

TO BE DESIRED BY A VIKING  
SHOULD BE A SIN...

A

**VIKING'S**  
**DESIRE**

A DARK MOTORCYCLE CLUB ROMANCE  
SEASON ONE

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR  
**AMAYA BLACK**

# **A Viking's Desire**

# **Amaya Black**

# Contents

[Warning](#)

[Episode 1](#)

[Episode 2](#)

[Episode 3](#)

[Episode 4](#)

[Episode 5](#)

[Episode 6](#)

[Episode 7](#)

[Episode 8](#)

[Episode 9](#)

[Episode 10](#)

[Episode 11](#)

[Episode 12](#)

[Episode 13](#)

[Episode 14](#)

[Episode 15](#)

[Episode 16](#)

[Episode 17](#)

[Episode 18](#)

[Episode 19](#)

[Episode 20](#)

[Episode 21](#)

[Episode 22](#)

[Episode 23](#)

[Episode 24](#)

[Episode 25](#)

[Episode 26](#)

[Episode 27](#)

[Episode 28](#)

[Episode 29](#)

[Episode 30](#)

[Bonus Episode](#)

[FREE BOOK](#)

[About the Author](#)

# Warning

**I**f you have discovered that themes of race and taboo subjects bother you then turn back now.

This may not be the story for you....

# Episode 1

## Cher

I had been away from Irondale, Virginia for approximately five years.

Gone long enough to pretend like I didn't belong, but not long enough that I'd forgotten where home really was. The roads of my small country city were the same. It seemed as if time could stand still in a place like this. The roads wound around every corner, dipped into almost nothingness but then spit you out somewhere new. I peeped at the sky which was churning over quickly. I concluded that it was indeed about to rain. It was at that moment: my car began to shutter and shake, and smoke began billowing from out from under the hood. That couldn't be a great sign. I sighed and immediately began to pull over on the side of the road. Literally, this was all I needed.

"Ugh," I got out and stomped around to the front of the car. Smoke continued to billow out and I had no clue what was wrong.

Fat rain drops began to fall. There I was in six-inch stilettos on the side of the road, and my hair was getting wet. I had just had the Brazilian installed.

"Why me?" I screamed and before I knew it, the roar of a motorcycle's engine filled my ears.

The bike came to a stop in front of me and a stranger peered at me over sunglasses. He was dressed in a t-shirt, dark jeans, and a leather vest.



*Attractive*, I thought. He definitely had a bad boy vibe going on for himself.

“Need help miss?”

A stranger in the middle of nowhere. Yeah, that certainly couldn't be dangerous.

I smiled, hoping for the best. “Know anything about cars?”

He shook his head. “I do, but in this rain, I won't be able to do much. I can get someone out here to tow it to my shop once the storm passes. You from round here?”

“Something like that.” I looked back at my car, my stomach feeling as if it was on a roller coaster.

*Son of a bitch*, I thought.

“You got a name?”

“Cher,” I said looking back at the car. “Cher Davison.”

“Well Cher, I'm Tyr. Climb on back and I'll get us both out of this rain.”

I was hesitant. You'd have to be a damn fool not to be, but I was out of options. A stranger had literally come out of nowhere to rescue me. I bit my lip and then climbed on behind this white boy.

As my hands went to enclose around his waist, I took in the back of his vest: *VIKINGS*. The wide white letter told me that I was indeed next to a bad boy. *Holy fucking shit!* I was being helped by someone who belonged to one of the most notoriously racist groups in this area.

“Don't try and murder me,” I rolled my eyes when I heard him laugh as the bike sped away, causing me to rest up against him.

“No worries,” he chuckled, and it rolled all through his stomach, and through my hands around his stomach area, and up my arms. All I could do was hang on and breathe him in. He smelled like fresh wind and rain with a hint of freshly mowed grass.

The rain became too much five minutes into our ride, and I felt us begin to slow down. I was soaked to the bone and I knew my pink blouse was probably just about transparent now. My skirt had already hiked up way too far. My eyes darted down and I saw it was practically up around my waist; my black lace panties were visible.

I shut my eyes tight, holding on, the roar of the wind still in my ears.

He eased off the road and a dirt road appeared under us. Quickly, it turned into a driveway that led up to a house.

*Damn it! I was going to be murdered!*

“Where are you taking me?”

He yelled over his shoulder, “This is my house.”

# Episode 2

## Cher

**T**he house was built log cabin style. It was in the middle of nowhere, so that explained a lot. I watched as this virtual stranger, who had come to my aid, climbed the steps to where I stood, his strides easy and balanced. I realized that he was a tall thing, but lean as hell and carved toned muscle. He searched for his house key, and I couldn't help but notice how the movements of his hands searching for a simple house key caused his arms to ripple and flex.

My tongue darted out to lick my lips. I realized I must look like hell. My Brazilian tresses were wind kissed, and wet having been blown every which way but Sunday.

"I'll try and call my buddy down at the shop," he finally got the door open.

I kind of peered over his shoulder.

It was dark inside.

In my head I could see the headline now: Black Woman Vanished Without a Trace.

"You coming, or you gonna stand out there?" He looked over his shoulder and gave a smirk.

I pushed down any fear and stepped over the threshold. I couldn't believe the impulsive ass decision I'd just made as I closed the door behind me. Hints of dark spices hit my nose and I took in my surroundings. The Viking outlaw known as Tyr kept a pretty tidy house. Briefly, I wondered if he might be single.

As I was standing in the middle of this man's house, my impulsive thoughts returned. In truth, everything about the last few weeks had been impulsive. First, I'd quit my job as a writer for a large magazine in Richmond, Virginia.

Next, I'd put my condo on the market to be sold.

Why?

I'd discovered Duane cheating on me.

My chocolate drop of a man, abs like a sheet of steel, and occasional model for the magazine *The Act*, had been cheating on me with the office secretary. What a fucking cliché. And everyone had known about the fucking affair except for me.

So, before I'd left the offices of *The Act*...I'd caused a scene.

Yeah, I'd started leaning headfirst into my impulses.

"Phones are down," my knight in shining metal replied, snapping me from my thoughts.

"Well shit," I smirked awkwardly, still praying that I wasn't going to be murdered where I stood. Part of me wanted to relax though.

He went over to one of the windows and peered through the blinds. "It's hailing out there now."

So, I couldn't call for help yet again. I was just going to stand here dripping wet in a strange living room.

He seemed to read my mind, his gaze raking over my soaked body. His eyes caused me to cross my hands around my body, hugging myself for a little warmth. And also to hide the fact that my nipples had gone hard as fuck under his gaze.

"I'll get you some towels."

I nodded and remained standing still until he came back and handed a towel.

"Tha—thank you for stopping and helping and for the towel," I won't forget my manners. A good southern girl was big on manners.

In fact, I'd written a book on it called Properly Southern. The critics had raved. They wanted more from me. I'd been unsure the book was even good, until it hit the NYT Bestseller list. That'd been three years ago.

The soft pink towel immediately pulled the moisture from my slickened body. I started in on my hair next, sure I was looking terrible. The towel could only do so much as my clothes were still pretty damp. So I stood there towel in hand. Once a fire was roaring in the fireplace, flames beginning to jump and dance, he stood up and walked towards me. I wasn't really into white chocolate, but damn if he wasn't easy on the eyes. He came close, stalking like a lion on the savannah. His dark blue eyes raked themselves over my body again, but this time I didn't bother trying to hide the diamond points that were my nipples.

He licked his lips and tore his eyes away, roaming up to my face.

"You're shivering," he came close.

I was shivering. I was cold but the closeness of him seemed to bring warmth. What was coming over me?

"Yeah," I sounded timid. I wasn't really a timid person; behind my back people called me the Intimidator. I was known for good journalism and really crafting a story. "A little bit."

He licked his lips again and without hesitation he began to undo my pretty pink button up...

# Episode 3

## Tyr

**T**here was nothing I loved more than riding my bike around the steep hills of Ironside, Virginia. The way the bike gripped the road and handled like a dream kept a smile on my face, especially after a shitty week at work. Then she appeared out of nowhere, white smoke billowing into the air from the sleek black BMW that she drove.

My brain told me as I slowed down to keep on riding.

I had ignored my brain because first I'd spotted her legs that seemed to go on for miles. Getting her back to my cabin and out of the rain had been easier than I'd anticipated. A smirk slowly wound its way onto my face the minute I'd unbuttoned the top button on her blouse. Her head and those deep brown eyes had dropped down and followed my fingers, but she made no move to stop me.

"What are you doing?" she finally asked as my fingers continued to unbutton the blouse.

"What does it look like..."

My eyes watched as she took a swallow, and I could tell. She was some sort of princess that had lived in some sort of fairytale castle in a city far away. When the shirt was unbuttoned, I stepped away. I drank in every inch of exposed brown skin, especially the valley between her breasts.

"I'm gonna get you some dry clothes," winking at her, I walked away.

The sounds of her sigh letting loose filled my ears. When I returned with a fresh t-shirt that had my club's colors on it, I



handed it to her. She took it, her gratitude apparent.

“Thank you,” she held onto the shirt and then stared at me.

The woman was a fucking smoke show and there was no way I was going to miss it.

“Well go on and strip...” I shrugged.

She frowned. “Well, you fucking first.”

There was a gap between us, and I quickly filled it with my body. The room had started to warm from the fire I’d started. She was like a firefly, some sort of beacon that had drawn me to her and I wanted to be close.

“As you command darlin...” slowly I began to peel my own wet clothing from my body, and another gasp came from her.

First, I pulled the shirt over my head, and it landed with a wet thump on the floor. Undoing the belt around my waist, I locked eyes with her as my fingers found the button on the dark jeans I was wearing. She bit her lip, but I could tell a fire had been lit in Little Miss Thang. Her eyes had begun to smolder and finally a whisper dropped from her lips that had been painted red.

“Fuck it,” she murmured as she wiggled out of the blouse, letting it drop to the floor, along with my t-shirt.

*Definitely a princess*, I thought.

Our eyes stayed locked, as if daring the other to go even further. She had no idea whose bike she’d gotten on the back of. I wasn’t some knight in shining armor either if that was what she was thinking. The fly of my jeans popped open, and my dick came into view.

Naturally, I’d grown hard.

I wanted to fuck her, as if it wasn’t already apparent. She couldn’t take it anymore and finally her eyes dared to drop all the way down.

“Damn,” the words tumbled out of her mouth.

“What?” I asked a lazy cocky grin appearing as her pink tongue darted out to run over her tongue.

“It’s fucking huge.”

“I’ve been told, Princess....”

“This is not what I was expecting...” She shook head, her hair swinging a few droplets of water spraying me.

“What?” I asked again, the smile never leaving my lips.

I looked her body over finally. Her coffee-colored breasts were pert and full, still encased in the lacy black bra she wore. One thing about me, I love lace. It doesn’t matter the color. I love the way the fabric ripped once I had it in my hands. The Princess was stacked. Her flesh looked soft to the touch, as she had a little bit more around her midsection and I knew there’d be even more flesh on her thighs.

*More cushion for pushin*, I thought.

She was talking, but I hadn’t heard a word. All I wanted was to bend her over something and stroke her fucking brains out. Make her scream as I took out all my frustrations on her right then and there. Finally, I tuned back into what she’d been saying and watched as she backed away. I caught her saying she was just newly out of a relationship.

“I don’t give a fuck about any of that,” I shrugged.

“Huh?” Her face had twisted up into a frown and she’d stopped moving, her breasts giving a greedy sway.

Fuck, I wanted them in my face.

I wanted to be suckling from them.

“I want to fuck you Princess...not marry you.”

Stalking closer, I came over, kneeling before her and yanked her skirt down. Her face appeared to show that she was scared. It wasn’t going to last for long. My fingers traced over the lace thong panties.

“Spread your legs,” I commanded.

“Whhha...what?” she stammered and her breath hitched in her throat as she stared down at me.

I chuckled. “Spread your legs princess.... I’m going to eat your pussy. I promise you’ll like it....”

“We...we just met,” she bit her lip.

I chuckled again, as my fingers slid around on the surface of the panties. Her pussy was clean shaven, not even a little bit of hair in sight. The heat coming from in between her legs was enough to start a fire.

I wanted to be consumed.

# Episode 4

## Cher

One moment I'd been having an earth shattering orgasm with a stranger and the next, I was peering over his shoulder at someone dressed in a dark baseball cap. Tyr had reached behind me and into the cushion pulling out a gun that had been tucked away into the couch.

“Whoa! Whoa!” The stranger in the baseball cap had called out. “It’s me, Ricky!”

Meanwhile, I started to scramble looking for my clothes.

“What the fuck are you doing here, Ricky!” Tyr yelled, flashing the gun.

The stranger had pulled the hat from his head, his dark hair looking damp.

“Shit, apparently watching you fuck some nigger sweet butt,” he grinned and peered around Tyr.

“Shut your fucking mouth, you goddamn idiot!”

Shock had rolled through my body at his words. This day had already grown out of control. Slowly, I was coming back to my senses and the ecstatic feeling, the euphoric high I'd been feeling was suddenly fleeing my body.

Biting my tongue, I watched as Tyr hustled the guy out of the room. Ricky peered around him looking back at me, the look on his face was a mix of lust and disgust.

Taking this as a sign to get dressed, I found all my clothing and pulled them onto my body. Noting it had stopped raining

outside, I found my cellphone. Three missed calls from my mother and two from my ex.

“Fuck,” I whispered, my finger poised to dial.

“Need to call someone, Princess?”

He had reappeared as quick as lightening, still butt ass naked. I turned to face him, trying my best not to roam down his body.

“Rain seems to have stopped, my mother is calling,” I shrugged.

He grinned and then walked in front of me, peering through the blinds and outside.

“Appears that way.”

Twenty minutes later, we were in his red pickup truck rumbling down the driveway. I had no idea where the stranger had disappeared to, and I didn’t care. Although, I did notice a car in the yard as we backed away.

He fiddled with the radio, and I looked through unanswered text messages. For a while we didn’t speak. It was just the rumble of the engine in between us and warm heat wafting out of the vents of the truck.

“I’m sorry,” he looked over at me, speaking as if he was ashamed of something.

“Huh?”

His eyes left the road again and came back to my face. “My cousin, Ricky. He’s a fucking idiot. He should’ve never said that to you.”

Nodding, I looked away. His cousin’s words had for sure unsettled me, even stung, but it wasn’t the first time I’d ever been called that. Going to a predominantly white institute in South Carolina my first year at college before I transferred to the University of Virginia, I’d heard the *Daddy’s Girls*, you know the perfect blondes with all their daddy’s money, whisper shit under their breaths when I invaded their spaces.

“Look, don’t apologize for...” I took a breath unsure if I should say it.

“No,” he shook his head. “I don’t like that shit.”

Vikings Motorcycle Club was racist as fuck. Or at least that was what I remembered from growing up in Irondale. Shit, Irondale had racist undertones itself. The town was named after Confederate General Theodore C. Irondale. A statue stood in the middle of the town bearing his resemblance. As a kid, walking past, that statue had scared the shit out of me.

As an adult, I thought it should’ve been in a museum or graveyard somewhere.

“I never even got directions on where I should take you,” Tyr said slowly after another moment.

“You’re right,” I sighed thinking about my luggage in the back of my car that we left broken down on side of the road. Tucked inside was my reservation for The Blake Hotel. Irondale at least had a hospitable accommodation.

My phone started to ring again as I told Tyr where he could drop me. My mother was once again calling. The phone vibrated my entire being. She could wait a while longer.

“Gonna answer that?” Tyr asked as we stopped for a red light.

“Nope.”

The phone went quiet. When the light changed green, I realized we were driving by my old high school that seemed to be dead in the now sticky summer heat. Nothing was stirring here, as if it had ever been.

I remembered being thirteen and desperately wanting to escape to a faraway destination.

And now you’re back, I thought.

Tyr pulled into the parking lot of the hotel and I sat still. I knew I needed to get out of this truck and go into the hotel, but something had me sitting like a berry waiting to be plucked.

“Well, Princess?”

Taking a slow breath, I glanced over. He was grinning, his dark blond lock falling forward giving him a boyish look to him. If I didn't know any better, I would have just thought he was a random guy, not some biker.

“Thank you,” I offered.

“For what? Rescuing you, or fucking you?”

I bit my lip. “You always say what you're thinking?”

“No,” he replied.

“Sure about that?”

A chuckle rumbled through the vehicle. “If I did, I'd have your pretty little lips wrapped around my cock right now in this parking lot. So no, Princess, I don't say everything I'm thinking.”

The phone vibrated with a text. Glancing down I read it.

“I gotta go,” I told him. “My car...”

“Having it towed in like I said. I'll take a look at it,” he smiled.

We locked eyes and I started fiddling for the handle. Once I found it, I dashed from the truck. Lightning cracked across the sky as I headed into the hotel without looking back. I knew he had already driven away.

As the boom of thunder rattled the windows of the old Blake Hotel, I stumbled in and found myself face to face with my mother.

“Cher, darling, where on Earth have you been? And Christ's robe, you need to get to a hairdresser immediately. You look awful.”

*Fuck my life*, I thought as I began to take her verbal assault concerning my appearance while already calculating when I should leave.



# Episode 5

## Cher

Waking up from a nightmare, I found myself sore between my legs. Sitting up, I tried to catch my breath when the phone on the hotel nightstand began to jingle. Glancing at the time and judging by the light coming in through the window I knew it was mid-morning.

Picking it up, I found the front desk receptionist telling me that my luggage had been dropped off. They were having it brought up to my room momentarily.

Laying back in the huge bed, I pulled the duvet up to my chin and thought over how the last twenty-four hours had played out.

I'd packed up suitcases full of clothes, and left Richmond.

I'd broken down on the side of the road and been saved by a biker.

Then, I'd fucked said biker like a total fucking slut.

Cringing, I got out of bed just as someone knocked on the door. Opening it, I found a young man who had to be about eighteen with my luggage and a note.

"Thank you," I said.

He nodded and left. Pulling the luggage into the room, I sat down in one of the hard wingback chairs offered by the hotel. The soft bright pink chair seemed to be worn by time much like everything in Irondale. Unfolding the note I'd just received, my eyes glanced over the pretty handwriting.

“I never got your number, Princess. You can reach me at the shop at 540-666-1129,” I read it out loud and my stomach did little flips.

Irondale had changed a bunch in the years that I’d been away, so I had no idea where the shop was located or how I’d get there. I figured I’d take a shower and roam around since I was in the downtown area.

An hour later, I was pulling on a loose bright pink blouse and my favorite pair of jeans. The lady at the front desk told me that a bunch of coffee shops had opened up around the corner. Setting off with my cellphone and laptop, I ventured out.

Traffic on a Monday morning had definitely grown as well because cars were going left and right, engines spurting to stops. Strangers passed by on the bright sidewalks and I found myself stopping in front of a large house.

Anyone that knew this house knew it had a dark history. It was connected to the Irondale’s and their descendants.

A guy was sweeping off the huge front porch that wrapped around the property. Offering a friendly wave, he scowled and muttered something.

“Somethings will never change,” I rolled my eyes and went on about my business.

Finally, the coffee shop, Red, White and Brew came into view. Shockingly, there was a line which I got into. Placing my order for a latte, I found a seat by the window and logged in.

For a few moments, I marveled at the change that had happened in my hometown before logging into the Wi-Fi.

Pulling up my emails, I found that my editor was asking about my next project. Rolling my eyes, I ignored the email.

The truth was, after the success of my first and only book I had no idea what I could write about next. I knew that I wanted to write about something sexy, maybe even forbidden.

“Cher?” I looked up to find the waitress who sat my coffee down.

“Yes?”

She stepped back and offered a smile. “I thought that was you,” she replied.

“I’m sorry?”

She gave a laugh, crossing her arms over her chest. “You don’t remember me?”

“I’m sorry I don’t,” I squinted trying to place the woman.

It hit me then as I took her in. She looked a little older and stressed the hell out, but this was definitely Abby James. She’d been the head bitch in charge cheerleader.

“Abby?”

She nodded. “Yeah! It’s me.”

We hadn’t been friends.

Abby James had not liked me in the slightest, and the feeling had been mutual.

“What’s it been, ten years?”

I nodded. “Something like that.”

Before I knew it Abby was sitting down and spilling her guts and the town secrets. She was married to Dalton Lanes, and they actually owned the coffee shop together and they had four kids under seven.

Before she could get any further with her story, the rumble of engines cut through us talking. Both of us turned our attention to the motorcycles roaring down the road in a “V” formation.

“Fuck,” Abby mumbled.

“What?” I asked.

“These goddamn bikers,” she shook her head.

I turned back to watch as they parked across the street. Chrome and metal gleamed in the morning light as five men

lined their rides up next to each other. They seemed to be talking shit and joking.

I couldn't help myself as I began to search for Tyr among them. My eyes landed on him. He was parked towards the end, leaning against his bike unhooking his helmet. My stomach seemed to do a few tumbles but then I noticed a skinny blonde thing was hopping off the back and undoing her helmet as well.

"Shit!" Abby mumbled as they all started walking towards the coffee shop.

She stood up.

"It was nice catching up but I've gotta get back to it. And here they come."

She jerked her thumb over her shoulder and then hurried back to get her things in order behind the cash register.

My stomach wouldn't stop doing flip flops. Cautiously, I tousled my hair behind my ears. The jingle of the bell above the door let me know that the Vikings had arrived. They were a boisterous bunch.

Loud and noisy as they headed up to the counter to place their orders. They had on black leather vests much like the one Tyr had been wearing yesterday, with the face of Odin missing one eye.

Tyr entered last with the blonde who was smiling up at him and holding his hand.

Quietly, I averted my gaze before he noticed me. Abby had served my coffee in a bright red cup with a lid and finally I eased it to my lip, blowing through the small hole in the lid. Taking a sip, I pulled up Google and started researching the old Irondale house.

I needed something, anything to take my mind off the spectacle I knew was happening in front of me.

I was going pretend that this man and his little blonde girlfriend didn't exist.

Sure, he'd given me an orgasm to end all orgasms.

That didn't mean shit.

All big dick energy wasn't good.

Footsteps coming near the table made my insides scream. I wouldn't look up.

There was no way in hell I was going to look up, because I knew who those footsteps belonged to.

Nope.

He didn't exist.

"...Princess, fancy meeting you here."

Fuck, I thought and looked up to meet those bright blue eyes.

"You weren't trying to ignore me, were you?"

I smirked and then took a sip of my coffee. "Didn't want to interrupt you and your...."

Tyr looked over his shoulder at the blonde who was now ordering coffee.

"My wife," he shrugged, and my eyes grew wide under the weight of his words.

# Episode 6

## Tyr

**T**he Princess drove a nice ass car, I'd give her that. The BMW 7 series was black, and sleek with a crimson red interior. I'd draped plastic over the front seat as I didn't want my dirty work clothes to get anything stained.

A fuzzy red ball hung from the mirror, and I gave it a flick. It danced and moved from my movements. Tapping the button, and the car turned off, I'd been listening to it to see if I heard anything further before going under the hood.

Reaching, I pulled on the lever to release the hood before getting out. Setting the hood of the car up, I leaned in and started inspecting the cables, starting with the battery. From the corner of my eyes, I saw some movement and looked over my shoulder to see who was approaching. One of the other mechanics, Bug, and a Viking's prospect came over.

"Damn this is a nice car," he said making a face that indicated he would love to have the ride.

"Yeah," I mumbled going under the hood.

"Anyway, Lainey said to tell you she's here," Bug saluted me before going off to the other side of the shop.

"Fuck," rolling my eyes, I fiddled with some of the belts.

Only one seemed to be loose, but I'd need to get up close and even more personal with this vehicle. A loose belt was not the cause of the white smoke I'd seen when I'd found the owner on side of the road.



Reaching for a nearby rag, I knocked off any dirt that might be on my hands. My motorcycle vest was sitting on a nearby hook. The Norse God Odin, whose son I was named after, seemed to wink at me as I grabbed the black item while the front left chest patch announced my rank as vice president.

Pulling it on, I strutted out of the shop and across the way to the office. Lainey was sitting patiently, chewing on pink bubble gum.

POP!

The gum snapped before she pulled it back into her mouth.

“Hey baby,” she greeted me.

“Lainey, what the fuck are you doing here?”

I’d married her straight out of high school. It’d been one of the single biggest regrets of my life. We were off and on more than any other couple I knew.

“Damn,” she adjusted the sunglasses on her head. “I was coming by to get the money for the rent.”

I paid her rent every month at our old apartment while I was staying out at my brother’s house.

The house where you fucked the princess, I thought.

Lainey stood up, popping the gum one more time.

“I been missing you,” she smiled.

“Yeah?”

She nodded, and I checked out her outfit. She had on jean shorts that left little to the imagination and I was more than sure she had on had on a g string. The spaghetti strapped tank top looked a little ragged and bared her chest more than I liked.

“We’re all going for coffee,” I stepped back putting some space in between us. “Bank’s across the street.”

She pouted. “You just gonna ignore what I said.”

“I’m not ignoring it. I heard you, Lainey.”

She rolled her eyes. “I’m your wife, Tyr.”

“You’ve been fucking that dirty meth dealer Wesley Cooper for nearly a year.”

Lainey struck out and tried to slap me. I’d had enough of her already.

“Don’t fucking do that again.”

She jerked away from me. “Why don’t you want me anymore? Huh?”

There was no way in hell I was gonna discuss it with her any further. She was giving me a headache. The sooner I got her into town, I could get her the money and she’d call her Aunt Carol Ann and they’d go and get good and tweaked together.

In the last two years of our marriage, Lainey had developed an insane addiction to crystal meth.

Without answering her question, I hustled outside.

The guys were either leaning up against their bikes or talking on cellphones.

“I wanna try and beat the rush,” Wade, who was the club’s Sergeant at Arms spoke, popping onto the back of bike.

“They do keep a line,” I nodded.

Everyone agreed as I hopped on the back of my Harley Super Glide. She’s gleaming in the sunlight. Handing a helmet to Lainey, she got on the back and wrapped her arms around me.

The bike roared to life in between my legs, and we shot off into downtown Irondale.

The Red, White and Brew sat neatly on the corner of LeGrande Avenue and right across the street from Irondale Trust Bank. We parked and Lainey reached for my hand as we entered. She knew that in this town being my old lady gave her a little bit stature.

I allowed it, but upon approaching I found myself staring at the Princess.

A smirk eased its way onto my face because Odin himself must have placed her in my path. She was fixing her hair and had her nose buried in her laptop.

Part of me wondered if she'd seen me and the others ride in.

We were hard to miss.

Is she avoiding me?

Shaking Lainey off at the entrance, I stalked straight over.

“...Princess, fancy meeting you here.”

I could tell she didn't want to meet my gaze. The blouse she wore screamed high society, the pink and turquoise made her dark skin glow.

“You weren't trying to ignore me, were you?” A lazy grin danced across my mouth, and I watched as she pulled her shoulders back in true royal fashion before addressing me.

“Didn't want to interrupt you and your...”

“My wife,” I replied looking over my shoulder.

She looked shocked at my words and then I watched as she quickly recovered. Quickly she stood up and began to put her laptop away.

Grabbing her coffee, she excused herself. Watching as she tossed the coffee in a bin, she exited out of the crowded coffee shop.

Deciding to follow her out, I saw she was walking fast as hell. Her hair was whipping out behind her, and her ass was giving bounce for days.

Catching up to her, I grabbed her by her arm and pulled her into an alleyway.

“Get off of me!” She hissed.

A few people walked by and noticed the two of us. I smiled and nodded, and I knew they'd taken notice of the vest on my body and minded their business.

Being a Viking, I commanded respect.

“Chill out, okay?” I stared down at her.

Her soft pillowy lips seemed inviting. Fuck me, I was drawn to her ass like a moth to a flame.

“I did not come back to this shit hole town to get caught up fucking married men,” she stabbed a finger into my chest.

“No, you just fuck strange men that you just met,” I offered.

“Shut the fuck up!” She sneered at me. “Clearly, that was a bad idea. I made a mistake.”

Pushing her up against the wall, my hand closed around her neck. Slowly my thumb rubbed over her pulse point in a dizzy little circle. She smelled like summertime, with hints of vanilla.

“I have some good uses for your tongue, Princess.”

She took a breath. “Get the fuck off me.”

“I don’t think I will,” I told her.

My other hand trailed down to the jeans she wore, easing inside of them.

“I think,” I murmured hovering above her mouth. “That you’re getting wet.”

The moment my fingers connected with her clit; they were instantly coated in her juices. Pulling them out, I held them up.

“Clean yourself off, Princess. Right now, lick your pussy juices off my fingers.”

She scoffed at me, her eyes defying me.

“Now!” I commanded.

Her plump lips wrapped around my digits slowly and she sucked herself off my hands.

“Hey!” A voice called from behind me.

Turning I found Wade looking between the two of us.

“We gotta go, there’s been trouble!” He frowned but pressed the issue.

I nodded and he headed off.

“I gotta go,” I leaned closer to Cher who had closed her eyes in embarrassment. “Come by the Bison Bar tonight.”

Her eyes popped open. “What?”

I was already walking away.

“Be there around 9 o’clock.”

# Episode 7

## Tyr

### T yr

The Princess drove a nice as car, I'd give her that. The BMW 7 series was black, and sleek with a crimson red interior. I'd draped plastic over the front seat as I didn't want my dirty work clothes to get anything stained.

A fuzzy red ball hung from the mirror and I gave it a flick.

It danced and moved from my movements. Tapping the button the car turned off, I'd been listening to it to see if I heard anything further before going under the hood. Reaching, I pulled on the lever to release the hood before getting out. Setting the hood of the car up, I leaned in and started inspecting the cables, starting with the battery. From the corner of my eyes I saw some movement and looked over my shoulder to see who was approaching. One of the other mechanics, Bug, and a Viking's prospect came over.

"Damn this is a nice car," he said making a face that indicated he would love to have the ride.

"Yeah," I mumbled going under the hood.

"Anyway, Lainey said to tell you she's here," Bug saluted me before going off to the other side of the shop.

"Fuck," rolling my eyes, I fiddled with some of the belts.

Only one seemed to be loose, but I'd need to get up close and even more personal with this vehicle. A loose belt was not

the cause of the white smoke I'd seen when I'd found the owner on side of the road.

Reaching for a nearby rag, I knocked off any dirt that might be on my hands. My motorcycle vest was sitting on a nearby hook. The Norse God Odin, whose son I was named after, seemed to wink at me as I grabbed the black item while the front left chest patch announced my rank as vice president.

Pulling it on to my body I strutted out of the shop and across the way to the office. Lainey was sitting patiently, chewing on pink bubble gum.

POP!

The gum snapped before she pulled it back into her mouth.

"Hey baby," she greeted me.

"Lainey, what the fuck are you doing here?"

I'd married her straight out of high school. It'd been one of the single biggest regrets of my life. We were off and on more than any other couple I knew.

"Damn," she adjusted the sun glasses on her head. "I was coming by to get the money for the rent."

I paid her rent every month at our old apartment while I was staying out at my brother's house.

*The house where you fucked the princess,* I thought.

Lainey stood up, popping the gum one more time.

"I been missing you," she smiled.

"Yeah?"

She nodded, and I checked out her outfit. She had on jean shorts that left little to the imagination and I was more than sure she on had on a g string. The spaghetti strapped tank top looked a little ragged and bared her chest more than I liked.

"We're all going for coffee," I stepped back putting some space in between us. "Bank's across the street."

She pouted. "You just gonna ignore what I said."

"I'm not ignoring it. I heard you, Lainey."



She rolled her eyes. "I'm your wife, Tyr."

"You've been fucking that dirty meth dealer Wesley Cooper for nearly a year."

Lainey struck out and tried to slap me. I'd had enough of her already.

"Don't fucking do that again."

She jerked away from me. "Why don't you want me anymore?"

Huh?"

There was no way in hell I was gonna discuss it with her any further. She was giving me a headache. The sooner I got her into town, I could get her the money and she'd call her Aunt Carol Ann and they'd go and get good and tweaked together.

In the last two years of our marriage, Lainey had developed an insane addiction to crystal meth. Without answering her question, I hustled outside. The guys were either leaning up against their bikes, or talking on cellphones.

"I wanna try and beat the rush," Wade, who was the club's Sergeant Arms spoke, popping onto the back of his bike.

"They do keep a line," I nodded.

Everyone agreed as I hopped on the back of my Harley Supa Glide. She'd been gleaming in the sunlight. Handing a helmet to Lainey she got on back and wrapped her arms around me. The bike roared to life in between my legs and we shot off into downtown Irondale.

*The Red, White and Brew* sat neatly on the corner of LeGrande Avenue and right across the street from Irondale Trust Bank. We parked before heading into the local cafe, Lainey reached for my hand as we entered. She knew that in this town being my old lady gave her a little bit of stature. I allowed it but upon approaching a I found myself starring at the Princess through the huge store front window.

A smirk eased its way onto my face because Odin himself must have placed her in my path. She was fixing her hair and

had her nose buried in her laptop. Part of me wondered if she'd seen me and the others ride in.

We were hard to miss.

*Is she avoiding me?*

Shaking Lainey off upon entrance, I stalked straight over.

“...Princess, fancy meeting you here.”

I could tell she didn't want to meet my gaze. The blouse she wore screamed high society, the pink and turquoise made her dark skin glow.

“You weren't trying to ignore me, were you?” A lazy grin danced across my mouth and I watched as she pulled her shoulders back in true royal fashion before addressing me.

“Didn't want to interrupt you and your...”

“My wife,” I replied looking over my shoulder.

She looked shocked at my words and then I watched as she quickly recovered. Quickly she stood up and began to put her laptop away. Grabbing her coffee she excused her. Watching as she tossed the coffee in a bin, she exited out of the crowded coffee shop. Deciding to follow her out, I saw she was walking fast as hell. Her hair was whipping out behind her and her ass was giving bounce for days.

Catching up to her, I grabbed her by her arm and pulled her into an ally-way.

“Get off of me!” She hissed.

A few people walked by and noticing the two of us. I smiled and nodded and I knew they'd taken notice of the vest on my body and minded their business.

Being a Viking, I commanded respect around these parts.

“Chill out, okay?” I starred down at her.

Her soft pillowy lips seemed inviting. Fuck me, I was drawn to her ass like a moth to a flame.

“I did not come back to this shit hole town to get caught up fucking married men,” she stabbed a finger into my chest.

“No, you just fuck strange men that you just met,” I offered.

“Shut the fuck up!” She sneered at me. “Clearly, that was a bad idea. I made a mistake.”

Pushing her up against the wall, my hand closed around her neck. Slowly my thumb rubbed over her pulse point in a dizzy little circle. She smelled like summer time, hints of vanilla.

“I have some good uses for your tongue, Princess.”

She took a breath. “Get the fuck off me.”

“I don’t think I will,” I told her.

My other hand trailed down to the jeans she wore, easing inside of them.

“I think,” I murmured hovering above her mouth. “That you’re getting wet.”

The moment my fingers connected with clit, they were instantly coated in her juices. Pulling them out, I held them up.

“Clean yourself off, Princess. Right now, lick your pussy juices off my fingers.”

She scoffed at me, her eyes defying me.

“Now!” I commanded.

Her plump lips wrapped around my digits slowly and she sucked herself off of my hands.

“Hey!” A voice called from behind me.

Turning I found Wade looking between the two of us.

“We gotta go, there’s been trouble!” He frowned but pressed the issue.

I nodded and he headed off.

“I gotta go,” I leaned closer to Cher who had closed her eyes in embarrassment. “Come by the Bison Bar tonight.”

Her eyes popped open. “What?”

I was already walking away.

“Be there around 9 o’clock.”

# Episode 8

## Cher

**T**wo weeks ago, I'd rolled into Irondale, Virginia fleeing my ex.

Two weeks ago, I'd ran into a stranger.

Two weeks ago, I'd fucked a stranger.

He'd also demanded that I come to the biker bar in the seedy part of town. We'd be seen together.

Imagine that, me, in a biker bar in the whiter part of town.

The seedier part.

After our encounter outside of the Red, White and Brew, I'd made it a point to stay away from outlaw motorcycle gangs.

I'd had my mother's assistant pick my car up instead.

Avoiding Tyr Madensen was going to be super easy.

I live in the black part of Irondale now, having found a cute little apartment above a bakery. It was far enough away from my mother, and I was out of the hotel.

Tyr must've forgotten about me once my assistant had picked up my car from the shop because he hadn't even bothered to contact me at the hotel. The day after our encounter, I'd been sitting in the hotel lobby reading that the Viking's were suspected of arson.

A chill had gone through my body, remembering how he'd made me suck my pussy juices from his fingers.

“Are you listening to me?” Snapping out of it, I realized my mother was talking to me.

We’d just come from church and were sitting inside of Jacob Jeffree’s chicken and waffles joint. He was affectionately known as “The Chicken Man” behind his back. When I’d lived in Irondale as a kid, this had been me and my mother’s ritual. My cousin Renee was sitting across from me looking between me and my mother. My mom had raised her as well and we’d grown up more like sisters.

“Sorry Mother,” I scrunched up my nose as Jacob sat our food down in front of us.

“Your mother says you’ve been living in high cotton,” Jacob’s old fresh ass winked at me.

“Something like that,” I mumbled.

“I’m gonna have to get me a copy of your book,” Jacob crossed his arms and leaned back a little bit. “Yes indeed, I’m gonna have to get this book and read it.”

“Next time we’re in, I’ll drop you a copy,” a waffle was halfway to my mouth.

“I’d like that,” he replied, his eyes tracking the waffle to my lips. “Make sure to autograph it. Yes, indeed.”

He walked away, taking the smells of grease and poultry with him. Renee grinned and took a sip of her orange juice through a straw.

“Chicken Man wants some of your cherry pie,” she grinned.

“Oh, hell no,” I wanted to vomit.

“Language ladies,” my mother’s well-maintained eyebrow shot up into her head.

“Jacob likes ‘em young,” Renee replied. “Ask Sally Ann Polk who her baby daddy is.”

My mother looked around the crowded chicken spot, “Don’t go starting rumors, Renee. It’s so un-lady like.”

Renee rolled her eyes. “Aunt Dee, everybody knows he got that girl pregnant.”

“Wait, are you talking about mother’s neighbor’s daughter?”

Renee quirked her eyebrow and pursed her lips together in a duck face fashion. “Mmmhmm.”

The tea in Irondale was scalding hot and I knew my cousin had all the details. She was one of the few black hair stylists who had clientele that ranged from black to white and every color in between.

She went on dropping more and more information about the town’s residents and I listened in awe of the stories she told.

Finally, my mother had had enough and called for the check.

“The Lord’s ears are hurting after the two of you,” she said in a pointed manner as she very calmly wrote out the tip and final amount for our meals.

Renee shrugged. “I only relayed what I heard, Aunt Dee.”

My mother, Deitra took a deep breath, and laid the pen down. “I put the two of you through the best schools and all you do is gossip like two...two...”

She wouldn’t allow herself to finish the thought, completely flustered.

Dropping a kiss on both our heads, Renee and I watched as she exited.

“That’s your mother,” she reminded me as we watched my mom drive away in her dark blue Lincoln Navigator.

“She’s never going to change, that’s for sure,” I remarked.

“You know she’s all about appearances,” Renee shrugged and finished off her orange juice.

“And you’re not?” I asked, gathering my purse.



We both stood up preparing to leave. Halfway out the door, Chicken Man hollered out. “Don’t forget that book!”

Throwing up a wave, I nodded. Renee practically yanked me outside.

“Girl, he wants the cherry pie real bad,” she cackled.

The unmistakable rumble of motorcycles filled our ears. My heart lurched in my stomach as I feared it might be the Vikings coming to the chicken joint.

As they passed by, I was unable to tell if it was actually the VMC. As they passed by taking their thunder with them, I let out a sigh.

“Hey, what’s this I hear you took your car to the Viking’s Autobody,” Renee asked as we got into my car.

I’d driven us to church this morning and to the restaurant.

“What?” I asked, throwing the car in reverse.

“Aunt Dee mentioned it the other day. Said she was surprised. They don’t usually deal with us.”

Taking a breath, I stopped and waited for cars to pass before leaving out of the restaurant’s parking lot, and taking a left.

There was no way in hell I wanted to deep dive into the details of how my car had wound up there in the first place. Instead, I opted to lie.

“I broke down on side of the road, believe it or not. And called the first tow place I could find. They were nice enough.”

Steering the car, I came to a stop at a red light. Renee shrugged and seemed satisfied with my answer, but then she spoke up.

“I had a huge crush on one them,” she looked over at me.

Frowning. “One of who?”

“One of the bikers,” she frowned. “Damn, keep up girl.”

“A Viking?”

She huffed. “Yes. His name was Wade. We went to school together. I wound up tutoring him in Chemistry, but he dropped out our senior year.”

Renee seemed to get a thoughtful smile on her face. Not wanting to interrupt whatever daydream she was having, I finally parked outside of her two story brick house. When her parents had died in a car crash, they’d left her a shit ton of money. She’d used it to start her cosmetology career and buy this house.

Rolling down the window after she exited, she leaned back through. “You get home before Chicken Man calls for that cherry pie. Yes, indeed.”

“Shut up, heffa,” I rolled my eyes laughing.

“Call me though so we can set up a hair appointment. I just got in some new Brazilian...your hair needs a hot oil treatment too.”

Frowning, I just knew my mother had been talking to Renee about my hair.

After all, she is obsessed with appearances I thought as I pulled away from my cousin’s house. Heading in the opposite direction, I drove back past the restaurant and made a few right turns before going left again.

Grabbing my purse and fumbling for my keys, I climbed the steps. The unmistakable roar of a motorcycle engine had me panicked.

Fiddling with my keys, I couldn’t get it in the locks fast enough. My hands seemed to be greased and they fell out of my hands as if something invisible had knocked them away. A little bit of sweat trickled down my back as I reached to pick them up.

The rumbling engine had stopped somewhere nearby, and I dared not look.

When the lock clicked open, I shot inside to safety.

Closing the door, I leaned against it. A soft laugh rumbled in my belly at how ridiculous I’d just acted. As I was about to

step away from the door, a knock came upon the thin glass pane sending little vibrations down my back.

“Princess...open up for me or I’ll blow your house down.”  
The voice from the other side growled.

My pussy quivered.

*Holy fuck*, I thought.

# Episode 9

## Tyr

Naturally, I'd gotten a little pre-occupied with the shit that had been going on at the club. The stash house, where we housed a lot of the cocaine we sold had been hit and it'd been hit hard. We still had no idea who had even gotten to it because there was only a few who knew about its existence.

Mostly everyone had been getting coffee when it'd been discovered.

This was naturally fucking horrible because this was going to put a serious kink in things. Currently, my brother who was president of the Viking's Motorcycle Club, was in prison with one more year to go. The Viking's controlled the coke game inside most of the prisons in Virginia and North Carolina, with other charters running much the same way in other states.

We were the original charter, and all the other charters got their coke from us.

With our pipeline down at the moment, we were crippled.

Not only that, but it also left my brother Eric a sitting duck, and at the mercy of others. It was a position no one wanted to be in.

I had a joint stuffed down the front pocket of the shirt I wore. Pulling it out of my pocket, I sparked it up. Pulling the smoke into my lungs, I let it take over my senses.

Rarely did I smoke, but I needed to take the edge off. It wasn't like I had any pussy to keep me from spiraling.

Hints of pink and turquoise darted around in my brain.

The Princess had been wearing it the last time I'd seen her. Her sweet smell enveloped my senses. And the fucking bastard I'd been had shoved my fucking fingers down her pants...

*Jesus Christ!*

I was starting to get hard again. Day and night I craved her, craved sliding between her chocolate thighs and into her wet and waiting pussy.

The whir of the fan in the garage caught my attention. It sputtered and then came to stop. The lights overhead seemed to blink, going out as well and then everything went quiet.

I was the only one in the shop.

Everyone else had gone for a ride, leaving me alone.

"Fucking powers out," I grumbled out loud and then put the joint back in my mouth.

When I was finished, I closed the shop for the rest of the day. Throwing my helmet on my head, I started my bike.

The Harley roared to life, and I took off.

The heat of the day was still lingering. It had really started to heat up, feeling even warmer than it usually did in Irondale during the summer. We sat in a valley west of the Blue Ridge Mountains that kept us cooler than most cities across America.

My bike ambled to a stop at a light, and I scratched at my neck absentmindedly. The car in front of me had a funny license plate.

PB4WEGO.

A little laugh escaped and then we pulled away and into even more traffic. Before I knew it, I was turning onto a street I'd come down a few times in the last couple of weeks. Hollins Avenue was in the black part of town, and I'd found out through sources unnamed that the Princess had moved in above the bakery.

A couple of nights I'd sat outside of her place.

Watching her through the window as she danced around in what I imagined was the kitchen in her bra and panties, eating ice cream out of a small carton.

I saw her, dressed in a nude-colored dress and heels climbing the steps.

From where I was, I could see she recognized the sound of a bike. Smirking, I parked beside her car just as she let herself into the apartment.

Calmy, I undid the helmet and looked around. There wasn't a soul in sight, and this side of town seemed to have power as a streetlight buzzed nearby.

My feet climbed the stairs to the apartment above the bakery and I knocked. For some reason, I knew that she knew I was on the other side of the door.

Raising my hand, I rapped hard against the metal. It thundered through my body.

“Princess...open up for me or I'll blow your house down.”

A soft laugh rumbled up. Part of me knew Cher might have seen me as the big bad wolf come to eat her all up. I firmly intended to do things to her body that God might have blushed at.

“Go away,” she said finally from the other side.

Slowly the door opened and I found myself staring at her.

“Now why would I want to go and do that?” Pushing inside of her place, I closed the door behind me, startling her.

Immediately, I pinned her up against the door.

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

A smirk eased its way on my face as my thumb traced over her full pillowy lips. She'd coated them in a light brown color. Slowly, I smeared it, ready to make a complete mess of her.

Of the cute little dress I knew she'd worn to church.

I wanted to make a mess of her entire fucking world.

“What’s it look like, Princess?”

She tried to move away from me as if I was pulling all of the air out of the room, as if I were some sort of exhaust pulling fumes away from a cabin engine.

Cher rubbed her hands up and down her bare arms. “You should leave.”

I shook my head, the blonde locks on my head swaying around. “Not a chance in hell. You let me in.”

“I didn’t” she stamped her foot. “I didn’t let you in. You barged in.”

“And I’m here for one thing,” I chuckled.

Her pretty features twisted up into a scowl. She resembled a pixie, her features small and mousy, except for her lips.

Cher had dick sucking lips that reminded me of Angeline Jolie. I couldn’t wait to see them wrapped around my dick.

“And what’s that?” she asked, sounding suspicious.

Poor Princess I thought, even though I was sure Cher came from a good family in Irondale. That she wasn’t in the slightest bit poor. Hell, even the tiny little apartment had been decorated to the nines.

Everything matched and was put in its place.

*Nice and neat.*

“This,” I said coming for her and turning her around.

“No,” she said. “You need to leave.”

I guided her to the kitchen island, bending her over forcefully before noting that in the heels she had on, she was the perfect height for fucking.

“You’re gonna have to learn to listen, Princess.... because now I have to punish you.”

She gave a huff and tried to move from where I had her pinned. The nude-colored dress had ridden up the back of her legs leaving the back of her dark thighs exposed.

Fuck, I thought already hard.



“Tyr, get off me...right fucking now.”

I shook my head and forced her down onto the kitchen island again.

“Don’t fucking move unless I tell you too...”

She stilled, and goosebumps rose along her flesh. She was a little scared,

that was good.

“You need to go,” she stammered. “Please leave.”

Taking my booted foot, I eased her legs apart while one of my hands gathered her hair around my fist.

“I don’t think you want me to go, Princess. In fact...I think you want me to come.”

She slammed her hands against the counter and tried to jerk away. A cry tore loose from her lips.

“No!”

It was too late. With my other hand I was already undoing the front of my jeans. Cher had been haunting me. Everything about her was so different from the other whores I fucked here and there within Irondale. She was tight and waiting.

When my dick was free, and my breaths were coming out deep and labored, I gripped it at the base sliding up to the tip.

“I told you,” I hissed, pulling her up so that her ear was by my mouth. Lightly, I licked against the shell.

“Don’t,” she whimpered.

“I told you to meet me, Princess. But you didn’t listen, did you?”

Pulling up the dress, the globes of her ass cheeks presented themselves. Another tantalizing lace item presented itself to me. It was a surprise that was seductive as fuck and had me wetting my lips in anticipation.

They became like butter in my hands as I tore the material away from her body. A breathless gasp escaped from Cher’s

lips. The air had become ripe with anticipation, and then I did it.

I parted her ass, and slowly began to run my thumb around the rosebud of her asshole, eliciting another dangerous gasp from her.

Euphoria found me immediately as I slid into her pussy. My breath hitched in my throat that resolved into a growl. Cher was biting at her lips.

“Fuck, Princess,” I pulled out, slowly watching her slickness cover me, but her snatch had a grip like a gorilla.

She only moaned in response.

“You should’ve listened Cher, all this ....” I pushed back into her. “All this, didn’t need to happen, sweetheart.”

“Sure,” she muttered. “You were just gonna ask me to dance.”

My hand slapped her ass, and it wobbled under my hand.

“Ouch,” she moaned. “What was that for?”

“Smart mouth and a soft ass, Princess....what a combo.”

I began to pick up the pace. Sweat started to slick our bodies as I pounded over and over into her.

“Fuck,” I murmured.

“Don’t you dare,” Cher said between heavy breaths. “Don’t you dare come inside my pussy.”

A smirk slid onto my face.

“To late...”

# Episode 10

## Cher

**B**reathing hard, I leaned against the counter watching as Tyr adjusted himself and his pants. He swiped his blond hair back, his breathing labored and long.

I could feel him trickling out of me and I knew I was going to have to get a second emergency contraceptive from the pharmacy across the street.

He looked up and found me watching him.

Finally, I asked, "Water?"

He shook his head, "No."

My hands needed something to do, so I moved to get myself a glass of water. The tap turned on and cool water fell into the short glass. It frosted over quickly, and I turned it up to my lips, I swallowed.

Refilling the glass again, I leaned against the sink.

Tyr was watching my every movement.

"We can't keep doing this."

He took a breath, running his hands through his hair. This man was like some sort of golden god come down to earth to visit us mere mortals and offer temptation.

"Agreed," he murmured.

"We're like from opposite sides of the tracks," I sipped on the rest of the water.

He nodded.

“People would talk,” he came over to me.

His come was practically leaking down my legs at this point. I needed a shower, to wash him off. To wash off the summer heat and the holy benediction of church. Sitting the glass in the sink, I swiped at my mouth knowing I looked a mess.

Lipstick was on my bare wrist, smeared and gross looking.

“My mother would for sure have something to say,” I took a deep breath.

Deitra would probably collapse and have a heart attack. Or she would lose her goddamn ever-loving mind. Either way, I would most definitely be blamed.

Tyr crossed his arms. “There’s a carnival in a few days...”

My eyes shot up to meet his. He was talking about the Irondale Carnival that was held every year. I hadn’t been since I was teenager. I could already smell the cotton candy and popcorn heavy in the air.

“Yeah...what about it?”

“It wouldn’t be horrible to run into you there,” he shrugged. “Just a woman telling her mechanic about how well her engine’s running now that he’s gotten his hands on it.”

I rolled my eyes at his words.

“You’re doing a lot right now.”

“Maybe I am, Princess. But I think you like it. I think you like the rush you get when you hear a bike engine roaring past your house, and you wonder if its me.”

I faltered.

This motherfucker, I thought.

“Speaking of which...how in the hell did you know where I lived?”

A few beats passed and I wondered if he was going to come up off his secrets. His lips parted but instead he shrugged.

“Don’t worry about it. I found you.”

“It’s borderline stalking,” I murmured.

Coming over to him, I ran my thumb across his lip.

“Now don’t go poking the ....”

“The Viking?” I suggested and he offered me a grin.

He really was the most attractive asshole I’d seen in a while. Tyr could suck up all the air in the room and you’d want to be suffocated. I didn’t like it.

I’d just left a guy.

Didn’t need a complication.

*Have fun, my brain screamed at me. Enjoy riding his dick every which way but loose.*

“I need a shower,” I smiled up at him.

“Is that an invitation?”

Nodding, my fingers brazenly eased the length of his shirt, sliding my hands all over his body. I licked my lips, easing him over to the door. Our steps steady and unfaltering.

Eventually his back collided with the door.

“It should be,” I reached up and kissed him. “But it’s not. I need to order dinner and I found this new project I’m working on.”

He seemed genuinely intrigued, his head tilting to the side.

“Just something about the town...something small.”

“My family has deep roots, maybe I could help you do a little research.” The way his eyebrows wiggled at me; I knew I’d never get a damn thing done.

“Another time,” I smiled.

The door opened and he was halfway out the door, pouting just a little bit.

“This was fun, Princess.”

Rolling my eyes, I playfully shoved him. “Go before someone sees us.”

Sheepishly, he shoved his hands in his pockets. “I don’t care.”

“About?”

“About if someone sees us,” he took a breath.

“Tyr, you’re still very married.”

“Barely, but that’s a conversation for another time.”

We said our goodnights, the sun was just starting to dip below the horizon line. I stayed outside on the landing, watching him. He gave a wave before riding away and my heart did this twisty-turny thing in my chest, similar to a flip flop.

A wistful sigh escaped from my lips as I continued to lean against the rickety iron post keeping me from falling to my death. Across the street, the pharmacy lights shined brightly. I needed to make a trip over there pretty soon, before I had a little biker baby problem growing in my stomach.

The stars had started to pop out slowly as the sun sank lower. The mountains were casting off a hazy glow that I had missed.

Richmond was nothing but concrete and buildings. It lacked the real southern charm that Irondale seemed to have. Part of me wanted to admit it felt good to be home, the other part of me was ready to leave.

Dashing back inside, I went into the bathroom and raised up my dress. Taking a damp washcloth, I dabbed in between my legs before flinging it into the clothing bin. Finding my purse I’d dropped by the door, I slipped back into my heels. Trotting across the street to the pharmacy, I peered around and found no one inside.

The last thing I needed was someone in my business. Moving swiftly, I found myself grabbing what I needed before clicking and clacking up to the register, where no one was present.

“So much for anyone seeing me,” I said out loud to no one.

Going over to the self check out that had started speaking the moment I stepped up to it, I swiped the light blue box. It read the barcode immediately. After I paid, I threw the box and the receipt into my purse and exited.

Stepping out into the dusky night air, crickets had begun to chirp. Making sure nothing was coming, I crossed the street towards the bakery. My car set shining off to the side, casting shadows.

As I stepped up onto the steps someone grabbed me from behind, their hand covering my mouth. My purse dropped from my fingers as the unknown assailant dragged me into a darkened alley.

Fear rode up and down my body, the hair on my arms immediately raised.

Where I was in the alley between the bakery and the burger place next door

“Such a pretty, little nigger bitch,” the voice sneered into my ear.

My eyes went wide, as the assailant’s hand began to run all over my body.

Lifting my dress...

There was no one coming to save me.

“I’m going to enjoy this...” the man whispered and I shut my eyes tight.



# Episode 11

## Tyr

**S**heriff Andrew Dobbs was staring me down in my own office. We didn't exactly see eye to eye on anything in Irondale, and I had no earthly fucking idea why this pig was in my office now.

The brown uniform he wore fit him like a glove. While the shiny gold star on his chest alerted me to his status, and his hand rested on his holster.

"You planning on using that?" I asked from where I was sitting back in my seat.

"Do I need too?" Dobbs tapped the holstered weapon with a few of his fingers.

I had a gun under my desk, and I was ready to blow his fucking head off. The only reason I didn't was because he wasn't worth the trouble.

"What the fuck do you want, Dobbs?"

He coughed and mumbled something.

Finally, I leaned forward trying to catch what he'd said. "Huh?"

"There was a woman attacked, do you know anything about it?" Dobbs' stern face never changed as he spoke.

I frowned because I had no earthly fucking idea what he was talking about.

"Could you just spit it out, so you can be on your way."

He rocked back on his heels a little bit. “A woman was attacked a few days ago. Your bike was spotted near her apartment.”

Jumping to my feet, a feeling of dread going through my body.

“What woman?” I hollered, immediately put on alarm.

*Please don't say Cher.*

Dobbs face finally broke from its usual stern demeanor. It warped itself into a frown, the lines in his forehead creasing hard.

“Cher Davidson,” he finally let the words roll from his tongue.

Emotions were corded up in me. They began to roam through the very fibers of my fingertips, and I knew they were going to show on my face if I didn't reel them the hell in. Dobbs was an enemy of mine, and there was no way in hell I was going to let him know anything.

“I don't know that name,” I replied.

Dobbs needed to get the fuck out of my office.

Sitting back down and needing something to do with my hands, I reached for the piping hot cup of coffee I'd poured for myself before he'd come sauntering in my office like he owned the whole goddamn state of Virginia.

He smirked. “That's not what I heard.”

A hint of vanilla creamer tickled my senses as I sipped from the old, cracked mug with Odin's face on it. I literally wanted this man the fuck out of my face and was praying to All Father that he would just fucking go already.

“Dobbs, all due respect, I don't give a fuck what you heard or what you saw. I don't have anything to do with any woman named Cher getting attacked.”

The frown remained painted on his face. “People are placing you at the scene. They're saying you know her. You were placed on the black side of town. The last thing I need is

some Black Lives Matter rallies happening with the carnival going on in town.”

*Jesus, this fucking town, I thought.*

Setting the mug down, I leaned forward deciding to feed him just hints of things. Andrew Dobbs was not the type to stop until he got his man. I knew first-hand about the lengths he would go to get justice.

“Okay, I’ll level with you...” I took a breath, stood up and eased by the door.

It was feeling claustrophobic in the office. Stepping out, I looked around and saw the garage was starting to fill up. Dobbs had parked his police cruiser front and fucking center of the parking lot. Bug was walking a woman to her car and a few of the guys were already looking at the two of us nervously. Wade was for sure giving Dobbs a look, they had a complicated history as well. In the distance, a train was headed to some unknown destination, the whistle faint and distinct. It was an otherwise normal morning in Irondale, and it was humming to life.

The sheriff adjusted his stance, but the look remained the same on his face.

“Just tell me what you know,” Dobbs finally spoke.

I wanted to smoke a fucking joint right now. My stomach was in a complete goddamn knot; I wanted to go somewhere and vomit from how anxious I was feeling.

Absentmindedly, I rubbed my hands together trying to remove some of the sweat that had accumulated on them.

“Truth is, I don’t know shit,” I shrugged.

“For fuck’s sake, Tyr. Why do you have to make everything so hard?”

Shaking my head, I stared at him. “Funny you’d ask that question.”

He crossed his arms at that. “You know, you Madensen’s do a lot of this shit to yourself.”

“I’ve been keeping the club’s nose clean,” I shot back.

“Look, I’m trying to cross you off a list of possible suspects, Tyr. Plain and simple. I could have ATF come in here sniffing but I’d rather not.”

“Again,” I said, my tone ready to turn menacing. “The club’s nose is clean.”

Dobbs finally took a breath and stepped away. “Alright, but I gave you plenty of time to explain what you were doing at the woman’s apartment.”

“Fine,” I relented getting pissed off. “I worked on her car a few weeks ago. I was out riding the other night and saw her. We talked briefly and that’s it. I never attacked anyone.”

Dobbs nodded and something told me he’d already known all this with that snide fucking smile that had popped up on his lips.

“I just needed to rule you out,” he began to jog down the little steps that led out to the parking lot.

He was halfway down when I called out to him.

“Dobbs?”

“Yeah,” he turned looking back up, the stern look back in place.

“The woman...is she okay?”

He nodded. “They beat her up pretty badly. But she’s alright.”

Once again, my gut wrenched. Tracking that cocky son of a bitch Dobbs all the way to his car, I watched him leave. The sun was bouncing off the roof of the old black and white car. He might have known more than he’d shared with me, but I didn’t care.

Going back inside the office, I picked up my cellphone and tried to call Cher. It simply went to a voicemail that was full. I called around four times, just the sound of her voice saying leave a message at the beep seemed to do me in.

Flashes of bending her over the counter had me hard and ready to fuck.

My gut looped and wrung itself out yet again when the thought finally occurred to me that Cher had been attacked after I'd left her apartment. That after I'd finished fucking her and had left her alone, someone had hurt her.

The door to the office opened again after a while and Wade, Baylor, and my cousin Ricky entered.

“What'd that fucking cop want?” Ricky asked, looking kind of twitchy and scratching his neck.

He always looked twitchy, so it was nothing out of the ordinary.

The day he'd walked in on me fucking Cher, he'd just gotten out of the county jail after a six-month stint for getting caught doing coke in the bathroom of Ethel's Eatery. He didn't even ride bikes, he was too chicken-shit, but he was an okay mechanic when he wasn't on whatever drug was calling to him at the moment.

Wade leaned back against the door frame waiting for me to talk. He was a quiet fellow, just a year older than me.

Baylor Jameson was the club accountant and an accountant in real life. He was the cleanest looking member of the Vikings on any given day. The man rode but he didn't work on cars. His father had been a Viking Original, but Baylor's mother had made sure he'd gotten out of Irondale and gone to a good college.

“He asked me about an attack on a woman,” I shrugged.

“What woman?” Baylor asked.

“A black woman that lives over near Hollins streets,” I shrugged.

Wade frowned. “Why would he think you had anything to do with that?”

I shrugged again. “I have no idea.”

“Was it that nigger sweet butt you were fucking?” Ricky asked, his eyes looking around wild.

You could have heard a pin drop with the silence that came over the place.

Before I knew it, I was at Ricky’s throat, my arm pressed up against it tight enough to cut his air off.

“You got one more time,” I bit my lip, closing my eyes, trying to fight down the urge to murder my cousin in front of witnesses. “One more fucking time to say that ignorant shit, and it won’t matter that we’re blood.”

“Aye, aye!” Ricky cried. “I’m sorry, man. I’m sorry. You must be sweet on her.”

His face had started to turn red from the pressure of my arm. Wade nor Baylor made a move to stop me.

Stepping away, I swiped my hands through my hair. “Get the fuck outta this office, Ricky.”

“But...” he went to protest, but Wade cleared his throat and he finally strode out and slammed the door behind him.

Lifting the blind, I watched him go. He seemed to be in a hurry to get back into the garage and Bug gave him a friendly wave. We needed to talk about patching the Prospects in soon. Bug and a few others were coming up on the end of the probationary period.

“What the fuck was that all about?” Baylor asked.

“Nothing,” I shrugged.

Wade smirked. “You sleeping with a black woman?”

I sighed sitting back down at my desk, eyeing the coffee cup.

*Odin’s balls*, I thought.

*You need to go and check on Cher.* The thought rattled around in my brain as if it were a soda can in an empty parking lot.

Finally looking up, I found both Wade and Baylor waiting for an answer.

“Hooking up,” I shrugged.

Wade frowned. “And she’s from Irondale?”

Baylor cringed. “You know it’s not a lot of mixing around here. In the city, sure.”

“Irondale is a city,” I reminded him.

Baylor huffed. “Hardly. Doesn’t even have a fucking Starbucks.”

“Red White and Brew does alright for me,” Wade shot Baylor a look.

Baylor pulled himself up to his full height, clearly taking offense. “That place has nothing in common with the siren brand.”

Wade found that funny and began to chuckle as I fiddled with a pencil on my desk. I was almost off the hook when they turned back to me.

“Now who was this woman again? Was it Cher Davidson?”

The pencil fiddling stopped.

“It was Cher Davidson?” I looked between them because by Wade’s tone he knew something.

“Dietra Davidson is one of the most prominent black women in Irondale. She’s the president of Irondale Trust Bank. I know her niece from high school.”

“She’s a fucking battle ax, I know her from some business dealings” Baylor replied. “So, define hooking up? And why did Ricky’s dumbass know about it and not us?”

“It just kind of happened,” I shrugged taking in their words. “Ricky walked in on us the first time it happened.”

“Jesus, I hope he didn’t fucking say that ignorant shit in front of her,” Wade recoiled, his shoulders practically above his head.



“He did,” I shook my head.

Wade grumbled something under his breath and Baylor sighed.

“Anyway, the sheriff was sniffing around because I saw her a few days ago, and it must’ve been right after that she got attacked.”

The keys to my bike were shining out the corner of my eye. I found myself snatching them up and standing.

“Where you going?” Wade asked.

“Check on her,” I murmured, opening the door and heading outside.

“I supposed I don’t need to tell you to bring flowers or some shit?” Baylor called after me.

Hopping on the back of my bike, I start the machine up, the familiar rumble in between my legs. Speeding out of the parking lot, I head towards Cher’s residence, wondering if I could catch her at home.

My hopes soar when I saw that her car was parked out front. The vehicle almost seemed to glow, and looked beautiful sitting among the older cars that were beside it.

Parking across the street, in front of the pharmacy, I got off and jogged across the street, nearly getting hit by the traffic going both ways.

My long legs carried me up the rickety metal steps to the front door of Cher’s apartment. Filling my lungs with a deep breath, I knocked. Inside, I could hear the television lower and someone coming to the door.

Eventually, the door cracked and it caused me to step back. In front of me was a tall black guy dressed in a wife beater and boxers. He looked way to at fucking home to be a relative.

“Can I help you?” the man asked.

“Sorry my mistake, I thought Cher was home,” I mumbled feeling dumb and foolish as fuck.

“I’m her boyfriend, Duane,” he smiled, his teeth were white as fuck, causing me to wonder if they were false. “Are you the maintenance guy?”

# Episode 12

## Cher

*“That’s right you pretty little nigger,” the voice had sneered beside my face before dragging me further into the darkness.*

*His hand had been over my mouth and with the grip he had me in, there was no way I could run. He was pulling me further and further into the dark.*

*I’m never going to see my mother again, I thought.*

*All my hopes and dreams were disappearing into night, just like I was.*

*“Quit that shit!” Another voice said out of nowhere and that was how I’d known we weren’t alone.*

*The other man pulled me away from the one who’d covered my mouth.*

*“Why are you doing this?” I cried, trying to search for their faces and realized they had masks covering half their faces....*

Something called me out of the memory, and I looked over to find Duane shaking my shoulder.

“Cher, you okay?”

For a moment I stared at him, wondering why in the hell he was here. Then I remembered. My mother had called him. Slowly I looked around, coming back to Earth. We were sitting at my mother’s house, I’d come to stay with her since the attack.

Duane was staying at my tiny apartment.

I hadn't felt super comfortable staying there since the attack a few days ago.

"I'm fine," I nodded.

He took a breath, grabbing his keys and standing. My mother's heels began to click on the marble floors of the house.

"You two still here?" She asked, and I watched as she fiddled with putting in one of her earrings.

"We were about to head out, ma'am," Duane smiled at my mother, and she returned it.

"I'm a little nervous about this speech I'm giving tonight," my mom said, as she looked at herself in the mirror.

She had on a cream-colored top, and black slacks. She was never not in business mode. She'd been this way ever since I was a child. Her marriage had suffered from it. My father, a schoolteacher had divorced her and moved Florida when I was six years old.

My mother hadn't cried or anything.

She'd been a bank teller then.

Instead, she'd powered through, raising me and my cousin on her own and by the time I'd reached middle school she'd become branch manager. By the time I was in high school, she'd pushed her way into an assistant vice president position, which was something that just didn't happen in a town like Irondale.

"What time will you take the stage, mother?" I asked.

"Around seven-ish," she began, smiling widely. "I'll see you both there. Please make sure to enjoy the carnival. I know with everything the last few days it has been...difficult."

Nodding, I allowed her to drop a kiss on my cheek. Duane hurriedly pushed me out the door and into the Lexus coupe he drove.

Buckling my seatbelt, the overwhelming scent of another woman's perfume tickled my nose. I'd smelled the scent before...

My eyes, in a death stare, whipped over to the clueless man driving. Not wanting to start an argument of any sort, I let him drive.

Duane seemed happy at the thought of having me back.

Silence filled the car for the short ride there. He parked the car in the shade, and we got out. He reached for my hand as we stepped up to the gate. I pushed the huge black shades up onto my bruised face. People probably thought he'd beat the shit out of me, but I didn't care.

If they'd read the papers, they'd know I'd been attacked. Well not me personally because there hadn't been any pictures.

Once we'd paid and gone inside, carnival music filled the air along with the sounds of people from every county nearby. The Irondale Carnival drew people from all walks of life.

Duane dragged me over to a few things, trying to win prizes.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"I haven't had much of an appetite," I murmured.

"You need to eat," he pulled me in close.

My eyes surveyed the area around us. My attackers could have been anyone of these people. A chill raked itself down my spine.

"I do," my voice finally came out and agreed with him.

"You stay here," he said. "I'm going to see if I can find you a decent salad at this place."

I wanted to be more offended by his words, but my breath was too busy getting caught in my throat.

The *Viking's Motorcycle Club* was on the scene. Tyr was wearing a white shirt, and the black biker vest covered his shoulders. I became rooted to the ground, unable to move. My

heart began to beat incredibly fast, my palms becoming sweaty.

*Fuck*, I thought.

On his arm was the woman I'd seen before.

His wife.

His wife was clinging to him for all she was worth, her blonde hair up in a messy bun, and dark eyeshadow rimmed her eyes. They looked like a perfect couple, and I couldn't help but stare.

It was like having déjà vu all over again.

"They didn't have any salad," Duane said, returning to my side.

Shaking my head as the Vikings passed, never even giving me a second glance, I focused on Duane.

"Weird," he said, his eyes following the biker's.

"What?"

"I feel like I know him from somewhere..." he shrugged it off.

He reached for my hand again and I let him as he took me in the opposite direction of Tyr and his wife. Giving one last look over my shoulder, I saw that they had stopped in front of the ring toss booth.

Tyr had his eyes trained on me and he gave a wink.

Gasping, I turned away from him and got back in step with Duane.

Tyr had seen me.

He had known it was me under the sunglasses and the bruises.

As I walked, I clenched my legs together slowly, trying to offer myself a little relief. My pussy had started to go crazy and throb at just a look from that man.

*God, he's dangerous in more ways than one.* Pushing the sunglasses up onto my face a little bit more, we wove around

the people coming to stand in line for a ride. When the ride was over, I dragged Duane over to get some cotton candy from a vendor. We watched as he swirled it up onto a paper cone, the sticky sweet floss covering it quickly.

“Thank you,” I told the vendor, and immediately started pulling pink fluff into my mouth.

In the distance I could see my mother pacing around near the stage and talking to other community leaders. The bank she worked for, along with the other prominent businesses helped put this carnival on every year.

“It’s almost time for my mother’s speech,” I told Duane.

“Oh yeah, baby let’s make our way over,” he smiled down on me.

All I could think about when I saw him smiling was punching him in the face. Duane was going to use every opportunity to his advantage because I’d been a meal ticket for a long time. I’d helped him get into modeling, but I’d footed the bills for a lot of things. On our way to the stage area, I tossed the now empty paper cone into a waste bin.

I started to get a headache three minutes into my mother’s speech as we stood too close to the speakers.

“Can we go?” I looked up at him and put on some puppy dog eyes.

Duane took a look at the watch on his wrist, a really expensive one that I’d bought him two Christmases ago.

He pouted. “We’ve only been here an hour.”

“The Carnival goes for two weeks, we can come back, and my head is really starting to pound.”

Reluctantly, he nodded and agreed it was time to go. We rode in silence again all the way back to my mother’s house. He turned the car off and walked me to the door.

“Mind if I come in?” He was on the bottom step while I twisted the key in the lock.



Before answering, I stepped inside and asked a question of my own. “Why did you come to Irondale?”

He frowned in the light coming from the porch lamp above. “What?”

“I never really bothered to ask...but why are you here?”

Duane thumped his hand on the metal railing that had designs on it That I’d traced my fingers through as a kid making wishes.

“I came for you baby,” he said. “Your mom wants us to fix things. I want us to fix things.”

I took a breath. “Duane, you cheated on me.”

He stared up at me, his deep brown eyes and his skin close to midnight looking shiny and perfect. Once upon a time, I would have dropped to my knees to worship him.

This man had broken my heart.

“I...” he faltered in his words but straightened up his stature to his full height. “Look, I’m going to come by and check on you tomorrow okay. I’m going to head back to your apartment.”

Slowly he came up and placed a kiss on my hair. He whispered good night and I closed the door immediately before going up to my childhood bedroom and laying down.

My cellphone had been on silent nearly the entire day, and when I looked at it as I crashed landed on my bed that gave a little squeak, I found a text from Renee.

***Bitch, did y’all leave the fair?*** The message had been delivered thirty minutes ago.

Hurriedly, I texted my cousin back. ***Yes, why?***

Bubbles were popping up on the screen and suddenly I had to sit up and cross-legged on the bed. Drama most certainly must have occurred at the Irondale Carnival, and I had missed all of it.

***A fight broke out between the Valley Kings and the Vikings, girl.***

I frowned cause who in the fuck were the *Valley Kings*.  
***Who?***

Renee offered an answer. ***I forgot you been gone. Valley Kings are a black gang that moved into the area about two years ago. It was a minor scuffle. You know Dobbs broke that shit up.***

Staring at the screen, I knew my eyes had gone wide, and the phone nearly slipped out of my hands.

***Was anyone hurt?***

***No***, Renee replied.

I let out a sigh of relief, and then I remembered that Tyr had been there. With his wife! Falling back against my pillow, I laid there for a few minutes before getting up to go into my bathroom.

The shades I'd worn earlier, I'd tucked them up onto the crown of my head. They clattered onto the marble sink.

Staring at my reflection, I shrugged. A lot of the bruises were starting to fade already. My mother had commented that I had my father's genes in that regard. He healed quickly from any and everything.

Grabbing the cleanser I brought over from my place; I turned on the tap and began to wash away the layers of makeup I used to cover up my face. Already a pimple was coming up because I rarely wore makeup. When the brown sludge was off my face and washed down the sink, I shed the clothes I'd worn and pulled on a large t-shirt I'd bought on my last trip to Florida to see my dad.

My phone dinged, and I saw that it was my mother texting.

***Lock up the house tight, I won't be home tonight. I'm staying over at Mr. Conway's.***

I gagged.

My mom and Mr. Conway had been fucking for nearly twenty years, and I didn't know how because the man smelled like mothballs. He was a widower who had never remarried,

and my mom wasn't interested in every taking the plunge again.

They worked.

***Okay, mother. Goodnight.***

She didn't reply.

With my phone still in my hand, I came down and went into the living room to make sure that I'd locked the door. The wooden floors creaked under my feet, an old familiar sound. It was a reminder of how Renee and I had snuck in and out of the house a few times as teens to go to parties. We'd dip and dodge the spots to come in and out without being detected because if Dietra had woken up, there would have been hell to pay.

Smiling, I made my way into the kitchen to the side door and was just about to lock it when my phone dinged again.

Locking down at the lock screen a text had appeared from an unknown Irondale number. Reading the words, a chill went down my spine.

***Let me in....***

Swallowing hard, I stared at the phone. A feeling of unease ran through me as the message thread began to show bubbles again. One after another, messages flooded in causing the hair on my arms to stand up.

***You didn't say hi to me tonight.***

***Let me in, Princess.***

***Another man was in your house, Princess.***

***I'm going to fuck your brains out, Princess.***

***Be a very good girl, now Princess and open the door before I break it down.***

I shouldn't have been wet.

But I was.

Fear was riding through me, and I finally looked up.

Tyr was standing at the sliding glass door of my mother's kitchen. He had a look on his face, a mix of anger and lust. A brown glass beer bottle was dangling from his fingers.

“Now!” He pounded his fist against the glass causing me to jump.

*Fuck*, I thought.

Tyr wanted in.

I'd never locked the door.

# Episode 13

## Cher

**I**t was pure audacity to have any anger towards me. I hadn't said "hi" to him? He'd been with his fucking wife. Was I supposed to just go up to him and kiss him straight on the fucking mouth?

My eyes tracked his movements as he paced around in front of me. He didn't have his vest on, just the white t-shirt with a few red stains on them.

I remembered the fight he'd just been in, and rolled my eyes.

Men and their pissing contests.

"What are you doing here?" I asked finally.

Tyr took a swig out of the brown beer bottle. "I came to see you."

Absentmindedly, I rubbed my hands up and down my arms. My flesh had goosebumps all over them from the air conditioning that had kicked on.

"You saw me, now leave."

He pulled on the beer again. "Fuck you, Cher."

Rolling my eyes, my hands went to my hips. "Exactly what are you upset about? I don't know if you've noticed but I've been having a hell of a time since I stepped foot back in this shithole town."

He came in close then, smelling of beer and tilted my chin up. "I know...I'm sorry."

I slapped his hands away. “You need to go.”

“Why?”

“This is my mother’s house. You’re married and I’m...”

He took a breath and tilted my face back up again. “Say it, Princess. Say it so I can go and snap his fucking neck.”

This time, I didn’t smack his hand away. Instead, I backed away until the sink was against my back. Tyr had my feelings all over the place. I felt all caged up and needed an exit.

*Or a knife*, I thought.

He came forward then, his dick already hard and he’s not even bothering to try to hide it.

“You know Princess...I take what I want.”

Closing my eyes, I could feel him pressing into my abdomen. I wanted to ride this man’s face like I was at a rodeo.

He pressed into me.

“You can’t have me,” I stared up into his eyes.

Tyr needed to go. He was drunk and horny. Slowly, his fingers touched my face.

“The Sheriff thought I had something to do with this, you know that?” He asked, and I flinched as his finger drifted over my busted bottom lip.

“I told him you had nothing to do with it.”

“Is that right,” Tyr pushed against me again.

“Yes,” I replied. “You need to go.”

“Why, worried Duane will be back to see you?” The way he sneered my ex’s name made me want to cringe.

“I had a life before I met you, same way you did, Tyr. You’re the only one married.”

“But you’re the only one I want to fuck,” his hand gripped my neck.

I tried to push him away, but he had me in a death grip. “I want you day and night, Princess.”

He was starting to hurt me, and I didn’t like it. With all my might, I pushed him. He only stumbled back just a little bit. A laugh roared up out of him as he finished off the beer.

“I’ll kill anyone who touches you, Cher,” he took another swig of beer.

Running my hands over my face, I calmly walked over to the door and slid it open. “It’s time for you to go, Tyr.”

“What if I don’t want to go,” he started to look around in a circle as if the kitchen was suddenly the most exciting place on Earth.

“Please,” I begged. “Go home to your wife.”

He staggered over, and I realized he was drunk. If he left this house and got into a crazy fucking accident, I’d feel responsible.

“I don’t want my wife,” he stated, and then burped.

The acrid scent hit my nose, and I finally slammed the sliding door closed. Moths were already dancing up against the glass trying to get to the light. I clicked the lock.

“Give me the keys,” I demanded.

A lazy grin worked its way over his lips. “Give me your pussy.”

“Gross,” I said. “Keys...now.”

He grumbled, digging into the front pocket of his jeans. Shiny metal danced in front of my face, and I snatched them out of the air. I also took that moment to take the empty beer bottle from him, putting it in the trash.

“What now, Princess?”

Rolling my eyes, I turned off the kitchen light. The only light we had was coming from above the stove.

“Follow me,” I said.



Quietly, we walked out of the kitchen, the coolness of the wooden floor beneath my feet. Even though Tyr was a giant man, he walked softly. Finally, we reached my bedroom, and I pushed him inside.

He took note of the old boy band posters on my walls that I'd never taken down.

“Seriously, NSYNC?” He asked.

“J.C. had me in a chokehold,” I replied.

“I got something that could choke you,” he smiled at me coyly.

Before another word could be uttered, Tyr had already started to undress. The shirt eased up over his head and landed softly by my feet.

“We are not having sex,” I told him.

“That’s fine but I sleep naked as fuck, Princess. Don’t worry, its nothing you haven’t seen before.”

Taking a deep breath, I rolled my eyes. “You’re not getting into my clean bed without washing your ass first.”

Shock colored his face. “But you do want me in your bed?”

Ignoring him, I dipped back out into the hallway. There was a linen closet right across from my room where my mother kept guest washcloths and towels. Grabbing a big fluffy white towel and a washcloth, I turned and went back into the room.

He was where I'd left him, naked as the day he was born.

Slamming the items into his chest I then pointed. “Bathroom’s over there.”

“Anything for you, Princess.”

He was about to drive me up the wall with that goddamn name. Instead of responding, I just pointed to the door again. He finally sauntered into my bath, naked as hell. He had a slight tan on his body, but his ass cheeks were white as hell. At least he didn’t have a farmer’s tan.

Before getting in, he looked over his shoulder, grinning.

Turning away, I went to fix up my bed.

I'd never dreamed of having a man in my bedroom. J.C. Chasez seemed to be winking at me out the corner of my eye. Wringing my hands, I eventually pulled back the worn floral bedspread before getting in.

Once I was settled, I roamed social media for a bit. Another email came through from my publisher asking about the draft. Elliot Benson was a real asshole some days, but he knew how to push me. I could've told him I was writing about clouds, and he would have presented the idea and gotten me a huge advance.

Typing up my email from my phone, I hurriedly sent a response, letting him know to expect thirty five pages in a few days.

A slight squeak from the faucet in the bathroom turning off caught my attention.

Tyr was done with his shower and stepped into view. He his towel down from the hook and began to dry off. He even tousled his hair dry before putting the towel around his waist.

Softly, he padded naked to the bed where I lay waiting and pulled back the blankets.

“Am I allowed in your bed now?” He asked staring down at me.

I only nodded before reaching to turn off the desk lamp.

Finally, he got under the covers. We both tossed and turned trying to get comfortable.

“This is weird,” he said. “I'm used to sleeping alone.”

“Even with a wife?” Instantly, I wished I hadn't brought her up.

We turned over and faced each other. There was just enough moonlight weaving ribbons of silver light through my blinds for us to see each other.

“Even with a wife,” Tyr smiled and reached out to run his fingers over my jawline.

“Why are you two...like together?”

He pulled his hand back and adjusted himself so that he was laying on his stomach, his hands under the pillow but still facing me. “I married her a few years out of high school. We both went to East Irondale. She got pregnant, lost the baby, and it did us both a world of hurt. Shit like that will either tear a couple apart or make them stronger.”

“Fuck,” I whispered while realizing that he’d gone to a different high school than me. “I’m so sorry.”

“It was a long time ago,” he tried to smile but I could tell that maybe it was still a fresh wound.

“So high school...my cousin says she knows one of your biker people from high school. She’s a year older than me.”

Tyr smiled again. “Yeah, he said the same thing.”

“You think they messed around?”

“Like us?”

“Irondale’s small enough, but I’m not sure how they would’ve kept that a secret,” he yawned a little bit.

Following behind him, I yawned too. “I don’t want you to get hurt, Tyr.”

“How would that happen?”

Flipping onto my back, I stared at the ceiling. “My mother would be furious if she knew about us. She has a picture of my future in mind.”

“And let me guess...a white man is not in it,” he sat up and leaned over me then.

His lips hovered above my own and I wanted him to kiss me. Slowly, like honey running out of a bear bottle, Tyr eased the blanket back.

“We can’t...” I whispered.

“Is your mother home?” He asked, his voice so goddamn sultry, my panties were moonwalking off my ass.

I shook my head, afraid to answer.

“Good, because Cher...”

“Hmmm?”

“I’m going to lick your pussy until you scream these walls down...”

Tyr was already ripping another pair of my expensive lace panties apart and tossing them over his shoulder.

# Episode 14

## Tyr

C lick!  
Click!

Click!

My eyes fluttered open, the morning light hurting my eyes. Trying to focus I sat up and looked around having no idea where in the hell I was.

Instantly, everything came rushing back to me as the pain in my jaw jogged my memory of the fight at the carnival the night before.

I bought a six pack at the local corner store before I dropped Lainey at our old apartment. I'd sat in the parking lot for a while, knocking back the beer before heading to where I knew *she* was.

A few more clicks had me searching for where the sound was coming from. Cher was sitting at a small desk in the corner, typing away on her computer, completely focused. In her ears were a pair of white earbuds. She was already dressed for the day and had probably been up for hours. I had no idea what time it was, or even where my clothes were.

Giving a stretch, my feet hit the floor and my morning wood popped up against my stomach. Absentmindedly, I gave it a tug and made my way over.

Cher held up a finger, aware that I was near as if signaling she needed a moment.

After a few more clicks, she closed her laptop and leaned back in her seat. “No modesty at all.”

I grinned and ran my fingers through my hair but not before noticing the bruises on her skin.

Fuck, I thought.

“We never got around to talking about these last night.” I reached over and pulled her chin up just a bit.

She shrugged me off. “It was a mugging.”

I scoffed. “Princess, they really hurt you.”

“I’ll live,” she stated standing. “Look, I washed your things for you.”

She stood and went to the bottom of her bed. My white t-shirt looked cleaner than I’d ever seen it and my jeans too.

Slowly, I pulled the clothes on, and Cher sat back down at her desk to watch me.

“You know, Cher. If I find out who robbed you, I’ll skin them alive. You know that right?”

Cher rolled her eyes and picked up her phone. Her eyes seemed to light up at whatever was on the screen and for an instant I was jealous of an electronic device.

“Holy fuck,” she smiled.

“What?...What’s wrong?” Pausing while zipping up my pants, I waited. The air seemed to be electric with a wild energy.

“My editor briefly looked over what I sent him...”

I had no idea what she was talking about, but it seemed to make her stupid happy. She clapped with glee.

She stood up and came over and I swooped her up into my arms. Spinning her around she stared down at me, laughter in her eyes.

She explained her occupation to me a little better as I eased her down.

“He thinks the idea is good enough to get me my hugest advance of my career.”

“Really? That like...calls for ice cream or some shit.”

Cher twirled away before pausing. “This is the best news I’ve had in days. Wait, what?”

“Yeah, ice cream.”

She turned back to me, confusion marking her face. “You asking me out, Tyr Madsen?”

Rubbing at my neck, I averted my gaze. “Something like that.”

“This is really more *shots* type of news,” she smiled coming over.

“Then I for sure owe you one.”

“Tonight then,” she smiled.

She was about to say another word, when her phone started ringing. She glanced down at the phone still in her hands and I saw it was her mother calling.

I’d forgotten where in the fuck I was. She held up a finger as if to silence me and answered her mother.

Quietly, I pulled on my shoes, and dropped a kiss on her head. My keys were sitting on her little desk, and she didn’t quite notice me when I exited. Cher was telling her mother her good news and I didn’t want to keep intruding.

The second I opened the door; I came face to face with Sherriff Dobbs who looked like he’d seen the grim reaper the moment he laid eyes on me.

“Fuck,” I murmured.

He raised an eyebrow. “Fancy meeting you here.”

“I was just leaving,” I said.

“Tyr, wait!” Cher called from behind me.

Why in the fuck didn’t you go out the back door, I thought.

She got down the steps relatively fast, nearly out of breath.



“Sheriff,” she said looking around me.

“Good morning, Miss Davidson,” the sheriff nodded to her. “I was hoping I could speak to you if you don’t mind.”

Cher blinked rapidly, and I could tell she was trying to think of what to do next. “Yes, please come in.”

He stepped past both of us, and into the house. Dobbs really got on my nerves, but I knew he would do his job to the fullest. He was built that way, a fucking boy scout. He came from a law-abiding family; his father had been sheriff long before I’d been born. Sometimes, certain things were ingrained into your DNA.

“I should go,” I whispered and dropped a kiss on her cheek.

“Tyr!” Dobbs called from the foyer.

“I hate this man,” I whispered to Cher.

A moment later he was poking his head out of the living room.

“Yeah?” I asked once he had both Cher and I’s attention.

“You might want to stay for this too,” he grimaced. “Maybe you can help with what I’m about to tell you.”

Cher looked at me, and I shrugged. I followed her into the living room, and we sat down on the pristine dark blue couch. Pictures of Cher and a girl I assumed was her cousin, decorated the walls.

She had for sure grown up differently than I did. My mother had left town long ago, while my father had raised Eric and me. He’d been a stern son of a bitch who’d never shown either of us affection.

Dobbs paced in front of Cher and I until he finally spoke and began to give details.

“We got a trace on one of your stolen credit cards,” he said.

“Oh,” Cher nodded. “I called as soon as I could to get them shut down.”

“Well...its good they weren't shut down in time. We have footage of the man who used it.” Dobbs turned his eyes on me and in the pit of my stomach, I knew what he was about to say next, and I hated myself for it.

“Tyr, when's the last time you saw your cousin, Ricky.”

Cher's eyes turned on me, burrowing a hole through the side of my face.

“I'm not sure,” I murmured.

I'm going to skin him the fuck alive, I thought.

“Well, we'd like bring him in for questioning,” Dobbs replied. “I'd sure appreciate you helping me do that.”

“Your cousin,” Cher's words tumbled out like slow gin filling a glass.

Our eyes collided and I could see both hurt and pain in her eyes.

The only thing I could offer was a sorry, and immediately I fled out of the house. Dobbs called after me but the only thing I could think of was finding Ricky.

I'd lied to Dobbs about not knowing when the last time was that I'd seen him. Truth was, he'd been with us at the fair last night. He'd had cash on him and now I knew it was money that had been taken from Cher's credit cards.

Getting into the pickup truck I'd parked at the end of the street, I pulled out my cellphone and put it on charge. It had died during the night.

By the time I was on the other side of Irondale, the phone was back on.

Furiously, my fingers typed out a message to every single member of the club.

“Church, in forty-five minutes!”

# Episode 15

## Cher

### E pisode 15 Cher

Renee had texted me five times by now. She was on her way over to the Bison Bar and I was still putting an outfit together. A knock came on my door and my mother poked her head in.

She had on her robe and a coffee mug of steaming hot chamomile tea was in her hand.

“Mother,” I said as she came into the room.

“I’m on my way to bed,” she smiled, looking around. “Going out?”

“Renee wanted to do drinks to celebrate my good fortune,” I smiled, pulling my towel closer and more securely.

“The topic is surely something I wouldn’t have thought of,” she shrugged her shoulders before sipping a bit of her tea, that was part of her nightly routine. “Ghost stories.”

She was God fearing.

Anything outside of the Holy Spirit and the blood of Jesus Christ made her nervous.

She departed after a few moments and I finally decided on an outfit.

The shorts were a little shorter than I’d normally do.

The red spaghetti-strap bodysuit fit my body like a glove. I had a few rolls around my midsection, but the bodysuit pulled them in just enough.

Rimming my lips with a beautiful red lipstick that worked on brown lips, I checked my reflection. Renee had done my hair earlier in the day, soft waves flitting about. I eased it up into a messy bun.

My outfit was reminiscent of Tyr's wife.

I didn't have the slim body that she did, and I certainly didn't have the skin color but there was something there that he still liked.

Driving to the other side of Irondale, I thought about the fact that I'd texted Tyr but he'd only given me small replies. I had no idea if he was going to be at this bar, but I hoped I'd run into him.

The Bison came into view, the neon glow of an open sign in the window. Out front, there was nothing but chrome gleaming. Bikers were definitely in the fucking building.

Checking my reflection in the visor mirror once more, I winked at myself.

I found Renee flirting with the bartender.

"Oh my God," she said when I finally sat down.

"What?"

"The Bison is so...."

"What?" I rolled my eyes.

"Girl, it's a lot of white people in here."

Sighing, I ordered a dirty mojito. The bartender nodded, taking my order as some rock music began playing. I began to look around the place.

Bitch, maybe he's not here, I thought.

"And look at you," Renee smiled widely, regaining my attention. "Not you in a body suit."

“To much? I mean I don’t have your figure,” I looked down at myself wishing I’d worn something else now.

“Every man in here has been looking at you since you walked in,” Renee flipped up her beer bottle.

“Probably, cause I’m fat as fuck,” I sighed.

Renee leaned over and patted my leg. “Shut the fuck up. You’re gorgeous. You’ve always been gorgeous. Aunt Dee has a way of getting in your head.”

Frowning, I stared at my cousin. She was right, my mother had built a two-story house in my head with some of her comments.

“She was never that way with you,” I returned.

“True, but I was the little mixed girl with dead parents,” Renee shrugged. “Aunt Dee did damage to me in other ways.”

The bartender set my drink with a straw down and went on to the next customer. Sipping the drink, Renee and I chair danced when something good finally hit the speakers.

“This was a good idea,” I said.

“Alcohol is always a good idea!” Renee turned her beer up again.

I still hadn’t spotted Tyr, and finally relaxed on the bar stool. Renee and I started talking about her love life before we started talking about Duane.

“Aunt Dee adores him,” she said.

“Girl....”

Renee paused. “What?”

My drink was nearly empty. I needed another one. “I never told mom why I decided to leave Richmond. Duane cheated on me.”

Renee’s hands flew up in the air in disbelief. “That low down dirty piece of shit. Cheated on you? On you? Oh, hell no, I will fuck him up.”

We were getting a few looks, but Renee was turned the fuck up, and she didn't care who was looking. My cousin was three seconds from breaking the bottle she had and going after Duane's ass.

"It's okay though," I nodded to the bartender and pointing to my drink.

"No, its fucking not," she rolled her eyes. "You're too nice."

"That's unfair."

Renee stood up as if she had somewhere to go. "He's laying up in your apartment right now girl."

Wincing, I slurped what was left of my drink through the straw. Hadn't we come for shots? Holy shit, I wanted a shot.

Before I knew it, Renee had sat back down and was happily humming and drinking. Slamming down a shot, I felt someone tap me on my shoulder.

Turning, I found myself face to face with some guy in a leather jacket. He was attractive, but on the younger end of the spectrum. Curly brown hair pulled into a man bun greeted me. Not my type, but he certainly had a look to him.

Renee and I locked eyes before I said anything.

"You looking for trouble?" He licked his lips and leaned in just a little.

"You offering trouble?" I asked.

"No, but I would like to ask you to dance..."

Renee let out a yip. "Go on and get your dance on, cuz!"

Mr. Leather Jacket pulled me onto the dance floor where a ton of other couples were. I draped my arms around his neck and started swaying to the tempo. He placed his hand respectfully on my hips.

"Never seen you in here before," he whispered in my ear.

"Yeah, I just moved back to Irondale a few weeks ago," I smiled up at him.

He was good dancer; he spun me out a little bit and then brought me back in. Turning around, my ass fit up against his crotch like I was the missing puzzle piece.

Laughing and swaying, I began to grind into him, knowing I was going to get a rise out of him. I hadn't had fun in so long, it almost felt foreign.

After a few moments, I felt like Leather Jacket had stopped moving.

Turning around, I found that he had.

"What? What's wrong?" I took note of the look on his face.

His eyes snapped to my own. "You know him?"

He pointed across the room, and I found myself locking eyes with Tyr. Electricity rode through my body.

"Kind of..."

He stepped back, throwing his hand up. "Have a goodnight, Miss."

Leather Jacket left me in the middle of the floor, and I had no choice but to go back over to Renee. She had a questioning look on her face but before I could speak, Tyr was sliding in between us.

"Excuse the fuck out of you!" Renee said.

Tyr never even paid her any sort of attention. "Out of all the bars in Irondale...you stumbled into the one I like the most."

Rolling my eyes, I replied. "There's literally five. We were bound to run into each other at some point."

"Mmmhmmm," he mumbled raking his eyes all over my body and settling on my cleavage.

"Hello?" Renee looked around Tyr and at me.

He smiled and finally turned to Renee and stuck out his hand. "I'm Tyr."



“Right...I’m Renee,” she shrugged and looked back at me before shaking his hand.

“So, what was that little show you were putting on over there?” Tyr asked.

“I’m allowed to dance with whoever I want,” I sipped on my now watery drink.

He took a breath. “Renee, I need to borrow your cousin for a second.”

Tyr hustled me off the stool and out of the bar before Renee could say much else. We found ourselves in a dark alley. I leaned against the brick wall of the local watering hole and waited for him speak. Above us, the streetlight was giving off a soft glow, making Tyr look like some sort of angel.

“Were you going to fuck him?” He asked.

“What?”

“You heard me...were you going to fuck the guy you were dancing with?”

His mouth hovered above my own.

“You’re doing the absolute most right now.”

“I assure you; I’m not doing enough. I’m this close to fucking you up against this wall.”

I snapped to attention, my pussy quaking at his words. He could do this to me, and I hated it. He could make me wetter than an ocean clam.

“What if I’d fucked him, Tyr...huh? As if you don’t have a goddamn wife.”

“And your fucking ex is sitting in your apartment right now,” he growled loudly.

“You said it yourself; we’re just fucking.”

He balled up his hand into a fist and slammed it near my head. I didn’t flinch.

“You look so fucking sexy right now,” he shook his head. “Did you do something new to your hair.”

Wetter.

I'd gotten wetter than ever.

A man noticing something as small as hair.

"I did..."

A breath paused in between us, and he finally pulled my mouth up to meet his own. It hit then, this extremely nauseous feeling out of nowhere. Rushing to push him aside, Tyr looked so confused.

"Cher, what's wrong..."

I could barely murmur a sorry as I pushed him away and vomit spewed out of my mouth.

# Episode 16

## Tyr

Hours ago, the expensive smell of Cher's perfume had surrounded me as I'd tucked her into bed. I'd brought her back to the club after we'd left the bar. She'd barely had enough energy to spare as she'd gotten on the back on my bike and held on tight.

Luckily, the Bison was just around the corner from Viking Brothers Autobody Shop. The rumble of my bike had filled my bones, the vibrations riding up my arms as thoughts plagued my mind. So many thoughts....

"Where am I?" Cher sat up looking around.

Soft light was pouring in from the doorway, casting small shadows here and there. The clock on the little nightstand, which was really a stack of milk crates I'd gotten from the local supermarket told me it was nearly five a.m.

"I brought you back to the club," I told her. "You were really sick."

Cher sat up, pulling her legs up close to her body. She had on a big t-shirt with the Viking's logo on it. Odin's head bobbed and weaved, throwing secretive winks at me.

I turned away.

"I feel kind of weak," she sighed. "God, did I leave my car at the bar?"

"I had Wade bring it here," I told her. "Hope you don't mind that he drove it."

"No," she shook her head. "Damn...Renee. She..."

“Was super shocked about how close we are,” I scooted up the length of the bed until finally I was beside her.

Slowly, Cher unfurled her long legs and laid her head against my shoulder. Immediately, warmth flooded my body. She was so warm.

Too warm.

“Princess, you’re burning up.”

She barely lifted her head. “Maybe just a little bit of water. I’m pretty thirsty.”

“Okay,” I whispered to her.

Getting up, I went into the small kitchen area that looked like a complete disaster. Suddenly, I was embarrassed at the thought that Cher might see this mess. The place was so disgusting that I started looking for bleach.

Determined to make the place shine, I pulled down a shit ton of paper towels and started to spray bleach on every surface. When I was satisfied that the mini kitchen was in shape, I grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge.

Turning, I found Cher standing behind me.

Her dark skin had an ashen look to it.

“I...”

“Cher, why are you up...?”

She had begun to shiver where she was standing at. Before she could speak, I saw it then. A river of scarlet running down her legs, standing out against her flesh.

Drops of blood were splashing against the tile in the kitchen.

Getting to her, the bottle of water slipped out of my hands as Cher’s body began to sway like a tree branch hanging on for dear life in a storm.

“I’m really not...” Her eyes began to flutter.

The only thing I could do was pick her up into my arms. She needed way more care than I could give.

Cher needed a doctor because I knew, deep down inside of my soul that a woman shouldn't be bleeding like that if it wasn't that time of the month. Cher would've told me if she were on her period considering how we'd been fucking like rabbits....

Heat had flooded the pickup truck as I threw an old coat over Cher to keep her even warmer. Pulling out from the shop, I drove at a steady pace, every once in a while glancing over at this woman and trying to figure out what was happening.

The sun was beginning to become a blazing ball of fire in the sky as I pulled up to the front door of Irondale Mercy. A nurse met me immediately.

"Son, what's going on?" She asked looking at me and then at the black woman in my arms.

Taking a breath, I knew I needed to be brave. Giving the nurse as many details as I could, she took over from there. The next thing I knew Cher was being placed onto a bed and being wheeled away.

"Hey," the nurse said. "You did the right thing by getting her here. Does she have any family that you can call?"

I nodded and she suggested that I get on it. Pulling out my phone I called the first number in my phone from last night which was Cher's cousin Renee.

The woman had all but demanded I give her my phone.

It rang and rang until finally a sleepy voice answered. "Who in the hell is this?"

"Mmm....Tyr?" For some reason, Renee had me unsure of who I was exactly.

"I don't know any Tyr, bye!"

Renee was about to hang the hell up on me. "I'm Cher's friend."

She must have paused in ending the call. "You said Cher's friend."

“From the bar last night,” I replied. “Look, something’s wrong.”

“Hold on a second,” she said.

On her end I heard the distinct sound of a light switch flipping and sheets rustling. “Okay, I’m up. What’s wrong with Cher?”

Rubbing at the back of my neck, I started to pace as I explained the story to yet another person. Eventually, Renee stopped me.

“Okay, I’m on the way.”

Sitting inside the waiting room, I stared at the tiles for what seemed like an eternity. Things sure had gotten interesting in Irondale since I’d met the princess. She had me smiling at goofy shit. Cher had me daydreaming.

I wasn’t the type of motherfucker who daydreamed or thought beyond tomorrow. My cellphone started to ring, and I looked down to find Wade calling.

I answered. “What’s up?”

“I got us that meeting,” he said.

Ever since I’d called Church a few days ago, there had been a few things on the agenda. One was getting the coke pipeline opened back up and filling our warehouse back the fuck up so that Eric could remain safe.

My brother was on borrowed time.

The other agenda had been Ricky. My stupid fucking cousin was somewhere. Word had gotten out that I knew about his attack on Cher. I knew he’d had an accomplice too, and when I found out who it was there would be hell to pay.

“He wants to meet today,” Wade said.

“What?”

“Yeah, Brother.”

“Can you do it?” I asked. “Somethings kind of happened to Cher.”

Wade grumbled. “This woman has got you on a cloud. You know this guy only deals with you and anything else makes him squirrely as fuck.”

Taking a breath, I agreed. “Alright, I’ll meet up with you around noon. Get everyone together. I guess we’re taking a little overnight to Wilmington.”

Wade ended the call just as I saw Renee approaching. Getting to my feet, I saw that she wasn’t alone.

Cher’s mother had entered the building and it felt like God himself was walking with her. She was dressed to the nines in a red power suit, just like she’d been at the carnival when I’d caught her speech. And then of course, Duane had decided to tag the fuck along.

“Renee, I’m glad you’re here,” I told her.

She winced. “Tyr, this is Deitra...Cher’s mother.”

Cher’s mother stared at me, and I stuck my hand out to shake hers. “Ma’am I’m Tyr Madensen.”

She seemed to flinch, her face betraying some sort of disgust. “Madensen?”

I stood firm. “Yes, Ma’am. I’m a friend of Cher’s.”

She had on heels. It was seven o’clock in the morning and this woman was dressed in heels. They began to click against the tile as she walked around me. Taking me in, while Renee seemed to want to be anywhere other than here and Duane yawned.

“No, I don’t believe she does.”

“Excuse me?” This woman had my hackles up. I had to calm myself down because yelling at someone in a hospital wasn’t going to help anything.

“My daughter...she doesn’t have any friends. Nor does she associate with anyone...” Dietra Davidson took a breath. “Who is white and a part of that motorcycle club.”

A lump had formed in my throat.

“Aunt Dee,” Renee gasped. “Stop.”



She wrinkled up her nose even further before addressing Renee. “I won’t have it. I didn’t want you associating with that white boy in school. And I sure as hell don’t want my daughter associating with the likes of them...”

Shock rippled through my body at this woman’s words that were dripping with pure venom.

Fuck, I thought.

“I think you should go,” Duane finally stepped in front of Renee.

We sized each other up.

“Yeah....I guess I should,” I held my hands up and stepped away.

A cocky grin eased its way onto his face as if he’d won some sort of invisible war.

Turning, I left the waiting room and I could feel Dietra’s eyes throwing daggers until I was out of sight.

Reaching the truck, I slammed my fist against the hood.

“Tyr!” Renee was running after me. “Wait, wait up.”

“I gotta get going,” I told her.

She looked exhausted and I knew I’d woken her up out of a deep sleep. “Aunt Dee was wrong to say those things about you.”

I shrugged. “This is Irondale.”

Renee leaned against my truck and stared at me. “What do I tell my cousin when she wakes up?”

The keys were biting into the palm of my hand, surely leaving an impression. Opening the door of my truck, I gave Renee a solemn look.

“Tell her, Princesses and Vikings never work.”

The engine fired to life, and Renee stepped away. She remained in my rearview mirror until I turned and headed back to my house. I needed to get supplies for my trip. I needed to push Cher out of my head and heart.

We would only end in flames.

# Episode 17

## Cher

**T**here was a beeping coming from the machine that was soft and low and with me being here for a second day, the sound was starting to get on the better of my nerves. Carefully, my eyes adjusted to stare at the ceiling of the hospital. The nurses had been coming in to check what seemed to be every hour and I hadn't actually gotten any rest.

Something shifted and from the corner of my eye, I saw my mother was here.

She wasn't asleep, just casually looking out the window, already dressed for the day in a fresh black suit.

"Mother?" I asked.

She turned her eyes to me. "You're awake."

"Yeah, I just woke up."

She came to my bedside and helped me to sit up. Her well-manicured hands picked up the pitcher of water and poured me some. My lips felt dry, and I noticed the I.V. in the back of my hand helping to fill me up with liquids.

"We need to talk," my mother watched as I drank up.

"About?"

She crossed her arms over her chest, turned and walked back over to the window she'd been at. I wasn't certain of the time, but she was probably about to go into the office for the day.

It got so quiet in the hospital room, that I had to give a little cough to break the silence.

She whirled around from me.

“No daughter of mine will be associated with a Viking...”

All I could do was blink.

*Goddamn it, who spilled about Tyr?*

“Huh?”

My mother’s eyebrow shot up into her head. “I met him, Cher. Don’t play stupid with me. It was never one of your better traits.”

I blinked again.

“Mother.”

“Don’t mother me, Cher. I have said what I’ve said. The devil seems to have gotten his dick inside of you, but this will be the end of it. God’s night gown Cher....was the baby his? Duane is in town for a reason, to fix things with you and you’re sneaking around with an outlaw.”

My eyes dropped to the cup in my hand, and suddenly I wasn’t thirsty anymore. She knew about Tyr.

“Mother, you should go now,” I tried to smile.

She took me in. “Cher...”

“No, you need to go now!”

Her hands placed themselves on her hips and she stared down her nose at me. She was intimidating. Some days, my own mother scared the actual fuck out of me. A lot of my high school friends, their mothers had been so warm and inviting. They wanted to bake cookies and tell secrets, go on shopping trips.

I’d gotten Dietra, a woman made of stone.

“Don’t you dare, raise your voice to me. I am your mother.”

The door to my hospital room opened and Renee entered with flowers. Her face was scrunched up at the commotion.

“Why in the world are you two yelling? Half the floor can hear you...”

That got my mother’s attention. It was enough that I was in here that would have tongues wagging all around Irondale. They didn’t need even more to add to the story.

She adjusted her suit and picked up her purse laying on a nearby chair.

“The two of you,” she shook her head.

Renee rolled her eyes and sat the small vase down. “Aunt Dee...”

“You and your high yellow ass,” my mother hissed. “Chasing after that white man. To do what, make him feel better. He’s the reason she’s in this hospital bed.”

Renee and I both locked eyes.

“Mother, that was highly uncalled for.”

Dietra trained her eyes on me again. “You’re both ungrateful as hell. Cher, I meant every word that I said. The association with that man ended yesterday. I have meetings all day and must get going.”

She slid the black Chanel sunglasses onto her face and exited, leaving both me and my cousin stunned.

“Your mother is insane,” Renee waited until it was safe to speak, until we no longer heard her heels clacking and clicking on the floors.

“Something is going on,” I tried to smile. “I’ve never seen her lash out like that before.”

“I have...high school. She swore something was going on with Wade...it wasn’t. I was tutoring him because the chemistry teacher asked me to.”

My eyes got big. “What was mother talking about. You talked to Tyr? Where is he...I need to call him...I can’t find my phone.”

Renee’s pretty face grimaced. “She lit into him something fierce.... And then he was all something, something and on

and on about princesses and Vikings not mixing.”

*Fuck*, I thought.

“I....”

Words died on my lips.

“Y’all were getting pretty hot and heavy huh? Shit, Irondale’s probably buzzing already. The nurses station said he brought you in....that he was looking big and strong. Real romantic shit...you know...except for the you were bleeding part.” Renee winced again.

“I need to get out of here,” I said suddenly. “I gotta talk to him.”

“Are you going to tell him about ....”

“About how I had a miscarriage? I don’t know...maybe. I don’t want to hurt him.”

Renee settled onto my bed. “Girl, you need to figure out how you’re getting rid of Duane too. When I called Aunt Dee she insisted on telling his goofy looking ass...”

“Oh God, did Tyr and him like....interact?”

Renee laughed. “Yes.”

My hands instantly covered my eyes in embarrassment.

Over the next few hours, I spent getting discharged from the hospital. Despite calling Tyr’s phone a couple of times, I wasn’t able to get ahold of him. I just kept getting his voicemail.

Renee drove me to get my car, and I headed back to my apartment ready to face the music. Duane was there and waiting when I walked in.

He pulled me into his arms. “Baby, I’m so glad that you’re here.”

My eyes squeezed shut as his arms enveloped me. What I needed to say to him was going to be so awkward.

When he let me go, his dazzling white smile made me feel like I was in a Colgate commercial.

“We need to talk.” I said.

“Yeah...yeah,” he stammered, looking lost.

He’d kept my apartment tidy while he’d been staying here. Even the bed had been neatly made, as if he’d even been sleeping in it.

“Look Cher...I know I fucked up,” Duane’s million dollar smile faltered. “I’m a huge fucking mess. Baby...I’m broke. And the shit with the assistant...it’s over.”

Bile hit the back of my throat and I held up my hand. “Duane...what?”

He scratched at the back of his head. “The shit with the assist....”

I didn’t let him finish his sentence. “You gotta get out of my house, Duane. I don’t wanna be with you anymore. That was why I left Richmond in the first place.”

“Cher...come on you don’t mean that,” he tried to come in close, but I dodged him, going into the kitchen instead.

There were knives sitting in the knife block if I needed them.

I should have felt more afraid being alone with a man so close to where I’d been attacked. Instead, a thrilling feeling, much like being shocked by static electricity was filling my bones up.

“No!” I yelled feeling an anger I hadn’t felt in days return. “You shit on us. You shit on me by fucking the office secretary.”

Duane’s face turned stoic, and his hands went to his hips. “Cher, I came all the way to this country ass town. I made nice with your mother...I want us back.”

I shook my head, the knives still in my view. The idea of carving his ass up like a Christmas goose was so appealing.

“Is it that white boy?” Duane asked.

“What?”



“Cher, were you fucking Whitey?”

Going over to the front door of my apartment, my feet slamming into the floor. I’d had enough of this fucking insanity. “Get your black ass out of my house, Duane.”

“But Cher! Where can I go?” He looked at me, eyes wide. “I’m sorry, okay. I’m sorry about what I said just now.”

“Out! Now!” Stamping my foot, I pointed to the door.

When he realized I was serious, Duane gathered his things and moved past me. “Cher, this isn’t over.”

Rolling my eyes, he scooted past me and down the stairs. I watched him go, and when I was satisfied he’d left from off my street, I closed the door to my apartment and collapsed against the door.

Finally, everything I’d been feeling spilled out. Big fat tears began to roll down my face. I cried for all the hurt and pain that I’d bottled up.

I cried for the potential child that had begun to grow inside of my body, if only for a moment.

“I would have wanted you!” I whispered, my hand over my now empty stomach. “And I think he would have wanted you too.”

I craved peace.

I craved Tyr.

But he was gone.

He didn’t want me.

And he’d told me so the first time that we had fucked.

# Episode 18

## Tyr

**T**he heat was unreal in Wilmington, and I was longing to get the fuck back to Virginia as soon as possible. A bit of sweat trickled down my brow and I swiped at it.

My bike was gleaming in the sun as I came out of the gas station after paying for gas. Shit, even that was higher down here in this part of North Carolina.

A blacked-out Chevy SUV skidded to a halt after nearly hitting me.

“Hey, watch it dickhead!” A blonde leaned out of the window shooting me a smile.

I held up my hands. “Didn’t mean to get in your way!” I called over my shoulder.

Wade was leaning against his bike; he’d ridden down with me along with a few other members of the group and we’re staying at a nearby motel.

Wade let loose a whistle the moment I picked up the gas handle and started pumping. Following his line of vision, I saw the blonde had jumped out and she was a small slip of thing.

“I bet her pussy so tight, you bust soon as you get in it,” he licked his lips.

I shook my head. “She looks a little too young.”

Wade chuckled as he stopped pumping. “Shit you trying to make me sound like a dirty old man.”

The gas pump clicked, and I was about to hop on when she approached, sucking on a lollipop. She had a taut little body, wearing a tube top that showcased a small set of tits and shorts up to the crack of her ass. A belly button stone glittered in the sun.

Summertime in Wilmington sure was fine.

“Nice bike,” she said, stopping nearby and admiring my chrome.

“Nice ass,” Wade leered.

She only smiled, not intimidated. “y’all, not from round here, huh?”

“No,” I shook my head.

“Y’all busy?” She asked, looking between me and Wade.

“Not at all,” he answered for the both of us.

Before we knew it, we were following her down the road and to a dirty looking apartment complex. The stairs squeaked under our feet upon hitting the stairs.

The red door seemed to offer a warning but there was no turning back.

Her friends were sitting around snorting coke, drinking, and smoking.

Wade, rubbing his hands together smiled. He was ready to fucking party.

Me on the other hand, I wanted to forget what a shit show I’d made of things back in Irondale.

Before I knew it, Clarissa or Connie, I couldn’t even fucking remember her name, was taking me into her back bedroom. She had Wade by the other hand.

He was still smiling like a Cheshire cat.

She pushed me down onto a chair and started to strip. Her tits popped out, the nipples light pink and I could see tan lines.

“Both of us?” Wade asked.

She winked at me and spoke over her shoulder. “Both...both holes. I’m not shy.”

“Fuck yes,” Wade clapped in glee.

Leaning back in the chair, I focused on her.

Shit was becoming a blur, and I pulled my hard dick out and started to stroke myself. She licked her lips and got down on her knees in front of me.

She took me down her throat like a Hoover vacuum cleaner. Wade, still happy as a clam soon joined in on the fun fucking her from behind.

Her mouth on my dick was all the relief I needed as she bobbed up and down the shaft. She went to pull her head up, but I’d worked my fingers through her hair and painfully slammed her back down. Gagging noises filled my ears as both Wade and I wrecked her world.

“Fuck! AHHH,” I roared releasing my seed down her throat. “I’m coming.”

Bambi eyes followed me as I stood up and immediately started shoving my limp dick back inside the black jeans I wore. Wade was grinning as he pounded away into the young girl, not done.

He wasn’t the type to finish as quickly as I did.

“Whhh-wait!” She stammered still getting fucked hard, her face nearly crashing into the chair I’d just been sitting in.

*Poor girl.*

“I’m out,” I told them even as she pouted.

Feeling a little shitty, I headed out of the bedroom and straight through the still crowded living room. No one paid me any attention and that was fine with me.

The summertime heat once again met my body, and I braced myself against my ride.

I’d just let another woman suck on my dick, and yeah, I’d come but...

She wasn't Cher.

It was plain and simple.

My phone rang and I pulled it out of my pocket. The burner phone that my brother had had smuggled into the prison was calling.

"Hello..." Eric was whispering in a low tone.

Struggling to hear him, I replied. "I'm here."

"Have you met up with Deacon yet?"

Running my hands through my hair, I took a breath. "No, we got into town last night and he was on a bender. We're meeting up with him tonight."

"And how much did he want for the coke..."

"Eric, let me worry about this, okay?"

He sighed. "I'm running out of time. I need to get this shit in here yesterday. Make it fucking happen little brother."

"I will."

The call ended and I stared at the phone in my hands for a few moments. Cher's name was there among the missed calls. My finger hovered over the green phone symbol by her name, but I dumped the phone in my back pocket and headed back to the motel.

Deacon had set the meeting for eight o'clock tonight at some pool hall near the beach. Whatever I had to do, I was securing enough coke to replace what had gone missing and make sure Eric remained safe.

My bike roared to life, rumbling like a monster ready to tear the city apart. Jamming the helmet onto my head and sunglasses over my face, I took off. Speeding over a bridge in the opposite direction that I'd come, I found myself along some of the coastline. Everything became tamed, colorful blurs behind the sunglasses.

There was no destination in mind, and I wanted to keep on going. If I did, I wondered if I'd wind up at the southern tip of the Florida panhandle or some shit.

By the time night fell, Wade was calling to let me know that himself, the Ragnulf twins, Lucky, Reaper, and Charlie Dean were heading to the bar. Baylor had stayed behind. Like I'd said, he was the cleanest member of the Vikings literally. He did the books for the business and club and that was fucking it. He wasn't going to get his hands dirty with shit like this.

"Where in the fuck did you get off to?" Wade asked as we dabbed each other up.

"Needed to clear my head," I told him.

We all headed into the Salty Clam, and rock music was blasting through the speakers. Girls were dancing all over the tables. I'd only briefly talked to the head of the Wilmington charter, but they were having their own issues and wouldn't be present.

I spotted Deacon snorting lines off a table in the back of the fucking place. No one even batted an eye. I watched him swat the ass of some waitress who gave him a look that could've been deadly.

"Tyr!" He stood up excitedly when he saw me.

Wade grimaced as we all shook hands and then sat down.

"Don't fucking say my name again," I reminded him.

"Sorry," he nodded and started looking around.

Eric had been the one that had dealt with him in the past. Never me, but I'd always been around.

I wanted to get this done so that I could get the fuck on the road and home.

"I'm having a little issue," Deacon said.

"With what?" Wade cocked his head. "And don't say the fucking shit because that would mean we came all the way here for nothing."

Deacon shook his head; his eyes glossed the fuck over. He was higher than a giraffe's ass.

“No, my shit is good. Straight from the Columbians. However...I’ve got some competition trying to move in...”

“And let me guess....you wanna cut us a generous deal if we take care of this problem for you?” I asked, leaning back and looking at my men and Deacon.

He rubbed his hands together, looking like Satan himself. “Correct.”

Deacon ran down his plan and explained who these other players in town were. The offer he gave us was too fucking good to refuse.

It would put us back in the game for months at a fraction of the cost, which was good because we only had twenty thousand dollars. And we’d keep what we took from his competition.

Hours later, Wade and I were whispering to each other outside of a goddamn apartment building with loaded guns that we were gonna toss when finished.

“Odin’s balls,” Wade shook his head.

He’d snorted a few lines of Deacon’s shit before we planned this out and was probably spiraling.

“Fucking focus,” I whispered back to him.

I’d only brought along Wade, and Charlie Dean who seemed eager to get his hands wet with some action. He’d practically salivated at the thought.

Like ninjas, we climbed steps quietly to an apartment located at the end of a long hallway. The lights flickered overhead, making me feel uneasy.

*Home, I thought. I just want to get home and back into my bed. Maybe see the Princess one more time. Fuck her one more time...*

“On three,” I whispered.

Slowly, I counted down and then stepped back.

Crack!



The door to the apartment was forced open and we went inside, firing on everybody in sight. Three white guys were sitting around in their underwear playing video games.

We lit them up, and blood splattered all over the wall.

“Check the bedrooms,” I told Charlie quietly.

For some reason, I could tell he was grinning under his ski mask. Checking in the closets I found massive weight hidden in duffle bags, and I threw a few to Wade.

“Odin’s goddamn balls,” he eased up the ski mask, eyes wide.

A few moments later, Charlie came dragging a woman up the hallway. She was a Hispanic woman dressed in a light blue night gown crying for her life.

Wade scrambled to pull his mask down.

“What do you want me to do with her?” Charlie asked.

“Nothing,” I said.

“What?” Charlie looked between me and the woman.

“We don’t hurt women and children,” I told him.

“Nah,” he shook his head and threw her to the ground. “She’s gonna squeal and she’s seen his face...”

The woman didn’t even have time to beg for her life.

Pop!

Pop!

More blood splattered across the cream interior of the apartment.

Charlie had disobeyed me and killed a woman.

In the distance, we could already hear the sirens coming for us. My heart began to skip beats as we raced out of the apartment with the duffle bags.

# Episode 19

## Renee

**W**ade Cavil had always been a cocky fucker. He was a perfect specimen of a man, a jawline that had been crafted by God, and he exuded some sort of animal magnetism that allowed him to run through women like the Nile ran through Egypt. He was tall too, and had perfect muscles that went along with eyes full of mischief and danger. Not to mention every inch of his body seemed to be covered in a layer of ink, from angels to demons kissing his peach colored skin.

I'd known him since the second grade. Even then he'd been a pain in the goddamn ass. When Cher had disappeared out of the bar, I hadn't even had time to react. I'd found myself staring up into laughing pale blue eyes that belonged to none other than him.

"Tutor girl..."

"High school dropout," I shot back, still annoyed about my wasted time from well over twelve years ago.

"You don't let shit go, do you?"

I raised an eyebrow, trying to look around him.

"Boy move out the damn way," I finally said.

"Why?" He asked. "Cause Tyr's probably fucking your cousin ten ways to Sunday on side of the building as we speak."

"Mmmm...ewww..." my face contorted, grossed out. "I didn't need the visual."

He licked his lips. “Damn, you still look good after all these years.”

“Wade, not that this reunion hasn’t been fun...but what do you want?” I leaned back and made eye contact with the bartender who nodded.

I’d told him to keep the lemon drops coming this evening.

“Damn, can’t talk to an old friend?” He tipped the brown beer bottle up and the shiny silver label caught the light.

“Us...friends?” I stared at him like he’d lost his damn mind.

“Well, you’re probably one of the only girls in high school who resisted my charm. I thought we were friends. And we spent a lot of time together.”

The bartender slid me the drink and I picked it up.

“Boy go all the way to hell,” I rolled my eyes. “I got forced into tutoring you, or don’t you remember that?”

He sighed and then seemed to turn serious. “That part is true. But look, I never got around to thanking you.”

“Huh?” My lips unwrapped themselves from around the red and white straw.

Wade rubbed at his neck before taking another sip. “You put up with a lot of my shit for months, back then. And I never even thanked you.

We settled into talking about old times at school before Tyr burst back in and telling me he was taking Cher back to the Vikings Club house.

Part of me had wanted to protest, but he’d promised to take care of her. Wade had driven Cher’s car to the autobody shop, and I’d followed behind.

I watched as Tyr carefully took my cousin inside and then Wade came and pecked on my window.

“I need a ride...”

“...Oh?”

He frowned. "Don't be that way."

Rolling my eyes, I told him to get in and drove him back to the Bison. People were still pulling in and the night was just getting started.

"Hey you mmm...." He got quiet for a second and then shook his head. "Never mind."

"Spit it out," I laughed.

"You'll think it's stupid," he shrugged.

"Wade Cavil, spit out whatever crazy thing you were gonna say next."

"I don't wanna go back in the bar," he said. "I'm gonna get drunk. I'm gonna fuck some whore...rough and hard."

Gag, I thought.

"Wade..."

"I just...I'm just saying I'm gonna make a shit ton of bad decisions if I go back in there. My coke dealer's in there and he's waiting for me to come back."

My face turned up in disgust. "Coke?"

He nodded and shrugged. "Shit happens."

Taking a deep breath, I reversed the car and pulled out of the Bison's parking lot one more time. We drove for a few minutes in silence, but the radio decided to be funny as Ryan Tedder's voice sang about it being too late to apologize.

I harmonized with him and caught Wade looking at me.

"What?" I asked, finally pulling over.

Soft lights filled the air as my car approached the only place in between the white and black part of Irondale that was still open. Ethel's Eatery and Ice Cream was still open later on the weekends. They had every single flavor you could think of.

"You have a nice voice," Wade said exiting.

Getting out of the car, I saw it was mostly teenagers around. A few adults gave us looks, but I ignored them. No

one in this town was going to run my life, especially when all I was doing was getting goddamn ice cream.

“What flavor?” The kid running the window stand asked.

“Vanilla,” I replied.

Wade grinned down on me. “That’s it? Vanilla...”

“Sorry not all of us can live on the edge all crazy like,” I replied.

He rolled his eyes and gave his order, going for chocolate with sprinkles. He pulled out a wad of cash before I could stop him, and he paid for my ice cream.

“You didn’t need to do that,” I said.

“Well, I fucking did, so deal with it.”

Ugh, I thought as his blue eyes twinkled.

Wade was the goddamn devil everyone warned you about. Aunt Dee had had a fit when she’d found out that I’d been made to tutor him all those years ago.

“No niece of mine will be associated with a Viking,” she’d declared.

Once we got our ice cream, we started walking. I twirled and licked away quietly in thought.

“Saved my ass again,” Wade remarked, causing me to stop mid stride.

“Huh?” Confusion settled on my once again.

He only smiled. “Anybody ever called you a saint before?”

Laughing, I shook my head. “Saint, no. Bitch, yes.”

“Who called you a bitch?” He stopped, about to lick his cone.

Rolling my eyes. “Wade Cavil, you’re too much.”

“I could be more,” he waggled his eyes brows.

“Don’t go doing me any favors.”

We found ourselves in the middle of the town. Looking behind me, I could see the faint glow of Ethel's in the distance and realized how far we walked.

The heels I had on were starting to hurt a little bit.

As I sat down on a bench, I noticed that stupid ass statue of General Irondale was staring at me. It'd always given me the creeps.

Wade sat down next to me, a grin creeping onto his face.

"What?" I finally asked, slightly annoyed.

"Why you gotta be so fucking fine?"

A lump formed in the back of my throat. Wade was thirsty as fuck, and my cat had started to do something it never did.

*Purrrrrrrr....*

My shit was sounding like Rolling Ray.

*You need to stay off the Shaderoom*, I thought.

"Men just need a hole," I finished off my ice cream cone.

He moved in closer. Something was stirring in the air, and I don't know if me and old General Irondale both felt it, but I swear that statue was screaming obscenities at the sight before him.

"Is that an offer?"

I gulped. "What?"

"Is your...hole...open for business."

*Holy shit*, this is too much.

"Wade, I best be getting you home, or at least back to the Bison to get your car."

He shook his head, his lips so close to mine. I watched him toss his ice cream over his shoulder without a care in the world. If I didn't move soon, he was going to try and fuck me on the town bench.

"Nah," he said. "The temptation's too great. I go back to the Bison; I'm going to find my dealer and spend money I

don't wanna spend. Nah.... you're a whole lot safer to be around."

"Wade, I gotta tell you something..."

He straightened up then at my words. "You got a man... fuck? What am I doing coming on to you like this. Shit of course you have someone, look at you. Why would he even let you come out. You're fucking pressure, Renee."

My eyes went wide.

Wade had always had that swag to him. This boy had hung out with black people despite the fact that his daddy didn't like it. He'd played basketball which was why I'd been tutoring him in the first place.

"I'm what?" I shook myself out of my thoughts.

He smiled. "You heard me. You big pressure. Always have been. Every single night after our tutoring sessions, I use to get off at the thought of you."

My head shook from side to side. He was too much.

Wade was too goddamn cocky and sure of himself.

"What were you gonna tell me?"

I stood up then and lied my ass off. "You guessed right. Completely have a man who's probably wondering where I am."

Wade's face faltered just a bit. "Well, you can drop me at my apartment. It's not too far from here."

"Sounds like a plan."

We walked back to Ethel's, my lie rolling around in my head.

Wade Cavil didn't need to know that the only person waiting for me at home was actually a two-year-old pocket pit bull named Mischief.

He didn't need to know that I'd told him a lie about having a man.

Honestly, it wasn't his business.



In fact, I had no intention on ever seeing Wade again unless it was in passing.

Nope.

Because if a man like Wade Cavil, with his devil may care swagger, ever fucking found out my dirty little secret, he wouldn't stop.

He would figure out how to make me crack.

He would conquer me.

He would take my virginity and leave me wanting more than he could give me.

Nope.

# Episode 20

## Renee

**T** *hree weeks.*

I'd been stalking Wade for three whole fucking weeks like a sick psychopath. He was the kind of trouble I didn't need, but I felt a pull towards him, and I couldn't understand it.

You want him to play in your pussy, duh!

My thoughts had started to become intrusive under the cover of dark.

I'd discovered that Wade lived on the bottom floor, and this man walked around naked night and fucking day.

I knew all of that because he'd told me so on the ride home.

Then one night, I'd put Mischief in the car because I wanted to see if that shit was true.

And it fucking was.

Most nights he came home from working in the garage and relaxed. A few times though, he'd been at the bar because I may...or may not have ridden by the Bison to check out my theory.

"You're fucking insane," I said out loud.

Mischief, who had stopped to piss on a fire hydrant turned his head to look at me.

"Not you boy," I shook my head as my dog finished pissing, and we started along.

I'd parked way down the sidewalk.

Wade's bike was covered up because of the threat of rain, but his car was there in the second parking spot.

*God, you're a fucking psycho, I thought again.*

Mischief finished doing his business under the cover of darkness, and the sky opened up after that. Rain started to fall heavily.

Juicy fat drops bounced off the black rain coat I had on and the red rain boots too.

Mischief tugged on his leash wanting to get out of the elements.

A flash inside of Wade's bottom floor apartment caught my eye.

And then another.

I couldn't see much else through the stream of rain that had started to slant, slapping me in the face, but I was desperate to know what was going on inside of his place.

He had woken something up inside of me and I needed to know.

Looking down at my dog, I decided to take him back to my car where he'd be warm and dry. Then I'd come back and see if I could get a better look inside his apartment.

Getting my dog into my car was easy. He barked once and the look on his face told me he was ready to go and be warm inside our house.

"Be right back, okay. I just gotta go see what he's doing."

My dog cocked his head to the side.

"I know...Mommy's a crazy bitch," I shook my head.

Splash!

Splash!

My rainboots were throwing water everywhere with each step that I took. Each step brought me closer to discovering what Wade was doing inside of his apartment.

“Who he’s doing,” I whispered out loud.

From the sidewalk, to Wade’s patio area there was a little fence in between.

“Just need to get my ass over this...without falling.”

Shaking my head, it seemed as if God was telling me this was a horrific idea because the minute I threw my leg over the fence, I slipped.

*Woosh!*

Landing firmly on my back, rain pelting my face, I felt like a complete idiot. Trying to catch my breath, I rolled over and got to my feet.

It was dark enough, no one was going to see me.

After a few moments of dodging large puddles, I was finally on Wade’s patio. He had empty beer cans sitting around, I needed to step ever so carefully.

This was a new level of crazy.

*Flash!*

“What is he doing in there?” I whispered, so intrigued that I was risking being found out.

A shadow flickered, and moved and a gasp came from between my lips. My palms had begun to get sweaty, but I had to get closer. Edging ever so close, to the point I could feel the warmth from inside of his apartment heating the glass, I peered inside.

Wade’s naked ass came into view. I hissed like something hot had been thrown on me at the sight.

*Fuck, daddy!*

I was squeezing my legs together trying to offer myself some relief.

He had tattoos running all over his body. His back was covered in dark ink, and runic symbols. They took this Viking shit serious as fuck.

My fingers darted out to the window and tried to wipe away some of the fog that had started to form, needing an even better view of the tattoos, his ass, and if he ever fucking turned around, his dick.

*Flash!*

I was so close now I could see what he was doing.

There was some girl on his floor on a plush little white carpet, completely naked and he was photographing her. She maneuvered to get onto her knees, tilting her head up. Wavy locks of dark hair swung around her.

Wade was such a perv.

He was having a fucking photoshoot with whoever this woman is. Slowly, he walked around behind her, his hard dick bobbing around, straining to be felt.

*Clenching!*

*Oh God!*

I was clenching my goddamn thighs together and the biggest pant came wheezing out of my body. Part of me wondering if I was having an asthma attack.

Stumbling back, I knocked over all those fucking beer cans.

Wade's eyes snapped up from what he'd been doing, and the woman hurried to pull something over her body.

*Fuck*, I thought dashing away from the scene of the crime.

Metal sliding against metal over the rush of rain hit my ears. I was nearly to the finish line.

“Oh no you don't!”

I'd been tackled from behind and there was a heavy weight on my back.

Breathing hard as fuck, I realized Wade had tackled me, but there was no way in hell he'd gotten dressed.

“Who the fuck are you?” He whispered as I was practically eating mud.

My mind was racing.

He still hadn't seen my face.

His hard dick was pressed into my back. Finally, in the dark he tried to flip me over and I went fighting him off. I didn't want to be discovered. I didn't want him to know that it was me that had been spying on in.

“Wade!” A female voice called. “Are you okay?”

I could see hints of light as he looked over his shoulder. The second he looked back he might recognize my face.

He was going to see me.

Trying to buck him off, my hips wouldn't move.

Slowly, Wade leaned back, still quiet, having never answered the question.

“Tutor girl?”

*Fuckkkkkkkk!*

“.... this isn't what it looks like,” I bit out my reply as water beaded down onto the two of us.

He finally flipped off me and stood up, his hard dick having gone soft. He had no shame and didn't even bother to cover himself.

Slowly, I got to my feet, at this point the front of my shirt was soaked. A shiver raced through me as the cold water soaked into my skin.

“Renee what the fuck are you doing out here?”

“....my boyfriend,” I lied.

Rain was still fucking pouring and mud was coving both of us.

“What the fuck about him?” Wade tilted his head.

“I came to visit him...he lives here. In this apartment complex. And....andddd...I was walking my dog. And, yeah, my dog ran off. My boyfriend's at work and I was going to ask you to help me look for my dog.....” My voice was a high pitched whistle that carried over the rain drops. My hands had

gotten super expressive and were flying all about, as I tried to keep my eyes on this man's face and not his dick that had my mouth about to go dry.

*Girl, Mischief's ears are gonna fall the fuck off with you lying on him like this,* I thought.

"Shit," Wade swiped water away from his face. "Let me get some clothes on. I'll help you look for him."

"No," I held up a hand. "You were busy...I'm so sorry for interrupting."

He waved it off. "Just a second. Look, come in and get dry."

Wade started off to his apartment and I had no choice but to follow. The woman he hadn't finished fucking looked between the two of us and I said an awkward as fuck hello. She was not happy, and I could tell it in her body language.

Fifteen minutes later the rain had stopped, and Wade and I were hunting in the hedges where I said my dog had ran off too. Flashlight beams shined all up and down the hillside area.

Water sloshed under my rain boots.

"So," Wade asked, walking carefully, his eyes still squinting ahead in the dark.

"Yeah?"

"How much of that did you see, and how much of that did you like?"

Instantly, my thighs began to clench.

I was yearning to have his dick in me in a way I never had before.

Actually, in a way I never had because I was still hymenally challenged.

"Wh...what?" I faltered at his words.

The flashlight swung to my face, shining brightly right into my eyes.

"Don't lie to me...how much did you see?"



Heat filled my cheeks. I was a light skinned woman; it was going to show up.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt.”

He came in close, smelling good. He shouldn’t have smelled so damn delicious, but he did. He smelled like fresh cut grass, and hints of cypress.

“That’s not what I asked, Little Bird. I asked what you saw...”

I answered him, bashfully. “You were about to cram your dick down her throat.”

He smiled, the wind rustling his hair. He moved in closer to me, those blue eyes practically glowing with a supernatural force. “And I asked, did you like it, Little Bird.”

Biting my lip, I wanted to die on the spot.

“Answer me, Renee.”

I couldn’t call the words back and I wanted to die on the spot.

“Yes,” I whispered.

He grinned widely.

“So let me fix that for you. You don’t have to wonder about it...”

All I could do was clench my legs and nod my head. I wanted Wade to put me out of my misery and fuck my brains out.

“How’s next Wednesday?”

# Episode 21

## Cher

**T** *hree weeks later...*

The black dress was fitting my body like a glove. I'd been hitting the gym for the last few weeks and going to the pool with Renee, getting some of my confidence back.

Tonight, I had a date.

Alejandro Rodriguez had splashed into my life and quickly asked me out.

No, he'd literally splashed into my life.

I'd been at the pool, dangling my feet in and he'd jumped in doing a cannon ball and splashed water all over me and Renee.

He apologized when I called him out. Next thing I knew, we were chatting, and he was asking me out to dinner.

After trading numbers and a few flirty texts, I'd agreed to dinner.

Alejandro sold insurance.

He was nice looking enough.

He wasn't a fucking biker who only wanted sex...

Spritzing on my favorite perfume, I gave myself one last look in the mirror before opening the door and leaving. I was meeting Alejandro at a little Italian place that was just over the bridge that led in Roanoke, the next town over.

Checking both ways before I departed, I eased out onto the main road, and headed towards the highway.

Tevin Campbell's *Can We Talk* had just started. I was screaming the lyrics at the top of my lungs. My mother had played the hell out of his music when I'd been younger. She and her two older sisters Donna and Dana would get together and drink while Renee and I ran around.

A house full of women just enjoying the weekend.

I kept those moments close, especially when I wasn't on speaking terms with Dietra.

Going around a curve, I saw a truck approaching, just when I caught sight of a bike in my rearview mirror.

My stomach dropped.

They got up on my bumper, and then swerved around my car, causing me to hit my brakes sharply.

*Tyr*; I thought.

Blowing my horn at the asshole who'd nearly caused an accident, I realized that it wasn't him. The patches on the back of the biker's vest were different.

The bike was different.

For the rest of the drive, I drove in silence until I finally reached the restaurant.

Alejandro was standing at the front entrance, eagerly looking at his phone. Part of me wanted to text him and tell him that I couldn't make it.

Instead, I parked my car and texted Renee.

***What are you doing?*** I shot the text off and waited for her to reply.

***Walking Mischief***, she replied.

***Girl, you are always walking him. Isn't it getting kind of late?*** Checking the time, I saw it was nearly seven thirty, but the sun was still out and shining bright.

From where I was, I could see Alejandro checking his watch.

*Shit*, I thought.

***My date's tonight, with Alejandro.***

The phone vibrated immediately. ***That fat guy from the pool?***

***What? Bitch, he's not fat.***

***You right, my bad. He just a lil thick....unlike that Viking we know.***

I sighed. ***Why are you bringing him up?***

***Have you talked to him?*** Renee wanted me to reach through my phone.

Instead, I reached for some breath mints I kept in the console between my seats and popped a few in. Reapplying the black honey lip-gloss to my lips, I rubbed them together in a satisfied manner.

***No***, I replied. ***In fact, I'm hoping Alejandro has good dick. I'll call you later.***

***Gross***, she replied.

I swear sometimes, my cousin acted as if she'd never gotten dick before. She was gorgeous and although she was single, she'd never brought a guy around me or my mother. Renee's ass was mum about her love life.

"Hey," I smiled widely at Alejandro tapping him on his shoulder.

He swung his head up and smiling brown eyes met my own. He took in my dress and then took me by the hand and made me twirl around.

"Hello, gorgeous," Alejandro grinned.

"Shall we?" I asked when he was finished admiring my dress.

We entered the restaurant and sat down at a table in the middle area. The lighting was low, and a red rose in a jar

seemed to have a spotlight on it from directly above. It was very much a romantic spot to eat at.

Nerves got the best of me, and I watched as Alejandro looked around while tapping his fingers.

“So,” I started.

His attention turned to me.

“Why did you pick this place?”

“Well...I was googling, then my cube mate Kayla said this was a nice place. She’d always wanted to try. She suggested it.”

The waiter brought wine to the table and that finally got us loosened up even more. An hour passed in the blink of an eye. “This is the first date I’ve been on in well...fifteen years.”

“Huh?”

Alejandro’s face changed, hints of hurt and sadness formed there. “My wife died about two years ago. I’ve been raising my two daughters relatively solo. Her family was here. Not mine. I stayed because I want my children to have normalcy.”

My hand reached out and touched his hand resting on the table, my heart clenching. “I’m so sorry.”

The next thing I knew he’d burst out crying at the table. His cries were choked and harsh causing me to look around. People had stopped eating and started staring.

“I...I...I thought when I,” he sobbed heavily. “I thought, when I met you that I was ready for more.”

Biting my lip, I continued to pat his hand. “Alejandro, it’s okay. You miss your wife.”

“We should do dinnneeerrrrr,” his wailing cut through the air.

Two minutes later we were standing outside saying awkward goodbyes. I watched him slink away from the curb in front of the restaurant, his head down.

He’d been so embarrassed by the sudden turn of events.

The night air was warm and hazy, I sighed as I made my way to my car. Hitting the remote to unlock it, I saw that it wasn't doing its job.

The sleek black car hadn't made so much as a chirp.

"I know you're fucking lying," I whispered, looking around.

An old rusted yellowish pickup rumbled by, giving me the creeps.

Pulling my phone out that was still heavily charged, I texted Renee.

*I think my car battery is dead.* I sent the text.

For a moment, I waited to see what would happen if I kept on clicking but nothing occurred. Using the actual key, I twisted it in the door of the car, and it opened. Getting inside, I waited for Renee to text back, but she never did.

Finally, I started looking for an emergency road number. Calling one I waited for customer service to come on the line.

"This is Lisa, with Road Side of Southern Virginia," a female customer service agent stated. "How can we help you this evening?"

A deep sigh escaped. "Hi, Lisa. My name is Cher. I believe the battery in my vehicle has died. Is there any towing service around, or someone to maybe come and jump my car?"

She sounded chipper, "Sure thing. Let me look up some of the garages that are in the area and who's on emergency call this evening. Can you give me the current address?"

After rattling off my location to her, she asked for a few moments and placed me on hold. Slowly, I drummed my fingers on the steering wheel as it seemed to take an eternity.

*Where in the fuck is Renee,* I took another look at our text.

Nothing had appeared and I figured she must've been asleep or something.

"Ma'am?" the customer service agent was back.

“Yes, I’m still here.”

“I located a garage for you that’s in the area. Are you somewhere safe?”

“I am,” I replied.

“Alright, someone from Viking’s Autobody is on the way...”

I didn’t hear anything after that.

Had my hearing failed me?

“I’m sorry, I didn’t catch that...” I stopped her.

“Oh, sorry about that! Viking Autobody will be sending someone out to either jump or tow your vehicle. Please give them half an hour.”

Spit had gotten caught in my throat and I started coughing.

“Ma’am, is there anything else I can assist you with?”

I was shaking my head as if she could see me. My stomach had twisted itself just a little bit causing me to feel anxious.

“Ma’am?” she said again.

Finally, I regained my ability to speak and muttered a thank you before ending the call. Rubbing my hands against my dress, some of my anxiety seemed to ease.

I leaned my head back against the head rest. A huge fat droplet of water hit the windshield.

“Great,” I whispered.

Soon the rain was pelting the car, and combined with the built-up heat, my eyes began to droop.

Before I knew it, someone was tapping on the glass.

“Cher!” The voice called. “Cher, it’s me. Wake up!”

“Huh?”

“Princess...it’s me...”

My stomach became a twisted knot once again, a shiver running down my spine at that goddamn nickname.



Unlocking the door, I found myself staring up into Tyr's eyes.

"It just had to be you," I told him.

He stared at me for a moment longer, but didn't say anything before getting me out of the car. He hustled me into the tow truck and took my car keys. I tried to see what he was doing, but finally he was hooking my car up and pulling it up onto the rollback.

When he got into the truck, I noticed he was soaked to the bone.

"Thank you," I whispered.

"For what," he asked, his tone rather matter of fact. "I was doing my job."

Sitting back in the seat, we rumbled away into the dark. Some sad country song played on the radio and my eyes started to feel wet.

Holy shit, and you thought Alejandro was having a moment, I thought.

"Cher?" Came Tyr's quiet questioning voice.

My throat burned as I tried to hold back racking sobs. "What?"

"Princess...why are you crying?" He looked at me then, confusion clouding his beautiful perfect features.

*Our child might've looked like him,* the thought came out of nowhere.

"You left me, Tyr...in the hospital. I...."

He took a breath. "Fuck..."

"I was all alone. You left me while I was miscarrying our child. Why was I so weak?"

My voice was cracking as I relived the moment over again in my mind.

I could see blood everywhere, could hear the doctor speaking to me in a low hushed tone.

Words were tumbling out and tears wouldn't stop falling. The tow truck seemed to have slowed down, while the windshield wipers were still going so swiftly across the glass. Cars passed, their light growing shadows within the small confinement of the vehicle.

Tyr had eased off to the side of the road and put the tow truck in park. He stared ahead for a moment and then turned to look at me.

“Cher...”

“What?” I whined, trying to dab my face.

“What baby?”

His eyes were so wide, I could see the white parts. His face had contorted into something I couldn't describe as I searched his face.

My words had slowly sunken in, and I realized what I'd said out loud.

# Episode 22

## Renee

**W**e'd split up and gone in different directions calling out Mischief's name. When I'd told Wade what his name was he'd busted the fuck up.

Rolling my eyes, I demanded that he search near the pond area.

“Cavil don't be an ass,” I'd replied.

“What a name for a dog,” he grinned.

Finally, he turned in the opposite direction and I'd waited until he was just out of earshot. Racing to get to the goddamn car, Mischief had started barking at me from the passenger side.

Looking around, I'd opened the door and yanked his big ass out quick, fast, and in a hurry.

He looked up at me like I'd lost my damn mind.

“Boy, don't play with me. We gotta make this shit look good.”

My dog had a personality of his own, and I knew he was pissed I'd left him in the car.

“Play your role, baby dog, please!” Reaching down I scrubbed behind his ears. “I'll get you a giant steak as a reward.”

Steak was Mischief favorite fucking word. He could practically spell it.

Oh yeah, my dog was about to sell the fuck out of this role I needed him to play...

“Okay, boy, I need you to run off. Not too far.”

The rain had started up again, and water was hitting his fur softly. He gave a shake and then did as he was told. Giving him just a little bit of a head start, his leash bouncing against the concrete, I started chasing after him.

“Mischief!” I called really trying to sell this shit.

“Get back here!” I hollered.

Now the thing about Mischief was the more you chased him, even on a good day, the more he wanted to run. He really started to get some speed on him.

He found the biggest mud puddle he could find and landed in it.

Light from my phone was bouncing around with my movement.

“Oh you little shit!”

He stopped then and almost seemed to grin. He was about to run off again when Wade snatched his big ass up.

Out of breath, I finally made it over.

“Damn, I forgot to ask if he bites,” Wade gave a laugh as Mischief struggled to get down out of his strong looking arms. He’d thrown on a white tank and some gray sweatpants now stained with mud.

“He doesn’t,” I said. “Mischief, I can’t believe you. And mud puddles...boy you know we don’t do mud.”

Wade laughed some more and finally sat my dog down, giving him some good scratches. “Who’s a pretty dog? Who’s the cutest.”

My dog was eating this shit up and giving me a look.

“Thank you so much,” I finally said.

“For what, it seems like you found him,” Wade continued to scratch the dog’s ears.

Internally, I was already driving away from the scene of the crime. “For helping me look. I owe you one.”

He stood then, coming in closer. “What are you offering? I already asked for pussy.”

My eyes dropped to Mischief’s face. He was looking between this dangerous man who said whatever he wanted and me, his momma who had lied on him.

I laughed nervously. “How about a home cooked dinner. Just dinner, Wade. I’ll bring it by one night this week.”

He frowned. “I do like food.”

“Anything you don’t like...”

“There’s a list.”

“On food, sir...” Slowly, I reached for Mischief’s leash that was bawled up in Wade’s fist.

Why was I imagining him winding my wild curly hair around his fist just like that.

I started clenching my legs again.

The minute I got home, I was going to play out my fantasy in my head and rub my pearl until I exploded.

“I could do without onions,” he sighed handing over my dog’s leash.

“Awesome. Well, we’d better get going. And you should get back to your lady friend. She seemed pretty pissed about me interrupting y’all.”

Wade shrugged just as a fat droplet of rain smacked him. Instinctively, I reached up wiped it away, warmth coursing through me the second I did it.

As if something hot had touched me, I jerked my hand away.

Wade’s blue eyes, still glowing eerily, took me in. “I don’t get you, Tutor Girl.”

“Huh?”

“Something’s off about you. You have a man, right?”

Fuck, I thought, but nodded.'

"I do, I told you that already."

"So why are you out here with me," Wade's eyes were studying me in the dim light cast by his flashlight and my phone.

I was uncomfortable.

"He's at work. I was on my way home....nothing too remarkable."

A frown wove its way on his face.

"Anyway," I shrugged turning to leave. "Good night."

"No!"

"What?" I asked.

"It's dark," Wade stated the obvious. "I'll walk you both to your car."

Mischief's dark brown eyes darted to look back as if he had something to say but started tugging instead. He was ready to get the hell out of Dodge. He wanted his warm doggy bubble bath and that steak he'd been promised.

We reached my car in silence, and I lifted Mischief up and put him back inside. I knew mud was going to get all over the seats of my Jeep. That was not going to be fun to clean up, but I'd had to commit to my lie.

"Well, thank you."

He leaned back and I could see him better from the overhead light inside my Jeep.

"You said that already."

Lightning struck then.

The ground shook with thunder and then he leaned in and pulled me close. I could hear Mischief whimper; thunder wasn't his thing. My stomach felt all twisty, as if I were on some invisible roller coast that had plunged downward and back up to the top, ready to speed towards the ground.

My breathing had intensified mightily.

“I wanna kiss you...” Wade smelled so goddamn good, and felt even better.

My eyes closed slowly as if I was high from smoking weed. The wind had started to pick up and my heart was racing with such fury.

“But I won’t,” his lips were so fucking close to mine, brushing slightly against them causing my mouth to tingle.

“Good night, Tutor Girl.”

He let go of me, a wide grin on his face and then he walked away.

I hated him.

I hated how I stood watching him go.

Mischief finally gave a bark as another round of lightning shot through the sky.

“I know boy, we gotta go.”

The entire drive back to my house, my pussy quivered. When we got home, I realized how fucking crazy I looked.

The mirror near the front door showed me that I looked like a killer. My long curly sandy blonde hair was strewn all over my head. The black rain jacket had mud left, right, and center, from Mischief’s ass.

“So, steak, huh?” I asked.

He stopped scratch, as if to say, “Bitch didn’t I lie for you.”

“Bubble bath first,” I herded him towards the giant bathtub.

Climbing into bed after the bath and steak dinner, Mischief’s soft snores filled my ears. Scrolling, my phone pinged in my hand.

I’d finally gotten around to messaging Cher during the bath, telling her I was sorry I’d missed her text but she’d replied she’d gotten a ride home safely.

This message notification wasn’t a text though.



No this was a social media notification.

Wade Cavil had sent a friend request.

And that request had come in with a message too.

Wade Cavil had sent me a dick pic.

**Long.**

**Thick.**

**Veined.**

*I wanted you to get the full picture, the message had read.  
Sweet dreams, Tutor girl.*

# Episode 23

## Tyr

**W**e drove in silence.

Cher's words were eating at me.

She'd been pregnant.

I'd been the one to get her pregnant.

She'd lost it...

My fingers had wrapped themselves around the steering wheel to the point that they were starting to ache. I was in a world of my own as I drove the tow truck with her car sitting on the rollback.

Life was so goddamn funny it hurt.

It actually hurt.

Looking over casually, I saw that she'd leaned her head against the door of the truck and closed her eyes. Country music was filling the vehicle up with more sorrow than I could handle.

Fuck, I need a drink.

Taking a deep breath, I continued driving while the rain was coming down even harder. By the time I reached the garage and parked, Cher started moving.

"I need to call an uber or something," she said looking through her purse.

My fingers twisted the knob on the truck's stereo, turning it down so low that the music was barely a whisper. Hitting the

button for the overhead light, I wanted to see her face. Darkness was not going to be Cher's ally.

"Cher, there's no goddamn way you're gonna just drop a bomb like this on me."

"I'm not doing this," she turned her eyes to look at me and there was a storm behind those big chocolate eyes. "You left me! I was here, dealing with this alone."

Her words stung.

"The hospital wasn't going to give me any information on your condition. Cher, your mom didn't want me around. Was I supposed to fight her? Have you met your mother....?"

She looked taken aback. "What about after? Huh? I was good enough to track down and fuck though, right?"

She didn't even let me answer before she was flying out into the middle of the storm.

Watching her go, I slammed my hand against the steering wheel.

"Goddamn it!" A frustrated roar ripped from between my lips.

Sliding out of the truck, I caught up to her. She was walking in the rain, already drenched.

"Cher!" I called out to her.

She kept on walking.

"Cher! Goddamn it, what are you doing?" I reached out and forced her to stop and face me.

"Getting away from you!" She hissed shaking me off her.

The rain had slanted, beating us in the face. I didn't care. I was going to do this dance because for three weeks I'd had to stop myself from going to her apartment, or her mother's house. After the trip to Wilmington, I'd been drinking myself half to death.

"No!" I yelled, getting up in her face. "You don't get to tell me you were pregnant and leave me feeling..."

“Feeling what?” She cried. “Feeling alone? Feeling like a goddamn fool that you let someone you barely knew slide into you and make a baby, that you lost.”

My heart was cracking.

It was like with Lainey all over again but different.

“I didn’t know,” I told her.

“You just checked out!” She screamed. “I called.”

I nodded, swiping water out of my face. “I know! But I’m here now, Cher! I’m here now! And I know it’s not gonna fix a fucking thing, but I am here!”

An explosion of light lit up the sky, and I knew we ran the risk of getting electrocuted. I didn’t care. I would be in this goddamn storm with her if it killed us both. Sobs began to rack her body and I pulled her into me, and we became a soggy mess.

“Let me take you back to my place,” I whispered to her.

“No, I don’t wanna be fucked, Tyr,” she shook her head.

A sigh left me. “The thought never crossed my mind. I thought I might hold you for a little while, though.”

Finally, she relented. Getting her car straight and into the garage, I set up instructions for Bug to work on it in the morning.

Cher and I drove together in my pickup with silence filling the void. My cellphone pinged and I saw it was Wade.

Bro, I have got to tell you about the shit that just happened, it read.

Shaking my head, I slowed down, heading up the drive to the cabin my father had left to me and Erik. It was the only decent thing he’d ever done in his life besides leaving us the garage.

When we stepped inside, the house felt closed up. I propped the door open and turned on the ceiling fan to get some air moving.

Cher looked around and I realized the place was a fucking mess.

Whiskey bottles and beer cans were everywhere.

“Let’s get some dry clothes on,” I murmured.

“I should’ve gone home,” Cher’s voice was quiet.

Ignoring her, I ordered her to strip. She did so, the black dress inching down her body.

In my bedroom, I changed into a pair of sweats, and some clean socks. I hated walking around with bare feet, but I remained bare chested.

Coming back out with a fresh big t-shirt that had something to do with Irondale on it, I watched her breast sway as she tugged it on.

*Fuck her,* I thought.

Shaking the thoughts away, I reached for a blanket off the back of the couch I’d fucked her on for the first time. She snatched it out of my hands and pulled it around her.

“So, what were you doing in Roanoke anyway?” I asked, looking at the dress.

I really didn’t want to hear the answer, but I waited. Cher’s brown eyes focused on my own and she finally rolled them.

“How’s that your business. Again, you were missing for three weeks, and you’ve said it a few times we were just fucking.”

“You’re not allowed to fuck anyone else,” I came in close, my blood boiling at the thought.

My rough and callused hand instantly went around her soft pretty neck, digging into her flesh. She winced, and I knew I’d caused discomfort.

“Who in the fuck do you think you are that you get to tell me that?” She whispered her eyes glistening with tears.

I smirked easily at the question. “Why do you want to play with men’s lives?”

We had a stare down.

*God this feels good*, I thought.

The heat from her body was overwhelming. I wanted her.

I always wanted her.

Three weeks of hiding after the shit show in Wilmington. I'd killed three men; it wasn't exactly like I'd been able to give love and affection after that.

No, whiskey had gotten me through it though.

"Alejandro..."

My face twisted up into a scowl at another man's name. "You're telling me his name? Signing his death warrant..."

She smacked my hand away. "Nothing happened. The man started crying in the middle of dinner."

I could feel my eyes widening. "What?"

She looked away from me. "Yeah, he wasn't quite over his wife like he thought. Seems to be a familiar story with me lately."

*Ouch.*

"Nothing is going on with Lainey," I said sternly.

"Oh yeah?" She asked.

"Yeah," I replied.

"Then where have you been and who have you been with..."

Her eyes cut through me like a hot knife going through butter. The blonde sucking my dick 'til I nudded down her throat flashed in my mind.

Stepping away, I became quiet. Leaving Cher standing in the living room, I tried to decide if I was ready to reveal that part of the story to her.

"Oh, hell no!" I heard Cher holler.

She followed me into the kitchen which was surprisingly neat, it was just the living room that was a disaster. Opening

the cabinet door under the sink I pulled out large trash bags.

“What?”

“You fucked around with someone else?” She asked. “Was it your wife?”

Our eyes clashed, and I knew if I told her the truth it was going to cause her more pain, but if I lied and it came out, it would destroy her.

I fiddled with the black trash bag, and she came over and snatched it from me, throwing it down.

“You wanted me here, I’m here. Now I’m asking you... did you fuck your wife?”

My hands were itching to touch her, to try and calm her down. She looked like a ferocious warrior.

Cher was my goddamn Valkyrie.

She pushed a finger into my chest. “Fucking answer me!”

“Or what?”

She smirked then, her finger dropping away from me.

“Or this...”

Her hands went for the sweatpants I’d threw on. I’d become hard instantly because she had that effect on me. Her hands were so soft, I could have come right here.

Cher slid to her feet, peering up at me.

“Tell me...” she whispered, her pink tongue darting out to lick the tip of my dick.

“I didn’t sleep with my wife or anyone,” I breathed, not knowing what to do with my hands.

“But you did something, yes?”

I swallowed and then nodded. Cher shook her head, her manicured nails grabbing at my balls. The tips of the nails seemed to dig in, a mix of pleasure and pain that hit rocked my body. My heart was hammering in my chest by this point, and I knew I should’ve been stopping her but the need to feel her mouth on me...



The warmth of her breath tickled the length of my shaft.

“What did you do Tyr...tell me your dirty fucking secret,” she sneered.

Her tongue darted out again.

*Fuck*, I thought.

“Princess...” I whispered.

“No...none of that princess, shit, Tyr. You’ve wrecked my whole fucking world. I want my revenge.”

Her tongue flicked out once more.

“Please, Princess....suck it...”

Cher rolled her eyes. “Typical man...”

She did it then, she pulled my hard dick into her mouth. I found heaven there and squeezed my eyes shut. White, hot light danced behind my eyes.

“Fuccceck,” I uttered the word, finally winding my hands throughout her hair.

Cher’s head game was amazing. She bobbed up and down slowly before it turned sloppy. The sound of her gagging on my dick filled my ears until I couldn’t take it anymore.

Pulling her up, we locked eyes.

“You’re not getting out of telling me,” She said as I set her up the counter.

The shirt slid up to reveal red lace panties. My fingers were itching to pull those fucking things off her. How many of her panties had I ruined?

Breathing heavy, I came in and nipped at her lips. She opened for me, and we devoured each other’s mouths. My fingers eased in between us.

“Princess, you’re so wet...are we okay to...?”

“The doctor said at least two weeks,” she pulled back.

That was all I needed to hear.

Wasting no time, I slid her panties to the side and pushed up into her. Her moans filled my ears the second I did it, sweat slid down my body as I began to ease in and out of her on the kitchen counter.

“Nobody, but you Princess,” I pressed into her. “Only you.”

# Episode 24

## Cher

The restaurant was full of people that had just come from church. My mother was sitting across from me, not paying much attention and Renee was looking at her phone every five minutes. Taking a deep breath, I thought I'd try and drop a bombshell before things got back to Dietra.

Chicken Man came and sat a plate full of hot waffles down with syrup and left to tend to more tables.

He was short staffed today and was about to run himself ragged.

Slowly, I picked up my utensils and began to dig into the food, and Renee let out a soft laugh.

“What’s so funny?” I asked.

Both my mother and I turned our eyes on her.

“Nothing,” she replied, looking at both of us and then setting her phone down.

The door to the restaurant opened, the bell jingling. Not even paying attention, I went on trying to pry information out of Renee who wasn't budging.

Pop!

Something had thudded on the table in my goddamn waffles. It startled the hell out of me and all three of us gave a yelp.

Starring back at us was a woman practically dripping venom, but I recognized her immediately. Lainey Madensen

looked the worse for wear.

Her blonde hair was scooped up in ratty looking pony tail secured in place by an elastic band. Up close, I could see remnants of her beauty trying to shine through, but her face seemed to be having once of the worst breakouts I have ever seen. Blue eyes that at one time had probably shined so brightly and prettily, seemed dull and fatigued from years of drug use.

And there was a stench already causing a cloud to suffocate us.

“If you think he’s going to divorce me, you have another goddamn thing coming....”

Swinging my eyes from the woman in front of me, to my mother, I realized the restaurant had grown quiet.

“I’m sorry?” I looked down at the papers on my waffles, embarrassment filling me and then looking at Lainey again.

God, she stinks, I thought my stomach twirling.

“Do I know you?”

Lainey leaned back as if I’d slapped her. “Do you know me? Bitch, don’t play stupid with me. I know you’ve been sleeping with Tyr. It’s all around the city.”

“Young lady,” my mother’s voice cut in, low enough it forced you to listen. “My daughter has cut all ties with who I assume is your husband. We are in middle of trying to have lunch, and the stench coming off of you is beginning to ruin my appetite.”

Lainey seemed to realize where she was, as if coming out of stupor. She leaned down close.

“I don’t give a flying fuck,” she stated softly to my mother, then turned her head to me. “I’m never giving him a divorce.”

Her breath...

I absolutely fucking gagged at that moment. This afternoons’ lunch was threatening to make an appearance.

“Look bitch,” Renee stood up and I followed suit. “It’s time for you to go.”

Chicken Man came sauntering over, with a white towel thrown across his shoulder. “Now Miss....”

Lainey cut him a look and her smell must’ve hit him too because his lips balled all the way up.

“Now look Miss, you gone have to leave if you’re not going to order something, yes indeed,” he dropped the towel round his face.

Everything became a blur of shouts and sounds.

Lainey hauled off and slapped the fire out of me.

I sat with my mouth open for just a moment, but I recovered. The plate of hot waffles slammed into the side of Lainey’s face.

Shouts began to fill the restaurant.

“You disgusting fucking woman!” I screamed.

“Beat her ass, Cher!” Renee’s voice cut through the static.

I knew my mother was watching, but I didn’t care. I’d had enough of the goddamn disrespect.

Lainey’s face betrayed her shock and immediately she was on me, trying to choke the fuck out of me. Gagging from the smell, I fell back on the table.

“You think he wasn’t with someone in Wilmington. You can’t handle a man like him, sweeting. You can’t have him!” She seethed from on top of me.

“Bitch, get yo stankin’ ass off my family!”

Renee was ripping her off me, and my mother was out of the line of fire. People had their mouths wide open and all that could be heard was the air conditioner kicking on inside the restaurant, the hum of electricity sizzling through the overhead lights, and heavy breathing.

It was my breathing that I was hearing.

Rubbing at my throat, Lainey lunged for me one more time, but I reacted quickly and grabbed the plate my mother had been eating off.

Time seemed to go in slow motion as the plate and Lainey's face collided, making a thunderous echo. Gasps filled the air as the woman stumbled back.

Blood was spilling from her nose.

"You bitch!" She screamed.

"Ma'am, it's time for you to go! I called the police, you hear...it's time for you to go."

Lainey looked between Chicken Man and me before screaming again. "YOU THINK HE HASN'T BEEN FUCKING OTHER WOMEN? THIS ISNT OVER!"

Police sirens whistled in the distance after she'd left. He looked at the mess and then me and my family.

"Y'all should get going as well," he murmured.

Climbing into Renee's Jeep, my mother in the front seat, ice seemed to form within the confines of the vehicle.

"In all of my life," she turned around and looked at me. "I have never been so embarrassed to call you my daughter than I am right now."

Dropping my eyes, I stared at my hands, I had nothing to say. What could I say? She was never going to approve of Tyr no matter what, but I hadn't asked his wife to come and attack me.

"Aunt Dee," Renee murmured.

"No! Because somebody needs to tell her that was embarrassing. And then we had to run out of a place I've been going to since I was a child."

"Mother, what do you want from me?"

She whipped around in the seat at my words. "Mind your mouth, Cher. I told you what running around with that man..."

“No,” I shook my head, staring her dead on. “This my life, Mother. If I want to see Tyr, I’ll see him. No more worrying about what you might think. I’ve tiptoed my entire life... wanting to please you.”

My mother’s face remained stonelike. “Renee get me home before I snatch a knot in this girl. The goddamn audacity is too thick. Worked myself to the bone for the both of you...”

We rode in silence, no more words passing between us. My mother didn’t so much as even look back at us when she entered her house.

Climbing up to the front, I buckled myself in. The perfume she’d worn had seeped into the seatbelt that crossed my body.

“So...” Renee dared to look over and cracked a smile.

“Yes?” My lips stretched wide, my heart beating like I had butterflies in my chest.

“You and this Viking gonna be a thing?” She asked. “Cause you know...the Fourth of July cookout is next weekend.”

My smile dropped. “What?”

“You heard me. Whole family, getting together and grilling and playing spades. You just said you’re with him to your mother. Basically declared war in my car...”

I leaned back in the seat, focusing my eyes on the road ahead. “The whole family?”

“Oh yeah, they bout to be all up in your nut and cracking that shit.”

“Fuck,” I whispered.

“And bitch, you just fought the fuck outta his wife...” Renee looked over again before refocusing on the road.

“I fought his wife...? Oh my God, I fought his fucking wife,” I started laughing heartily because I wasn’t that type of person.

“She is going to be getting porcelain out of her face for weeks,” Renee assured me.



My mind raced for several moments. Before I knew it, we were pulling into the parking lot next to my apartment.

“Thanks for the ride,” I told her getting out.

Before she could say anything else, the roar of a motorcycle cut through the air. My eyes scanned the area and then I saw Renee grinning.

Tyr pulled into a spot across the street just as my cousin was driving up the street.

I stood there and waited. He sat waiting there, in front of the pharmacy for a moment before beckoning me over.

Crossing the street, I practically ran to him.

“I just heard the craziest thing....” He smiled up at me from the seat of his ride.

“Oh yeah, me too. Divorce?”

“The papers have been drawn up for a while,” he admitted. “But I never had a reason to send them.”

“And I’m the reason?”

He nodded. “You are, Princess.”

He reached back and pulled out a helmet.

“Get on,” he said.

“What, in this dress?”

Tyr was ignoring me, and the engine of his bike was coming back to life. A few people had walked by giving us looks, but I didn’t care. Snatching the helmet from him, I pushed it onto my hair that I’d worn in a low bun.

Hiking the dress up to my hips, I climbed behind him.

“Hold on to me tight,” he smiled.

We pulled away from the curb at a crazy speed. I had no idea where he was taking me, but I didn’t care. My face rested against the leather of his vest.

Just as long as we’re together, I thought with wind whipping over my face.

# Episode 25

## Tyr

“**A**nd I fucking told you, Charlie. Not to kill that woman...” My voice sounded so goddamn far away that I almost didn’t believe it was my own.

My fist struck out and punched Charlie Dean in the gut. He grunted hard in pain. When I struck him, my hand pulled back and my knuckles were already aching ready to bruise.

Charlie had his wrist tied above his head; his left eye was quickly going black. Most of the club was standing around drinking.

Wade stepped forward; a bottle of whiskey turned up to his lips. He handed it to me, and I took it. Wade cracked his neck and made a show of stretching, ready to inflict a little pain. “And I told you, to leave those fucking Valley King bitches alone, but you just didn’t listen did you Charlie...”

We both shook our head. I’d called Church two hours ago.

A Valley King gang member had been found with an eye cut from his skull.

That was something only a patched in club member would pull.

Only one of Odin’s sons would know the meaning behind taking an eye...

Irondale had mostly been peaceful despite the scuffle between us and the rival gang at the fair. However, Charlie the stupid son of a bitch, had decided to start a fight with one of

their lieutenants outside of a convenience store and they were gonna be out for revenge.

“Now,” I said. “I gotta fix your fucking mess, before this club has a war on its hands...”

Charlie Dean was a big motherfucker.

I’m talking built like two goddamn linebackers in one body. Stringing his ass up, hell, fighting him to get him strung up, had taken a lot of work.

Now his big ass was crying for his mother. Not that I could blame him, because I would have been doing the same because we both knew what was getting ready to happen to him.

“Puuullleaseeeee!” He had squeezed his eyes shut, tears slipping through his lashes and onto his cheeks before rolling down his face.

No one cared about tears, least of all a Viking who didn’t follow fucking directions.

A Viking who would hurt a woman didn’t deserve the patches and the respect that came along with that name.

Wade took the whiskey bottle back, took a swig and then handed it off to another member.

“A Viking!” Wade declared picking up a torch. “Who disobeys not once but twice is a fucking problem!”

There was a big hunting knife sitting on the workbench where the torch had been. Charlie began to scream like a woman when I picked it up.

It sliced through the black shirt he was wearing.

“Please,” he whispered to me. “I’ll tell you...”

I shook my head, and we could both hear Wade flicking the torch on and the immense heat that followed so quickly.

“No,” he declared. “You don’t understand what I know...”

I shook my head and stepped back. “It doesn’t matter.”

Charlie was a goddamn disaster, a little bitch.

Wade raised the torch and even I began to sweat like a whore in church. My best friend had a sadistic smile on his face.

“Pleaseeeeeeeee” Charlie cried out in pain. “I’ll tell you where Ricky is!”

My ears lit up, but it was too late, and Wade had laid the flame to his back. He screamed out in agony before I could get to him.

“Stop!”

Wade turned to me, a questioning look on his face. In fact, everyone in the room had the exact same look.

Walking over to Charlie, my hand went under his chin, and I lifted it. His face was wet with tears.

“What did you say?”

Charlie Dean was close to passing out. His face had turned cherry red, like a ripened tomato sitting in the grocery store waiting for someone to buy it. The smell of seared flesh seasoned the air and tickled my nose.

Honestly, it smelled like someone was grilling chicken.

“Come on man, what the fuck,” Wade whined. He was a sadistic bastard when he got started on something like this. I ignored him.

Charlie was close to fainting.

My hand went across his face. “Wake up, bitch. What did you fucking say about Ricky?”

Charlie sputtered, his body slack and hanging. “Ruh-ickky...he’s hiding out....”

Before he could fully answer he passed out again.

Slapping at his face, I realized he was out.

“Fuck!” A growl tore loose from my mouth.

“Yoooo, Tyr!” Bug’s voice cut through the noise.

“What?”

“Is this your old lady fighting your other old lady?” The kid was grinning from ear to ear as he stared down at his phone.

“Clean this shit up and when he come through again, let me know!” I barked at Wade.

He grumbled something at me. “What?”

“I barely even scratched the fucking surface, Tyr!” Wade’s face had contorted into one of sadness.

The man was fucking crazy, and he looked like he’d been on a bender.

“You need to get your shit together, and do like I asked,” I finally walked over to see what Bug was talking about. “Show me.”

“This was posted on my friend Sara Katherine’s Snapchat like twenty minutes ago,” Bug held up his black phone, the screen shiny for just a moment before the video started to play.

“Holy shit,” I mumbled.

The video was shaky and a little grainy, but when it finally focused, I was able to tell that my soon to be ex-wife was fighting Cher.

“Odin’s fucking balls,” I murmured when the footage showed Cher’s molly-whopping Lainey with a plate.

Bug shook his head and put his phone away. Glancing, I looked over at Cher’s car that was just about finished. The alternator had gone out in her car, and I was still working to get it fixed for her.

“I’ll bet you a hundred dollars,” Bug shook his head. “They were fighting over you.”

Rubbing at my temple, I heard Bug shuffling away laughing and ready to show the video to the other club members.

It wasn’t lost on me that Cher and I had gone through some shit while seeing each other. I’d been so close to getting

my answer on where in the fuck Ricky was that it made my ass itch.

Riding over to Cher's apartment with wind whipping over my body, I saw that I'd arrived just in time. Renee was driving away.

When she finally got on the back of my bike and wrapped her arms around me it felt so insanely right to be with her.

We rode around for a few hours before I took her back to the cabin. I'd cleaned it up a whole lot.

"It smells a lot better in here too," she grinned looking around.

"Clean enough for a princess?"

Cher ran a finger over the coffee table and inspected for dust. I knew she wouldn't find any. She looked at her finger and then me.

"It'll do, Viking."

"Fuck," I growled.

"What?"

She had me hard with her words.

"I like that," I said.

Cher had kicked her heels off by the door. When she sashayed over, she swayed up onto her tip toes, her mouth coming up close to meet my own. My hand slid to the base of her spine, pulling her in close.

"What do you like?"

I growled low and hard. "All of it. But mostly, I love you calling me Viking."

She only smiled and nipped at my mouth before backing away. "I have something to ask you.

Cher had no idea I was two seconds from bending her over my couch again.

Bet she has on nude colored lace panties today, the thought twisted around in my brain.

“Ask away,” I smiled.

She slowly cocked her head to the side. “Are you sure?”

“Cher, just ask me, Princess!”

She huffed before spitting it out.

“Do you have any plans for the Fourth of July?”

Stepping away, I focused on her words. “The Fourth?”

She nodded shyly. “Yes.”

“I mean... I hadn't planned to do anything special at all.”

“So..you're free, then?”

Scratching at my neck I wondered where this was going.  
“Yeah.”

“Good. I...Renee thought this might be a good time for you to meet my family.”

Suddenly, I was coughing, and the room seemed to have pulled in on itself. I found myself in the kitchen and reaching for a beer.

The cool liquid fell down my throat.

“Your family?” I came to stand back in front of her.  
“Cher...I...”

For just a moment, there was some sort of hurt that covered her face, but then she put on a mask. “Don't worry about, Tyr.”

“I didn't say I wasn't interested, Princess.”

She was shaking her head and already by the door. “No, but you're not exactly excited about it either.”

“Goddamn it, Cher. You just molly-whopped my wife in a café...and now I'm meeting your family. Like hold your horses. Can we figure out...”

She whirled on me, and I knew as sure as shit stunk, from the look she's giving me I would have been dead. “Wife?”

I took another swig of beer.



Fuck, I thought.

“You know what I mean, Cher.”

She hissed. “You wanna know what your wife said to me...”

“Oh, goddamn...” I had a headache from my shoulders becoming tense and it was starting at the base of my neck.

“I’m just now thinking about it but...Wilmington. You swore up and down that nothing happened. So, what in the fuck does your WIFE know that I don’t.”

“Cher....stop, this is crazy,” I spoke calmly. “Calm down.”

She rolled her eyes, and started putting on her shoes. “You calm the fuck down. Don’t tell me to calm down. I’ve been calm my whole life you lying piece of shit. I’m ready to go home. Now!”

Slowly, I sat the beer bottle down. Things had escalated entirely too quickly. The air in the room seemed to have static running through it or something.

“You wanna know what happened in Wilmington, Princess?”

Cher had crossed her arms, but when I moved in close enough, she dropped them. We stared at each other hard.

“Do you really want to know...”

She nodded.

“Do you want to hear how I was miserable the entire time I was there. That I wanted to call you, but I stopped myself from doing it because we’re so entirely different, I don’t think I’m good enough for you. Do you wanna hear about how I met some cute little blonde at a gas station and I fucked her mouth so hard, that I imagined it was your pussy? Cause that’s what happened in Wilmington, Cher.”

My words had ripped her open and tears were forming on the fringes of her lashes. She closed her eyes and a few tears dripped down her cheek.

“Are you fucking happy now?”

“Ecstatic you son of bitch. Now take me the fuck home.”

“No,” I replied pulling her face up to meet mine. “I’m not taking you home. In fact, Cher...I’m pissed. And because I’m pissed, I think you need to soothe me. A Viking likes to be taken care of by his old lady.”

“Fuck you!” She spat and knocked my hands away.

I clicked my tongue against my teeth. “We will fuck, Princess. I promise you; I’m going to fuck you so hard that you’re going to feel it for weeks. But let’s get one thing straight. You are now my prisoner, baby. It’s your choice on if I need to shackle you to a wall or not, but you’re confined to this house until I say otherwise.”

Cher’s eyes, still wet from tears, stared at me and I stared back.

I was a Viking through and through.

I wasn’t a good guy.

I never pretended to be otherwise.

She was going to have to earn her freedom.

“Now....take off that fucking dress before I do it for you.”

# Episode 26

## Wade

**S**taring down at my cellphone, I saw that my momma was calling.

I hated when she called.

Usually, when I did hear from her, it was one of two things. Either something was wrong and not the kind of wrong you could fix. Usually, it was that kind of wrong that destroyed a person, like death or something. Or she needed fucking money.

Staring at little baggie of coke, and the woman next to me, I decided I'd call my mother back later.

Emptying the contents onto the glass coffee table that was front and center in my living room, I smiled before rubbing my hands together.

This wasn't the shit that Tyr sold to keep Eric safe in prison.

No this was pure Columbian snow that my dealer always had on hand.

Rolling up a twenty that had been sitting near the remote, I looked over at the girl who seemed zoned out. She did more than coke, having popped a few percs before coming over.

Nah.

My vice was coke.

Moving the rolled up bill over the lines I'd diced up, it hit my system quick and fast.

Pure Columbian Honey, I thought.

My body felt as if someone had dumped honey all over my body, warm and sticky. The blood in my veins was singing in my ears.

I could have went into a Berserker's rage, but instead, I dropped the bill onto the table.

The phone was vibrating on the table again, clattering against the glass.

A smile eased its way onto my face.

Stepping outside to answer, I left the girl inside.

"Hey!" It was hotter than Odin's left nut outside, but I was rolling too hard on the coke to care.

"Wade, hey!" Renee Hollingsworth's voice sounded clear as a bell, almost angelic.

She had this thing about her that I'd never been able to put my finger on. It was almost like she was too pure for this world, a genuinely good person if such a thing even existed.

"I didn't catch you at a bad time, did I?"

Looking back over my shoulder, I watched home girl snort a fat line in a Z. My mouth watered just a little bit before I focused, still high.

Lately, Renee was good at catching me at bad times. A while back, I'd been about to wreck the wife of a preacher's world when I'd had to help Renee find her missing dog in the rain.

"No," I replied.

"Good!" She sounded happy as fuck. "I need your help with something."

I scratched at my neck. "You finally broke up with that loser you're seeing and ready to let me scratch that itch I know you got?"

Renee gave a little laugh. "Not at all."

"Then what?"

Forty-five minutes later, I was driving into the black part of Irondale. The roar of my bike's engine filled my ears, the rumbling sounds bouncing off buildings as I cruised by. I found myself parking in front of Renee's house.

It was large, easily a five-bedroom home and part of me wondered how she could afford something like this.

The front door to her house opened, a red flash as she stepped out onto the front porch and gave a wave. She was striking and had always been that way. Renee had never been one to flaunt her beauty, but she had fair enough skin that seemed to glow. Her cheekbones were intensely sculpted, and her lips were full and sensual. My favorite feature even in high school though, was her ass.

*Baby Girl has a little wagon on her.*

Fuck, I was starting to get hard as she came off the porch to greet me dressed in black biking shorts and an oversized t-shirt. Her curls had been pinned on top of her head in a messy bun that I wanted to take down and wind my fingers through.

“So, what's the problem?” I asked, getting off my bike.

“You're saving my life,” she grinned.

Following her around the back, I found the rinky-dink push mower sitting there in front of me.

“You're a mechanic,” she shrugged. “I figured you could fix this easy.”

I nodded, bending down and inspecting the device. “True!”

“Awesome, well...I'll be inside if you need me.”

She turned and I watched her ass bounce away.

*Renee would look good bouncing on these nine inches,* I thought nastily.

Heading back to my bike, I had some tools in one of the bags attached. Once they were free, I headed back to the mower. My first thought was that maybe the mower had water in it, but I went about pulling the entire thing apart.

I was halfway through reconstructing it when my cellphone started up again.

“Yes Mama,” I finally answered her.

I could hear her taking a drag from a cigarette on the other end. “Bout fucking time, Wade Cavi. I could have been in goddamn distress or something.”

Swiping at my face, I realized I was sweating profusely.

“Mama...”

“Don’t ‘Mama’ me,” she was sneering. “Why didn’t you answer me when I called earlier.”

“I was preoccupied, and I’m in the middle of something right now.”

She sneered again. “Fuck, why am I not the most important thing in your life anymore.”

I took a deep breath and looked around. “Mama...”

“It’s fine. Look...I ...your sister just blew back into town. Wade, she came in with her rugrats and she’s gone.”

“Huh?”

“Yes, three fucking mixed kids. Came in talking about she just wanted to come home, visit. I swear to fucking God...there’s a fifteen year old, an eleven year old, and a three year old. And she fucking left them with me.”

My mother sounded absolutely hysterical. Tension coiled in my shoulders as I gripped the phone in my right hand, slowly pacing near the lawn mower. I needed to get out of this heat.

“She’s probably around...she wouldn’t come into town and...”

She stopped my words. “She wouldn’t what, not come see you...”

I could never be sure what my mother knew, but Renee was approaching with a bottle of water in hand and mischief

was trotting behind her excitedly. The organ in my chest seemed to lurch at the sight of her.

“Thought you’d like some water,” she smiled handing me the cold bottle.

I cleared my throat, as mother started asking who that was in the background.

“Look,” I told my mom. “I’ll be by in the next few days.”

“No,” she said. “Tomorrow!”

The call ended and Renee had started inspecting the mower. “Didn’t mean to interrupt.”

“You didn’t,” I said opening the water.

It hit my empty stomach.

I couldn’t remember the last time I’d eaten.

*Coke benders will do that*, I thought.

Water went down and bile came up. As I vomited myself to death, Renee stood by with a look of concern on her face.

“Are you okay?” She asked.

I shook my head.

Mischief came over and wrinkled up his nose as if he probably hadn’t ever eaten his own shit. He turned, his bluish gray fur shining in the sunlight and kicked dirt over my mess.

“It’s probably this heat,” I shrugged, not wanting to tell her about how much coke I’d been consuming and not eating.

Standing up, I wobbled just a little bit.

“I’m so sorry,” Renee started forward and reached up to touch my head with the back of her hand.

She felt cool and smelled like fresh strawberries.

I could fucking devour her, I thought.

My stomach turned again.

“Come inside,” she murmured.

“No, I should go home.”



“Wade Fucking Cavil,” Renee’s perfect eyebrow raised. “Inside now.”

She didn’t even wait for a reply. Both her and mischief were heading inside, and I had no choice but to follow.

The moment I stepped over the threshold, the coolness hit me.

“Take your boots off, please.”

Mischief sat down on his haunches and tilted his head. He was clearly sizing me up, while his body shook from the quicks breaths he was taking.

“You protecting your girl?” I asked.

Mischief yawned in response, and I scratched behind his ears. He seemed to enjoy it, but my stomach flip-flopped a little, causing me to stop.

Renee had disappeared from the living room and went into the kitchen. Slowly, I stood up and eased over to her couch. Sitting down, my body seemed to be swallowed by the couch.

Mischief jumped up beside me and laid his head in my lap.

“You look terrible,” Renee stood with her hands on her hips.

“Feel like it...”

“Wade Cavil, are you overdosing?”

I chuckled. “A little. I’ve been overdoing it...but I’m going to be fine. Just need to rest.”

She nodded, grabbing a blanket off the back of her couch.

“You turn blue on me; I’m calling EMS for your ass.”

She tucked the blanket around me, and I grabbed her arm, pulling her towards me. I could have been in heaven if heaven were a strawberry patch. “Baby girl...you’re not worried, are you?”

She stiffened. “Let go of me, Wade. And no, I’m not.”

Our lips were so close to each other’s. I knew it’d feel like kissing angel wings or some poetic shit like that.

“I want you,” I mumbled, my eyes feeling heavy. “But I know you got someone. A good guy, probably. But I swear, Baby Girl...I’d fuck you so good you’d leave him.”

Renee sucked her teeth and yanked her arm away.

“Sleep it off, Cavil,” she rolled her eyes and walked away.

Her footsteps seemed to get super far away, and the warmth from Mischief who was snoring, and the brown throw blanket had me feeling content in a way I hadn’t in a very long time.

A crack of summer thunder filled my ears.

I hated storms....

Thunder even filled my dreams.

*Turning over in my bed, I was restless. Hell, I was horny but at fifteen years old who wasn’t. My parents were out partying and wouldn’t be home for hours. I’d wanted to call Tyr and see what he was getting into. Our parents all hung out together because our fathers were outlaws. The baddest fucking men in Virginia had given us life and tonight they were having some dance at the Viking’s clubhouse.*

*No children allowed.*

*Floorboards creaked as if someone were walking on them. Thunder hit the ground and the house shook.*

*I hated storms.*

*I hated how the house shook.*

*A shadow appeared under my door, and I could see the doorknob turning. Fear coursed through me, watching the knob turn slowly. My palms seemed to be sweating profusely.*

*“Wade...”*

*I couldn’t find my voice.*

*“Wade,” it was my sister’s voice I realized once the thunder boomed again.*

*She came into the room then, just as the lights went out. The nightgown she wore was sheer like and I’d never seen it*

*before. There was just enough moonlight seeping through the cloud that it made my sister Winnie look like some sort of fairy.*

*Winnie wasn't just my sister though; she was my twin sister. We'd come into the world together.*

*"I can't sleep, Wade. The thunder..."*

*Taking a few deep breaths, I nodded. "Me neither."*

*Slowly, as if floating in some ethereal way, she crawled into my bed and laid on my chest. I could smell her hair; still damp from the shower she'd taken earlier.*

*"Hold me, Wade..."*

*Slowly, I raised my hands to her golden hair and gave her strands a few strokes.*

*"You should go back to your room," I said after a while.*

*"Wade, the storm," my sister raised her head to meet my gaze.*

*Winnie and I looked so much alike, same eye color.*

*It was like staring into a mirror.*

*"I'm scared..."*

Something woke me up and I found myself sitting up, half alert and half asleep. Mischief was still snoring his ass off and never stirred.

Renee was coming in with her black raincoat on and boots with a grocery bag in her hand. Rubbing at my neck, I wondered how long I'd been asleep.

"You feeling better?" She asked, kicking the rainboots off and hanging up her coat.

I nodded. "I'm thirsty though. Do you have any beer?"

Renee shot me a frown and then went into the kitchen. I followed behind her as she took out things from the grocery bag.

"Water's in the fridge...you look a little better," she noted.

Opening her fridge, I stared at its contents. There was food for days, and I imagined she cooked for her boyfriend pretty damn often.

“I’m gonna cook dinner for you tonight, if that’s okay,” Renee murmured. “I still owe you for finding Mischief.”

Me and the dog glanced at each other. His tongue lulling out of his mouth.

“Does he like your boyfriend?” I asked, indicating the dog as I drank some of the water.

She shrugged barely answering. “He likes people period.”

Sitting the water bottle on her kitchen island, I came and pressed up against her. Renee stilled in her movements, and I knew that she could feel me growing against her.

“Wh...what are you doing Cavil?”

Slowly, I hooked my fingers into the waist band of the shorts and then stilled. She made no move to stop me and I finally pulled her underwear down just a little bit.

“Just...looking,” I hissed.

“Wade...”

“Reneeeeeee,” I mocked her.

“You have to stop,” I watched as she flexed her hands but not before pushing back against me.

This shit excited me.

I was straining hard as fuck against the jeans I wore. Slowly, I began to undo the buckle and I knew she’d heard me.

“Wade, you can’t...”

“And I won’t, Viking’s honor...”

My dick was out, and in my hand, before you could blink. Slowly I stroked myself, my mouth parting at the sight before me. The globes of Renee’s ass, the crack between them. Even her heavy breathing had me in a trance as I ran my thumb over the long purple vein running from the base of my dick that disappeared from the tip.

“I just wanna look at you Baby Girl.... can I? Can I just look at you.”

Renee’s heavy breathing would linger in my mind for a long time.

“Wade...we have to stop. This can’t go any fu...”

Forcefully, I pushed Renee over until she was flat on the counter, the granite probably biting into her stomach.

“Shh, baby girl. I just want to look...”

# Episode 27

## Cher

**M**y arms were folded across my chest in defiance. I didn't know who in the hell Tyr Madensen was, but he absolutely wasn't my father.

He wasn't the fucking boss of me.

"You think I'm going to fuck you after the shit you just said?"

Tyr had stepped back and away from me, putting the beer bottle back to his lips. Temperatures had certainly risen quickly; his face had turned red after he'd just admitted to getting head from some unknown bitch in Wilmington.

"Cher...you think you know me...you don't know what I'm capable of."

Looking at my nails boredly, I noticed my cuticles looked a little jagged. "So, you're gonna force me."

Tyr raked his eyes over my body slowly, and it made me squirm in place. He had my pussy tingling just from a look. My nipples had even dared to grow hard and he cracked a smile.

"Princess.... I meant it. Take the dress off and get comfortable."

Rolling my eyes, I scoffed. "No."

"Cher..."

"I'm ready to fucking go home."

Tyr shook his head, his blond hair swinging loose from where it'd been tucked behind his ears.

“Princess, you insist on making things hard.... making me hard.”

Don't look...

Don't look...

Fuck!

My eyes darted towards his dick housed in the dark jeans he was wearing. His print was already there. Very slowly, Tyr began to unzip his pants.

The monster that lived in his pants came into view.

“Do you see what you do to me, Cher. With just words... no woman has ever done this to me.”

Tyr's dick came into view as he gripped it. A pearl of precum already on the tip.

I stamped my foot.

“Except some bitch got you hard enough that you used her mouth,” I shrugged.

I wanted Tyr.

There was no denying it, but I wasn't going to give into him.

“I hurt you, Princess. I'll own that. But I have ways of making you want me too. A Viking knows how to take...but he also knows how to give.”

Our eyes clashed and a hungry energy passed between us.

“No,” I mumbled.

“Yes,” he replied. “Now take off the fucking dress because Cher it looks like it is expensive and I'd rather not rip it from your body...but I will.”

He had to deliver on his promises because I didn't fucking budge, instead choosing to stand there with my arms crossed.



He made short work of the Vera Wang dress and peeled it from my body. Air roamed over the skin left bare with the exception of a nude-colored lace bra and matching lace panty.

Leaning into me, Tyr gave a very hard sniff that caused the hairs to stand up on the back of my arms.

“You could use a bath,” he said finally.

“Excuse me?”

Tyr’s mouth grinned from ear to ear, but it never quite reached his eyes, which had turned dark blue. Something feral seemed to have come to life inside of him. He folded his arms to mimic my own.

“You heard me,” he said.

“I can’t believe you,” I murmured. “I’m your prisoner and now you’re telling me I stink?”

“Yes, now be a good girl for me,” he licked his lips. “And go shower.”

Taking a deep breath, I just wanted the floor to open up and swallow me. I had never had anyone tell me that I stink before. Deciding it would be futile to continue arguing with him, I gave in.

Following behind him, we went past the kitchen and down the hallway.

“I have something for you,” Tyr said suddenly as he turned on the bathroom light.

“What?” I was cautious.

“I do want you to be comfortable when you stay here.”

He bent down and peered under the sink. He pulled forth a pink loofah that was coiled up, fresh and new, and some Bath and Body Works lotion and body wash.

“Picked the scent myself,” he smiled.

Rolling my eyes, I snatched them from him. “So kind.”

He gave a laugh. “Wash that pussy good for me, Princess.”

Tyr exited out of the bathroom, his laughter still rumbling down the hallway, the echo bouncing all around me. Taking a deep breath, I closed the door and placed the items nearby. Bracing myself against the porcelain sink. Coolness flooded underneath my palms and a sigh eased out of my body. Staring at my reflection, I checked my edges. They could have used some attention due to the Virginia humidity.

After a shower, they were going to look even worse.

Unless...you don't take a shower.

My bare feet began to pace around in circle, as I considered my options. There were the standard exits in this house of course.

A front door.

And a back door.

Both of which, Tyr's ass would see me walking out of.

Think!

Turning around, the sunlight was flittering in behind me. The house had been quiet, soft music had started to play towards the kitchen. The sizzle of food being made could be heard. Tyr was definitely preoccupied, so I made my next move.

Walking over to the shower, I turned it on. Steam began to fill the cool air the second it touched the tiled tube. Tendrils of mist darted out to tease my ankles, but I was already heading towards the window.

Golden latches were sitting at the top. My fingers fumbled and finally got them to turn, unlocking them. A deep breath tore loose from between my lips, and I began to push the window in an upward motion. From the looks of it, it's been freshly painted over and was going to take time I didn't have.

Finally, it gave a loud screeching sound. Panic filled me, my stomach rolled itself into a knot. The second I did; Tyr turned the music down.

Fuck, I thought, looking back at the door and then peering out of the window. Fresh air and humidity smacked me in the

face.

“Cher?”

Going over to the shower, I cupped some of the water and let my hands fill before dropping it.

“Yes!” I called back.

“You okay in there?”

Oh yeah, just go on admit you’re trying to run from him and his Viking dick, I thought.

“Trying to enjoy my shower!”

“Okay! Hurry up before I join you!”

My tongue ran over my lips, and the music went back up. Slowly, my stomach unknotted itself and I counted myself down before peering out. No one fucking lived near this man, so no one was going to find me and help me.

The ground wasn’t too far below. Quietly, I slipped one leg out until I was straddling the windowsill. Situating my body, I realized I really should have been going to the gym, but it was too late now.

“Now look Jesus, I know I shouldn’t have been fucking with this crazy white man... .I know! But just don’t let me break a bone, okay.”

Praying to my Lord and Savior, I let go and let God. The ground rushed to meet me and then caught me, green grass stinging my feet, but I didn’t care. I was free...

Looking around, I took a deep breath.

There was a tree line at the back of the property.

I had no idea what I was doing with my life, but I took off running. Thunder hit my ears and I turned to find Tyr banging against the window.

He was screaming my name loudly, his fist pounding against the door.

Something came over me and I threw my finger up at him.

Watching for way longer than I should have, I saw him fiddling with the kitchen window. Slowly it raised; and then an unhuman like growl roared out.

“I WILL FUCKING FIND YOU!”

Fear rode down my back. Grabbing at my chest merely covered by the bra, it suddenly felt too tight. Blinking rapidly, I saw that Tyr had left the window.

I had awoken something in this Viking that had lain dormant.

He was going to hunt me.

I had become Tyr's prey.

The thought of what was to come both thrilled and terrified me.

But he was going to have to find me first.

For nearly twenty minutes I ran barefoot through the goddamn forest in my underwear like a fucking hippie in the seventies. The entire time I ran, I was wishing I'd grabbed my cellphone and called Renee.

“You know this was a terrible fucking idea, right?” I winced, murmuring to no one, as I stepped over some stone and then found myself in a mud puddle.

“Of course this was a terrible idea,” I answered my fucking self.

Something cracked nearby and I knew I needed to keep going. A buzzing sound filled my ear and I slapped at my neck.

Summer in Virginia spelled mosquitoes who would bite you through a jean jacket, let alone naked.

“This was a terrible idea,” I whispered to myself.

Stumbling over a mossy log, I felt a sensation run up my back, as if I was being watched. Sure that Tyr had caught up to me, I crossed over a large stream and tried to keep from splashing.

I was just in time, as I peeked out and didn't see anything.

The forest had grown eerily quiet.

“Prinnnnnnnnncesssssssssssss!”

Tyr had caught up to me, his voice a deep rumble. It shook my world and my fingers bit into the rough dark bark of the oak tree. The damp meaty scent coming off the tree that was shield, my body calmed my nerves.

Sunlight was still abundant, so I knew Tyr would hunt me until darkness arrived and then he'd leave me for the animals probably.

You just had to fuck around with this white man and find out, I thought.

“PRINCESSSSS...” The deep timber of Tyr's voice had me shaking behind the tree, because it seemed closer. “I know you're here, Cher. And when I find you, and make no mistake, I will find you. I'm going to fuck you in your mouth. I'm going to fuck you in your pussy, and then Cher....I will fuck you in your ass. You will be punished, Princess.”

Peering carefully from behind the tree, sure that I wouldn't be seen, a slight gasp escaped from my lips.

Tyr had stepped out into the clearing near the moss covered log, near the stream. In the sunlight cascading through the tree, he looked like the Vikings of old, except for the fact that he had an extremely menacing bear mask on. Tyr's body was in peak physical conditioning, every time he turned, a muscle rippled. He too had shed his clothes and was wearing a loincloth, his body seeming to shine, his skin bathed in an oily sheen.

*Berserker....*

That was the only word to describe what I was seeing before me.

Taking a breath, I fell back against the tree. A snake slithered nearby, and I almost lost my shit.

“Princesssssssssss...”

Once again, my stomach pulled into a knot as I peered out. Tyr had vanished and I had no idea where he'd gone. There was no trace of him, as if the forest had swallowed him. If he'd gone up stream a little further, I could wait him out before getting back to the house.

Other than that, I had no real plan.

The only person who seemed to have one was Tyr.

His words had left a chilling prophecy heavy in the air.

“Gotta catch me first, fucker,” I whispered.

Something cracked behind me, and I stilled.

Had I been found?

# Episode 28

## Wade

“**F**uck, I’ve wanted to do this my entire life it seems...”  
Renee’s ass was perfect and round. She was perfectly built. She could accommodate my body with ease, she just needed to let me in.

Mischief gave a bark, looking between us. That seemed to snap both of us out of the reverie that we were in.

“Wade,” Renee, slapped her hands against the counter, making the utensils clank around. “I...”

“No,” I whispered.

She eased around to meet my gaze, slowly I dropped my mouth hovering above her.

“The things I want to do to you.”

A lazy grin spread on her face, and she pulled her pants up.  
“No.”

“I won’t,” I whispered again. “But I need to get this out. I need a release.”

She shook her head. “I don’t know what to say.”

A yip escaped from her mouth as I picked her up and she wrapped her legs around me. We stared at each other the entire walk into the living room. Mischief followed behind; his nails click-clacking against the wooden floor. Sitting Renee on the couch, I stripped, and she stared in wonder.

“You just said...”



“Shhh,” I leaned over. “There’s so many ways I can get what I need, and I don’t have to fuck you, not yet at least.”

Renee’s curls gave a toss as she shook her head. “Not ever.”

“Oh, Baby Girl, never say never.”

With ease, I began to stroke myself while she watched. With every slow movement of my hand, Renee’s eyes followed.

“It’s way bigger than the pictures,” she breathed.

“And I bet you’re tighter than anything I’ve ever imagined.”

Our breathing began to get louder, and I slowly watched as her fingers dipped down to her pants. Biting her lips, she moaned so loudly that I almost shot my load right then and there.

I couldn’t stop myself.

Coming over to her, I ripped her shorts and underwear completely off her.

She gasped, her fingers all the way inside of her pussy. “Wade,” she murmured softly. “What are you doing?”

“We’re gonna watch each other Baby Girl...if I can’t have you, then I can watch. Right? No one ever has to know our dirty little secret, that we watched each other get off together.”

Renee closed her eyes, eyelashes so long they looked like fans against her cheek, her moans sent chills down my spines.

The couch dipped under my weight.

In the soft light from the kitchen, I could see her. It wasn’t a fantasy anymore.

“If you were mine...” I told her.

“What about it?”

“It’d always be my way Baby Girl.... I’d tell you to spread your pussy apart...and you’d do it. No questions asked.”

Shyly, she stared up at me. “Like this?”

Renee's legs inched slowly apart, further than needed. Her pussy was glistening with her juices, and I had to stop myself from pushing him in.

"Yes baby, just like that."

God, I'm hard enough to punch a hole through this couch.

The thought hits me like lightening as I continued to stroke myself easing forward. The heat coming off her pussy could fry chicken. I stopped stroking and pulled her as close as I could get her.

Renee's opened her eyes wide in surprise. I could see flickers of fear and lust roaming there.

Not yet, Baby girl. Not yet, I think.

"Wade..."

"Shh," I offer, and I can feel a trickle of sweat riding down my back.

I knew if I angled myself just right. That one little tilt, I could slide home into her waiting and wet snatch. Instead, I take my dick and begin to rub between her pussy lips. She moaned while making eye contact.

She wouldn't look away.

I rarely fucked a woman and made eye contact. It was too much, too intimate. Not when I was just using their pussy for my pleasure. Women loved being used by me. If you could believe that.

They liked having my attention.

They loved when I took depraved photos of them or shoved cola bottles into their snatches. They loved to cheat on their husbands and go back to tell their friends, who would be lined up to get some of my dick the next day.

Renee was so soft.

"Feels so good, Baby Girl. You know I could slip inside this pussy, right."

She bit her lip. "Mmmhmmm."

“I could stretch your shit up wide and deep. But I can’t,” I told her.

By God’s grace and mercy, it was taking everything in me not to fuck her right then and there. But I knew if I did, it’d fuck everything up with us.

I liked being around her when I hated being around other women period. Listening to her talk about whatever or getting her to smile.

“Fuck,” Renee hissed, hot and low.

All I could do was rub my dick up.... down....up.... down, hotdogging this woman’s pussy. The way her lips moved around to accommodate the girth of my dick looked like a painting.

Torture was pulling myself away because at one point the tip almost slipped in.

Breathing heavy, I got off the couch and Renee was biting her lip again.

“I’m willing to be your dirty little secret, baby, but I don’t want you to carry that around with you.”

“What do you mean?”

I shook my head. “Renee, I can’t fuck you. I respect you so much. You have a man, and I swear I want to snap his fucking neck because he’s got something I can’t have.”

We were both quiet as we adjusted our clothes. Mischief sat on the floor by my pants, sniffing and I wondered briefly if I’d left coke in the pockets.

Gotta get high, the thought wavered.

Opening the door, and peering out, I could see my bike gleaming from the rainfall earlier as the last rays of sunlight hit her. Turning back, I found Renee standing there.

“What if...” Renee’s fingers fiddled nervously with the hem of her shirt. “What if there wasn’t a guy, like what if you could have me.”

Her honey brown eyes with flecks of green peeked up at me, and slowly she sucked her full bottom lip into her mouth.

A sucking sound could be heard, and my hard dick that I'd tucked away twitched hard. He still wanted to dig her pretty little pussy out good but now that my head was clear of the coke, I knew I need to go before I got a little beserkerish and fucked her against the door frame. Then her whole neighborhood would've seen because I was the type that didn't give a fuck.

Renee's face was soft and unblemished; I found myself rubbing the back of my hand against her face.

"If only," I rubbed my thumb over her lip. "I'll c'ya around Tutor Girl."

Fiddling for my keys, I walked out and over to my bike. The familiar thundering sound filled my ears as I shoved my helmet down onto my head. I hadn't finished repairing the mower, and I'd need to come back at some point.

Renee was still in the doorway and gave a little wave as I sped away. My heart was doing this weird clenching thing.

It'd only done it a few times.

It was events involving Renee dating back to high school.

Pulling into the parking lot of my apartment building, I gave a look around at the various parked cars. Part of me wondered which apartment Renee's boyfriend lived in.... she'd never said. The guy never seemed to be around anyway.

You almost had her, I thought. You were practically inside her, just one little push.

One lukewarm shower later, I was eating pickles out of jar. The tart and tangy juice coated my tongue and throat. Leaning against the counter, my thoughts were racing and all over the place.

Finishing what was left of the pickles, I threw the glass jar in the trash.

A burp escaped from my lips as I settled back onto the couch.

I'd kicked out the girl from earlier before she'd went through so much of my blow. An un-snorted thin line was sitting there waiting for me.

I wanted it.

Wanted to feel like someone had poured a hot, sticky sweet blanket over me, but instead I got up and headed to my bedroom.

“What a fucking day.”

The bed raced to meet my body as I finally tumbled back. Rarely did I walk away from Snow White, but flashes of Renee and the concern on her face from earlier had me thinking I needed to lay off just a little bit.

A deep yawn escaped, and I closed my eyes, tired for once. Darkness came over me and I let it, not wanting to fight where it seemed I belonged.

The phone rang on the nightstand. I'd been having a good ass dream; Renee was there with her legs spread open and she'd been playing with her pussy. Her fingers had slowly slid down her flat stomach before dipping inside.

Bringing them out of her snatch, she'd offered them to me.

“Taste me Wade...”

Rolling over, I was so pissed off I nearly threw my phone. It was two-thirty in the morning, and I had to be at the shop at six a.m. or Tyr was going to have my ass.

Scrubbing a hand over my face, the name came into view when I squinted.

Except it wasn't a name, just the letter W.

“Hey...” she said when I answered.

“Are you okay?” I was alarmed because of how late it was.

“Always,” she whispered.

“Winnie, it's really late,” I huffed before sitting up and sliding onto the edge of the bed.

For a long moment, we just listened to each other breathe. Soft tones whispered in my ear.

“You still there?” I asked finally.

“I am...”

“Look, I need to get back...”

“I’m outside,” Winnie interrupted me.

“What?”

“Wade...I’m outside....”

My feet were already on the floor and walking towards my front door. Rubbing at the back of my neck, I already knew this was an extremely bad idea. Sweat had formed on my palms as I stood there waiting.

“Wade, open the door.”

It was surreal to hear Winnie on both the line and from behind my front door, her voice soft and singsong like.

Taking a very deep and full breath, my lung expanding inside of my chest until it felt as if I were about to burst. I finally opened the door.

Winnie stood there, dressed casually, her long blonde hair pulled in a braid that lay over one of her shoulders.

“God, I thought you were never going to answer the door,” she gave a laugh and stepped over threshold.

Her arms immediately wrapped around my neck, and we stared into each other’s eyes. The same stormy blue eyes.

“Missed me?” she asked, her voice low and husky.

“Winnie,” I shook my head, my hand had moved to her slim waist instinctively, pulling her closer than needed.

“Mmmm,” she moaned pushing into me. “Something has if you haven’t.”

Taking a deep breath, I pushed away realizing how hard I’d gotten. Closing the door, I needed to know what my sister wanted and why she was here. It’d been a long time since I’d seen Winnie, around three years.

We were in the dark because I didn't bother to turn on the lights. I knew where everything was in this place, including the gun I kept under the couch, and the hidden vials of coke.

"Winnie, what are you doing here?" I leaned against the door.

Judging from the sliver of moonlight coming out of balcony window, she was just standing still.

"Tell me you're not happy to see me," she whispered.

"That's not what I asked."

She made a movement and I could tell she'd raised her hands as if surrendering. "I wanted to see you little brother."

"At two in the morning?"

More movements could be heard. Winnie was pulling off her t-shirt. The rustling of jeans being undone had my palms sweating again.

I should have stopped her.

"I couldn't get up with Derek Evans," she shrugged in the darkness.

"Who?"

"Derek.... remember? He used to sell to us. I needed to score. Do you have any?"

Pushing away from the door, I turned on a small lamp near the entrance. My sister was standing there running one hand up and down her arm in nothing but her underwear.

"Coke's on the table," I pointed to it.

She lit up like the goddamn junkie I was. "Oh, little brother you're the best."

"Lock up when you're done, Winnie. I'm going back to bed."

"What? You're not going to party with me...."

I shook my head. "I've got to be at work early."

Winnie rolled her eyes but didn't argue. Instead, she padded over to the coffee table and sat down. I left her to it and went back to my bed.

It was a long while later when I heard her coming softly down the hallway. Even when I'd told her to lock up, I'd known what was going to happen next.

I was sick for wanting it.

For enjoying it.

Winnie climbed into my bed, buttfucking naked and I let her.

"That's good coke," she smiled.

"Winnie...you should go."

She rolled her eyes. "Wade, I came for two things. Coke and your dick. I intend on getting the second."

Hard as a diamond, I couldn't wait anymore, and I devoured my sister's mouth. We were like magnets anytime we got near each other. Magnets of depravity.

Hours later, my hand slapped at the alarm. With tired eyes, I sat up and slid to the edge of the bed. Looking over my shoulder, my sister was spread butt ass naked across my bed, her blonde hair hiding her features.

I sighed, feeling relatively disgusted with myself, and headed to shower.

Six on the dot, I was rolling into Viking Autobody and opening the shop. I was the first one here, so it was relatively quiet. Carl Hill and Bug were on the roster to be here in about forty-five minutes, otherwise I'd be alone for a little while.

The coffee pot started to roar, and I went over the checklist. There were no cars on schedule until eight, so I was free to take a breather.

The bell above the shop door opened and jingled.

"Who in the fuck is here?" I asked out loud.



Peeking out from the back of the shop, my eyes landed on Renee. She was looking around calmly as if she were expecting someone. My breath hitched in my throat because she was the last fucking person I was expecting to see.

“Tutor Girl...?” I stepped out from the back.

She turned around smiling.

Fuck, I thought. She has no idea who I really am, what I am because of the way she smiles.

“Cavil,” she held up a plate of food.

“What’s this?”

Five minutes later, I’d pulled her into the back of the shop and to a table.

“I don’t want things to be awkward with us, Wade.”

I’d barely heard a word she’d said. Renee had fixed me the best fucking steak and eggs I’d ever had, along with warm fresh croissants.

“Why would things be awkward?” I asked in between the final chews. The meal was gone, I cleaned the paper plate with probably my first round of nutrients in days.

Bringing the cup of coffee to my lips to wash the food down, she quirked an eyebrow.

“Well, asshole...you couldn’t keep your hands off me last night,” she sighed.

“Oh...yeah, well. It was the coke,” I nodded.

Renee’s face turned up and something that looked like hurt crossed her face. “Right, I should get going. I think we’re square now.”

“Huh?”

“This is me living up to my end of the bargain, food for helping with the dog,” she smiled.

When she stood, so did I. For a moment she stared at me and then leaned in a little closer. Becoming a little self-conscious, I swiped at my mouth. “Food on my face?”

Instead of answering, she sidestepped me and tried to leave.

“Get off me Wade Cavil.” There was danger in her tone.

“Renee, what the fuck?”

“Exactly, what the fuck Wade?”

Confusion was rippling through me, and I finally ran my hands through my hair. I was at a loss for what she was talking about.

Finally, she snapped. “I didn’t leave a hickey on your neck, Cavil. And that wasn’t there last night.”

My stomach tumbled.

Winnie, I thought. She liked marking her territory.

My hand went to my neck instantly and she shook her head in disbelief.

“Don’t even bother lying, Wade. After all, I’m with someone anyway. I won’t bother again.”

“Renee...” My voice trailed off and I watched her go.

Honestly, it was for the best because she wasn’t going to stick around anyway. If she ever figured out my secrets, she wouldn’t want me anyway.

This was for the best.

I needed to leave her alone.

Hurting Renee was the last thing I wanted to do, but it was needed.

Reaching over, I found my cellphone and dialed Winnie’s number.

“Wade, what is it?” she asked sleepily.

“Get the fuck up and over to the shop now,” I told her.

Her voice was trailing off. “What? What’s wrong?”

“Nothing,” I replied. “I need a quick fuck. Bring the extra coke I keep in the nightstand.”

*Honey, I thought hanging up. Colombian honey...*

# Episode 29

## Cher

**T**he ground felt hard under my ass cheeks. Why in the hell had I run out of Tyr's house again? I was hot and sweaty and now I was wishing more than any damn thing I'd taken that shower.

Thunder crackled in the distance.

"Summertime in Irondale," I whispered out loud to no one in particular.

Smacking at my neck, I pulled my hand away as the sting sank into my skin. Another mosquito lay dead in my palm.

"And bug spray, I would kill for some Off right now," I whispered out loud again.

I was sure, absolutely sure, that Tyr had given up by now. Besides, it was about to start storming and he wouldn't want to be out in this.

Easing up, I stood and could tell that my ass had lost any feeling..

Peering around the tree, my breath hitched in my throat.

He was still fucking out here.

It had been an hour or so since I'd seen him last but there he was like the Viking god he was named after. Tyr's eyes were hidden by the bear mask, but he was staring in my direction.

There was no way he could see me.

I was well hidden in the brambles.

“Princesssssss,” he called.

My heart was beating out of control now.

“Your pussy belongs to me....and I want it now....”

Easing back, I leaned against the tree. Taking a breath, I started plotting again. I had no idea why I was out here, but a thought occurred to me. Maybe I could sneak back towards the house, get my phone and hide in the bed of his pickup truck.

As the ground once again rumbled from the thunder in the distance, I chanced a look. My stomach coiled slightly as I searched for him.

Tyr had once again disappeared.

I knew this was the moment I’d been waiting for. Looking down, I watched where my barefoot steps would go. The last thing I wanted, with the dim daylight I had left was to step on something sharp, and or a venomous snake.

Looking around, I saw nothing, and I booked it.

So far, I’d been lucky that the forest floor had been covered in mostly leaves and hardly any sharp sticks. My hair that had been loose for church flounced around me and I tried to shove it out of my eyes to keep my eyes on the prize.

Crossing back over the little stream, I chanced a look back. My heart had begun to pound inside of chest, and blood roared in my ears as if I were on the back of Tyr’s motorcycle again.

“Whoooooo,” somewhere in the distance a goddamn owl gave a mocking hoot.

There was something ominous about hearing that. An owl was a predatory bird who snatched its prey up into its mighty claws.

Tyr was going to do that me.

He was for sure going to chain me to something in his house.

Chancing another look back, I found no one behind me. My legs screamed for me to stop, and I gave in. I certainly wasn’t in shape to run much longer anyway. My feet felt a

little sore as well, but I knew it would be nothing compared to how my pussy and ass were going to feel when he caught up to me.

Clutching my chest, I leaned against a tree.

“Just for a second, Cher,” I breathed deeply. “Just for a ...”

Something crackled not from behind me, but in front of me.

Straightening up, I looked around and listened hard for a few moments and saw nothing. Breathing a sigh of relief, I pushed away from the tree and got ready to start walking again.

The second I was back on the path, Tyr stepped out the woods, the bear mask covering his face.

“Found ya!” His voice was low, and it vibrated through my body.

Fear rode up my spine and my pussy quivered.

*Holy shit*, I thought.

This was it; he had caught me.

“Now Tyr,” I said instantly starting to back up. “I feel like we should talk about this.”

He said nothing and slowly began to follow, stalking my every movement. The lion cloth he wore had tented.

This motherfucker had a hard on.

His hunting me had him ready to fuck me senseless.

“Tyr!” I shouted. “You need to stay back.”

He shook his head and for some reason I could tell behind the mask he was smiling. I didn’t like that.

I turned and once more ran back the opposite way that I’d come.

How had he found me so fast?

This time, I sprinted like my life depended on it. As my feet beat into the earth, fears of something sharp cutting

through my flesh took a back seat.

My heart was once again racing, and realization hit like a book falling from a high shelf. Of course, Tyr had found me. This was his land.

Men like him probably knew every nook and every cranny.

The storm was on top of me now, judging by the heavy clouds and how close the thunder was. A flock of birds threw themselves into the wind above me.

*Just keep running*, I told myself.

So I did, I ran until my legs seized up. I found myself so tired and finally I tripped over a goddamn root and that was all it took. All the air went out of my body. I tried to pull in more, attempting to get up.

He was there then, falling on top of me and knocking what little air that was left in my depleted lungs out.

“Fucking gotcha!” He growled.

I was too tired then, and the rain had started.

“Tyr, please don’t be mad,” I cringed.

He laughed then. “Shhh, Princess.”

“No!” I began to struggle beneath him. “You’re too goddamn heavy. Get off me you giant oaf.”

There was no mistaking how hard he was now. His dick was wedged firmly in between my ass cheeks, sitting right on top of the hole. The only thing keeping him out was the sheer panties.

*Drenched!*

*Absolutely drenched*, I thought.

And it wasn’t because of the rain either. Quickly, he flipped me over and forced me to face him.

“Tired of fighting me yet, baby?” He asked. “Realized you can’t win...”

A puddle was starting to form around us, and the water was running muddy.



This wasn't over yet.

My hand dug deep into the dirt, the water running between my fingers.

"You're insane!" I tried to buck him off.

"Nah," he shook his head, and I realized I still couldn't see his eyes, but I knew he could see me clearly.

I knew that he was already watching the bra become transparent against my flesh. I was aware that my nipples had grown hard and were pushing up against the fabric like little diamond points.

I also knew that Tyr wanted me just as much as I wanted him, but he was going to work for it.

How dare he tell me that he'd shoved his dick down another woman's throat and then decided it didn't matter.

"Fuck you," I whispered my hands now full of mud.

I slung the filthy muck everywhere I could, hoping it'd distract him. It did nothing but make him look wetter if that was possible. He did ease back just slightly and looked down at himself.

"You've gone and gotten me dirty, Cher." His voice was low and warm like crushed velvet.

My pussy tingled at his words.

A yell tore loose from my lips. "Ugh! I hate this. I hate you!"

A deep chuckle came out of him, racking his shoulders. He yanked me up to my feet and pulled me in close, quick and fast. There was hardly any time to react because before I knew it, he'd swept me up into his arms.

"What in the hell are you doing, Viking?"

Tyr had slung all one hundred ninety-eight pounds of my body over his shoulder. His hand palmed my ass like a basketball.

“You insisted on running into the forest, I chased you. And now I’ve caught you.” I could tell he was smiling to himself.

I was unsure, but we seemed to be going in the opposite direction of the house.

“Are we going the right way?” I squirmed.

Slap!

“Be still and shut up Princess,” he demanded.

“Tyr...”

Slap!

“Cher, I mean it,” he’d slapped my ass again and then slowly began to massage away the sting.

I rolled my eyes but zipped my lips. For a solid five minutes I bounced along on this man’s shoulders like I was a sack of fucking potatoes.

The game was over. He was probably going to murder me in this forest.

Had my mother been right?

Oh my fucking God, I thought. Dietra’s voice was in my head going ‘I told your black ass so.’

We came to a stop and I tried to see where we were. The rain had grown cold, and I just wanted to be warm.

“We’re here.”

Tyr sat me down on my feet and I was happy to touch the earth again. Standing in front of me was a cave entrance.

“Where in the fuck is here?” I stared up at him, still with the menacing bear mask on his face.

“Come on, scared ass,” he shook his head and started in.

Finally, I followed him in, scared to death. It wasn’t a very large cave, almost seemingly cozy. We were completely in the dark until I heard Tyr rustling around.

I couldn’t even see my hand in front of my face.

The strike of a match filled the space, and light flared in front of my eyes.

“Whoa!” I murmured.

Once Tyr had a fire roaring inside the cave, I came over and kneeled to get some warmth. He walked over to a cooler in the corner and pulled out two blankets.

“When we were kids, me, Wade and Bay used to come back here all the time. Fishing and hunting...we found this cave when we were about 12.”

Tyr made the blankets nice and neat, and then finally pulled the mask from his face. He was flushed and a little sweaty looking.

My teeth chattered a little bit, “How many women have you brought in here.”

Tyr grinned. “Just you, Princess. Now come here.”

He had sat down on the blankets, and softly patted the space beside him.

I was about to stand.

“No,” he said, and I paused in my actions.

Immediately, I was taken aback. “Crawl...”

His words hung in the air. I could spend more hours running around in the dark or I could do this. I could get crawl over and get fucked in all three of my holes.

So I did it, the rough cave floor kissing my knees, offering pain until I was finally in front of him. Tyr grinned, his teeth flashing white in the dim light from the small fire.

It was starting to finally get warm in here.

His hand brushed against the side of my face and then up into my rain dampened hair.

“Good girl,” he whispered pulling me close.

A thrill turned itself loose in my body.

“Tyr...”

“Shhh, Princess. It’s time for me to have what I want.”

I wanted him, all of him.

Slowly, he moved the lion cloth out of the way and his dick came into view. All I could do was gulp.

“Suck it, Princess...and I do mean now, like the good little girl you are,” he eased my head down.

My mouth parted and I gave the tip a kiss. “Was she any good?”

“Huh?” He murmured softly and hissed when I engulfed just the tip.

I hadn’t sucked a dick in a while, but it was like blowing bubbles. Once you’d given a blow job, you could do it over and over again.

“Was she any good? The bitch that sucked your dick to forget about me?” By now I had him in a vice grip.

“Bahhbeee,” he hissed.

“Tyr, tell me the truth.”

Sloppy. A lot of men liked a sloppy blow job.

“Cher, why do you have so many questions?”

I shrugged before opening wide and taking as much of his dick into my mouth as I could. Slowly, I came back up, and worked the tip around in my mouth. The accumulation of spit was enough then when I opened my mouth, my spit slightly oozed out like molasses and dripped directly onto the top of Tyr’s dick.

“Just tell me, I won’t be mad...”

He gripped the back of my head and forced his dick down my throat.

“She was good, baby. She was so fucking good, but not as good as your pussy felt.”

Regaining my senses, I shook him off my head and purposely dragged my teeth up the shaft, lightly scraping.

“When I’m done sucking your dick, Tyr.... you won’t even remember your trip to Wilmington.”

We made eye contact, and I wanted him to know how serious I was.

“Cher...”

“I mean it....and by the way, the Fourth of July...”

He moaned as I gripped him hard in my left hand and pulled his head towards my face. Our lips were inches apart, and I was no longer cold. Warmth was flooding my body from taking ownership of his fucking dick.

“Yes,” he whispered.

“If you don’t go, then you don’t have access to this.”

He frowned. “Access to what?”

“My pussy,” I gripped him tighter.

“Cher....”

“You want it though; you want my pussy. Say it, Tyr.”

He groaned again, his breath almost a whine. “I want it.”

Shaking my head. “Say it that way I wanna hear it.”

“Princess, I want your pussy. Only your pussy.”

I smiled. “Good boy, and it’s all yours for the price of spending time with my family.”

“Okay,” he licked his lips. “I’m there.... now sit down on my dick before I change my mind.

“Now...that’s a good Viking.”

I eased up on my grip then stood before him. His hands ran up the length of my thick thighs and to my panties. In a split second, he was shredding them with ease.

Tyr took the lace and held them before his face and then licked the seat.

“You taste so good, Princess. I need your pussy now...”

We stayed inside of the cave until the next morning when we had to trek back through the forest completely naked. Birds were chirping up a storm, and the sun was just a lazy ball of fire by the time we got back in the house.

“I’m gonna take that shower now,” I couldn’t even look at Tyr.

We had slutted each other the fuck out real good. I knew he had a grin on his face.

“I’m calling out today from the shop, Wade’s there early anyway,” he responded and came over to me.

I had my cellphone in my hand and saw Renee had left me a bunch of text messages. Giving Tyr my attention, I groaned. “My butt hurts.”

“Mmmmmhmmmm...” He leaned down and kissed me.

“Tyr, I mean it, we’re not trying that again.”

He waved me off. “Go shower. And please don’t jump through the window again.”

Rolling my eyes, I headed to the bathroom with my phone and called my cousin.

“Bitchhhhhh.” I started.

“No, bitchhhhhh I gotta tell you a story.”

Me and Renee proceeded to swap stories about how our night with the Vikings had went. By the end of her story I was absolutely speechless.

“He had a what?”

“A fucking hickey, that I didn’t put there. So that motherfucker sat up and ate my goddamn steak and eggs knowing he had fucked somebody else. All that I respect you bullshit.”

“Take a breath, why are you so upset.”

Renee sighed on the other end. “He did fix the lawn mower. I’m about to get started on the backyard. The Fourth is going to be absolutely lit.”

I bit my lip remembering I'd blackmailed my man into coming.

"You're right about that," I grumbled.

My entire family was going to see who I was bringing to dinner. Including my mother. As the phone call ended, I turned on the shower and washed away my night with Tyr.

Shit sure was wild in Irondale.

A smile covered my lips as I thought about how I was going to spend the rest of the day with my Viking.

# Episode 30



## Cher

Sunlight was dancing through the curtains of Tyr's bedroom. I hadn't left his cabin in the last two days, as per the terms of our "contract", except when I made a grocery store run. Giggling, I kicked my feet in the warm covers and rolled over to his empty spot on the bed. His pillow still smelled like him, his shampoo, and Irish Spring body wash.

I had a few things I needed to do today before the family Fourth of July cookout. The idea of lying in bed the rest of the day seriously appealed to me, but moments later my phone started ringing from the side of the bed.

Reaching over I answered it, already knowing that it was Renee.

"Girl they're gonna have to cook the funky ass chitlins outside this year," Renee didn't even give me time to speak.

"Huh?" Sitting up, I got comfortable.

"Aunt Donna and Aunt Dana called me at six o'clock on the dot. I was up anyway cause I had to run over to my hair shop and get a few things done in there even though we closed for the holiday."

From the other end of the line, I heard Renee start screaming. "Use a fucking signal dickhead!"

"Girl, focus," I said.

"Sorry just these non-driving motherfuckers coming from the liquor store early and already sloshed. So anyway, Dana

and Donna got me on fucking three-way talking bout they coming by in an hour to get the chitlins going.”

“They stank so bad,” I gasped.

“Exactly.... how you coming to my house and telling me what you’re about to fix? Like in what world? So.... where the fuck are you at by the way?”

A grin spread across my face. “In bed, still.”

There was a brief pause. “Whose bed.”

“My Viking!”

“Girl.... you really bringing him this evening?” Renee gave a hard laugh.

“I am,” I told her. “And I’m bringing the greens.”

“You’re the only one who cooks them right,” she remarked. “But um.... you think Aunt Dee gonna lose it?”

“I absolutely hope not,” I replied, finally getting my ass out of Tyr’s bed.

As my feet hit the floor with a thump, I started looking for a towel in his closet. I’d secured items for my little stay over here including a bonnet, a shower cap, and edge control. There was no way I was about to be walking around looking crazy.

“Alright, call me later if you can, I just walked in and I gotta take Mischief for a walk. Love ya, bye.”

“Bye!”

Ending the call, I grabbed my towel and headed into the bathroom to shower. Letting the water run, I undressed and popped my shower cap onto my head, making sure that everything was secure. I was about to turn and step in when something caught my eye. Tucked under the tube of toothpaste was a note.

*You snore, but you’re gorgeous. See you this evening, even though I’m nervous. -Tyr*

I hated to admit it, but my heart soared at his words. The last couple of days had been nice, we’d been in our own little

bubble of happiness. I'd spend the day in the house working on my book and getting things organized and he'd go to work, but not before making me cum early in the morning.

Two days of getting fucked in his bed, and falling asleep in his arms had me feeling like I was on cloud nine.

Water covered my body as I closed the shower door. Taking a deep breath, I cracked open the peppermint and eucalyptus shower oil that left my body tingling all over. Slowly, I worked the loofah over my body and my mind slipped back to just a few days ago inside of Tyr's kinky cave as I'd started calling it.

*Laying back onto the blanket, the fire seemed to be getting kind of low, but it was still warm. The heat coming off Tyr's body was enough to heat a house up.*

*"I'll be right back," he whispered. "That ass is mine."*

*Immediately, I tensed up. We'd just finished going for a round.*

*"Where are you going?" I asked immediately.*

*Slowly, he leaned down, smelling like rain and dry earth. Bits of mud were still clinging to his body but by now they'd dried against his ripped flesh. He kissed my forehead. "I'll be right back, Cher. We need a little more wood, and I know where there are some pieces."*

*"Okay," I'd said in a rather meek tone.*

*He departed and I sat there awaiting my fate.*

*Would he be gentle?*

*Would he guide me through this?*

*I'd never had anal sex before. I'd had a total of four boyfriends and none of them had suggested this, ever.*

*Shit, I don't even think Duane wanted to wash his asshole sometimes because when I went down on him, even right after a shower, he had a little bit of tang coming from that area.*

*I gagged a little bit remembering that it smelled like an unwashed bellybutton.*

*“Gah,” I whispered out loud.*

*Wanting to forget, I thought of anything but Duane and his tangy ass. Like what I was gonna do if I saw Lainey again, who also smelled like a tangy asshole.*

*“Goddamn, they need soap!”*

*“Huh?” Tyr asked, coming back into the cave.*

*Easing up onto my side, I shook my head and watched him. “Nothing. Talking to myself. That was quick.”*

*“Yeah, and I got to it just in time. It’s about to be pitch fucking black out there. So, we’re here till morning for sure.”*

*Tyr fiddled with the firewood and then the fire, before coming back over to me.*

*“I’m scared...” I admitted.*

*“What? Why?”*

*Pulling the other blanket up to my face to shield my embarrassment, I murmured something.*

*Tyr yanked the cloth down. “I would never hurt you, Cher. Do you trust me...trust me to make you feel good? To feel safe?”*

*I nodded in reply.*

*“Good, now turn over, baby.”*

*Doing as I was told, I slowly rotated like a chicken on a spit until I was on my stomach, my bare ass now exposed to him.*

*“First...” he said. “I’m gonna massage your ass. With my tongue and then with my fingers...”*

*I found myself taking a deep breath. And then another. A shiver rode itself down my spine and then Tyr whispered to me.*

*“Lift your ass up just a little for me, Princess.”*

*Doing as I was told, I popped my ass up, feeling more exposed than ever before. All I could do was try and relax.*

*“Fuck,” Tyr breathed.*

*“What, what is it?” I asked.*

*“Don’t fucking move, Cher.... I’m trying to take this all in.”*

*Scared to breathe at what was about to come next, my pussy clenched when Tyr’s tongue began to slide from my pussy to the crack of my ass. His warm breath felt even hotter than the fire roaring inside of the cave.*

*“Mmmmmm,” I moaned loudly.*

*Duane’s bitch ass had rarely wanted to even eat my pussy let alone my ass. Enjoying the sensations that Tyr’s tongue was designing for me, on my tender flesh I continued to moan.*

*“This feels so fucking good,” I told him.*

*“I know, Princess. Just trust me, I promise I’ll be gentle with you.”*

*As Tyr lined up his dick with my ass, I pushed back a little bit.*

*“You’re ready for me, aren’t you, Princess?”*

*Moaning in reply, the next sensation that I felt was a huge drop of spit falling from Tyr’s mouth and right onto my waiting asshole.*

*He spent a good amount of time helping me to relax my ass before he even inserted a finger. When it was time for his dick, I hissed as if my body were on fire when the rosebud of my ass met the tip.*

*“That’s it, Princess, relax for me...”*

*When he was finally inside, it was as if the very earth itself stood still. It seemed as if there was a little pop and then he was gliding in slowly.*

*“You’re soooo tight,” Tyr murmured.*

*“This feels different,” I breathed.*

*He moved slowly, not pushing in too hard, or pulling out too fast.*

*“Princess, I want you to fuck me okay. Fuck yourself on my dick but play with your pussy.”*

*By the time I reached my clit, it had become slippery and wet. Taking some of the control, I began to bounce my ass as fast as I dared on Tyr’s dick.*

*“Squeeze my dick, Princess. Just like that, you’re taking directions so, so well.”*

*Building up a rhythm, I bounced and bounced. I found myself wishing there was a mirror in the cave so that I could watch Tyr’s reactions.*

*“Princess, you’ve gotta slow down or I’m gonna cum,” Tyr’s breathing had picked up.*

*His hands had gripped my hips so hard.*

*“No, no, no,” I murmured, squeezing my ass around his dick. “I’m close too.”*

*Tyr took over then, leaning over my body and one hand braced above us on the cave with the other gripping my breast.*

*“This is all mine,” he growled low and hard in my ear. “Mine to punish, mine to eat and mine to come in.”*

*“Yes,” I whispered, quaking from his words. “I’m yours Tyr...”*

*Blindingly hot light scorched behind my eyes as I began to come on his dick like never before. Tyr roared in my ear sounding like a bear in the wild as his release came over him as well and he flooded my ass.*

*Slowly we collapsed on the blankets beneath us, our breathing hard and labored...*

After my shower, I tidied up Tyr’s bedroom and then started cooking. When the greens were on, I sat down and pulled out my laptop I’d finally retrieved a few days ago from my apartment. The ghosts of the American South were waiting to greet me like an old familiar friend. The advance from the publisher had cleared and I was sitting on my biggest payday

yet at nearly eighty thousand dollars, and I couldn't be happier.

Hours rolled by and I gave a stretch, noting the time before I got up and got myself together.

The smell of collard greens was filling my car. Smiling to myself, I thought of my grandmother, Big Dee and how she'd taught me to cook them during a sweltering summer day so many years ago. I was one of the only ones in our family that she'd passed down her secret recipe to.

Pulling up to the Viking's clubhouse, I checked the time. I'd told Tyr that I was going to pick him up around six o'clock this evening.

Had he lied about not having something to do on the Fourth?

Pulling the visor down in my car, I checked my reflection. Minimal makeup was on my face, but my lashes looked fresh.

Reaching down for the Black Honey lipstick by Clinique, I coated my lips.

Making a popping motion, I stepped out of the car I'd only just gotten back a day ago. Closing the door, I saw even more people were arriving. Women in some of the skimpiest outfits, whereas I was dressed in a simple t-shirt dress.

Shaking my head, I started towards the entrance.

A voice called to me, and I turned to find a man I didn't know.

"Cher!" He called again.

He was struggling with two cases of beer, but I waited for him to catch up.

"Do I know you?" My gaze raked over all the tattoos coating his body.

"I'd shake your hand," he shrugged and looked down at the beer. "I'm Wade Cavil."

Renee's Viking, I thought.

Well... not her Viking, I thought again.

“Nice to meet you,” I smiled. “Are y’all having a thing?”

“Just a last minute party,” Wade answered and we started walking towards the front of the building.

We reached the door, and I held it open for him. Wade seemed to stop in his tracks, and loud music filled the air. People were dancing and playing pool.

Stepping around his body, I surveyed the room. I scanned a few times before I looked in the direction Wade was looking.

Tyr was sitting down with a beer in his hand looking squeaky clean in white t-shirt and jeans. And there was some blonde bimbo sitting on his lap. They were talking, but from the body language it was way too close for my taste.

“The fuck!”

Wade looked down on me, the man was a giant.

“Oh shit,” he grumbled but it was an afterthought.

I was already moving through the throng of people, coming to rest in front of the couch where Tyr was sitting.

“Hey, Princess,” he finally dared to look.

I folded my arms I looked them both up and down. “Hey, Princess? Who the fuck are you...and why are you on his lap.”

“Calm down, Cher,” Tyr said.

The blonde finally turned around, not moving. “Yeah, Cher...calm down.”

Before I could say anything, Wade was behind me.

His voice boomed, cracking through the air as if it were a whip and the woman was in need of punishment. “Winnie, get the fuck up off Tyr’s lap...”

She was gorgeous, the blonde woman and I hated to admit it. She had big titties on a little body but when she finally did stand to get up off his lap, I noticed the woman now identified as Winnie had big ass. It shook like a glass of water, and I



knew it was all natural. I caught Tyr looking and licking his lips.

“You’re back,” she told Wade and then reached up and kissed him on the mouth.

“Yeah,” he replied giving a sniff. “And you’re already making trouble.”

She only looked me up and down before they stumbled off. When they were gone, I whirled back to Tyr.

“What the fuck did I just walk in on?”

He stood up and leaned in to kiss me, but I felt him press into me with an obvious hard on.

“Nothing, Princess. That’s just.... Winnie,” he shrugged.

“Nothing? Tyr that didn’t look like nothing.”

“Hey it’s the Fourth of July. Let’s get to your family thing. If you want to argue let’s do it later, okay? I’m dressed, I’m ready to go and get this over with.”

My eyes tracked him sauntering towards the door. Looking around, mildly shocked by the entire scene that had taken place, I found Winnie’s eyes on me once again and a cold smile on her lips.

The Viking clubhouse seemed to be pulsating with some sort of weird energy, and I needed to get out of there.

Reaching my car, Tyr was leaning against it, waiting.

“Let’s go,” I murmured.

We sped through the holiday traffic, and I dared not even chance looking at him. My gut seemed a little twisted. What would have happened if I hadn’t gotten to the club house when I did. I was too busy trying to process what had happened.

Pulling onto the curb, my hands gripped the steering wheel and I dared to look over, but he was already getting out of the car. Cars were lining the street, as some of my family members were heading into Renee’s house.

He came around to my side and opened the door. I stared up at him.

“Are we doing this or not?” He asked.

“Excuse me...?”

“Cher, get the fuck out of the car.”

Taking a deep breath, I relaxed as I saw Uncle Ritchie dancing by with a beer bottle in one hand and a plate in the other. It'd been a long while since I'd seen him, he looked older, but I knew he could probably still cut a rug.

I also knew he was getting ready to go get on the grill from the looks of the Jesus sandals and the white towel thrown across his shoulder.

Waiting until he had disappeared, I turned my gaze back to Tyr.

“What is with the mood swing,” I asked.

He shook his head and finally I got out of the car. Once I'd retrieved the greens from the back of the car, I shoved them at him, the pan full and heavy.

“Here carry these,” I snapped thrusting them into his unwaiting arms.

Spinning away from him, I stalked off annoyed with how things were going. Reaching the front door, the bass of Marvin Gaye's voice was already hitting me and washing over my body. Taking a deep breath, I whirled back to him.

“If you don't want to be here,” I took a breath. “I get it and you can go. I won't stop you.”

Tyr took a breath as well, biting his lip. “No, I want to. But Cher...the club doesn't have the most stellar reputation. And well.... I'm white.”

My chest tightened and I noticed a slight sheen of sweat at his temple. Tyr wasn't pissed off at me or even pissed to be here.

He was nervous as fuck to the point he was even tapping his foot slightly.

“Oh my Viking,” I reached up and touched his face, wiping away a little of the sweat. “They’re gonna love you. Deep breath okay.”

He nodded and then we entered the house and headed straight for the kitchen. The smell of sweet potato pie had my mouth watering. My mother’s twin sisters Donna and Dana were talking animatedly with two full glasses of wine, their laughter echoing through the whole house. The second they noticed Tyr and myself they gasped and grabbed me up into a hug, throwing kisses and squeezing me half to death.

“There goes my pretty ass niece,” Aunt Dana said.

“And baby look at them legs, you still stacked,” Aunt Donna laughed.

They turned on Tyr then, pausing.

“And she brought this white boy to the party,” Donna smiled biting her lip.

“Oh he is as good looking as Renee said.... with the dreamiest damn eyes.”

Red moved from Tyr’s neck swiftly and up through his face. “Mmm, hi.”

“Don’t hi us, get over here and give me a hug.”

When the greetings were all done, Tyr was smiling from ear to ear. Venturing into the backyard with a glass full of vino I was met by nearly a hundred cousins. Everyone shook either hands with or hugged Tyr and then we found Renee sitting on the picnic table with a popsicle.

“Cousin!” She leapt up.

We hugged and she hugged Tyr too.

“Food?” Tyr asked.

“Yes, I’m starving. Put a little of everything on my plate.”

Renee laughed. “So, the aunties saw him.”

Tyr spun away, going off in search of food. Everyone had brought a dish, so I knew there was plenty to choose from.

Sitting down beside Renee, we relaxed and started talking.

“Girl yes, and if they was about twenty five years younger, they would have put the moves on him. They kept going on and on about him having dreamy eyes.

“Damn...guess it’s just your mom who has a serious problem with him,” she bumped my shoulder with her own.

“I know,” I groaned.

We watched Tyr look around helplessly before Uncle Ritchie called him over to the barbeque. Tyr looked nervous as hell, but eventually they started laughing at something and he visibly relaxed.

“Deja made Henny-Pops,” Renee said still sucking on the popsicle.

“Huh?”

“Popsicles with Hennessy,” she declared. “Want one? There’s Pineapple Moscato flavor too.”

“Yeah, I don’t want no brown liquor in my system, I already almost had one fight tonight.”

Renee frowned and then went over to one of the coolers near the table. She pulled out two yellow frozen sticks and then handed one to me.

“Bitch, what fight?”

Slowly, I opened up the homemade popsicle. The pineapple flavor seemed to dance over my tongue, fizzing with alcohol.

“When I got to the Viking’s clubhouse to pick him up,” I nodded in Tyr direction. “Wait, these are good as fuck.”

Staring at the popsicle in disbelief, I bit off a little bit more.

“Girl, finish the story!”

Wincing, I sucked on the popsicle again. “Sorry! But when I got there, I saw some bitch sitting in his lap.”

“What were they doing?” Renee questioned.

“Nothing but she looked real comfortable and honestly if Wade hadn’t hollered at her to get up out of seat.”

“Wade?” Renee raised an eye.

“Yeah, he knew her...I think they were together. Girl, I really don’t remember him from high school.”

She took a deep breath. “He was on the basketball team, but you were never into sports. It was too many kids there for you to know everybody anyway.”

I nodded, wanting another popsicle. “Anyway, by the time she got up, this motherfucker stands up and kissing me, but he was clearly hard.”

“Damn,” Renee shook her head.

“Crazy thing is, I think she was with Wade.”

My cousin paused and took a deep breath. “Good for him, I’m sure she’s a cokehead just like him. Perfect match.”

I winced. “Sore spot?”

“Not even. I’m just over Cavil. It wasn’t going anywhere anyway, he’s not the committed type at all.”

Tyr came trotting back over with food shortly after. He sat down next to me and smiled.

“What are y’all talking about?” He asked shoved a piece of rib in his mouth.

“My ,” I said quickly.

Renee shot me a look and then nodded. “Yeah, ghosts! Who would’ve thought!”

Music and laughter carried on, filling the air throughout the evening. At some point Renee’s eyes grew wide as if she’d seen one of the haints I was writing about come to life.

“What?” I asked turning around to see.

My mother and I locked eyes immediately, anger rising over her face. She was dressed in her signature color of crimson red. The atmosphere seemed to turn dense but myself,

Tyr, and Renee were probably the only ones to notice the icy chill being blown our way.

“Maybe I should leave,” Tyr whispered to me. Deitra then spun and stormed back into the house. Turning back to him, I shook my head.

“No, you’re staying. My mother will just have to deal with this. I’m going to try and talk with her. At least to keep things calm between us.”

A bit of hesitancy entered his voice. “Are you sure?”

“I am,” I leaned over and kissed his lips. “Don’t eat all my ribs.”

“I’ll keep him company,” Renee offered.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed away from the table. Dodging dancing cousins and other relatives, I stepped up onto the sturdy wooden back deck to Renee’s house. Shouting insides could be heard and I couldn’t help but wonder why my mother was losing her shit when she was usually so in control.

As the back door opened, it creaked slightly; I entered and then found myself pausing before daring to take another step. The smell of sweet potatoes was still heavy in the air but so was the timber of my mother’s voice.

She was raining hell down as she ranted to her sisters, who were trying to calm her.

“Dietra,” I heard Aunt Donna’s voice rumbling. “You can’t continue hold all this shit in.”

There was a tense pause, and I knew I shouldn’t be hearing any of this conversation. “Are you trying to tell me I need therapy?”

“You need something,” Dana’s clear and high voice chimed in.

I was rooted to the spot because I had no idea what was going on.

“All I’m saying is, you need to tell Cher. I think she’d understand.”

My mother let out a yell full of frustration. “I don’t have to tell her a damned thing. She’s my child but somewhere along the way she’s stopped listening to me. And Renee’s right along with her. I tried to raise them the best I could.”

The urge to storm into the room and the urge to flee had my soul divided.

I kept on listening.

“Dietra, baby it was over twenty years ago.”

A sigh could be heard.

*What was twenty years ago?* My thoughts were all over the place because my mother seemed to have a secret.

“When I look at that man...I see his father’s eyes,” my mother stated.

My heart rate seemed to rise at her words, and it felt as if my stomach had dropped outside of my body. As my palms began to sweat, I eased forward trying to hear even more.

“How do you tell your daughter about something like this, when for so long I tried to bury it,” my mother murmured. “I pretended that it didn’t happen.”

For a few moments, I could hear her sobbing. I’d never seen my mother cry, she was one of the strongest women I knew.

I was about to enter the kitchen, but I stopped myself yet again. Donna and Dana offered comforting words.

“It’s okay,” they told her.

“You don’t have to be strong with us, we’re your blood, Dietra. Together we’re stronger.”

“I know,” my mother murmured again.

A few deep breaths later, I heard wine being poured.

“Whatever you decide to do,” Donna declared. “We’re behind you.”

More pauses passed and then my mother spoke.

“I can’t tell my daughter that the man she clearly is hell bent on seeing, that he comes from bad stock. I can’t tell her that Ivar Madsen, his nasty ass daddy held me captive for two weeks while black Irondale searched for me, and he raped me. No..... some lessons my daughter will have to learn for herself.”

One of the twins gasped and I had to cover my mouth from doing the same.

Now it all made sense.

Tyr’s father had raped my mother and every single time she saw him, she got glimpses of a past she tried to forget.

Holy fuck, I thought.

I had no idea what to do next, so I chose to ease back outside. Tyr was right where I’d left him chatting with Renee.

“Everything okay?” He asked as I sat down beside him.

Giving him a small smile, I nodded. “It will be.”

Uncle Ritchie had moved from the grill to the fireworks. My cousins from South Carolina had brought up the good one that was illegal in Virginia.

As the rockets shot up into the air, I leaned against Tyr’s shoulder. It looked as if stars were climbing into the nights sky and falling on us.

I had no idea what I was going to do about Tyr and my Mother, but it would stay put for now. Tomorrow, I thought.

Tomorrow, we’ll figure it out.

Season Two is Coming...

The second season of A Viking’s Desire is already started on Kindle Vella. If you’re anxious for more, join us on on Vella

[A Viking’s Desire Season 1-2](#)



# Bonus Episode

## Renee

The Fourth of July passed like it'd never happened. The family had partied at my house until nearly two a.m. and the aunties had come over to clean up the next day. I listened to them talk while gathering up the trash.

When it was all said and done, I told them I'd see them at the next family event, and they left.

Mischief sat obediently waiting for them to go.

My aunts didn't really fuck with dogs, so Mischief had been in my bedroom for most of the whole event.

Feeling bad, I'd decided he needed to get out and stretch his legs.

"You wanna go play, boy?"

Mischief had hopped up onto the couch, ears wiggling to catch sounds while watching the aunts depart. He turned slightly at the mention of playing. It was one of his favorite words, along with steak.

He hopped down from the couch and came sliding to a halt, his greyish coat giving a shimmer in the summer sunlight. Reaching down, I scratched behind his ear and his foot gave a few thumps against the wooden grains of the floor.

"I guess that's a yes," I smiled. "Who's the best boy?"

He sat still while I retrieved his harness and leash. When I was done, the red harness seemed to give a warning to anyone that would come near, and we were off to my Jeep.

Once he was secured in the front seat, I rolled down the window so we could both get some air. It was just a little balmy and the dashboard said it was a surprising seventy-five degrees out.

The two of us cruised through Irondale without a car in sight, until I finally ended up by the high school. Scanning the parking lot, I found a spot. There were a few cars here and there belonging to the people on the basketball court. With school out for the summer, the baseball field would be completely empty, and Mischief could run to his heart's content.

We walked along the path that led away from the courts, and around a few corners. Squinting in the bright sunlight, we were just about to go through the gate on the field when I heard someone running up on me.

Turning I found a fucking giant running up on me.

“Renee!”

Squinting, I realized it was Wade Cavil.

My stomach twisted; butterflies bloomed as if they'd just flown over a field of wildflowers.

Bitch, get ahold of yourself, I thought.

Mischief stood beside me looking between us and then let out a growl.

“That makes two of us,” I said out loud, not caring if Wade heard me.

Wade's teeth flashed white as he offered me a toothy grin.

“Where did you come from?” I asked.

He jerked his thumb over his shoulder. “Courts. I was shooting ball with a few of the fellas.”

I peered around him, the courts nearly out of sight. “Any of them single?”

Without missing a beat, “They're all married. So what'chu up to?”

Pointing to the leash. “What does it look like, Cavil.”

Wade held up his hands in defense and I couldn't help myself. My eyes ran over his built arms that were covered in tattoos. I wanted to clench my legs together so bad, I was about to faint.

“What do you want?” I asked.

“Besides you?” He took a breath and then pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

“Don't,” I shook my head.

“I also want to apologize.”

Frowning, the muscles in my face began to sting like cuts from a razor blade. “For?” I found my foot tapping against the pavement and Mischief was getting pissed.

Reaching down, I gave my baby a scratch behind his ears. Pulling out a few of the tennis balls I'd tucked in the biker shorts I wore, I threw them as far as they could go. Mischief took off, dust kicking up into the breeze that had started.

*I love him*, I thought.

Turning back to Wade, I realized he was leaning against the gate watching my dog.

“So...apologize, Wade.”

“Huh?” He turned to me his eyes clearer than the last time I'd seen him. He blinked, his eyelashes long and dark against his crystal blue eyes.

“You said you wanted to apologize,” I shrugged.

“Oh yeah, right,” he stood from leaning and pulled on the cigarette. Wade took a deep breath, his chest puffing out and then exhaled while I waited.

“Renee, I am sincerely sorry for how things went down that night. Do you think maybe...”

My eyebrow raised itself. “What?”

“Do you think that since being lovers is clearly out of the picture...”

“It most certainly the fuck is,” I placed my hand on hip, my fingers digging in.

A cocky grin had appeared on his face, and my palm was itching to slap it off.

“Do you think we could be friends, at least?”

Rolling my eyes, I turned back to watch my dog running. Mischief had two tennis balls inside of his mouth. He trotted around, his tail up before spitting them out and rolling around in the dirt.

“Damn it Mischief, I just gave you a bath!”

He didn’t seem to care and was happy to take a dirt bath.

“Renee?” Wade reminded me of his presence.

I didn’t want to look at him.

Because he’s fine as fuck, I thought.

Finally, I turned and raked my eyes over him. He was still grinning and then he came over and wrapped his arms around my waist.

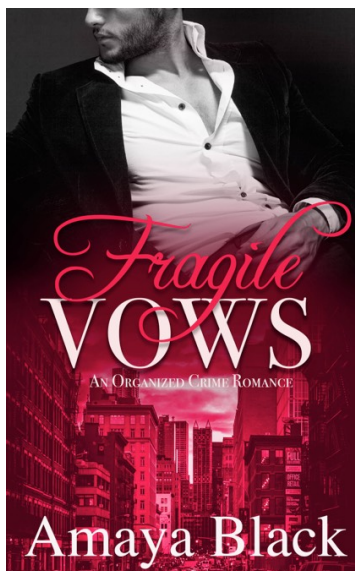
“Not gonna take no for an answer, Baby Girl,” he murmured. “I know I don’t deserve it, but I’ll take being your friend if you’ll have me.”

I rolled my eyes.

“You’re gonna have to grovel, Cavil...but maybe...”

## FREE BOOK

Would you like a free book? Grab a copy of *Fragile Vows* to keep your reading experience going strong and discover more of Amaya Black's works.



[Fragile Vows: A Mafia Romance Novella](#)

# About the Author

Amaya Black is an author who lives in the Carolinas with her hubby, son and doggo. She loves a good romance and an even better happily ever after. All of her books are currently available on Amazon.



[CLICK HERE TO JOIN MY READERS GROUP ON FACEBOOK](#)

**Remember to leave a review for the author!**

