



SAVAGE SAINTS

MC

BLADE

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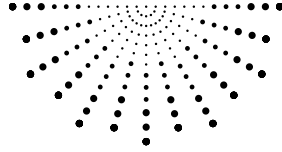
CAMERON HART

BLADE

A GRUMPY/SUNSHINE MC ROMANCE

SAVAGE SAINTS

BOOK THREE



CAMERON HART

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River: One look at the stunning waitress carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders, and I'm a gonner. I wasn't looking for a sweet little thing with auburn hair and more baggage than I can fit on the back of my bike, but there's no going back now. She's mine. I'll prove to her I'm more than capable of handling her past and making her feel safe again.

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BLADE

I was out on a ride to clear my mind when I saw her on the side of the road, frowning at the black smoke pouring out of the engine. I wasn't looking for trouble, and I certainly wasn't looking for a blonde-haired, blue-eyed damsel in distress, but I couldn't just leave her stranded.

With nowhere to stay while her piece of garbage car is getting fixed at our shop, I begrudgingly let Sonya crash in one of the empty rooms in the clubhouse. Despite her current situation and uncomfortable accommodations, Sonya is all smiles, rainbows, and butterflies.

I should find it annoying. Off-putting. Unnatural. Instead, I'm addicted to her laughter. I live for her next corny joke. I could survive off of her smiles alone.

Our enemies discover my new obsession and try using her as leverage. They'll find out in no uncertain terms what happens when someone messes with the President of the Savage Saints.

CHAPTER ONE



SONYA

“*Y*ou, you, you, oughta *knooooow!*”

I belt out the lyrics to my favorite Alanis Morissette song as I cruise down the highway, heading nowhere. I still remember the day my sister snuck the old CD into our house when we were little. Such heathen music was banned under our parents’ roof as a direct order from Pastor Wellington.

A grin pulls at my lips as I remember hiding the cherished contraband in my pillow case for years. It survived many a book-and-music bonfire held at First Assembly of God’s Chosen. I can’t say the same for the N*SYNC album I secretly bought or my copies of *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *1984*.

I shove those thoughts to the back of my mind and pick up the lyrics as Alanis begins on the chorus again.

My car jerks forward and sputters a bit before returning to normal. I hold my breath, waiting to see if that’s a bad sign or just usual car stuff. This is my first real experience driving, and I fear I may have bitten off more than I can chew, so to speak. Three days straight of driving across the country after only a few driving lessons and a YouTube tutorial might have been a risky choice, but I had no other options. None that I could live with, anyway.

Another jolt from my car has me gripping the steering wheel tighter as if that will somehow calm it down. No such luck. The vehicle shakes and sputters, and no matter how hard

I press the gas pedal, it slows until it rolls to a stop on the side of the road, completely dead.

Frick. Now what?

Taking a deep breath, I unbuckle my seatbelt and climb out of my car. I walk around to the front, where I stare at the hood. There's a latch around here somewhere...

"Aha!" I exclaim to myself when I see it.

The hood pops open, letting out a hiss and stream of smoke. I back away, coughing and waving my hands to clear the smoke. As it dissipates, I make my way closer to the car, resting my hands on my hips as I lean over the engine to inspect it.

Unsurprisingly, I have no idea what I'm looking at. Aren't engines supposed to be, like, metal? This one seems like it's made entirely of grease and dirt. That can't be good, right?

Stupid, silly girl. You really think you can make it on your own? Without the protection of The Chosen? The Devil will have your soul within a week.

"No," I whisper, shutting my eyes against my father's last words before I left home for good. "I can do this. I can do this," I repeat under my breath.

Do what, exactly? Fix the engine? Hitchhike? I don't even have a destination in mind. I just took off, needing to be anywhere but with my family and their oppressive religion. Even my older sister finally let go of her "rebellious youth" and settled down with one of the pastor's sons last year.

Something catches my attention. A low rumble in the distance, growing closer, louder, louder...

I whip my head up from where I was leaning over the hood in time to see a man on a motorcycle pull up behind my car. I watch him swing his leg over the bike and stand to his full height, which has to be nearly a foot taller than my five foot four.

I scan his muscular body, taking in his corded arms and bulging biceps covered in swirling ink. The beast of a man walks toward me, his long strides eating up the distance between us.

Brown eyes lock with mine, and I forget how to breathe for a second. No one at church or my small private school had tattoos. They're forbidden, of course. I've always secretly thought they looked... sexy.

A blush creeps into my cheeks as I think that word. It's silly, I know. At twenty-two, I shouldn't squirm at merely thinking of the word "sexy," but that's where I'm at.

When the massive, muscled, tatted-up biker stops in front of me, I crane my neck to maintain eye contact. I should probably be wary of this man. Instead, I'm insanely curious.

What do his tattoos mean? Does he have more on his chest? His back? What does his home look like? What does this man do in his free time? Probably competitive staring contests...

I blink, breaking the trance he's put me in. "Um, hi," I squeak.

He grunts, which is somehow... adorable. I know I should hop in my car and lock the doors. I may have lived an extremely sheltered life, but I'm not so naive that I don't recognize my vulnerable situation. Still, something about him feels... I don't know. He feels safe.

"So, do you come here often?" I tease, hoping to see what his smile looks like.

The man furrows his brow and tilts his head to the side.

"Do you speak English?"

He rolls his eyes, which makes me grin. "Yes," comes the grunted response.

"Oh, good. I was beginning to worry we had a communication barrier."

Another blank stare from the biker.

“Do you happen to know anything about cars? Are car engines anything like motorcycle engines? Like maybe the motorcycle engine is half a car engine or something? Is that what horsepower is?”

The monosyllabic man blinks, no doubt overwhelmed with my barrage of questions. “Yes, no, no, and no.”

It takes me a second to realize he answered all my questions in order. I smile at his adorableness and step aside so he can look at my car. He leans over the engine and grabs a dirty bandana from his back pocket. The man uses it to poke and open a few valves and lids or whatever else an engine is composed of. I stand beside him, trying not to gawk at how the muscles tighten and flex in his arms.

“What’s with the bandana?” I inquire, shuffling a little closer to him. It’s so I can see what he’s doing and *not* because I want to smell him. After all, I should learn about this stuff while I have an expert here. Next time this happens, I might not be so lucky.

“Engine’s hot. And dirty,” comes his muttered response.

“Oh, so it protects your hands?”

A grunt and a nod is all I get in return.

I give the good Samaritan a little peace and quiet while he continues his inspection. Anxiety eats away at my nerves the longer the silence stretches between us. *This can’t be good. If it was an easy fix, wouldn’t he have found it by now?*

“It’s blown,” he states, straightening to his full height.

“Um, that’s not a good thing, I’m guessing?” My throat gets tight as I swallow past the lump of emotion. *Don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t you dare cry!*

“It means the damn thing is dead. When’s the last time you changed the oil?”

“Uh...”

“And what kind of gas have you been putting in this thing? It’s ancient, so it should be getting unleaded, not anything diluted with ethanol.”

“There are different gas options?” I whisper, feeling stupid and childish. “I put in whatever was cheapest.”

Another grunt. “That’s probably what did it. Not sure it’s worth saving.”

“What? What do you mean? Like... no more car?”

What am I going to do without a car? This stupid hunk of junk is the only thing I have, aside from a duffle bag of clothes, what little I could pack of my shoe collection, and my contraband Alanis Morissette CD.

I’m vaguely aware of the man rattling off some car mumbo-jumbo, but it makes no sense to me. His voice fades into the background, replaced by my father’s cruel taunting.

This is why God made men to rule over women. They can make better choices and be better leaders. This wouldn’t have happened if you had a deacon with you.

I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to block out his nasty words. My breath grows shaky and uneven while my eyes burn with unshed tears.

Weak. Stupid. Gullible. Incapable.

The first sob breaks free, opening the floodgates. I gasp for air as tears stream down my cheeks.

“Uh, what... oh,” the man stutters, his eyes wide with shock.

I open my mouth to apologize for my outburst, but another sob rolls out of me, followed by more tears.

“Um... it’s... going to be... okay,” he says, awkwardly reaching toward me. He hovers his hand over my shoulder, then pats me twice before shoving his hands in his pocket.

I nod, but my entire body shivers as I cry my eyes out.

“Here,” the biker grunts, shoving his bandana in my direction. I take it without thinking and swipe it across one cheek and then the other. “Oh, you, uh...”

He points to my face and then back to the bandana. It has grease all over it, and I assume I now have grease on my

cheeks. Great. Just wonderful.

“I’ll make it better,” he rushes to say. “Just stop crying.”

“S-s-sorry,” I say pathetically.

“No, I didn’t mean... Fuck,” he mutters, running a hand through his short black hair. “I’m sure I have something else you can use.”

The man looks around frantically, then whips off his leather vest with patches covering it, followed by his black T-shirt. I’m so shocked, I stop crying. My mouth drops open as my eyes glide over the dips and curves of his packed abs and sculpted chest. Yup, it appears that every square inch of him has intricate tattoos.

“Here.” He tosses me his shirt, but I’m too distracted to catch it. The shirt lands on my head, and I grab it, wiping my face on the cotton.

Oh, gosh, it smells amazing. Pine trees and mint and the ocean.

When I’m done subtly huffing the biker’s T-shirt, I busy myself with folding it up nice and neat.

“Thank you, mister...?”

“Blade.”

“Thanks, Mr. Blade.”

“Just Blade.”

“Oh.” I sniffle, holding the shirt out for him to take. I try not to gawk at his glorious body on display, but I’m fascinated. “I’m Sonya.”

“Sonya,” he repeats, finally taking the shirt. He stares at the neat and tidy folded edges, then unfolds it and puts the shirt back on. Shame. “Look, my club owns a repair shop. We can tow your car there, but I don’t know if there’s much we can do to save it.”

My eyes fill with tears once more at the mention of my stupid car.

“But we’ll try,” he says, holding his hands out in front of him. “Just... no more tears. It makes my chest hurt for some reason.”

I don’t think he meant to say that last part out loud, and I’m not sure what it means. From the look on his face, he’s confused as well.

“I don’t have any money to pay you. I don’t have... anything. Do you like Alanis Morissette?”

He tilts his head to the side, those dark eyes narrowing at me.

I sigh. “Never mind.”

“We’ll work out the details later. Let me make a call and get the tow truck out here. I’ll give you a ride into town.”

“That’s very generous of you, but like I said, I don’t have much money. Not for a car repair, not for a hotel. I was going to get a job wherever I ended up, but...” I shrug, letting the rest of the thought hang in the air.

Blade crosses his arms over his chest and looks at the sky as if searching for a solution among the clouds. After a few moments, he lowers his head and looks directly at me. “It seems as though you ended up here. You can stay in one of the spare rooms at the clubhouse while you get back on your feet.”

Something strange washes over me, and I feel like a hot piece of coal is stuck in my gut. All the hairs on the back of my neck stand up, and I square my shoulders as I cross my arms over my chest, matching his stance. “I don’t need a man to take care of me,” I inform him.

“Clearly,” he deadpans.

“I’m capable of doing stuff all on my own.”

“I’m sure you are.”

“I can make my own decisions,” I tell him through clenched teeth. I’m unsure who I’m trying to convince, myself or Blade.

The mysterious man uncrosses his arms, letting them rest at his sides. His shoulders relax slightly, and this time, when his eyes rest on mine, they're a little softer. Blade furrows his brow, though not in annoyance like before. It's more like he's studying me the same way I've been studying him this whole time. Like he's trying to figure out what my story is.

Finally, he breaks the silence. "And what is your decision, Sonya?"

Oh, wow. Why do I like hearing him say my name?

"I..." Taking a deep breath, I straighten my spine and attempt to project confidence. "I'm deciding to accept your job offer, but only until I pay off the car. Then I'll be on my way."

"Sounds good."

"But I'm doing it for me. Not because you're some knight in shining armor coming to save the day."

Blade coughs out what I think is a laugh. "Never been accused of that, so you have nothing to worry about there."

"Right. So. We have a deal?"

I hold out my hand for him to shake. Blade stares at it, and his eyes flicker up to meet mine. We never break eye contact as he wraps his massive hand around mine. Instead of shaking it, however, Blade just holds my hand.

I can't look away, and for some reason, neither can he. I'm drawn toward him, my body swaying forward like a flower turning toward the sun.

Blade snaps out of whatever hold we were in, dropping my hand as if it burned him. "I'll make the call. Grab whatever you need from your car and wait by my bike."

"Sir, yes, sir," I tell him, saluting the six-and-a-half-foot beast.

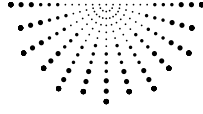
Something dark passes over his features, but it's gone before I figure out why.

As I grab my duffel bag from the back seat, I remember my father's last words.

The Devil will have your soul within a week.

Looking over my shoulder at Blade, I think my dad may have been right for once. But I trust this devil more than my own flesh and blood. I can only hope I'm not making a huge mistake.

CHAPTER TWO



BLADE

W hat the hell am I doing?

I've been asking myself that for the last five minutes as I work out the details of the tow truck with Axel over the phone.

I did what any decent human would do when seeing someone stranded on the side of the road. I was going to stop, call a tow truck, and be on my way. That was before I saw Sonya.

I mean, what the hell is a curvy little blonde bombshell doing out here on this relatively deserted highway? What was she thinking, driving her piece of shit car into the ground with no destination and no means to fix it when it inevitably broke down?

But those eyes. Goddamn, if they didn't knock the fuckin' air from my lungs the moment I saw them. Paired with golden blonde hair, a slender nose, rounded cheeks, and a smile that could break a man weaker than myself, she's a lethal little package.

"Yo, Prez? You still there?"

"Yeah," I grunt over the phone. "All repairs will be charged to me. It's going to be a beast to fix, and honestly, we might not be able to salvage it."

"I'm up for the challenge," Axel assures me. He's our newest patched-in member of the Savage Saints and eager to take on any task I hand him. Love his enthusiasm, even if I

can't match it. It's been good for the club to have some fresh blood.

“Good,” I reply before hanging up.

I inhale deeply, rolling out my shoulders and preparing to be in Sonya's presence. I hope to God and everything holy that she's stopped crying. She burst into tears when I told her about her engine being blown. Unfortunately, I've been around crying women before, but I've never had the reaction I did with Sonya.

It was the strangest fucking thing. My heart lurched, making my chest tight. Felt like someone reached right into my ribcage and tore the damn thing out. Then I snapped at her, and she apologized...

Fuck me. I rub the heel of my hand over my heart, trying to ease the tension.

I need to set Sonya up in one of the rooms at the clubhouse before I slam down a bottle of whiskey with my MC brothers. I'm probably stressed from all the bullshit with the dirty cops in this town. That's why I'm having chest pain. It can't possibly be from one woman. One gorgeous, curvy, heartbreaking woman.

Dammit.

I shove my phone in my pocket and make my way over to my bike. I try keeping my gaze on the ground, but my eyes are drawn to hers. Blue eyes watch me approach, and I see her tense ever so slightly. I hope I don't frighten her, which is another new feeling for me.

“Ever been on a motorcycle?” I ask her as I mount the bike.

The golden strands of her hair catch the rays of the setting sun as she shakes her head no. I should have guessed. Pretty little thing like her was probably warned about guys like me.

“No, but I've always wanted to,” she replies, her light blue eyes sparkling.

Why can't I look away from her? "Put your bag in that back compartment," I grunt a little more harshly than I meant. I can't help it. Everything about this woman is throwing me off my game. I clear my throat and try to be more civil. "Now, swing your leg over the bike and scoot up behind me. Use my shoulders for balance if you need."

Sonya looks at me, the bike, then me again. She nibbles on her bottom lip and nods. All the tension drains from my body when her soft little hand rests on my shoulder. Sonya sits and adjusts herself, but she's too far away. For riding purposes, that is. Not anything else.

"Closer," I tell her, trying not to growl. "Wrap your arms around my waist to keep you steady."

"Okay," comes her quiet reply.

The confounding woman does as I say, pressing her body against mine and clinging to my torso. Her thighs squeeze mine, and it takes a considerable amount of energy not to picture her thighs wrapped around me in a different way.

Fuck. So not appropriate.

"Ready?" I ask.

Sonya nods, and I start the engine. It roars to life, and Sonya tightens her hold on me.

"I'll go slow," I tell her.

"No!" she shouts over the sound of the engine. "Don't you dare. I might not get this chance again, and I want to enjoy every minute."

Huh. That was unexpected, but I'm not complaining. Who would have thought the first woman I've ever had on the back of my bike would be this little ray of sunshine?

I rev the engine and pull onto the highway, getting up to speed in no time.

"Woo! *Yeaaaah!*" Sonya exclaims as we tear down the road.

I'm only doing the speed limit, but I'm sure it feels like a hundred miles an hour from her perspective. I remember my first time on a motorcycle. The rush of adrenaline. The vibration of the engine as it rocketed me forward. The wind whipping my face and bringing me back into my body after a stressful and exhausting fight with my father. One ride, and I was hooked. I knew what I wanted to do with my life.

When was the last time I felt that free? That sure of myself?

“This... is... *incredible!*” Sonya shouts.

I feel her laughing, her entire body shaking as she wraps herself tighter around my back. A grin tugs at my lips, which is odd. I can't seem to help it around this woman. She's crying about her car one minute, then throwing caution to the wind and hopping on the back of a bike with a stranger the next. I get the sense that whatever Sonya does, she does it with her whole heart and all of her energy.

Eventually, we pull into the Savage Saints clubhouse, though I admit I took the long way. Not because I like having Sonya on the back of my bike or anything. She was so excited about the ride, and I wanted to ensure she got the most out of it. She said it herself; she might not get another chance.

I park the bike and help Sonya off before swinging my leg over and standing up. Sonya's hair is wild, and her eyes are bright and excited. I get the insane urge to brush my fingers across her rosy cheeks, glowing from her first time on a motorcycle. She gives me the most radiant smile, and damn if I don't return it. Kind of. Mine's a bit rusty, and I think it came out as a grimace.

“Th-th-thank-k you,” she stutters, her body still shaking.

She stumbles a bit, and I reach out to steady her with a hand on her hip. “Careful,” I rasp, my voice not working for some reason. Certainly not because I'm holding onto this woman's ample curves. “First ride can take a bit to come down from.”

Sonya nods and leans into my touch, snuggling against my side. I tense, not sure what to do. My arm moves on its own, coming to rest on her shoulders. The woman sighs, relaxing even more, though the occasional tremor still runs down her spine.

It's too much. I don't know what to do with these... feelings. Warmth. Longing. Concern. Everything is all jumbled up, and I need space to clear my mind.

Straightening up, I take a small step away from Sonya, dropping my arm from her shoulders. She takes the hint and turns on her heel to grab her bag from the back compartment.

Jesus, get it together. You're helping someone in a tough spot, not proposing marriage.

When Sonya has her things collected, I nod toward the front door. As soon as we step inside, I regret not taking her around the back.

A dozen pairs of eyes land on us, most of them sizing up Sonya. Out of nowhere, a possessive rage fills my lungs, pushing out every other thought and sensation.

I loop my arm around her waist and tuck her into my side as I take long strides toward the back rooms. My men know me well enough to get the hell out of my way, but I know they'll be talking about me when I leave the room. I'll have to come back out here and set the record straight.

Sonya's not mine, but she's sure as hell not theirs.

"Um, it's hard to keep up with you," she whispers at my side.

I tighten my hold on her and press her curvy little body closer to mine as I lift her, half carrying, half dragging her to the back.

"Oof, that's not exactly what I had in mind," she says once I set her down in the furthest room from the bar.

"Here's your room," I inform her, keeping my tone even. Detached. I don't think it's working.

"Thank you again. For everything."

I nod in acknowledgment.

“Are you always this intense?” she asks, throwing me off guard yet again. “I can’t picture you making your bed with the same gruffness. Or brushing your teeth. Do you frown at yourself in the mirror?”

Dimples pop out on her adorable cheeks because, of course, she has fucking dimples. Smiles, sparkling eyes, and dimples. Sonya is all rainbows and butterflies, and I’m a hardened MC President with a black heart and a stained soul.

But something shifts as I look into those endless eyes. I move forward, unable to stay away from her light. Sonya peers up at me, holding her breath as I lean down and brush my lips against the side of her neck.

This is dangerous. I shouldn’t know that her skin tastes like sugar and sunshine. Yet, I’m unable to stop.

When I reach the shell of her ear, I whisper, “I’m intense about the things that matter. My club. My bike. My woman... who I found on the side of the road,” I finish before taking two huge steps backward.

Shit. Not my woman. Sonya is not my woman. I’ve known her for less than an hour. So what if she’s unlike anyone I’ve ever met and elicits emotions I’ve buried for decades? It’s too risky. Women are never who they say they are. I have a lifetime of watching my dad go through wives and girlfriends to back me up on that.

“Oh,” is all Sonya says.

She lifts a hand to the side of her neck where my lips were. She traces the line with her fingertips, drawing my attention there.

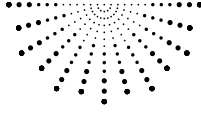
I rip my eyes away from the siren and give her my back. “We’ll get started on your car tomorrow.”

“Okay,” comes her response.

She seems confused, and I don’t blame her. I don’t have any answers for her. I have no idea what just happened, only that it can’t happen again.

Even as I shut the door and walk back to the bar, I know I'm full of shit.

CHAPTER THREE



SONYA

I tuck the last corner of the bed sheet under the mattress, spread out the comforter, and turn it down at the top. Next, I place the pillow in its spot, smoothing out the wrinkles from the pillowcase.

I've been on the road and away from my family for five days, but the morning ritual of making my bed and having it inspection-ready will take some time to wear off. When I woke up this morning, I half expected my mother to come bursting through the door at any moment, yelling at me for sleeping in so late.

Back at home, my sister and I were up before the sun. With endless cooking and cleaning to do, we were taught at a young age that, as women, our chores completed us as we completed them.

Looking back down at the pristinely made bed, I get a wicked idea. One that's too tempting to pass up.

I spin around and flop down on the bed, splaying my arms and legs out and making a snow angel in the blankets. The neatly tucked-in sheets come loose on one corner, then the other, while the comforter twists around my limbs. I grab the pillow and toss it in the air, watching it sail up, up, up... and back down into Blade's large, tattooed hands.

He raises an eyebrow at me, and lordy, he's as devastatingly handsome and broody as I remember. I sit up in bed, blowing a few loose strands of hair from my face before smiling at him.

“What’s this about?” he grunts, shaking the pillow. “And why is your door unlocked?”

“Good morning to you, too, Mr. Grumpy Pants,” I tease.

He blinks at me, apparently not amused at my nickname for him.

“For your information, my door was locked all night. I only recently unlocked it since you said you were stopping by this morning.”

Blade nods, which is about as much approval as I can hope from him at this point. “And throwing the pillow?”

“I’m enjoying that I don’t have to make my bed anymore,” I tell him.

The man stares at me, tilting his head to the side. He looks at me like that a lot, and I wonder if I’m as interesting to him as he is to me.

“Thrilling,” he says flatly.

I grin and hop off the bed, sliding into my pink ballerina flats. They match my light pink sundress, which my mom told me was “inappropriate for my body type.” That was her sanitized way of telling me I was fat and no one wanted to see all that skin.

But today is a new day, and I no longer have to listen to that crap. She doesn’t define me, nor does my father or the men my parents tried to match me up with.

“I agree. It’s not as freeing as riding on a motorcycle, but it’s a little piece of freedom for me, you know?”

Blade furrows his brow, his eyes darkening slightly as he stares a hole right through my brain. I’m unsure what he’s thinking, but his ever-serious, stoic eyes soften slightly.

“Good,” he declares. “Never make the bed again. Fuck sheets and pillows.”

I giggle at his over-the-top reaction, and Blade freezes. The laughter dies on my lips, and I worry I’ve offended him. “Is everything okay?”

He grunts because of course he does. “Your laugh... I like it.”

I’m unsure who’s more shocked at his words, but I’m the first to recover.

“Thanks,” I whisper. “I’m sure I’ll like yours, too.”

Blade grunts again, and I narrow my eyes at him playfully. He eyes me right back, but I see the barest inkling of a smirk on his lips. Everything about this man is hard and prickly, but I’m determined to find a soft spot. After all, he can’t be all bad. He helped me on the side of the road and offered me a place to stay.

“Let’s go check on your car,” he says, quickly changing the subject. Blade spins on his heel, already halfway down the hall by the time I get to the door.

“Hey! Short person over here!” I call after him.

Blade stops in his tracks and stands stock still as I jog up beside him. Without a word, he takes a smaller step forward, watching me and matching my steps.

“Much better,” I tell him with a smile.

Blade hums, the sound low and gravelly and not unlike his grunt. There’s a slight difference, though, and I probably shouldn’t know that.

We walk in silence across the street from the clubhouse and down a few blocks until we get to the Savage Saints Repair Shop. Power tools, clanking metal, and engines revving fill the air, followed quickly by the smell of rubber and gasoline.

“Oh wow,” I say softly as we walk past huge open garage doors, each containing projects in varying stages of completion. Up until earlier this week, I had never driven a car. Now I’m watching people take them apart.

“Never been to the mechanic?” Blade asks, breaking the silence between us.

“I haven’t been to a lot of places,” I answer truthfully.

Blade peers down at me, that same concerned, slightly confused look in his eyes as earlier.

Thankfully, we're interrupted before Blade can ask any more questions. It's not that I want to hide anything from him, but I don't want to burden him with my sob story. Besides, it's irrelevant to my car, so I'm sure he doesn't care.

"Yo, Prez! I have you over here," someone says, pulling our attention in that direction.

"Thanks, Axel," Blade replies as he heads to the last stall in the garage.

"Prez?" I ask as I scurry to keep up with the tall men and their long strides.

As if remembering I'm short, Blade stops and waits for me to catch up, then matches my steps. "That's my title," comes his simple and inadequate response.

"As in... president?"

A single nod is all I get in confirmation.

Axel speaks up before I can ask what he's the president of. "I've got some unfortunate news about the car," he starts as he opens the hood of my red Toyota circa 1999. "We flushed out all the ethanol from the engine and cleaned her up a bit, but we're going to need a replacement. Might take a while to find the right parts with this being an older vehicle..."

Axel's voice fades into the background as I stare at the now shiny but worthless engine.

"Sonya?" Blade asks, his tone indicating this isn't the first time he's said my name. "Do you have somewhere to be? A deadline or anything?"

I shake my head no, swallowing past the lump in my throat.

"Where did you drive this thing from?" Axel asks.

"Um... Pennsylvania," I whisper, unsure if I should be giving out that information.

“Where are you headed after this? Maybe you can take a loaner car?”

“I... I don't know. I don't... I don't have a plan,” I admit softly.

Tears well up, but I blink them away, not wanting to upset Blade or look stupid in front of Axel. Not that any of that matters at this point. I'm a failure, like my father told me. Alone, broke, and homeless.

My head spins, and I grip the side of the car to steady myself. I'm vaguely aware of Blade thanking Axel before his hand rests on the small of my back, guiding me through the back door and into the lobby. He leads me into an office in the back and encourages me to sit on the couch. He joins me a second later, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

“We'll fix your car,” he says, his gaze as serious as ever.

“It's not just the car,” I say miserably. I can't look at him while I'm feeling like a foolish child. “I don't... I don't have any money. No plan. Nothing. What was I thinking? Stupid, right? Silly, stupid Sonya, thinking she could make it alone.”

“Sonya, you're not stupid.”

“Stranded, then.”

Blade huffs out a grunt. “Can't be stranded if you don't know where you're going,” he counters.

A smile replaces my frown at his response. He's trying to make me feel better in his own way.

“Furthermore, I don't need a car if I have no destination, right? So the problem solves itself!” I joke. The intense, tatted-up biker frowns at me, and I can't help but laugh.

“That's not what I was saying,” he sighs.

“When's the last time you smiled?” I blurt.

Blade's brow tips up. His mouth opens and closes before he frowns. “When's the last time you got angry?”

It's my turn to raise my eyebrow. I wasn't expecting that question, and honestly, I don't know the answer. “I... I was

always told that anger is a bad emotion. So I try to transform the anger into understanding and gaining a new perspective.”

Blade stares at me for a beat, then shakes his head. “That’s bullshit,” he says matter-of-factly.

I can’t help but giggle. He’s so freaking serious about everything. He also hasn’t answered my question about smiling, which breaks a little piece of my heart.

The corner of his lips twitch, and for a moment, I think he might reward me with a smile. It’s short-lived, but he was trying. I hope I can bring that out in him.

“Look, how about you help out around the shop?” Blade offers.

“I’m not sure you want me poking around cars. Might be bad for business.”

He gives me some side eye, but there’s a glint of amusement in those dark depths. “You’ll stick to the lobby area, making appointments, light filing, organizing, stuff like that.” Suddenly, Blade’s eyes widen, and he looks at me as if struck by a horrible realization. “Not that I think you’re only good enough to be a secretary. But with the cars and my guys not having any manners, and...”

“Slow down there,” I tell him, placing a hand on his massive shoulder.

Blade relaxes at my touch, and I want to curl up in his lap. I don’t, of course, but I’ve never had an urge like that before.

“I’m not offended,” I say with a smile. I don’t blame him for thinking I’d be sensitive, especially after I yelled at him yesterday that *I don’t need no man*.

“Thank god,” he says with a relieved sigh. “I just want to help. You’ll be set up with a job and a place to stay while your car is being worked on.”

“Why?”

Blade tilts his head again, searching my eyes for something.

“Why, what?”

“Why do you want to help? You don’t even know me. I mean nothing to you. I’m just some random girl you found on the side of the road. I’m sure this isn’t what you had in mind when you pulled over yesterday.”

Blade moves closer on the couch until his knee touches mine. I look at where our legs make contact, then catch Blade’s brown eyes with mine.

“It wasn’t what I had in mind,” he confirms, “but I don’t regret a single thing. Do you?”

I shake my head no, swaying closer to him.

Blade slides his hand over my cheek, then cups the back of my neck. My skin prickles with awareness as his fingertips weave through the hair on the back of my head.

“I think we’re good for each other, don’t you?”

I can’t look away. I’m completely enraptured by his touch, his stare, every breath and beat of his heart. “Yes, sir,” I whisper, my voice barely above a whisper.

“Love when you call me that,” he rasps, dipping his head to ghost his lips over my temple. His voice is harsh, restrained almost, but his kiss is gentle, barely even there.

“Sir?” I question, ensuring I understood him. I’m a little light-headed from being this close to the sexiest man I’ve ever seen.

“Mmhmm,” he grunts before backing away. Blade drops his hand from my neck, and I shiver as a cold breeze blows through me. “Now,” he says, clapping his hands together as he stands. “You’ll start work tomorrow afternoon. First, I need to take you somewhere in the morning.”

“Oh?” I ask curiously, taking his offered hand.

He pulls me up, steadying me with a hand on my hip before stepping away. “You’ll like it. I think. Either way, you need it.”

“Okay, now I’m more confused than ever.”

Blade gives me a mischievous look, and God help me, he's somehow even more lethal with that little spark in his eyes. "Do you trust me?"

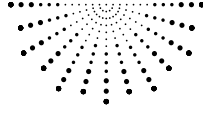
I stare at him, holding his gaze for a moment before nodding. "I do."

"Good. Now that we have that settled, I need to get to work. Grab lunch at the clubhouse and ask around for Tessa. She's Hawk's old lady. Nice girl, I'm sure you two will get along."

I only understood half of what he said, but I nod, getting the gist. With a devious grin, I reply, "Yes, sir."

Spinning on my heel, I scurry out the door in time to hear Blade groan. I have no idea what that's about, but it makes my stomach dance and flip. I can't wait to see what else Blade likes.

CHAPTER FOUR



BLADE

“*I*s it true?” Rider asks as soon as I call church into session.

“How the fuck did this happen?” another man asks.

“We’re not going to stand for this, right, Prez?”

“Silence!” I demand from my position at the front of the room. Every member seated in church shuts their mouth and turns their attention to me. “Yes, that fuck-wit of a sheriff, Darren, is out of prison.”

The room erupts in a chorus of boos and grunts. I slam my hands down on the table in front of me, the sound echoing around the room and causing my men to focus back on me.

“He got off on a bullshit technicality that I’m sure his cronies helped him out with.” More chatter and muttered curse words float around the room, and I know I’m losing them. I get it.

Sheriff Darren, the father of Hawk’s old lady, Tessa, is about as corrupt as they come. Not only did he have Rider thrown in prison on false charges, but he was an abusive piece of shit to his daughter. And that’s just a start. The man has ruled over this small California town for more than a decade with his police force of dirty cops ready to do his bidding.

Recently, we discovered the cops were reselling confiscated drugs across state lines. I mean, what the fuck? So much for serving and protecting. Ironic that the outlaw MC in

town is cleaner than the actual law enforcement. This shit has to stop. Soon.

“Important takeaways from this,” I shout over the muffled complaints and grunts. “The Sheriff is back with a vengeance. He’s out for blood, and so are we. Be on the lookout and report anything suspicious. We’ll find an opening, a weak spot, and exploit the hell out of it.”

I look out across the room at the nodding heads, and I know my men are more determined than ever to wipe this fucker off the face of the earth. Not just him, either. It’s not enough to take down the leader. We know that now. If it’s war they want, we’ll give it to them.

“Fuckin’ right we will,” Rider grunts.

I catch his eye and nod. This is far more personal for him and Hawk. Darren has pissed me the hell off and ruined my town, but Hawk and Rider have experienced his wrath firsthand. I’ll ensure they get a few good swings in before I put the Sheriff six feet under.

“Dismissed!” I call out.

My men shuffle out of the back room, aside from Rider and Hawk. I figured they’d want more information and a more specific mission. There’s a reason these two are my most trusted brothers.

“What do you have on him?” Rider jumps in, crossing his arms over his chest as he leans in a bit closer.

“Yeah, what can we do, Prez? I’ll rip his goddamn head off if he dares to lay a finger on Tessa again. Hell, I’ll rip it off anyway for the damage he’s already done,” Hawk adds.

“Can’t go in guns blazing. You two know that, but I’m here to say it again to get it through your skulls. We’re dealing with an entire police force.”

“What about the FBI agents who originally arrested the sheriff? Can we get in contact with them? Surely they can’t let this slide,” Rider says.

“They’ve been on suspension since Darren’s trial, but a contact I have informed me there may be a new officer investigating the charges and implications they have for the local police force.”

“That’s something, I guess,” Rider grunts.

“It’s too slow. Wait for an agent to fix everything? That’s not our style,” Hawk adds.

“Hell, no. We’re not sitting back and letting the FBI handle this—if they follow up at all. I’m just saying we need leverage. Having a man on the inside wouldn’t be the worst thing in the world.”

“Axel can rig up surveillance shit again,” Hawk interjects.

“And he has,” I say, a warning in my tone. Hawk is all wrapped up in protecting Tessa, but that doesn’t mean he gets to question me or demand that I do something. “We need more. Better info than tracking squad cars and audio recordings from the lobby. We need to be in planning meetings and back alley deals. Someone on the inside has access that we’ll never have.”

Hawk nods but wisely shuts up.

After a beat of silence, Rider changes the subject unexpectedly. “So, you got yourself a woman now?”

Hawk’s eyebrows shoot up to his hairline, his mood instantly changing. “Blondie?”

“No. What? We’re not... it’s not... she’s in a rough spot and needs a place to crash.”

“And a job?” Rider inquires.

“And a car repair?” Hawk unhelpfully adds.

“Yes, and those things,” I grunt. “It’s not a big deal.”

“Maybe not to some, but it’s certainly notable for a man with an *all-women-are-crazy*-sized chip on his shoulder.”

I glare at Hawk, who has a stupid smirk on his face. Looking over at Rider, I narrow my eyes at him as well when I see the same smirk on his face.

“Whatever,” I mutter, pushing past them. “I have somewhere to be,” I tell them over my shoulder.

“Going to see Blondie?” Hawk calls out.

“Fuck you,” I grunt.

They bust up laughing, and though they’re annoying, they’re not wrong. Sonya is certainly notable.

I make my way down the hall to the spare rooms, my steps slowing the closer I get to Sonya’s. I don’t know why I’m so nervous. It’s not like I’m picking her up for a date or anything. *Then why are my hands so sweaty? And why is my heart stuttering and stopping the longer I stand in front of her closed door?*

Shoving those thoughts aside, I take a deep breath and knock on the door. I realized yesterday I invaded her space by walking right in, but I truly wasn’t expecting the door to be unlocked.

A second later, it swings open, revealing the object of my obsession in a yellow dress. It has lacy sleeves and hits just below her knees. She’s radiant, as always. The sun shining through the window behind her lights her up like an angel.

“Hey,” she says with a smile.

I try greeting her, but all that comes out is a half cough, half grunt. She doesn’t mind. In fact, I’m rewarded with an even bigger smile. Why does she do that? I’ve been told my gruff demeanor can be off-putting, and truthfully, that always suited me fine. Sonya seems to find my grunts entertaining.

“So, where are we going? Am I dressed appropriately?”

The little siren spins, and the hem of her dress lifts enough for me to get a peek at her thick thighs and smooth, creamy skin. I tear my eyes from her legs, focusing instead on her hair. I’m mesmerized by the sun sparking in the waves of her golden hair and the strands brushing across her cheeks and lips as she spins.

“You’re perfect,” I say without thinking.

Sonya stops spinning. Her hair falls around her shoulders, framing her round cheeks and wide blue eyes. “You’re not too bad yourself,” comes her cheeky response. “Now, are you going to tell me where we’re going or what?” she asks, her hands on her hips. She narrows her eyes at me, but she’s about as intimidating as a fluffy kitten.

“It’s a surprise,” I tell her, stepping aside so she can join me in the hallway.

I wait until Sonya takes a step, consciously trying to match her pace. After a few steps, she shocks the hell out of me by looping her arm through mine. I stop and look down at our connection, causing Sonya to jerk backward. I quickly recover and resume walking, but I swear I feel her touch every-fucking-where in my body.

This woman is going to be the death of me.

Once we’re settled on my bike, I peel out of the parking lot, loving how Sonya cheers and clings to me as we race down the road. We wind around back roads that take us to the edge of town and further into the desert country. I pull over and park the bike close to my favorite lookout spot, hidden amongst the brush and cacti.

“Uh, is this the part where you bury my body in the desert where no one will find me?” Sonya asks with a nervous laugh as she dismounts.

I follow, coming around to stand in front of her. “No,” I answer, holding out my hand. Sonya hits me with those damn blue eyes of hers, an intoxicating mix of vulnerability and strength shining up at me. “Do you trust me?”

“Yes,” she says softly, much like when I asked her yesterday.

I can’t explain the rush it gives me to know this precious woman trusts me. She places her delicate hand in my much rougher one, and I wrap my fingers around it and lead her to the edge of the lookout point.

“Wow,” Sonya breathes. “It’s like the sea, only... sand.”

I nod, guiding her to stand in front of me. I hold Sonya by the hips, keeping her steady as I lean down and brush my lips against the shell of her ear. “There’s no one here to judge you,” I whisper. “No one will punish you for not making your bed or speaking out of turn. You’re completely free here. Can you feel it?”

Sonya inhales sharply, holding her breath for a beat before exhaling everything. She nods and looks at me over her shoulder. “Yeah,” she murmurs.

“Free to do whatever the fuck you want. Free to say whatever you’ve been keeping locked up inside.”

“How do you...?”

She doesn’t have to finish the question for me to know what she wanted to ask. “How do I know you have something burning you up from the inside?”

Sonya nods.

“Everyone gets angry. From what little you’ve shared of your life, I think your anger is justified. Someone told you to behave under threat of punishment. They made you feel like you had to be perfect to be accepted. Am I close to the truth?”

“Too close,” Sonya whispers. “It wasn’t all my parents’ fault. They were doing what the church commanded. What the pastor commanded.”

“Then get angry at them, too.”

“So much negativity won’t solve anything. I’m on my own path now, away from all of that. There’s no use dwelling on the past.”

“Then there’s no healing from it, either.”

Sonya blinks and turns her attention back to the desert spread in front of her. She leans back, resting her head on my shoulder as I wrap my arms around her from behind.

“You have to feel it,” I continue.

“What if... what if it consumes me?” Her voice is so soft, I barely hear her words.

“Then I’ll be right here to bring you back.”

“Promise?”

I nuzzle into the side of her neck, loving how she smells and how smooth her skin feels against my stubble.

“Promise, baby. Now, shout it out.”

“Uh, what?” Sonya looks at me over her shoulder again, the cutest confused expression on her face.

“Scream into the void. Feel the rage, the injustice, the years of lies and bullshit, and shout out the pain.”

“What do I say?”

“Whatever you want.”

“I... I honestly can’t remember the last time I shouted. I’ve never screamed, or at least not since I was a baby. It’s not attractive or ladylike.”

“Yeah, fuck that shit, baby girl.”

Sonya laughs, the sweetest little burst of joy sparkling in her eyes. “You’re right. I know you are, I just... It feels silly.”

“Want me to go first?”

She nods.

I grin and clear my throat, then holler, “FUCK!”

Sonya jumps in my arms, then snorts a laugh.

“Now, you go,” I encourage.

“I don’t think I can say the F word,” she says, though the fire in her eyes lets me know she can.

“Start with something smaller, but it has to be rebellious.”

“Okay... Um... Ass crack!” she says in a normal voice.

I narrow my eyes at her, though her choice of expletive is amusing. She rolls her eyes, then says it a little louder.

“Come on, Sonya. That’s nowhere near shouting, let alone screaming. Let me hear what you can do.”

“Fucking cow-*dung!*” she bellows out.

“You’ve got the volume. Now let’s work on content,” I tell her, still grinning down at her. “It’s fun. And cathartic. Give it a try.”

Sonya nods, standing up a little straighter. She takes a deep breath, then shouts, “Fuck you and your fucking oppressive rules!”

“That’s it, baby,” I tell her, spreading a hand over her stomach to keep her close.

“I can wear *whatever the hell* I want,” she continues. “My body isn’t yours, and it’s nothing to be ashamed of! I get to decide who I marry, *not you*.”

I grit my teeth against her shouted confession. I hate whoever told her this shit. I mean, what the fuck?

My girl heaves in a huge breath, then screams nonsense words until she’s shaking with the effort. Another inhale, and she lets out a shrill screech, the sound ripping open my heart as I hold her through the storm of emotions bearing down on her.

Finally, Sonya is out of breath, and she collapses against me, silent tears streaming down her face.

“I’m right here,” I tell her, gently turning her so we’re facing each other. She buries her head into my chest, and I cradle her in my embrace, protecting her from every damn thing. “I’ve got you, baby girl. Let it out.”

“I-I-I...” she stutters. “It’s too much.”

“It’s what you need. I don’t know everything about your past, but you’ve got some chains that need to be broken, yeah? It hurts, but it’s worth it to be free.”

“Free,” she whispers, nodding into my chest.

We stay wrapped up in each other for long moments. Sonya’s breathing slowly returns to normal, her tears drying on my shirt the longer we hold each other.

Eventually, I peel Sonya off my chest, cupping her cheek in the palm of my hand. Blue eyes crash into mine, a little

watery from crying but shining with gratitude and a strength I always knew was there.

I lean down as she rises to her toes, our lips meeting in the middle. Sonya melts into me as I sip from her sweetness, one kiss leading to another, another, deeper, more, more...

She opens up for me, and I slide my tongue between her lips, lapping at the roof of her mouth and then tangling my tongue with hers. Sonya gasps and tilts her head up, exposing her neck to me. I groan and nip at her sensitive skin, nearly losing my mind when she lets out a breathy little moan.

My hands move from her back to her hips, gliding up and down her curves before cupping her generous ass.

“Blade,” she rasps. Her eyes are closed, her lips swollen and perfect. “Do that again.”

“How do good girls ask?” I murmur into the side of her neck.

Sonya snaps her eyes open, glaring at me before a playful smirk spreads across her features. “Please do that again, *sir*.”

“Fuck me. When you ask so nicely...”

This time, my lips fuse with hers as I lift her, capturing her startled gasp in my mouth while I continue to devour her. Sonya automatically wraps her legs around my hips, and I growl at how goddamn good it feels having her curves pressed against the hard slats of my muscles.

I walk a few steps back toward my bike and set her on the seat, facing me. Her hands crawl up my shirt, tugging at me to get me closer. I grin, loving that she’s as eager and desperate for my touch as I am for hers. Without her telling me, I know my girl hasn’t had much experience, if any. I’m all too happy to be the one to explore this side of her.

When our lips meet again, the pull is even stronger. I open my mouth wider, kiss her deeper, needing more, needing something, needing to consume her completely. Sonya moans again, her fingers digging into the back of my head as she takes what she wants from me.

“Fuck,” I breathe once we break apart.

We’re both out of breath, panting for air. Sonya wraps her arms around me and rests her head on my chest, suddenly shy.

I untangle her arms and kneel in front of her. “Hey,” I say softly. “Was that okay? Did I…” Jesus, I couldn’t live with myself if I pressured her into a physical relationship. I didn’t even know it was going to happen. We just… we kissed, and I lost my damn mind.

“Okay? Um, yeah. Better than I ever could have hoped for.” Her cheeks are flushed from our kiss, but they turn crimson at her confession.

The vise around my heart loosens, and I stand, crushing her in my arms again. “Good,” I grunt, making Sonya laugh. I’ll never get tired of hearing that sound.

“Thank you,” she murmurs. “For everything. I wasn’t expecting this when I woke up this morning, but I’m not complaining.”

The most adorable smile stretches across her lips, and I can’t help but lean down and taste it for myself. We get lost in each other once more, our breaths mingling, our hearts beating as one.

I’m the first to pull away, though it takes considerable effort not to lay her on the ground and lick up every inch of her curvy, delectable little body.

“Ready for your first day on the job?” I ask, changing the subject. I need to get my hard-as-fuck dick under control before getting back on my bike.

“Yes, sir,” she purrs.

Well, that’s not helping the situation any. “You’re going to be trouble, aren’t you?”

“Yes, sir.”

I groan, then help her off the bike, pulling her against me. I swat her ass once, twice, then squeeze her there. Sonya squeals and giggles, then looks up at me with a faux indignant glare.

“Careful, baby girl,” I warn. A shiver runs down her spine at my deep tone, and fuck me, she’s perfect.

Sonya winks at me, which I like far too much, then spins out of my arms. “Come on, I don’t want to be late for my first day. I heard my boss is kind of a growly beast.”

I shake my head at her but can’t help the grin pulling at my lips as I hop on my motorcycle. Sonya easily slides in behind me, and it occurs to me how natural it feels to have her here with me.

I rev the engine, which I know Sonya loves, and hit the road. My girl laughs as I gain speed, clutching onto me as the wind tangles her hair and carries her voice across the desert.

Hell, yeah. I could get used to this. Now I need to convince Sonya to stay here for good.

CHAPTER FIVE



SONYA

*M*y eyes fly open as I gasp for air, my mind still swimming with the remnants of a nightmare. I sit up, placing a hand over my heart to calm the frantic rhythm.

“What have we said about your weight, Sonya?”

My dad’s voice echoes in my brain, and I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to block out the rest of the conversation. It’s no use.

“I’m God’s creation, and being fat is disrespecting God,” comes my practiced answer.

“That’s right. And since you’re unable to lose the weight yourself, we need to enforce some rules.”

“No,” I whisper under my breath, breaking the spell of the nightmare. “No,” I say again, louder this time. Blade was right—there’s power in talking back, fighting the lies, and calling my past what it is... Bullshit.

Grinning to myself at my swear word, I find the strength to pull off the covers and climb out of bed. I’ve been working at the repair shop for the last four days, and today is my day off. Blade has been “on a mission,” whatever that means, for three of those four days. I won’t lie, I miss him. Especially after those kisses we shared...

My cheeks heat with the memory of his tongue sliding against mine and the warmth of his hands as he caressed my curves. As far as first kisses go, I think I might have had the best one in the history of the universe.

I go through my new morning routine of washing up, brushing my hair and teeth, and slipping on whatever clothes I want. After years of school uniforms and hand-me-downs from my older sister, I started buying my own clothes at sixteen with my babysitting money. Bright colors, pretty dresses, and shoes to match. My parents never understood, but they aren't here to judge me anymore.

I smile at my reflection in the bathroom mirror. Today, I'm in a blue polka-dotted dress. It's admittedly a little tighter than I remember, but I've probably gained a few pounds since I last wore it.

The material of the A-line dress stretches against my chest and squishes my boobs together, making for a rather scandalous amount of cleavage. Most people probably wouldn't bat an eyelash at my outfit, but I know I'd be called horrible names if I went to First Assembly of God's Chosen like this. Heck, my own mother would call me half of those names before telling me to take off my dress and burn it.

Screw it, I think to myself. This is exactly why I broke free—so I could live my life without the oppression and judgment I grew up with. I do a little shimmy in the mirror, giggling when my breasts shake. My mother would be mortified. Good.

I check the bedside clock, surprised to see it's nearly one in the afternoon. *I guess I needed that sleep*. Thinking back on the last few days, it makes sense. I had a week-long road trip followed by my car breaking down, immediately started a new job, and worked the rest of the week.

Looking over the selection of shoes I was able to pack and take with me, I decide on the blue strappy heels. It's only a two-inch heel, but I can use all the help I can get when it comes to height. Blade doesn't seem to mind that I'm short, but I'm that much closer to him in these shoes.

I roll my eyes at my cheesy thoughts, but they make butterflies swarm in my stomach, nonetheless. Blade should be coming back today. Maybe he's already at the clubhouse?

My heart thuds against my ribcage as my skin breaks out in goosebumps. Part of me is still convinced I made him up, or

at the very least, made up that he kissed me. It could have been a dream. Everything about that day, that kiss, was perfect.

I guess there's only one way to find out.

Placing my hand on the doorknob, I turn it and step into the hallway, taking one last grounding breath. After locking the door, I make my way out to the bar area, scanning the tables and booths for my Blade.

I wind through the seating area, ignoring the pit opening in my stomach. He's not here, and the more I look for him, the more attention I attract. Gruff older men stare at me, their eyes wandering from my face to my chest.

Stumbling past the last few tables, I finally reach the bar top, where Tessa is pouring a beer. At least there's one friendly face here.

"Sonya!" Tessa greets as she finishes her pour and hands it to the man standing next to me. He gives me some serious side eye before ambling away. "I was about to go check on you and make sure you didn't slip into a coma," she teases.

"Sorry. I wasn't expecting to be out for that long," I tell her before nibbling on my bottom lip. I push away the voice in my head telling me I'm lazy.

"Hey, there's nothing to apologize for. As long as you're safe and happy, that's all that matters. If you need sleep, then sleep. It's that simple."

I nod, absorbing Tessa's words. *As long as I'm safe and happy, that's all that matters.* Safe and happy. I honestly don't know if I've ever felt that way until coming here.

"Thanks," I whisper.

Tessa rests her hand on top of mine and gives it a little squeeze before flitting away to help the next customer.

Blade was right. Tessa is awesome, and we've become friends in the last few days. Her best friend, Sutton, has also been hanging around. They're both with members of Savage Saints. I want to ask them a thousand questions about the club

and what it's like being the partner of someone with so many responsibilities.

I'm not sure Blade wants people to know we're together, though. If we're even together at all, that is. I'm still half convinced nothing happened between us, and he's going to show up and be his usual growly self.

"Hey, there," someone says from beside me.

I startle a bit and turn to address the man. "Hi..." I trail off, not expecting the man to be so close.

I lean away from him and get my first good look at the man. He's on the short side, but he's bulging with muscles that stretch out his leather jacket. He has more than a few teeth missing, which I notice when he gives me what I think is supposed to be a seductive smile.

"You look like a lost little lamb," the man continues. His voice is scratchy and grates against my skin with each word he speaks.

"Um, no. I-I-I'm supposed to be here," I inform him, though my voice is wobbly.

"You sure about that? You don't sound convinced. Either way, I bet I could make you feel right at home. What do you think, little lamb?"

He scoots closer, crowding my space as his eyes roam up and down my body.

I haven't prayed since leaving home, but I start praying now, asking for the floor to open up and swallow me so I don't have to be in this man's presence for one second longer.

"N-no, I'm just waiting—"

"Waiting for Prince Charming? You're not gonna find him here. I can show you a good time, though."

Before I can react, the man lunges, his hand inches from my chest. I'm about to scream when he's suddenly pulled back. I watch wide-eyed as the creep is lifted from the chair by a tattooed hand wrapped around his neck.

Blade.

He tosses the other man to the floor and spits on him before stepping on his chest with his massive boot. “Stay there, fucker. I’ll deal with you in a second.”

I’m shaking from head to toe, frozen in place as I stare at Blade. As if sensing my gaze, he jerks his head up, and his deep brown eyes lock on mine.

My heart sinks to my stomach when I see anger and disgust staring right back at me. *Is he mad at me? What did I do? How can I make it better?*

“Go to your room,” he commands me through gritted teeth. His nostrils flare as his jaw pops from clenching his teeth.

Something snaps in my brain. One minute, I’m in the bar, and the next, I’m floating out of my body. My mind flickers and flashes until all I can hear is my father screaming at me to go to my room.

I’m barely aware of my feet shuffling along the floor. I need to get to my room before I make things worse.

Don’t cry. Father hates tears. Don’t talk back. It’s against God’s rules, and Dad will have to punish me. Just be quiet, back against the wall, don’t talk, don’t flinch, don’t breathe.

I burst into my room. I’m confused. It doesn’t look like my bedroom at home, but I somehow know it’s mine. The past mixes with the present, flashing lights, my father’s voice, the crack of the Bible as he uses it to slap my face...

A shudder works its way down my spine, followed by another and another, until I’m trembling and nearly hyperventilating. Still, I press my back against the wall, standing as straight as possible and trying to make sure my heels, calves, butt, back, shoulders, and head are all touching the wall.

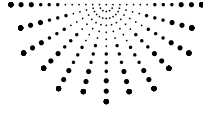
It’s harder than one might think, but I’ve gotten somewhat used to it. Until about minute twenty or so, anyway. That’s when the muscles start to cramp.

I squeeze my eyes shut, the anticipation of my father walking in with his belt and his Bible making me sick to my stomach. How many lashes will I get this time? How long will his sermon on my sinful ways be? Last time, it was over an hour, and I had a muscle spasm in my leg from standing tense for so long. Not that my father believed me. It was just another way for me to rebel in his book.

The first tear falls, and I curse myself for being so weak.

I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Please forgive me. Please...

CHAPTER SIX



BLADE

As soon as Sonya is out of the bar, I grab Chains by the collar of his shirt and drag him outside, tossing him down on the gravel with a thud.

“What the hell?” Chains grunts as I hover over him.

“Women are to be protected, not assaulted!” I shout.

Chains tries to crawl away from me, but I pin him to the ground with my knee on his chest.

“She was showing off the goods,” he protests. “She wanted it. She was just being a bitch and playing games with me.”

I’m fucking livid. Does this man want to die? Crimson frames my vision, and I seriously consider stomping this asshole’s face in. Sonya doesn’t need to see that side of me, however. Instead, I punch Chains in the nose, grunting in satisfaction when it snaps.

Blood pours from his nose and mouth, but I’m not done yet. Standing, I wait until Chains tries to get up before sinking my boot in his stomach. A pathetic cry falls from his lips as he curls up into the fetal position.

“You’re suspended until further notice. The officers and I will meet in a few months to decide the fate of your membership.”

“Are you fucking kidding—”

I lunge toward him, and he wisely shuts his mouth. “Get the fuck out of here before I change my mind and put you six

feet under.”

Chains struggles to get to his feet, limping across the parking lot to his bike. I watch as he shakily gets on his motorcycle and peels out.

Taking a deep breath, I wipe my bloody hands on my shirt and roll my shoulders. Goddamnit, that’s not how I wanted to greet Sonya after not seeing her for four days.

My men and I got back from a run a few hours ago, and I immediately went to the clubhouse to check on Sonya. Her door was locked, which I knew meant she was still sleeping. As much as I wanted to beat down the door and crawl into bed with her, she needed her sleep.

I pattered around the shop for a while, then returned to the clubhouse to work on a few things in my office. By the time I made it back out to the bar, Sonya was there, and she was about to be assaulted by one of my men.

I fucking snapped. No one, *no one*, is going to violate my woman and get away with it. Just thinking about the scene I walked in on has my skin prickling and my feet itching to chase after Chains and put a bullet in his head after all.

But Sonya needs me. I was harsh with her when I told her to go to her room, but my mind was racing with all the ways I wanted to hurt Chains. Getting Sonya somewhere safe was my priority, and I knew she’d be safe in her room while I dealt with her attacker.

Sonya is in a vulnerable position. From what I’ve gathered of her past, she’s had a lifetime of people yelling at her. I hate that I’m one more person to tell her what to do, and I need to ask for her forgiveness once I ensure she’s okay.

I make my way back to the clubhouse, jogging around the back so I don’t have to face questions from my men. Getting to Sonya is the only thing on my mind. Stopping quickly in the bathroom, I scrub the blood and sweat from my hands and face, then grab a clean shirt from my office and throw it on.

Standing in front of Sonya’s door, I take a grounding breath as I think of what to say. When I hear a snuffle on the

other side of the door, I burst through, not caring about the right words as long as I can see her and hold her.

I'm not prepared for the scene in front of me, however. I furrow my brow, unsure why Sonya is standing against the wall in the corner of the room. She's shaking as silent tears stream down her cheeks.

I rush over to her, but she flinches away from me as if I'm going to strike her. Jesus, that hurts. My chest feels like it's being ripped open at the thought of Sonya being afraid of me.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I tell her softly. Well, as softly as a gruff, bitter old biker can manage.

Sonya doesn't look up at me, instead fixing her eyes on the floor.

I kneel in front of her, my palms raised to show her I'm not a threat. "I'm sorry I yelled," I continue. "I wasn't mad at you. I just needed you to get to safety."

Sonya doesn't acknowledge my words or my presence. I look at the beautifully broken woman in front of me and realize she's not here with me. She's having a flashback, reliving part of her traumatic past.

My heart aches for whatever she's been through, and I vow to protect her from every damn thing from this day forward.

Swallowing past the lump in my throat, I find a deep well of peace and calm I didn't know existed. It's all because of Sonya, and now she needs to draw from my strength. She can have it all.

"You're safe," I whisper to the terrified, trembling woman.

"No," comes her shaky response.

"Where are you, baby?" I hope if she's talking to me, she can tell me what's going on in her head so I can bring her back.

"Kitchen," she murmurs. "Father will b-be here s-soon." Her breath catches in her throat, and the fear in her blue eyes is palpable.

“What are you afraid of?”

Another shiver runs down her spine, but she keeps her back straight and her limbs pressed against the wall.

“If I keep my back against the wall like an obedient daughter, maybe he won’t use the belt.” She’s talking more to herself than me, but I don’t care as long as she’s talking. I hate what I’ve heard so far.

“Do you have to stand against the wall often?”

“It’s n-not so b-bad,” she whispers, hardly able to get the words out. “After a while, all the muscle aches blend together, and I go numb.”

I grit my teeth and look up at the ceiling, trying to rein in my anger at her father. “And if you slip out of position? Or get tired and collapse?” I almost don’t want to know the answer.

“I just have to get through the sermon,” she suddenly says.

“Sermon?”

“My father has to tell me what I did wrong and punish me accordingly. He’s trying to save my soul.”

Not this fucking bullshit. I’m fine with having faith and following a religion, but not when it’s used to manipulate, gaslight, and abuse its members. If this is the god Sonya’s father believes in, then I want nothing to do with it.

“Sonya, your father isn’t here. He’s not coming,” I say soothingly.

“He’s... not?”

“No, baby. You’re safe right here with me.”

“Safe?”

The way she says it, like she’s never even considered it a possibility, breaks me. I reach toward her, moving slowly and giving her plenty of time to pull away. Thankfully, she doesn’t. Sonya allows me to take her hands in mine. I squeeze her delicate fingers gently, still kneeling in front of her and trying to make myself as unthreatening as possible.

“Look at me, Sonya,” I murmur, coaxing her to give me her eyes.

She blinks a few times, then trains her gaze on mine.

“That’s it. Do you know who I am?”

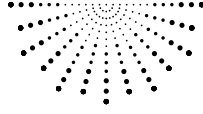
Her eyes are still a little unfocused, but I see more awareness flooding into her blue gaze.

Sonya blinks again, this time recognizing me. “Blade,” she whispers. “Oh, my god. I’m... I’m... I’m so sorry,” she chokes.

I can’t fucking stand it anymore. I gently pull her forward, and Sonya follows, letting out a heart-wrenching sob as she collapses into my lap. I wrap my arms around her and cradle my woman against my chest, absorbing her tears and painful memories.

We stay like that for long moments, Sonya clinging to me while I rock her back and forth and press my lips to the top of her head, breathing her in. Fuck if this doesn’t feel like my new purpose in life.

CHAPTER SEVEN



SONYA

I've never felt this safe, protected, and cherished in my whole life. I'm wrapped in the warmest hug from the most unexpected person. Then again, I always knew Blade's grunts were only to keep people away. I had a feeling once I got past that rough exterior, I'd find a kind and nurturing soul.

Blade kisses the top of my head, and I peel myself off his chest enough to look up at him. Brown eyes meet mine, concern swimming in their depths. "I..." What do I say? I have no idea what happened, only that Blade came in and made the demons disappear.

"It's okay," he whispers. "I'm right here."

I nod, resting my head on his shoulder. "That's never happened to me before," I say after a few moments. "It was like... like I was here, but I wasn't here. I was back home, and... the fear was so real," I murmur.

"I won't let anything bad happen to you," he promises.

I believe him. If anyone could fight off my father and the wrath of God's Chosen, it'd be Blade and the Savage Saints. "I know."

Blade grunts in satisfaction, and I smile. "Love seeing your smile, baby. Can't stand it when you cry."

"Sor--"

He cuts me off with a quick kiss on the lips. I'm stunned into silence. Blade gives me a hint of a grin, and God, I feel it sizzling all the way down to my bones.

“No apologies, Sonya. I’m sorry I yelled at you and sent you headfirst into a flashback. I didn’t know, but that’s no excuse.”

“I didn’t know either. What’s wrong with me?”

“Nothing,” comes his immediate response. “You’re healing. It’s a process.”

“How do you know?”

Blade looks away from me, taking a deep breath as if searching for the right words. “Honestly? I’ve never had a reason to heal from my past. I ignored it, shoved it down deep, and forgot about my dysfunctional family. The thing is, I never really forgot. That anger, those feelings of rejection, loneliness, and pain... they never went away. I just got used to it and found a way to hide behind the trauma.”

“Blade,” I whisper, lifting a hand to cup his cheek. I draw him back to me, those deep brown eyes glassy with vulnerability.

“I never had a reason to be better, to work on my shit. Until you,” he breathes, his lips inches from mine.

“Me?”

“You make me want to be the best version of myself so I can take care of you.”

My heart stutters in my chest as I take in his words. How is it possible that this man wants to provide for me and protect me?

“Me?” I ask again.

Blade smiles softly, which melts everything in me as I fall a little more in love with him. “You,” he confirms.

I’m unsure what to do with all of his attention, so I untangle myself from his embrace and stand, smoothing the skirt of my dress. Blade looks at me in confusion, like I’ve taken his favorite toy away. Adorable.

I hold out my hand for him to take, and Blade wraps his hand around mine, hopping to his feet and pulling me close.

He closes his eyes and inhales deeply, letting the breath out with a contained growl. I lick my lips and tilt my head up in invitation.

Blade closes the distance between us, crashing his mouth down on mine. He pries my lips apart and pushes his tongue inside my mouth, licking and sucking on my tongue at a desperate, almost frantic pace.

All the emotions from the last hour have been racing around in my head, but as soon as Blade kisses me, everything stills. I focus solely on how he touches me, the heat of his body, and the steady strokes of his tongue.

I moan and press my thighs together to relieve the unbearable pressure building between my legs. Blade urges me to take a few steps backward, his lips never leaving mine. He presses me against the wall, one hand sliding around to my backside until he's squeezing my ass. I gasp into his mouth and automatically roll my hips against his.

He groans, continuing to trail his hand all over my body, cupping my breast and pinching my nipple through my thin dress and bra. I cry out, breaking our kiss as I tip my head back, exposing my throat to Blade's greedy mouth. He scrapes his teeth down my neck and sucks a super-sensitive spot below my ear.

"Fuck," he mutters into my skin, trailing kisses lower and lower until he's nipping at the tops of my breasts.

I glide my hands up his massive chest, and though it's covered with a tight t-shirt, I know he's covered in ink and scars. I want to hear the story behind each tattoo and scar on his skin. I still can't believe this is real. But the solid planes of muscles tensing and flexing under my fingers prove he's right here. Either that or this is the most vivid dream I've ever had.

"Can I make you come, baby?" he rasps as I unravel in his hands.

"I-I don't kn-know," I stutter out between heaving breaths. "Can you?"

Blade leans back slightly, his dark eyes nearly black with lust. “That a challenge, sassy little girl?”

“Yes, sir,” I say softly.

He growls. “Fuckin’ love when you call me that.”

Blade grips my thighs and lifts me, pinning me to the wall with his massive, chiseled body. I feel his cock nestle between my thighs, causing my legs to tighten around his waist. His hardness grinds into me, sliding, pounding, playing right against the aching knot of my clit. I dig my nails into his rock-hard biceps and let him take control, let him bring me the pleasure only he can give. I surrender to his heat, his touch, his soft lips, and his greedy tongue.

Blade picks up speed, dry fucking me against the wall. He sucks on a tender spot between my neck and shoulder, catching my flesh between his teeth and biting down. I come in a vicious wave of ecstasy, my body trembling in his arms as pleasure pulls me under.

In one fluid motion, Blade sets me on the ground and falls to his knees in front of me, lifting my dress and pulling my panties off before I know what’s happening. He pries my legs apart and buries his face between my thighs, lapping up my release.

I tangle my fingers in his hair as Blade grips my ass and holds me closer to his face. He alternates between long, languid licks up the seam of my pussy and tight little circles over my clit.

More of my juices leak out of me, and my inner muscles pulse and suck on air, aching to be filled with something. As if reading my mind—or, more accurately, my body, Blade shoves two fingers inside my entrance, stretching me to the point of pain. But it feels so, *so* good.

I come again, shouting his name as he pries me open, scissoring his fingers inside me and dipping his tongue into my tight tunnel. My body shakes and spasms in one long orgasm or maybe five small ones—I don’t even know.

My vision is fuzzy and sweat coats my skin as my knees give out. Blade grips my hips and pins me to the wall. I lean forward and brace my hands on his shoulders. I can't stop coming, shaking, crying out. Blade continues to suck my clit and scrape his teeth over my folds.

Every part of me is tingling by the time Blade glides up my body, pulling my panties up as he goes. He kisses me and wraps his arms around the small of my back to keep me close.

I finally break the kiss, my vision blurry from lack of oxygen. Resting my forehead on his chest, I gulp down air and try to figure out what happens next. Blade combs his fingers through my hair, calming me and making me feel so safe. Precious. It's such a contrast to the way he devoured me, body and soul, only a few moments ago.

"You okay, Sonya?" he asks softly.

"So good," I breathe as I melt against him.

Blade's chuckle travels all the way through me.

A thought occurs, but I'm unsure what to do about it. "Um," I start, leaning back slightly to look at Blade. "Can I... return the favor?" I ask tentatively. I want to give him pleasure, too, but I'm painfully inexperienced and don't want to disappoint him.

Blade groans and lowers his head until it rests on mine. "As incredible as that sounds, this wasn't about me. I wanted to make you feel good. Do you feel good, baby?"

"Yes," I answer emphatically.

My response elicits another rare grin from Blade. "Mission accomplished."

His phone beeps, and he grunts before taking it out of his pocket and staring at the screen. "Shit, I need to call church and give my men an update," he says as he taps the screen a few times.

"Oh. Yeah, of course. Do what you need to do," I reply, ignoring the sinking sensation in my stomach.

“I’ll find you when I’m free. I’m not done with you yet, little Sonya.” He gives me the sexiest smile, his eyes shining with lust.

“Yes, sir,” I say with a grin, though the rock in my stomach is growing and making me nauseous.

He groans and kisses my forehead before leaving the room and shutting the door. I slump against the wall, one hand covering my mouth. That was the most intense experience of my life. My first orgasm—or five—and now... Blade is gone.

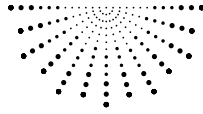
I hardly had a chance to catch my breath before the man who did this to me was gone.

He said he’d be back, but isn’t that what all men say? That’s what I was raised to believe. But if everything I was taught at home is false, then... I don’t know. Can I trust Blade? Is it naive to throw myself into a relationship with the first man I’ve ever been attracted to?

I don’t know. I just... don’t know.

I plop down on my bed and wonder what the heck I’ve gotten myself into.

CHAPTER EIGHT



BLADE

“*H*ow long have we been out here?” Hawk asks anxiously, checking his watch.

Without saying it, I know he’s thinking about being away from Tessa. One look at Rider confirms that he’s thinking the same thing about Sutton.

I would’ve given Hawk and Rider shit a week ago for being distracted by their women, but now I get it. Leaving Sonya in her room, still panting from her first orgasm, was one of the hardest things I’ve ever done.

“Shit,” I mutter, the realization of that last thought echoing in my brain.

I left her after I gave her an intense first sexual experience.

I told her I’d find her when I got back, but I thought this run would take two or three hours tops. Instead, we’ve patrolled the abandoned warehouses where we store our product and staked out the police station and Sheriff Darren’s house for fourteen fucking hours.

“That’s not exactly an answer,” Hawk replies.

I glare at him, and he backs down.

What started as a typical run of exchanging goods for cold hard cash turned into a stakeout when we realized we were being set up. Gotta hand it to the sheriff and his goons; this was one of their better ploys to take us down. They must have gotten some good intel with our client list, which means we’ll need to revisit everyone we sell guns to.

But that will have to wait.

“Too damn long,” I tell him, answering his earlier question. “We shouldn’t be staking out shit. We should’ve vetted our client list better or picked up on red flags for the sale. Any amount of time spent out here is too long.”

“Prez, it wasn’t your fault we were set up,” Rider says.

“Didn’t say it was. Just stating facts.”

Hawk and Rider nod while the other men around me grumble about being tired.

I close my eyes and wipe a hand down my face, releasing a sigh. I walk from one end of our lookout spot to the other, then wave the men away. “Go home. Get some sleep. It’s nearly five in the morning. I’ll call church when we have something more to go off.”

Sighs of relief and grunts of acknowledgment fill the air, and in three minutes flat, almost everyone has cleared out. Surprisingly, Hawk and Rider remain, along with Axel. I catch the last part of a question as I approach the group.

“...Saturday night?” Hawk asks Rider.

“I’ll check with Sutton. I know she’ll love the idea of a grill out.”

All three men look at me expectantly, as if I have a special mission for them. Not this time. I just don’t know how to ask what I want to ask.

“Prez? Everything okay?” Hawk asks.

“Yeah,” I say, coughing the word out. Jesus, when did I become so awkward? “Well, no. But it’s not club business. It’s... Sonya.” I wait for the two of them to give me shit, but surprisingly, they simply nod and listen. “I think I screwed up already. I don’t know how to... shit, I don’t know how to do any of this. Be in a relationship. Trust someone. I don’t know how to take care of someone like Sonya. I’m afraid I’m not good enough.”

I clear my throat and train my gaze on the ground, rubbing the back of my neck anxiously. I didn’t mean for all that to

come out, but it's true. Every word. I know Hawk is going to have a great time poking fun at me for finally falling for a woman, but I'm not in the mood to hear it.

I'm shocked yet again when he gives me a serious answer.

"The fact that you're worried about not being good enough means you're on the right track," Hawk says.

"Does she feel safe around you?" Rider asks.

I think back to yesterday when I held her in my arms as she wept. "Yeah, she knows I'll protect her no matter what."

"How does she make you feel?" Axel pipes in.

"And what do you know about relationships?" I grunt.

He shrugs and gives me an easy smile. "About as much as you do."

"It's a valid question," Hawk adds.

"She makes me feel..." I trail off, trying to find the right words. "Like I can do anything, but the only thing I want to do is make her happy."

All three men stare at me. Rider's eyebrows float up by his hairline while Axel's jaw drops open in shock.

Hawk grins at me, the jerk. "Do you love her?"

I freeze, my brows furrowing as I think about his question. *Love*. Is that what this is? This obsession to be near her, the need to make her safe and happy, the way her pain calls to mine while her sunshine warms me up... *Love*. I love her. I fucking love Sonya.

"You three fuckers aren't going to be the first ones I tell that to," I rasp, reeling from my life-changing realization.

Rider chuckles while Hawk and Axel flat-out laugh. I don't give a shit. I need to get back to Sonya.

I'm vaguely aware of Hawk and Rider calling after me, but I'm already halfway to my bike and can't turn back now. Throwing my leg over the seat, I kick start the engine and tear out of there.

Fifteen minutes later, I pull into the clubhouse, which is empty. Of course it is. The bar doesn't open for another six hours. As much as I want to storm into the back where our rooms are, Sonya needs her sleep. Plus, I'm pretty sure I'd give her a panic attack if I pounded on her door this early in the morning.

Still, I can't bring myself to go back home. Not when my Sonya is so close.

Ultimately, I decide to park around the back and crash in one of the other spare rooms until a more reasonable hour to wake Sonya up. As soon as my head hits the pillow, every ache and pain from the last fourteen hours melts away. I'll close my eyes for a little bit.

I jerk awake, unsure what startled me. My vision is groggy, and I'm not in my own bed. I blink a few times, clearing the fog and squinting against the bright sunlight breaking through the crack in the curtains.

I'm at the clubhouse.

"Shit," I mutter to myself. "What time is it?"

I hop out of bed and dig through my pockets until I find my phone. It's a miracle I didn't crush the damn thing in my sleep. I wasn't expecting to sleep that hard. Or that long.

I groan when I see it's almost two in the afternoon. It's been a whole day since I've seen Sonya, tasted her lips, and felt her soft curves beneath my rough fingertips.

Heading to the small bathroom inside the micro-apartment, I rinse my face and run my fingers through my hair. It's time to find my woman.

Stepping into the hallway, I walk a few steps to Sonya's room, knocking on the door lightly. When I get no response, I try the doorknob, which turns. I open the door, poking my head inside, but not seeing Sonya.

My stomach sinks as I turn and make my way out to the bar. Only three patrons are inside, scattered at different tables, drinking alone. No Sonya in sight.

A rock sits heavy on my chest, and panic seeps in at the thought of losing her. I fucked up by leaving her yesterday, but she has to give me another chance. I can be better for her. I know I can.

I'm about to go outside and check the mechanic shop to see if she decided to go in over the weekend when I hear the most magical sound. Laughter. Not just any laughter. This sweet voice belongs to my Sonya. Everything in me relaxes knowing she's here.

I follow the sound to the kitchen, where Sonya stands beside Tessa, talking while making tea. Both women stop and turn toward me, staring as I stalk toward Sonya. Her blue eyes narrow, and I see confusion and hurt in their light blue swirls. It kills me that I made her doubt how I feel. That shit ends now.

The closer I get, the more her gaze changes. She's still confused, but that fire deep down is coming out. Her flushed cheeks and glassy eyes let me know she's been thinking about the last time we were together.

Without a word, I bend and toss Sonya over my shoulder, securing her with an arm around her thighs.

"Um, excuse me? What exactly are you doing?" she protests.

I lightly swat her round, juicy ass with my free hand, making her gasp in surprise.

"Don't you think this is a little caveman-ish?"

I grunt, which makes Sonya laugh. She's not all that upset at the literal turn of events, which gives me hope.

"Have fun!" Tessa calls.

"Traitor!" Sonya says.

I spank her again, which causes her to giggle. She's going to be feisty. I fucking love it.

I burst through the back door and march to my bike, finally setting Sonya on her feet.

“Where were you? I thought you were done with me or—”

“Never,” I rasp, stepping into her space and cupping her cheeks.

“Seriously, what are you doing?” she asks breathlessly.

“What I should have done yesterday,” I whisper onto her lips.

“And what’s that?” Her warm breath tickles my skin, and I can’t hold back any longer.

I nip at her top lip, then her bottom lip, teasing my sweet girl before kissing her properly. I slide my tongue inside her mouth, needing more of her taste, more of her sexy sounds, more, more, *more*.

We break apart, gasping for air.

“I should have stayed with you,” I whisper, resting my forehead on hers. “I didn’t think... But that’s no excuse. I’ll do better. Please forgive me.”

“Blade,” she murmurs, leaning back to press her lips to my cheek. “I forgive you. This is all new to me as well.”

“We’ll learn together?” I ask, capturing her lips with mine in a kiss that ends too quickly.

“Together,” she confirms, gifting me with another precious smile.

“Will you let me take you back to my place, baby?”

Sonya nods. “I’ll let you do pretty much anything to me. Sir,” the little siren adds.

I groan, rolling my forehead on hers. “You sure about that? I don’t know if I can control myself, and I don’t want to scare you away.”

“I’m not scared. I trust you. I want...” she trails off, her eyes shifting away.

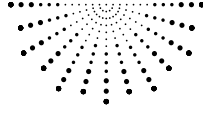
“You want...?”

“I want to be yours. Completely. You already have my heart. I want you to have my body, too.”

I kiss her lips, then trail soft kisses down her neck, nuzzling into the sensitive spot below her ear. “You have my heart and soul, baby girl. I can’t wait to share everything else with you.”

I’ve never meant anything more.

CHAPTER NINE



SONYA

*W*e somehow manage to untangle ourselves from each other and get on Blade's bike. I've ridden on his motorcycle several times now, but everything is more intense this time. My thighs vibrate as he revs the engine, the tremor rattling my core and making my clit pulse with each beat of my heart.

Blade races through town as I tighten my hold on him, digging my fingers into the hard slats of his muscles. He tenses beneath my touch, and I feel more than hear a deep growl clawing its way up his chest.

I find myself grinding against the seat and Blade's back, unable to stop as I climb higher and higher, the vibrations rolling through me like waves of prickly pleasure. Right as I'm about to hit my peak, the engine stops. I gasp in disappointment, but I'm lifted in the air before I can complain.

Blade scoops me up in his arms, fusing his lips to mine in a toe-curling, possessive kiss.

"The ride got you all worked up, didn't it, baby girl?" he growls as he walks up the front steps and unlocks the door. He adjusts me so he can open the door, then carries me through his house. I guess I'll get a tour later.

"Yes, sir," I murmur, kissing his neck and cheek.

"You need me to make you come?"

"God, yes," I moan, clenching my thighs together.

"Yes, who?"

“Yes, sir,” I practically whine as I squirm in Blade’s arms. My skin is on fire, and he’s the only one who can douse the flames. “Please, Blade. I need it. I need you.”

“Love hearing you beg for me,” he grunts.

I fall through the air before my back hits the soft mattress. Blade falls on top of me, pinning me with his weight, blanketing me in his strength. His lips are on mine, matching my need with his.

He holds himself up with one hand at the side of my head while his other slides down my body, cupping my breast. He squeezes lightly, groaning into my mouth. Then his hand moves lower, gripping my hip, sliding down my thigh until he reaches bare skin. Blade squeezes me there and groans again, pulling my leg to the side so he can settle between my legs.

“I need to see you naked, but I can’t stop kissing these lips,” he whispers, grinding his jean-covered cock against my core as he kisses me again.

I make a desperate sound in the back of my throat, tearing my mouth away from his and breathing fresh air into my burning lungs. Blade rests his forehead on mine, taking deep, ragged breaths. Knowing he’s this wound up because of me is even more of a confidence booster.

I push on his chest, giving him a devious grin as he sits up. I follow him, standing in front of the ripped Greek god of a man. I tug at his shirt, silently demanding that he take it off. His eyes flash with wicked intentions that match mine as he pulls off his shirt.

My hands find his chest, my fingers teasing his skin in featherlight touches as I trace over his swirling tattoos. Lower, lower, lower my exploration goes, discovering the dips in his defined chest and abs. A shiver runs through his body and into mine, drawing us closer.

Blade tips my chin and kisses me soundly as he tangles his fingers in my hair and tugs at the strands. I moan softly when his other hand pulls down the zipper on the back of my dress.

Slowly, so slowly, he peels it away, letting the fabric slide down my body.

His mouth finally leaves mine, his eyes roaming down my body. When Blade finally meets my gaze, he gives me a gentle, reverent look. He's letting me know he wants to cherish me as much as he wants to devour me. I feel the same.

"You're so beautiful, baby," Blade murmurs, unclasping my bra and tossing it aside.

He kisses my neck, my collarbone, and lower, licking one nipple and then the other. He kneels in front of me, blazing a trail of kisses down my torso. I'm trembling by the time his lips reach my mound. He places a sweet kiss there and looks up at me as if asking permission one last time.

"Please, sir," I whisper, tangling my fingers in his hair and urging him forward.

A low, guttural sound rumbles from deep in his chest as he hooks his fingers into the waistband of my panties and pulls them down. Balancing myself on his shoulders, I step out of my last piece of clothing, standing naked and unashamed before the man I love.

I gasp softly at that realization, then let it wash over me and sink deep into the core of my being. I love Blade. And I'm pretty sure he's half in love with me, too.

"You okay, baby?"

"More than okay," I reassure him. "But I think you need to be naked, too, for this to work."

Blade grins at me and stands. He leans in and nips at my mouth, pulling my bottom lip through his teeth. "Love that sassy mouth, Sonya. It might get you in trouble one of these days."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. But I think you'll like your punishment."

My pussy clenches and releases, making more of my arousal drip down my thighs. He's right. I think I'll like whatever he does to me.

I can't keep my eyes off his rough, tattooed hands working furiously to undo his belt and pants. As soon as he lowers the zipper, I reach out and tug his jeans and boxers down, eager, desperate, and hungry for more. For everything.

Blade helps me before gripping my hips and walking me backward until my knees hit the edge of the mattress. He cups my face in his hands and brushes his nose along mine in the lightest touch.

"I don't know everything that happened in your past, Sonya, but I need you to know I'm your future. Do you trust me?"

"With all of me," I don't hesitate to answer.

We share a tender moment, and so many unspoken words pass back and forth with one look. His hard dick grazes against my center, and just like that, I ache for his touch.

Blade tips his head back and groans when I grab his cock and rub the tip with my thumb, spreading his precum. "Fuck you feel so good. I'm clean, Sonya. I haven't been with anyone in longer than I can remember. I want inside this pussy with nothing between us, but I'll put a condom on if you want."

I know I should tell him I've never done this before, but instead, I say, "I'm clean, too." He grunts in approval. "I can't wait anymore. Please, sir."

"Goddamn," he growls, pushing me down on the bed.

I expect Blade to join me, but he sinks to his knees. He grips my thighs in his large hands and pries my legs apart. I cry out and bow my back off the bed when he presses his thumb over my clit. A sudden, powerful burst of pleasure slices through me and rattles me to my core.

My pleasure grows more intense when his tongue slides through my dripping folds, licking me and nipping at my sensitive flesh. He nudges my clit with his nose and spears his tongue into my little hole, scooping out my juices and drinking them down.

Blade drags his tongue lower, lower, lower until it's teasing my back entrance. I gasp at the filthiness of it all, but the forbidden nature makes me even wetter. He licks around the tight ring of muscles and growls.

"Holy fuck," I whisper. "Ohmygod, Blade, oh..."

My whisper becomes a loud moan when the very tip of his tongue pushes inside. He rubs my clit in furious circles, and I grip the sheets, twisting them in my fists as my body expands and contracts.

"I'm..." I shatter before I finish my sentence.

My orgasm rushes through me with such intensity that I shoot up off the bed, trying to escape the overwhelming pleasure. Blade shoves me back down with a hand spread out over my stomach. He holds me there, making me feel all of it, every last drop of bliss.

He grunts in satisfaction, crawling up my body and crashing his mouth to mine in a passionate kiss. "Needed your taste on my tongue before I fuck this tight little pussy for the first time."

Leaning back slightly, he gathers my hands and guides them over my head. Pinning my wrists, Blade drags his cock through my folds, coating himself in my cream before lining up with my entrance.

"Ready?"

"So ready," I breathe.

He kisses me as he thrusts inside, tearing through the last barrier between us. I tense at the slight pinch deep in my core, holding my breath until it passes.

"Holy shit, baby. I didn't know..."

I open my eyes and stare into his deep, dark irises. He looks so pained it nearly breaks my heart. "I'm okay," I promise him. "I wanted it to be you. I want you so badly. Please don't stop."

"I'm gonna make you feel so good. I'll take care of you, Sonya. Always."

I nod and clench around his hard length, making him groan. I'm so full, stretched to the point of pain, but in the best way possible. It heightens my pleasure, sparks my nerves, and makes me thrust my hips to take him deeper.

"Then do it, already," I practically growl at him.

Blade chuckles, and I feel the vibrations inside and out.

He leans down and kisses my neck, biting down gently on my pulse point. I writhe beneath him, pleasure taking over the pain. Blade pulls out almost all the way, hovering above me and driving me crazy.

Blade gives me a dark, delicious look before thrusting back inside me. His thickness scrapes along my walls, the friction like striking a match as instant, overwhelming heat engulfs me. I bow my back and push against the hand still holding my wrists, grateful for an anchor in the raging storm of sensations.

He pulls my leg higher on his hip, changing the angle. I whimper as his cock slides against some magical place inside me, sobbing his name louder with each thrust. He snaps his hips against mine, grinding his pelvis against my clit while hitting that spot over and over.

Blade grunts my name every time his balls slap my ass. I feel him losing control as his strokes become deeper, harder, and so damn rough. I love it. I convulse as he thrusts into me relentlessly. The exquisite pleasure bordering on pain builds and builds, higher and higher, one more, one more, again, again...until I break. Shards of pleasure cut and heal me as I cry out for him.

My orgasm rips through me, holding my body hostage, forcing me to feel every wave of bliss until tears drip down my face and I'm a sweaty, soaking mess beneath him. Blade stays still, buried deep inside my spasming pussy.

When the last of my pleasure leaves me, Blade growls and slams into me, letting go of my wrists and sliding his hand down my body. He squeezes my breast, leaning down and

bringing the nipple to his mouth and lavishing it with attention until I'm shaking beneath him.

“Oh, God, Blade,” I choke.

I claw at his back as he rips me apart in the best way possible. Each gut-twisting stroke winds me higher until I'm right on the precipice, teetering on the edge.

Blade's hips stutter as he loses his rhythm and ruts into me. His fingers dig into my hips as my nails bite into his skin, both of us clinging to this tension-filled pleasure. A shiver runs through me, followed by another and another until I'm shaking violently.

We cry out as his hot seed spills into me. Wave after wave of his cum splashes into my cunt and drips out, and still, there's more. My pussy snaps around him as I sob out my climax.

I gasp for air as I float back down to earth, the oxygen burning my lungs yet somehow sending jolts of pleasure to my clit. Blade buries his face in my neck, and I wrap my arms around his torso, keeping him on top of me while we catch our breath.

“You're perfect,” he whispers. “You're all mine.”

I nod and pull him closer until most of his weight is resting on top of me.

Blade seems to understand my need better than I do. He surrounds me with his strength, blanketing me in his warmth. “I'm right here, sweet girl. I've got you.”

I nod again, running my fingers through his short hair as he lays his head on my shoulder, placing soft kisses there.

“Thank you,” I say, my cheeks immediately heating at my stupid response to having sex for the first time. “I mean... Never mind.”

Blade lifts his head and readjusts us so we're on our sides, facing each other. “You never have to be embarrassed around me. What are you thinking about, baby girl?” he asks, reaching

out to tuck my hair behind my ear. “Do you feel okay? Was I too rough or—”

“It was... everything. I feel so wanted and special. Is that dumb?”

Blade rolls onto his back and urges me to lie across his chest. I curl up into his side, and he lifts me, draping my body over his. I let out a breathy laugh at his insistence, but I don't mind. I love that he can't seem to get enough of me.

“Nothing you say or think is dumb,” Blade reassures me, kissing my forehead. “Promise me you'll always tell me what's on your mind.”

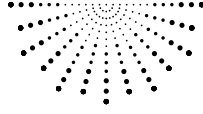
“Yes, sir,” I say with a little grin. The dark glint in his eyes sparks an insatiable need, but I'm too tired to move.

Blade chuckles, tucking my head under his chin and gliding his fingertips along my spine until I'm nearly asleep.

“I've got you,” he whispers again. “I'll be right here when you wake up.”

I'm about to tell him I'm not tired, but a yawn escapes. The last thing I remember is Blade smiling at me sweetly, almost adoringly. My life is officially complete.

CHAPTER TEN



BLADE

I love everything about waking up with Sonya in my arms. Love the way her hair spreads over the pillow, the golden strands sparkling in the early morning light. Love her warm, soft, curvy little body pressed against mine. I love each and every steady breath she takes, knowing they give her life and sustain her. I hope she knows I'll do the same. I'll be her everything.

Never thought I'd be a romantic sap with flowery thoughts, but my woman brings it out in me. Sonya deserves flowers, chocolates, sonnets, a trip to Paris, and every other cliché thing her heart desires. She doesn't want any of that, though. She just wants me.

I still can't believe it.

Sonya stirs slightly, her ass pressing against my morning wood. I bite back a groan but can't stop my hand from sliding down her torso to cup her bare pussy. This time, I can't hold in my groan. She's fucking *drenched* for me. My dirty girl must be having some good dreams.

Sonya sighs so sweetly and grinds into me as I massage her little bundle of nerves. She moans softly, though I don't think she's awake yet. My lips find the side of her neck, and I kiss her there, breathing her in.

I dip one finger into her entrance and then two, slowly thrusting in and out, massaging her walls as I grind the heel of my palm into her clit. Sonya gasps and tenses in my arms, and I know she's awake.

“Blade...” she cries out, bucking her hips and taking more of me. She raises her arm over her head and tangles her fingers in my hair, pulling me down and urging me to kiss her neck. I gladly do, licking and nipping at her sensitive skin. “So good...”

I growl at her sexy, needy little whimper and guide her top leg over mine. I wedge my aching cock in between her ass cheeks, seeking some relief but not entering her. “What were you dreaming about, firefly? You were so fucking wet, I couldn’t resist.”

“I-I... I dreamed...” she gasps as a wave of her arousal gushes over my fingers, still buried deep inside her swollen channel. “Y-you were...”

I withdraw my hand and pinch her clit hard enough to sting. Her broken cry and pulsing pussy let me know she likes a little pain with her pleasure. “Tell me,” I grunt, caging her clit in with a finger on either side. I rub up and down, keeping her aching but not touching her where she needs me most.

“Oh, God, please... please *fuck* me,” she whines, her whole body shaking with desire.

I chuckle at hearing her swear. My angel is as sweet and polite as they come, but I’m teaching her to let go of her old life and embrace a new one with me. “Tell me what you were dreaming about. Tell me, and I’ll make it come true.”

“You were... making love to me,” she says softly. “Slowly, at first. I felt... cherished.”

It’s not what I expected, but I love that she’s opening up to me. “You are, baby,” I whisper into the shell of her ear before kissing the sensitive spot underneath it. I pump my fingers in and out of her like she’s describing. “What else, love?”

“You picked up speed but still took your time, driving me insane,” she murmurs.

“Like this?” I ask, thrusting into her faster as I place open-mouthed kisses over her shoulder.

“Yes,” Sonya moans. “You went faster with each thrust like you couldn’t control yourself.”

“I can’t,” I grunt, adding a third finger and fucking her hard and fast.

I curl my fingers and tap her G-spot over and over. Sonya tightens her hold on my hair, tugging at the strands to the point of pain. I fucking love it. She’s so close, so goddamn close. Her cream drips out of her as she writhes in my arms. I hold her there, keeping her orgasm just beneath the surface. I feel it claw at her insides, making her whimper with each breath.

Right before it hits, I take my hand away, moving it to her ass and spreading her cheeks. Without warning, I line up to her entrance and push her over the edge with one long, powerful thrust. She fucking falls headfirst into her climax, screaming my name and soaking my dick with her release.

I hold still inside her, growling as her orgasm ripples around my cock. Before she has a chance to recover, I hammer into her, setting a relentless pace. I grip her breast roughly, using them as leverage to fuck into her harder, hitting her so damn deep with each stroke.

“B-Blade... Blade, y-yes, yes,” she chants.

I drop my hand from her breast and blur my fingers over her clit until her pussy clenches around me and soaks me with another orgasm. Pulling out, I flip her on her back, wrenching her legs apart and slamming home. Her back bows off the bed, and her legs wrap around me, holding me close. She digs her heels into my ass and claws my back, leaving her mark on me.

“Jesus, fuck,” I snarl.

I claim her mouth, devouring her, biting at her lips, and spearing my tongue inside to lick every inch and suck on her tongue. It’s a wild, messy kiss that matches how I’m fucking her like a goddamn animal.

I slide one hand down her body and grip her ass cheek, changing the angle of her hips and helping her meet me thrust for thrust. My cock scrapes against her most sensitive spot with each fierce stroke.

She’s breaking apart for me; I can feel it. Every time I hit the end of her, she cracks a little more, the pressure of her

orgasm building and pulsing and pushing her boundaries.

My balls draw up tight as my orgasm gathers in the base of my spine. My rhythm falters as I try to hold on, needing her to come with me. “Get there, baby. Fuck, please get there. Need one more from you.”

“It’s too much, too much...”

“I’ve got you, Sonya. Let go for me. I’m right here. Let go, love.”

She sucks in a huge breath and holds it, her whole body trembling and then freezing. Every damn muscle is pulled tight as she clings to me with everything she has. With a last brutal thrust, we shatter.

Sonya floods my cock with her release, and I give her everything in return. My cum splashes into her throbbing pussy as she sucks in every last drop. We grunt, shaking and sweating as we ride the high together.

Sonya goes limp in my arms. I bury my face into the side of her neck and pump into her twice more before collapsing. Rolling to my back, I drape my freshly fucked little angel over my chest. I cup her face, tipping her head to kiss her closed eyelids and flushed cheeks.

She gasps and blinks her eyes open, her eyes darting around before landing on mine. “Woah,” she breathes. “I think I passed out there for a second.”

“Are you okay?” My brows furrow as I push the hair out of her face and look her over for damage.

“I’m so, so, good. I mean, I can’t move, but I don’t want to.”

I take a deep breath, relieved she’s not hurt, and chuckle at her response. “I don’t want you to move either,” I murmur, circling my arms around her and sliding a leg between hers. I want us tangled up forever.

After a few moments of peaceful silence, Sonya turns to face me, though I still keep her in my hold. Her teal eyes find mine, such love and contentment in their depths. “So, I feel

like you know about my past, but what about you?" she asks softly, an adorable smile tugging at her lips.

"What would you like to know?"

"Everything," she sighs, curling up on my chest. "Start from the beginning."

I chuckle, which is still a new feeling, and prepare to break open my heart for this woman and her precious soul. "Well, I never knew my mother. I guess she kept me for a few months, then dropped me off with my dad, who didn't know I existed until I was placed in his arms."

"Was he happy to have a son?"

I snort a dark laugh. "No, not even a little bit."

Sonya pops her head up from where she was resting it, her eyes wide with concern.

"He wasn't abusive, just... well, neglectful, I suppose. That wasn't so bad. I made it through fourth grade without saying more than a handful of words to my old man. It's not that I was stupid or non-verbal. He just... he didn't have much to say to me."

"That's awful. You should've had a father who delighted in you and told you how special you are."

That concept is as foreign to me as learning Greek, but I love that my girl is calling out my father's shitty behavior. I know she'll be a great mom.

Holy shit. Did I just think that? I'm not nearly as shocked as I thought I would be. Having kids with Sonya feels natural. Of course we're going to have a family together.

"You should've had a father who did the same," I counter. "Not some asshole who physically assaulted you because his religion dictated he had to."

Sonya nods, her eyes softening. "We'll be better parents than them," she whispers.

I smile, loving that we're already on the same page.

“So, what happened after fourth grade? You said you made it that far without talking to your dad much.”

I take a deep breath, trying to put all the pieces together for her. “The summer after fourth grade, my dad met his first wife. She was even less excited about me than my old man, and I guess they decided I was mature enough to take care of myself. My dad moved in with Cynthia and left me in our apartment. He stopped by once a week to drop off food and supplies, but he was done with me.”

“That’s awful,” Sonya whispers.

I shrug and look up at the ceiling. I haven’t thought about that summer in a long time.

“Honestly, that was probably the happiest time of my childhood. After the divorce, my dad moved back in and started drinking. His next wife only married him because he bought all the alcohol she could drink, which, unsurprisingly, ended horribly. Wife number three was bat-shit crazy. Any little thing would set her off, and when she was upset, she screeched like a damn banshee. After one particularly terrible fight, my father was left with a black eye and a broken nose. She never came back, and that was that.”

“How many times was your dad married?”

“Seven. No, eight. No, I don’t know if he married Lillian or if they just lived together. About seven or eight, but I’m sure that number is in the double digits by now. Moved out of that chaos when I was sixteen. Dropped out of school, hit the streets, and found myself running around with thugs and criminals. Eventually, I found Savage Saints and started hanging around as much as possible. Technically, I was too young to patch in, but they let it slide. Since then, the club has been my whole life.

Sonya sits up, leaning over me as her blue eyes capture mine. “I’m so proud of you for choosing your own path. You know you deserved better than the parents you had, right?” she asks me, her voice clear and strong.

God, she's beautiful. "You did, too," I remind her. "You deserved a family who loved and accepted you, who supported you instead of abusing you and tearing you down."

She smiles sadly but nods, her delicate hand cupping my cheek. "We'll be better for each other."

"We'll support each other," I add.

"And comfort each other."

"And love each other."

Sonya looks up at me, her eyes filling with tears. Shit, I thought she would be happy about—

"You love me?" comes her whispered response. She looks like she doesn't quite believe it.

"Is it too soon to say that?" My heart races, hoping I haven't fucked everything up again.

"I don't know, but I... I love you, too."

The tightness in my chest releases, and I let out a relieved sigh. "Thank fuck."

Sonya giggles, and I take the opportunity to flip her on her back and tickle her.

"Blade! Oh, my gosh!" Sonya squeals and tries to wiggle away from me, but I pin her down and rub my stubble over the smooth skin of her stomach. She writhes and laughs as she pushes me away.

I fall to my side, gathering my woman up in my arms. "I love you," I whisper, kissing her forehead.

"I love you, too," she murmurs, pressing her lips to mine.

Our sweet moment is interrupted by my phone. We both groan, but Sonya rolls away and grabs my phone from the nightstand, tossing it at me.

"I'll get dressed, and you can take me to work?" she asks as she hops off the bed, completely naked.

I scan her body, remembering how her curves felt pressed against me.

“Eyes up here, mister,” she sasses.

I grunt and hop off the bed, circling her in my arms and pulling her close. “You’re impossible to ignore under normal circumstances. How do you expect me not to look at you when you’re naked?”

She smiles sweetly and gives me a chaste kiss before spinning out of my arms. I’m about to tug her back into my embrace when my phone rings again.

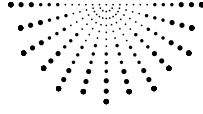
“Better get that!” Sonya calls as she makes her way to the bathroom.

“I’ll drop you off at the shop, deal with club business, then pick you up at noon. We’re having a half day. Your boss demands that you spend more time in bed.”

Sonya giggles and nods. “Whatever you say, *sir*.”

The little siren.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



SONYA

I pour a little more flour into the pancake mixture to thicken it up, humming to myself as I work on breakfast. We've gotten into a nice routine the last four days, which usually includes sleeping in and Blade serving me breakfast in bed. But today, I was awake first, so I got to make breakfast for Blade and surprise him.

A shuffling sound catches my attention, followed by a grunt. I smile, knowing Blade will walk in here at any moment.

"There you are," he says in his gruff, scratchy morning voice. He's so adorably grumpy in the morning. Well, most of the time, but I love it. I love everything about my Blade.

"Can I help you, sir?" I ask him with a smile.

He narrows his eyes as he comes around to the other side of the breakfast bar and stands behind me. He wraps his arms around my waist and kisses his way up the back of my neck, pressing his hard cock into my ass.

"I can think of a few ways you can help me, love," he whispers in my ear.

A moan escapes my lips as he grinds into me, slipping his hands up his oversized shirt I'm wearing and gripping my hips. Blade continues his exploration with his hands as he sucks and licks my neck. Before I know it, he has my shirt off and pushes me down on the counter so my ass sticks out.

Blade growls and palms my cheeks, spreading me wide open for him. He takes himself out and rubs his dick between my folds while I push back, trying to get him inside me again. I'm addicted to this man. I know he's the only one who will ever be able to satisfy my cravings.

I feel his lips on my lower back, slowly moving up my spine.

"Tell me what you want, beautiful," he whispers into my skin.

"You," I breathe.

"You have me. What do you want me to do to your gorgeous body?"

He continues to saw in and out of my folds, not penetrating me yet.

I moan loudly, my pussy squeezing nothing as it gushes over his cock.

"I want you to... fuck me, sir."

He growls. "Tell me again." He snaps his hips, bumping my clit.

"*Fuck me*, sir."

"Jesus, baby," he grunts. Blade pulls back and slams home, again and again, hitting me so deep I cry out with each thrust. "You like that? Like my thick cock stretching out your perfect little pussy?"

"Mmm..." I moan, pressing back into him, meeting him thrust for thrust. I squeeze my pussy each time he pulls out, which I know he likes based on how he groans and his breath hitches in his throat.

"Fuck, Sonya. Love being inside you. I'll never get enough. You're mine. *Mine*," he grunts as he picks up speed.

He pushes me closer and closer to the edge, and just when I'm about to fall into blinding pleasure, he pulls out.

"No!" I yell in frustration.

He chuckles and leans his huge, hard body over mine. “I’m not done with you yet, beautiful,” he growls.

Blade walks us backward to one of the kitchen chairs and sits. He guides me onto his lap so my back faces his front and my legs are spread on either side of his. Slowly, he lowers me onto his hard shaft.

“Oh, Blade, this is...” I have no words.

Riding him backward feels so freaking good. As I bounce on his long, hard length, I find I like being in control of our pleasure. I reach my hands behind me and tangle them in his hair, urging his head forward so he can kiss my neck.

“That’s it, beautiful. Ride my big dick. Fucking hell, you feel so good.”

I lift up and impale myself on him again and again. Blade’s large hands cup my breasts as he kneads the soft flesh and pinches my nipples. One hand slowly slides down my torso and rests on the mound of soft curls above my pussy. His fingers part my folds and circle my clit, bringing me right back to the edge of my orgasm.

“Blade, right there. Oh, god, I can’t hold on...”

I grind down on him, loving how his cock fills me, stretching me and hitting every sensitive spot deep inside.

“Let go, love. I’ve got you,” he whispers, biting my shoulder.

I throw my head back and grip his hair as my body locks up, every muscle and nerve pushed to the extreme, waiting for my permission to let go.

Blade pinches my clit, and I scream my release, my body curling up and pitching forward with the force of my orgasm. Blade holds me steady with one hand on my breast, the other cupping my pussy as he fucks into me from below.

“I’m coming too, baby. *Fuck!*” he roars.

One orgasm rolls into another and another until I’m a big ball of nerves, electrocuted with each thrust of Blade’s hips.

He spills his warm, sticky seed into me, the remnants of our orgasms dripping down my thighs.

Blade presses soft kisses up my shoulder and neck. He helps me to stand long enough to scoop me up in his arms. I look up at him in question, but he kisses the tip of my nose.

“Gotta wash you up before I drop you off at work.”

“I can shower on my own, you know,” I inform him.

“That won’t be necessary.”

I laugh as he sets me down in the shower and turns on the water.

An hour later, I’m in the back office of the mechanic shop, answering emails. When I started my escape road trip a few weeks ago, I never imagined it would end like this—staying with a big, growly biker who *loves* me and fulfills my every fantasy. Everything turned out better than I could have hoped...

Which is why something is about to go wrong. I just know it. After a lifetime of having rules and twisted morality beaten into me, it’s hard to accept that walking away from God’s Chosen was the best thing that ever happened. In a previous life, I would have been called a slut, a whore, an impure woman. My worth would have decreased by being with Blade, but in reality, Blade is the only person to ever truly show me how valuable I am.

But it can’t be that easy, right?

The bell for the lobby entrance dings, and I quickly finish replying to the email before heading in that direction. I’m startled to see two police officers in uniform wandering around the lobby as if looking for something.

“Um, hello,” I greet them.

Both men stop and turn, their eyes immediately latching onto mine. Something sinister flashes across the cops’ faces, and I instinctively step back.

“C-can I help you with something? A squad car or police motorcycle acting up?” I try for professional, but the quiver in

my voice surely gives me away.

“What do you think, Officer Marc? Can she help us?”

The two exchange a look that has all the hairs standing up on the back of my neck. My stomach roils while I take another step toward the back office. I’ll barricade myself in there if necessary.

“Oh, yeah. This has to be our girl. Thick, curvy, golden hair, blue eyes. Not who I pictured the President with, but hey. We’ve all got our kinks, right?”

The officers laugh, but not in a joyful way. It makes me feel gross like I’m the butt of their joke, but I can’t figure out why.

“I think you must be mistaking me for—”

“Sonya?” Officer Marc finishes.

I nod automatically, regretting it when his eyes glint with satisfaction.

“Oh, yeah. You’re our girl, all right. Are you going to come with us, or are you going to be difficult?”

“Go with you? Am I in trouble?” I ask in confusion.

“Not yet, but you will be. Hopefully, enough trouble for your boyfriend to come and save you. Then we’ll get him, too.”

“What? What are you—”

Officer Marc lunges toward me, and I reel back, only to run into the other officer behind me. He wraps an arm around my waist while the other covers my mouth with a cloth.

“The hard way it is, then,” someone says, their voice fading into the distance.

It’s the last thing I remember before darkness consumes me.

My brain pounds against my skull, and the sharp throbbing wakes me from my drugged sleep. Blinking a few times, I

squint against the sunlight, rolling to the side as my world turns at a ninety-degree angle.

I slowly realize I'm handcuffed in the back of a car. *What the heck...?*

And then I remember.

Two cops showed up and were acting strange, and then... *Oh, my god.*

We take another sharp turn, and I roll to the other side of the seat, groaning when my shoulder bangs against the window. My arm spasms, sending pain shooting down my elbow into my wrist and causing the metal cuffs to scoot up my arm and dig into my skin. My right hand now has a little more wiggle room, and I don't have time to think. I see an opportunity and go for it.

Throwing myself backward, I clutch the door handle with my right hand and yank the damn thing with all my strength. To my surprise, the door is unlocked, and I roll out of the backseat and onto the gravel road with a bounce. Thankfully, the car was slowing down, so the impact wasn't too bad. I'm sure I'll have some scrapes and bruises, but I don't have time to worry because the vehicle stops and the driver is about to chase after me.

Adrenaline pumps through my veins, and my fight-or-flight instinct goes into overdrive. *I won't lie down and take it anymore*, I tell myself as I struggle to my feet. It's hard to maintain my balance with my hands still cuffed behind me, and I fall to my knees several times before getting a few steps in.

I'm not your prisoner. I'm no one's prisoner. One foot in front of the other, keep going...

My foot catches on a soft patch of grass on the side of the gravel road, and I pitch forward, rolling down a small embankment. My head bangs against something hard, but I don't waste time looking to see what it is. It doesn't matter. I need to keep moving.

Throwing my weight upward, I gain enough momentum to haul myself over the other side of the ditch and break into an awkward sprint across what appears to be a nicely mowed field. I'm unsure where I am, but the terrain is easy enough to navigate.

It's not until I nearly run smack into a giant gravestone that I realize I'm in a cemetery. I stop in of the six-foot tall memorial, peering around one side and then the other before deciding to hang a right and keep going. I don't know if the man driving the car is still chasing me, but I have to keep moving. I need to get back to Blade.

"Hey—oh!" comes a sweet, startled voice beside me.

I look to the left and trip over a small headstone.

"Oh, my god. Are you okay?"

I hit the ground with a thud, wincing at the pain in my shoulder.

The woman rushes to my side and looks me over, her eyes landing on the cuffs around my wrists. I worry she might get the wrong idea and call the cops about an escaped convict, but she pulls a bobby pin from her hair and a pocket knife from her purse and gets to work picking the lock on the cuffs. Thirty seconds later, they loosen and fall to the ground.

She backs away, and I sit up, rubbing the raw marks on my wrists. I look over my shoulder, searching for my captors, but I don't see anyone.

"Are you okay?" the woman asks again.

I jerk my head in her direction, taking in her black combat boots, torn fishnet tights, leather shorts, and black, lacy top. She has a cute little black and white top hat clipped to the side of her bun, making her look like an adorable goth princess.

"Um, I..." How do I answer that?

"Dumb question. Someone running through a cemetery with a gash on their forehead and handcuffs isn't having a good day."

I huff out a laugh, then suck in a breath at the sharp pain ricocheting around my skull.

“Here. I think I have some Aspirin or something,” she says, digging through her bag. “I’m Gemma, by the way.”

“Aren’t you concerned that I had handcuffs on?” I blurt. Not sure why I thought that would help my situation, but here we are.

Gemma smiles at me. “Aren’t you concerned I knew how to pick a lock?”

I grin, knowing we’re going to be good friends. “Not even a little bit. I’m Sonya.”

I hold out my hand for her to shake, but Gemma throws her arms around me instead. We’re still crouching on the ground, so it’s a little awkward, but the warmth and genuineness radiating from Gemma makes up for it.

“Do you have time to talk about your day, or do we need to get moving?”

“We?”

“Hell, yeah! This is the most exciting thing to happen to me since my true crime podcast hit number one-hundred-fifty-thousand in the Spotify store!”

I’m unsure if being number one-hundred-fifty-thousand is noteworthy or not, but Gemma is certainly pumped about it.

“I need to get back to Blade,” I say as a shiver runs down my spine. I can feel myself crashing, and I know I’m not back to safety quite yet. I hope I haven’t dragged Gemma into my mess.

“Blade. Got it,” Gemma says with a nod as she stands. She holds out her hand, helping me to my feet. “Where do we find Blade?”

“Savage Saints clubhouse.”

“No, shit?” Gemma’s eyes are wide with fascination.

I chuckle at her response. “Yeah, he’s the President.”

“No fucking way,” she whispers. “That... is... AWESOME! Yes, let’s go to the clubhouse. That’s so freaking cool. I mean, not that I’m happy you had to be in whatever position you were in to end up here or anything—”

“I get it,” I tell her, hoping to ease her worry. “Can you point me in the right direction? The clubhouse is out on old highway—”

“Sixteen,” Gemma finishes for me. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to cut you off. I’m kind of weird about maps and geography.” Her cheeks flush red.

I smile at her. “That’s cool. I’m glad you know. I’m a little lost.”

“Let’s go. It’s not too far. We can stick to the forest line along the road in case whoever is looking for you comes back.”

I nod, and Gemma loops her arm in mine, helping to support my weight as I limp along beside her.

“Thank you,” I murmur after a few moments of silence. “I don’t know what I would’ve done if I hadn’t run into you.”

“Good thing we don’t have to find out, huh?” Gemma squeezes my arm.

I swallow past the lump in my throat at her kindness. If I start now, I may never stop. I need to get to Blade first. He’ll make everything better.

CHAPTER TWELVE



BLADE

“*W*hat the fuck happened here? Where was everyone? Who the hell let the fucking cops into our shop?” I yell at Hawk, though I know it’s not his fault.

I swung by the shop to take Sonya to lunch a few minutes ago, but instead of finding my woman behind her desk, I discovered a note scrawled on an old carbon copy receipt.

It’s about time you had someone worth using for blackmail. Want your woman back? Disband the Savage Saints once and for all.

They didn’t have to sign it for me to know it was the fuckin’ cops. Usually, they’d be the ones to call in a situation like this, but the police in this town are responsible for more crime than all of its civilians combined.

“Fuck!” I growl, pounding my fist against the cement wall.

The impact sends shockwaves of pain up and down my arm, but that’s nothing compared to the gaping hole in my heart. I should’ve been here. I should never have left her side. I was so concerned by Sonya healing from her wounds that I didn’t think to protect her from mine. Namely, the dirty, motherfucking pathetic excuse of a police force that has it out for the Savage Saints.

I stomp around the lobby like a rabid bear, worry and anger churning in my gut and making me sick to my stomach. Running a hand through my hair, I tug at the strands until it stings, then continue to pace.

“Prez, we can stake out—”

“No time to stake out. We need to *get* her. Right now,” I spit out.

“Where—”

“Everywhere!”

I know I’m not making any sense. I’ve never had something so important ripped away from me, never cared about anyone enough for them to be a liability. It’s my fault Sonya was taken, and I’ll sure as fuck be the one to end this shit between the Savage Saints and the PD. After this, there won’t be a war, only a king. Me.

My phone rings, and I answer it without looking at the screen. “What?”

“Prez, you need to get to the clubhouse.”

“I’m busy, Axel. Need to get to—”

“Sonya’s here. She just walked in with another woman.”

“She’s... there? Right there? With you? Now?” My heart stutters and stops, only beating again when I hear her voice on the other end of the line.

“B-Blade, I’m ok-kay,” she whispers.

“I’m coming for you, baby. I’ll be right there. God, I’m so sorry, Sonya. If they hurt you...”

“I’m okay,” she says with a little more confidence.

“I’ll be right there. Love you, baby girl. Hang tight.”

I shove my phone in my pocket and tip my head at Hawk, who I assume heard the majority of the conversation. We hop on our bikes and speed out of the parking lot, eating up the few blocks between here and the clubhouse in no time.

I barely put my bike in park before stumbling off and sprinting inside. “Sonya? Sonya, where—”

“Blade!”

My woman has a blanket draped over her shoulders and a cut on her forehead, but she rushes toward me all the same. I

meet her halfway, scooping her up and cradling her against my chest. She wraps the blanket around us, and I press my lips to her forehead, careful to avoid her wound.

“Sonya,” I whisper, holding her close. “I’m so sorry I wasn’t there to protect you. I should have told you the cops in this town are rotten and out to get us. I should have taken them out long before now, so they never had a chance to hurt you. God, I should have—”

My woman cuts me off with a kiss. The racing thoughts and gut-wrenching worries stop when her lips meet mine. I sip from her sweetness, giving her gentle strokes with my tongue and silently promising her I’ll never let anything bad happen to her ever again.

Someone whistles behind us, and I tear my mouth from Sonya’s long enough to grunt at them. She giggles, and Jesus, it loosens the vise that’s been squeezing my heart for the last hour.

“Love that sound, baby. Love everything about you. How did you escape?”

“I woke up in the back of a car,” she starts.

“A cop car?”

“No, I don’t think so. It didn’t have a metal divider. The doors were unlocked, so I rolled out of the back seat and ran for the nearest clearing, which happened to be a cemetery.”

I grunt, knowing exactly which road she was on.

“That’s when Gemma found me.”

“Gemma?”

Sonya points to someone standing by the front door. I missed her completely on my way in.

“Thank you, Gemma,” I tell her sincerely. “You kept my woman safe, so now you have the protection of the Savage Saints.”

The little lady’s eyes widen, and then she does the strangest thing. She curtsies. “Thank you, uh, Mr. Blade. I

mean, Mr. President. President Blade? Oooh, that's a kickass villain name. Not that you're a villain. You have the sweetest girlfriend. And—" she cuts herself off, her cheeks bright red. "And anyway. Uh, thank you. I'll just... yup. I'll go." The odd woman spins and walks out the door. She pauses and looks at Sonya over her shoulder. "I wrote my number on a piece of paper and put it in your pocket. Call me when you feel better, and we can hang out without the handcuffs."

Sonya laughs and agrees, and the women wave at each other as Gemma skips out the door. I'll have to remember to ask Sonya about her new friend later. If she needs a motorcycle or a car or a fucking castle, I'll find a way to get it to her. She helped the love of my life when I couldn't, and I'll forever be in her debt.

"Let's get you home, love," I murmur to Sonya, finally setting her on her feet.

No sooner do I turn to leave than the front door swings open... revealing a goddamn police officer. My gun is trained on him in less than a second, along with every one of my men in the room. The bastard wants to finish the job? I'd like to see him try.

"Give me one good reason not to fill your head with bullets," I grit.

The officer holds his hands up in surrender, his eyes panning around the room and growing wider as he sees how many guns he's up against.

Sonya tugs on my arm, and I glance at her crouching behind me. "He's the one who was driving," she whispers.

I cock my gun, aiming for the fucker's forehead.

"Wait! I didn't know!" he protests. "This is my second week on the job. I just transferred from San Francisco. As the newest one on the force, I was assigned a lot of prison transfers since no one likes doing them. I was told she was another transfer."

"Bullshit," I growl, taking aim again. "You weren't in a cop car. Hard to miss that detail."

“I know. I was told the vehicle was going up for auction soon, so they stripped the identifying markers and dividers to get it ready to sell. It took me a bit too long to recognize what a dumb lie that was. In fact, I realized it as she woke up. I was slowing down and had the doors unlocked. She bailed before I had a chance to stop.”

“You chased after me,” Sonya says, peeking out from behind me.

“I wanted to make sure you weren’t hurt, but then I saw you talking with another woman, and she was helping you out of the cuffs. I didn’t want to scare you further, so I hung back a bit and followed you until you got to the Savage Saints clubhouse.”

“She’s safe here,” I inform him, my tone icy.

“I can see that now, but I wasn’t sure. She’s been through a lot.”

“Thanks to your brothers in blue,” I spit out.

The man surprises me by nodding. “I figured that out as well.” He turns to address Sonya, now standing at my side, her hand wrapped around mine. “Are you okay? Are you safe here? I’m sorry for my part.”

Sonya narrows her eyes at him and squares her shoulders. “Why should we trust you?”

I grin at her, falling more in love with my woman by the second.

“Because I think we have a similar goal in mind. Weeding out the dirty cops in this town and reclaiming it. What do you say?”

“You want to team up?” Sonya asks.

The officer shrugs.

“You want to be our man on the inside,” I correct.

He nods, his palms still facing out in surrender.

I stare into his green eyes, noting that he’s shaking slightly, but his gaze is steady. The man can’t be more than twenty-

five, so his story about being a rookie checks out. If he were lying, it wouldn't make sense for him to show his face at the clubhouse. He took a huge risk stepping foot in here.

I reengage the safety on my gun and tuck it into my belt, nodding at my men to do the same. The officer sighs in relief, which makes me smirk. It's good that he's scared. It means he realizes the seriousness of the shit he's found himself tangled up in.

"You can handle cleaning this incident up with your co-workers? Get them off our back while we plan a takedown?"

"I'll say you guys caught up to me and jumped me."

"Might need a black eye to make that believable," I grunt.

He nods again. "And a split lip. Make it look good. I'll drive the car back to the same spot and slash the tires."

I look over at Hawk, then at Axel. With a slight dip of my chin, they know the plan.

"Deal." I step forward to shake his hand.

"I'm Officer Jake Cardell," he tells me as we shake hands.

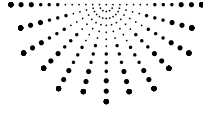
"Blade." I jerk my head to the left, "That's Axel." I nod to the right. "And Hawk."

The two men step forward and follow Jake out to his car. They'll handle it from here. Right now, I need to get my woman to safety.

"Ready to go home, baby?" I ask her.

Sonya nods and throws her arms around me as I pick her up and carry her to my bike. I don't know that I'll be able to leave her side ever again.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN



SONYA

“No... No, please...”

“Sonya, love, wake up,” comes a deep, calming voice. “You’re having a bad dream, baby. Come back to me. I’ve got you.”

Blinking my eyes open, the last of the dream fades into blackness as the moon’s dim light bathes us in silver. “Sorry,” I rasp, shaking my head of the remnants of fear stuck in the corners of my mind.

“No reason to apologize,” Blade whispers. “You had a traumatic day. Can I do anything for you?”

“I’m okay,” I assure him, snuggling against his chest. A few moments of silence pass, and I feel the guilt rolling off him in waves. I hate that he feels responsible for what happened. I got a little banged up, but nothing serious. No stitches, no broken bones. “The scariest part was thinking I’d never see you again,” I admit.

“Sonya,” he says softly, cupping the side of my face and turning my head so we’re eye to eye. “I’m yours. I’ll always come for you. Always protect you. I let you down today, but it won’t happen again.”

“Blade, it’s not your fault. You’ve given me everything—a chance to start my life, a job, a way to pay for a car repair that we both know isn’t worth all the work, a place to stay, a reason to get up in the morning, a reason to trust and love and—”

He cuts me off by taking my mouth. There's no build-up, only passion and heat from the very beginning. His tongue plunges into my mouth, tasting every inch of me like he owns me. He does.

He strokes the sensitive roof of my mouth, and I moan at the sensation, breaking the kiss. He nuzzles my neck and tightens his arms around me like I might bolt at any minute. Finally, he looks up at me.

"Sonya..." he starts, then trails off, trying to find the right words. "When we're together, it's like nothing I've ever experienced. It's not just physical with you, although that part is overwhelmingly incredible." He smirks, somehow putting me at ease.

Blade's gaze turns serious, his brown eyes begging me to listen to him. "I'm bound to you forever, Sonya. I want to feel all of you, all at once, and not just physically. I want to crawl inside you and figure out how you operate. I want to know how you hurt so I can fix it like you're already fixing me."

"Blade..." I whisper. This man keeps surprising me with his tenderness and sweet words. I think it's surprising to him, too.

"You're everything to me, my whole fucking world," Blade continues. "I love you, but love doesn't even feel like an adequate word. I..."

I rest my forehead on his, breathing him in. "I feel it, too, Blade. I want you with everything I am. You're a part of me, and being separated from you is like tearing myself in half. I need you more than my next breath."

His lips are on mine, his hands roaming all over me, squeezing my breasts, stroking my back, tangling in my hair to guide my head as he deepens his kiss. He consumes me, each stroke of his tongue reminding me I'm his, each soft moan from our lips adding to the symphony of our love.

Blade quickly undresses us, hovering over my body as I stretch out beneath him. He kisses my nose, lips, and cheeks. Kneeling on the bed at my feet, he trails his fingers over my

toes, up the arch of my foot, higher, until he's tickling the insides of my ankles.

Blade continues his teasing touches, bending to add soft kisses to the places his fingers just left. He works his hands higher up my legs, massaging my calves, knees, and thighs. When he gets to my center, he places a sweet kiss on top of my curls and continues moving up my body.

His hands slide reverently over the curve of my hips, and he places small kisses on my belly, nuzzling his head there. I wonder if I'm pregnant. The thought should scare me, but I find that I want it. I want everything with him.

He looks up at me, and a moment of understanding passes between us. "I want that too, Sonya. We'll make it happen, I promise."

He returns his focus to my body, kissing a trail up my torso and between my breasts. His knuckles brush my nipples, and he traces the round curve of my breasts with his tongue.

Blade worships my body, showing me how much I mean to him. His hands glide down my arms and he twines his fingers with mine, bringing my arms above my head and holding them in place with one of his large hands on my wrists.

He dips his head and sucks on my collarbone before licking the curve of my neck and placing a soft kiss on my pulse point. He kisses up my jaw and places sweet kisses on my temple, my forehead, my eyes, and my nose. He hovers above me, inches away. We share the same breath and get lost in the moment.

Finally, Blade kisses me. It's tender and reverent, full of promises. He reaches down and drags his throbbing cock up my slit, rubbing my juices all over him. He deepens the kiss and slowly slides into me. I feel every vein on his beautiful shaft as he presses himself into me, keeping his slow, steady pace.

We both groan when he's fully buried deep inside me. He stays there for a few seconds, bowing his head to rest on my chest. The hand not holding my wrist ghosts up and down the

side of my body, from the curve of my hip to the side of my breast.

“This is everything. Everything. Mine. Mine. *Mine*,” he whispers into my chest, more to himself than me.

Blade moves inside me, pulling out at the same slow pace. My walls pulse, wanting to suck him in and keep him inside me. Once he’s fully out, he enters me again, excruciatingly slow. I need him, need his cock, need our release. But he’s in control.

In and out, he never picks up speed, slowly thrusting and feeling every inch of my pussy. It’s like he’s memorizing me from the inside out, figuring out which places are sensitive, which ones make me flinch and buck and lose control.

The slow burn is killing me. The edge of the flame licks at my core, not quite there yet. His delicious torture is like nothing I’ve ever experienced. In and out, slow and steady. I wrap my legs around his hips and press him further into me so his cock hits my clit with each slow thrust.

He releases my hands and places his arms on either side of my head. I wind my fingers in his hair and pull him down for a kiss. His tongue twists with mine in a slow dance, the same pace as his thrusts.

The flames reach my core, and I’m so sensitive even though I haven’t come yet. He keeps me on the edge, and it’s almost more than I can take. I grip his shoulders and try to move myself up, chasing my release.

His hand goes to my hip to still my movements. Blade rests his forehead on mine.

“Feel this with me, love. Feel me. Feel us...” he rasps as his hips buck, sending shockwaves throughout my body.

“Blade...” I whisper, not wanting to break whatever spell his body is casting over me.

He continues his slow pace, occasionally adding a quick, hard thrust that brings me right to the edge before he slows down again and pulls me back. My juices trickle out of me and pool on the sheets beneath me.

“Please...”

He thrusts again, harder this time.

“Oh! Oh. God. I’m right there, Blade...”

“Come for me, Sonya. I’ve got you. Look at me. I want to see you fall apart for me.”

With a final thrust, my orgasm takes me. It’s slow and all-consuming, starting in my core and squeezing my muscles one by one. I swear my heart stops. I can’t take in air as wave after wave of delicious pleasure pulses through my body.

I stare into Blade’s eyes. It’s so intense, so vulnerable. He swells inside me as he empties deep into my womb. His jaw clenches and his nostrils flare as he comes, never breaking eye contact with me. He’s shaking and panting as much as I am.

Blade collapses on top of me, and I savor his skin on mine, covering me, melting into me, as close as we can possibly be.

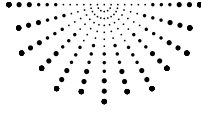
“Sorry,” he mumbles as he rolls us over.

I lie on top of him, completely spent and content. I rest my cheek on his chest and throw a leg over his, tangled up in him. My arm stretches over his chest as I place my hand over his heart. “Mine,” I whisper.

“So fucking mine, Sonya. My sweet, filthy, perfect baby girl.”

I sigh contentedly when Blade presses his lips to the top of my head. This man has become my whole world in such a short amount of time. I can’t wait to see what the future holds for me and my growly biker.

EPILOGUE



BLADE

“Cheers to ten years!” Axel calls out from across the bar. My men raise their glasses toward me and my old lady and say their congrats and well-wishes. Sonya waves and raises her wine glass, laughing when Tessa whistles at her.

I climb off my bar stool, standing to address everyone in the clubhouse. We closed down to the public about an hour ago to celebrate our tenth anniversary. It’s hard to believe this woman has been in my life for a decade now. Then again, I can hardly remember who I was before Sonya came waltzing in with her sunshine and bright smiles.

“Thank you for joining us this evening,” I start. “Ten years and two months ago, I was perfectly content to be a cold, jaded bastard. Then my Sonya showed up on the side of the road needing some assistance.” I turn and face my beautiful woman, the love in her eyes reflected in my own. “I thought I was saving you that day, but truthfully, you were the one who rescued me from a lifetime of loneliness.”

Sonya hops off of her seat and wraps her arms around me, standing on her tiptoes and kissing my cheek. “When did you get so cheesy?” she teases.

“About the same time you cast your spell over me, my little siren,” I whisper so only she can hear. I take her lips in mine, not able to resist her for one second longer.

Like every time we touch, the world fades away until it’s just us. What starts out as a chaste kiss turns into something

deeper as I sink into her sweetness. Sonya's hands crawl up my chest until she's fisting my shirt, pulling me closer.

Cat calls and hollers filter through my brain, and Sonya gasps once she remembers we're putting on a show. I smile against her soft lips and nip at her playfully before nuzzling into the side of her neck.

"Fuck off," I grunt at everyone. The room fills with chuckles and laughter, but none of that matters. Not when I bend down and toss my precious, sexy-as-hell woman over my shoulder and sprint toward the apartments in the back.

"Oh my god, Blade," Sonya says with a sigh, though I hear the amusement in her voice. "Such a caveman."

"You love it," I counter, bursting through one of the bedroom doors and tossing her down on the bed.

"Is that right?" she asks, her brow tilting up in the most adorably playful look.

I nod, then peel my shirt off as I stare down at Sonya, spread out before me. "Need me to remind you how much you love this caveman?"

Sonya nods, nibbling her bottom lip.

I smirk at her and drop to my knees, pulling her by her ankles until her ass is nearly hanging off the mattress. Without hesitation, I flip up the skirt of her dress and rip her little panties off. I dive in, licking the seam of her pussy and then plunging my tongue deeper inside.

"Oh, god," she breathes out, writhing around on the bed.

I steady her by spreading my palm out over her stomach, pinning her in place while increasing the pressure in her lower belly. Sonya snaps her thighs together when I scrape my teeth against her clit, then cries out as I suck her sensitive bundle of nerves.

Grunting in satisfaction, I switch my attention to her tight, wet entrance, dripping with her desire. I spear my tongue inside, groaning as her walls pulse against the invasion. Sonya

gushes into my mouth, rocking against me and chasing her pleasure.

I slide my hands over her body, wrapping them around her thighs and prying them apart. I open her up for me, securing her legs on the mattress as I continue my assault on her juicy little cunt.

I alternate between fast and slow licks, taking my time to read my woman's body and give her what she needs, but never quite enough to push her over the edge.

"Blade, please..." she whines, the desperate sound spurring me on.

"Hold it, baby," I command.

Sliding two fingers into her entrance, I curl them up and search for her most sensitive spot. I know I hit it when Sonya jerks and floods my hand with more of her sweet, slick cum. Bending down, I resume sucking and nipping her clit while rubbing and tapping her G-spot, working her up into a frenzy.

Her breath hitches as every muscle locks tight... and then she shatters for me, coming hard and crying out her release. Sonya whimpers as I lap up her sweet honey, drinking it down like the sweet nectar it is.

When she's finally wrung dry, I crawl up her limp, sated body, placing kisses on her chin, nose, and cheeks before curling up next to her.

"I love you, baby girl," I whisper.

Sonya turns to face me, her eyes glassy and cheeks flushed.

"Love you forever," she murmurs, pressing a kiss to my forehead.

Just then, a knock sounds at the door.

"What?" I yell, not appreciating the interruption.

"Sutton wanted me to let you know the kids can spend the night at our place so you two can, uh, *celebrate*," Rider says. I can tell he feels awkward as hell, which makes me smirk.

“Thanks, we’ll take you up on that. Call you in the morning.”

He takes the hint and walks away, his footsteps fading into the background.

“Oh my god,” Sonya says with a giggle, hiding her face in my chest. “Was I really loud?”

I grin at my gorgeous girl, thinking back to her shouting out her orgasm. “I hope everyone heard. They need to know you’re mine.”

“I think they already know that, Mr. Possessive-Biker-Pants.”

I flip her on her back and tickle her, laughing when she shrieks and giggles again. “Never hurts to remind them. Plus, we got a free night of babysitting,” I say with a shrug.

Sonya hits my chest playfully, then tugs me down on top of her. “Better take advantage of it then, hmm?”

I groan and nod my head as I tilt my head down to kiss my wife. Ten years and three kids later, she’s still as addicting and perfect as the day I met her. I know the next ten years will be even better.

* * *

THE END

Want to know more about Gemma & Axel? [Get their story here!](#)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Cameron Hart is a USA Today bestselling author of contemporary romance. She writes books with lots of heat, plenty of sweet, and just enough drama to keep things interesting.

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