.

Even though I know he’s lying, I look over to where Brew has been standing quietly by the door. Lifting my chin to him, I give him permission to speak. He pulls a phone out of his pocket and touches the screen. A second later he walks up to Crank.

He holds the phone in front of him and says, “The shipment was supposed to be picked up at nine pm. Right here, you texted the location twice. Once at eight fifty-four then another at nine eleven. Neither of them were to me, though.”

Brew brought this shit to my attention as soon as he discovered it. As far as we can tell, the number is a burner phone. We have no idea who he sent the text to, but someone knew where the guns were. That someone wasn’t one of my boys.

“I must have hit the wrong fucking number,” Crank claims, grasping at straws. “I thought I sent the location to Brew.”

Brew starts to say something else, but I shake my head for him to keep his mouth shut. It’s better to let the fucker think we believe his fucked-up lies. If he does, he may lead us to who’s in charge of this shit. I may not know what’s going on right now, but I do know that Crank isn’t smart enough to come up with this shit on his own.

“When I sent you after Trix, I told you to go in gentle and to keep it clean. You ended up taking her in a public location with an outsider, leaving Brew no choice but to bring Addy along. So instead of Hoss’s daughter, I have two women on my hands—one that has family that doesn’t understand how this shit is done. There’s no doubt in my mind they’ll be calling the law, if they haven’t already. Not only that, you hit Trix so hard you knocked her ass out,” I tell him, becoming more pissed as I talk. “There’s nothing gentle or clean about how you handled the entire thing.”

He tries to say something, but I cut him off. “I told you not to lay a hand on either of the girls after they got here. I fucking warned you what

would happen if you did. Then, your ass walked away from me and went right to Trix. Not only did you touch her, but your sorry fucking ass tried to rape her.” My voice grows louder with each word I say.

“I wasn’t gonna hurt her,” he tries to explain his actions, but nothing he can say will take the image of him on top of her out of my head.

Wanting to get this over with, I tell Crank what’s going to happen. “We’re gonna get rid of your colors. After that, you’re no longer a member of the Grim Bastards.

He shakes his head, fear filling his voice. “No, Dad wouldn’t let you do that shit.”

His father has a lot of pull with the club. Hell, the old man has a lot of pull with me. Stone’s been a member of the Grim Bastards for more than thirty years. He stuck with the club, even when Dad was running us into the ground. He’s not only a brother; he’s also a valued friend. Still, there’s nothing he can do to stop this.

“Your dad can’t stop this. It’s been voted on, and your ass is out,” I tell him, grabbing a bottle of Jack from the shelf.

Even though I would never tell him, Stone didn’t even try to stand up for his son. In fact, he voted to blackball Crank, just like every other patched member did. After church was over, he came to me. Without saying the words, he told me to take his boy out if that’s what I needed to do for the club. I could tell it was hard for him, but he’s a member all the way down to his bones. If Crank hadn’t patched in, this would be different, but Stone realizes that his son did this shit to himself. Like all good members, he knows the club has to come first.

Lifting up the bottle of whiskey, I pour it over Crank’s bare back. I hate burning people, fucking hate the way it smells. Hate the way they scream as I do it. I’ve had to do it to a few troublemakers when I cleaned up after Dad died. Most of the boys that left blacked theirs out, but a few refused. Those got the torch, just like Crank will in a few minutes.

“I’m gonna take your ink off, but you’ll live if you get yourself to the hospital right away,” I say as I fire up the torch. “You need to know, though, if I find out that you’re lying about the guns, your ass is as good as dead.”

“Don’t do this, brother,” he begs, fighting against the chains on his wrists. “We’ve known each other too long for this. Let me black it out, please.”

I pull in a deep breath, steeling my resolve. “You left me no choice the minute you laid your hands on what was mine.”

Not giving him time to respond, I touch the flame to his back. The alcohol ignites instantly, sending a wave of flames from his neck down to his ass. Crank tosses back his head and lets out a blood-curdling scream. The smell of burning flesh hits my nose, just as Smoke smothers the flames with a blanket. The only sounds in the room are Crank’s broken sobs.

Forcing myself to step forward, I make sure the job is done. His ink is barely visible through the charred and blistered skin. When he heals, if he heals, the Grim Bastards MC logo will still be there, but it will be unrecognizable. Anyone that can make it out will know that he has been cut from the club, so our name and our protection no longer apply to him.

Walking around, I look into his pain-filled eyes and say, “It’s done.”

Just before I walk out the door, I lift my chin to Brew. “Make sure this shit is cleaned up, and get his ass off Grim Bastards’ property.”

Nodding to Smoke, I add, “Have somebody come down here to keep an eye on Cherry. We’ll deal with her after I talk to Round. I want to make sure he knows all the shit she’s been up to.”

Her sobs follow me as I walk out the door.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Trix

A **CHILLING** scream fills the air, causing the hair on my arms to stand up, as Addy and I are doing our best to beat Stone at *Call of Duty: Advanced Warfare*. The sound shocks me enough that I drive my Humvee into a wall, causing it to explode. Addy lets out a cheer, but I couldn't care less that I lost. Right now, I want to know what the fuck is going on.

As soon as my character is dead, I lay a hand on Grim's head and look over to Stone. "Who in the hell is screaming like that?"

"Don't ask," he replies, his voice gruff.

I stare at him for a second, trying to figure out what is going on. Stone is Crank's dad. That much I got just from club chatter. When Boz and a couple of the other brothers went downstairs, he said he'd stay behind with me and Addy. Now, we're hearing screams. My best bet is Crank is being taught a lesson, and his dad didn't want any part of teaching it to him. I know the asshole deserves everything he gets, but I hope they don't kill him, for Stone's sake.

"Forget I asked," I say, reaching over and kissing his cheek. "Now, beat her ass. She always beats me, so it will be nice watching someone take her down a peg for a change. If you do, I'm gonna give you a big kiss right on the lips."

“You got a deal.” He gives me a little wink before he goes back to the game.

The smile is back on his face again, but it’s not natural now. It almost appears to be glued on his face. There’s no doubt in my mind that he is fighting every instinct in his body to go help his son, but he can’t and won’t go against whatever the club has decided.

More than once as I was growing up, I saw a family member have to step aside while club justice was meted out to one of their loved ones. I even saw my dad turn his back while his brother was nearly beaten to death. It was what my uncle earned after sleeping with another brother’s old lady. He dishonored another brother, so he had no choice but to take his punishment. This shit happens, and it’s gonna continue to happen until men quit fucking up.

As a club ages, more and more members hold legacy status. Half of the brothers in a club share blood. Still, that blood means nothing if a rule is broken. The club always comes first, even over family. It sounds shitty, and most people would never understand. But what they don’t get is, the club is your family. It’s the best family anyone could ever ask for.

After a few minutes, Stone finally wins. He lays his controller down and stands up. He looks between Addy and me, shooting us both a glare. “I’m gonna go grab a beer. Don’t move a muscle or I’ll smack your asses when I get back.”

Addy waits until he’s out of ear shot and asks, “Did you fuck Boz?”

I shake my head at my best friend’s lack of boundaries. “That’s not something we’re gonna talk about right now.”

“I know you like him,” she says before taking a drink of her soda. “I knew you’d give in to the man sooner or later.”

I look around the club house, seeing if anyone is close enough to hear our conversation. “Like I said, now is not the time.”

“Oh, come on, Trixie Pooh. I’m your best friend. You have to give me a few details. At least tell me if he’s hung like a horse, or is it more in finger range,” she begs, holding up her pinky finger and shaking it in my face.

Knowing if I don’t tell her something, she’s not gonna shut up, I whisper out a few details. “He’s got the biggest dick I’ve ever seen in my entire life, and that includes the one guy we saw jacking off on the web cam.”

Grim lets out a little bark, so she gives him a pat before asking, “You mean that guy at the dorm that could swing his dick around like a windmill?”

I simply nod and continue. “I actually got off with his dick inside me, and you know that shit has never happened before. Unlike what I told you in all those late night bitch sessions, my coochie is not broken. It was Jacob’s cock that couldn’t do the job.”

Addy lays her head back against the couch and laughs so loud that she draws everyone’s attention to us. By this point, I’m having too much fun telling her all my personal business that I don’t care who hears. These people don’t know me, and they probably never will, so I toss my head back and laugh right along with her. Grim howls along with us.

When our laughter finally calms down, I get serious. “I’m telling you, babe. It was amazing. I don’t know how I’m gonna live without him.”

As the words leave my mouth, my chest starts to hurt. Just the thought of leaving Boz has my entire body aching. I’ve only really known him for a few days, liked him less than that. Still, there’s a connection there that I can’t deny. I’m drawn to him, unlike any man that I’ve ever met before. My major concern is if we don’t get out of here soon, my heart might get involved. If that happens, I’m in for a world of hurt.

“Why do you have to live without him?” Addy asks with a shrug of her shoulders. “I know he had us kidnapped, but surely you’re used to this kind of shit.”

I shake my head and let out another laugh. “No, I’m not. Believe it or not, this is the first time I’ve ever been kidnapped.”

“You know what I mean,” she says with another shrug. “You’re used to this biker shit, so get over it. If you want him, don’t let what he did get in the way. Think about what he does from here on out, and make your decision of whether you want something more or not.”

Sometimes, I forget how smart she is. Still, she doesn’t understand the world Boz and I live in. We don’t get to go home to a nice little subdivision, where our mom wears an apron and our dad has on a tie. Nope, we live in a world where the club means everything. When this is over, the Grim Bastards and Satan’s Revenge are going to be enemies. There’s no future for us; there can’t be without a hell of a lot of blood being shed.

She must see the sadness in my eyes, because she grabs my hand and gives it a squeeze. “Wanna play another game?”

I look to the TV and see *Call of Duty: Advanced Warfare* is frozen on the screen and shake my head. “I think I’m all gamed out.”

She gives my hand another squeeze. “We can watch a movie. They even have HBO. If we’re lucky, maybe there’s a re-run of *Game of Thrones* on. We might be able to see a glimpse of Jason Momoa’s ass while he’s giving that blonde bitch the business.”

I nod at her. “Sounds like fun to me.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Boz

CHERRY IS tied to a chair in the middle of the basement. I left her there so she could watch the clean-up with Crank, then let her sit and worry about her fate for a while, before I had my boys see what they could find out. I figure I've left her here long enough.

Her normally light brown hair is full of sweat, making it appear nearly black. Her eyes are shooting daggers at my boys and me as Brew questions her. No one has laid a hand on her yet, but that's gonna change if she doesn't start talking soon.

"You were not just in his office waiting for him," Brew shouts, losing his patience with the bitch. "You were going through the papers in his desk!"

Smoke lays his hand on Brew's shoulder and lifts his chin. Brew takes a step back, giving Smoke the floor. My VP walks over to his sister and squats down in front of her. The minutes tick by as he just stares at her, taking in every inch of her, from her scuffed up hooker shoes to the smeared makeup on her face. He gives his head a little shake and stands up.

"What the hell happened to you?" he finally asks, walking across the room and grabbing the bottle of Jack I used on Crank.

Cherry glares at him and asks, "What are you talking about?"

Smoke downs one gulp and then another before setting the bottle back down. “You were such a good kid. Then you grew tits and everything fucking changed. It was like you went to bed as my sister then woke up as someone I didn’t even want to know.”

“Screw you, Marshal,” she says, spitting out his real name.

He just shakes his head and goes on. “Cuss me, scream at me, I don’t give a shit, but answer my fucking question.”

Just the tone of his voice lets me know he is tired of dealing with his sister. He has been chasing Cherry’s ass around for years, cleaning up one fucking mess after another. After the death of their baby sister, he has done everything he can to keep her out of trouble, but now he appears to be done dealing with her shit.

“I hit puberty. That shit happens,” she says, pulling in a deep breath. “I couldn’t stay a little girl forever. We all have to grow up sometime.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about, and you know it,” he says as he goes to stand right in front of her. “You dropped out of school, started staying drunk all the fucking time.”

“You drink all the damn time, too. Why shouldn’t I?” She spits out her question with such anger that he takes a step back.

“There a big damn difference from drinking and being a fucking drunk,” he says with a shake of his head. “You know what I mean.”

She stares at him for a second, before her eyes move to me. “You’ve hated me, ever since Boz and I split up. That wasn’t my fault. I’m not the one that ran out on him. He left me behind so fast my damn head spun.”

The need to defend myself nearly pushes me to shout out my denial, but I hold it in and just smile at her. If the bitch wants to turn this shit on me, let her. My boys know the truth. Hell, everyone in the club knows she couldn’t stop spreading her pussy around, even when we were married.

Smoke ignores her words and changes the subject, knowing he will never get the answer he wants. “Why were you in his office? What were you looking for?”

“I told y’all already. I was just waiting for Boz.” Her eyes come to me again as a bitchy smile spreads across her face. “He still gives me a pity fuck every once in a while, and I was itching for some of his cock.”

He ignores her again and continues asking questions. “What were you looking for in his desk? Did you need money?”

I can hear the hope in his voice, but she shatters that a second later. “No, if I need money, all I have to do is spread my legs.”

His entire body locks up as he barks out, “Then what the fuck were you looking for?”

“Like I’d tell you shit!” she shouts, spitting in his face.

As if his hand has a mind of its own, it shoots out and smacks her right across the face. Blood trickles down Cherry’s lip as Smoke steps away from her.

“I should be fucking sorry, but I’m not. My ass is done with you, sister,” he growls at her, then lowers his voice to a menacing whisper. “You’re gonna tell us what you were doing in Boz’s office, or you won’t be walking out of here.”

“I always knew you were a no good, piece-of-shit big brother, but I never thought you’d sink to beating on women,” she replies, licking the blood from her lip. “Wouldn’t Mom be so proud of you now? Her precious son, beating on the only sister he has left.”

That’s a low blow if I ever heard one. Their mom died in a car wreck about four years after their baby sister died. Smoke damn near went crazy when he lost Shelia, and then went completely off the rails when he lost his mom. The day we buried her, he made a promise that he would do whatever it took to make her proud of him. Considering she loved the club as much as her old man did, I figure he made his promise true the day he put on the VP patch.

Still, she wouldn’t like him beating on his sister. To be fair, though, Smoke only smacked her after she pushed and pushed, so she brought that shit on herself. Even so, the look on his face lets me know her words cut him to the core. Guess it’s my turn to step in.

Lifting my chin to Smoke, I step forward. “You know you’re gonna have to answer our questions sooner or later.”

“I don’t have to answer shit,” she says, her smile firmly in place.

“Oh, yes, you do,” her father says, walking silently into the basement.

Shit! I didn’t want Round to be part of this shit. A man shouldn’t have to choose between his daughter and his club. He’s already lost one daughter, so this shit will be even worse on him. Hell, it was bad enough when Stone had to choose between the club and Crank.

“There’s no need for you to be here for this,” I tell him with a shake of my head.

“I brought her into this world, so I’ll be the one taking her out if she doesn’t smarten her ass up,” he says with a shrug.

Cherry’s face crumbles as she starts to whine. “You can’t mean that, Daddy.”

“Don’t ‘Daddy’ me. I quit being your father the day you started selling your body for a line of coke. I would have thought you’d learn something from losing your sister, but I guess not. Your ass is all about the drugs too,” he says, but even I can hear the pain in his voice. “I tried to love you, girl, but this shit has drained every bit of love I have out of me.”

“You don’t mean that,” she whispers, tears starting to pool in her eyes.

He straightens his spine and replies, “You left me no choice. You’re messing with my club, and we both know I can’t let that shit slide.”

I can see the pain in her eyes, so I decide now is the best time for me to start asking questions. “What were you doing in my office?”

“I can’t tell you, Boz,” she replies, but all the false bravado is gone from her voice. “If I do, you’ll kill me.”

As quick as lightning, Round grabs her by the hair and jerks her eyes up to him. “Melissa Jane, you better answer the fucking question.”

She closes her eyes and starts to tell her story. “I started messing around with Crank last year. He wanted to keep it quiet, because I used to be Boz’s old lady.”

“Fuck,” both Brew and Smoke mumble simultaneously before I say, “Go on.”

“A few months ago, he started talking about claiming me.” Her eyes move from her dad to her brother. “No matter what either of you think, I’d rather be an old lady than a whore.”

After that, the story starts pouring out of her. “He wanted me to look in Boz’s desk, to see if I could find out where the next shipment would be. He said if I found it for him, he’d brand me.”

“Motherfucker!” I shout, swinging my fist into the brick wall. I knew it; should have trusted my gut about Crank and took his cut the day I took the gavel.

“You can’t tell me that Crank came up with this shit on his own. Who’s in charge?” Brew asks the question that is on everyone’s mind.

“I don’t know, honestly,” she says, shaking her head manically. “I thought it might be Torch, because Crank was doing a lot of meth the last few months.”

I fucking hope it’s that little slimy son of a bitch. I should have taken his ass out when I sent him running out of Trenton. This time, I will, and I’ll make sure he feels a hell of a lot of pain before he breathes his last breath.

Smoke looks at me and shrugs. “I don’t think Torch has enough boys to pull this shit off. He’d have to pick up the shipment and have a place to store it. He’d also need people he could trust to watch over it. You don’t leave that much merchandise just sitting around.”

Round lifts his chin to his son. “I agree. That little douche couldn’t handle it. Plus, who would the fucker sell them to? No one trusts his ass enough to make a deal worth that much.”

I finally nod, realizing they are right. “Yeah, he doesn’t have that kind of manpower.”

Brew looks to Cherry and asks, “Is there anything else we need to know? If there is, you better tell us now.”

“He used to talk on the phone to someone about the gun shipments all the time, but I never knew who. It was none of my business, so I never asked.” She pulls in a little sob.

I look at her and ask, “Do you know where the shipment is now?”

“No, he quit talking to me after the shipment went missing. I tried calling him, but he wouldn’t answer. When I saw him at the clubhouse, he acted like I didn’t exist,” she replies, looking directly at her dad. “I don’t know anything else. I swear.”

I look at her for a minute, searching her face. Feeling sure that she is telling the truth, I look to Round. “What do you want to do to her?”

“I’m not the Pres. This here is your choice,” he says, but I can see the hope in his eyes.

My thoughts race through my head as I search for a solution. There are only two options, and neither of them sound good to me. Unable to kill a woman I once loved, I settle for the second option, with a few extras on the side.

My eyes are trained on Round. “She’s no longer under our protection, but I don’t want her running off. She’s gonna go to rehab, and then I want

her moving in to your house. She's gonna start acting like the girl we all remember, or she's gonna end up six-feet deep."

The old man lets out a relieved breath and nods his head. "Thank you, Boz."

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CHAPTER NINETEEN

Trix

I LET out a defeated huff and toss the controller on the coffee table, then reach over and run my hand over Grim’s fur. “I’m so damn bored. We’ve played every game they have, and my ass doesn’t even like fucking video games.”

When I woke up this morning, Boz was already out of bed. Other than bringing me the phone to talk to my dad for a few minutes, he’s spent the rest of his day locked in his office with his officers. I know better than to bother him, so I’ve been stuck playing stupid ass video games all day with my best friend.

“We could watch a movie,” Addy suggests with a shrug, sounding just as bored as me.

I shake my head, looking toward the bar. “I’ve got a better idea.”

“What?” she asks, looking over at our guard, Stone. “Our options are kinda limited. The old man’s not gonna let us out of the club house.”

She’s right. Since Boz and Brew are busy, we can’t even take Grim out to the yard and toss a ball. There is one thing we can do, though—something every biker bitch loves to do, and every biker does nearly daily. My smile grows as I say, “Let’s get drunk.”

“Oh, yeah. That sounds fun,” she agrees automatically, bouncing in her seat. “I want a screwdriver.”

Her sudden movement wakes Grim from his sleep. He lets out a quick bark before pushing himself up on his front paws. He looks over at Addy and woofs, then jumps to the floor and lies down with his head resting on my feet.

After the big bruiser gets settled down, I place two fingers in my mouth and whistle. As soon as the prospect at the bar turns to me, I shout. “Bring us a bottle of Smirnoff and some orange juice.”

He grins before bringing two fingers to his head and saluting me. “Yes, ma’am.”

Stone walks the few feet to us and leans down to pet Grim on the head. “What are you two planning?”

Addy tilts her head to the side as an innocent smile spreads across her face. “We’re planning a party. You wanna come?”

“You sure the Pres will like that?” he asks, looking directly at me. “You’re not gonna get me in trouble, are you, girl?”

I shake my head and smile. “Not a chance. When your Pres gets out here, I’ll make him too happy to be pissed.”

“All right, lets party.” He lets out a chuckle before taking a seat on the other side of Addy. “I’m not drinking Vodka, though. I want some Jack.”

A second later, the prospect is setting a bottle and a jug of juice on the table, along with a stack of red solo cups. “Drink up, ladies.”

Addy starts making the drinks as Stone tells the prospect what he wants. He has a bottle in his hand by the time me and my girl are taking our first swallow. The first glass is gone in less than a minute, and I’m making our next round when one of the club whores walks up to us and grabs a cup.

Grim lets out a growl from his spot at my feet, but I lay a hand on his head to keep him calm. “It’s okay, boy.”

As she pours herself a drink, she looks over to me. “So, you’re Boz’s new piece.”

Shit, I knew this was coming sooner or later. These bitches don’t care that me and Addy are here against our will. They still see us as competition. Every club whore dreams of wearing a brand someday. Whenever a new woman comes into the fold, that makes the chance of that happening less,

so the new girl suffers for a bit. Well, these bitches better watch their mouths, because I'm not a whore and I won't take their shit.

I plaster on a smile and nod my head. "Yeah, I'm his new piece. He's been fucking me for a couple of days now, and I don't see that coming to an end until I leave." I tell her this knowing it's a lie; we've only had sex once, but I sure as hell hope it happens a lot more.

Her eyes narrow on me as she says, "Well, I was sucking his dick the day before you got here."

Her words send a wave of pain crashing through my body, but there's no way I'll let her know that. "Did you swallow?"

"Huh?" she mumbles with a blink of her eyes.

I shrug my shoulders before taking another quick drink. "He told me he makes all the club whores swallow after a blow job."

She shakes her head, looking at me with confusion in her eyes. "All the guys like for you to swallow, so of course the Pres does too."

"Most do, but not Boz. He's one of those men who likes to mark his territory. I guess it's the biker in him," I say, making the shit up as I go.

Her hands go to her hips as she taps one of her hooker heels on the concrete floor. "What the hell are you talking about?"

Growing up with this type of women around, I got a lot of experience in how to deal with this shit. The first thing I learned was you never back down. If they smell blood, they keep chewing at you until they hit bone. The second was to use my brain to fight back, not my fists. Most of these bitches have fried whatever brain cells they had a long damn time ago, so they'll give us a battle of wits in a matter of minutes.

"Boz prefers pulling out of my mouth and coming on my tits, but he says he can't do that with the club whores," I say, doing my best to keep a straight face.

"What?" she asks, looking confused. "Why not?"

By this time, everyone in the room is listening to our conversation, so I know whatever comes out of my mouth has to be good. "He says that you bitches live off alcohol and coke. As President and all, it's his job to take care of everyone in the club, even the whores, so he has to do his part to make sure you're getting at least a little protein."

Stone tosses back his head and lets out a loud laugh. Soon, the entire room is laughing with him, including me. Getting control of myself, I take

in a deep breath. “Are you done trying to bait me, because you gotta know, it ain’t gonna happen. I grew up around bitches a hell of a lot meaner than you, so you don’t intimidate me.”

Just as I finish my sentence, an older club whore walks up. She grabs the blonde bitch by her arms and says, “Get your ass out of here for the night.”

“Whatever,” she says with an angry flip of her hair, then turns away and stomps to the other side of the common room, says something to the other girls, then walks out the door.

The other woman looks at me and smiles. “Hi, I’m Lisa. If she gives you any more trouble, let me know.”

It only takes me a second to realize this woman runs the girls. She could either be a great ally or my worst enemy. Judging by the smile on her face, I am thinking it will be the former. “Hey, I’m Trix.”

She continues to smile as she turns around and walks back to the other girls. I wait until she looks back at me, and I lift my chin to her then look over at Addy. “Now, it’s time to party.”

CHAPTER TWENTY

Boz

AS I walk into the common room, I see Trix and Addy sitting on the couch, with Grim between them. Stone is standing near them, shaking his head. As I get closer, I understand why. Both girls are drunk off their asses. When Trix catches sight of me, she jumps up and nearly knocks over the coffee table, sending half-full cups and a bottle or two to the floor.

She looks down at it for a few seconds then gives it a hard kick.

“Stupid fucking table, get out of my damn way!”

A chuckle bubbles up in my throat as I motion for her to come to me.

“Just walk around the table this time, darlin’.”

Stone turns to me, still shaking his head. “Boy, you’ve got your hands full with that one right there. She’s full of grit.”

My brother doesn’t know how right he is. My woman is a firecracker. That grit comes out in every aspect of her personality. I couldn’t have dreamed up someone better if I tried. As far as I can tell, she’s damn near perfect. At least, she’s perfect for me.

He looks behind me and says, “I think yours may be even worse. At least Trix can be quiet occasionally. Red can’t keep her mouth shut for a second, and some of the shit she spews makes even my old biker ass blush.”

Addy jumps up when she sees Brew step beside me. “Guess what? I got a biker bitch name now. It’s Red. Stone gave it to me, so you have no choice but to call me that.”

Brew laughs, a full belly laugh. “I can do that.”

“I wanted to call her Little Bit, because she’s so damn short, but she cried when I tried the name out.” Stone narrows his eyes at her, but I can see the laughter in them. “I tried to tell her that real biker bitches didn’t cry, no matter what people call them.”

Addy points to him and drunkenly shouts, “I told you not to call me that ever again. I don’t like it one fucking bit. I don’t like that or Adyson. Call me either Addy or Red, nothing else.”

Trix gets to me just as Addy finishes her sentence. She goes to her toes and does her best to whisper, but it comes out loud enough for the whole room to hear. “He’s not lying. She cried like a big baby until he changed it for her.”

Brew says something to me, but I ignore him and lead Trix down the hall to my room. Grim follows behind us, his nails clicking against the concrete floor.

Opening the door, I smile down at her. “Did you have fun tonight?”

“Oh, yeah,” she shouts, grabbing hold of my arm. “But, I think me and Addy may have drunk a little too much vodka. We might even be drunk.”

I lead her inside the room. Pointing to Grim, I tell him to stand guard then kick the door shut. “That’s okay. Shit happens.”

“I almost forgot,” she says as her smile quickly becomes a frown. “We need to have a discussion about something important.”

Fuck! Please, don’t let her be a talkative drunk. Trix can talk as much as she wants tomorrow, but tonight, I want to sink my dick into her and forget everything that has happened in the last few hours. When we’re both so tired we can’t move a muscle, I want to go to sleep with her in my arms. If I’m lucky, maybe I’ll dream about her sweet pussy instead of all the fucked up shit going on around here.

“We’ll talk after I’ve fucked you,” I tell her, pulling the shirt over her head and tossing it on the floor. “Better yet, we’ll talk tomorrow, because I’m gonna fuck you so hard that you won’t be able to talk when I’m done.”

“That sounds like a lot of fun,” she agrees as she walks to the bed.

“But, we really need to talk about something important before we have sex

again. It's really serious. If we don't talk about it now, it might be too late."

Well, motherfucker! I may as well get it over with now and listen to whatever she has to say. If I don't give in, I'm never gonna get me some pussy or any sleep. "What do you need to talk about that's so important, darlin'?"

"My heart," she says, flopping onto her back on the bed. She throws an arm over her eyes and goes on. "We need to talk about my heart."

I let out another chuckle and reach down to take off her shoes. "What about your heart? You're too young for anything to be wrong with it."

"It's gonna get broken, and I'm not sure I'll be able to put it back together again," she says, her voice filled with sorrow.

I freeze, my hand still on her shoe. "What are you talking about, Trix? How's your heart gonna get broken?"

"I'm gonna fall in love with you. I just know I am. Then, my dad's gonna take me away and my heart will shatter into a million pieces. No one will ever be able to fix it," she says with a drawn out sigh. "There's nothing I can do to stop it from happening. I'm already falling in love with you, and I barely even like you."

Without giving me a chance to respond, she pushes up on her elbows and asks, "Do you think it happened so fast because I had such a crush on you when I was a kid? I really did masturbate to you all the time."

I really want to laugh, but I can't. Hell, there's no way my mouth would work at this moment. My own heart is in my damn throat as her words ricochet around my brain. Trix is falling in love with me? How the hell is that even possible, after everything that has happened? I've done nothing but fuck her life up. Still, she's done nothing but make mine even harder and I'm falling for her, too, so I guess it is possible. It sure in the hell is unlikely though.

"Well, what do you think?" she asks again, this time in a near shout. "Was it because I got off thinking about you?"

Pulling off her other shoe, I start working on the button of her jeans. "I don't know, darlin'. Maybe all those orgasms had you falling in love with me before you even really knew what I was like. Then when you got to know me, you fell the rest of the way."

I'm trying to make her laugh, but she doesn't. Instead, she just studies my face for a moment before nodding her head. "Yeah, maybe, that's it."

“Orgasms can do crazy shit to girls,” she keeps talking as she lifts her ass enough for me to pull her jeans off. After that, I move up to take off her bra and throw it on the floor with the rest of her clothes. She then says, “It doesn’t matter anyway. There’s nothing I can do to stop it now. My mom used to tell me that love happens when a person least expects it. When I was being kidnapped, I sure in the hell didn’t expect to fall in love.”

My heart skips a beat as I stare down at her beautiful blue eyes. She’s spread out naked in my bed, trying to decide why she is falling in love with me, and I’ve never seen a more gorgeous sight in my life. The image of her lying there is gonna be burned in my mind until the day I die.

“Your mom was an intelligent lady.” I quickly undress and climb on the bed beside her.

“Yeah, she was,” she agrees, stretching her arms above her head.

I can’t pass up the temptation of taking one of her nipples in my mouth. When I let it loose, she rolls toward me and asks, “Are you gonna fuck me now?”

I shake my head and run a hand through her beautiful blond hair. “No, Trix. I’m gonna make love to you instead.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Trix

THE SOUND of music floating up the hallway wakes me up, and my head instantly starts to pound. In a flash, everything I said and did last night comes back to me. If memory serves me right, I told Boz I love him! Well, maybe not those words exactly, but pretty damn close. Fuck!

I roll over to my stomach and bury my head into the pillow, letting out a loud moan. “Fuck, how much did I drink last night?”

“Enough,” Boz says with a quiet chuckle before kissing my bare back. “I damn near had to carry you to the room.”

“My head is killing me. I need you to just be quiet for a little while,” I say, but my voice is muffled by the pillow.

He grabs my hips and flips me over, his beautiful green eyes staring down at me. “I know the perfect cure for a hangover.”

By the twinkle in his eyes, I know he’s messing with me. Still, my head hurts so damn bad that I’m willing to take any help I can get. “What’s that?”

“My cock. It’s just what the doctor ordered,” he replies, bringing his lips down on mine and going in for a heated kiss.

Suddenly, the pain in my head disappears as lust rockets through my body. His tongue invades my mouth with a delicious slide against mine, as his hips push his hard cock into my hip, showing me exactly what he has on his mind. Our tongues play each other for a moment, before I pull back enough to look him in the eyes.

There is no way I want him getting another taste of my hangover breath. "Sorry, babe. I need to brush my teeth."

His eyes blaze down at me as he says, "I love your taste, any time, anyhow."

Then, his mouth is on mine again. After just a second, he pulls back a little and asks, "Is my medicine working, darlin'?"

Pushing up and leaning on his elbow, his lips goes to my breast and I can't hold in a pleasure-filled moan. "Oh, yeah. My hangover is already getting better."

"I fucking love your tits, Trix," he says against my nipple. "They're absolutely stunning. Never seen anything so damn pretty in my life."

His lips continue to work their magic, moving from one breast to the other. When he bites down on the pebbled peak, I can feel it all the way down to my pussy. As his teeth scrape over my sensitive nipple, I let out another moan.

Grabbing onto his chocolate colored locks, I force his lips back onto my tit and plead for him to do that again. "More!"

He obliges me, scraping his teeth over one nipple before going to the other and doing the same. "You like that, darlin'?"

"Yes," I moan, forcing myself to take a much-needed breath.

As soon as the word leaves my mouth, he pulls away from me, and as he sits up, he flips me back to my stomach. Knowing what he wants, I immediately go to my hands and knees. Looking over my shoulder, I smile and lift my ass even further.

He jumps from the bed, still naked from last night. Boz grabs a condom from the bedside table and tears it open with his teeth. I watch as he slides it onto his hard cock. After tossing the wrapper onto the bedside table, he climbs onto the foot of the bed.

Boz's body stills just before he reaches me, and he smiles. "How dirty do you want it?"

His words send another wave of lust through my body. I smile back at him and reply, “As dirty as you can give it.”

He immediately climbs between my legs and runs his hands from my calves all the way up my thighs. His fingers glide over my pussy before quickly cupping it and giving my clit a quick slap. His hands continue to explore as he shifts so his legs are pressed between mine.

Instead of putting his cock into my pussy, I feel his teeth graze my ass. “Oh, darlin’, I can get really dirty.”

Boz’s fingers dive into my depths as he twists around, laying his body flat on the bed. He scoots up, so I’m straddling his face, and latches on to my clit. His fingers slide in and out of my drenched core, while his lips suck my clit into his mouth.

I can’t stop myself from grinding against his mouth as I let out a long, pleasure-filled moan. “Hell yeah. Keep doing that.”

He doesn’t respond, just continues his assault on my sensitive pussy. His fingers start twisting inside of me, until he finally finds my G-spot. He concentrates on it, nearly bringing me to orgasm with the first brush of his finger. When my pussy starts to clench, he pulls back. Giving me just a second to catch my breath, he starts again.

When I know there is no holding back, that my body is about to go off like a rocket, I lift my hips away from his face. “No, I want to come with you.”

“I like the sound of that.” He scrambles from beneath me, going back to his knees, lines his cock up with my entrance, and then slams into my heat with one brutal thrust.

My body is so close to the edge that my pussy starts to convulse almost immediately. Squeezing his cock like a vice, I shout out my pleasure. “Fuck, yes!”

He continues to pound into me without mercy. Gliding in and out, he only stops to grind his cock into my depths every few thrusts. “I love your cunt, darlin’. Fucking love it.”

I toss my head back as another orgasm approaches. Looking over my shoulder, I shoot him a wink. “Nowhere near as much as I love your dick.”

He goes in deep again, grinding his hips into my ass. Then, he places his palm on the top of my ass and asks, “Are you sure you want dirty?”

Panting into the mattress, I tell him the truth. “At this moment, I want anything you’re willing to give me.”

He lets out a quiet chuckle before his hand skims my ass. He spends a minute kneading it, before his fingers seek out my other hole. He circles it for a minute, before I feel his hand glide between my legs, to collect our juices. Still thrusting in and out of me, he gently pushes his fingertip into my ass.

Having only one lover, an inept one at that, this is totally new to me. The feeling is foreign, dirty but also exciting. He sinks in a bit deeper and says, “I’m gonna have this, too. Not today, but someday soon, my cock is gonna be buried in here.”

With that, his finger begins to match the movement of his cock. In and out he moves, bringing me closer and closer to the edge. My hips have a mind of their own, pushing back to get more of him inside me, both his finger and his dick. The only thought on my mind is coming.

“Harder, baby. Please, do me harder,” I pant out, too far gone to even realize what is coming out of my mouth.

“I’ll give you anything you want... haven’t you realized that yet?” he asks between thrusts. “Anything but leaving me.”

He slows his strokes, dragging his cock out inch by inch. His finger is joined by another as he continues to work my ass. Each touch, each glide of his cock, is bringing me closer and closer. One more hard thrust and fireworks go off in my head.

Pulling my head from the mattress, I hiss out my pleasure. “Yes.”

He glides into me twice more before burying himself to the root. His cock twitches as he growls out his own release. “Fucking amazing.”

Collapsing to my stomach, Boz flops down on the bed beside me. We are both quiet for a second, trying to catch our breath. When I finally have enough strength to lift my head, I look at him and smile. “Your cock is the best medicine in the world.”

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Boz

I WALK into the common room, stopping every few feet to talk to my brothers. By the time I make it to the back of the room, twenty minutes have passed. Looking around, I find the two people I want to talk to in opposite corners.

“You two,” I say, pointing toward the new club whore and Lisa, the woman that has been here the longest. “Come to my office.”

They look at each other in confusion but follow without giving me any lip. As soon as we get inside my office, I slam the door and take a seat at my desk. I motion for them to take a seat and wait as they sit down, then shoot a glare at the new chick.

“I heard you had some words with Trix,” I say, making sure she can see the anger in my eyes.

The bitch shakes her head and lies. “I’m not sure what she told you, but I haven’t said much more than hello to her.”

I shake my head at her stupidity. “Trix didn’t say shit to me. That’s not her style, but half the fucking club couldn’t wait to tell me about it.”

Lisa shakes her head, too, and says, “Don’t ever lie to a member, girl.”

Lisa has been working the club for more years than I can remember. She has to be getting close to fifty, but she doesn’t look a day over forty.

Her body is rock solid, and she has a smile that can light up the room. A few of the brothers have asked her to wear their colors, but she's always refused. The only person she is interested in is Round, and he says that he would never take another old lady after his died. He's been true to his words, but that doesn't stop him from taking her home with him every night. She still calls herself a club whore, but she doesn't spend much time on her back anymore, unless it's in Round's bed. Instead, she handles the rest of the bitches.

I lift my chin to her and smile. "That right there is why I wanted you in here. It's time you were put on the payroll."

"What are you talking about?" she asks, scooting to the edge of her seat.

"You've been taking control of the club whores for a while now, and that's a job you should be getting paid for," I tell her honestly.

"I don't do much," she says with a shake of her head. "Just help out where it's needed."

"Whenever there is a problem, the girls come to you. If you can't handle it, you come to me. You even deal with sending the girls to the other clubs when it comes up, something I hate doing. Plus, you started getting the bitches tested and made birth control mandatory for each one of them. If that's not a leader, I don't know what the fuck is?"

She shrugs, her foot tapping against the floor. "What do you have in mind?"

Running a hand through my hair, I lay it out to her. "You know the club is still trying to get in the black, so I can't offer you a lot. I'm thinking eight-hundred a week, and the protection of being an employee of the club."

"That would be wonderful," she says with a smile.

"We'll work out all the particulars later. First we have to deal with this bitch. Your first job will be deciding what to do with her," I tell her, nodding my head at the new girl.

Lisa looks to her and shakes her head. "I hate to say it, honey, but I don't think you're a good fit for the club."

The new girl jumps up and looks at me. "You can't let this old bitch just toss me out!"

Lisa is out of her seat in an instant, and the bitch's hair is in her fist a second later. I just sit back and watch the fireworks. Lisa throws a few

quick jabs at the other woman's face then pulls her across the room. Pulling the door open, she shouts for Round.

He's there a minute later, taking the new girl from Lisa's arms. "What did the bitch do?"

She doesn't answer him. Instead, she asks, "Will you take her to get her shit then escort her off club property?"

His eyes come to me, and I lift my chin at him, letting him know I'm in agreement. He then leans down and brushes his lips over hers. "I can do that, sweets."

As soon as he's gone, Lisa looks back at me and asks, "Is there anything else you need?"

"Nope, I think you've taken care of everything," I say, shooting her a wink.

She smiles then walks out of the room. She's barely out the door when my Mom walks in wearing a frown. "I think you need to let Trix and her friend go."

Mom is like a fucking pit bull. She chews and chews until she gets what she wants. Not that I don't love her. I would lay my life on the line for her anyway, but she has to know it's my job to deal with club shit. She needs to learn to back the fuck up.

"That's not gonna happen, Momma," I tell her, standing up and walking over to the fridge.

"But, son, it's not right. Neither one of them two has anything to do with club business, so they shouldn't be stuck in the middle of all this," she says, still frowning at me.

After grabbing us both a beer, I take one to her and place a kiss on her cheek. "They'll go home when this shit is over."

Opening her beer, she takes a seat and looks up at me. "Are you sure you'll be able to let Trix go, if you keep her that long?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I ask, plopping down on my desk and crossing my feet at the ankle.

"I'm not blind. I see y'all together in the club. Tate, I haven't seen you smile that much since you were just a kid," she says, leaning back in her chair. "You and Trix make the perfect pair, and she would make one hell of an old lady."

“Then why in the fuck would you want me to let her go?” I ask, not allowing myself to think about how true her words are.

She takes a draw off her beer before finally answering me. “I don’t see how anything lasting can come from how this started. What are you two gonna do, tell your kids that you got together after kidnapping her?”

“Mom, I’m not sure you should be thinking about grandbabies just yet,” I say with a chuckle, then take a drink of my beer.

She stands up and walks to me. Putting her drink on my desk, she cups my cheeks and says, “I want you to listen to me for a minute, Tate. Forget you’re club President for just a bit and remember you were my son first.”

I nod at her and she goes on. “Trix could be the woman that changes everything for you. She could make you a happy man, so please don’t screw it up before it even has a chance to get started. I want to see my baby living the good life.” With those words, she turns around and leaves my office, without even saying good bye.

I sit there for a few minutes, replaying everything she said. I’m not sure this shit with Trix is gonna lead to anything, but it could. If Mom’s right and Trix is my future, I don’t want to fuck this up, but I ain’t letting her go. Instead, I’ll just make sure that by the time this ends, she’ll not want to leave.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Trix

I FEEL bad that I haven't spent much time with Addy since we've been here. Besides the few times when we've been in the common room, I've pretty much left her to hang out with Brew. I know all of this has been hard on her, but she knows the way I feel about Boz, so I know that she will understand. That doesn't change the fact that I feel like a shitty best friend. Since Boz is gone, now would be a great time to go look for her and have some much-needed girl time.

I take a quick shower and head down to the room we were sharing. Since me and Boz have started sleeping together, I haven't been staying there. I've been spending my nights with him. It has been absolutely wonderful; I really like falling asleep with him holding me. It's something that I could get used to.

As I get to the door, I don't even consider knocking. Hell, no one else in this place would. As I open the door and take a step inside, I kinda wish that I would've knocked. Standing in the middle of the room in a wild and hot-looking kiss is none other than Addy and Brew. He has one hand in her hair and one on her ass, and she has one of her hands gripping his arm and the other in his hair. They are so into each other they didn't even hear the door open.

“Whoa! My bad!” I say as I turn to walk back out. The last thing I want to do is interrupt, especially since she seems to be enjoying herself.

“Trix, wait! Don’t go,” Addy says to me as she comes over and pulls me back into the room. As we turn and come back inside, she continues, “Brew was just leaving.”

Brew looks back and forth between me and Adyson, and asks, “I was? When did I say anything about that?”

She walks up to him, grabs his arm and starts trying to pull him toward the door, saying, “Well you may not have said it, but that’s what is happening.”

Brew kinda chuckles and says, “All right, Red. Don’t get your panties in a bunch. I’m going. I need to go take care of some shit with Boz anyway.” He leans down, gives her a kiss on the forehead, and walks toward the door. As he gets to it, he turns to Addy and says, “Don’t go anywhere until I come back for you. Don’t need your ass getting into any kind of trouble while I’m gone.” He gives her a little grin and shuts the door as he walks out.

I grab her arm to get her attention and ask her, “What the hell was all that?” She kinda gives a little shrug of her shoulders, giggles and says, “I have no fucking idea. But I liked it!” She gives a small shake of her head, walks over, and flops down on the bed. “I don’t know what the hell is going on, Trix. He seems like such a nice guy, at least toward me, but who knows. You can’t ever tell with men. Just because they seem nice doesn’t mean they won’t turn into total dicks.”

I walk over and lie down beside her. I lay my head on her shoulder and say, “You ain’t telling me something I don’t already know, Addy. My past relationships are proof of that. All men can be dicks, but that doesn’t mean they aren’t good men. I think they just ain’t smart enough to know how to act, to not piss women off.”

She starts laughing and says, “Ain’t that the truth. Speaking of men, how’s it been going with lover boy? From what I can tell, it seems to be going pretty good.”

I let out a deep breath and think about my answer for a minute before saying, “It seems to be going pretty good to me, too. I don’t know, Addy, I honestly don’t. I’m not sure if it is because I’ve wanted him for so long, or what has made me like him so much. All I know is that it is wonderful. He

makes me feel really good, not just in bed but all the time. Although, sex with Boz is beyond amazing, it's so much more than that."

Addy is silent for a couple minutes before she finally replies, "That's great, Trix. I'm really happy for you. You already know that all I want is for you to be happy, and if Boz is the one that can give you that, you have my total support."

We just lie there for a few minutes, neither of us saying anything, both lost in thought about the confusing things going on in our lives, before I finally say, "Thanks, Addy. That means a lot. I knew there was a reason why I picked you for a best friend. We understand each other and only want the best for one another. I always know that you've got my back, but that's enough sappy shit for one day. Hell, that was enough for a few months. Let's go raid the kitchen and find a movie or something to watch on TV until Boz and Brew get back."

"I don't know, Trix. You heard Brew. He'll have a shit fit if he comes back and I'm not here," Addy says as she sits up on the bed.

I sit up also and tell her, "It's okay, Addy. It's not like we'll be by ourselves. There are plenty of brothers here. Plus, we have Grim. He's probably outside. I'm sure Boz wouldn't leave me here without leaving my other protector. I'll get him, and then neither Boz nor Brew will have anything to bitch about."

It only takes her a couple of seconds before she says, "To hell with it. It's not my problem if Brew does or doesn't like something I do, and I'm hungry. Let's go."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

Boz

SITTING DOWN on the bed, I grab my boots from the floor and start pulling them on, before giving Grim's fur a playful tug. My phone dings with a text, drawing my attention. I grab it and see that it's Brew telling me the recruits are back. I sent them out earlier to pick up shit for a party. Nothing big, just a few extra kegs and some steaks for the grill. I've even got a few of the old ladies coming in to make the fixings. We've all been locked in the clubhouse too damn long; we need a little break. I'm about to text him back, when the bathroom door opens up.

Trix walks out and glares at me. "I need some damn clothes. My makeup bag would be nice, too, and my fucking hair straightener."

A towel is wrapped around her sexy body, causing all my blood to go to my cock. "I think you should just stay naked all the damn time."

She glares at me before tossing the towel on the floor and opening a drawer. She pulls out one of my tees and slides it over her head. "Either get me something to wear, or I'm staying in this room all fucking day."

I'm about to tell her that sounds like a good idea to me, but she must have read my mind, because she shakes her head and rolls her eyes. "I'll have to leave the bed sometime."

"I'm sure one of the bitches have..."

She cuts me off before I can even finish the sentence. “I’m not wearing some club whore’s clothes. I’d rather wear the same shit every day. Just show me where the washer and dryer is.”

“You can wear my tees until we can get you something,” I tell her with a shrug.

She closes her eyes for just a second, as if she is trying to control her anger, before taking in a deep breath. “Please, Boz. Send someone to our dorm room and pick up some stuff for Addy and me. I’ll make a list telling them where everything is.”

She has been so damn strong through everything; the least I can do is give her this one thing. It’s not like Hoss’ boys will be watching the place. They already know she’s here. If they are, I can send a prospect. They’ll know I would never trade her for someone that’s not a member.

“If you give me a kiss, I’ll go about making that happen,” I tell her with a smile.

Trix rushes to me and throws herself into my arms, forcing me to my back on the bed. She kisses me right on the lips, making a popping sound. Then, she goes in for a real kiss. When her lips meet mine this time, fire shoots right to my dick. Her body melts against mine as my hands run over her naked ass. My tongue pushes inside, her exquisite flavor filling my mouth. She explores my mouth as her pussy grinds against my jean-covered cock.

My hand goes to the bottom of the tee she is wearing, and I begin pulling it up. She raises off me and finishes tugging it over her head. Her naked body is straddling mine, and only one thing is on my mind: getting my cock buried deep in her sweet cunt.

“Gotta move, darlin’. I have too many clothes on,” I tell her as my hands lock on her hips and I flip her onto her back.

Sitting up, I pull my shirt over my head. Just as I’m about to start on my jeans, a knock sounds at the door and Grim starts to bark from his spot on the floor. Through the wood, one of the prospects shouts, “The boys are starting the grill, Pres. Brew says if you don’t get out there, he’s gonna cook this shit himself.”

The boys probably bought five hundred dollars’ worth of steaks, and there’s no damn way I’m gonna let Brew get his hands on them. Plus, I

promised my brothers some down time. As much as I want in Trix's pussy, I need to show my face.

"Fuck!" I grumble to myself, then reply, "Go tell him not to touch the steaks or I'll slice his dick off when I get out there."

I look down to see Trix glaring at me. She pushes herself up on her elbow and asks, "Are you really gonna leave me like this to go cook?"

Knowing I can't leave my girl wanting me, I shake my head and drop to my knees on the floor beside the bed. Grabbing both her feet, I pull her across the bed so her sweet pussy is just inches from my face. "Keep your legs wide open, Trix. I'm going to eat your sweet pussy, and I don't want a damn thing getting in my way."

She pushes up further on her elbows and smiles at me. "Anything you say."

My hand cups her before giving her already soaking pussy a few quick slaps. As quick as lightning, my fingers slide through her wet folds then give her clit a quick tap. "Your cunt is fucking gushing, Trix."

"Yes, it is. I think it's been wet since the moment I saw you standing in your office," she says as her hips thrust against my hands. "I need your mouth on me, now."

Leaning forward, I drag my tongue over her pussy with one long stroke. I latch onto her clit and give it a quick suck, before pulling back and blowing on the sensitive nub. A few quick flicks of my tongue has her hips rising up to meet my lips. When my fingers slide inside her, her entire body bows off the bed.

"Just like that," she pants as her hips move against my face.

I moan against her pussy as I run my beard-covered chin over her clit. Sliding another finger inside her, I begin to pump them both in and out. At the same time, my tongue twirls around the little bundle of nerves at the top of her slit, until I feel her pussy clench my hand. Knowing she is close, I latch on to her clit and milk the orgasm from her. She screams out my name as my mouth fills with her tangy juices.

Giving her clit a few more gentle kisses, I pull my head away and smile at her. "Are you happy now, darlin'?"

"Nope," she says, dropping her head to the mattress, just as Grim jumps on the bed.

“What?” I ask, trying my best to sound offended but barely holding in my laugh.

She lays a hand on Grim’s head and answers, “I am fucking thrilled.”

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CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Trix

I HEAD out to the courtyard, still wearing my same dirty clothes, with Grim trailing behind me. The smell from the grill hits my nose, and my stomach lets out a big growl. According to Boz, he's the master griller, so I'm looking forward to eating tonight. Other than a sandwich here and there, I've pretty much starved since getting to the club house. It's not really Boz's fault. Something always seems to get in the way when it's time to eat.

Grim lets out a woof and runs toward the grill. Dropping down to pet his head, Boz drops a piece of meat on the ground, saying something to his dog. Getting closer, I see there are only two steaks left on the grill. After standing up, Boz flips them both over and places one on a plate. As soon as he sees me, he shoots me a wink then grabs the last steak.

After plopping it on a plate, he hands it to me and he says, "This one is for you. I figured since I was doing the cooking, we could get the last two, so they'll be hot."

"That was nice of you, babe, always taking care of me," I tell him with a smile. "You know I like my meat hot."

His hand lands on my ass with a stinging slap. "I got some hot meat for you, darlin'."

Grabbing hold of my hand, he leads me to the three picnic tables filled with food. A few women are standing around, each wearing an honorary cut, labeling the group as old ladies. I smile at them before looking down at all they have to offer. The women obviously fixed every kind of side dish they could think of.

I let go of Boz's hand and start piling my plate full of potato salad and coleslaw then grab a deviled egg, not to mention two homemade rolls. To finish it off, I slide a piece of pecan pie on my plate. My eyes then land on the baked beans and creamy macaroni and cheese, letting me know I'll be making a second trip. Finally done, I grab a beer and walk over to the women.

Looking at the oldest woman in the bunch, I do my best to show her the respect she deserves. "This all looks amazing. You ladies out did yourselves."

"Thank you," she says, a smile spreading across her face. "You're Trix, right? My son has told me all about you."

"Who's your son?" I ask as Boz lays a hand on the small of my back.

The woman laughs, a tinkling sound that makes my smile grow. Then, she steps closer and blinks her eyes, drawing my attention to the bright green orbs. "Your Boz's mom!"

"I like to call him Tate, but he gets a little snippy when I do," she says, as Boz releases me and places a kiss on her cheek.

"Hey, Momma," he says, stepping back to my side. "It all looks good."

She looks back at me and says, "Make sure you come back for some of the apple cobbler. My friend Lisa made it, and it's amazing."

I smile at her, then my eyes lock on her cut. Most women bury their cut with their man after he dies. At least, that's how it's done in Dad's club. They may keep the patch, but the old lady's cut always lays in the casket, right beside her man. So, considering he is gone, I am surprised to see her wearing it.

"It's a Mom's cut," she says with a laugh, then straightens the leather at her breast.

Unable to stop myself from being rude, I step forward and look right at the patch over her breast. Sure enough, it says 'Boz's Mom'. "That is the coolest shit I have ever seen. I'm gonna have to tell my dad about that. Maybe I can get one that says 'Hoss' Daughter'."

She laughs again and nods her head. “You do that, sweetheart.”

Before she can say more, someone comes over and asks for her help finding another table for food. After a quick goodbye, she walks away and Boz leads me across the yard to an empty picnic table. Grim plops down on the ground beside us, looking from his master to me, waiting for one of us to give him something off of our plates.

“Sorry, buddy. I’ll give you one bite, but the rest is all mine,” I say, cutting off a piece of steak and tossing it at him.

Boz laughs, before tossing Grim a piece of his steak. “I don’t know why you’d lie to my dog like that. You know you ain’t gonna eat all that food. When you get full, he’s gonna be licking your plate clean.”

“I don’t want him watching me eat with that sad puppy dog look on his face. It makes me feel bad,” I tell him, sinking my teeth into a deviled egg.

“No need to feel bad, darlin’. That dog eats plenty. Every fucking brother in the house feeds him. I’m surprised his belly isn’t dragging on the ground,” he says, watching me dig into my food. “From the look of it, though, I’m not doing a very good job at keeping you fed.”

“It would be nice if you fed me after you fuck me,” I say with a smirk. “I need to keep my strength up and all.”

He looks at me for a minute and says, “I won’t always fuck you. I’ll throw a little sweet your way every once in a while.”

A laugh bubbles out of me, as I reply, “That would be nice.”

We spend the next few minutes eating in silence. When my stomach is finally ready to bust, without a second trip to the food table, I lay my plate down on the ground for Grim to finish. “There you go, big boy.”

“Told you,” Boz says, laughing at me.

I stick my tongue out at him and say, “Shut up, funny. You didn’t know I wasn’t going to eat it all. It was just a lucky guess.”

When he finally stops laughing at me, he looks at me and says, “Yeah, I did. I know you better than you think I do.”

For some reason, his words ring true. He seems to know damn near everything about me. Maybe not my favorite color or the name of the first boy I crushed after in third grade, but he knows the important stuff. He knows how much my dad means to me, and how much I respect the club and all it stands for. For me, that about sums up my life. Other than Addy, it’s all I’ve got.

I feel like I know him, too, but there is something I have always wondered about. “How did you get your road name? Why Boz?”

He sits there for a minute gathering his thoughts, and then he lets out a chuckle and says, “Well, when I was little and my father was president, I was a little bit cocky. My ass would go around trying to tell everyone what to do, just like my dad did. I was so damn bossy, the brothers started calling me the little boss man. I was really bad with the other kids around the club. They couldn’t make a move without me being up in their shit, so they started calling me Boss, too.”

My smile grows as he continues the story. “Sheila, she was Smoke’s sister, was a little younger than the rest of us. She had a bit of a lisp when she was a kid, so when she said boss, it came out Boz. It just kind of stuck with everyone.”

We both laugh, before I say, “I bet you could tell me all kinds of stories about y’all growing up together. It must have been really nice, having each other. There weren’t many other kids at Dad’s club and no other girls, so I missed all that. I never even had a real friend before I met Addy.”

“Yeah, we had fun, but we got in a hell of a lot of trouble together. Still, I wouldn’t change it for the world,” he tells me as he stands from the table and grabs my hand.

As he leads me across the yard, I ask, “Where are we going now?”

“To my room,” he says, not giving me any more information.

“The party is just getting started,” I whine, looking at some of the brothers tossing horseshoes. “Do we have to go in already?”

We’re inside and headed down the hall before he answers. “I want to jump in the shower and get these smoky clothes off. We can go back to the party after, but I was thinking about taking you to bed early.”

“Oh, you were?” I ask, leaning into him as he opens the door to his room.

His reply is drowned out by my squeal of delight, when I see piles of bags on the bed. My favorite pair of flip flops are sitting right beside them. “You got my stuff!”

“Told you I would,” he says with a shrug.

Turning to him, I plaster my body to his. “I’m thinking I may be the one taking you to bed.”

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CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Boz

THE SOUND of the phone vibrating on the bedside table wakes me up. Reaching over to grab it, I see that there are three missed calls from Hoss. Shit, this conversation can't be put off any longer. My lips find the top of Trix's head, before I gently roll her out of my arms and climb from the bed. Doing my best to be quiet, I throw on a pair of jeans and slip a tee over my head. Once my socks are on, I slide on my boots and head to the door.

Just before I step into the hallway, I look back at where Trix is still sound asleep. Grim's head is resting on her feet, but his eyes are trained on me. There's no doubt in my mind that he's trying to decide what to do—stay with her or follow me.

Pointing at Trix, I issue a whispered order. "Take care of our girl, Grim."

Satisfied that he won't let anyone near her, I slip out of the room and head to my office. After I shut the door behind me, my legs take me right to the desk, where my chair is waiting for me. As soon as I'm comfortable, I hit Hoss' name on my phone.

It rings twice before he answers. "I tried to call you three fucking times."

"I was in bed," I say, resting my feet on the top of my desk.

Suddenly, the vision of Trix's sexy ass, lying naked in my bed, fills my mind. My dick is instantly alert, letting me know he is ready to go whenever I am. I fucked her until the sun was up, both in the shower then again in my bed. When she finally fell asleep, my dick was still deep inside her.

I can hear the flick of a lighter, before he says, "As long as my daughter wasn't in there with you, I don't give a shit."

I knew this was coming. Hoss ain't stupid. He has to know his daughter is a fine piece with a body that any man would want. What he doesn't know is that I want her for more than just that body. Now is the time for me to tell him.

"That's something we need to talk about," I tell him, deciding to just get right to the point. "I plan on branding her as soon as this shit is over."

He lets out a muttered, "fuck," before going completely silent. Finally, he replies to me, "Do you really think I'm gonna let you claim her after this shit?"

No, I don't. I expect him to fight me tooth and nail, but nothing he does is gonna stop me. "She's already mine. You'll get used to it with time."

"You fucking bastard!" He growls into the phone. "If you hurt my girl, I'll bury your ass so deep no one will ever find you."

"I would lay down my life for her before I hurt her," I reply, crossing my feet.

Hurting her is the last thing I have on my mind. Having her by my side every day and going to bed with her every night sounds a hell of a lot more fun. Spending the rest of my life sunk deep in her body sounds even better.

"Are you trying to say you love Trix? Hell, boy, you've only known her for a few days," he says with a scoff.

"I've know her since she was just a kid," I tell him, then go on to tell him the truth. "Can't say I know much about love, but I like her a hell of a lot. I can't imagine not having her here at the end of the day."

"Fucking hell," he grumbles, before going on. "We'll talk about this after our shit is settled. Right now, we need to figure out what the fuck is going on. I will say, though, with all this shit going on with your club, I'm not too damn happy about you laying claim to my girl."

My breath comes out in a rush as my thoughts go back to Trix. This shit has already affected her, but I'll do everything in my power to make

sure it doesn't touch her again. She'll be protected at all times. Everything else could crumble around me, but my girl won't be hurt again.

"Understood," I reply, before deciding to give him what he's due. "Last night, I burnt the colors off the man who said your crew took the shipment."

"Told you we didn't have shit to do with this," he says, before asking, "So you found your rat?"

"I didn't take his cut because of the shipment. He was a fuck-up that didn't deserve to wear our colors." I tell him some but not everything. "My boys wanted him out, and I made it happen."

Hoss lets out a bark of laughter. "Of course, he didn't. He isn't gonna tell you the truth. No man would if they knew death was the only thing waiting."

"Maybe," I mutter, knowing that's true.

"So, you still think my club did this shit?" he bellows into the phone.

Pulling my feet off the desk, I stand up and walk to the refrigerator. "He took a hell of a beating. You know how talented Smoke is with a pair of pliers. Crank held strong the entire time, kept saying it was your crew."

"And you believe him?" he asks, still shouting.

"No, I don't," I say, wanting to make sure he knows the trouble isn't over. "You need to know that this fucker isn't smart enough to come up with this shit on his own. I've been thinking. There has to be a reason he brought your club into this shit. He could have said it was someone else."

Hoss is quiet, but I can hear him shuffling around. After a few minutes, I hear a door shut, then he finally says, "Been thinking about that."

"What've you come up with?" I ask, pulling a soda out of the fridge. I could really use a beer for this conversation, but it's a bit too early for that shit.

"A couple of months ago, that little bastard, Torch, starting showing his face in my territory. I'd heard about the trouble you had with him, but me and the boys didn't think a small time hustler would cause me too much trouble, so we ignored him."

Hoss wouldn't tell me this shit if he hadn't had any trouble with Torch, so I ask, "What the fuck happened?"

"He started supplying my boys with meth. By the time I realized it, some of them were so far gone that I couldn't get their asses clean," he admits, letting out a frustrated breath. "My boys live their own lives; we

don't have any rules about drugs. Still, that shit destroys people. I ended up having to strip the cut off three of my brothers."

"Fuck, man. Hate to hear that," I say honestly. There's nothing harder than taking a cut from a brother, but sometimes it has to be done. "We went through the same shit."

"Only reason I'm telling you this shit is..." He goes silent for a second, before going on. "One of the men refused to turn over his cut. My boys tore his fucking house apart, but we couldn't find it."

My mind follows along, taking in what he's saying. One of the Satan's Revenge cuts is floating around. Any motherfucker could have his hands on it, and that should never be able to happen. When a member is lost, his cut is buried with him. If a member loses his colors, his cut is burnt. Anything else is fucking sacrilegious.

"At least tell me you dealt with the son of a bitch?" I ask him, still hating to think of any MC club losing a cut.

"Fuck yeah, but that doesn't get our cut back," he tells me, before blowing out a long breath. "I'm not saying that your boy was telling you the truth, but I can't help but wondering if your boy may have seen someone in our cut that hasn't earned it."

I hope like hell he's right. At least, kidnapping Trix will be justifiable. "I'll let you know as soon as I know something."

I'm about to hang up, when he says, "I want to talk to my girl."

"She's still sleeping, and I'm doubting she'll be up any time soon," I say with a smile.

He grumbles a threat under his breath then says, "You have her call me as soon as she wakes up."

With that, he hangs up. My mind goes directly back to Trix, sleeping in my bed. Before I go climb back in with her, Brew comes into the office. A second later, Smoke follows him.

I drop my head. Fuck. No pussy for me.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Trix

THE EIGHT ball glides into the corner pocket, and I let out a triumphant shout before turning to look at Stone and Addy. “You two may be able to whip my ass at video games, but I told you I’d stomp you at the pool table.”

Grim lets out a woof, curling himself around my feet. I reach down and give him a quick pat. “I beat them, big boy.”

Addy shrugs her shoulders as she walks over to stand by Brew. “I’m getting used to it. I haven’t won a game once in all the years we’ve been friends.”

Stone lets out a chuckle and looks over his shoulder to where Boz is sitting at the bar talking to Smoke and Smoke’s dad, Round. “Come on, Pres. She’s already kicked our asses twice. You need to show your girl how a real pool player does it.”

Boz smiles at him as he stands up and walks toward us. “Did I ever tell you about the pool tournament Hoss had over at Revenge’s clubhouse several years ago?”

As soon as the words leave his mouth, a blush covers my face. I have no idea how the hell he knows this story. “Don’t do it, Boz.”

He smiles at me but doesn’t shut his damn mouth. “Hoss had been teaching her to play for years, but not everyone was aware of it.”

Stone shakes his head as Addy puts a hand on his arm and tells him, “Her dad loves to tell this story. It’s so damn funny.”

Brew pulls her away from Stone, as if he doesn’t want anyone else touching her. “I think I remember something about a pool tournament, but I’m not sure how the story goes.”

Within seconds, Smoke and Round are standing beside Boz, their eyes trained on him. Everyone else in the common room is looking at him, waiting to hear what he has to say. He doesn’t make them wait very long.

“Trix was about ten or so,” he starts, but Addy cuts him off.

“She was only nine,” she tells everyone with a nod of her head. “Just turned nine a few days before it happened.”

Boz grins at her and goes on. “Well, the Savage Outlaws were down visiting from Kentucky. Their VP at the time, Bowie, and Hoss were playing pool. Bowie and Hoss ended up being in the finals, and he ended up whipping her dad’s ass, and it pissed her off.”

I cut him off, saying, “That’s not true. He only beat Dad by two balls.”

“Now, I’ve only heard the story from Bowie, so I don’t have all the details.” He smiles at me as he says, “He says this cute little girl with a missing front tooth came right up to him and said she wanted to play him. She guaranteed that she would whip his ass. Most of you have met Bowie, and you know he’s a good guy. He figured he’d play her, let her win.”

He goes quiet for a minute, and Smoke asks, “What happened?”

“He said by the time Trix took her second shot, he knew he was fucked,” Boz tells him with a rumbling laugh. “They played four games, and she stomped him every damn time.”

My face is hot as I look at Boz and sigh. “You might as well finish it.”

He winks at me and laughs, before looking around the room. “When he finally gave up, Trix told him that if he ever beat her dad again, she would tell everyone she met that he didn’t know how to use his stick and he didn’t have any idea what to do with his balls.”

The entire room fills with laughter, and I can’t help but join in. “I was only nine. I didn’t mean it like it sounded.”

Brew pipes in, asking me a question. “What did Bowie say to you?”

“He just laughed,” I reply with a shake of my head.

“That isn’t what he said the last time he came to town,” Addy adds, making me wish I didn’t share so much shit with her.

Boz's eyes come to me. "What did he say then?"

I smirk at him, knowing that he isn't gonna like what I have to say. "He told me if he didn't have an old lady at home, he would prove to me he knew how to use his stick just fine, and he'd teach me all about his balls."

Everyone starts to laugh again. Surprisingly, even Boz joins in. Instead of getting pissed, he comes to me and wraps his arms around my waist. "Shay would beat his ass if he even thought about it."

"He wouldn't do it anyway. Bowie is smart enough to know a good old lady is hard to find," I reply, placing my arms around his neck.

He stares down at me for a moment, searching my face. "He'd be right about that."

With that, he places his lips on mine and goes in for a deep kiss. By the time he pulls back, my entire body is on fire. The only thought on my mind is taking him back to his room and letting him fuck me any way he wants.

"Let's go to your room," I whisper as my stomach lets out a long growl.

He pulls back and laughs at me. "No go, darlin'. I gotta feed you, so you can keep up your strength."

He is repeating my words from the cookout back to me. To be honest, as much as I'd like him to be inside me, I'd rather eat at this moment. "Are you gonna make me another one of your world-famous subs?"

"Nope, better," he says, pulling me toward the kitchen. "Mom is here, making chili. I'm gonna steal you a bowl before the boys get their hands on it."

As soon as we walk into the kitchen, I see his mom standing in front of one of the stoves. She turns around and smiles at me. "Are you hungry?"

I nod as Boz says, "I haven't been keeping her fed."

"I can fix that," she says, motioning for me to come closer. Then she pulls a bowl out of the cabinet and fills it up. "It's really spicy, so be warned."

I take it from her with a smile on my face. "I like spicy."

Boz grabs a bowl of his own and pulls a box of crackers off the counter. He then leads me to the table. Taking a seat, we both dig in. My bowl is nearly empty by the time she sits down beside us.

"Since my son wasn't polite enough to tell you my name at the cookout, my name is Letty. Well, it's Charlotte, but you can call me Letty."

“You already know my name, so hi, Letty,” I tell her with another smile.

She nods at me before taking a bite. “Your dad talks about you all the time. He’s so proud of you.”

Her words surprise me. I’ve never seen her at Dad’s club house, and he has never mentioned her to me. “I didn’t know you and Dad knew each other.”

“Oh yeah,” she says with a nod. “Me and your mom use to be really good friends. We all went to school together, so I’ve known him my entire life. Even with your momma gone, I still consider him a friend.”

Wow, what a small world. “So, you’re from my neck of the woods.”

“I didn’t know that,” Boz says, taking a bite of his chili. “I thought you grew up around here.”

She shakes her head and replies, “Nope, my father got a job in town when I was a junior in high school. That’s when we moved here.”

We’re all quiet as we finish our food. By the time we’re done, everyone is coming in to get themselves a bowl. Brothers walk in, each one lifting a chin to me. Even the club whores send me a smile from time to time. It’s at that moment, sitting between Boz and his mother, I realize I like it here. Leaving is going to be hard as hell.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Trix

BOZ LEADS me outside, a Frisbee in his hand. Grim follows behind us, his eyes trained on the plastic disc in his master's hand. His big, furry body is bouncing with excitement, letting me know this is not the first time he's played Frisbee.

I'm just as excited as Grim is. Not only do I get to spend some free time with the man I'm falling for, but we are doing it outside. My time here hasn't been bad, so I'm not complaining. Still, I'm glad to get to go outside. Unless Boz has the time to go with me, Addy and I are both stuck in the club house twenty-four-seven.

Finally reaching the side yard, I find a spot on the grass and plop down. I watch as Boz tosses the Frisbee across the yard, the muscles in his arms flexing with each throw. For just a few minutes, my eyes take in his rugged beauty. The wind is twirling his dark locks, giving it a sexy look. The whiskers on his face have grown, becoming less of a shadow and more of a full on beard. It only adds to my pleasure when his head is buried between my legs.

"Are you gonna sit there staring at me the whole time we're out here?" he asks with a smirk spread across his face.

“I sure am,” I reply with a flirty smile, patting the ground beside me. “Sit down, so I can get a better look at your sexy face.”

He plops down on the ground beside me. He stretches out for a moment and says, “This shit has worn me out.”

“We’ve only been out here a few minutes.” I laugh, grabbing the Frisbee from him. “I’ll play with Grim for a little bit and let your old ass rest.”

Boz winks at me and says, “I’ll show you my ass ain’t old later.”

As I get up, I shoot him a sexy smile. “As much exercise as we’ve been getting, you should be in the best shape of your life.”

He laughs and replies, “Maybe we need to put a bit more effort into it.”

“Maybe we ain’t doing it often enough, or you’re just not doing it hard enough,” I joke as I toss the Frisbee for Grim.

He laughs and says, “We’ll see about that.”

The sun beats down on my neck as Grim and I play. It doesn’t take but a few minutes before I’m ready to give it up and sit down. Tossing the Frisbee extra hard, I hope it takes him a bit to bring it back. As it sails through the air, I wait for Grim to run after it then plop back down on the ground. “It’s hot as hell out here.”

Boz leans over and places a kiss on my forehead. “I’m going to run and get us something to drink. Wait here for me.”

I’m surprised as I watch him walk away. He didn’t leave a guard or anything. The only thing standing between me and freedom is a gate and the two men watching it. I quickly scan the fence surrounding the yard, looking for weak points. It doesn’t take me long to find a hole in the chain link at the back of the yard. Knowing I could make a run for it, I shake my head as I remember Addy sitting inside with Brew. Even if she was sitting right beside me, I wouldn’t try to escape. Right now, the last thing on my mind is leaving Boz. Just the thought of trying sends a cold chill up my spine.

The sound of Grim’s whimper hits my ears, cutting off my rambling thoughts. I look around for him, but he’s nowhere in sight. Standing up, I whistle then call his name. “Grim.”

He lets out a woof but doesn’t come to me. Another whine follows that, and fear that he is hurt fills me. I take off running, searching frantically for him. It takes a few minutes, but I find him by the side fence. He is on his

stomach, back legs stretched out and front legs as far as they'll go under the fence, rooting for his lost toy.

Getting on my hands and knees, I see the Frisbee just out of his reach. "It's okay, boy. I'll get it for you."

After a quick pat to his head, I push him out of the way and push my arm under the fence. No matter how hard I try, my arms just aren't long enough. "This isn't going to work, Grim."

I get up and look around us for a stick to use to pull it closer to the fence. "Hold on just a minute, big boy."

Wandering around, I can't find even one stick. My eyes take in the junk cars that are filling the entire backyard, and an idea pops in my mind. Going to one, I grab hold of the windshield wiper and pull. It takes three tries, but it finally pops free.

I'm about to go after Grim's toy, when the sound of Boz's voice hits my ears. "Trix, where the fuck are you?"

"Back here," I shout, going back to the fence.

I'm just about to go in for another try at the Frisbee, when Boz jerks me up. "What in the hell are you trying to do?"

I nod to the Frisbee and say, "I can't reach it."

Boz looks at the windshield wiper and smiles. "What were you planning to do with that?"

I'm about to explain my thinking when my eye catches a glimpse of arctic blue metal. My heart skips a beat, and I start running. It only takes a second to reach my goal: my 1968 GTO.

Looking over my shoulders, I see Boz is quickly approaching. "How did my car get here?"

"I sent a few boys over to drag them in the night you two were picked up," he says, with a shrug. "I didn't want your cars sitting there for the police to find."

My hand glides over the hood, then gently slides over the length of the driver's side. "Isn't she absolutely beautiful?"

"It sure is a hot ride—perfect for you," he says, coming to stand by the driver's door. "The color is fucking killer. It shows off all the lines and curves."

"When we first got it, she was nothing but a rust bucket. My dad and I worked on it for years, spending hours every night in the shop. He made me

learn every damn thing there is to know about working on cars. He taught me how to pull out a motor and put it back together again all by myself. He even showed me how to reupholster the seats.”

“The two of you did a hell of a job on her, that’s for sure,” he says, smiling at me. “I have an old 66 Chevy Step Side, bought it a few years back. It’s a piece of shit now, but someday, I hope it looks like this, only candy apple red.”

I look over at my car, my baby, and an idea pops into my head. It’s an idea that has been playing in my mind for years, but I never tried it. Sure in the hell wasn’t gonna try it with Jacob. My car is bad ass, and it deserves to only have someone bad popping its cherry.

Smiling at him, I cock a hip and say, “I’ve always had a dream of getting fucked in the back seat of my baby.”

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CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Boz

LAUGHTER BUBBLES up inside of me as I open the rear door for her. “I may not be able to give you everything, but I can make that dream come true, Trix.”

She looks around the yard for a minute, seeing brothers lingering about. For a second, I think she is going to step away. Surprising me, she walks forward and climbs inside. By the time I have the door shut, her shirt and bra are on the floor, and she’s working on her pants. My cut and shirt land in the front seat. She kicks off her shoes at the same time, and her pants land in the floorboard, right beside them.

I’m unzipping my jeans when she starts to kiss me. Pushing my pants down just enough to free my cock, I pull her into my lap. “Not much room in here, darlin’. You’re gonna have to ride me.”

“I can do that,” she says, lifting up to grab my cock and line it up with her entrance. “You need to be inside of me, right now.”

Stilling her with my hand, I shake my head with a smile plastered on my face. “Not yet. I wanna play a little first.”

My hands snake around to her beautiful naked ass, and I knead the delectable globes, doing my best not to leave an inch untouched. Bringing my lips to hers, my tongue sneaks between her lips. Her arms wrap around

my neck as she plasters her tits to my chest. I deepen our kiss and push my rock hard cock against her already soaking pussy.

She lets out a gasp, and I ask, “Do you feel my cock, darlin’? Do you feel how bad it wants to be in your sweet cunt?”

“Yeah, baby,” she pants out, thrusting her hips up and down.

Moving my lips from her mouth, I run my whiskers over her cheek and kiss my way down her neck. When I reach her pulse, I latch on, sucking her skin into my mouth. After just a second, I let go and run my tongue up her neck, placing a kiss below her ear.

By this time, she is grinding into me so hard that my cock is weeping with need. I’m about to tell her to slow down, let me savor her, but she has other ideas. She goes up on her knees, bracing one hand on my chest as the other grabs hold of my cock. In an instant, she lines me up and sinks down all the way to the root.

Her pussy starts to convulse around me as she tosses her head back and shouts, “Finally!”

As her wet cunt squeezes my cock, I have to force myself not to come. “Fuck!”

Not missing a beat, she starts to ride. Her pussy hugs my cock as she moves her hips up and down. With each thrust, she goes deeper, and my only thought is how good she feels; it’s pure, fucking bliss. It takes a second for my mind to catch up and I realize what we’re doing.

Grabbing her hips, I force her movements to stop. “I don’t have a condom on.”

“What?” she asks, blinking the haze of lust away.

“Trix, I’m not wearing a condom. I have always worn one, except when I was married. After that, I got tested, but still, I want to be tested again before I go bare with you. I’m not willing to take a chance of hurting you,” I tell her, looking directly into her beautiful blue eyes. “You mean too damn much to me, to take any risks.”

Without saying a word, she goes up to her knees, slides off my cock, and scoots back against the front seat. Lifting my ass, I pull a condom out of my wallet. It only takes me a few seconds to get the package open and roll it on. Once it’s done, she slides back down and stares at me.

Grasping my beard covered cheeks, she says, “Thank you for caring about me so much.”

“You never have to thank me for doing my job, darlin’.” I reach up and run my hand through her long, blond waves.

Eyes still locked, I guide her up and down on my length. Keeping a slow pace, we stare at each other the entire time. Her mouth slowly moves to mine, licking my bottom lip. Her sweet lips move over mine as my mouth opens to hers. Once her taste hits my mouth, slow is forgotten. Our tongues clash as we both fight for dominance.

Pulling back, she leans her head back and moans. “You feel so good, baby.”

Tightening my hands on her hips, I make her move harder, faster. When it’s still not enough, I brace my feet against the floorboard and power up into her. With each downward slide, I push up, wanting to get as deep in her pussy as possible. She finally catches my rhythm, meeting me thrust for thrust, so I release her hips. Grabbing her by the hair, I force her lips back on mine.

Our lips meld together as our tongues glide against each other’s. She sinks her teeth into my bottom lip, drawing a growl from me, just before my tongue licks a trail to her ear. Nibbling just below her earlobe, I blow, then sink my teeth into the sensitive skin.

“There’s nothing better than having you deep inside me,” she says as she lets out another pleasure-filled moan.

“Not so sure about that,” I tell her, kissing the spot I just bit. “You’ve never felt your pussy. I’m thinking it’s the best feeling in the whole fucking world.”

Pushing myself up with the balls of my feet, I thrust ferociously into her tight sheath. Her pussy tightens around my cock, drawing a moan from deep in my gut. A tingle shoots straight to my balls, and I know the end is near. My fingers slip between where our bodies are connected then swirl around her clit. Her breath catches, telling me she’s close, but I need her to come right now.

Pinching down on her clit, I demand, “Come for me, darlin’.”

Doing as she is told, her pussy convulses around my cock. Her nails dig into my shoulders as she screams my name. “Boz!”

I bury myself deep as my balls draw up, then growl out my own release. “Fuck yeah.”

A second later, she flops onto my chest and buries her head against my neck. “Now *that* was a dream come true.”

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CHAPTER THIRTY

Trix

WAKING UP, I roll over to find the other side of the bed empty. Knowing Boz is probably off somewhere doing something that he isn't gonna tell me about, I close my eyes and try to go back to sleep. The sound of *Smoking in the Boys Room* by Motley Crue, my ring tone, hits my ear and I push myself up. My purse is lying at the foot of the bed.

Letting out a squeal of happiness, I crawl around Grim to the bottom of the bed and jerk my phone out. Seeing Boz's name flash across the screen, I slide my finger across it and bring it to my ear. "How did your number get in my phone?"

The question pops out of my mouth, even though it doesn't matter to me. Right now, I'm so happy to have my phone, I'd willingly list my number on a hundred telecommunications sales lists. I'd even be polite when I told them to fuck off.

"I programmed my number in before leaving it in the room," he says with a chuckle. "Are you glad to have your phone back?"

"Hell yeah! I've felt naked without it!" I shout with excitement. "How did you get it?"

He mumbles to someone in the background before he replies. "Brew picked them up the night he took you. I've had them in my safe this entire time, but forgot until today."

Before I can say anything else, he cuts me off. "I gotta go, Trix."

"That's fine. We talk all the time, so I'm hanging up and calling my dad," I tell him, leaning back against the pillows and getting comfortable.

"I'll be up to eat you for lunch," he says, laughing at his own joke. "Later, darlin'."

As soon as the line goes dead, I'm clicking on my dad's name and putting it back to my ear. It only rings once before he asks, "Trix, princess, is that you?"

"Hey, Daddy," I reply, a smile on my face. "Boz gave me my purse, so now I have my phone and all the rest of my shit."

He's quiet for a minute, but I can hear him moving around in the background. A minute later, he asks, "Boz around?"

"Nope, he's off doing whatever he does," I tell him, running my feet through Grim's fur.

Suddenly, his voice goes hard. "Is anyone near you?"

"No," I reply in a whisper, a chill working up my spine. "Why?"

"I want you to listen to me," he orders, his voice firm. "Find a club whore named Sass. She has black hair with pink stripes in it and one of those ugly ass barbells through her nose."

I have a feeling I know where he is going with this. If my feeling is right, my happy mood is totally blown. "Why do you want me to look for her?"

"She works at our club too from time to time, a bit of an airhead but a good girl." He takes a deep breath before continuing. "I talked to her about what was going on, and she said she would help get you and Addy out."

I should be excited at the possibility of freedom, but excitement is the last thing I feel. Dread is a better word. I'm not sure what is going on with Boz and me, but so far, it's been wonderful and I am not ready for it to end.

"That's not a good idea," I tell him, trying to think of what to say. "It'll be better if we stay put until this shit is settled."

"You're gonna do what I fucking say, little girl. No questions asked," he growls into the phone. "You talk to Sass and get your asses home."

For a second, thoughts of Addy's parents and sister pop into my mind. They must be worried to death. Those two are definitely not the most caring parents in the world, but anyone would be freaking out if their child had disappeared, and I know her sister is freaking out.

Pulling my knees up to my chest, I wrap one arm around them. "Have you heard anything from Dr. and Mrs. Sloan?"

Even after being best friends with Addy for more than ten years, her parents refuse to let me call them by their first names. The one time I tried, her dad lectured me on manners for nearly an hour. When I teasingly called her mother 'Mom', she nearly had a heart attack. I was only nine at the time, and I was just goofing around. Still, Addy and I weren't allowed to play together for a month.

"Why the hell would I hear from them?" Dad barks out. "You know the only one who gives a shit about her is Alex."

Addy's older sister, Alex, is more like a mom to her, even though they are only a few years apart. She's the one, maybe the only one, who has ever truly loved Addy, other than me. Alex is a sweetheart, but her husband is a fucking douche bag.

Taking in a deep breath, I do my best to stay calm. "Considering their daughter is missing, I figured they may get in touch."

"I don't think they know. Even if they did, those two sleaze bags wouldn't fucking care." He lowers his voice again. "Alex called, though. She's worried out of her damn mind. Even that son of a bitch that she's married to gave me a ring. I told them both y'all had taken off to Alabama for a few days, until finals started."

"Dad, you know finals were this week, right?" I ask, hating that Addy's sister is so worried.

"I know they are, but neither of them did," he says, then growls out, "Enough trying to change the subject, girl."

He keeps right on talking, but I don't listen. My mind is caught up on what he just said about Addy's parents. Their daughter was kidnapped nearly a week ago, and they haven't even noticed. How the hell can something like that happen? The thought of those two people being part of my best friend's life makes my heart hurt like hell.

He's still talking, when my mind starts to focus again. "Now you do what I said, and we'll be waiting for you at the old shack, just a mile down

the road.”

Even though my mind was on other things, I caught enough to know what he wants. “It’s not happening, Dad.”

“Why the fuck not? It’s the perfect plan. You’ll be out of there tonight!” he yells, completely losing his shit.

Knowing there is no choice but to tell him the truth, I lay it out there. “I’m not ready to leave Boz. There’s something going on between us, and I want to see where it leads.”

“When I get my hands on your ass...”

I cut him off. “You’ll give me a hug and bitch some more, nothing else. I’m a grown woman now, Dad. If I want to be with a man, it’s my choice.”

“What about Addy? Does she get a choice?” He asks, knowing I would never put my own wants before the wants of my best friend.

I take a deep breath while I wait for the answer to come to me. “Addy will know everything you said. If she wants to talk to Sass, she can.”

Before he can say anything else, a knock sounds on the door. A second later, Addy sticks a hand through the cracked door and asks, “Is it safe for me to come in? As sexy as Boz is, I don’t want to see his naked ass, especially while my BFF is fucking it.”

Thankful for the interruption, I tell her to come in, and then go back to my dad. “Gotta go, Daddy.”

Not waiting for a reply, my phone goes sailing across the room. When it hits the edge of the dresser and tumbles to the floor, I let out a silent prayer that the fucker is broken.

“Whoa, what’s got you so damn pissed?” she asks as she climbs onto the bed and gives Grim’s fur a quick rub down. “I thought you’d be as happy as me to have your phone back.”

“I was, but then I called my dad,” I tell her, covering my face with my hand. “It took him about thirty seconds to get on my fucking nerves. He found a way for us to get out of here,” I explain, letting her know what caused my anger. “I told him I didn’t want to leave Boz, and now he’s being a dick.”

Her head tilts to the side and she says, “Tell me everything.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

Boz

I'M ABOUT to enter my room when I hear Trix's voice through the crack in the door. I strain to hear what she is saying as Addy's voice floats to my ears. "What's Hoss' problem now?"

I am about to push the door open, until I hear Hoss' name. I wonder what the fuck they're talking about. Deciding to listen, I lean against the wall and let them talk. Trix's words come to me and anger fills my body.

"Dad said he wanted us to talk to a club whore called Sass. He made a deal with her to help us get out of here."

"Why would a club whore from this club want to help us?" Addy asks, voicing the same question that is on my mind.

Trix's reply doesn't surprise me. "I'm not really sure, but he says she works at Revenge, too, so she's willing to help him out."

"What in the hell are we supposed to do about this shit?" Addy asks, sounding irritated.

"I have no idea," Trix replies, and my anger rockets out of control. "If we don't go, Dad is gonna be pissed as hell."

I knew she was gonna call her dad. She told me she was going to call him, but I trusted her not to try to leave my ass. Hell, she acts like she wants

to be with me every bit as much as I want to be with her. Now that she has her phone, she plans on running. Well, fuck that shit!

Shoving the door hard enough to bang it against the wall, I shout, “I should have never trusted your ass with the phone!”

Trix damn near jumps from the bed as Addy scoots back toward the headboard and says, “Now hold on a minute!”

Not letting her finish what she planned to say, I walk over to Trix and growl out my fury, “Give me your damn phone right now.”

“I don’t know what all you heard, but you really need to let me explain,” she says as she stands up and lays a hand on my arm.

I jerk away so hard, I send her stumbling back to the bed, drawing a bark from Grim. Looking down at her, I order, “Give me the fucking phone.”

I’m so angry, I’d like nothing better than to smack her right in the fucking face. Instead, I step away and cross my arms over my chest. I let this bitch in, let her get to me. Hell, my ass started to think of what it would be like to have a future with her in it. Guess that shit’s at an end now. If she can’t be trusted, I don’t want to be anywhere near her. She can stay in my bed while she’s here. After this is over, Trix and I are through.

“Fine.” She nods and stands up, placing a calming hand on Grim’s head, glaring at me the entire time. “But, I didn’t do what Dad told me to. I don’t even know this Sass chick. I told my Dad I wasn’t going anywhere until this shit is over.”

There’s no doubt in my mind that she didn’t do it, but only because she didn’t have time. I didn’t hear her telling Addy she wasn’t going to leave. I heard her say that she didn’t want her dad pissed. So, she can spew her shit all she wants. I know the truth. As much as I hate to admit it, it fucking hurts. It hurts like hell to know she wants to leave me.

I know this shit started rough. Hell, everything about the two of us started rough. From the first night I touched her, it’s been one fuck up after another. Still, I was willing to go to war with her dad’s club just to keep her, and she wasn’t even willing to piss her dad off for me.

Ignoring her, I look at Addy and curl my lip in disgust. “Give me your fucking phone, too, then get your stupid ass back to the safe room. Consider it your permanent home until I get rid of you. Don’t come out again without a brother at your side.”

She scurries from the bed, anger on her face. She digs in her pocket and tosses her phone to me. “There you go, Mr. President.”

With that, she stomps out of the room, and my attention goes back to Trix. She has her phone in her hand as she walks back to me. “You’re being an ass. If you would just listen to me, you’d know that this shit is not what you’re thinking it is.”

“Don’t try to lie to me, Trix. I don’t like liars, and it’s taking all my strength not to lay your ass out as it is,” I say, sticking out my hand for her phone.

She blinks her eyes at me, then shakes her head, obviously surprised at my anger. “Fine, Boz. Have it your way.”

When she lays it in my hand, I see the entire screen is smashed and the plastic case is cracked. “What the hell happened to it?”

“Does it matter?” she asks, dropping back on the bed. “If I told you the truth, you wouldn’t believe me anyway.”

Ignoring her smart ass mouth, I turn on my heels and walk back to the door. I look over my shoulder at Trix, just before stepping into the hall. “You keep your lying ass in here. I’ll have someone watching the door.”

I slam the door and head straight to the bar. Seeing a prospect, I start issuing orders. “Find another prospect. I want one man on the door to my room and another on the safe room. Make sure neither one of them comes out.”

Taking my spot at the bar, I shout out for a beer then run my hands through my hair. A second later, a hand slinks around my waist. I look up to see a redheaded whore that I have used more than once. She was a good ride, but she has nothing for me now, so I shake my head at her.

A husky whisper leaves her mouth as she attempts a seductive smile. “Are you sure there’s nothing I can do to make you smile?”

“Get the fuck away from me, woman,” I bark, shrugging her hands off me. “The last thing I want right now is a bitch bothering me.”

“What’s got you so fucking pissed?” Brew asks, taking a seat next to me. “You look like you could eat nails right now.”

Smoke follows closely behind him, sits on my opposite side, and calls for a drink. “We need a bottle of Jack, quick like.”

Blowing out a frustrated breath, I tell them what I heard. “Trix and Addy were gonna run out of here the first chance they got.”

“I told you we should’ve kept their phones locked up,” Smoke says before looking past me at Brew. “It was a bad fucking idea.”

It was a terrible fucking idea. If I hadn’t trusted them enough not to start shit, I never would have given the phones to them. I truly thought I could trust Trix, and figured she could keep Addy in line. Guess I was wrong.

“Bring us three shot glasses, dumbass,” Brew says as he grabs the bottle of Jack from the prospect’s hand and pops the top off. “This wasn’t my idea, brother. Stone was the one who brought it up. I just mentioned it to Boz.”

“This shit is my fault. I let myself trust Trix, and I should have known better than to trust a bitch,” I tell them, before grabbing one of the shot glasses the prospect placed in front of us. “That won’t be happening again.”

Remembering everything I heard, I look around the room for Sass. My eyes lock onto her sitting in a corner booth, riding a brother’s cock. His head is thrown back, and the look on his face lets me know he’s close. “As soon as our brother gets his nut, that bitch needs to get the fuck off club property. Strip her ass naked and drop her off at Hoss’s front door.”

Smoke nods, shoots back his drink, and stands up. “I’ll take care of it. First, I’m gonna go check the prospects and make sure they are guarding the girls.”

“If they’re not, find the man I talked to and kick his ass out, too.” Grabbing the bottle, I pour myself a drink and toss it back, then grab the bottle again. I’m four shots deep, before I look over at Brew and say, “I feel like getting shit-faced. Wanna join me?”

He wraps his hand around the bottle. Not even bothering to grab his glass, he brings it to his lips. A few long gulps and he slams it on the bar. “I’m already halfway there, brother.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

Trix

THE CREAK of the door brings me out of my doze. Opening my eyes, I watch as Boz stumbles into the room. Grim jumps from the bed and goes to him, nearly making Boz trip. He shoos the dog away and slams the door. Then he works on kicking off his boots. By the time the second one hits the floor, he has lost his balance again and barely makes it to the bed.

He lays a hand on my leg and gives it a not-too-gentle shake. “You need to wake your ass up. We have to have a talk.”

Still pissed at him for not believing me earlier, I roll my eyes and ask, “Are you finally ready to listen?”

As if he didn’t hear my question, he asks, “How the hell could you do that to me, Trix? Plan to just walk away without even giving me a fucking goodbye.”

Losing patience with his drunk ass, I sit up and shout, “I wasn’t going any-fucking-where. My dad knows my reasons for staying. Addy knows we aren’t leaving. You’re the only dumb motherfucker that doesn’t listen when I talk!”

“Watch that mouth, darlin’.” His hand tightens painfully on my leg. “No one talks to me like that without feeling a little pain.”

Jerking my leg from his grasp, I shake my head and point my finger in his face. “Don’t ever try that shit again, Boz.”

He looks at me, his eyes filled with confusion, as if he has no idea what I’m talking about. “I didn’t mean to hurt you, Trix.”

Hearing the sincerity in his words, I nod. “Fine, just tell me what you want to say.”

“Why were you gonna leave?” he asks, running a hand through his dark hair.

Fury is about to make my head explode, so my mouth has a mind of its own. “I didn’t plan on leaving until you told me to go. You just overheard me telling Addy that Dad wanted us to try to escape. If your ass had started eavesdropping a few minutes earlier, you would’ve known that.”

“We need to have a talk about some important shit,” he says, as if I hadn’t said a word. “We can’t do that if you’re gonna be a smart ass.”

At this point, I don’t want to talk to his drunk ass about anything. I just want to go to sleep and forget this damn day ever happened. “I’m too tired to talk.”

“You can sleep after we’re done talking,” he says with a shake of his head. “We need to get this shit straight right now.”

Well, shit! I might as well let him have his say. If not, neither of us will get any sleep. If I’m lucky, maybe I can doze while he barks out whatever orders he’s planning on spewing at me. “Fine, just say whatever you want.”

“Why the hell would you want to leave?” he asks, shrugging his shoulders. “I know this shit may have started off bad, but I thought we were doing pretty good.”

“I wasn’t going anywhere,” I tell him again, but he isn’t listening to it.

“You fucking hurt me today, hurt me real fucking bad,” he confesses, flopping down and sprawling his upper body over my legs. “Don’t you understand, darlin’? I’m falling in love with you, and your bitch ass was gonna walk out on me.”

He keeps talking, but none of his words are making it into my head. Instead, the word *love* is playing havoc with my mind. Boz is falling in love with me? I’m already more than halfway gone for him, but I’ve had a crush on him for so long that it doesn’t surprise me. I never once expected him to love me back, at least not this fucking fast.

“Do you agree?” he asks, but I have no idea what he’s talking about. “Come on, Trix. Answer my question.”

Instead of telling him that, I say, “I’m falling in love with you, too.”

“Then why in the hell did you try to leave me?!” he says in a near shout. “You don’t leave somebody you love.”

Knowing I’m not getting through to him, I decide to try a different approach. I pull my legs out from under him and crawl over to him. Tossing one leg over him, I straddle his hips. My hands go to his cheeks, smoothing down his beard as I look into his eyes. Even in the nearly black room, his green eyes are sparkling up at me.

Lowering my mouth to his, I whisper, “I didn’t plan to leave you.”

My teeth sink into his bottom lip, forcing him to open his mouth. When he finally parts his lips, my tongue slides inside and gets a taste. It takes a few seconds, but he finally starts to kiss me back. I do my best to keep the kiss gentle, trying to show him just how I feel. When I know his attention is on me fully, I pull back.

My eyes lock on his as I say, “I told my dad I wasn’t leaving.”

“Truthfully?” he asks, his voice hoarse.

“I promise.” My lips meet his for a minute more, before I pull back from the kiss and scoot down to the floor.

Once my knees are resting between his spread feet, I grab the button of his jeans and unbutton it. When his zipper is down, he lifts his hips just enough for me to tug his jeans down. I only pull them to his knees, before grabbing his cock and placing a kiss on the head. I suck the tip into my mouth as my tongue swirls around.

Boz lets out a strangled growl as he pushes up on his forearms to look down at me. “Take it down deep, darlin’.”

He lifts his hips, forcing his cock to the depths of my mouth. Letting out a stifled moan, my throat vibrates around his hard length. I pull and tease him, with a slow lick from root to tip, then latch on to the tip and suck again. One hand goes around the base, knowing there is no way I can take the whole thing. The other cups his balls as I massage them gently.

“Squeeze them, Trix,” he growls out, slowly moving his hips.

Hoping my mouth can give him the same pleasure that his does for me, I suck his cock as far into my throat as possible. My head bobs up and down as my lips keep a tight seal around him. He sits completely up and grabs the

back of my head with his large hands. Moving my head the way he wants, he takes my mouth to the top of my hand with each downward slide. Each time his cock touches the back of my throat, I swallow, drawing a moan from him.

“I’m so fucking close, darlin’,” he growls out. “I’m gonna come, and I want you to swallow every damn drop.”

A second later, his cock is jerking against the roof of my mouth, followed by salty jets of cum that coat the back of my throat. I try my best to swallow all of it, then pull back to lick the head once more before placing a gentle kiss right on the tip. Giving his balls one last gentle squeeze, I release them and lay my head on his leg.

“Fuck, darlin’, that was so damn good.” He drops onto his back and asks, “So, you’re not gonna leave me?”

“No,” I say, licking his taste from my lips. Looking up at him, I lay it out for him. “I’m not leaving you unless you tell me to go.”

He places a hand on top of my head and replies, “That’s never gonna happen.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

BOZ

PULLING MY bike into the clearing, I see Hoss and a few of his boys still straddling their rides. I cut the engine and slide off, then wait for Smoke and Brew to do the same. As we walk toward them, Hoss and his crew climb from their bikes and meet us in the middle. Judging by the look on their faces, they're no happier to be here than I am.

"I don't see my girl," Hoss states the obvious.

Shaking my head, I tell him like it is. "I told you, man. She's mine now."

"You piece of shit!" he roars, stepping closer. "I should take your ass out now."

My boys move up, but I raise a hand to keep them in place. "If you did that, I don't think your little princess would be too happy."

He puffs his chest out, looking like he's about to blow at any moment. "Fine, let's get to business."

"Crank was behind the shipment getting lost." Taking in a deep breath, I tell him all I know, including the shit Cherry told us.

He shrugs his shoulders and smirks. "We've already been over all this, and I've already told you, my club didn't have anything to do with the mess you're in. I'm not sure why we are rehashing this shit yet again."

He's playing big man now, but I'm not gonna put up with his mouth or his fucking attitude. "You're forgetting, Hoss... Even with all these confessions, there was still mention of someone wearing one of your cuts."

"I'm not forgetting shit." His eyes cut to the man next to him before they come back to me. "If you find out it's our lost brother, let me know."

I nod, trying to think of what to say next. We need to talk about retribution. There has to be some sort of payback for taking his daughter, if we do find out that his club had nothing to do with any of this. Hell, even if we just kidnapped Addy, the club would still have to pay.

"If we find out that your club wasn't involved, not even an ex-member, we're willing to give you twenty-five percent of our take on the shipment." The words taste bitter coming out of my mouth, but I force myself to say them anyway.

I didn't want to give them shit, but that wasn't an option. Twenty-five percent is what Brew, Smoke, and I agreed upon. It'll definitely cut into the plans I had for the money, but it will be a hell of a lot cheaper than the cost of a war with the Revenge crew.

"What if you don't get your hands on the guns?" Hoss asks, another smirk on his face.

It takes every bit of willpower I have not to knock his fucking teeth down his throat. "We'll cross that bridge when we come to it."

"No, we won't," he says, with a shake of his head. "We get this shit straight now, or we'll have war on our hands."

Fuck! I'm not scared of this son of a bitch or his boys, but my club can't afford another war. It was worth taking the chance when I thought he had a hand in taking the shipment. Now, not so damn much. There's no turning back the clock, though, so I gotta figure this shit out.

"Fine," I growl out, anger filling my voice. "If we don't get the shipment back, you'll get ten-K out of my own fucking pocket."

"Done." He looks at me for a second then lifts his chin. "There'll be no war."

I nod my agreement, forcing myself not to look relieved. "Until we know for sure what's going on, no one can know we came to an agreement."

"What are you saying, Boz?" he asks, but I can tell by the harsh tone of his voice, he already knows the answer.

“We have to make it look good. No meets after this one, no shared whores for a bit, and the girls need to stay put.”

“So you expect me to just leave Trix and Addy at your club forever?” he asks with a chuckle. “Sorry, but that shit’s not happening.”

I fist my hands, keeping myself from punching him in his smiling mouth. “We have until the end of the month before the shipment is supposed to be up north. If we don’t have it by then, none of this shit is gonna matter anyhow. You can come get Addy as soon as we find it, or when our time is up. As far as Trix goes, you know my thoughts on that.”

Turning to his boys he orders them back. “Get on your bikes.”

Realizing he wants to talk to me alone, I motion my head for Brew and Smoke to do the same. As soon as they’re out of earshot, I ask, “What do you want, Hoss?”

“How’s Trix?” he asks, his hands fisting at his side.

“You talk to her all the damn time. How do you think she is?” I ask, stepping closer to him. “In fact, you talked to her yesterday.”

He stares me straight in the eyes, fire burning in his blue orbs. “I want her home.”

I know he does. The bastard has been on my ass every damn day to let her go. Not to mention his constant calls to her, getting on her about staying with me. I know she’s his girl, but he’s gonna have to figure out really fucking fast that she’s my woman now.

“She already is,” I reply, staring right back at him. “Didn’t you figure that out when she refused to try to run away? She wants to be with me just as bad as I want her to stay.”

“You know this shit’s not right, Boz. You should’ve never put your filthy fucking hands on my little girl!” he says in a strained whisper.

“That right there’s your problem, man,” I tell him with a shake of my head. “She’s not a little girl anymore. Trix is a woman. She’s my woman.”

“Fuck,” he mumbles before taking a step back. “I can’t just let you have her.”

“You’re not. She gave herself to me,” I tell him, hoping like hell he understands. “The minute she smiled at me, she was mine.”

He’s quiet for a long moment before coming forward and saying, “When this shit is over, I’m gonna come for her. If she doesn’t want to stay, you’re gonna let her leave.”

Taking a step closer, until we are nearly nose to nose, I counter, “And if she doesn’t want to go, you’re gonna leave her ass alone.”

His eyes narrow as he nods. “It’s up to her.”

“Yeah, it is,” I say, nodding my head.

“If this shit hadn’t of started with you stealing my baby, I would have been happy as hell to see Trix on your arm. I always wanted her to find someone that could keep her safe, and I know you can. All I’ve ever wanted is for her to be happy. If that’s with you, I’ll be proud to know she wears your brand,” he says in a whisper, before raising his voice again. “I’m proud of what you’ve done with the Grim Bastards, and I can’t wait to see what you can do with that club in another couple of years.”

Considering my dad was a piece of shit, there haven’t been many people to say they were proud of me. I sure in the hell never thought to hear those words coming out of Hoss’ mouth, not after all the shit that’s gone down between our two clubs. It feels good, but nothing feels better than knowing he accepts me with Trix, even if he is having a hard time with it.

“Thank you, Hoss.” As soon as the words leave my mouth, his fist comes out and lands right on my chin.

I stagger back on my heels, but right myself quickly, then shout over my shoulder at Smoke and Brew, “Hold.”

“That’s for kidnapping my girl.” With that, he turns and walks away.

Using the back of my hand, I wipe the blood from my lip and let out a loud chuckle. Smiling, I turn to my boys and walk over to my bike. Cocking a brow, I say, “Now, I know where my girl got her fire.”

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

TRIX

COMING OUT of the bathroom, I toss my makeup bag on the dresser and sit down on the bed to put on my shoes. Grim lets out a little whine, and I look up to see him standing beside the closed door. Knowing he has to go out, I walk in my bare feet to the door and open it. After giving him a pet on the head, he rushes down the hallway and I walk back over to the bed and sitting back down.

As soon as I get my shoes on, Stone sticks his head in. “Trix, I hate to tell you this, but one of the boys backed their bike into your car.”

“You’ve gotta be kidding me,” I say, standing up and walking toward him. “I’m gonna kill whoever it was, if they hurt my ride.”

I walk past him and start to turn toward the common room, but he grabs my arms and says, “You can go out this way. It’s closer.”

Following behind him, we walk out the back door and I search the yard for my car. Addy’s yellow eyesore is still sitting there, but my baby is gone. “Where is it?”

“I had it towed behind the shop, so the boys can start working on it,” he says, motioning his thumb to a building near the back of the yard.

“Oh, no,” I say, with a shake of my head. “My dad and I built that car from a piece of shit he found in a junk yard. He’d kill me if I let anyone touch it.”

Stone chuckles, placing his hand on my shoulder. “I understand that. I built my bike from a rusted pile of scrap some rich boy tossed out.”

As we get closer to the shop, I can make out the front of my car. There’s no damage, so it must be somewhere else. Rushing toward it, I check the passenger side, then go to the back and look over it closely. Still nothing, and when my eyes find the driver’s side without even a ding, a tingle of apprehension runs down my spine.

My pulse beats frantically as I say, “I’m not seeing anything. Are you sure someone hit it? If they did, they didn’t even ding it.”

“Maybe I was wrong,” he says, a cold smile spreading across his face.

In that moment, it all clicks. This whole thing, the lost shipment and all, was planned by Stone. Before he can even blink an eye, I’m trying to run past him. He reaches out and grabs my arm, pulling me flush with his side, then marches me past my car into the deserted shop. A scream starts to leave my mouth, but his free hand balls up and punches me right in the mouth before my scream can escape.

“Don’t fight me, girl. It’ll only make things worse for you,” he says, tossing me onto the filthy concrete.

“Let her fight, Pop. You know I like my women with fight in them,” Crank says, limping out of the shadows.

I stare at him for a second, not quite believing my eyes. His entire face is covered in bruises, and his nose is turned slightly to the side. One hand is wrapped in an elastic bandage, and what appears to be burns are covering the side of his neck.

Noticing my stare, he walks over and slaps me so hard my head snaps to the side and wrenches my neck. “You see what those fuckers did to me?”

Turning around, he carefully pulls up his shirt to show me the blistered skin on his back. From his neck to the top of his jeans, his skin is puckered and oozing. Growing up where I did, there’s no doubt in my mind what happened—Boz and the boys burnt off his colors. Still, it looks like he hasn’t even seen a doctor for treatment. If he doesn’t, the infection will probably kill him.

“Cover that nasty shit up,” Stone says, curling his lip in disgust.

Crank does as he's told, then asks, "How long do we need to wait?"

"Boz is gone, but he'll be back soon, so we need to get our asses in gear." Stone shrugs his shoulders. "I'm gonna go back in there and tell the boys Trix went running through the hole that's in the back fence. Give me a few minutes to get everybody out looking for her, then I'll come back. We'll get her in the van and head out."

"Why are you doing this?" My question comes out in a whisper as I look into the eyes of the man I thought was my friend.

His eyes suddenly soften before he shakes his head. "I need the money those guns are gonna bring me."

I understand needing money. Hell, we've all been there. What I don't understand is betraying your club to get it. Even though I can never be more than Hoss' daughter or someone's old lady, I would never betray the club. Not Satan's Revenge or the Grim Bastards.

"What does this have to do with me? I don't know anything about the guns," I ask, trying to keep the fear from my voice.

"You're just our get-out-of-jail-free card," Crank says with a laugh.

Stone ignores him and tells me his plans. "You are just a distraction. Once the boys are gone and we're out of here, I'll let you loose."

There's no way he's telling the truth; I know too much. Dead men can't talk, and neither can dead women. Neither one of these bastards are gonna want me talking. Like Dad always says, if two people know a secret, the only way to keep that secret is by killing one of them. There's no doubt in my mind that a bullet is in my future.

Stone must have read my thoughts, because he squats down in front of me and says, "I'm not shitting you, girl. We're gonna pick up the guns. Then, I'm gonna chain you up and leave you behind. It'll take a long damn time for anyone to find you, but you'll still be breathing. By the time they know what's going on, me and my boy will be too far gone for anyone to catch our trail."

"Are you sure?" I ask, trying to keep him talking as long as possible.

The last thing I want is to be left alone with Crank. In the shape he's in, I may be able to take his ass down. Still, that's no guarantee. I know that once his dad is gone, he'll do whatever he has to do to get in my pants. I'd rather die than have that monster inside of me.

“I promise,” Stone says, before standing up and looking at his son. “Keep her quiet.”

Before his dad even leaves the building, he grabs my arms and pulls me off the floor. “I’m gonna have a little fun with her while we wait for you.”

“Let me go!” I shriek, trying to pull my arm from his.

Stone turns around and rushes back to us. His fist flies right into Crank’s face, sending both of us to the ground. “Don’t even think about your dick right now, you stupid motherfucker. You keep an eye on her and make sure she stays quiet. You better watch the doors, too.”

He goes silent for a second, looking at the gun on Crank’s hip. “You got your silencer?”

Crank slowly pushes himself off the ground and pulls it out of his pocket. “Yeah, right here.”

“Go ahead and put it on. If someone comes in, take them out.” With those words, Stone walks out the door.

I’m still on the ground, and my first thought is to scream. Knowing Stone is still close and will come rushing back, I decide to hide instead. Pushing myself to my feet, I run to the other end of the large shop and head for the back corner that is full of stack after stack of standing shelves.

“Get your ass back here,” Crank says, as he limps after me.

Not listening, I slide in past the first shelf and keep going. I hear the whiz of a bullet flying past me, and even with the silencer, the ting hits my ear. Hoping to avoid the next shot, I slide behind another row of shelves and look toward the door. It’s a long way away, a lot of space for a bullet to find me, but I have no choice.

Again, bullets zing past me, but I make it to the door without one hitting their mark. Just as my hand grabs the handle, a bullet hits the steel door beside me. Shards of steel splinter out, lodging pieces in my arm. Not worrying about the pain, I jerk the door open and almost reach the back of my car, when a hand grabs me from behind.

Crank twists me around and says, “Why the fuck did you run?”

Instead of answering him, I let out an ear-splitting scream. A second later, a weight hits me in the back, forcing Crank and me both to the ground. We hit so hard it knocks the breath out of me for a few seconds. Bright lights flash in my eyes as I try to catch my breath.

I instinctively roll away when I hear the sound of another bullet. Covering my head, I hear a ferocious growl and turn back to see Grim mauling Crank. The dog's teeth are dug deep into his throat, while blood pours from the open wound, and his body is twitching on the dirt.

Jumping off the ground, I let out another scream, hoping like hell someone will come help. Before I even realize he's there, Boz's arms are wrapped around me as he whispers in my ear. "Shh, Trix. I got you now."

A whimper escapes me as I wrap my arms around him. I'm just about to close my eyes, when I see Stone look around the back of the club house, then disappear. "It was Stone!"

Boz pulls back and looks at me. "What?"

I jerk out of his arms as Grim comes to sit at my feet. "Stone did it! He planned everything, and he's gonna get away!"

Boz looks back to where Brew and Smoke are rushing toward us. Letting out a roar unlike anything I've ever heard, he screams, "Get Stone *right fucking now!*"

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

BOZ

I WAIT until I see my men run back around the club house, then pull back from Trix, just enough to give her a quick once over. Noticing blood on her left arm, I look closer and see shards of metal sticking out of her flesh. Then, I take in the blood leaking from her nose, and the split lip that is oozing blood down her chin. Someone took a fist to my woman, and that someone is dead or will be right fucking soon. It takes all my willpower not to toss my head back and scream my rage for all to hear.

“We need to get this checked out by the club doc,” I tell her, trying to keep my voice as calm as possible.

She starts to shake her head, but I cut her off with a shake of my own head. “I said, you’re getting checked out by the doc, and I mean it.”

“Okay,” she whispers, laying her head against my chest and letting out a nearly silent sob. “I was so fucking scared.”

Brew, Smoke, and I had just pulled into the yard when I heard her scream the first time. Fear and anger filled me when the sound reached my ears. When we made it to the corner of the club house and I saw her wrestling with Crank, my fucking heart skipped about a dozen beats. I’m absolutely positive I’ve never been that damn scared in my life.

“Are you hurt anywhere else?” I ask, running my hands through her tangled blonde locks, looking for a hidden injury.

She’s about to answer, when Grim flops on the ground near our feet. Looking down, I see blood pooling on the gravel beneath him. We both go to our knees at the same time, our hands running over Grim’s matted fur.

“Oh my God!” she screams, tears streaming down her face. “Something is wrong with him. He’s bleeding.”

I search his body, finding a gun shot in the top of his front leg. Bile rises up in my throat. My dog put his life on the line for my woman, and I’m not gonna let him die if I can help it. I yank off my shirt and wrap it tightly around him to try to stop the bleeding. Pulling him into my arms, I look over to where Crank’s body is lying on the ground.

Walking over to his corpse, I spit right in his mangled face. “Your Dad will be joining you in hell soon, you motherfucker.”

When I look back at Trix, she is staring at Grim with tears in her eyes. She moves her eyes to mine and asks, “Is he gonna be okay?”

“Yeah, Grim is one tough son of a bitch.” I nod, hoping like hell I’m right. “He just needs to see the doc, too.”

“Hurry, Boz,” Trix says, rushing toward the club house.

I follow behind her, my dog in my arms. Each step I take, he lets out a pitiful whimper, letting me know he’s in pain. As soon as we step inside, I catch sight of Smoke leading Stone down to the basement. They both look back at me. Smoke’s eyes are full of anger, and Stone’s are full of hate. I’m sure both see the same damn thing in mine.

Looking to my VP, I lift my chin. “Wait for me before you get started.”

Not giving him any time to respond, I head right to the kitchen, shouting orders as I go. “Call Doc! Get his ass over here right now.”

Brew sticks his head in and says, “Already done, brother. I figured you’d want him to look at Trix, so I made the call as soon as I walked in.”

He comes further in the room, and I see Addy at his side. She lets out a gasp, her eyes locked on Trix. “Oh my God.”

Ignoring her, I nod my head, trying to keep my shit together. “Call him back and tell him to get here right fucking now.”

His arm is locked around Addy as his eyes move to Grim’s bloody body, and he shakes his head. “Oh, fuck. I’ll have him here in five.”

Turning my back on Brew and Addy as he leads her out of the kitchen, I head toward the table, with Trix close on my heels. Once inside the room, I lay Grim down on the table and look over at Trix. “Watch him for a second. Don’t let him roll off the table, and press down as hard as you can on the wound.”

After that, I rush to the sink and turn on the hot water. Grabbing a towel, I get it wet and head back to Grim. “I’ve got to get some of this blood off, to see how much damage has been done.”

Trix nods her head, tears still coming one after the other, and steps around the table. She gets on her knees in a chair and holds the shirt against Grim with one hand as she runs her other hand over his head. I can hear her whispering something to him, but can’t quite make out what she is saying over the sound of my own pounding heart.

Unwrapping the bloody shirt from his body, I throw it down on the floor. Checking him over, I see that the bullet hit the meaty part of his front leg. I can’t tell if it hit anything else, but if it didn’t, it will be a fucking miracle. There’s so much blood; I can’t tell if the bullet is still in there or not. I use the towel to press down on his wound and feel around on the underside of his leg but don’t feel an exit hole.

Blood continues to pour from his body, and he lies still on the table. His chest is barely moving up and down. I’m trying to stop the bleeding, but nothing I do is slowing it down. Each moment that passes, he fades away a bit more. Knowing I am going to lose him, I can barely control my anger as I wrap the towel around his leg.

Lifting my chin to Trix, I start issuing orders. “Hold the towel down tight.”

I walk over and grab another towel then head back to the table. Moving her hand, I unwrap the bloody towel and replace it with a clean one. Within seconds, it is covered in blood. Pressing down on his leg, I try to stop the bleeding. Still, the red liquid covers my hands in seconds.

Trix raises her head and looks at me, tears streaming down her cheeks. “What happened to him? Is he going to be okay?”

Realizing I hadn’t told her what I had found, I explain. “He was shot in the leg. I think the bullet is still in there, and there’s no telling what all the hell it hit when it went in.”

“Oh my God,” she cries, running her hand over his head. “He’s bleeding a lot.”

“First thing we need to do is get this bleeding stopped. He’s lost too damn much blood,” I explain, motioning for her to press down on Grim’s leg again.

Walking back to the sink, I grab another towel and head back to my dog. “If we don’t get it stopped, we’re gonna lose him.”

I shouldn’t tell her all of this. She doesn’t need to know how worried I am, but she deserves the truth. I know the best thing for him would be to get him to the vet as soon as possible, but we can’t do that. There would be a fuck load of questions about how he got shot, and the club doesn’t need that right now.

Trix lets out a strangled cry, bringing a whimper from Grim, and says, “I’m so sorry, Boz. This is all my fault.”

She needs to be held right now, comforted, but I just can’t. My hands are shaking so fucking bad that I’m not sure I could even hold on to her. I have to take a minute to get control of my anger so I can give her what she needs.

I turn away and walk back to the sink. “How the hell do you figure that any of this shit is your fault?”

As I pull out a pan, she answers me. “I went with Stone willingly. He told me that someone had hit my car, and he wanted me to look at the damage. I should’ve never left the clubhouse with the son of a bitch.”

I fill the pot with hot water then put it on the stove to boil, knowing the doctor will want it to clean up Grim’s wounds. “Darlin’, if it was anyone’s fault, it was mine. Stone was my man, and I should’ve known the fucker was dirty.”

She shakes her head, not looking up from Grim. “You couldn’t have known. He seemed like such a good man.”

He sure as hell did. I trusted him with my life. More importantly, I trusted him with Trix’s life. I still can’t believe he did this shit, and the only thing that keeps running through my head is why? Why the fuck would he betray me?

Shaking off my thoughts and getting control of my anger, I walk back to the table and pull her into my arms. I let her wrap her arms around me,

while I hold her as tightly as I can with one arm. I use the other to hold the towel on Grim. I'm worried about him, but my girl needs me, too.

"I'm so fucking proud of you, darlin'. You found yourself in a messed-up situation that could have ended up with you lying on this table, or worse. Instead, you are standing in my arms, with only a few scratches and a bloody nose."

"I've never been so scared in my entire life, not even when I was kidnapped or when Crank tried to rape me," she says, letting out a broken sob. "I thought I was gonna die and not get a chance to say goodbye to Dad or Addy, never hold you in my arms again."

Her words send another wave of anger through me. My woman should never have to feel the fear she did. It's my job to protect her, to keep her safe, and I fucking failed. I'll never forgive myself for trusting Stone's ass.

"That didn't happen, Trix. You're okay, and you're gonna stay that way. I'll make sure of that, and Grim did what any good dog would do. He did what he had to, to protect you. I'd have done the same if I had been there," I murmur into her hair. "And you're in my arms right now. You never have to worry about Crank or Stone again."

"But now, Grim is hurt, and it's all because of me," she says with a sob.

"No, baby, none of this is your fault. Everything is gonna be fine. Just wait and see." Grim lets out another pain-filled whimper, and I take my hand away from the blood-soaked towel long enough to pet his head. "You're gonna be okay, too, buddy." As I put my hand back on his leg, all I can think about is how I hope that I'm right.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

Trix

I'M STILL in Boz's arms when, a few minutes later, an older man carrying a black bag walks into the room. He looks around until he sees Grim lying on the table and rushes toward him. "What the hell happened to him?"

"He took a bullet to the leg. There's so much blood, it's hard to tell if it's still in there, but I didn't feel an exit wound," Boz says, finally releasing me and stepping beside the doctor.

"I hope that pot on the stove has boiling water in it. I'm going to need it," the doc says as he starts pulling stuff out of his bag. "I know he's a dog, but I'm gonna treat him the same as I would if he were human. I'll do the best I can. If we had time, I would suggest taking him to the vet. Now, though, I'm afraid with all this bleeding that there may not be time for that."

"You better. Grim is a better man than most men I know," Boz says as he walks over to the stove and pulls the pot off the burner.

After turning the stove off, he brings the boiling water to the table and says, "Grim is in worse shape, but when you get done with him, Trix needs to be looked at, too."

“I’m okay,” I say with a shake of my head. “Right now, please, just worry about Grim. He saved my life. I couldn’t stand it if something happened to him.”

The doc nods his gray head, and after removing the bloody towel, pours saline solution on Grim’s leg. “Has he moved or opened his eyes since he was shot?”

Before Boz can answer, I do. “He walked over to us and stood for a few minutes, before dropping to the ground. Since then, he hasn’t done anything but whimper.”

The doc doesn’t say anything more, just continues his work. After cleaning Grim’s legs, he looks up at Boz and says, “You’re right, the bullet is still in there. I’m not sure where, but I can try to find it and get it out.”

“Is he going to be okay?” I ask through my tears.

Instead of answering me, the doctor says, “I don’t like doing stuff like this without the proper equipment, but I don’t think we have much of a choice. He’s lost a lot of blood, so I’m not sure if he’ll make it. Even if he doesn’t die of blood loss, we’ll have infection to worry about.”

A strangled cry leaves my throat, but Boz nods his head and says, “I’ll call his vet. The antibiotics will be here by the time you’re done.”

“Yeah, do that,” the doctor says, as he starts digging around in his bag. To me he says, “You may want to go wait in the other room while I do this.”

I look at Boz and shake my head. “I don’t want to leave him.”

“It’s okay, darlin’. Doc is the best there is around. He knows what he’s doing. He’ll take good care of Grim. He knows what’s in store for him if he doesn’t.” Boz says the last part while giving the doctor an icy glare.

Doc clears his throat, and I can tell by the look on his face he understands completely what Boz means. He looks at me and says, “Trust me that I will do my best, but it will be easier if I don’t have to worry about Pres staring at me the whole damn time. The sooner I get started, the better.”

I want him to do all that he can for Grim, and if it will help for us to not be in here, then that’s what I will do. “Come on, baby.”

I pull Boz toward the door. We leave the kitchen and walk down the hall to his room. After we step inside the door, he takes me in his arms and holds me. I can tell his heart is breaking; mine is, too. Still, there is nothing

I can say to make this better. There is nothing I can do to take back what has happened or to help Grim fight his way back.

After a few minutes, I pull away from him and wipe the tears from my eyes. “I’m gonna go wash my face while you call the vet.”

He nods once and pulls his phone out of his pocket. I can hear him talking as I step into the bathroom. Looking in the mirror, my body shudders at the blood covering my clothes. My face is also covered in blood, and my nose is already starting to swell.

Getting a washcloth out of the closet, I wet it and add soap, then gently wash all the blood off my face. Tears stream down my face as each patch of clear skin meets my eyes. My face doesn’t look great, but it looks better than it did. Pulling the shirt from my body, I shimmy out of my jeans, then run the washcloth over my blood-stained body.

A pain-filled gasp escapes me as I run the cloth over my arm. A few slivers of metal are imbedded in the skin. Even though they are not terribly painful, they do hurt a bit. I know they need to come out, but I just don’t have the balls to pull them out myself. Removing as much blood as possible, I toss the washcloth in the hamper.

As soon as I’m done, I walk out of the bathroom and head straight to the closet. After grabbing a clean pair of jeans and a fresh tee, I turn to look at my man. Boz is just putting his phone back in his pocket, tension visible in his stance.

He looks up at me and pastes on a fake-ass grin. “There’s my girl.”

“Is the vet sending meds?” I ask, pulling the shirt over my head.

“Yeah, one of the boys is going after it now.” Boz walks up and gives me a kiss on my forehead before asking, “How’s your nose?”

I look up at him and give my head a little shake. “I’m fine, just worried about Grim.”

He reaches up and rubs his fingers up and down my cheek. “Me too, but Doc is the best. If he wasn’t, he wouldn’t be on my payroll.”

Stepping away from Boz, I tug on my jeans and say, “Yeah, but he’s not a vet. Grim needs to be at the veterinary clinic, don’t you think?”

“Doc will do the best that he can,” he replies, avoiding my question. “You wanna go check in on Grim?”

“Yeah, that’ll make me feel a little bit better,” I answer, walking toward the door. “I’ll settle down when I know that he’s going to be okay.”

He pastes on another fake smile. "It's all gonna be fine."

"Can you do me a favor, before we go?" I ask, stepping toward him again.

He nods his head and says, "Of course, darlin', whatever you want."

"I know you may not want to, but could you be the one to check me out and help me pull these pieces of metal out of my arm?" I ask, doing my best not to let my pain show.

He shakes his head. "You need to let Doc look at it."

Placing my hand on his arm, I revert to begging. "I'm still gonna let the doctor look at my arm. It's just that it's starting to hurt quite a bit, and right now, he's working on Grim. I trust you to pull out the pieces, and then the doc can look at it after he's done with Grim. Please."

He starts shaking his head, stepping back from me. "I don't think I can do that. Pulling the metal out is gonna hurt like a bitch. I sure in the hell don't wanna see you hurting, especially because of something I'm doing to you."

"Boz, I know it's not gonna be pleasant. I looked at my arm already, and it's not too bad. Just a few pieces that are stuck. They're just like splinters. I have tweezers in my makeup bag that you could use," I say, pushing the arm of my tee up. "You just pull them out now, and then all the doctor has to do is check it out. I know you'll do your best to not hurt me, and I'd rather you do it than anyone else."

"Okay, I don't like it, but I'll do it. Just remember, I was against this from the beginning. If this shit hurts, you best keep the pain to yourself," he says, glaring at me to cover his fear. "You get the tweezers from your bag, and I'll go get the first aid kit."

He walks out the room without glancing my way. I walk immediately to my bag and pull out the tweezers, then have a seat on the edge of his bed to wait. My eyes linger down to my arm. Small amounts of blood have pebbled up around the shards of metal. I know this shit is gonna hurt, but it's nothing compared to Grim's suffering. I don't have long to dwell on Grim's condition before Boz walks back into the room.

He comes straight to me and sets the first aid kit on the bed. "I still don't like this."

"I'll be fine," I say, giving him a weak smile.

“I don’t want to hurt you,” he tells me as he takes my hand and helps me up from the bed and leads me to the bathroom.

“I know you don’t, but thank you for doing it for me.” His hands go under my arms, lifting me up on the bathroom vanity, and then I hand him the tweezers. “You’re gonna have to hold still for this, darlin’.”

I nod in response as he gets close and looks at my nose for a minute. He slowly reaches out and gives it a gentle wiggle. Pain shoots through my body, pulling a low moan from my lips. It takes everything I have not to jerk away from him.

“It’s not broken, but it’s gonna be sore as fuck for the next few days,” he says as he releases my nose and studies the darkening bruises under my eyes. “No one should ever lay a hand on you.”

Before I can reply, he takes my forearm and looks at the cuts for a minute. After taking a deep breath, he uses the tweezers to pull the metal out of my arm. When each piece is removed, I feel a sharp prick then the bite of the air on the open wound, but nothing I can’t handle.

It only takes a few minutes before the last shard is dropped into the trash can. He looks up at me after tossing the tweezers in the sink and asks, “Are you okay?”

I nod, hoping he cannot see the pain in my eyes. “I’m fine. It wasn’t too bad. Now, let’s go check on Grim.”

He just kind of shakes his head as he helps me off the vanity and says, “I got lucky and got me one tough-ass woman.”

He takes my hand and we head back toward the kitchen, neither of us saying a word. My mind is on Grim and what is happening, and I’m sure Boz’s is on the same thing. When we reach the kitchen door, he opens it and leads me into the room.

We both head straight to Grim. He has a clean towel laying across him. I let go of Boz’s hand and lean down so I can pet and kiss Grim’s head.

Boz stares at us a moment and then looks at Doc and asks, “How did it go?”

Doc keeps his eyes focused on Grim for a couple seconds and shakes his head. “I’m sorry, Pres. I did everything I could.”

“What?” I shout out, tears pooling in my eyes again.

The doctor looks at me for a split second before turning back to Boz. “I tried to get the bullet out, but it hit his lung. With the damage he has, I don’t

believe he will live much longer.”

I can't stop the tears as I bury my face in Grim's neck. I feel Boz come up behind me, as his hand settles beside my head to pet Grim. The only sound in the room is my savior's labored breaths.

I can hear the torment and anger in Boz's voice as he asks the doctor, “Is there nothing else we can do? What if we took him to the vet? Couldn't they do something?”

“I'm really sorry, Pres, but no. I'm surprised he's lasted this long,” Doc says with another shake of his head. “I was about to come get you so that y'all could see him. I figured both of you would want to tell him goodbye.”

I sit up and look at Boz. He is still stroking Grim while giving Doc a death stare. “Thank you, Doc, for everything you tried to do and for thinking of us. You were right. I'm glad we have this chance to see him and tell him goodbye.”

I stand up and grab onto Boz. Wrapping my arm around his chest, I let my tears fall. Moments later, I hear the sound of Grim's final breath. When his body shutters, I feel Boz stiffen in my arms. Even though my man is not saying anything, I can feel the waves of pain coming off him.

Not knowing what to say, I finally blurt out the first thing that comes to mind. “Without Grim, I wouldn't be here.”

He nods his head at me and then turns to look at Doc, “Thanks for all you did.”

I step away from Boz and lean down to Grim, giving him a kiss and whispering, “I'm sorry, big boy. I never meant for any of this to happen to you. Thank you so much for loving me and protecting me.”

After I stand back up, Boz leans over and does the same thing, but I can't hear what he's saying. It doesn't matter; I don't need to hear him. It's a private moment and I let them have it.

Boz takes a step back from the table, gives Grim one more look, and turns to the doc. “I need you to check Trix and then you can go.”

The doctor nods once at him, then turns and pulls one of the chairs away from the table. “Come have a seat, young lady, and let me check on ya.”

As I take a seat, Boz walks to the door and hollers, “Someone get me Smoke.”

A few minutes later Smoke walks in. “What you need, brother?” he asks as he looks around the room and at the bloody mess on the table surrounding Grim.

Boz doesn’t even look at him as he says, “Get me a shovel and honorary cut, so I can bury my dog with the respect he deserves.”

Smoke looks over at Grim, then back to Boz, and says, “You got it.”

After putting on a new pair of gloves, Doc is about to check my nose, but Boz interrupts him by saying, “I’ve checked. It’s not broken, and I’ve pulled the metal out of her arm. We just need you to look her over.”

“Okay. I can give you something for pain if you need it, but I think Tylenol will probably take the edge off,” Doc says as he looks at the bruising on my face.

“It’s just a bit tender,” I tell him honestly. “Other than when Boz checked it, it hasn’t hurt that much at all.”

Boz takes my hand and gives it a squeeze. “If it starts hurting, you will let me know.”

“I will,” I say to make him happy, even though I know I’ll be fine.

Then, the doc starts looking at my arm. “What in the world happened here?”

My eyes move up to Boz, not knowing how to answer the question. Even though the doc works for the club, that doesn’t mean he is in the know about club business. I don’t want to be saying shit that shouldn’t be said. Boz gives me a chin lift, letting me know to tell the truth.

“I was standing beside a metal door, when a bullet hit it,” I explain, still looking at Boz. “It sent metal shards everywhere, including into my arm.”

I can see anger spark in Boz’s eyes again, so I give him a half-smile. “It doesn’t really hurt, just stings a bit.”

Boz’s eyes narrow as he says, “Don’t downplay your pain, Trix.”

“I’m not,” I tell him truthfully. “It hurt like a bitch when it happened, and it didn’t feel great when you dug the shit out, but now it just stings some.”

He nods, still not looking like he believes me. “Just look her over.”

The doc does as he’s told and says, “Looks like Boz got it all, and I don’t think they were too deep, so they shouldn’t scar. Still, I’ll give you some antibiotics just to be safe. Do you want me to go on and put

something on it and cover it, or do you still need to shower? There's no need to do it twice, but it does need to be done before bed."

I look at him as I stand up and say with tears in my eyes, "I need to take a shower, so we'll do that ourselves."

The doctor nods, just as Smoke walks back in and says, "Everything is outside whenever you're ready for it."

Boz doesn't say anything, just walks over to the table and picks Grim up. He heads toward the door, and I start to go with him, but he stops me by saying, "Stay here until I get back. I won't be long. There's no need in you seeing this."

"Okay, Boz," I tell him, even though I really want to be there for him and to say goodbye to Grim.

I watch him walk out the door, then follow him to the doorway. Leaning against the frame, I watch my man carry his dog to his final resting place. One of the prospects walks up and tries to take Grim, just as Boz reaches the already-dug grave.

Boz steps back and growls, "Get the fuck away from Grim."

Tears stream down my face as he lays Grim inside the grave. With each shovel of dirt that covers my protector, another piece of my heart shatters.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

BOZ

TRIX CRIED herself to sleep in my arms. I hate to see her cry, but I'm glad she's finally getting some rest.

Knowing what must be done, I gently roll Trix off my chest. After running a hand over her long blond hair, I crawl from the bed. I walk to the door before turning back and looking at my girl. I hate knowing that she feels so guilty about Grim. Hell, I do too, but there's nothing we can do about that now. I'm just glad that she's still here with me, and I have Grim to thank for that.

Shutting the door quietly behind me, I make my way down to the basement. As soon as I walk in, my eyes land on Stone. He is in the same position that his son was just a few days ago. His hands are above his head, chained to the ceiling, and his feet are shackled to the floor.

I barely make it through the door, before Smoke is handing me Stone's cut. "I thought you might like to do this yourself."

Lifting my chin to him, I walk over to the shelf and grab a new bottle of Jack. Once it's opened, I make my way to the metal bucket sitting in the corner, the one brought in just for this reason. Dropping in Stone's cut, I pour whiskey over it. A second later, Brew hands me a lit match. I drop it in

and watch the leather start to curl. It won't burn completely, not until we toss it in the incinerator, but the patches are gone and that's what matters now.

Once that is done, I set the bottle back on the shelf then walk over to Stone and look him right in the eyes. "Why?"

He tilts his head to the side and answers, "Why not?"

My fist goes flying into his face, causing blood to pour from his nose. "Why the fuck did you betray the club?"

He stares at me with eyes filled with hate, something I never thought I would see from this man. Where has he been hiding it all this time—every time we share a beer, talked club business, hit the road together? Could I have been that fucking blind?

"We quit being the Grim Bastards the day your daddy died," he says as he spits a mouth full of blood on the floor.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" I ask, taking a step back.

"I joined this club because I wanted the freedom to be who I wanted. No rules," he explains, blood dribbling onto his chest. "Then, you took over and starting telling us what we could do. If we didn't toe the line, we were out. My ass was moving on, but I was doing it on my own terms, with a shitload of cash in my pocket."

Stepping forward, I grab him by the hair and force him to look in my eyes. "Like I said, what the fuck are you talking about?"

He stares at me but doesn't reply, so I let go of his hair and send a brutal punch to his jaw. The sound of his bone crunching fills the room as he lets out a low moan.

After a few seconds, a murmured, "fuck you," comes from his mouth. "I'll never leave this room alive, so why should I tell you shit?"

"It'll make your death a hell of a lot easier," Brew comments from the corner.

Stone looks at him and winks. "Bring it on, motherfucker."

Not allowing that to pass by, my Sargent at Arms walks behind him and sends a quick jab to the rat's kidneys. I follow it with a fist to the gut then another quick punch to the jaw. By the time I'm done, Stone's head is sagging forward as his blood is dripping onto the floor.

He looks up at me, still looking smug as ever. "Don't you know? I've been beaten by better men than you. There's no way you can break me."

Smoke steps forward, pliers in his hand, but I shake him away. Walking across the room, I grab the torch and pick up the half-empty bottle of whiskey. Going back to him, I pour whiskey over his t-shirt covered back. Not giving him a second to prepare, I strike the torch and touch his shirt. It goes up in flames in seconds, catching his hair and his jeans also.

I nod to Brew, but it takes him a second to take off his cut and pull off his shirt. When he's finally done, he uses the shirt to douse the flames. It takes some time. When he's through, Stone is screaming in agony.

Not bothering to look at the damage I caused, I walk around Stone and ask, "Now, tell me why the fuck you betrayed us, and don't give me any shit."

It takes a minute for his screams to stop, but when they do, he raises his pain-filled eyes to mine. "I was making a mint selling meth on the side, until you ran Torch out of town. After that, he wouldn't sell me shit."

Fuck! All of this is over money? How much could he have been making, anyway? Torch wasn't getting that shit direct; he wasn't buying it off someone and selling it for more, so by the time it got in Stone's hands, he couldn't have been making much more than pennies on the dollar for profit.

"Do you know where Torch is?" Smoke asks from his spot on the wall.

I know my brother is wanting payback for his sister. He wants Torch dead, and I don't blame him. He and his father have spent most of their time since her death looking for Torch, and this may be as close as he ever gets.

Stone's voice is coming out in hard pants when he whispers his answer. "I haven't heard from him since Hoss' boys ran him out of their town. I don't know if he went underground, just disappeared, or if they killed his ass."

I can hear the pain in his voice and know it's time to put him out of his misery. "You know you aren't walking out of this room alive, so tell us where the guns are, and the pain will stop."

He shakes his head, his breaths coming in short gasps. "I like the idea of dying, knowing you'll never get your hands on those guns. I'll be dead, but so will this fucking club."

Just as I pull my fist back, Smoke steps in front of me. "It's my turn."

I move back and let my brother do his job. Instead of pliers, Smoke has a set of dull ass wire cutters in his hand. He unzips Stone's pants and pulls

them down. The melted denim pulls skin and all as they are jerked to the floor. Remnants of his boxers stick to his leg, but his withered dick is bared for all to see. Not hesitating, Smoke grabs it and starts snipping away. Stone's screams fill the room as chunk after chunk falls to the floor.

"Your nuts are next, man," Smoke says, stepping back. "You better get to talking."

Stone's head falls back as his entire body shakes. For a minute, I think he's having a stroke, but he finally starts to speak. "The truck... is hidden in the woods... behind my place. The guns... the guns are in a storage building... downtown... unit C 124."

I lift my chin to Brew, and he pulls out his phone. After a quick text, he shuts it down, walks over to me, and grabs the bottle I'm still holding. He nods for Smoke to join us then takes a quick drink and passes it to him.

After a quick swig, Smoke hands it back to me and says, "It'll be awhile, so we might as well have a drink."

It takes nearly a half an hour and the rest of the bottle of Jack before Brew's phone dings. After reading the message, he nods. "Round's got eyes on the guns."

Realizing it's time, I walk over to Stone. I lift the bottle up and say, "One last drink."

"Whiskey would be good about now," he rasps, so far gone with pain that he probably doesn't know where the fuck he's at.

I lift it up to his mouth and pour until he pulls back. "Thanks, brother."

Even with all the son of a bitch has done, I hate to prolong his agony any longer. Still, I have to get the full story. "Who were you gonna sell the guns to?"

"Gonzo, he used to be part of Revenge," he murmurs, gasping for air. "They cut his ass, so he's running stolen goods for an outfit out of Atlanta."

My eyes move to my brothers, and we all three smile, knowing we won't be giving Hoss a cut of our take from the guns. Looking back at Stone, I ask, "Anything you want me to tell your old lady?"

"Don't tell her anything. Just let her think Crank and I both disappeared," he says, his voice a bit stronger. "Get it done, Pres. I'm tired of waiting."

Sliding my pistol from my holster, I place it at his temple. A second later, the sound of a bullet leaving the chamber fills the room. After that,

there's complete silence as my brothers and I watch Stone's blood coat the floor.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

TRIX

I **WAKE** up as soon as Boz climbs in the bed. Rolling toward him, I snuggle my body against his heated skin. “Where’ve you been?”

“Just taking care of some club business,” he replies, forcing his arm under my back so he can pull me ever closer.

Being around my dad, I know what that means. Don’t ask, because he’s not gonna tell. Considering all that went on today, I probably don’t want to know. Definitely don’t want to know if it has anything to do with Stone.

“Well, I’m glad you’re back,” I say, laying a hand on his chest.

His hand runs up and down my spine as he says, “We do need to talk about something, though.”

Laying my head on his shoulder, I nod against his skin. “Okay.”

He blows out a deep breath and tells me, “Your dad’s probably gonna be here tomorrow. If not then, the day after.”

My lips make contact with his shoulder, before moving up to place a soft kiss on his whisker-covered cheek. “It’ll be good to see him. Maybe he can bring me some more of my clothes and stuff.”

His body goes solid beside mine as he asks, “You’re not planning on going back to school?”

“Considering I missed finals, I don’t really see the point in going back.” I could do make-ups tests like Addy plans, but there’s no point.

I hate that I’ve blown my last semester, but it doesn’t really change anything. I wasn’t going to college for the degree; I went for the knowledge. Everything that I need is already in my mind. My job will either be dealing with money at this clubhouse or Dad’s. I don’t need some fancy ass diploma to do either.

“I really don’t see any reason to go back.” Wiggling myself up in the bed, I place another kiss on his lips.

He brings his hand around to cup the back of my head and deepens the kiss. Slowly pulling back, he looks in my eyes. “You know I love you, don’t you?”

Until this moment, I thought he did. He told me when he was drunk. He also told me a hundred other times by the way he’s treated me. Still, I didn’t know for sure, until the words came out of his lips.

Instead of telling him any of that, I reply, “I love you, too.”

His lips press against mine again, for a soul-shattering kiss. It’s slow and gentle, soft. This kiss is unlike any we’ve ever shared before, unlike any kiss I’ve ever had in my life. It is pure love coming off both of us, melding us together as one.

He slowly pulls away, pushing me over onto my back. He makes his way down my body, only stopping to place a kiss on both of my pebbled nipples before pulling my legs apart. His talented mouth covers my core as his tongue slips between my folds and runs over my sensitive clit. He sucks my clit into his mouth, scraping his teeth over my sensitive nub. One of his fingers slips into me, gliding in and out at a leisurely pace.

His tongue circles my clit once, then again, before he sucks it into his mouth. He adds another finger, curving them up to reach my G-spot. The gentle suction, along with his finger rubbing my flesh, pulls an earth-shattering orgasm from my body.

Bringing my hands to his dark locks, I moan out his name. “Boz...”

I’m still catching my breath as he makes his way up my body, once again stopping to place a kiss on each of my breasts. Then his lips are on mine again, for another gentle, yet deep kiss. I can taste myself on him. The flavor of the two of us combined is completely intoxicating, causing an aftershock to course through my body.

He pulls away long enough to grab a condom and roll it on. Then he brings his mouth back to mine. His hardness is nudging at me, asking for entrance. Instead of sinking in, he runs the head of his cock through my juices, before settling back where he belongs.

Lifting my hips just enough for the tip to sink in, I look him in the eyes. "You are amazing."

His eyes are locked on mine as he enters me, inch by inch, slowly sliding deeper. "Never felt anything better, darlin'."

I lift my hips again, forcing him to move with me. He slowly pulls out of my depths then glides back inside. He pulls out again and again, thrusting back in a bit harder each time. I wrap my legs around his waist, resting them right above his ass, then lock my feet at the ankles. After that, I simply hang on and enjoy the pleasure of him filling me.

"Nothing could be better than this." I sigh, closing my eyes.

His thrusts gain speed, going a bit deeper each time. His hips rock back and forth, grinding against me each time he bottoms out. When he changes angles, causing his pelvic bone to brush over my clit, the constant friction has me getting closer and closer to coming again. When he finally goes all the way in again, my entire body is on fire and pleasure fills me.

I toss back my head and moan out my love for him, "Only you."

My pussy convulses around him, and he growls out, "Yeah, darlin'. Milk my cock."

His strokes grow frantic as he picks up speed. All his early gentleness is gone as he pounds into me. Once, twice he thrusts, before planting himself deep. He buries his face in my neck, then I feel his cock pulse inside me as he finally finds his own release.

We both lay quietly, trying to catch our breath, before he rolls over onto his back. He pulls me into his arms, wrapping a hand around the small of my back and placing a kiss on the top of my head. "You know you're mine now, right?"

"I kind of figured that," I say, smiling against his chest.

"I want you branded. Want my name right here," he says, brushing his hand over my lower back. "I want my colors on you, so no one can ever take you away."

I think about it for a split second, taking in all he is saying. "I want that, too."

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CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Boz

Sitting at the end of the table, I wish I was still in bed with Trix. Instead, I'm looking around the room and wondering who I can trust and who I can't. If someone would have asked me about Stone yesterday, I would have sworn he was as solid as they come. Now, I'm questioning everybody and every fucking thing.

"We have a problem," I growl out after slamming the gavel down.

Every eye in the room comes to me as I say, "Two of our brothers betrayed us, and it makes me wonder if anyone else has the same thing planned."

A chorus of, "fuck no," fill the room before I go on. "Everyone here voted out Crank last week, so obviously, we all know the son of a bitch was fucked in the head."

I go silent for a minute, hating to ask the question on my mind. I have to ask it, because I was too blind to see it for myself. "Did anyone have even the smallest fucking inkling that Stone had turned on the club?"

Round lays his palm flat against the table. "Stone had been one of my best friends for years, and I didn't see a damn thing."

Smoke nods at his dad before looking at me. "I trusted him with my life, brother. Never saw anything but loyalty from him."

A few others chime in, but I stop it by pounding my fist against the table. “How the hell did we all miss this?”

From my left, Brew says, “He was good at playing the solid brother. He never showed even a sign of wanting to betray us.”

I think back and know he is right. No one, not one fucking brother in this room, seemed more solid than Stone. He was always at the clubhouse, willing to do anything that was asked of him. He knew about club history more than damn near anyone and seemed to love the club more than anything, including his own son.

“It’s not hard to miss something, if it isn’t there,” one of the newer members says before shrugging his shoulders. “Stone wanted to fool us, so he did. He let his son do his dirty work, so there was never anything for us to see.”

If that’s true, how in the fuck do I keep it from happening again? I can’t control the club if I have to keep my eyes on every move my brothers make. That shit’s just not possible. There has to be some give here, has to be some trust in the club.

“What we need to do is figure out who really wants to be here,” Smoke says, looking right at me. “There was a lot of grumbling going on after you took the gavel. I say, if everyone wants to stay a Grim Bastard, then they need to make the pledge again.”

With that, he stands up and recites the words that are burned into the soul of every true brother in the room. “Loyalty to the Bastards, one and all. We fight together, starve together, bleed together, and fall together. I am privileged, for I am a Grim Bastard, until the day I die.”

One by one, each member stands up and gives his pledge. When they are done, I look around the room and stand up to give my pledge to them. Once I’m done, I sit back down and motion for them all to do the same.

I look around at each of my brothers’ faces, meeting everyone’s eyes. Everyone is staring back at me, their loyalty flashing in their eyes. Knowing I can’t let this shit with Stone come between me and my brothers, I lift my chin to them and bring my hand to my patch. They all do the same.

“That shit’s over. We’re gonna put it behind us. As of right now, Stone and Crank’s names will never be spoken in the club house again,” I tell them all, before looking over at Brew and lifting my chin. “We need to talk about the shipment.”

“It’s taken care of,” he replies, leaning back in his chair.

“The guns are on ice?” I ask Brew, not willing to tell everyone where we are keeping them. They may have given me their pledge, but there are some things that only my officers will ever know.

He nods. “They’re safe, and Vince has been brought up to date.”

I let out a relieved breath, thankful that everything is finally falling into place. As long as we can get the shipment to Canada, we’ll be on track. Hopefully, we’ll even have enough money to spread some around to the boys. If they have a little more in their pockets, maybe they won’t need to be out finding ways to hustle up some quick cash.

“Do the boys up north know about any of this shit?” one of the old timer’s asks.

I shake my head, willing to give him a little information. “No, they don’t. They’ll have their merchandise on time, and never know what the fuck went down.”

“Are we gonna have trouble with Hoss’ boys?” Round asks, leaning back in his chair and bringing a boot up to rest on his thigh.

This is something I do have to share. My actions may bring a world of hurt on the club, so everyone needs to know what’s coming. I hate to lay this shit on them right now, with everything that has happened the last few days. Still, there’s no way around it.

Looking around the room to make sure every eye is on me, I say, “Over kidnapping Trix, no. Me keeping her could cause us some problems, though.”

“Do you think we’ll have another war on our hands?” one of the brothers that lost his son during our last war with the Revenge crew asks.

“I don’t know, can’t say for sure,” I tell him with a shake of my head. “I don’t think so, though. I’m figuring this shit will be between me and Hoss.”

“That’s not how this shit works, and you know it, Boz.” Smoke shakes his head. “If he comes after you, every one of us will have your back.”

Knowing he’s right, I pick up my hand and motion around the room. “I want you all to listen. This shit is not about the club; it’s about me and my woman. I don’t want anyone getting involved, and that’s a fucking order.”

Everybody goes quiet for a minute, before Smoke says, “Well, I think I need a fucking drink or twenty. This torturing and killing people shit is

getting to me.”

Letting out a chuckle, I nod my head. “I think it’s time for a fucking party.”

“Hell yeah,” Brew says, and his words are repeated by most of the brothers.

Slamming the gavel down, I stand up. “Let’s party.”

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CHAPTER FORTY

Trix

BOZ'S MOM comes up to me as I walk out of the club house, and wraps her arms around my shoulders. "Hey, sweetheart. I was afraid you wouldn't be feeling like coming out tonight."

I look around the crowded yard and a smile spreads across my face. "You know how it is... A biker bitch never misses a chance to party."

Letty moves closer and whispers in my ear, "I'm proud of you, Trix. You're just the kind of woman my son needs. I may have mentioned that to your father when I talked to him earlier."

"Thank you," I whisper back, giving her a quick hug.

"Now, even though he is my son, don't let him run all over you," she says, going on to give me more advice. "Show him that you are a woman to stand by his side, not walk behind him."

If someone would have told me a few weeks ago that someone's mother would be giving me advice about how to handle her son, I would have laughed my ass off. At this moment, though, laughter is the last thing on my mind. Instead, I have to hold back my tears.

Letting go of her, I take a small step back. "I'll do that."

“All right, Trix! Let’s party!” Addy yells as she runs out of the club house, Brew following close behind her.

She looks at Boz’s mom and smiles. “Hi, Letty.”

“Hey, Red,” Letty replies then waves us both away.

Addy leads me over to where Boz is manning the grill and pushes me toward him. He instinctively wraps his arms around me and asks, “Are you having fun, darlin’?”

“Not, yet,” Addy answers for me, raising a bottle of José up. Nodding her head toward Brew, who is now standing at her side, she says, “He has lime and salt.”

“Shots,” I say with a smile and look at Boz. “You joining us?”

He looks down at the chicken on the grill and says, “Give me a few, and I’ll be there.”

Going up to my toes, I give him a quick kiss, then follow Addy and Brew over to the picnic tables. As soon as we take our seats, she opens the bottle and says, “I’m ready to have some fun.”

She goes first, and then pushes the bottle to me. Tossing back a shot of José, I let out an exaggerated sigh. “That shit’s good.”

Addy sucks on a lime, nodding her head at me. “It sure is.”

Brew lets out a laugh then grabs the bottle from me and takes a gulp. Not bothering with the salt, he pulls Addy to him and licks the lime juice from her lips. Pulling back, he smiles. “Now, that right there is damn good.”

She looks at me, lifting her brows. Laughing at her, I grab the bottle and toss back another shot. We’re on round four when the sound of bikes hits my ears. I look over from my spot at the picnic table to see Dad and a few of his boys come rolling into the yard. Jumping up from the table, I rush to him, reaching his side just as he slides from his bike.

He wraps his beefy arms around me and says, “How’s my little princess?”

“I’m absolutely wonderful,” I tell him honestly. What remained of my worry over yesterday’s events has been drowned out by liquor, and my mind is focused on having a damn good time.

He gives me a little squeeze before stepping back. “I need to discuss something with Boz. After that, you and me are gonna have a serious talk.”

Knowing he wants to talk me into leaving Boz, I shrug a shoulder. “You know what I have to say about that already.”

He ignores my words and nods to the spot where Addy and Brew are still sitting. “Go have some fun. I’ll come get you when I’m done with Boz.”

“I’ll do that,” I say, turning my back on him.

As I make my way across the yard, the sound of *I Love Rock ‘N Roll* by Joan Jett and The Blackhearts starts to fill the yard. I let out a shout of excitement and rush toward Addy, reaching her just as she stands up. She runs over and shouts out the first line of lyrics to me. Joining her, we sing the next few lines together.

Laughing with each other, we both plop down at the picnic table. I grab the bottle of tequila and take another shot. As soon as I’m done, Addy is stealing the bottle from me. This time, she finishes it off by plastering her lips on Brew’s. He grabs the back of her head, forcing a deeper kiss.

Smoke sits beside me, taking his own shot. “Looks like those two are having fun.”

“Sure are,” I tell him, taking the bottle back.

He looks across the yard to where Boz and my dad are talking then says, “Are you gonna go home with him?”

I follow the line of his eyes and ask, “Do you want me to?”

“That’s up to you,” he answers, before taking another drink. “If you did, it would hurt my brother like hell.”

Boz’s pain would be nothing compared to mine. Leaving him would break my heart into a million pieces. “I think this is a conversation that should be between Boz and me, don’t you?”

One side of his mouth tips up. “I guess you’re right about that.”

Addy and Brew finally pull apart just as AC/DC’s *Back in Black* starts to play. She jumps up, runs around the table, and pulls me up. We spend the next few minutes tossing our heads back and shouting out that we are back in black.

Just as the song ends, a pair of strong hands surround my waist. Boz pulls me back to him and asks, “Are you having a good time?”

I twist in his arms and look into his gorgeous green eyes. “I sure am.”

Axl Rose’s whistle hits my ears as Boz starts to sway my body from side to side. The beautiful words of *Patience* fill my ears as we dance in each other’s arms. The song is nearly over when Boz whispers in my ear, “Are you ready to talk to your dad?”

I look past his shoulder to where my father is glowering at the two of us. “I don’t really have much of a choice.”

“Yeah, you do,” he says, pulling me in closer. “You’re my woman now, and you don’t have to do shit you don’t want to.”

I place a soft kiss on his lips and say, “I need to talk to him.”

He nods, then takes my hand and leads me across the yard. When we reach Dad, Boz places a kiss on my lips and says, “Remember, I love you.”

With that, he turns and walks away. I watch his every step, until Dad says, “Are you ready to go home?”

Finally looking at my father, I shake my head. “I’m already home.”

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EPilogue

Trix

CLIMBING ONTO the back of Boz's bike, I wrap my arms around his muscular frame and lay my head against his shoulder. "I love your bike, babe."

"Thanks, darlin'," he says, just before he starts the engine.

The gentle vibration of the motor climbs up my legs and sends a tingle right to my pussy. Looking over his shoulder, his scent reaches my nose. His leather and the mesmerising scent of his cologne reminds me of home, because Boz *is* my home.

My hair is whipping in my face, and I raise my hand to push it behind my ears. Boz's gruff voice hits my ears. "Keep your arms tight, Trix."

Doing as he says, I circle his waist again and hold on tight. The tires glide over the road as the scenery passes us by. After twenty minutes of riding, he pulls into a parking lot in front of Ink Blood tattoo parlor and cuts the motor.

"Are you ready for this?" he asks as he crawls off the bike and grabs my hand.

Climbing off the bike, I lean into his side. "More than ready."

He leads me inside the shop, right to the receptionist's desk, and says, "We've got an appointment with Frankie."

Before she can respond, a tattoo-covered man comes walking out of the back. He comes straight to us and says, "Boz, my man."

"Good to see you, Frankie," Boz replies and says, "This is my old lady. She needs her ink and I want something new."

“Sounds good to me,” Frankie says, before reaching out and grabbing my hand. His tattoo-covered arms draw my attention as I take in his ink. He is covered in every color of the rainbow, and I love them all. “Love your ink!”

“Thanks, sweet thing,” he says with a wink as he motions for me and Boz to follow him to the back of the shop.

Holding on to Boz’s hand, I let him lead me into a small room. He then hands the man a piece of paper and says, “This is my new piece. I don’t have much free space, so I’m thinking right on the base of my spine.”

Frankie laughs and says, “Please, don’t tell me you want a tramp stamp.”

My man’s eyes narrow and he says, “You better make sure it doesn’t look like a tramp stamp, little man. If it does, I’ll break your fucking hands.”

“Whoa, brother. I was just giving you shit.” The man throws up his hands. “Are you sure there’s nowhere else you can put it?”

Frankie is obviously worried now, not wanting to even chance putting a tramp stamp on my man. Boz takes off his cut and hands it to me, then whips his tee over his head. He turns around, letting the man see that nearly every inch of skin is covered.

“I have some room on my chest, but only my club colors and my old lady’s name will ever go there.” Boz shakes his head, running his hand over the tat of my name he got a week ago. “Other than that, you got my ass and my dick. You’re not getting close to either one of those.”

“I know your legs are covered,” Frankie says as he studies him, trying to find any ink-free skin. “I could maybe get it on the neck.”

I see where he’s talking about, right under Boz’s left ear, wrapping around the back of his neck, so Grim’s head looks like he’s taking a bite out of his master’s jugular vein. “I like that idea. It’s kinda fitting.”

My man is getting a tattoo of Grim, wanting to have a part of his dog with him forever. We took about a million pictures of Grim, before finally settling on one of his head with him snarling at the camera. Addy showed off her artistic ability by drawing the photo, only adding a bit more ferociousness to the picture. I think tatting him on the same spot he took Crank’s life would be fucking poetic.

Boz nods before sitting down on a chair and pulling me in his lap. “I want Trix’s ink to be started first. You work on her a while then come do mine.”

“You getting the normal old lady tat?” he asks, and I nod.

Boz wanted me to design something that was just mine, but I refused. I like the history behind the original old lady tat as much as the ink itself, so why would I change it? We went a few rounds over it, ended up spending the last two months fighting about it, but he finally gave in. Later on, I plan on giving in a little myself and getting something designed that somehow encompasses both him and Grim—the two men that saved my life. I want it on the arm that got injured from the shards of steel that hit me. The doctor was wrong; I do wear some scars from that day, but not many, only a few white spots where some of the metal went in a bit deep. I want that tat right above the scars.

“Yeah, that’s what I want. I’m getting it on my chest, right above my heart,” I tell him, turning my head a bit to place a kiss on Boz’s whisker-covered chin.

“Okay, I’m gonna go make the transfers I need. You need to lose the shirt and get up on my table,” he says before leaving the room.

I stand up from Boz’s lap and take off my shirt then climb up on the table. I look over at Boz to see him staring at me, his hand adjusting his cock. I shake my head at him. “I’m not even naked and you’re getting hard. You’re gonna have to learn some control, old man.”

His eyes are full of heat as he says, “Doesn’t matter whether you’re naked or not. My dick gets hard anytime you’re around.”

He gets up and comes over to me, cupping my face with his hands. “Are you sure you want to do this?”

I stare into his beautiful green eyes and smile. “I have no doubt about wanting your name on my body. I don’t mind being property, if I’m yours.”

His lips gently brush against mine. “I love you, darlin.”

“Always?” I ask, kissing him back.

Right before his tongue delves into my mouth, he says, “Abso-fucking-lutely.”

EPILLOGUE

Part Two

Boz

Three Years Later

PICKING UP the mangy pup by his scruff, I run my eyes over his matted fur. “My woman will get you cleaned up, buddy.”

I start to pull him into my arms, but his smell hits me and I decide against it. Sitting him back on the floor, I let out a whistle, letting him know to follow, and walk into the clubhouse. We barely make it through the door, before the little fucker squats down and pisses on the floor. Motioning for a prospect to clean the shit up, I continue through the common room. The pup is never more than a few feet behind me.

As I pass Brew, he cocks a brow and asks, “What the fuck is that?”

I look down at the ugly-ass puppy and shrug. “It’s a dog. What the hell does it look like?”

Brew lets out a snort and looks at Smoke. “Does it look like a dog to you?”

My VP shakes his head, a grin on his face. “I’m not sure what the hell it is, but I’m pretty damn sure it’s not a fucking dog.”

My eyes move back to the animal I found hiding under one of the cars in the junkyard. He’s already a good thirty pounds, even with his ribs showing, but I’m doubting he’s more than four or five months old. His paws are the size of baseball mitts, proving he’s gonna be a monster when he’s

full grown. Right now, though, he's damn near starved. His shaggy brown fur is matted, and he's wearing five pounds of mud.

"Where'd you get him?" Brew asks, taking a drink of his beer.

"He was hiding out back, under an old car," I tell him, just as the sounds of Trix and Addy's heels clacking against the concrete floor hits my ears.

I barely get turned to my woman before she is asking. "What the hell is that?"

Her eyes are narrowed at me as I tell her, "It's your new dog."

We've been arguing about getting a new dog since about a month after Grim died. Even three year later, Trix says she's not ready. She claims the pain of losing Grim is still too fresh. I know what she means; it still hurts like hell, but it's time to move on. I'm thinking this ugly shit is the way to do it.

Her eyes never move to the dog as she shakes her head. "I told you, I don't want another dog. We can get a cat if you want one."

Addy steps from behind her and says, "Oh, we should get a kitty."

"That shit's not gonna happen," I tell both women, going to stand in front of Trix.

The pup lets out a little whine and follows closely behind me. He stumbles over his long legs, nearly losing his balance. He corrects himself quickly and comes straight to my feet, where he plops down on his ass.

Placing a gentle hand on my woman's barely rounded stomach, I say, "I want our boy to grow up with a dog to play with."

Her eyes go gentle, before she straightens her spine and replies, "Our daughter would love a little kitty."

The words barely leave her mouth when the pup lets out another whine. He then lumbers up onto his feet and plops back down, right on top of Trix's red heels. He then whines again and starts to lick her legs.

I watch as my old lady's shoulders sag. She slowly squats down and runs a hand over his head. Her hand then moves down his body, feeling his ribs and matted hair. "Where did he come from?"

I tell her where I found him, squatting down to look in her eyes. "It doesn't look like he's eaten anything in days."

She's quiet for just a second, before shaking her head. "He's not a replacement for Grim. Nothing will ever replace him."

“I know that,” I agree, pulling her back up. “He’s not Grim, but I think he’ll make a good pet for you and the baby.”

She nods, then turns to look behind her. “What do you think?”

Addy walks to us and looks down at the pup. “He’s going to be massive.”

She’s right. If I’m not mistaken, I think the pup may be a mastiff mix. If so, he’s probably gonna weigh more than Trix by the time he’s a year old. That doesn’t worry me, though. If we train him right, he’ll never hurt anyone, unless they hurt one of us.

Trix finally shrugs and says, “Get someone to give him a bath while I call the vet.”

“Thank you, darlin’,” I tell her, placing a kiss on her lips.

“Anything for you, baby,” she replies, turning away and motioning for Addy to follow her to the kitchen.

I hear Addy ask, “What are you gonna name him?”

Just before she steps out of the room, she turns around and says, “Since we already had a Grim, his name is Reaper.”

I lift my chin to her, then look back down at the pup. “Welcome to the family, little man.”

THE END

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FILTY BASTARD

GRIM BASTARDS MC

June, 2016

She's a poor little rich girl.

With a vindictive mother and an obsessed brother-in-law, all Adyson Sloan wants is a little freedom—for her and her sister. She dreams of having a little room to breathe and making her own choices. But when she's kidnapped by the Grim Bastards MC, freedom comes at a much higher price. Terrified, but determined to get back to her sister, Addy's plans are ruined when she falls for a bastard with a chip on his shoulder.

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Prologue

Adyson *(Subject to Change)*

Mom brushes her lips over my older sister's cheek before stepping back and sending her a calculating smile. "You make a beautiful bride, darling."

Alex attempts to smile back, but it comes out more of a grimace. "Thank you, Mom."

"Alexandria, I don't understand what is wrong with you today. This should be the happiest day of your life, and you've done nothing but mope since you got up this morning," Mom says with a disapproving shake of her head.

I start to say something in my sister's defense, anything that will get Mom to leave her alone for a few minutes, but she cuts me off with a quick shake of her head. I bite my bottom lip to keep from speaking, doing so until the coppery taste of blood fills my mouth. When I finally release it, I have a grasp back on my patience.

"Why don't you go check and see if the florist put everything in the correct place?" I say to Mom, hoping to get her out of the room.

She nods at me and replies, "Try to talk some sense into your sister while I'm gone. This is all your fault to begin with."

Mother is forcing my sister to marry the new partner at my father's medical office. It didn't start out that way. At first, Alex adored Brock. She fell in love with him the first time he sent her roses. After their first kiss, she went on and on about how great he was. The first time they had sex, you would have sworn the man's dick was made of gold. That all changed yesterday, though, when he came on to me, very strongly.

That's putting it lightly. The man damn near raped me, before Alex came walking into the room and pulled him off of me. They had a fight to end all fights, while my Dad cleaned up my scrapes and wiped blood from my face. Right in the middle of it all, Mom came home from the beauty salon. That is when all hell broke loose.

There was no way Mom was going to let a catch like Brock get away. Not to mention the gossip it would cause, to call it off the day before the wedding. She couldn't be embarrassed like that, no matter what the man had done. Of course, by the time she was done, it was all my fault anyway. I must have done something to make Brock think I wanted his nasty-ass hands on me.

Waiting until the door is shut, I rush to Alex and say, "Get the fuck out of here. Run now, and no one will know until it's too late."

"I can't, Addy," she says with a sad shake of her head.

Grabbing her arms, I give her a little shake. "There is nothing that can stop you. You're a grown woman, so do what you have to do to protect yourself."

Brock may not have hurt her yet, but it will come soon enough. If he would attempt to rape his fiancée's own sister, at the family home, I wouldn't put anything past the douchebag. Before she knows it, he's gonna turn on her, too. She'll be alone then; I won't be by her side to protect her.

"You don't understand," she whispers, tears pooling in her eyes.

"Make me understand then," I say in a near shout, losing all control. "Tell me why you are willing to marry a man that tried to rape your sister. I'm not sure you can come up with a reason that will fly with me, Alex."

She jerks away from me and walks to the window. "If I don't marry him, Mom's going to quit paying for your college."

"What?" I ask, not quite believing my ears.

Our mom has always been a bitch. To her, Alex and I are nothing more than ornaments to be brought out to show off, then tuck safely away, until we are needed again. Everyone has always thought we had the perfect life; even my best friend, Trix, seems to think my family is golden. Our lives are anything but perfect, though. Once the doors are shut, Mom's true colors come out.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me!" I say in a heated whisper. "I can't believe she'd pull this shit."

“She sure did, so I have no choice but become Mrs. Brock Franklin today,” Alex says, letting out a broken sob.

My mind runs in circles, but it keeps coming back to the same thing. “I don’t care about school. I only have one more year anyway, so I can get a job and cover that.”

She twirls around and marches over to me. “No, you finish your degree and get the hell out of town. Stay as far away from Mom as you can.”

“I’m not letting you do this,” I tell her, shaking my head. “No damn way are you going to marry that monster because of me.”

She grabs my arms and gives me a brutal shake. “Listen to me, Addy. I need you to do this. I need to protect you.”

“Protect me from what?” I ask her, a chill of foreboding working up my spine. “What the hell is going on?”

She lets go of me and takes a step back. “Her. Mom. She will ruin your life if you don’t get away. She’ll control every aspect of it, just like she does mine.”

Instead of going away to college, Alex chose to go to school in Nashville, wanting to be close to me. She stayed home, not even getting her own apartment, until I started college two years later. After I left with my best friend to go to school in Knoxville, Alex moved to Nashville. Even then, Mom still controlled every aspect of her life.

“I’m not you, sweetheart. She can’t control me,” I tell her honestly. “I’m not even planning on coming home this summer. I’m gonna stay at Trix’s dad’s club until school starts back.”

Alex lets out a manic laugh and says, “She’s not gonna let you do that. She’ll have the cops over at Satan’s Revenge’s doorsteps the first night you stay there.”

“I’m a grown woman. There’s nothing she can do.” My voice isn’t as strong this time as doubts creep into my mind.

“I know Trix’s dad loves you, but do you think he’s gonna put up with the cops showing up at his club’s door every day?”

My best friend’s dad is the President of a local motorcycle club. He’s a good man, gentle as a teddy bear with Trix and me, but I know he and his club are into some illegal shit. He’s not gonna be happy at all with the police showing up at the club. He may not throw me out, but he will move my ass somewhere else real quick.

I shrug my shoulders and try to act like everything is fine. "I'll go somewhere else. Maybe Trix and I can get an apartment or something."

"No, I have a plan," she says, taking my hand in yours. "As soon as you graduate, I'll file for divorce. We can get us a place together."

Before I can reply, tell her how stupid she is, my father opens the door. "It's time, girls."

I look over at him, disgust filling me. I curl my lip and ask, "Did you know what Mom is doing to Alex?"

My dad isn't a bad man, just a greedy one. He married Mom while he was still in medical school. Her family's money supported them until he got his practice up and running. It still supplements their income quite a bit. Because of that, he's too afraid to rock the boat and go against Mom on anything. He would rather have the money than do what is right for his daughters.

"Please don't, Addy," my sister says, giving my hand a tight squeeze.

"But, this is..." I start, but she cuts me off with a shake of her head.

"You'll only make this worse on me in the long run," she says, letting go of my hand and motioning for me to leave the room.

I want to say more, but I know there's no use. Once Alex's mind is made up, that's it. Nothing is gonna change it, especially not my bitching. Stepping in and placing a quick kiss on her cheek, I walk out the door.

As I pass Dad, I mutter, "I hope you're proud of yourself, you bastard."

Making my way down the hall, I see Brock getting ready to walk into the chapel. Rushing forward, I grab his arm and pull him away from the door. I look in his eyes and barely suppress a shudder of revulsion.

"What do you want, Little Bit?" he asks, looking up and down my body.

I step away from him and glare. "You better not hurt my sister. If you do, I'll find a way to make you pay."

He steps forwards, leans down, and whispers in my ear, "I'm not going to hurt her as long as you give me what I want."

Jerking away, I try to absorb his words. "What in the hell are you talking about?"

He smirks, crossing his arms over his chest. "Alex and I will be back from our honeymoon in two weeks. As soon as we get back, I'll be making

a trip to Knoxville for a medical convention. When I get there, plan on spending the weekend in my hotel room.”

“You can’t be serious,” I say, looking at him with disgust. “There is no damn way I’d let you get anywhere near me.”

“Yes, you will,” he says calmly. “If not, I’ll make your sister’s life miserable.”

Thoughts of everything my sister has done for me, everything she is about to do for me, fill my mind. Swallowing back the bile in my throat, I agree. “If I find out Alex is the least bit unhappy, I will kill you.”

He smiles, placing a hand on my cheek. “Oh, my wife will be ecstatic, as long as you keep me the same way.”

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Shelley was born and raised in Kentucky and doesn't see herself leaving the Bluegrass State anytime soon. Shelley and her husband have been together for sixteen years, and they share three beautiful daughters and one handsome son.

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