



Maximus

SIN CITY MC

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

L. LOREN



Maximus



L. Loren

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Note from the Author

This is a book about a fictional outlaw motorcycle club. It contains explicit sexual acts, including public sex, but please know everything is consensual. The story also contains references to sexual abuse, violence, death, and an attempted suicide, which may be triggering to some.

If you can get past those things, please enjoy this love story and the rest of the Sin City MC books in the series. Be sure to read them all. Sinners All – Never Fall!

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One



Gia

Run, run as fast as you can!

That was the singsongy mantra that played in my head as I made my escape from my evil stepfather's lair. He and his goons had me locked up in my bedroom without any food or water. When I noticed the loose rope on the bedframe, I realized it was time for me to enact my carefully thought-out escape plan. Bruce had never been careless enough to leave my restraints untethered in the six weeks I had been his prisoner.

I could hear the snores resonating from the room down the hall. It was now or never. I wasn't taking any chances. After loosening the ropes enough to free my limbs, I snagged my backpack that I kept hidden under my bed and crept out down the hall. Fear rolled down my back as I made my way to the front door. There was no other way out of this domicile of the damned.

The bear snoring in the chair was only a few steps from the door, but I forced myself to keep going. As long as he kept sawing wood, I would be fine. If the house got quiet, then I knew I was in trouble. Chances were, he would be knocked out until late in the afternoon. Plenty of time for me to escape.

As my feet tapped out a cadence across the finely manicured lawn, I smiled. I couldn't help it. The fact that I was able to destroy just a little bit of the one thing Bruce valued more than anything on this earth made me giddy. I can't tell you the countless number of beatings my poor body has had to endure because I made the mistake of walking on "his" precious grass. What a goober! He didn't even own the house. It was my granny's.

I froze as the motion sensor light clicked on. *Uh-oh!* I had forgotten about that. It was too late to go back now. If he woke up, he would have to chase me because I would never go

back willingly. After a few seconds of holding my breath, I realized the bright light hadn't awakened him, so I continued on my journey to freedom.

All I had to do was make it off the street that housed my childhood home, and I was in the clear. Three blocks north was a police annex, and five blocks west was a fire station. There were safe places for me to hide as long as none of Bruce's drinking buddies saw me. I was sure they would be passed out too at this time of night.

It was unlikely that any of them could see straight. After drinking like college kids on spring break earlier that night, they would be lucky to still be breathing. I knew for sure their best buddy Jack would be the cause of many hangovers. Experience had taught me that if any of them did see me, they wouldn't be able to comprehend what I was doing, let alone capture me. Father time and the excessive use of alcohol over the years had made them slow, stupid, and uncoordinated. A slight wind would have them blowing over like an inflatable tube man.

My legs burned as I did my best Allyson Felix impression. My lungs were cursing me for not exercising them more often. The cold pre-dawn air filtered inside my windpipes, causing a pain I hadn't felt since high school when I was forced to run in a cold gym during basketball practice.

Keep going, Gia. If you want to live, you will pump those arms and will your legs to move faster. Come on, girl, you can do this!

I had to pump myself up so my body would ignore the pain. After being locked in my room for weeks, I was stiff and sore, but I couldn't stop now. I was almost there. I could see the corner store where my neighbors purchased their alcohol. The store owner was their friend. It was so early in the morning no one would be in the store. There wasn't any way Mr. Floyd would witness me passing by. They didn't have a camera, so I would be in the clear if Bruce came looking for me.

The song, *Eye of the Tiger*, was playing in my head as I flew past the store and into freedom. A feeling of relief overcame me as I made a right turn down Best Avenue, headed to my sanctuary. The Sinners' clubhouse was a little over a mile away on Foothill Boulevard. That clubhouse was like the U.S. Embassy to me. Once I made it behind those gates, nothing could touch me. The patch I held in my hand was my passport to freedom.

It took thirty minutes for me to arrive at my destination. The entourage of motorcycles parked outside the building was intimidating, to say the least. It was as if the Harleys formed an impenetrable iron gate of protection around the clubhouse. I imagined a pole with a mounted neon sign flashing the words "Enter at your own peril". A few men and women mingled outside on the sidewalk, laughing and drinking. A few were smoking something a little more potent than tobacco. It was giving very much skunk.

After waiting a few minutes for the crowd to die down, I realized those bikers were not going anywhere anytime soon. Taking a deep breath, I put on my big girl drawers and approached the building. As you can imagine, my presence caused quite a stir. I was disheveled, and my hair was standing all over my head like Medusa. I strolled over to the group, trying to calm my nerves as I went.

You got this, girl. They won't hurt you. Remember what Papa said. They are your family, just like he was. These people may look scary, but they will protect you with their lives.

I stood next to a man who was shorter than my 5'10" frame. I figured he would be the most reasonable since he didn't have any women hanging all over him. His black eyes peeked out from behind the tresses of his mohawk cut. They perused my body like he was trying to decide whether or not to peel my skin off.

Tugging at my wife beater, I tried my best to make it appear loose on my body, but there was no use. I had been sweating, and the moisture made the material cling to my

breasts. Looking down, I realized you could see through the shirt as it was white. *Oops!* The last thing I wanted to do was entice these outlaws. The joggers I was wearing were thankfully too big on my slim frame and fell low on my hips.

“Excuse me, sir.”

The crowd chuckled at my calling the man sir. They could laugh all they wanted, but in my world, it was a sign of respect. My papa would roll over in his grave if I showed his people any sort of unwarranted disrespect. Peering at the patch on the front of the man’s cut, I discovered his name was Lucky. If he preferred, I would call him by his road name, but only after being given permission.

“Well, hey there sweet thing. What can ole Lucky do for you?”

Great, he thought I was coming on to him. How clueless was this guy?

“I need to see your president, please, and thank you.”

My good manners jumped out of my mouth once again. I knew I sounded like a nerd, but I couldn’t help it. It was my nature to be polite. You know, you catch more flies with honey and all that. I smiled at the man but tried my best not to show too many teeth. I definitely did not want to have Lucky thinking he was going to get lucky with me.

“Say what now? You have got to be kidding me. Darlin’, nobody just walks up to our front door and asks for a meet n greet with the Prez. I think you need to be on your way,” Lucky tried to dismiss me.

“I think he’ll want to see me. Can you get him please?”

I flashed him the patch my father had left for me when he passed away. His lawyer had given it to me along with the deed to my granny’s house and a very sizeable trust that no one had access to but the lawyer. The look on Lucky’s face told me he recognized the skull wearing a crown with jewels hanging from it. It was the club’s logo, and only members and their families had access to the badges.

“Where did you get that?”

“My dad left it for me when he died, with instructions to come here if I found myself in trouble. Well, I’m here, and I need to see the president, please.”

“And just who is your dad?”

“His name was Thomas Mathews, but everybody called him Indigo.”

That lit a fire under the man standing next to Lucky. Before I could see the name on his cut, he had turned and headed toward the clubhouse. He appeared a few minutes later with a tall man wearing a scowl. His cut was much more highly decorated than those guys who were only members. This man, whose presence was felt tenfold, wore his cut differently. He was King, the president. He walked with authority and the confidence of a god. By the way his men moved to the side, as he made his way over to me, I knew this man was not only powerful, but he was also well respected.

“Prez, this is the gash who says Indigo was her father. She’s asking for you.”

Two



Jefferson

This bitch had some nerve! If I could reach through the phone, I would choke the life out of her. How dare she tell me my fiancé married my best friend, and for me not to call her house again? Here I was three fourths into my two-year sentence, and Shelly had the nerve to abandon me. Just when I needed her the most, she not only got herself a new guy, but to add insult to injury, he was the only other person I had in the world. Jason and I had been like brothers since we were six. I had no idea how to wrap my mind around that news.

“So, you’re telling me that your daughter is a lying, cheating, piece of shit tramp who can’t be trusted? Is that what you’re saying, Mrs. Grant?”

I knew I was wrong to take out my frustration on Shelly’s mother, but the bitch had never liked me. It felt good to finally release a bit of my pent-up anger at her.

“Look, Jefferson, it ain’t my fault that Shelly did you wrong. All I know is she is married now and doesn’t want to hear from you anymore.”

“Just like that? No letter or even a damn phone call? I guess neither of them had the balls to come tell me face to face. Of course, they didn’t. That would be too much like right.”

“Well, I for one am happy she dumped you. I never liked you, and look at you now. Locked up in military prison with a ruined career. You ain’t shit, Jefferson, and you never will be. Shelly needed to move on with someone with a future. I’m so glad she finally listened to me.”

“No disrespect, Mrs. Grant, but fuck you!”

I slammed the phone back onto the receiver and informed the MP that I was ready to return to my rack. I could feel the steam rising from the top of my head. The back of my neck was burning, and my heart felt like it wanted to rip its

way from my body. Maybe it was a good thing I was locked away. If I could get my hands on either of them, I would surely never see the light of day again. It wasn't even the fact that I loved Shelby like that. It was the betrayal that hurt so much. There I was thinking I had surrounded myself with a loyal woman and best friend, when all I had done was fool myself.

My position in the brig left me nothing but time to think about my life and the people who have hurt me. I had absolutely no one to fall back on except myself. My parents were long ago buried in their graves. I had no siblings or family to speak of. The Marines were my family, and even they had abandoned me. There were six months left of my sentence, and then I would be free to leave this place. But then what? Where would I go? What would I do with the rest of my life?

Six Months Later...

Being a dishonored Marine didn't exactly leave me a shit ton of prospects for the future. The only good thing I had to look forward to was leaving this viper pit. The nightmares hadn't let up since I came here. Sleep deprivation had become second nature to me. Every time I closed my eyes, I saw the dismembered bodies of my fellow Marines burning on the ground. It seemed like the smell was haunting me. Any time I smelled something burning, I was sent right back to that place in time.

The psychologist said what I had was survivor's guilt. I had no idea if he was right or wrong. All I knew was the faces of my fallen comrades were my only visitors. I determined that my punishment for surviving was not the two years I had been locked away in Camp Pendleton. No, my punishment was reliving that day over and over. I may not have died, but I was living in purgatory.

Today was my release day, but I had nothing to look forward to. Not anymore. After being escorted to the main gate, I threw my duffle bag over my shoulder and hiked the two miles south to the nearest town of Oceanside. I could have taken the bus, but I needed the exercise. Once I made it to town, I found the nearest bank, withdrew some cash from my account and found a modest hotel that accepted cash as payment to flop at for a while. I was thankful I had never given Shelly access to my bank accounts. I had saved most of my salary when I was in the Corps, so I had quite a bit of money to help me get back on my feet.

Once in my room, I called the one person left on earth that I was sure would help me. His name was Aries, and he was my father's friend. The man was closer to my age, but that hadn't mattered to my dad. He had been a mentor to Aries. Before Dad passed away, he told me if I ever found myself in trouble or in need of help, to call this man, and he would be

there for me. No questions asked. I really hoped Dad was right. I could use a friend right now.

“You’ve got Aries! Speak on it.”

“Um, hello, Aries, my name is Jefferson Rivers. You knew my dad...”

“Jeff? Of course! How the hell have you been? Last I heard you were in the Marines. How’s that going?”

“Not too good. I found myself in a little trouble. I am no longer in the Corps. I just got out and am looking to start over.”

“Sounds complicated. I don’t do complicated, man. Doom was my brother from another mother. I promised him I would be here for you if you ever needed me.”

“Well, man, I hate to ask, but I need a little help.”

“Say less. Just tell me where and when, and I am there.”

Damn, was this guy for real? He didn’t even know me. I took a deep breath and let it out. I didn’t have anyone else. I had to trust someone, and my dad held him with high regard.

“I am in a small town called Oceanside in California. I need somewhere to go so I can start my life over.”

“Okay, I’m guessing there’s more to the story. It’s none of my business unless you just want to confide in me.”

“Trouble kind of found me in the Corps, and I was court marshalled. I was in the brig for a couple of years and just got out. Now I need somewhere to go. I have nothing and no one.”

“That sucks ass. Sounds like you would be a perfect fit for my motorcycle club. We could use a skilled former Marine like yourself. I can offer you a place to stay if you want to come to Vegas. I’m sure I can talk my Prez into letting you prospect for us.”

“That sounds like a plan if you’re sure your president will allow it.”

“It shouldn’t be a problem. I’m the VP, and Grimm usually listens to my suggestions. I’ll run it by him and call you back at this number. You should plan to get your ass to Vegas as soon as possible.”

“Thanks a lot, Aries. I appreciate the help.”

“No problem. I look forward to meeting you in person.”

Three



Gia

When the man named King came outside, everything in me told me to get my running shoes ready. The man looked like the devil incarnate. My God, why would my father tell me to come see this terrifying man? The way he was scowling at me made my blood run cold. *Jiminy crickets!* He was wearing a sleeveless hoodie with the hood up. His face was hidden, but there was no mistaking the glare of his brooding eyes. If I saw this man in a dark alley, I would start praying.

“The name is King. What business do you have here?”

Unable to find my words, I stared at the man like a fool. I know he must have thought I was some silly girl trying to live the MC life, but I really needed his help. I just wasn't able to articulate it at the moment.

“No disrespect, but I've got pussy willing and waiting for me inside. Unless you've got a better offer, I'm headed back in.”

When he turned to leave, it caused me to panic. I couldn't bring myself to touch him, but his leaving forced me to find my voice.

“Wait! I need to talk to you. Please. I just need a quick minute.”

He stopped walking but did not turn around to look at me. I didn't care at this point. Forget decorum and polite conversation. I am sure this man was not winning any prizes for his etiquette. Swallowing my pride and disregarding everything my mom taught me about speaking to people and looking them in their eyes, I blurted out what I wanted.

“I think you knew my dad, Indigo. Before he passed away, he told me to come see you if I found myself in trouble. Well, I'm here, so I guess you can say trouble has found me. I need your help.”

Those must have been the magic words because King turned around to face me. I detected a slight grin on his pouty lips as he stepped forward. His eyes were a bit glassy as it looked like he was reliving a memory from his past.

“Indigo was good people. I hate he died. You have my sympathy.”

“Thank you.”

He nodded and then took one step towards me, and I took two steps back. We continued that strange dance until he reached out and grabbed me in frustration. My whole body began shaking uncontrollably. An unsteady voice that I didn't recognize as my own squeaked out of my throat as a plea.

“Unhand me! Now!”

King dropped his hands like they were on fire. This time he looked afraid. What the...? I must have taken him off guard. I'm sure his life as the president of a motorcycle club did not afford him many opportunities to have women demand something of him.

“Sorry, I just can't stand to be touched.”

“Not a problem. What's your name, darlin'? I recall giving you mine, but you didn't return the favor.”

“My bad. My name is Gia.”

“Alright then, Gia. Would you like to follow me to my office where you can tell me about this trouble you find yourself in? I'm not sure how I can fix it, but I owe your dad. If he told you to come to me, of all people, then I will do my best to help. I ain't making no promises, though. Understand?”

“Yes, sir.”

He quirked his eyebrow at the title. He could be offended all he wanted. My mama raised me right. I always referred to people of authority by sir or ma'am. I may not be a Southern Belle, but my mama sure was. She passed her southern charm down to me. King shook his head and waved to me to follow him.

As I entered the clubhouse for the first time, I thought I had crossed over onto a movie set. The place was packed with big, burly men all wearing leather vests, boots, jeans, and white tees. It was almost as if they were wearing a uniform of sorts. There was one guy in the corner who didn't get the memo. He was dressed like he had just left the courtroom. He piqued my curiosity, but not enough for me to strike up a conversation.

“Close your mouth, darlin’. Around here, you might just find something you don't want being shoved down your throat. These animals have no shame and won't think twice about filling any holes they see.”

His words caused me to clamp my mouth shut. That elicited a chuckle from the big man. If I could have figured out a way to walk with my legs crossed, I would have done that too. Instead, I increased my speed to keep up with him. I did not want to be alone among these men. I wasn't escaping the hell that was my stepfather just to find myself being dropped in the middle of a train station.

What was with everyone? From the moment I crept through the front door, all eyes have been on me. Men and women alike were openly staring at me. I soon discovered things that went on inside the club were not the things I was used to. For example, the woman who was on her knees in front of a sexy man going to town with her mouth on his man meat. Another man was handling his business with a naked chick who was screaming her pleasure while bent over a chair.

The music was blasting throughout the building. There was one great sound system in this place. It seemed Nas and the Bravehearts were serenading me from all around the room. It wasn't enough to distract me from the gorgeous black woman with blonde hair, who was obviously a dancer in this life and her past one too, doing a dance on the pool table. The chick was so determined to be seen that she was interrupting a group of men who were trying to play a game of pool. I had to give it to her, the girl was talented. Her moves were on point.

We finally made it to King's office where he commenced to drill me for information. We were not alone, though. Another menacing looking man with the name Toad on his vest joined us. The title on his patch said Sergeant at Arms. I guess he was some sort of security for the club. He sure fit the bill, looking more like a bodyguard than anything. Like what did he expect me to do? King towered over me, and he was cut. How could I possibly hurt him? It was whatever, because the man wasn't going to leave us alone. I really didn't want him in my business, but I had no choice.

"Have a seat, Gia, and tell me why you're here."

I slid into the chair in front of his desk. To my surprise, the chair was comfortable. I chewed on a jagged fingernail because I was trying to delay the inevitable. Finally, I was ready to bare my soul to this man and beg him for his protection.

"Not long after my dad died, about a year ago, my mom remarried to this man named Bruce. He and I didn't get along from the time we were introduced. The man gave me the creeps. Always looking at me when he thought I wasn't paying attention. He just wasn't a good guy, you know?"

King nodded his head but remained silent. I took that as a sign to continue my story. Shifting in my seat, I cleared my throat and resumed talking.

"Even though the house was in my name, my mom allowed Bruce to move in with us. I had already completed my undergrad degree and was in my final year of pursuing my masters, so I decided to live in campus housing to get away from him. Things were going good for me, until one day I got a call from my mom. She had been diagnosed with an aggressive form of cancer and needed me to help take care of her.

"That required me to move back home. There was a nurse that came by three days a week to help, so I could continue my studies. Mama was extremely ill, at this point, but

she held on until my graduation. The very next morning, I went to check on her, and she was gone.”

I had to take a break at that point. My eyes were fighting the never-ending battle with tears. The way my hands were shaking embarrassed me. I didn't want to break down in front of these men, but I couldn't control my body's natural reaction to grief. Both King and Toad grabbed tissues from the box on the desk and shoved them at me. The gesture, though rough, was sweet and gentlemanly. It made me smile to know there was a bit of empathy struggling to get out of each man. I accepted the tissues, wiped my face, and got myself together.

“Mama hadn't been in the ground more than a few hours before it started. I was in my bedroom trying to figure out what I was going to do without my mom around. I didn't want to be alone with Bruce, but I also didn't want to leave that man in my house. I was packing a bag to go and stay in my apartment that I was still paying for when I heard a knock on the door. Like a dummy, I unlocked the door to see what he wanted. Bruce was there with a couple of his friends. I didn't know men could be so evil. They burst into my room and took turns violating me.”

“Fuck!” both Toad and King said at the same time.

It startled me a bit and caused me to clam up. I sat so still and tried to make myself as small as possible. Over the past six weeks, I found it better not to be seen. Out of sight, out of mind.

“What happened then?” King barked at me.

“For the next six weeks, Bruce and his friends held me hostage and forced themselves on me. He kept me tied up in my room with very limited access to food, water, or the bathroom. This morning, I was happy to discover in his drunken haze, he hadn't secured the ropes around my wrists. That's how I was able to escape. I grabbed my backpack with all my important stuff in it and took off. I came straight here hoping you would help me. That's it.”

“I’ll have to take it to church, but I’m pretty sure once the men hear what happened, they will want to protect you. Until I can call an emergency meeting, I can put you up in one of the rooms upstairs.”

He nodded to Toad, who pulled out his phone and started typing. The next thing I knew, the woman who had been dancing on the pool table when I entered the clubhouse was knocking on the door. She was even more beautiful close up. Her honey skin was flawless, and her body was to die for. I was more on the slim side, but this chick had curves that men liked. I just knew her small waist, round hips, and fat donk kept the tips flowing her way. She stood there in a pink bikini top, cut off shorts, and cowboy boots that matched her top. Her face lit up when our eyes met, and she gave me a welcoming smile that put me at ease.

“Gia, this is Kim. We all call her Chili. She’s one of the club angels. Chili will show you to your room and get you settled. If you need anything, don’t hesitate to ask her. Chili, I expect you to make Gia feel welcome. She’s one of us now.”

“Thank you, King,” I said as I followed Chili out of the office.

“No problem. Tomorrow, we’ll talk some more about this Bruce character and his friends. I’ll send for you after church.”

Four



Jefferson

My flight to Vegas was shorter than expected. We must have caught a tailwind or something because we arrived in just under an hour. I had taken a ride share from Oceanside to the San Diego airport, and it was a straight shot from there. As I exited the terminal, headed to the baggage claim area, I was happy to see my new brother, Aries, waiting for me. I had never met him, but I was familiar with his face from the pictures I had seen of him and my dad.

“Jeff? It’s good to finally meet you in person, brother. Is that all your luggage?”

He pointed at the duffle bag that I was holding onto for dear life. I hated being around a lot of people, and this airport was busy as fuck. Everywhere I stepped there was someone else speeding next to me. People were scrambling about trying to grab their bags, looking for loved ones or chasing their kids. My brain felt like it was going to explode.

“Nice to meet you too, brother. This is all I have. You think we can get the hell out of here? This place is fucking with my head.”

“No problem, man. I borrowed a cage to come pick you up. I figured you wouldn’t want to ride bitch on the back of my Harley.”

“You got that right.”

I answered him like I thought he expected me to. I had no idea what he was talking about. As soon as I heard the word cage, I flashed back to being in military prison, but as we approached the F-150 in the parking lot, I realized he was talking about a truck.

I knew a bit of the biker lingo from my dad, but I had never heard him refer to a vehicle as a cage. Adapting to this lifestyle was going to take some work on my part, but I was a fast learner and adjusted well to change.

Traffic was impossibly absurd. Aries decided I needed to see a little of the town, so he took a ride down the strip before heading to the clubhouse. We sat in ass-dragging traffic for a little over an hour. The town was buzzing with lively drunks and wild people having a ton of fun. My new brother was hooting and hollering out of the window having a good old time. The guy was a ball of energy. I was quite the opposite. All this “fun” was triggering my demons. I wanted nothing to do with it.

“You okay, man? It doesn’t seem like you’re enjoying the strip.”

“Yeah, not my scene.”

“What? You’re joking. Vegas has a little something for everybody.”

He started laughing, but soon stopped when he took a glance at my face. I was deadass serious. There was too much noise, too many people, and way too much going on. I wouldn’t survive this place if I had to stay here much longer. I didn’t exactly have anywhere else to go, so I clamped my mouth shut and looked at the hotels. To busy my brain, I blocked out the people and made a mental map of the different landmarks. I needed to be aware of my surroundings, and this would be a good start.

“I really appreciate you helping me out, man. I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“Like I told you, it’s my pleasure. Your dad was one of my best friends. I bet he’s smiling knowing you and I are going to be brothers.”

“He always wanted me to join the club, but I chose the Marines. Looks like fate led me here in a roundabout way. I won’t lie, I’m a little nervous about being a prospect. I have a lot to learn about the life.”

“Don’t be worried. As expected, Grimm agreed for you to prospect, and since I am bringing you in, you will learn

from me. I have to say, you lucked out. I'm the fun brother. You could have ended up with someone more hardcore."

I shook my head and laughed at his statement. Maybe he forgot, but I was a fucking Marine. Hardcore was my middle name. I kept that little quip to myself. I didn't need to piss the man off on my first day. He may be nice, but I had no intention of taking it for weakness.

We finally made it through that hell of a town. After a quick ten-minute ride, we pulled up to the clubhouse. This part of town was much quieter. Other than the welcomed roar of the bikes, the neighborhood was still. There was a large building inside of a fortress of fencing that looked extremely secure. Nobody was getting into that compound without a fight.

Looking at the bikes parked out front, I could see a good mix of Harleys and Indians. I started feeling more at home as I viewed the guys clapping each other on the back and just shooting the shit. They looked like family. That was something that I needed in the worst way. I could probably deal with things here as long as I didn't have to go into the busy part of the city.

"Welcome to the land of the Sinners! I'll introduce you to the fellas, and then you have a meeting with Grimm, our Prez. Expect to hit the ground running. I will give you as much guidance as I can, but some things you'll have to figure out on your own."

"Any advice on how to conduct myself?"

"Keep your head down. Do what you're told. Any member has the right to give you a task. The trick is to be sure to complete your tasks by the rank of the person giving it to you. Always, and I mean always, do what Grimm wants first. I have a handbook for you to get familiar with the rank and file. It will also give you a loose guide of the life we live."

"Thanks, Aries."

He looked at me with a wide grin on his face. He shook his head at me and began exiting the truck.

“I can’t get over how much you look like your dad. It’s going to be great having you around.”

True to his word, Aries took me around and introduced me to all the members as the new prospect. There were so many members that I wouldn’t be able to remember their names right away. It would take me a day or two. However, heeding Aries’ warning, I made sure to note the names and faces of the officers. There was Ice, Preacher, Caliber, and Shadow. And of course, the big man on campus, Grimm. They were all welcoming and I could tell a bit curious about me. It said something that Aries was my sponsor. I would do my best to make him proud.

“Good to know you, brother. You got a road name, or should I just call you Jeff?” the man named Preacher asked.

“He hasn’t earned his road name yet,” Aries yelled before I could answer.

I simply smiled and shook the man’s offered hand. Just as I was about to head into the office to meet with Grimm, a gruff looking man burst through the door looking like he had been attacked by a gang of pit bulls. I knew right away that shit was about to go down. The soldier in me kicked in, and I was ready for action.

“Zero, what the hell happened to you?” a man I hadn’t seen standing in the corner yelled, as he moved to the injured man to help him. He must have been a doctor because he was barking orders and moving around like he was in an emergency room.

“Those fuckers from that Sergeants of Hell MC jumped me. They had a couple of dogs that they let loose on me. Once they called them off, the asshole beat me with chains and bats. I was lucky that a fire truck came rolling by. The sirens spooked them, and they left.”

By the look on everyone's faces I knew whoever the Sergeants of Hell were, they were about to be no more. Unzipping my duffle, I located my dagger and sword, strapped them to my body and tossed my bag in the corner. Too bad the military took my service weapon, or I would have been strapped, too. I looked at Aries, who nodded in approval.

"You have a spare bike?" I asked Aries before he could tell me to sit this one out. There was no way that was happening.

"I had your dad's bike pulled from storage and gave it a tune up when you called. Don't worry, there wasn't any garage rot. The damn thing is as pristine as when your dad rode it. I was going to surprise you, but it seems that this is more pressing."

He reached into his pocket and tossed me the keys. I recognized the keychain right away. The Harley logo on the front with my dad's initials inscribed into it. Since Grimm had the final say so, I looked to him for approval. He grinned and nodded his head. It was time to go to battle for my new brothers.

Five



Maximus

It had been a while since I had ridden, but it all came back to me. The brothers lined up, ready to go wreak havoc on the assholes who dared to jump a man wearing our colors. I was new to this MC, but even I knew you didn't fuck with a member without consequences. Aries handed me a cut with the club logo on the back and the word prospect patched on the front. He smiled as he passed a loaded Glock to me and patted me on the back.

“I'm sure I don't need to instruct you how to use this, do I?”

I laughed and shook my head. Here we were about to go to war, and this fucker had jokes. It put me at ease. In my former days as a Marine, we had a man named Nelson who used humor to gear himself and the rest of us up to fight. It kept us from thinking about the reality of what we were about to do. After tucking the weapon in my jeans, I started my dad's Harley and fell into formation.

A rush of adrenaline hit me as we rolled out. I was in the back of the pack, but I knew by the end of the fight, I would see plenty of action. I followed the band of brothers to a small clearing where we parked our bikes and dismounted. Our Road Captain, Caliber, explained that we needed the element of surprise, and the sound of pipes roaring would detract from that. We took a short walk down a dirt path that led to a small, isolated bar. Apparently, this was the hang out spot for the rival MC.

“Aries, you, and Caliber go around the back for recon. Take the new prospect with you,” Grimm commanded.

There was no time for apprehension. The three of us looked at each other, nodded, and took off to do Grimm's bidding. He needed us to find out how many people were in the bar, if there was surveillance, possible escape routes, etc. This was right up my alley. We were meant to go unnoticed,

but if anything jumped off, we would be ready to eliminate the threat.

As we rounded the corner, Aries was on point, Caliber in the middle, leaving me to bring up the rear. I had an eerie feeling that things were too quiet. It was a bar for fuck's sake. Where was the music and laughter? It felt like a setup to me. I tapped Caliber on the shoulder, and he stopped Aries.

“Something is off. Why is it so quiet?”

“Listen, Prospect...” Caliber began, but Aries stopped him.

“No, Caliber. If Jeff says something is off, then you need to believe him. This man was a Marine and has been through countless battles. He knows when something is not right. I trust him.”

Caliber nodded at Aries before addressing me. “Fine, then what do you suggest we do?”

“Instead of going directly to the back door, I suggest going up.”

I pointed at the set of stairs that led to the second floor of the building. No one would expect us to go that route. I was sure there was something bad waiting for us on the other side of the door.

“Let me climb up and check things out. I'll come back and let you know,” I advised.

After climbing the stairs like a stealth cat, I snuck into the window. The lock on the thing had to be at least twenty years old. It barely turned, let alone secured the window. I slid down the hall and peered over the banister. Just like I thought, there was an assault rifle sitting on a stand pointing directly at the back door. It had been rigged to go off at the slightest movement. I had seen these before, but never owned by a civilian. These fuckers were playing dirty.

I spied seven assholes hiding in different spots downstairs waiting for us to breach the bar's perimeter. It

could have been a bloodbath, but the Sergeants of Hell weren't expecting the Sinners to have a Marine. Once I assessed the area, I climbed back out of the window, and headed down the rickety stairs to report to Aries and Caliber.

"I counted seven men, all with loaded weapons. The front and back doors have been rigged to cause us harm once they are breached. The front has an explosive device, and the rear has an automatic geared to go off."

"Fuck! It's a good thing we listened to you. We need to report back to Grimm, so he can decide what to do," Aries exclaimed.

What happened next was a whirlwind of activities that resulted in seventeen dead members of the Sergeants of Hell MC. Apparently, there were more of them lying in wait than I saw. Miraculously, there were no fatalities on the side of the Sinners, but there were a few injuries. That was a credit to our Prez. He was one hell of a leader. His orders to attack using the window as the entry way made all the difference.

One of the brothers was ordered to cut the video surveillance so they couldn't see what we were up to. Another was sent to disable the weapon pointing at the back door, while the rest of us were sent into battle. We were all connected via earpieces so we could reach each other and receive new orders. It was a well-orchestrated fly-by the seat of your pants type of operation.

By the end of the night, I had earned my road name because of the number of assholes I put into the dirt. It was automatic for me. A switch clicked in my brain and put me in Marine mode. My adrenaline was crazy as I battled the bikers alongside my brothers. Grimm decided to use the explosives at the front door to destroy the bar, so there was no evidence of us being there.

As we hiked back to our bikes, the brothers all chatted happily about the way we annihilated those fools. It gave me a much-needed feeling of camaraderie that I hadn't felt since

before the incident that got me kicked out of the Marines. It felt good to be needed again.

“I tell you what, this damn man was tearing shit up!” Grimm said, pointing to me.

“I told you he would be an asset. He was wrecking shit like he was fighting in the Roman Coliseum. What’s that fucker’s name from the movie? You know the one Russel Crowe played... Maximus! Yeah, he was wrecking shit like Maximus. I think we just found your road name, man,” Aries exclaimed.

The brothers roared with laughter as they all chanted, Maximus! Maximus! Maximus! I was torn. The feeling of pride that welled up in my chest was beaten down by the guilt I had from my last battle. At least this time, I prevented any of my brothers from dying by putting myself in the most dangerous position. If I had been killed, so be it. I just didn’t want to outlive any more of my friends.

As we were celebrating our victory, Grimm’s face became marred as he read a text message on his phone. By the defeated look on his face, it was evident that we were not going to like the outcome. He held his hand up to silence the crowd.

“We need to get back to the clubhouse. Zero is not doing so well.”

There was nothing more to say. Everyone hustled to their bikes so we could make the trip to check on our brother. Though the journey was short, the ride felt long as fuck! Each man was in his own thoughts about Zero. I for one, sent up a prayer that the man who I’d never met, would recover from his injuries.

When we arrived at the clubhouse, the eerie quietness told the story. No one spoke. We all just sat around with our heads hung low. A few men dropped tears. Many were too macho to cry in front of the entire club, so they began

drinking. Others took advantage of the club angels and replaced their grief with pleasure, if only for a little while.

The sadness was palpable for a couple of weeks. We didn't know what to do with our grief because we had already exacted revenge on the fuckers who killed him. After the funeral, the brothers slowly started getting back to normal. Once things settled down around the clubhouse, Grimm had mandatory one on ones with everyone to find out where our heads were. Mine was last since I didn't have any connection to Zero.

“Maximus, I have to tell you, I have seen some great things from you since you arrived. However, I also sense that there's some darkness that you are fighting. Since I don't know you that well, I need you to be honest with me. Is whatever you're fighting going to be a danger to me or my club?”

“I can't say for sure. Honestly, I'm battling some demons, but I swear I would never put any of you in harm's way. Not intentionally. I would rather take the bullet myself than to hurt any of my brothers.”

He looked at me with trepidation, but then smiled. It did not reach his eyes. I could tell he was a little leery of me. That was fine. I was leery of myself. It would take some time for me to trust myself again, so I couldn't expect him to trust me after knowing me for only a few weeks.

Over the next few months, I did my best to fit in with the brothers. Anything they asked of me, I did. It was like being back in bootcamp. Keep your head down, learn as much as you can to avoid getting killed, and always do what your superior told you to.

Though I got along with everyone, I wasn't happy there. The constant partying and the need for everyone to hang out in or near the strip was getting to me. I hated being around all

those people. The tourists did stupid shit because this was ‘Sin City’, and they thought they could get away with anything.

It was like living in a constant rerun of that movie Hangover. It was slowly driving me insane. Las Vegas may have been fun for some, but for me, it was torture. It only took one night of me flipping on this asshole from an up-and-coming gang to get Grimm and Aries’ attention. The gang was new to Vegas and thought they would make a name for themselves by getting into it with the Sinners.

The so-called leader walked up to a group of us wanting to start some shit. We were hanging out in front of a casino waiting for some club business to wrap up, so we were all strapped and ready. Up to that point, I was able to deal with mouthy people trying to provoke us, but no one had dared to get in any of our faces. This particular breed of scum decided he wanted to fuck with me because my patch said prospect. It was a bad decision on his part.

“What the hell are you looking at? You’re nothing but a lowly prospect. What are you going to do? Huh?”

I knew the protocol. I should have glanced over at Grimm for permission to take the trash out, but I couldn’t help myself. My knee jerk reaction was to unalive this asshole, but there were too many cameras around. The brothers started chanting Maximus to egg me on. Ever since that fight with the Sergeants of Hell, I had a reputation of being a killer among the club members. The silly man who called himself clowning me quickly realized he had fucked up.

Without saying a word, I stepped forward and slapped the foolish man. It was like I was challenging him to a duel. This brought another round of laughter and cheers. The man-child tried to square up on me but quickly found himself on his ass. And just like that, the fight was over. He shook the cobwebs from his head and looked up at me like I was an alien. This dude was funny.

“Fuck, man, you didn’t have to hit me so hard. What the hell is wrong with you? I was just playing around. Can’t you

take a joke?”

The poor baby was panting and looked like all the lights were off upstairs. I wanted to laugh, but I held it in. I bent low to the ground and leaned forward, putting my face close to his. I wanted to ensure he got the message I was about to deliver.

“Your comedy routine needs work. The next time I see you, I’ll show you my sense of humor. I don’t think you’ll enjoy it.”

The cowards that were standing with him helped their leader off the ground and dragged him away. He was spitting something about me being a marked man. This did make me laugh. If he only knew. I had been marked for death a long time before meeting his dumb ass.

When I looked up, Grimm was glaring at me. I hung my head, knowing that I had fucked up. I should have gotten his permission before taking any action. I had just put the club in a bad spot. *Damn!*

“Maximus, as soon as we get back to the clubhouse, I want to see you in my office.”

“Yes, sir.”

I knew he wanted a meeting with me to discuss my future with the club. Since I was just a prospect, I thought for sure he was about to strip me of my cut. Aries was looking at me with apprehension. Even he didn’t know what was about to happen. The last thing I wanted was to let him down.

“Maximus, I get the feeling you are unhappy here. Am I imagining things?” Grimm asked as soon as I entered his office.

I didn’t know what to say. He was right. I was unhappy in this city, but I didn’t have anywhere else to go. I had gotten used to being around my brothers and had formed a few bonds in the few months I had been there. Deciding that the truth was always the way to go, I spoke up. If I got kicked out, so be it.

“I won’t lie to you, Prez. I have been struggling with living in Las Vegas. Don’t get me wrong, I love the club and my brothers. I would do anything for them. I hope you know that. My issue is all these damn people. It’s a never-ending cycle of tourists and assholes.”

“So, you’re saying you would be happier elsewhere?”

“I didn’t say that. I don’t want to leave my brothers. The club is my family now. If given the option, I would continue prospecting and hopefully get patched over as a lifetime member.”

They say the truth is the light. I hoped he could see how sincere I was. I hated Vegas, but I loved belonging somewhere. If he made me leave, I didn’t know what I would do. I wiped my sweaty palms on my jeans and waited for Grimm to decide my fate.

He stared at me for a while, not saying anything. The man had a death stare that rivaled the meanest Gunnery Sergeant I had as a recruit. Eventually, he picked up his cell phone from the corner of his desk, scrolled until he found what he was looking for, and pressed the screen.

“So, Maximus, do you like the beach?”

Before I could answer, he was talking to someone he called King. He shot the shit for a while, and then things got real. Apparently, King was the President of a Sinners chapter in Oakland, California. He had agreed to let me prospect with his club, so I didn’t have to deal with the lights and action of Vegas. I was warned that Oakland was no walk in the park, but it might suit me better as it was quieter and less flashy.

“Listen, King, I appreciate you doing this favor for me. Maximus is a great guy, and you shouldn’t have any issues with him. Aries and I will escort him to your front door by the end of next week.”

It was official. I was headed back to Cali. I hated to leave the men I had bonded with, but Grimm assured me I would find the same type of brotherhood in Oakland. I had to

say, I was looking forward to seeing the beach again. There was something about the ocean that calmed my soul.

Six



Gia

I was getting used to my position working at the clubhouse bar. King had placed a persona non grata on me to ensure none of the members tried to mess with me. There was only one person that I could stand to touch me, and that was Chili. She and I became fast friends.

The girl was a blessing in disguise. If you looked at her on surface level, you would think she was an airheaded girl who slept around with all the members of the club. She was that girl, but she was also the sweetest person I knew. She would do anything to help anyone in need. Her best asset was that she was a loyal friend. I could confide in her and know that it would not get around to the rest of the club.

“Girl, what are you over here doing?” Chili asked.

“Trying to get ready for this patch over party tonight. The brothers are so excited to make the prospects full members. I just put the finishing touches on the last cut. The guys are going to be wild tonight. You have your dances ready? You know they can’t wait to see what you have in store.”

“I’ve been working on something special for them. I think I’ve outdone myself with this one.”

She dipped her leg and shimmied her hips teasing me. I laughed at her antics and did a little two-step with her. Our playtime was interrupted by a commotion at the front door of the clubhouse. I heard the roaring pipes but thought nothing of it because it was normal. However, when I glanced up to see who was entering the clubhouse, my heart skipped a few beats then commenced to do the river dance.

“Who the hell is that?” Chili barked, pulling my thoughts from my brain, minus the curse word.

I shook my head, letting her know I had no idea. Unable to remove my eyes from the new arrival, I gawked while

answering my friend. I wanted so badly to call dibs before she could make her way over to him. Well, there were three of them, but the wedding rings on the other two men told me only one of the three was available. Thankfully, it was the man of my dreams.

I was confused about my reaction to this stranger. He wore the same cut that everyone else did, but this man stood out. He had to be about 6'5" of sexiness. It was like a beacon of light shone behind him and a neon sign hung above his head with an arrow pointing down at him. God herself couldn't have been any clearer. That was the man who would set my soul on fire if I let him.

My body certainly agreed. I felt dampness pooling in my undies, and my body became entrenched with heat. What in the world was happening to me? I had never reacted to a member of the male species in such a way. Usually, I wanted to throw up when I saw men, but this tall drink of Kool Aid™ was just what I needed to quench my thirst.

"Girl, you'd better pick your jaw up off the floor before I step on it," Chili laughed.

"Do you see what I see? If you do, your jaw should be down there next to mine."

"Oh, I see him, and it's not my jaw that dropped, it's my panties."

That caused me to tear my eyes away from the gorgeous man and glare at my friend. I had the uncontrollable urge to smash her face into the bar top. *What?* Where did that come from? Shaking the cobwebs from my head, I turned my back to the crowd of men welcoming the visitors and went back to work stocking the bar.

"What's wrong with you, Gia. You looked at me like you wanted to kill me. I know you're not tripping over a man. Not little Miss Don't Touch Me."

"Shut up, Chili. That's not funny. You know I can't help my reaction to men."

“Yeah, so explain why that newcomer has you acting weird.”

I shook my head. Unable to look her in the eyes, I kept moving the bottles of liquor around. My brain was running as fast as a hacker’s fingers trying to find a plausible excuse, but none came. I finally peeled my eyes off the floor and looked at my friend.

“I don’t know. There’s something different about him. I can’t explain it where it will make any sense to you. It’s just a feeling.”

Chili stared at me like I told her the sky was made up of zebra stripes. Before I could answer her, the men started chanting for her to come dance for them. I wanted so badly to ask her not to go for the new guy, but then I realized, if he was really sent here for me, he wouldn’t be interested in a fun time with my friend. I decided to keep my request to myself.

As the beat for Chili’s signature song, I Wanna Love You by Akon, dropped, I watched as the new men along with King started moving my way. A few other members followed behind them laughing and having a good time. The Roman god that I had my eyes on never even looked at Chili as she wound her hips and popped her apple bottom. A small smile ticked at the corners of my mouth.

He strolled over to the bar sandwiched between King and the men he rode in with. The grimace on his face told the tale of a man who had a lot on his mind. It stood out because everyone else in the place was smiling and laughing. The closer he got to me, the better he looked. That was saying something because he darn sure had me salivating from across the room.

“Hey darlin’, these are brothers from our mother chapter out in Vegas. Let’s get them some drinks and make sure to keep them coming all night. None of them should go thirsty. They get the VIP treatment.”

I smiled and nodded at King as he barked out his orders. After pouring a round of drinks, I served them up by placing them on the bar. My eyes devoured the new man like he was Sunday dinner, and I was starving. Normally, I paid the members dust, but this fresh meat was making me change my mind about continuing my celibacy. When I placed the shot glass in front of my guy, his hand brushed my fingers. Oddly enough, I didn't yank my hand away. I allowed his touch to linger as we made eye contact. Instead of returning my smile, he frowned back at me, but was polite.

"Thank you," he said in a deep voice that melted my panties.

Oh, I was in so much trouble. I smiled at him like a fool before nodding and going back to work. As I turned, I could have sworn I saw a small grin appear on his face. It gave me the 'warm and fuzzies' all over my body. Before I could move away, the sexy man said something that made me choke on my own spit.

"I don't fuck community pussy, darlin', so don't get any ideas."

After I recovered from the audacity, I leaned over the bar to get closer. I could see King looking on in amusement.

"Is that what you think we're doing? Having S-E-X? Well, I must have been doing it wrong all these years."

King and his friends chuckled as the new man's eyes lit up. He licked those pink lips of his and flirted back.

"I'm just reading the room, darlin'. You've been eye fucking me since I walked through the door. Your nipples are as hard as geometry, and by the way you're panting, your pussy is dripping for me."

Good God! I lived among a group of gnarly bikers, but no man had ever spoken to me like that before. There was nothing I could say because he was right. I was wetter than I had ever been in my life. Something about him turned me all the way on. To save face, I muttered under my breath and

served drinks to another member in the group. That's when I heard King chime in.

"Hands off that one, Prospect. She's persona non grata," King commanded.

Fudge! Now why did he have to go and say that? This prospect was the only man I wanted to have some grata with. Whatever that meant. I rolled my eyes and continued to serve up the drinks for the guys. Since we were celebrating the patch over of the current prospects, the place was packed more than normal.

Once Chili finished her dances, she made her way behind the bar to help me out. I usually didn't need much help, but no matter what I thought, I didn't have a "S" on my chest. I wasn't foolish enough to believe I could manage the alcoholic tendencies of all these men by myself.

"Did you watch me dance?"

"Now you know good and well I was way too busy to watch you shake your tailfeather, no matter how cute it is," I replied to my friend.

Chili was the type of girl that needed constant validation. For some unknown reason, she was insecure. The woman was drop dead gorgeous. There was no sane reason for her to feel that way, but then again, I didn't live in her head. My job as her friend was to understand this flaw in her personality and give her what she needed.

"Thanks, Boo. You always give the best compliments."

I simply smiled and kept pouring drinks. The music was poppin', and in between pours, Chili and I danced with each other. Apparently, it was amusing to the men in the bar. Men and their weirdo fantasies about two women getting it on. *Move on, nothing to see here. I would never!*

As I took another round to the group of brothers from out of town, I overheard the conversation they were having. It was about my guy, so I lingered for a bit to see what I could learn about him.

“King, I really appreciate you allowing Maximus to transfer to the Oakland chapter. You sure as hell won’t regret it. I hate to lose him, but I think this will be a better fit for him. The fucker hates all the bright lights on the strip.”

The men laughed as I tried to keep from swallowing my tongue. Did I hear that right? Was Mr. Muscles for Days, staying here in Oakland? I wanted to do a happy dance but thought better of it. One thing I knew, and two for sure, the Sinners did not like women in their business. I slowly wiped off a nearby table as I ear jacked the men.

“Like I told you on the phone, Grimm, he’s welcome here. If you say he’s good people, that’s all I need. One thing, though. I have to know how you got a road name like Maximus. That shit is badass.”

The man they called Aries let out a gut splitting laugh before he interjected the answer to King’s question.

“King, you won’t believe this shit when I tell you. Our recently departed brother, Zero, came into the clubhouse beat to shit. May he rest in peace.”

The men poured some of their drinks onto the table in honor of the fallen man before Aries continued.

“It was this fucker’s first day, but that didn’t stop him from jumping right into the action. He grabbed his knives, some kind of swords that looked like they would slice your dick off with one swipe. I should have known then he was going to wreck some shit. So, we ride out to the bar where those fuckers were hanging out, and Grimm orders us to do recon. Caliber and I take the prospect along with us. Well of course, being a former Marine, he gets this *feeling* in his bones that we shouldn’t go through the back door.

“Turns out, it was a trap just like he said. So, we report back to Grimm and come up with a plan. Grimm ordered us into battle. All the brothers were ready, but this one here took things to the extreme. I kid you not, one second I was about to punch this asshole in the head, but before I could connect,

blood splattered all over me. I still have some on my cut that I couldn't get out. Look here.”

The gasp that escaped my throat, as he leaned forward to show the bloodstain, almost gave me away, but luckily, the men were so engrossed with the story that they didn't pay me any attention. Everyone except the topic of discussion. The prospect had his eyes on me, watching as I unhurriedly refilled their glasses with the bottle of Jack that I brought with me.

Heat rose in my body as I returned his stare. He had the most amazing pair of hazel eyes. I could stare into them all night. My hands itched to wipe up the spilled liquor, but I knew it would be disrespectful. The small bit of OCD that lived within me was not okay. Aries, the storyteller, continued with his compelling tale. The man should write fiction for a living.

“I turned to see what happened, and there he was in the middle of all the action. On my mama, it was like I was watching a movie. Time slowed down, and I teleported back in time to the Roman Coliseum. There stood the fiercest gladiator the emperor ever saw. I tell you, Russell Crowe had nothing on this man.

“He swung his arms from side to side, slicing and dicing those bastards into pieces. We were all in shock and just stood there like spectators at a show. I can't say for certain, but I could have sworn I saw him slice a Siberian tiger's head clean off.”

That did it. The entire table burst into joyful laughter so loud you couldn't hear the music for a hot minute. I couldn't even resist laughing. I was busted, so I walked away without hearing the end of the story. From the information I had, it was easy to deduce that he was named after the character in the movie because of his excellent fighting ability. I would love to see him in action.

As I made my way behind the bar to help Chili pour some more drinks, the group that I had just left started chanting Maximus, Maximus, Maximus! I laughed at their

silliness. It made me chuckle for the rest of the night. Every time I saw him from that point on, I would chant his name in my head.

Seven



Maximus

I saw her as soon as I walked through the clubhouse door. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Tall, slim, but statuesque with big curly hair that surrounded her head in the shape of the sun. Her milk chocolate skin was flawless. Not a blemish in sight. In fact, it seemed to glow. And those lips. They were plump and pouty. She wore this fruity colored gloss on them, making me want to taste them. If that wasn't enough, her best feature was her eyes. They were kind and pulled you in like a magnet. *Damn!*

Never in my life had I been so enthralled with a woman. She was doing something to my insides, and I didn't like it. I needed to remain unattached. There was no way I wanted to get entangled with this woman. She was the kind of woman who could be the death of me. My dick disagreed.

It had been over two years since I even smelled a pussy. I hadn't wanted to mix and mingle with anyone in Vegas. The women were plenty, and they damn sure weren't shy about offering sex. I just didn't want them. The whole thing rubbed me the wrong way. Like Tupac said, I don't want it if it's that easy. I made that mistake in my last relationship and look at how that turned out.

The goddess behind the bar didn't strike me as easy. In fact, when I made eye contact with her, she shyly looked away. That made me smile. I liked shy. That implied she wasn't spreading herself around to every brother in the club. However, I knew if she was working in the clubhouse, she was a club angel. Those girls had no shame and fucked whoever and whenever they were told.

She may not seem easy, but this woman was no saint. I wasn't about to compete with a brother for a woman. When I fucked, the woman needed to be loyal to me and only me. I would accept nothing less. If another brother even got a whiff of what she had between her legs, I wanted nothing to do with her. Hell, if I even saw her flirting with a brother, that was

grounds to cancel her ass, in my opinion. I couldn't handle another betrayal.

There I was living in my head, making demands on a woman who wasn't mine. I didn't even know her name. What the hell was wrong with me? My best bet would be to keep my distance from her. Especially after King informed me that she was off limits.

As the night progressed, I noticed how she lingered around the table where Aries, King, I, and a few others were sitting. She pretended to be cleaning at a nearby table or pouring us another round. It took her a long time to make her way around the table of six men. When we made eye contact, I could tell she was listening to the tall tale that Aries was reciting about how I earned my road name. The fucker was funny as hell, so I couldn't blame her for listening.

Eventually, the woman that King called Gia went back to her station behind the bar. I spent the rest of the night trying my best to get her out of my head. She was so beautiful and smelled so good. It was a sweet scent like jasmine or vanilla. Maybe it was both. I didn't care what it was. All I knew was it lingered in my nostrils and had me thinking ungodly things about the woman.

"Maximus, what the hell is wrong with you. Your Prez is talking to you, and you're sitting there with your head in the clouds. Not the best first impression, my guy," Aries chimed.

Did this guy ever turn off? The last thing I needed was to be on King's radar after a couple of hours. I needed to make a good impression on this man. Afterall, this was my second chapter in just a few months. I needed to fit in here. Grimm already warned me there wouldn't be a third.

"Yeah, man, my bad. It's been a long day, and these shots are getting to me."

"Don't tell me the Roman gladiator is a lightweight," King laughed.

“Yeah, I’m not a big drinker. It activates my demons. That’s the last thing any of us want.”

“I hear you. The only way to keep mine away is to bury my dick in some sweet pussy. In fact, I need to get home to my ole lady. I promised her an all-nighter, and if I know my woman, she’s gonna cash in.”

That King was one crazy man. Pussy was his saving grace. I wish. If that was the case for me, I would take one of the club angels up on their offers. The women around here have been eyeing me down since I walked in. Too bad my cock seemed allergic.

“I hear you, man. Gotta keep your woman happy,” I responded, not knowing what else to say.

“You’re damn straight. Now where is my hospitality? Brothers, feel free to partake in the pussy here. The club angels will treat you right. Just don’t fuck with *Gia* or a claimed woman and nobody will cut your dick off.”

King invited us to partake in the women hanging around. They were circling the table like vultures. I guess they could smell the fresh meat. Too bad for them, all three of us were off limits. Grimm and Aries had ole ladies waiting back home for them, and I knew for sure they were loyal to their women. I just plain out wasn’t interested.

“I’ll pass,” the three of us said at the same time. We looked at each other and laughed.

“I know why Grimm and I are declining, but what’s your deal, Maximus? You don’t have a woman at home.”

“It’s just not my thing. I like to do the chasing. I don’t begrudge anyone who indulges with club women, but I don’t share. At least, not with my brothers.”

“I can respect that. Just remember to keep your hands off *Gia*. Don’t think I didn’t see the way you were looking at her. She’s forbidden fruit. Get me?”

“Got it.”

The guys kept chatting it up telling me stories from back in the day. I was laughing with them but felt dead inside. I kept hearing King's warning about keeping my hands off Gia. I intended to obey him, but damn, it was going to be hard. She was the one woman that caused my body to come alive in the past two and a half years. As I sat there pretending to enjoy myself, a slim man around 5'8" came over to the table at the request of one of the brothers from Oakland. He wore the prospect badge on his cut.

"Excuse me, Prez, but Calix asked me to check if you needed me for anything else tonight."

The man's country twang was so thick I could barely understand what he was saying. He was definitely from the deep south. Like Forrest Gump land. Since he was a prospect too, I knew he and I would be working together. That meant we would either be fast friends, or he would need to get the hell out of my way. Since I got along with everyone, I anticipated us being friends.

"Have a seat, Prospect. What's your name again?"

"Well, seems like everyone calls me Yardbird, on account of I can eat two whole chickens with all the fixings in one sitting."

"Okay, Yardbird, let me introduce you to your new brother, Maximus. He's been prospecting out in Vegas but will finish up here in the Bay. You two will be my only prospects after tonight."

I nodded at the man, who returned the greeting with a toothy grin. Yardbird and I shot the shit for a little while, as he gave me the rundown of his background and how he came to the Sinners doorstep. When he confirmed he was from Alabama, a slight laugh escaped my lips. I knew that accent anywhere.

"Prospect, I have one more task for you before you knock off for the night. I need you to show our guests to their rooms. Grab the keys from Gia. She knows which rooms have

been cleaned and are ready for them. When you're finished, get you some sleep. Your ass will be up with the chickens, making runs for breakfast. Maximus, you'll go with him in the morning. Welcome to Oakland."

With that, King stood up, and made his departure from the clubhouse. I expected he was headed home to keep his promise to his ole lady. I accompanied Yardbird to the bar to retrieve the keys for our rooms. I really just wanted one last look at the forbidden woman who was sure to star in my dreams.

"Miss Gia, King sent me over to get the keys for our guests."

I pushed the man aside and held out my hand when Gia offered the keys. Her fingers lightly brushed the inside of my palm when she handed them to me. A jolt of electricity made me grunt out loud. *Shit*. I didn't mean for that to come out.

"The room numbers are on the keys. King said for you to take this one as your permanent residence. The other two are for your friends."

"Thank you, darlin'. You have a good night. Be sure to dream about me when you close those pretty eyes."

What the fuck was wrong with me? King just reminded me to stay away from her, but I couldn't help myself. Sometimes I thought I had a death wish. By the way Yardbird was looking at me, I was well on my way to getting my wish.

"Maximus, you shouldn't have flirted with her. She's off limits. Your ass will be in a mess of trouble if King finds out. He don't play around when it comes to Miss Gia."

"My bad, I forgot. I won't let it happen again."

"Good, because if you get in trouble, so do I."

At the crack of dawn, or so it seemed, I heard a slight tap on my door. As a former Marine, I was used to being up before daybreak, but I had a long drive yesterday and then sat around drinking all night. I was exhausted and needed more

sleep than usual. I stubbed my toe on the fucking bed as I stumbled my way to the door and yanked it open. I said I was used to getting up early. I never said I liked it.

“What the fuck do you want?” I screamed as I opened the door. I had forgotten where I was and what my position was. Good thing it was Yardbird standing there, or my head would have been chopped off.”

“Not a morning person? No matter, we’ve got chores to do. Go on and get dressed. I’ll wait here for you.”

Fuck! I had tasks to accomplish today. It was slowly coming back to me. King had ordered me to go with Yardbird and get acclimated to my new home. I rushed to the bathroom, took a piss, washed up a bit, and threw on some jeans, a black tee, and my cut. I rolled on some socks and stuffed my feet in my boots before grabbing my keys and heading out the door. The whole thing took less than seven minutes. I was getting slow.

“I’m ready to roll out,” I said to Yardbird who was standing at the door like a statue.

“Good because we’ve got a lot to do today. First up, grab shit for breakfast. After everyone eats, we gotta babysit a couple of the girls as they go into town to do a little shopping. That’s going to take us well into the afternoon. After that, we are assigned gate duty. I’ll show you what all we have to do. Don’t worry, none. It’s not back-breaking work, but it is boring.”

Little did the man know, but I was a security expert. I dabbled a bit in cyber security, as well as the regular degular safety measures. The Marines had prepared me for this. All I needed to know were the ins and outs of the compound. Everything else would be second nature. Just like riding a bike.

Instead of making a run to the grocery store, we hit up this local diner. Apparently, Yardbird had already called in the extensive order from their catering menu. We drove his truck

so we would be able to carry the many pans of breakfast food back to the clubhouse. That shit smelled so good, my stomach started doing flip flops. I couldn't remember the last time I had eaten. I knew one thing, I couldn't wait to dig in.

“Sounds like your stomach is eating your back. Well, you'd better tell that thing to calm down. Prospects don't eat until everyone else gets their plate.”

Fuck my life.

Eight



Gia

The smell of bacon wafted through the air as Maximus and Yardbird carried stacks of containers into the clubhouse. Usually, I didn't partake in swine, but bacon was my weakness. I could tell by the smell this was good old pork bacon. None of that imitation turkey stuff for the Sinners. I imagined wiping a line of drool from my mouth as I sniffed the air like a fiend.

“Bitch, what are you doing? I know you are not thinking about eating that food. It's not vegan. Here, let me make you a smoothie.”

I looked at my friend like she had lost her mind. Now what would make her think I wanted a smoothie instead of a greasy delicious slice of oink oink goodness?

“Chili, I think you must have fallen off your pole last night and bumped your head. That's the only way you can possibly think I would pass up bacon and eggs for one of those green concoctions you mix up in the blender. You are supposed to chew your food, not drink it.”

“You say that now, but when your colon backs up, you'll be begging for one of my delicious drinks.”

“Nope, I still won't drink that stuff. They are green! Green!”

We both laughed at my over-the-top reaction to her drinks. Truthfully, they weren't that bad, I just hated drinking my food when I could sit down and eat. I was a slim chick, but I loved to eat. It was my favorite pastime. I would continue to be a foodie until my metabolism betrayed me. Hopefully that would be half past never.

It was also a good excuse to be near Maximus. I was watching as he and Yardbird made quick work of bringing in the food. The way the muscles in his arms flexed, as he lifted the heavy pans, could make a grown woman cry. It's me. I'm

the grown woman. Good Lawd, the man was gorgeous. He was so hot he made my teeth sweat. If I didn't find something else to do, and quickly, I might just jump the poor man's bones right here in the kitchen in front of everybody.

"Gia, if you don't peel your eyes off that man and come help me clean up, you'd better. What's wrong with you? I have never, in the several months you've been here, seen you act like this over a man."

Of course, she was right. When I arrived, I was terrified of these big bikers. My trauma was raw at the time. Now, after spending day after day among them, I was more comfortable around the brothers. They may have been criminals, but they were good men deep down. Not one of them would hurt me, and they all would put their lives on the line if I needed them.

"I can't help it. Just look at him. I don't know how else to explain it, except to say, yum!"

"Oh, I know what it is. You're just too chicken shit to say it. He looks like he has a big dick. Look at that thing. Yes, God. I just know it's big. At least ten inches. Maybe more. I got five that says he's thick as a soda can too."

I don't know why it bothered me so much that Chili was looking at his crotch. I was fire hot, and not in a good way. There was no way a little thing like that should have bothered me. Except she was right. It did appear to be big... huge. I just didn't want my friend thinking about his manhood. She may get the idea in her head to try and see it for herself. Then I may have to cut her. Literally.

"You are nasty. Stop looking at his area. Don't you have enough men to play with? Why do you have to look at the one guy I like?"

Dag gone it. I didn't mean to say that out loud. Now she was never going to let me forget. If I knew her like I think I did, she would be trying to either 1) play matchmaker, or 2) try to convince me to leave him alone. Neither of those things

were ideal. I simply wanted her to mind her own business and let me handle Maximus.

“I knew it! This is going to be fun. I can’t wait to hook you two up.”

“Oh, no you don’t! Seriously, Chili. If you say one word to him or try to get us together, I will never speak to you again. I mean it! Stay in your lane for once. If it’s meant to be, then it will happen naturally. I don’t need the entire club all up in my business. Thank you very much.”

“Well, you’re no fun!”

“Chili!” I said as a warning.

“Okay, okay, I promise not to interfere.”

She rolled her eyes at me, but the huge smile on her face told me she was happy for me. She walked over to the fridge and booted out her butt as she bent over. Yardbird was not immune to her tricks, but it looked like Maximus was. He didn’t even look her way. That man had some real will power because Chili was half naked in those booty shorts she was wearing.

All through breakfast, I stared at Maximus. I thought I was being discrete, but Chili’s constant giggles told me I wasn’t successful. He glanced up at me a few times, and I tried to look away as if I wasn’t looking at him. Then he cleared his throat, causing me to look up. Our eyes locked, and we just sat there like we were the only two people in the room. Of course, that didn’t go over well because the men in the club can be a bunch of immature toddlers.

“Looks like Maximus has more balls than we thought. Too bad they’re gonna get chopped off if King catches him staring at Gia,” Digger called out to everyone’s amusement.

He was one of the prospects who was patched over last night and felt free to give the new guy a hard time. It made me both angry and embarrassed. One thing I hated was being the center of attention. Digger’s joke had put a spotlight on me.

Maximus must have noticed that I was uncomfortable because he stood and came over to the table where I was sitting.

“Don’t let that assclown bother you. Listen, Yardbird and I are supposed to take you and your friend shopping. If you’re finished eating, I’ll be happy to get you out of here.”

I nodded my head, and before I could stand, Maximus took my plate and placed it in the sink. He then assisted me in standing by gently grabbing my elbow. Being that close to him made me dizzy. When he placed his big hand on the small of my back, my knees dipped a bit. *Good golly, Miss Molly!* The arousal was real.

Chili and Yardbird joined us in the SUV we used to pick up supplies from the store. It was the club’s vehicle, but mostly used by the ladies when we needed to make a run. The men hated being caged, as they called it, and usually took their bikes. However, King was not playing about my security, so he made the prospects cart me around. I wasn’t allowed to go anywhere without an escort.

It took an act of Congress for King to agree to let me go shopping. He had some of the girls get me things in the months before because I showed up at the clubhouse empty handed. However, I now had several paychecks under my belt, and I was ready to pick out my own clothes and things. I was in desperate need of a retail therapy session.

Because Maximus was new to the area, Yardbird pulled chauffer duty. That meant I had to sit in the back with the big man. They said something about it was better security wise if one of them was always next to each girl. I wasn’t mad at the arrangement. I tried my best to keep my leg from bumping into Maximus, but his long legs were stretched to capacity. I simply couldn’t avoid brushing up against him. It was delicious.

“Excuse me. I am sorry I keep bumping into you.”

I really wasn’t. I quite enjoyed feeling the sparks that ran down my spine each time our bodies made contact.

“Why don’t you just leave your leg leaning against mine. That way you don’t have to keep moving it,” Maximus growled at me.

He didn’t say much, but when he did talk, I was all ears. I lived for that deep baritone voice. I am ashamed to admit it, but the gruffness made me horny. If I was alone right now, I would be rubbing one out and yelling his name in pleasure. Boy did I want that to become a reality. Maybe with his hand doing the rubbing, instead of mine. He maintained eye contact with me until I couldn’t take it anymore and had to look away.

Chicken. Why couldn’t I simply tell this man I was attracted to him? Why couldn’t I muster up the nerve to lean over and kiss him until I was breathless? It was what I wanted, but I could never do anything like that. I was raised to be more modest in my behavior, but at times like this, I wish I had skipped that lesson. If I was more like Chili, I would have him wrapped around my little finger by now.

When I dared to look at him again, he was looking right at me. Had he been staring at me the whole time? Was he watching as I warred with myself? That wasn’t good. I did not need him knowing my inner thoughts and feelings. The way he sat back and watched everyone, I knew he was very astute. I bet he could even read minds.

We finally made it to the department store, and I couldn’t keep the smile from coming across my face. It had been such a long time since I had been shopping. I was giddy at the thought.

“Wait here until I open the door for you,” Maximus commanded.

Oh my! He was really taking this security thing seriously. I had to admit, it was hot. He and his friend escorted us inside the store where Chili and I went hog wild shopping for everything from clothes to shoes and all things in between. After about two hours of fun, I had only one department left to visit. You might say it was the most important, but I had been

putting it off because I didn't want Maximus to see my unmentionables.

"Girl, can we please grab some sexy bras and undies. You know that's the real reason I came in here," Chili admonished.

She was a girl who lived to buy new sets of underwear. She loved showing them off. Maybe it was the stripper in her. I don't know. I, on the other hand, believed nobody needed to see what was under my clothes except me and the man I was sleeping with. Since I was in my celibate season, I purchased them for me.

"I'm almost ready, Chili. They are running low on my size. Let me just grab a few more of these lace ones, and that's it."

"Here, get these. They are your size."

Chili held up a pair of cheetah print thongs and a bright pink colored pair. I couldn't help but cringe at the thought of such flashy drawers. Nope. Not happening.

"No thanks. I'll stick to the black ones."

I had a weird thing about not buying colorful panties. Standard black was my go-to color. It was almost like a religious act. I only owned one set of white and one set of beige. Other than that, my drawers were fifty shades of black. Since I was the only one who saw them, it wasn't a problem for me. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't rocking granny panties. My undies ranged from cute to sexy. They just didn't need to be animal print or fuchsia.

Maximus and Yardbird hung back as we made our selections. Chili made a huge deal of showing her choices to the men. To his credit, Maximus paid no attention to what she was doing. My friend was an attention whore. She craved attention from all men. The more they ignored her, the harder she tried. Half of the time she didn't even like the guy, she just wanted their eyes on her. I knew this, so I didn't allow it to bother me.

My demeanor was giddy as we approached the sales counter to make our purchases. That changed quickly as the associate scrutinized my all-black ensemble of undies. She scrunched up her pug-like face like she was smelling something bad. It must have been her breath because there was nothing foul emanating from me.

I tried to ignore her, but she was one of those loud people who thought she was a comedian. Holding the unmentionables in the air for the world and Maximus to see, she proceeded to give her unsolicited opinion about my selection.

“All black? Why in the world would you choose all black underwear?”

She looked at me as if I had committed the worst fashion mishap in history. Apparently, she didn't get the memo that black was the new black. I was stunned silent. How dare this chick call me out? And in front of Maximus, to boot. She continued to spout off her mouth as she rang up my items.

“If it was me, I would have every color of the rainbow. Men like to have choices. You ain't never gonna get a man like this.”

I wanted to sink through the floor. My knee-jerk reaction was to punch her in her stupid throat. Maybe then she would shut her trap. Why was this random chick trying to embarrass me?

I started to tell her to ring up my stuff and not say anything else to me, but before I could, I felt the heat of a very sexy body pressed against me from behind. Maximus wrapped his arms around my waist and leaned his face down to kiss me on the cheek. *Swoon*. What he said next made me want to kiss his mouth in thanks.

“Babe, you did remember to get all black panties, right? You know that's the only color I like peeling off of you.”

He topped it off with a smack on my butt cheek that made me gush a little bit. I smiled up at him, playing along.

“Yes, sir. I know it pleases you when I wear that color. Only for you, Daddy.”

Maximus chuckled at my antics, and the stupid salesclerk stood there looking like Boo Boo the Fool. He even made a show about paying for them. I didn't want him to, but I couldn't stop the game once it had started. I would just pay him back when we got to the car. Once the transaction was completed, Maximus took the bag from the clerk, slung his arm around my shoulder, and walked me out of the store. It was glorious.

Nine



Maximus

I stood in the store waiting for Gia to finish buying underwear. What had I done in a previous life to be punished like that? Watching her select those barely-there panties and bras had my dick trying to break free of my jeans. I was lost in a fantasy of Gia modeling her little undies for me when the sound of the mouthy salesclerk tore my attention away.

Angry to be pulled from my sexy daydream, I listened as she ran her mouth about the color my girl selected. Didn't her mama teach her any manners? I could tell Gia was embarrassed. I couldn't let that go down like that, so I went and put that little twat in her place. Plus, it gave me an excuse to touch Gia.

She reacted beautifully to my attempt at playing the white knight. I knew she didn't necessarily need me to come to her aid, but I couldn't help myself. Plus, I was her security, and it was my job to keep her safe. I could tell that if the cashier kept talking, things may have turned violent. I couldn't let that happen.

If that wasn't bad enough, I had the eerie feeling that we were being watched. My sixth sense was never wrong. After surveying the area, I noticed a white man in his fifties, who looked like he had been on a ten-day bender, watching our group. His main focus was on Gia. The way he looked at her, I was sure he knew her. The hate in his eyes was evident. If he tried anything, I would close those hateful eyes, permanently.

After escorting her to the vehicle, I informed Yardbird of my findings. He had spotted the man, as well. We decided to take evasive maneuvers so the man couldn't follow us. To keep the girls from getting suspicious, we took them for ice cream. That was Yardbird's idea. What, were we twelve? But when we told the girls, they squealed with excitement.

"Ladies, it's pretty hot out today. What do you say we stop for some ice cream? My treat," Yardbird asked.

“Oh, my goodness, yes! That would be awesome!” Gia responded.

She was such a sweet woman. Too sweet for my wayward ass. I could see now why King placed her off limits. Being with those crazy bikers would ruin the poor girl. The only thing was, Gia was no little girl. She was a grown woman, and I had to keep reminding myself of that. She seemed innocent and sweet, but there was something in her, when you looked past the sweet persona, that screamed vixen. I wanted to experience her alter ego. So fuckin’ bad.

After watching my lady devour a triple scoop of pistachio ice cream, I was ready to bend her over the cute little table we were sitting at and claim her. The way her tongue flicked the cold treat was a prelude to her licking me. I swear I hadn’t thought about sex in two and a half years. Now, sitting across from Gia, that was the only thing in my head. Both of them.

My cock throbbed as she licked the cream that had melted from the side of her hand. The move was so sensual that I almost nutted in my pants. I had to do something about it soon, or I was going to go insane with lust. As discrete as possible, I adjusted my dick in my jeans. It was almost impossible. The jeans were already tight, and sitting didn’t help. My cock grew with each lick, punishing me every second we stayed there.

“Are you all ready to go? It’s getting late, and we still have a ton of work to do.”

Being a dick was the last thing I wanted, but the sexual frustration took over my body. I needed Gia in the worst way, but I knew I couldn’t have her. So, my only recourse was to push her away. I needed to avoid being around her at all costs.

Sitting in the back seat with Gia was torture. Each time she moved her leg against mine made my body yearn for her even more than it already did. To tamp down my desire, I turned toward the door, cramping my legs in the tight space. It

was a very uncomfortable fifteen-minute ride back to the clubhouse.

The man who had followed us to the ice cream shop was still trailing us. There was no shaking the fool. We figured he knew where we were headed since we were wearing our cuts. It was no secret where the clubhouse was located. It was also no secret that the place was a fortress. That man would be a damn fool to even attempt to enter our compound. He certainly wouldn't be leaving the same way he came in.

Yardbird and I helped the women with their bags. When no one was looking, I snagged a pair of black thongs from the shopping bag and put them in my pocket. After dumping the bags in her room, I made a b-line to my room without saying anything else to Gia.

“I'll be right back, man. I gotta drain the snake.”

“Alright but make it quick. We need to relieve the brothers at the gate.

My fuckin' dick was so hard I could barely walk. Once I closed the door to my room and locked it, I whipped out my cock and went to work. I rubbed the silk panties over my hardness. The softness of the material felt so good. I needed to be quick, so I spit in my hand and began moving it up and down my length.

I closed my eyes and recalled how beautiful Gia looked in her jeans and bohemian top. She was a stunning woman. Remembering her smell put me into overdrive. I jerked my cock, while squeezing hard. The combination of the thoughts of Gia and my rough play had me busting a nut all in her brand-new undies. After washing up and taking a quick leak, I made my way downstairs to join Yardbird for gate duty.

As the night went on, I kept watch for any sign of danger. There was a white van parked across the street. Those things have always given me the creeps. After checking the surveillance video for the day, I discovered it had arrived not long after we returned from shopping. Since there weren't any

residences in the immediate area, it seemed a little fishy. We were either being watched by police or the pervert that was in the store earlier. Either way, it was a problem. I alerted Yardbird, who informed King. Things moved quickly after that. King arrived at our station along with several members who were on high alert.

“What the fuck do you mean someone is watching the clubhouse? How long have they been there?” King demanded.

I gestured toward the van so as not to alert the driver if we were indeed being watched.

“I can’t say for sure, Prez, but my gut is never wrong. I checked the video, and this van arrived not long after we returned from shopping with the girls. Since we were being watched in the store, I assume this is the same fucker. We made a stop or two before heading back, and I watched for the man who had been following us but didn’t see him.”

“Hell, if the asshat is from around here, he knows where the clubhouse is,” King admitted.

It was like he was reading my mind. It was good to see we were on the same page. King ordered a few of the brothers to go out to the van with him. He was actually going to confront whoever was in there. Ballsy as fuck! That is what made him a great leader. He wasn’t afraid to take a stand to protect his club family.

“Maximus, you and Yardbird hang back in case some shit pops off. Nobody gets through this gate unless they are wearing Sinner colors. You better put dick in the dirt trying to keep them out. Do I make myself clear?”

“Roger that, Prez,” I replied to his command.

I suspected he was worried about the women inside the clubhouse. I was too, especially one beauty in particular. I was pretty sure all this was about her. Nobody had said anything to me, but it was evident she didn’t belong in the biker world. Gia was running from something or someone, and they may have caught up to her. If they were smart, they would leave

and never come back. She was mine to protect, and no one would harm one of her toenails without feeling my wrath.

Yardbird and I watched as King and the group of chosen men approached the van. There were other members stationed along the perimeter of the gate to ensure there weren't any breaches. I monitored the camera feed with one eye, while keeping the other on the action.

King approached the driver's door while a couple of men crept around to the passenger side. The man, who had clearly fallen asleep, suddenly woke up and started looking around. He looked terrified as he saw that he was surrounded by a group of huge bikers. I could see his mouth moving but couldn't hear what was said from either party. The damn camera didn't have sound. *Fuck!* I needed to hear what was going on.

I watched as King reached his hand out to grab the door handle. Before he could snatch the door open, the man started the van and sped off. He almost ran Calix and Toad over in the process. Oh, he was going to pay for that when we caught up with him. The camera clearly picked up his license plate, making it easy to identify the owner. He would be getting a visit from one or twenty of us very soon.

Over the next few weeks, my routine was the same. Day in and day out, I worked security at the fence with Yardbird. When we weren't on gate duty, we ran errands and cleaned up after the brothers. The prospect life was boring and tedious. However, once we were patched over, we would be allowed to pursue a career outside of the club.

This grunt work reminded me of the Marines when we were deployed. Most days, we had a routine to follow that became second nature after a while. When that happened, even the best trained Marine could become complacent. I played little mind games to keep myself sharp and alert. Getting too comfortable could get you killed.

I checked the phone that King had given me to see what time it was when I saw the date flash across the lock screen.

Fuck! The anniversary of my entire squad being killed was this week. Immediately, I fell into a funk. It was difficult to breathe, and I started sweating in places I didn't know I could sweat.

"Maximus, are you alright there, brother? You look like a pig about to be led to slaughter," Yardbird asked with concern in his eyes.

"I'm good."

That was all I could manage to grunt out. I could tell by the look on his face that Yardbird knew it was a lie. There was nothing he could do to help, so there was no need to regale him with my troubles. As predicted when I first arrived here, he and I had become friends of sorts. We were together several hours each day, so it only made sense that we were close. However, I still refused to open up about my past.

"You know you can talk to me, brother. It might help if you let it out."

"I said I'm good."

"Yea, but I know that ain't the truth. My room is right next to yours, remember? I hear your night terrors. They sound really bad. I just want to help."

"What the fuck are you, a damn therapist? Just leave it alone, man. I don't want to talk."

"Alright, but I'm here if you change your mind."

Yardbird was a good guy, and I hated myself for taking out my frustration out on him. Luckily, he took it without offence. He was just trying to help. What he didn't know was only the devil could help me now. I was thinking about having a chat with old Lucifer real soon.

Ten



Gia

Weeks had gone by, and there hadn't been any progress between Maximus and me. As a matter of fact, it seemed between his duties with the club and getting rest, the man had no free time. It was to be expected as a prospect. His life would not be his own until he was patched over. Until then, his time belonged to the club. Anything they asked of him, he had to do. It was a crazy way of doing things, but it bred loyalty and trust.

The old saying out of sight out of mind was a big old lie. My mind drifted to Maximus throughout the day, every day. I had to sign up for an online class in psychology to distract myself. The course wasn't part of a curriculum, I simply wanted to study about why people did what they did. It was my nerdy way of killing time.

I was standing behind the bar helping Chili restock the beer when she interrupted my thoughts. I had been daydreaming, once again, about Maximus' lips and how they felt when he kissed my cheek in the store.

"Snap out of it, Gia. I swear if you don't hurry up and seduce that man, you are going to dry up like the dessert."

"Chili!"

"What? You know I'm right. You're over there with your pussy salivating for Maximus instead of breaking off some of that good good to him. I know it's gotta be tight. You've been here for months and haven't given it up to anybody. If you wait much longer, you might just give him a heart attack when you do give it up."

"Would you please stop? You know the walls have ears around here. I don't need King shouting at me for disobeying his rules. If I am going to get yelled at, at least let me have done something nasty first."

I toyed with Chili. She was a mess and lately had been rubbing off on me a bit. I still did not indulge in her crass language, but I wasn't admonishing her for it either.

"Now you're talking. All you need is for that fine ass specimen to come knocking on your door in the middle of the night offering to service you."

"You are stupid, Chili. That man is not thinking about me. He never comes in the bar anymore. You know I haven't even seen him since the shopping trip. Is he even here? I wouldn't know if they sent him on a run or if he was standing outside that front door. You know why? Because I can't leave the clubhouse. I am trapped in here like a prisoner. My skin is in dire need of some Vitamin D."

"Your skin isn't the only thing that needs Vitamin D. While I can't help you escape this place, I do have a temporary solution to at least get you some fresh air. We need several cases of beer and liquor from the backroom. Here's a list. Don't be back there all day. We're gonna have thirsty bikers in here in about an hour."

"Thanks, Chili. I could use the break."

I retrieved the list and headed to the backroom. There was a door that led outside. We sometimes propped it open to let in some fresh air, and maybe on a good day the sun would shine through. It wasn't much, but I had to take what I could get. King didn't care because the area it opened to was fenced in.

As soon as I entered the room, it felt like someone else was in there. I looked around but didn't see anybody. Now, I was scared. I grabbed my phone in case I needed to call for help. That's when I heard a weird noise emanating from around the corner. Whoever was in there was hidden from my sightline by the shelves with cases of spirits on them. *Gee-whiz*. I was literally shaking in my boots. Being a fraidy cat, I crept into the room using the light from the flashlight on my phone to guide my steps.

“Who’s there?”

Wait? Did I really expect someone with nefarious intentions to answer me? This was the stuff horror movies were made of. I stayed completely still and listened intently. This time, when the noise came, it was louder and more recognizable. It sounded like someone was crying. *What in the world?* It would have been one thing if it sounded like a girl. Maybe someone broke up with their man. But that grunt and the accompanying sobs told a different story. Those were masculine tears.

Sliding closer to the source of the noise, I turned the corner and got the shock of my life. Maximus was sitting on the floor in a dark corner with a gun in his mouth. His hands were shaking, and tears ran down his face like a waterfall. My heart melted, then stopped. I felt so bad for him. It messed with my head to see him so vulnerable. When my brain came back online, I slowly moved toward him to help. He was not eating that gun on my watch.

“Maximus, honey, what’s going on?” I said quietly, so as not to startle him. “Can you please put the gun down? You don’t want to do this.”

There was no answer, only more crying. His eyes looked like he was lost in a horrible memory. That’s when it clicked. This man was a former Marine. Could he be suffering from PTSD? I didn’t know him that well, but I did know he needed me. In that moment, I knew I would do anything to help him survive whatever hell he was going through.

“Maximus, sweetheart, you wanna tell me what’s going on? I just want to help. You can trust me. I won’t tell anyone.”

My heart broke as I looked at this big alpha male in the middle of a mental breakdown. I was so scared that my entire body was shaking. What would happen if he pulled that trigger? I needed to get him to give me that gun. He wasn’t responding to me verbally, but he managed to look at me. That told me he was present. His pain was written all over his distraught face.

“I believe you can hear me, so I’m going to tell you something to let you know you can trust me with your secret. You don’t have to say anything, just please don’t pull that trigger.”

I wanted so badly for him to nod his head in acknowledgement, but he just kept looking at me. The tears were slowing down, so I took that as a sign to keep talking. At least I wasn’t making things worse.

“So, I guess you’ve wondered how I came to live among these crazy bikers. My life used to be good. A nice house. Both parents in the home, who loved me very much. I didn’t want for much of anything, that is until my dad died unexpectedly of a heart attack. My mom and I had to sell the house we lived in, because the upkeep was too expensive. Luckily, my grandmother had left me a house in her will. She passed away about six months before my father.

“Anyway, mom and I moved into Granny’s house and were doing pretty good given the circumstances. Eventually, I moved back to the dorms once mom seemed to be back on her feet. The next thing I knew, mom had moved this guy named Bruce into my house. I was furious, but she was my mom. I couldn’t kick her out, but I tried to force her to make him leave. She refused. As a result, we barely spoke to each other.

“Then she got sick. She begged me to move back home to help take care of her. She had a home health nurse that came a few days a week, so I scheduled my classes on Tuesdays and Thursdays, to stay in school and take care of my mom at the same time. Bruce was a useless sloth but mean as a rattlesnake coming out of brumation.

“Anyway, after mom died, the very day I buried her, Bruce held me hostage in my own home. He tied me to the bed in my room and allowed his friends to take advantage of me. One night, he forgot to secure the ties. I escaped and came here.

“My dad was a former member who kept his friendships with several brothers. He only retired from the club because I

was born. However, he left me a letter stating if I ever found myself in trouble and had nowhere to turn, to go to this clubhouse and give them this badge.”

I reached into my pants pocket and pulled out the badge. I never went anywhere without it. It was the one thing that tethered me to my dad. My prized possession. When I looked over at Maximus, his eyes were full of rage. He was no longer sucking the end of his weapon. Instead, he fingered it as he looked back at me. He had been listening.

“This Bruce, is he still breathing?”

Startled by his suddenly stern growl projecting into the room, I jumped a bit. *Get it together, girl.* The man is out of his episode. I nodded my head, unable to find my voice. Maximus clutched my chin with his meaty hand and looked me deep in the eyes. He leaned forward so I wouldn't miss what he was about to say.

“He won't be for much longer.”

Gosh darn it! I believe the man meant it. Then he shocked me once again by handing me his gun. I watched as he wiped his face with the tail of his black tee shirt. When he lifted his shirt, his abs popped out and smacked me in the face. Okay, I am exaggerating, but the man had abs of steel. I needed a distraction, so I decided now would be the perfect time to get all up in his business.

“You wanna tell me what had you so spooked?”

The look he gave me made me want to take back my last question. The tears that had been trickling started to flow again. The sobs wrecked his body so hard I thought he was gonna throw up. I did the only thing I knew to do. I opened my arms and let him fall into my chest.

I held him and rocked the big man back and forth like he was a child. All I wanted to do was comfort him. If I could take that pain away, even if just for a second, then I would. We must have stayed that way for several minutes. By the time he let it all out, the front of my shirt was soaked with tears and

probably snot. I didn't care. I just needed him to know he wasn't alone.

"I don't really want to relive the tragedy, but I think you've earned the right to know. I get flashbacks from my time in the Marines. They keep me awake at night. The dreams are horrible, so I'd rather stay awake until I am too exhausted to do anything but pass out. Certain things like smells or sounds can trigger me. Today was the, for lack of a better word, anniversary of the demise of my entire squad. I was the sole survivor."

A gasp escaped my mouth before I could cover it with my hand. I knew I must have looked like a foolish little girl, but I couldn't help it. Who would have thought Maximus was suffering from survivor's guilt, on top of insomnia and night terrors, when he did manage to fall asleep? He seemed so well put together.

"My captain, who had a hard on for me, gave me a direct order to march my squad into a hostile zone. Everyone knew it was a bad move, and when I questioned him, he threatened me with court-martial. I should have refused the order, but I was a Marine, and we follow orders. I won't get into the gory details. You don't need that shit clogging up your brain. Just know it was a bloodbath. The enemy was waiting for us. We had been set up.

"My guess is it was the captain. He sure as fuck proved as much when he betrayed me. He lied to the brass and told them I disobeyed a direct order, resulting in the deaths of my eight brothers. I was sent to the brig for two years. That fucker acted like a saint in the courtroom, where he pretended to care about me and the fallen Marines. He even went as far as to beg the court for leniency for me when I was sentenced."

What in the world was wrong with people? I will never understand why people deliberately try to hurt others. Nothing good will ever come of it. My poor man had been unfairly convicted of endangering his people, when all he did was follow orders. No wonder he was having nightmares.

“I guess you know a little more about my background, now. I’m surprised you’re not running from the room screaming.”

“Naw. That’s not my style. When someone I care about is in trouble, I will do anything for them.”

I froze. Did I just tell this man I cared about him? Well, it wasn’t a lie. I had grown fond of the muscle-bound biker. I would not be taking it back.

“Thank you.”

The simple words made me all giddy inside. There was no expectation of gratitude, and it caught me off guard.

“You know what you need?”

“What’s that?”

“A distraction. Whenever you feel sad or hopeless. If you should ever want to hurt yourself in the future, you need something to take your mind off the pain.”

“Like what?”

“Well, I don’t know. What do you like to do? Something that always makes you feel better.”

“When I was a kid, I liked to bake. I haven’t done it in a long time, but it used to bring me joy. It reminds me of happy times in the kitchen with my mom.”

“Then you should try it. Whenever you feel blue, simply go to the kitchen and bake. It doesn’t get used as often as it should around here. Plus, I’m a foodie, and I love sweets. You could bring me a sample of your baking, and that will let me know you need to talk.”

“Why so covert?”

“First, King would kill us both if he suspected we were alone together, even if we were just talking. Second, I don’t think you want the entire club all up in your business. That can be our secret way of communicating.”

“Alright, Sunflower. I can do that.”

“Sunflower?”

“Yep, because you bring the sunlight to my dark soul. Have you ever seen a sunflower in a field? They are strong and tall and seek the sun no matter what. Every time I see you, you are always cheery. Even when you don't want to be. It's admirable after everything you've been through.”

Eleven



Maximus

That damn woman was amazing. There I was, about to eat a bullet, when she came in and saved me. Me, the strong and powerful Marine. She actually rescued my sorry ass. If she was afraid, I couldn't tell. I already liked her a lot. I knew I wanted to fuck her, but after today, I wanted to claim her as my own. Dare I say the word, love?

Hell, yeah, I loved her. And the way she admitted that she cared about me too, sealed the deal. If I had it my way, she would be wearing 'Property of Maximus' on her back. First, I had to become a full fledge member of the Sinners. That would never happen if King found out I had feelings for Gia, my Sunflower.

I had given her my weapon to keep safe for me. It was really for her peace of mind. I had access to as many weapons as I needed. There certainly wasn't a shortage around the clubhouse. After returning to my room and taking a much-needed shower, I put on new clothes and went back to work. All I could think about was the suggestion Sunflower made about me taking up baking to relieve stress.

Suddenly, I was on a mission. I spent all the down time I had researching recipes. I watched countless videos about baking and how to make my creations look appetizing. They say it's all about presentation. That wasn't my forte. I knew I could make it taste amazing, but look pretty? Nah, I had work to do.

I decided to start with something simple like chocolate dipped pretzels. To work on my skills, I decided I would make them with mini sunflowers on them. I chose that recipe because the instructions labeled it as easy to make. After reading through the steps, it seemed like something I could handle, so I saved the page in my favorites and started making a plan. The next time I had one of my episodes, I would make

the treat for my girl. I was actually a little excited about the whole thing. *Weird.*

“Man, what are you looking at on your phone? You got some hottie sending you nudes?”

“Nudes? Nah, man, nothing like that.”

“Somehow, I don’t believe you. You’ve been over there smiling at your phone for about thirty minutes. Ain’t nothing that interesting unless it’s nudes. Let me see.”

Before I could stop him, Yardbird had snatched my phone from my hand and started swiping the screen. A look of confusion marred his face when he realized I had been telling the truth. There were no naked women on my phone. Just photos of food. Baked goods to be exact.

“What the fuck, man? You mean to tell me you’re grinning like that over some fancy ass pretzels with little flowers on them? Are you that hungry? I think I got some chips around here if you want them.”

His strong southern accent was prominent as he spoke to me. Shaking my head and chuckling, I snagged my phone from his hand and placed it in my pocket.

“No thanks. I’m not hungry.”

That confused him even more. He stared at me like I had lost my mind. I started laughing. I couldn’t help it. The face he was making was so stupid that I couldn’t control myself.

“That’s not normal. Why are you laughing? Usually, you have a scowl on your face. I mean, the last I saw of you, you looked like your best friend had died. Now you’re grinning and laughing like a damn fool. Are you on the meth? Shit’s just not adding up.”

“Fuck no! I don’t put that shit in my body. Don’t worry about it, man. I can’t explain it to you, so just leave it alone. Okay?”

“Un huh. I’ll let it go for now. But if you start dancing, I’m calling for backup.”

I laughed even harder as I cut a two-step just to fuck with him. Yardbird shook his head at me and continued to monitor the camera feed. It felt good to laugh again. After the trying day I had, it was needed. We spent the rest of our shift in silence. There was no tension, but I think Yardbird sensed I needed some time to think. That was the thing about him, he was good at tuning into other people’s emotional states.

The end of my shift came fast, and I was exhausted. It had been a couple of days since the sandman had visited me. After showering, I toweled off and fell into bed. Before I knew it, I was back in Kandahar fighting an enemy who was killing off my brothers one by one.

The sound of the IED soaring through the air heading directly at our vehicle jolted me awake. At least I didn’t have to relive the horrible aftermath, this time. Thank goodness for small favors. Snagging my phone from the bedside table, the screen said 3:44 AM. What the fuck? Was I ever going to get any sleep? Fuck it. I decided now would be a great time to practice my baking.

After throwing on some jeans and a white tee, I made my way down to the kitchen to see what ingredients they had for the recipe I was looking at earlier. I searched the web for a twenty-four-hour store close to the clubhouse and found one within walking distance.

The store was eerily quiet, even for this time of night. Alarmed, I was sure to keep my wits about me. Unable to find all the necessary ingredients I needed to make my Sunflower pretzels, I decided to make cookies instead. I gathered what I needed and quickly paid for them. I was spooked and wasn’t sure if it was residual trauma from my dream or if there was a real threat. Either way, I needed to high tail my ass back to the compound.

As soon as I stepped out onto the street, the hairs on the back of my neck stood on end. I was about to fuck somebody

up. I reached at my waist for my weapon, only to realize it was not there. Shit, I had given it to Sunflower for safe keeping. No matter, I still had my mini swords. I preferred them over a gun anytime.

I slung the backpack that I used to haul my groceries over my shoulders, leaving my hands free to fight. As soon as the man revealed himself, I was on him. It was the fucker from the department store that had been following Gia.

“You think you can protect her from me? That gal owes me, and I plan to collect. This ass kicking will teach you not to hang around with the wrong people. You wear that cut, then you get cut down!”

The crazed man swung at me with a bat. It was evident he was talking about Gia in his rant. It was also his mistake not to bring a gun with him. This fool had brought a piece of wood to a knife fight and didn't even know it. He was about to find out how Maximus operated. I unsheathed my knives and took my fighter stance. The man's eyes looked crazed, but a bit of clarity shone through when he saw the miniature swords in my hands. It was too late for his regrets.

“You think you can threaten my woman and come out unscathed. Wrong move.”

The man's face gave a shocked look right before I went to work slicing and dicing him. I sliced a hole in his beer-stained t-shirt. My blade tore right across his protruding belly. It wasn't a deep gash, but just enough to draw a little blood. That caused the foolish man to drop his bat and grab at his gut. You would have thought I sliced him through to his intestines, the way the man cried and screamed. It was a simple flesh wound.

“You cut me! Oh my God. What is wrong with you?”

He couldn't be serious. Did he forget that just a second ago, he was trying to bash my head in with a bat? Ridiculous. It didn't matter if his selective memory had kicked in. I was in warrior mode, which left no room for sympathy. His pathetic

cries fell on deaf ears. There was no way he was leaving this street tonight on his own. One way or another he was being carried out. Either by ambulance or by hearse. It didn't matter to me.

The next swipe of my blade took a chunk out of his face. I wanted him to remember fucking with me every time he looked in the mirror. If he survived, that is. I didn't give him time to react, I simply continued slashing him at will. He had no way of defending himself against Julius and Caesar, my swords.

The fucker fell to the ground and surprised me by smacking me in the forehead with his bat. *Fuck! I forgot he had that.* No matter. I kicked the bat out of his hand and slashed his forearm with Julius, while Caesar took a bite out of his thigh. I swiped at my brow for what I thought was sweat, but soon discovered my sweat was red. *You've got to be kidding me.* This bastard had made me bleed my own blood!

Enraged, I kicked him in the throat and slammed my fist into his left eye. Before I could do too much more damage, a lady yelled from her window for me to get out of there. The police had been called, and I wanted no part of being locked up again. I sheathed my blades and took off back to the clubhouse. Hopefully, I didn't leave a blood trail in my wake.

Twelve



Sunflower

Morning came fast, as I was dreaming about that sexy biker with the gorgeous smile. I was overdue downstairs at the clubhouse. It was my duty to clean up behind the impromptu party that happened last night. The guys were in the mood to cut up a bit, and in doing so, left a huge mess. Since I got off early last night, nobody was left to clean up behind them. After going through my morning grooming routine, I headed down the stairs and started the tedious task of cleaning and sanitizing the place.

I don't know who told these men that throwing up in an ashtray and leaving it to sit overnight was a good idea, but it seems they thought it was par for the course. I must have cleaned a gallon of vomit out of the ashtrays. *Disgusting!* One thing I didn't have to worry about was left over beer in the open bottles. They certainly knew how to drink till the last drop was gone. Which probably explains the vomit.

After what seemed like an eternity, I hauled countless numbers of trash bags to the dumpster behind the clubhouse. I made my way back inside to take care of the bar area. I was taking inventory of what was left behind the bar, so I could restock and place a new order, when I smelled something heavenly. My stomach immediately reminded me that it was empty. I needed to have whatever it was someone was baking. Man, it smelled good.

“Who the hell is baking?” Chili surprised me by asking.

Where did she come from? She showed up now that all the dirty work was done. I will pay her back for that.

“Right? All I know is it is making me hungry.”

I continued working as Chili sipped on a cup of coffee from the local shop around the corner. She didn't even think of bringing me some. I mean I didn't exactly like coffee, but that wasn't the point. She could have sprung for some hot tea or even a cup of hot water.

“Thanks for thinking of me when you stopped at the coffee shop.”

A sheepish look came over her face as she continued sipping her beverage. She was the kind of girl who thought about her needs, and her needs only. It wasn't a malicious thing. She was just built like that. However, if I had gone to get myself a drink, I would always bring her something back.

As I was counting the left-over bottles of Yellow Jackets, I heard someone approaching the bar behind me. I swore I heard a male voice humming a catchy little tune about sunflowers... *do be do be deep* on repeat. When I turned around, I was shocked to find a small plate of chocolate chip cookies with walnuts. They looked so delicious and smelled even better. Next to the plate was a single sunflower.

The humming continued, but it was moving further away from the bar. I looked up and saw Maximus walking toward the stairs. He shot me a little look over his left shoulder before gifting me with that glorious smile. *Swoon!*

“Oh, so he's making you snacks now? You didn't tell me he was your man.”

“That's because he's not my man.”

“Tell that to someone who believes you. That man is not baking you homemade chocolate chip cookies for nothing. You gave him some, didn't you?”

“Chili, you need to stop. Just because a man brings you food does not mean he has hit it.”

“Maybe not yet, but he definitely wants to. And what's up with the sunflower? That's an odd flower to put on a plate of cookies.”

“Girl, who knows.”

I knew Maximus had started calling me Sunflower. It was not a secret. In fact, I loved the name. The problem was, as soon as Chili found out he gave me the name, she would want to know why, and that wasn't any of her business. All she

needed to know was that we weren't together, but he was not available for any other woman to mess with.

"I still say y'all are boyfriend and girlfriend. Tell me I'm wrong."

"You're wrong."

She rolled her eyes at me and put her hands on her hips. Then she turned to me with this evil grin that would give the Grinch™ a run for his money.

"You say he's not yours, huh? Well, what would happen if I fucked with him."

I stopped dead in my tracks and looked her in the eyes with the meanest look I could muster.

"I know you think because I don't cuss that I'm a pushover. Don't let the bubble gum exterior fool you, Chili. Any woman who comes within five feet of Maximus with the intention of doing anything physical with him will have to make an appointment with her OB/Gyn."

"What? Does he have a disease or something?"

"No! She'll be needing to have a procedure called extracting my foot from her behind. It's a common procedure when a hoe messes with a man that doesn't belong to her. Maximus may not be mine, but he is off limits to any other woman. Got me!"

"Loud and clear, Miss Thang. I'll be sure to spread the news."

"Yeah, you do that."

With that declaration, I had unofficially claimed Maximus as my property. All the little hussies around the clubhouse had been put on warning. Maximus and Gia go together real bad. Try me at your own peril. In fact, I needed to go check on him because our deal was, he would bake when he had a bad dream.

“Chili, can you watch the bar for a few? I just remembered I need to check on something.”

“Something or someone?”

“Same difference. I should be back before the guys go to church.”

I snagged my gift and took off in the direction that Maximus just went. I tried my best not to run, but I was anxious to speak with him. I needed to make sure he was alright. He was headed to his room, like I thought. Instead of going inside, he stood at the entrance waiting for me.

“Hi,” he said with a smile in his eyes. He was so handsome it almost hurt to look at him.

“Hi,” I returned his greeting.

We stood there looking at each other for a minute before he gestured to the plate of goodies in my hand. When my brain finally started working again, I let my eyes travel down his body. They stopped on his white tee that was covered in blood. Then I noticed the bandage on his forehead. *What in the world?*

“What happened?” I said pointing at his head.

“That’s what I needed to talk to you about. Come on in and let me tell you.”

I entered his room, still grinning like a fool. What was my problem? I couldn’t put my gums back in my mouth. It just made me so happy to be in his presence, even with the blood on his shirt. I had never felt anything like this. The new feeling was weird, but I liked it.

“I hope you like dark chocolate. I wasn’t sure what to make, but I saw this recipe and thought of you.”

Smiling up at him like a lovesick teenager, I nodded my head.

“I love dark chocolate. I prefer it over milk chocolate. These are perfect. They’re so pretty; I hesitate to eat them.

Thank you for thinking of me.”

“Of course. You were the one who gave me the idea. I thought you might want to enjoy the results. If you have a little time, I could use your listening ear.”

“So, what caused you to bake? Did you have another bad dream?”

“Yea, I did. It wasn’t as bad as they normally are, but it still fucked with my head. I decided to get up and bake like you suggested. The only problem was I needed ingredients. Since there’s a 24-hour store just up the block, I made a list and hiked the few blocks to the store. As I was on my way back, a man attacked me with a baseball bat.”

“Oh, my goodness! Are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Sunflower. It was a superficial wound. It just bled a lot because of the location.”

“How did you get away?”

“Well, since you have my weapon, I was forced to use my blades. Let’s just say, I wasn’t the one who needed medical assistance.”

Tears welled up in my eyes. I couldn’t believe I had his gun when he needed it the most. What if he had been killed? My hand instinctively moved to his forehead and rubbed near the injury. He was so close to me that I was breathing in his exhales. That’s when it donned on me that we were sitting on his bed, mere inches apart.

“You have beautiful eyes, Sunflower.”

I pulled my hand away from his face like I touched a flame. Suddenly nervous, my stomach started doing the Dougie. Those lips of his were calling to me. I couldn’t help but glance at them and wonder how delicious they would taste.
Gosh darn it!

“Here, try a cookie,” I stupidly said just as he was leaning into me.

Why was I like this? I wanted the kiss. I needed the kiss, but I was scared of the kiss. Kissing led to touching, and if he touched me where I wanted him to, I would be unable to stop. Maximus leaned in and brushed his mouth against mine. It was chaste, but it lit my hair on fire! What was I doing? I pulled away and shot out of his room like a rocket. Thankfully, he didn't hold it against me.

Things around the clubhouse continued like that over the next few weeks. I would be working and suddenly I would smell something delicious. I would turn and see baked goods on the bar, and hear the same little song being hummed by Maximus as he walked away. It was so cute. The man knew how to make me feel special. I also knew he was still having those dreaded dreams. Each time he left me a treat, I would go to him, and we would have a much-needed talk. I needed him to know I cared about him. Today's treat was chocolate dipped pretzels with sunflowers decorating them. He was so talented. All his creations had been pleasing to both the eye and pallet.

When I got up enough courage to finally follow him to his room, I knew what I was getting into. He was going to touch me, and so help me Goddess, I wanted him to. No surprise, Maximus grabbed me as soon as I entered his room. Before he could kiss me, I shoved a pretzel in his face. He took a bite of the offered treat but instead of chewing it, he leaned forward and used his mouth to place it in mine. *Kill me now!*

His lips were soft and juicy, and he tasted better than I had imagined. After swallowing the pretzel, I allowed his tongue to tentatively explore my mouth. My body felt like I was floating on air. Gravity ceased to exist, as my tongue met his. This wasn't my first kiss, but it sure felt like it should have been. No other man had made me feel the tingles. At least not like this. Every one of my senses kicked into overdrive. Taste and touch specifically, were ten times the normal amount. When he pulled me closer to him and increased the passion, a moan escaped my lips.

I wrapped my arms around his shoulders and climbed onto his lap. My nipples were so hard it felt as if they would break off. They needed friction, so I pressed my breasts against his chest. Why, oh why, did I do that? The man had a chest so hard and muscular that I almost came on contact. My hips moved on instinct, rubbing my core against his manhood. He felt enormous. I overheard the club girls betting if he was well endowed or not. If it was as big as it felt, I would be in for a joy ride when the time came.

“Fuck, Gia. I could spend all night kissing you.”

“Me too. You taste so good.”

“I would love to continue this, but if I don’t get my ass downstairs for church, I’ll be booted out of this MC before I get in.”

Just as he was saying that the alarm on his phone went off. He leaned in and planted another kiss on my mouth before pulling away. I stood from his lap. I didn’t mean to gawk at his crotch, but when his hand adjusted his package, I couldn’t help but look. Yeah, that thing was a monster, and I was about to let it ravage me.

“I’d better get back to work. The guys always get thirsty before heading into a meeting. King will be wondering where I am. By the way, what’s your real name? I think I should know who I’ve been kissing.”

“The name is Jefferson Rivers. Now get your sexy ass out of here before both of us get kicked out.”

Smiling, I fluffed up my fro and strutted to the door. Maximus opened the door for me. I was looking back at him, not looking where I was going, when I ran smack dab into someone.

“King!” both Maximus and I cried at the same time. We were in so much trouble.

Thirteen



Maximus

Fuck, fuck, fuckity fuck! Of all the times the Prez could have stopped by my room, why did it have to be as Gia was leaving. Her lips were kiss swollen, and she had the cutest lovestruck look on her face. I was adjusting my dick in my jeans because she had me hard as granite. It implied we had been doing something we shouldn't have. The look on the big boss' face said it all. He was furious.

“Care to tell me what the hell is going on here?”

He looked back and forth between Gia and me. My mouth moved, but nothing came out. Was this it? Was this another defining moment that would change my life? What would I do if he kicked me out? I knew one thing. I wasn't going to go easily.

“Prez, it's not as bad as it looks. Gia and I are friends. I've been having nightmares again. She was helping me get through a tough time.”

“What'd she do, fuck you into happiness?”

“King, I respect you as the president of this MC, but don't you ever talk like that about Gia again. I have no reason to lie. She and I aren't fucking. At least not yet. That's for her to decide.”

“Just who the fuck do you think you're talking to?”

“The last thing I meant to do was cross you, but I won't stand for anyone disrespecting my Sunflower. Now, I know you told me that she was off limits, but she is just too magnetic for me to stay away. There's something between us, and I can't deny it any longer.”

King looked at me like I had grown another head right before his eyes. Then a grin came on his face as he turned to Gia to see what her thoughts were.

“Is this true for you too, Gia? Do you welcome his advances, or are you just too nice to say anything? Talk to me, gal.”

Gia looked embarrassed, but she stood by my side and took my hand in hers. I felt like a million bucks with this move. Damn, this woman and the way she could make me get in my feels. The smile that I was trying to fight would not be defeated. It bloomed from the depths of my soul as Gia, my Sunflower, looked King in the eyes and declared she liked me too.

“He’s right, King. Maximus and I have grown close since he arrived here in Oakland. I like the relationship we are building together. I am in this with him one hundred percent. He has not coerced me into being with him. And for the record, he has not taken advantage of me. Maximus is a gentleman.”

“Well, fuck! I didn’t see this coming. I’m a little pissed that you would disobey a direct order from me, but I can understand it at the same time. Love, or whatever this is growing into is hard to fight. I can’t blame you, Maximus. Gia is a great girl. Just know this, I will not stand for her to be trifled with. If I am going to lift the persona non grata order on her ass, you’d better be ready to claim her. Are you ready for that?”

The smile on my face grew bigger as I looked down at Gia. She looked like a deer in headlights. I knew she wasn’t ready to put a label on what we had. She was nervous about saying it out loud, yet she wanted it. My girl just needed time to come out and claim me outright. That was fine, as long as no other asshole tried to shoot his shot.

“I’ve *been* ready to claim Sunflower. I am leaving it up to her as to when that takes place. She’s the one who needs more time. Plus, I need to get patched over before I can put my name on her back.”

“I think I can help with that. You sure know how to ruin a surprise. Today’s church is to take a vote on you and

Yardbird getting your full memberships. I have no doubt after all you've done, both here and in Vegas, that you will get the necessary votes. Let's go, we're late."

I leaned over and placed a quick kiss on Gia's lips before following King down the stairs to the meeting room. Usually, the prospects were made to stand outside in the hallway because there wasn't enough room for us, and we didn't have full membership privileges. Only members were allowed behind closed doors, unless you were invited. It seemed both Yardbird and I would be invited into the sacred realm today, but only after the rest of the club business had been discussed.

I could tell he was as nervous as I was. His quiet demeanor gave him away. The man never shut up. Jabbering on about any and everything was his norm. We both had been waiting for the day we were welcomed into the fold as full members of the MC that we held so dearly. So, when the door to the hallowed room opened and our names were called, we both jumped.

"Yardbird and Maximus, get your asses in here!" King bellowed.

Slowly, we walked through the door, one after the other. It felt similar to being court-martialed. My nerves were on end, and I began sweating. *Shit!* Wasn't that the cardinal rule... never let them see you sweat. *Get it together, Maximus.*

I wiped my damp palms on the legs of my jeans and stood tall. I hoped they wouldn't see that I was intimidated. Who wouldn't be? The entire chapter was there staring daggers into us. At least I wasn't walking to the gallows alone.

I took some comfort in Yardbird's presence. For now, anyway. What if they voted him in and not me? Surely, King had informed them about Gia and me disregarding his order. I had made up my mind when I was upstairs. If they made me leave here, I would take Gia with me. She would be my wife. In my mind, she already was. I just needed her to get onboard.

Lost in my thoughts, I didn't hear when King called my name the first time. When I snapped out of my head, he was banging his large hands on the table and leaning forward like he wanted to choke the life out of me.

“Maximus, if I have to repeat myself again, I am going to fuck you up. Get your head in the motherfucking game!”

“I apologize, Prez. I didn't hear you.”

He nodded his head in understanding. King was one of the only members who knew about my PTSD. I guess he knew I was triggered a little because he let up with his yelling and did something I knew he detested, repeated his last statement.

“Are you willing to abide by the rules of this MC? Kill if necessary, and lay your life down for your brothers?”

“Fuck, yeah!” I replied to a room full of cheers.

“That's what the fuck I'm talking about!” Toad yelled to everyone's amusement.

Apparently, Yardbird had already given his answer because he was standing there grinning like the country fool he was. We were each handed a new cut to wear with the club logo on the back. The top rocker said Sin City MC, and the bottom rocker said Oakland. The best part was the patch on the front underneath my road name. It said member.

I quickly removed the cut that deemed me a prospect, taking care to fold it and place it on the table. Yardbird helped me put on my cut, and I helped him. We were officially brothers. After a brief hug, we turned to the other men in the room and received hugs and pats on the back.

“Now the fun can begin. Your patch over party is going down tonight! Toad had some prime pussy lined up just for you. We also have a few surprises up our sleeves,” Frenchie exclaimed.

I smiled outside, but inside I was nervous. There was only one pussy I wanted to be balls deep in, and I wasn't sure she was ready for all that. The brothers would take it as a

slight if I didn't indulge in their gifts, but my dick didn't even twitch for another woman. I guess my balls will be on the chopping block tonight, one way or another.

Fourteen



Sunflower

Tonight, would be the night that he makes me his woman. Or whatever Betty Wright said in that old school song. King had sworn all the girls to secrecy about the patch over ceremony and the subsequent party. He elicited our help in getting everything ready for the party, as well as sewing the patches on the cuts.

Usually, the ole ladies did the cuts, but I had insisted on doing Maximus'. It felt wrong for another woman to touch it. It was a sacred right of passage, and I needed to be the one who prepared his cut. I couldn't wait to see him strutting around in his new leather. Every time I looked at it, I would feel pride in the fact that I had a hand in making his day special.

"Girl, I hope you're ready for tonight. They put me in charge of the games, and I have some nasty shit planned," Chili called out to me.

"Of course, you do. What exactly is going down, so I can prepare myself? You know I get embarrassed easily."

"Well, you'd better lock away your shy personality and bring out Sasha Fierce tonight. All I will say is there will be a very public sex session, and it will involve both former prospects."

That raised my ire! How dare she try to involve Maximus in some public sexcapade. She was starting to get on my last nerve. It made me think she was trying to move in on him. I knew she was attracted to Maximus, but I thought she put her attraction on ice out of respect for me. I guess not. Mama always told me people won't respect you if they don't respect themselves. Looks like she was right.

If Chili thought she was going to have the opportunity to shoot her shot with my man, she was mistaken. That man was mine, and I did not share. I guess it was time for

Sunflower to put on her big girl panties. Of course, they would be black and sexy.

As soon as the men started filing into the bar section of the clubhouse, the DJ started playing music. The room had been decorated, and the bar was stocked and ready for a wild night. I had worked at these events before, but tonight was special. The gladiator was becoming a member, and I wanted to celebrate.

Maximus made his appearance to the loud chants of his brothers. He looked so happy. That beautiful smile was on display on his handsome face. I couldn't help but smile too. He finally belonged somewhere. He would die a Sinner. Nobody would ever be able to take that away from him. His eyes roamed the room looking for something or maybe someone. When they landed on me, his smile grew tenfold. He strode over to the bar, where I was working, and pulled me into a warm embrace.

“I did it, Sunflower. I finally belong.”

“Congratulations, Maximus. You deserve this and much more.”

The way he looked at me made my body shudder. He lowered his face to mine and planted a passionate kiss on my mouth. If swoon was a person, it would be this man. I melted in his arms, not caring that we were in a room full of bikers and women. I couldn't care less that he was making me moan his name out loud. I really didn't care that my nipples were as rock hard as his manhood.

“If you keep kissing me like this, the MC might just get their sex show a little earlier than expected,” I let slip out.

“What sex show?”

Maximus looked at me with curiosity and a little trepidation in his eyes. So, no one told him what was about to go down? He had to know the way bikers celebrated new members getting patched over. Sex upon sex, and then more

sex. And in between sessions, they drank like they had no livers.

“You’re kidding, right? This is your and Yardbird’s party. They have women waiting to fulfil your every need.”

“Fuck that. You’re the only woman I need or want, Sunflower. I’m trying to fuck tonight, but only if it’s with you.”

What was a girl supposed to say to that? No doubt, I wanted him, but Lord knows I didn’t want the entire MC to know the inner workings of my cootie cat. On the other hand, I knew what world I lived in. What’s that old saying, what you won’t do, another woman will. I was scared, but deep down, I wanted to put my claim on this man so everyone would know we belonged together. My words got stuck in my throat, so I pulled him back down for another kiss. It was the only way I could answer him at the time.

It felt like a thousand eyes on us as we broke the kiss. What is up with these people? I knew they had seen worse than this in the clubhouse. Then I remembered that I was supposed to be off limits. I guess King hadn’t spilled the beans in church. Oh well, they knew now. They all stared at us like they were waiting for an explanation, when the DJ turned up the music. Oh, he just earned a fat tip for that.

Moving behind the bar, I washed my hands and started pouring the beginning of what would be an endless number of shots. The crowd called for Maximus and Yardbird to take shot after shot. It was tradition to get the new members as messed up as possible. It was supposed to be fun, I guess. All I knew was when they woke up the next day, they would regret it.

“Shots, shots, shots!” the crowd chanted, causing the men to drink.

Someone shoved a glass in my hand and insisted that I drink, too. Now, I wasn’t one to indulge in spirits, but tonight was special. I didn’t protest too much because I needed a little

liquid courage to enact the plan I had been hashing out in my head. I was about to shock the entire place, including myself. I took the shot to the head and poured another one. I needed all the courage I could muster.

The party was in full effect. Everyone was lit. Even his friends from Vegas, who arrived earlier to help celebrate, were tore down. Maximus was hanging out with his brothers, but I noticed how he kept eyeing me at the bar. I also saw how he ignored all the angels trying to satisfy his manly needs. They lined up, and one by one got shot down. It made me smile to know I was the one he wanted. About an hour and a half into the festivities, Chili left me alone behind the bar to get the games going.

She was the Mistress of Ceremonies, so she took a spot near the DJ because it was easier to access the microphone. Chili raised her hand to get the crowd's attention and yelled for everyone to be quiet.

“Alright, guys, it's that time of the night where we play the games. Tonight's a little special since I've got my eye on a special man. So, I need the newly patched members front and center.”

The crowd parted as Maximus and Yardbird made their way to the center of the room. Everyone was laughing and cheering, anticipating what was going to happen next. Then Chili revealed what tonight's game was. I about hit the floor when she said it. She must have been out of her John Brown mind.

“Fellas, I'm gonna need your participation in this one. And ladies, I need your cooperation, too. If you want to participate, head over to the bar for the first annual Pussy Eating Contest! We're trying to make this a tradition.”

Cheers exploded from the crowd, and men grabbed women and dragged them over to the bar. I hope Chili had her rubber gloves because I certainly wasn't cleaning up after this mess. *Yuck!* I turned my lip up in disgust as I felt someone looking at me. When I looked up, my eyes met Maximus'. He

was looking at me like he was starving, and my cat was on the menu.

I don't know what came over me. Maybe it was the row of men lined up at the bar with their faces devouring pussies like it was their last meals. Maybe it was the lust I saw in the gladiator's eyes. I think it may have been the throbbing in my panties that needed to be satisfied. I can't say for sure, but when Maximus licked his lips and moved toward me, I let him take my hand and pull me in front of the bar.

I was under a spell as I watched Maximus lower to his knees in front of me. Oh, God, this was about to go down. Was I really going to let this man eat me out in front of everyone? One word... yes!

Maximus hiked up the leather miniskirt I was wearing and used his teeth to rip off my panties. They were the sexiest pair I had, but I didn't care at the moment. Then the man put his nose right in the middle of my treasure and sniffed me. He actually sniffed me! I must have smelled good to him because the next thing I knew, Maximus growled and started eating me alive.

"Lordy!" I exclaimed, sounding like a big nerd.

Who says 'Lordy' while getting eaten out by a sexy man? Apparently, I did, and it went along with several other silly words.

"My goodness, Maximus!"

He said nothing. All I heard were his grunts and my wetness. His tongue was so deep inside me that I could taste my essence on him. I didn't know what to do with my hands, so I placed them on his shoulders for balance. Just in time, too. I guess he needed better access because he threw my right leg over his shoulder. Access granted.

The man was a beast in the way he devoured me. He had my cat purring just right. My juices were running down my thigh and my clit was vibrating. Just when I thought it couldn't get any better, Maximus lifted me up in the air like he

was doing squats at the gym. He walked me over to the bar and planted my bottom on top. All the while, he never took his mouth off me.

His skills were top tier. I had never felt so turned on in my life. I no longer cared that we were in a public setting. I didn't give a rip that people were chanting his name. All I cared about was that orgasm that was teetering on the edge. When he inserted two of his meaty fingers inside me, my O went from teetering to exploding. That's when good girl, Gia went right out the door.

“Oh fuck! Oh fuck, Maximus! I'm coming, baby.”

“Mmmm. That's right, babe. Give me all that juice.”

I started humping his face like a mad woman. The friction paired with his magical tongue, and his rough fingers made me insane. I needed to come again, and I wouldn't stop until I did. Maximus stopped licking me and removed his fingers, much to my dismay. Then he flipped me over and started eating me from the back.

“Oh shit, baby.”

I lost my ever-loving mind. The sensation was so different than when he was facing me. It felt nasty and forbidden, and I loved it. Nobody had ever eaten me from behind. His nose was pressed in between my cheeks, and his tongue was hitting my spot so good, it didn't take long for my love to come running down his chin.

The nasty bastard stuck his tongue in my French star and rimmed me so good I thought I was floating. That ripped a third orgasm from my body. After lapping that honey up, Maximus did something so unexpected, it caused me to laugh.

Once again, he pulled away, only to turn on his back and slide underneath me. The man had me hovering over his face as he continued to eat my box. I swear he should have been a circus performer with the moves he was pulling out of his bag of tricks. By this time, I was screaming for God and

just trying to stay conscious. I had come so many times that my body was weak. It was all I could do to stay upright.

“Don’t quit now on me, Sunflower. I’m not even halfway done with this pretty pussy. Grind it on my face, baby. Make me drown in it.”

Well, you heard the man, Gia. Give it to him like he wanted. My second wind kicked in as I mustered up the strength to ride Maximus’ face like he demanded. I was rewarded with the most tantalizing feeling I had ever felt. All of a sudden, my thighs started shaking, and I felt lightheaded.

“Damn, damn, damn!” I screamed as I came again. I lost count at this point.

“Fuck, Gia, I need you.”

The next thing I knew, I was being lifted in the air. Maximus stood up and threw me over his shoulder, caveman style. He headed toward the stairs without another word. My goodness, the man was strong as an ox. All around us I could hear people cheering and laughing. When I looked around, I saw several couples having sex at the bar. One such coupling was Yardbird and Chili. So, that’s who she had her eye on. Good for her. I knew one thing, Maximus was about to add some stretch to my walls. I was so here for it.

Fifteen



Maximus

Gia's feminine scent drove me wild. I couldn't get enough of her sweet goodness. She tasted of strawberries and honey, and I was mesmerized by her moans. The fact that she even let me touch her intimately blew my mind. Hell, we just kissed for the first time earlier that day, and now I was kissing her lower lips. The fact that this was happening in front of the entire MC was maddening. I was turned all the way on.

Gorgeous! That was the only way to describe her. The way she looked at me made my body crave her in so many ways. After eating her sweet pussy and drinking her cum, I had to have her. However, the first time we fucked, it wasn't going to be for everyone's eyes to see. Gia wasn't some rando, she was my Sunflower and deserved better.

When I couldn't take the pain in my dick any longer, I lifted her over my shoulder and carried her off to my room. The brothers bitched and complained, but I didn't care. They could all go straight to hell with gasoline-soaked drawers if they didn't like it. I have to admit, I was a little nervous. Sunflower had me so horny, I was out of my mind. What if I came too fast? It had been over two and a half years since I had been with a woman.

Shaking with anticipation, I prayed that she didn't change her mind. Of course, I would stop if she said to, but I desperately needed her to give me the go ahead. Turns out, I had nothing to worry about. As soon as I closed and locked the door, Gia took control, much to my relief.

She removed my shirt and trailed her warm hands down my body. It was as if she was checking to see if I was real. My breath hitched as the tips of her fingers brushed my abs and moved even lower to the top of my jeans.

"Fuck, baby, that feels amazing," I said as she explored my body.

I had missed a woman's touch. It felt so damn good to be wanted. I just stood there waiting to see what she would do next. My Sunflower did not disappoint. After unzipping me, she removed my jeans and boots. A shocked look graced her pretty face as she came eye to eye with what I had to offer.

Ten inches of thick-cut steel there for the taking. As she inspected her new play toy, a smile graced her face. Gia's eyes seemed to be glued to my crotch like she had never seen a cock up close. Hell, I didn't mind. I wanted her to know each and every inch of me.

"Oh, Maxi, you're so hard for me. I'm not sure all that will fit, but I am willing to try."

I had had enough of this playing around. I needed to fuck in the worst way. If I waited any longer, my junk was gonna turn blue. No doubt, I enjoyed the way she explored me, but she could do that shit later, after I bust my first nut.

"Take off your clothes, baby. I need to be all up in that sweet pussy right now. I can't wait another second."

"Are you sure? No foreplay or anything?"

"I just gave you an hour of foreplay on the bar. Your snatch should be dripping for me. My dick is an impatient fucker. He needs you now."

She laughed and dropped trou as I demanded. She had a light dusting of hair that made her pussy look sexy as fuck. I hadn't taken the time to really look at it downstairs. I was too busy sucking her clit to notice before. Damn, she was perfect. I licked my lips, tasting the remnants of her flavor which made my cock grow ever harder. If I didn't feel her walls squeezing my cock immediately, I might just die.

With a smirk on her face, Sunflower pushed me down on the bed. Her cocky ass straddled me and rubbed the tip of my dick between her pussy lips. Her wetness smelled like chocolate chip cookies on a Friday night, and I had a major sweet tooth. Fuck! She was killing me.

“Stop playing with me, Gia. Put me inside you and ride your dick.”

And did she. The vixen slammed down on my considerable length until she was fully seated. Her ass bobbed against my balls, creating a delicious sensation. I was in danger of spilling my load before we even got started. I reached for her hips and tried to hold her in place. One Mississippi. Two Mississippi...

“Nope! I’m in control here. You just hang on for the ride of your life.”

Gia pushed my hands away and started to ride me. I saw the moon, stars, and the fucking northern lights as she gyrated her hips. Damn! This woman was going to destroy me, and there wouldn’t be a single complaint.

She continues to manipulate her hips like a rodeo champ. Just call me a freakin’ buckle bunny because I was going to follow her around anywhere she went. I never wanted her to stop what she was doing. I would escort her into the pits of hell for another taste of this pussy, and we were just getting warmed up.

“Oh, fuck, Gia. Oh, shit!!! Woman, you’ve got some good pussy.”

“This monster you’ve got ain’t half bad, gladiator. I think I’m addicted.”

The rhythm she set felt so damn good that my toes were curling. If she didn’t slow down, she was going to be mad as hell. It had been too long since I had some pussy, and hers was premium. Gia was in danger of setting off this volcano. She was about to be a victim of Pompeii 2.0.

“Fuck! Slow down, baby.”

“Ain’t no slow down, Maxi.”

I loved it when she called me Maxi.

“You asked for this pussy. Now take it. You’d better not come quick, either, or you won’t be getting any more.”

“Got Damn, woman!”

I closed my eyes so I couldn't see her. Those perky tits bobbing up and down with those blackberry nipples were causing a problem. Men are visual creatures, and that was just too intense for me. I reached out to find them with my hands. I needed to know what it felt like to tweak her nipples between my thumbs and index fingers. Big mistake! Huge!

Apparently, that was a big erogenous zone for Sunflower. Babygirl yelled my name as her walls grabbed my cock in a death grip. She contracted so tightly I felt all the air leave my lungs.

“Maxi, I'm coming!”

As soon as she screamed her pleasure, a stream of hot liquid shot out of her pussy. The pressure was so strong it pushed my dick out of heaven.

“Fuck, Maxi, what was that?”

“Babe, you squirted. Haven't you ever...”

She violently shook her head, giving me the answer that I needed. She looked at me with shock and curiosity. Just as she grabbed my dick readying herself for another ride, my fucking phone went off. It was the tone I had set for King! What the hell? He knew where I was and what I was doing. Why the hell would he interrupt me now? I had a choice to make. I could keep fucking my woman and deal with the consequences later or see what King wanted.

“You'd better answer that. King wouldn't interrupt us for no reason. It must be serious. Never forget, the club always comes first.”

Sunflower was right. Hadn't I just taken the oath a few hours ago? Here I was about to risk it all for a nut. We could pick things up after I took care of club business. Reluctantly, I lifted her off my lap. After checking the text and confirming it was indeed an emergency, I attempted to stuff my hard-on into my jeans. I threw on my boots and snagged my tee and cut.

They were both in my hand as I kissed Gia and ran out of the room.

As soon as I opened the door and ran into the hallway, I was greeted by the entire MC. They were lined up and down the hall cheering and laughing. Apparently, the text was a joke. They wanted to see if I would choose the club over pussy. I guess I chose correctly. I was pissed! How dare these fuckers interrupt my time with my woman for a few laughs.

Sixteen



Sunflower

As soon as Maximus opened the bedroom door, I heard the cackling of drunk men and women in the hallway. They were testing him. So not cool! My pussy was on fire. She was in dire need of more of that premium dick, and they wanted to play games. I would make them pay, but first, I needed my man. Making my way over to the door, I wrapped my hand around his bicep. Well, it didn't wrap all the way around, but it was enough to get his attention.

After tightening my grip, I tugged Maxi back into the room. Before I slammed the door in everyone's faces, I gave them a mean glare which elicited a ton of laughter. I locked the door and attacked my man with a passionate kiss. His cock was still raging! I don't know how he stuffed it into those jeans, but it looked quite painful.

“Here, let me help you with that.”

I lowered to my knees, extracted my gift from its prison and licked it. The mixture of my flavor and his did something primal to me. Before I knew it, I was sucking Maximus' cock like my life depended on it. His manly scent turned me into a brazen hussy, as my mom would say. Wait, don't think of Mama right now. This was getting weird. I shook my head to clear the thoughts of my mom, but that ended up making Maxi holler.

“Oh fuck! God damn, Gia! That shit is fire! Keep doing that.”

The hoards of laughter from the hallway told us that the MC was listening at the door. I didn't give two ducks. They could all kick rocks. They really needed to get them some business and stay out of ours. Since he liked the technique so much, I sucked and shook Maximus into a powerful orgasm. I swallowed, licked my lips, and smiled up at him.

“Damn, you're beautiful with my cum dripping from your lips.”

Giggling, I licked my lips to keep any of his babies from escaping. He shook his head as if in disbelief. I noticed his cock remained hard and even jumped when my tongue snaked out to capture his remnants.

“Is that thing still raring to go?” I asked with a grin.

My man didn’t say a word, he simply picked me up and tossed me on the bed. I had been in charge before, but it looked like the tables were turning. The muscle-bound man jumped on the bed with me and spread my legs. After giving me a sly grin, he said something that made me gush.

“Morituri te salutant!!”

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“It means, I’m about to go gladiator on this tight wet pussy. Tomorrow, you’re going to feel like she went to battle and received a thumbs down fate.”

Did this man just tell me he was about to murder my pussy in the sexiest way known to man? *Good grief!* What was I supposed to do with that? I took a deep breath and prepared to be destroyed. When the big man lifted my legs and placed them on his shoulders, I knew for sure I was in trouble. My scary butt had the nerve to jump when he placed his head at my entrance.

“Calm your nerves, woman. I’m not even in yet.”

He pushed into me without warning. The feeling was unreal. His dick was everything I have ever wanted and then some. He moved in and out of me with precise strokes. His tip was massaging my g-spot as he entered and exited. It was no surprise when I came all over that big party favor of his.

“Oh, God, I’m coming! Please... please...”

I had no idea what I was begging for. Did I want him to stop or keep going? Did I want him to kiss me or suck my nipples? I didn’t know, and it didn’t matter. Maximus knew exactly how to work my body. He had me twisted and turned all over his cock. I loved every freakin’ inch of him. Before I

could think straight, I felt that sensation from earlier. Suddenly, just like before, hot liquid sprayed from my coochie.

“Oh fuck, Maxi! You did it again. Oh shit!”

My body was on sensory overload as he continued to move in and out of me. The man showed no mercy as he pummeled my pussy. Well, like they say, no pain, no gain. I continued matching him stroke for stroke, chasing after another orgasm.

“Fuck yeah, baby. I want you to spray all over me. That shit turns me on.”

I watched as Gia squirted all over me. It felt so fucking good. The visual made my dick grow harder. I continued to pump into her and flicked her clit at the same time. I wanted to see how many times I could make her squirt. She was so beautiful as she came apart on my dick. Her mouth hung open, her eyes rolled in the back of her head, and she screamed my name each time her walls constricted. I couldn't think of a more satisfying sight in the world. I needed to see that magnificent ass of hers, so I pulled out of her wetness.

“Sunflower, turn over. I wanna hit it from behind.”

She quickly complied, giving me a glorious view of her cheeks. I slid back home as quickly as I could. Deciding long strokes were my best bet to get her back to orgasmic pleasure, I began moving my hips. What I didn't expect was Gia popping her hips up and working her ass so damn good I almost nutted.

The noises she made caused goosebumps to form on my arms. I did my best to hold on as she worked herself into a frenzy. Those fucking hips were otherworldly. That ass was perfection. Then she screamed and gave me my reward for being patient. Another gush of liquid gold erupted from within as she bucked on my cock.

It was official! Gia was going to be the death of me. The woman was going to kill me cemetery dead and then walk on my grave. I was about to meet Lucifer himself, and I couldn't give one damn. The shit felt too amazing to stop. The visual of her round ass popping on my shaft was too much to bear.

“I'm about to come, baby. You ready for this?”

“Give it to me, Maxi.”

Aww hell! That did it. My balls drew up, and my body released so hard it felt like I exploded. I kid you not, the vision in my left eye faded to black. The right eye still worked a

little, but even that was blurry. It felt like all of my internal organs had shut down just so I could keep the blood flow going to my cock.

Once I sprayed her walls with my load, my brain stayed offline for a few minutes. Sex had never hurt so damn good. This was more than sex. It was a rebirth. Her pussy just snatched my soul.

“Fuck, Gia. You just made me change religions. I am now a staunch follower of the Ass of Sunflower. Let’s get married! Tonight.”

She giggled, but I was serious as a heart attack. If Gia thought she was getting rid of me after this night, she was sadly mistaken. She had created a worshipper for life. If she even dreamed about giving my pussy away to another man, she better wake up and apologize. I would kill a motherfucker for trying to get a taste of her. Pussy so good it could make a man fall in love with just one taste. Hell yeah, Gia was about to be wifey.

Seventeen



Sunflower

Maximus was crazy! That was the only way I could explain the fact that he proposed to me. He was punch drunk. Pussy power is real! He hit it once and was talking about spending his life with me. Now, don't get me wrong, the dick was amazing. So much so I would rip the hair out of any woman's head who even looked his way. That being said, I did not want to marry him. In fact, I didn't want to marry anyone.

“How about you get some rest, and if you still feel the same in the morning, we can talk about it.”

I knew I would never want to marry anyone. If I had the marrying gene, he would be that guy. However, I have seen too much stuff go wrong between people to tether myself to a man for a lifetime. I had no problem being in a long-term commitment. I could even see myself as an ole lady. That would be more my style. But I would never get married. I think it would take the fun and excitement out of the relationship.

Maximus pulled me into his arms and wrapped me up tight to his body. When he curled his legs around me, I thought he was doing too much. What did he think I was going to do, run away in the middle of the night?

Around 4:12 AM I woke up sweating like a stuck pig, still wrapped in Maximus' tight embrace. His grip was so tight Superman™ couldn't pry us apart. What in the world? He needed to move because my bladder was calling me. He had about ten seconds before we were sleeping in a waterbed.

“Maximus, wake up. I need to pee.”

No answer. The man was dead to the world. I hated to disturb him because he did not sleep often, but I was not going to use the bathroom on myself. I shoved my elbow back and nudged him in the ribs.

“Maxi, baby, wake up.”

“What’s wrong? Are you alright?”

“No, I have to pee, and you’ve got me wrapped up like a boa constrictor.”

“My bad. You just feel so damn good in my arms.”

“I promise to come right back, but if you don’t release me now, it’s going to be a problem.”

As soon as he loosened his hold, I shot out of the bed and ran to the bathroom to relieve myself. I had forgotten all about the damage the gladiator did to my poor pussy. She quickly reminded me of her injury as soon as I took a seat on the porcelain throne. My legs were like linguini, and my arms were sore. Some time last night, Maximus must have slapped my behind several times because my cheeks burned like fire. After I finished my business, I looked in the mirror and found his handprints all over my butt.

Well, that’s one way to claim me. My body was sore, and my pussy ached. I needed a long hot bath, but I decided to jump in the shower for a quick wash. I wanted to be clean in case my man wanted to go another round when I returned to bed. There was no way I would crawl back in bed with him without washing first.

As I gently washed my tinder box, I heard the bathroom door creak open. I heard Maximus relieving himself. Were we really doing this? I have never been in the room when a man used the bathroom before. That was serious couple stuff. I was yanked out of my stupor when the flushing of the toilet caused the water temperature in the shower to run hot for a few seconds. *Yikes!*

“Maximus! Why did you do that?”

He didn’t say anything, but I heard him chuckling. Before I could rinse off and give him a piece of my mind, he drew back the shower curtain and stepped into the shower with me. Maximus pulled me close to him and poked his erection into the crack of my booty. My pussy had a brief moment of relief when I washed her with warm water, but she started

weeping as soon as Maxi slid ‘The Destroyer’ between her lips. He was about to wreck me some more, and I was about to let him.

After a very stringent workout in the shower, I was done for. It was too early in the morning for all this. My body needed rest. Unable to walk on my own, I was surprised when Maximus lifted me in his muscular arms and carried me back to bed. He toweled me off but didn’t use any moisturizer. Lawdamercy, I was going to be as ashy as Larry when I woke up.

The next day, I was working at the bar. When I say working, I mean I was slowly creeping around and looking busy. My body had gone on strike. I drunk three cups of coffee and was still tired. I didn’t even drink the stuff. Now I knew why. It was bitter, and it didn’t work.

It was almost 1:30 PM when Chili decided to grace us with her presence. She looked like death warmed over. I’m sure I didn’t fair any better, but at least I made it to work on time.

“Bitch, I know that’s not you drinking coffee. Maximus must have worn that thing out.”

“And did.”

“Damn, you’re not even going to deny it?”

“Why would I? The entire MC heard us.”

She burst out laughing and stopped abruptly, grabbing her head. That served her right for messing with us. I hope she had a migraine. Chili popped some aspirin in her mouth and chased it with some vodka. When I glared at her, she shrugged.

“It’s an old family remedy for a hangover.”

That made me chuckle. Whoever heard of drinking on top of a hangover? We both knew that wasn’t going to work. What she really needed was some greasy food and a gallon of H₂O. As I was adding bottles of beer to the cooler, I heard a

commotion coming from the front door. Toad ran inside and yelled at me to get Maximus and to make sure he didn't have any weapons on him. That couldn't be good.

As luck had it, Maximus was in the backroom helping to pull down some cases of liquor for me. I ran in the back and told him what Toad said.

“Here, give me your gun and the knives. I don't know what's going on, but if Toad said no weapons, he said it for a reason.”

He handed me his gun that I placed in a box of Jack and put back on the shelf. The knives I placed in my boots, in case he needed to get to them quickly. After pulling the pantlegs of my jeans down, you couldn't tell they were there. As we exited the backroom, I noticed a couple of policemen standing in the clubhouse by the door.

Toad, as Sergeant at Arms, was very protective of his brothers. He would have no problem going toe to toe with the cops if he had to. The goal was to make sure he didn't have to. I gave Maximus a reassuring smile as he left me to go see what the officers wanted. I lagged, but moved within earshot so I could hear what they were saying.

“Like I was saying to this gentleman, I am looking for an individual who may have been involved in an assault a few weeks back. The victim was sliced open with some rather sharp knives. We finally found a witness who claims she saw a man in a Sinners cut running away from the scene. Her description of the man matches you, down to the prospect cut you were wearing that night.”

He looked dead straight at Maximus when he said that. My nerves were on edge. Maximus absolutely could not handle going back to jail. Especially not when he was starting to heal. I watched as my man glared at the cop. This was about to be bad.

“So, some woman describes a man who may or may not look like me and you show up here? Obviously, she was

mistaken. My cut says member in bold print. We don't even have any prospects right now.”

The officer glared at Maximus because he wasn't going to cooperate. He was telling the truth about the club not having any prospects. There were a few hang-arounds, but the club hadn't decided if they were prospect material. The police didn't have anything. They were operating on a wing and a prayer, hoping to trip Maximus up.

“What does the so-called victim say?” Toad asked.

“He isn't talking. Probably because he's scared out of his mind. After the beating he took, he should be.”

The cop was playing games. He was trying to bait Maximus into saying something that would make him seem guilty. All the cops ever did was lie. I knew that from personal experience. They had a legal license to deceive the public, but my man was too smart to fall for their tricks.

“You say he took a beating? Well, as you can see, my knuckles are not damaged. I haven't been in any fights. It looks like either you or your witness is full of shit.”

“Watch your mouth, or I'll haul your ass in for...”

“For what? Honoring my right to freedom of speech? I haven't done anything illegal, and you can't prove that I have. Seems like you are harassing me and my club. If you don't have a warrant or any proof that an assault even took place, please vacate the premises.”

The officers were hot as fish grease, but they turned on their heels and high tailed it out of there. As the front door slammed behind them, a collective breath was heard throughout the room.

“You handled that well, Maximus,” Toad exclaimed.

“When you've done time in the past, it gives you all the fuel you need to stay out of jail. Those cops were fishing. They don't have any evidence, and they don't know what

really happened. I refuse to go back into a cage. Do we have a club lawyer on retainer, or do I need to find my own?"

"Naw, man, we have one on retainer. In fact, he should be here any minute. His name is Johnathan Ledet, and he is a 6'4" Cajun who doesn't take any shit. If they come back, he'll be ready and waiting for their asses," Toad advised.

"Thanks for having my back, brother. After I speak with this lawyer, how about we head over to your gym. I need to blow off some steam."

"Sounds good. Come find me when you're ready."

I watched closely as Maximus stormed out of the door. He was angry, so I let him be. He didn't like me to see him like that. He needed to clear his head, and so did I.

Eighteen



Maximus

That visit from the police had me shook. Nothing I did to calm my nerves worked. I met with the lawyer, who assured me I was in the clear. He had inside knowledge that the police were on a fishing expedition. They even made up the witness. The older lady that was present that night was not cooperating with them, and they knew it. Nobody in Oakland would dime on the Sinners. We were a notorious MC, but we also did a lot for the community. Which bred loyalty.

The only thing I could think about, as I ran mile after mile on the treadmill, was my Sunflower and how I needed her in my life. I had just gotten her, and I'd be damned if I would be separated from her now. She needed me as much as I needed her. I was so messed up in the head that my stress level was through the roof after I finished my workout. That shit never happened. Exercise always allowed my body to de-stress. At least it had in the past.

I wasn't sure what I was going to do, and then it hit me. I hadn't been on a ride for quite a while. The wind in my face and the open road was just what I needed. Only, I didn't want to go alone. I needed my girl with me. I headed back to the clubhouse to swoop her up. She was the one who always had my six, and the only one who could calm me in this situation.

"Man, you sure tore the hell out of that treadmill," Toad called out to me.

He had kept his word and gone to the gym with me. The man was a beast on the weights. I had lifted for a while, but I needed to get some cardio in. While Toad was exploring leg day, I felt the need for speed.

"Yeah, man. I need to get my head together. I thought running would help, but I'm still in a fog. I think I'll grab my girl and take a ride down the coast. The ocean always helps chase the demons away."

“I feel you. Holler if you need me. I’ve got about another half hour before I head out.”

“Will do, and thanks again, brother. We’ll chat soon.”

With a nod, I exited the gym with only one thing on my mind... Sunflower. I stopped by the flower shop on the way back to the clubhouse and asked for a collection of several different sizes of sunflowers. I stood in the shop and wove the flowers into an intricate crown for my girl to wear in her hair. She loved the flowers, and I thought it would put a smile on her face. After securing the crown in my saddlebag, I sped to the clubhouse, anxious to surprise my girl.

I decided to grab some food on the way. Just some sandwiches and crap like that. I hated that I didn’t have a lot of time to bake her a special treat, but I did find some stickers that had sunflowers on them. I grabbed a bag of chocolate kisses. I would affix the stickers to the bottom of the candies and give those to her.

I entered the clubhouse through the back entrance where I ran into King. He agreed to let Gia off for the rest of the afternoon. I think he knew I needed her. After running upstairs and taking a quick shower, I entered the bar like I usually did, leaving the kisses on the bar top. I hummed the tune about sunflowers in the garden so she would know I was there. I had grown to love that song by Vampire Weekend. In my mind, it was our song. It certainly evoked images of Gia whenever I heard it.

“Do be do be deep... Do be do be deep...”

Gia turned around smiling when she heard the chorus humming. She was so stinking adorable. The woman had my heart. Just the sight of her calmed my soul.

“Hey Maxi, how are you?”

“Better now that I see your beautiful face, Sunflower.”

“Sunflower? Oh, is that what you call her now? Looks like somebody has a new road name! Gia has been claimed by Maximus! Her new name is Sunflower!”

Her loud-mouthed friend, Chili screamed out for the world and Jesus to hear. Something about her worked my last nerve. It was like she had to be the center of attention. When men didn't pay her any mind, it bothered her soul. I completely ignored her and grabbed Gia's hand.

"Come take a ride with me. I need to clear my head."

"I would love to, babe, but I still have a couple of hours left on my shift."

"You don't have to worry about all that. I cleared it with King. Grab your bag and let's go."

My Sunflower did not hesitate. She chucked deuces at her friend and ran around the bar to me. She made sure to snag her candies from the bar top and shove them in her crossbody bag before grabbing my offered hand. It warmed my heart that she valued the smallest of gifts from me. She never failed to show her appreciation.

I mounted my Harley El Diablo Softail and held my hand out for her to get on behind me. After Gia was securely seated, I started the engine and took off toward the beach.

"Where are we going?" Gia asked through the intercom device in our helmets.

"There's a spot I heard about in Half Moon Bay called Tunitas Creek Beach. It's a little difficult to get to, but so worth the view."

"What does difficult to get to mean? Are you gonna make me hike ten miles to get to the beach? FYI, I am not a Marine."

"Do you trust me, Sunflower?"

"With my life, gladiator."

"Go with that feeling. I would never let anything happen to you. Not one of those gorgeous curls will be out of place."

I couldn't see her face, but I was positive she was smiling. When she wrapped herself tighter around my body, I was sure of it. Her arms were a comfort to me. Having her so close to me did something to my heart. It certainly took my mind off my troubles for a time. As we rolled out, headed toward I-880, I felt a peace come over me that I knew was due to having my girl with me. The hour drive was scenic and the most fun I had had in quite a while. I had forgotten what a good road trip felt like. It was so freeing to the spirit.

When we arrived at our destination, there were signs posted that the park and beach were closed for construction. That was of no consequence to me. The Marines had taught me to hike any sort of terrain there was. I would be just fine, but I would never knowingly endanger Gia. I would leave it up to her if she wanted to explore or not.

"Babe, looks like the beach access is closed. We can just sit up top here and watch the waves."

"No way. You can't go to the ocean and not get the total experience. I need to stick my toes in that water. Come on. Let's go."

That's my girl. I grabbed my bag from the storage container and helped her fluff out her fro. Then I placed the crown of sunflowers in her hair. She transformed right before my eyes. One minute, she was a beautiful woman, and the next, a breathtaking Goddess. The kiss she gave me almost brought me to my knees. I had everything a man needed to enjoy life.

We headed down the slightly eroded trail that led to the beach. It was steep and even had ropes in place to help prevent slips. It was a bit more dangerous than I anticipated, which made me wonder if Gia would be able to navigate it.

"Sunflower, are you sure you want to go down this trail? I won't think less of you if you change your mind. I just need you to be safe."

“I can’t say that I’m excited to hike down this steep ravine, but feeling the ocean on my toes will be so worth it. I promise to be careful.”

“Fine but let me go down first. That way, if you need help, I can be there for you. Okay?”

“Sounds good, babe.”

We were halfway down the trail, and everything was going great. Gia was keeping up with me, and she even told a joke or two. I was sure to keep an eye out for any danger that may lie ahead. I hadn’t spotted any snakes, so that was a plus. Any loose rocks, I was sure to kick out of the way. Just as I rounded a somewhat steep corner, I reached back to help Gia. She reached her hand out to me, but just before our fingers touched, her body jolted backwards. The terror-filled scream that left her throat made my blood run cold.

“Fuck! Gia, baby! What happened? Are you alright?”

As I was about to help her up from the ground, a pair of boots stepped over her lithe body. *Who the fuck?* Before I could react, I looked into the ominous eyes of the bastard that attacked me with the bat. *This fucker!* When I told Gia about the attacker and what he said, we determined it had to have been her stepfather, Bruce. Now the bastard was here putting his hands on my woman and right in front of me. He clearly had a death wish.

I was caught off balance when Bruce used all his momentum to strike me in the head with a steel pipe. He pushed me in the chest, causing me to fall down the ravine. It took a minute to get my bearings and when I did, I got up and ran back up the trail. Bruce had Gia by the hair, pulling her back up to the parking lot. She was struggling with him, kicking, and screaming along the way.

I saw nothing but red. How dare this fool disregard my presence and think he can manhandle my Sunflower like that. He was going to learn to keep his dirty hands to himself. This would be the last time he caused my woman any anxiety.

As I rushed to help Gia, I heard a sound that stopped me dead in my tracks. The very familiar signal of a rattlesnake rang out just ahead of me. The cold-eyed reptile was curled up rattling its warning that it was about to strike. The only thing was it was pointing directly at Gia. I guess all the crying and scraping of the dirt disturbed the creature. No matter, the snake had given me the perfect way to get rid of Bruce without going to jail.

Carefully, I inched toward the scaly savior and snagged it right behind the head, like I had been taught in my field training. The poisonous creature wriggled in my hand as I tried to get a good angle to throw it. Bruce had Gia by the hair, so her body was covering most of his. The only clear place to throw the snake was at his face. *So be it!* I flung the rattler with perfect precision.

As soon as it left my hand, I grabbed Gia and pulled her to me. The snake struck Bruce in the face several times before slithering off down the trail. Stunned, Gia wrapped herself around me and wouldn't let go.

“Oh, my goodness! Maximus, he could have killed me.”

“Not on my watch, baby. You're safe now, and he's a dead man. That venom should work its magic in a few minutes, and you'll never have to worry about him again.”

The bastard was panicking. He flailed his arms around in the air while stumbling around. Eventually, he fell to the ground while grasping his face. Even as his lifeforce was escaping his body, the idiot didn't have enough sense to pray to his chosen deity. No, instead, he used his last breath to threaten me.

“You asshole! When I get up from here, I'm going to put a bullet right between your eyes. Let's see how pretty she thinks you are then.”

I couldn't be more amused than I was at that moment. I stepped away from Gia and leaned over Bruce so only he

could hear my reply.

“You stupid asshole. You will never get up. This is your cemetery. They won’t find your dirty, stinky rotted body for weeks, maybe months. This park is closed, so nobody will be on this trail until construction is complete.

“Maybe God will show mercy on you and allow the coyotes to eat your lifeless body. Either way, you won’t be putting a bullet in anyone. Gia is mine, and I’ll make sure she never utters your foul name again.”

After watching Bruce’s putrid soul leave his body, I took Gia by the hand and helped her to the top of the trail. I was determined that our peaceful day would not be ruined by that evil bastard lying in his own excrement in the middle of the path. When we got to my Harley, I stood back from Gia and fluffed up her fro.

“See, just like I promised. Not one single curl out of place.”

That earned me a playful slap across the arm. Then she kissed me with a bit of desperation and a whole lot of gratitude.

“You saved my life, Maxi. Thank you.”

I pulled her back for another kiss before climbing on my bike. After my Sunflower was secure, I took off back toward Oakland. On the way, we stopped at an isolated park and had a little picnic. We didn’t have a blanket, but the grass was soft, and the atmosphere was romantic.

Nineteen



Sunflower

It was official. Today was the day I fell head over heels in love with Jefferson “Maximus” Rivers. The man saved me from my tormentor and then took me on a picnic. Nowhere in any of the fairy tales I read as a child did this happen to the heroine. However, I think it was perfect for my life. And he was the perfect man.

We were sitting in this random park while he was feeding me bites of his sandwich. He had chosen roast beef for himself and a turkey club for me. While turkey was my favorite, I wanted to try his. Normally, I detested roast beef because it always had huge sections of raw meat. But for some odd reason, I wanted to eat his food.

“Maxi, can I have a bite of your sandwich?”

“I thought you hated roast beef.”

“I usually do, but it looks so good.”

“Say please.”

I laughed at the smirk on his face. He was messing with me. This was something he started doing quite often. I loved that he was so comfortable with me.

“Pleeeeeease!”

I drew out the word and gave him the puppy dog eyes. I knew he could never resist those eyes. Just like I thought, he acquiesced and held out his sandwich so I could take a bite. Leaning forward, I nibbled a small piece of the food and moaned at its deliciousness.

“Oh, man! That’s decadent.”

“Fuck, Sunflower, you just made my dick hard. What are you going to do about it?”

“Mmmm, come here baby. Let me take care of that for you.”

Just the thought of his hard steel, and I was soaking wet. It had been that way since I first saw this man. It got even worse after he gave me the gladiator treatment. Lord knows I could indulge in that daily. For the most part he and I had been humping like newlyweds, but it was still never enough.

Not giving a care if someone would come along and catch us, I removed my boots and pants. After removing his manhood from the confines of his jeans, I mounted Maximus and rode him like a stallion. I guess I was going too slow for him because he flipped me onto my back and took over.

“Oh, my fucking God! Maxi, you feel so damn good!”

“Tell me how good it is, Sunflower.”

“So good, baby. That’s it right there. Fuuuck! You’re hitting my spot. I’ll kill your ass if you stop.”

And he didn’t disappoint. Maximus kept pumping into me like a well-oiled machine. He gave it to me so good that I was coming in no time. I was yelling his name and exalting him as the sex god that he was. When he lifted my leg over his shoulder, I knew I was in trouble. He was about to beat my pussy so good that I wouldn’t be able to sit for days.

My juice gushed, as he destroyed my walls. I was ruined for any other man. Only Maximus would do. By the time he exploded inside me, I had come three times. My breath was gone, and there was grass in my hair. I didn’t care one bit. After cleaning up with napkins and bottled water, we hopped on his bike and headed back to the clubhouse. On the way back, I heard Maximus chuckle into the intercom.

“What’s so funny?”

“You.”

“What’d I do?”

“You have a potty mouth.”

“Lies you tell! You know I never cuss.”

“Gia, really? Woman, you curse like a sailor when we’re fucking. But only when we’re fucking.”

“Whaaat? You’re joking, right?”

“No, Miss Gia. I am deadass serious. You use some of the foulest words when I’m inside you.”

“You’re making that up. I’m a lady.”

“Yeah, a fucking lady. And I love you.”

“I love you too, Maximus. Even if you’re a liar.”

We both chuckled at my joke, but I knew he heard my declaration because he took my left hand, brought it to his mouth, and kissed it. He then placed it on his chest, just over his heart. The Harley was a smooth ride, but I am pretty sure I floated back to Oakland on a cloud. He loved me, and I loved him. It just didn’t get any better than that.

We had returned from our day trip in a love fog. I couldn’t get the smile to leave my face if I tried. When we arrived, Maximus carried me up to his room and made love to me for the rest of the evening and into the morning. The man had immeasurable stamina.

Cloud nine was now my norm. The next morning, I was in the bar doing my usual deep clean when I realized I had Maximus’ phone instead of mine. I went to pull up my playlist and couldn’t open the phone. It was still too early for him to be up, so I decided to just run up to his room and exchange the phone for mine. I wish like Hades that I never went up those stairs.

As I hurried down the hallway, all I was thinking about was getting in and out of his room without waking him up. I knew if he saw me, he would drag me back to bed, and it would be at least an hour before I made it back to work. King would have my head if that happened. The sight before me made me stop dead in my tracks. It couldn’t be... but yet, it was right there in front of my face.

“You fucking bitch!”

It just jumped out of my mouth. I couldn't control it. I felt like an alien had taken over my body and was controlling my brain. Chili was coming out of Maximus' room buttoning her see through shirt. That slut had been fucking my man. I ran up to her and slapped the dogshit out of her.

"How could you? I thought you were my friend. I should have known. You can't stand not being the center of attention. How long has this been going on?"

"Gia! Oh my God! It's not what you think. I promise."

"Fuck you, Chili. I trusted you. I gave you the benefit of the doubt when other people told me to watch my back. And you!"

I turned my ire to Maximus who was standing there looking like a snack with no shirt on and his jeans riding low on those magical hips. *Bastard!* Why did he have to look so good while breaking my heart? I loved him and hated him at the same time.

"I told you I would cut that thing off if you fucked around on me! You'd better be glad I gave you those blades back, or you'd be calling me Lorena."

"Sunflower, you got this all wrong."

"Don't call me that. You don't get to call me sweet names after breaking my heart. I knew this would happen. I finally opened up and gave you my heart. I fucking told you that I loved you. How could you do this and with my best friend?"

"Baby, please..."

He looked desperate and on the verge of tears. Well, good for him. I hope that little whiff of Chili's snatch was worth it. He will never get another whiff of mine. *Fucker!*

"Fuck you! And fuck you too, Kim! I hate both of you. Stay the fuck away from me. If I see either of you, I promise, I will gut you like a fish."

I stormed into his room, slammed his phone on the floor and grabbed mine from the dresser. After all that, I strolled my happy ass back to work. *Who does that?* I had an uncontrollable need to please King. He was like a father figure to me, and I didn't want to let him down. I knew one thing, though. As soon as my shift was done, I would be packing my stuff and leaving this place. There was no way I could stand to see Maximus and Chili together.

The clubhouse was unusually quiet all day. It seemed as if word had gotten out about my little tirade in the hall. It wasn't exactly a secret. I did yell the house down. My heart was broken. For once, I had the right to act out of character. Since I didn't have any customers to serve, I sat behind the bar and dreamed up scenarios where I could get away with murdering the bitches who betrayed me. I wouldn't waste my time saying their names anymore.

After work, I went to my room, packed a bag, and left the clubhouse. I was no longer in danger since Bruce was laying on a dirt trail covered in snake bites. Unless he came back from the dead, he wasn't a threat to me. I decided to get a room at a local hotel for a little while. There was no way I could return to Granny's house. The police would think it was odd and might start investigating me.

"Hey, Gia. Can we talk?"

As I exited the front gate, Yardbird called out to me. I felt bad for him because he was in the same position as me. However, he would have to deal with his own stuff. I had enough going on in my head. I couldn't help him. Instead of answering his plea, I ran to the corner and jumped in my rideshare.

Sitting in my hotel room on the bed, I thought about what I was going to do with my life. Just when I thought I had everything all figured out, I was blindsided by this mess. I knew better than to trust a man. So far in my life, my dad and King had been the only men I had been close to, who hadn't betrayed me.

My heart felt like it had been stabbed in a million places and then set on fire. It hurt like you couldn't imagine, but I wouldn't let it break me. I was a survivor. I made it through the torture my stepdad put me through, and I would make it through this. I was drifting off to sleep when my phone rang. I started to ignore it, but something told me to answer the call.

"Hello?"

"Where the fuck are you?"

King's voice roared through the phone, causing me to jump. Oh, boy. He was pissed.

"I'm at a hotel."

"Why the fuck are you there? Did I lift my order for you to stay in place at the clubhouse? I'll answer that for you. Hell no! I need you to get your ass back on this compound before this phone call is over."

"I'm sorry, King. I can't do that."

"Why the fuck not?"

I took a deep breath before answering him. I knew he was aware of what happened between Maximus, Chili, and me. King knew everything that went on in the clubhouse. Especially, since I made a scene.

"I believe you know what went down. I can't be there right now. If I see either of their stupid faces, I will be doing time."

King chuckled, and I knew he wasn't as angry as he pretended to be. He was probably more scared than anything. It wasn't like me to disobey an order. I was the good girl, after all.

"Yeah, I heard. I just wanted to get your point of view. Everyone has an opinion, and I've been bombarded with texts and phone calls all day. I talked to both Maximus and Chili and got their sides. Now, tell me what you think happened."

“I was working in the club this morning when I discovered I had his phone. I went to his room to retrieve mine and give his back. When I was halfway down the hall, I saw Chili leaving his room. She was half dressed, which is normal for her, but then she was buttoning her shirt.”

“Okay, that sounds bad, but did you let them explain?”

“What could they say? I saw her. She was grinning up at him all happy. I know that look. He’s put it on my face plenty of times.”

“Whoa! TMI, little girl. Let’s get back to the situation at hand.”

“Well okay, then I saw him with no shirt on and his jeans hanging low on his hips like he just finished having sex. He was grinning too. Anytime I even mention Chili around him, he gets this scowl on his face like he smells something foul. I guess I know now that it was all a rouse. He was just trying to throw me off their scent.”

“Is that really what you think? Because I can tell you the man has never shown any interest in another woman since I’ve known him. Before I found out you and he were an item, I seriously questioned his sexuality because nobody could get his attention. Now, I know it was because he was into you. I can tell you from experience, when a real man finds the love of his life, his dick doesn’t work for another woman.”

“King...”

“Just think about what I’ve said, Gia. Sometimes things aren’t what they seem. And you don’t run from your problems, little girl. You know better. I’ll give you tonight away from the compound since you’re no longer in danger from your stepdad. However, you’d better have your ass in the clubhouse first thing tomorrow morning, or I’m coming to get you. Believe me, you don’t want that.”

Before I could say anything else, the grouchy man hung up on me. He had given me a lot to think about. I still couldn’t think of a good reason for what I saw. The tears that I had been

holding inside finally escaped until I fell asleep. I was dreading going back tomorrow and facing the club. I just knew they thought I was a silly twit. But King was right. I didn't run from my problems. I was woman enough to face them head on.

Twenty



Maximus

Gia was gone. I couldn't believe that bitch friend of hers came to my room. I was dead asleep, dreaming of my girl, when there was a knock at my door. I heard it, but I thought it was in my dream. Then the knocking turned into pounding. I jumped up from the bed, threw on my jeans, and snatched the door open.

There she stood, looking at me like I was a three piece and a biscuit, with sweet tea on the side. I hated the way she admired my package. Unfortunately, I was hard as a brick because I had been dreaming of fucking Gia. The longer I looked at her stupid face, the softer it got. I glared at her until I saw what she had in her hand. It was the present I asked her to get ready for Gia.

“Oh, hey, Maximus. Sorry, did I wake you?”

“Yeah,” I grunted not wanting to further the conversation with the harpy.

The next thing I knew, she was pushing her way past me and entering my room. *What the fuck was her deal?* She was involved with my brother, Yardbird, and she knew I was in love with her best friend. There was no reason for her to be in my room. To avoid any issues, I left the door open.

“Close the door, boy. You don't want Gia to see her gift.”

“I'll take my chances. How much do I owe you?”

“Well, that depends. Are you paying in cash or another way?”

“Cash! There is no other way with you. Got me?”

She laughed and then handed me the gift bag. I inspected the contents and smiled. It was done exactly to my specifications. Inside there was an invoice for \$1,500. I

snagged my wallet from my bedside table and fished out two grand.

“Here, I gave you extra for a job well done. Gia’s gonna love this. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. She is my bestie. I want her to be happy, and you make her happy, Maximus.”

She walked out of the door and turned back to look up at me with a smile on her face.

“You know, that is the most I’ve ever heard you say. You’re not such an ogre after all.”

The smile that was on my lips quickly turned into a scowl as I heard my woman yelling at her friend. When Gia hauled off and slapped her, I knew things had gone terribly wrong. *Fuck! Fuck! Fuckity Fuck!* How the hell was I going to explain this woman coming out of my room? I was half dressed without a shirt or shoes.

I knew if I saw Gia like this with a man, there would be no talking, just slashing. I couldn’t blame her for the tongue lashing she gave both me and her friend. I tried to explain, but there was just no talking to her. Shit, I wouldn’t have believed me either. This looked bad!

My life went to shit in the blink of an eye. All because that stupid woman couldn’t follow directions. She was supposed to meet me at Toad’s gym with the gift for Gia, so the surprise wouldn’t be ruined. She knew what she was doing when she came to my room so early in the morning. She also knew Gia would be at work.

The rest of my day was spent trying to think of a way to get my Sunflower to listen to me. She was so angry the entire club heard her. I was getting texts right and left asking if I was alright. Then I received one from King demanding I meet him in his office. He was about to cut my dick off, and I didn’t even do anything. *Fuck me!*

“King, I swear to you, nothing happened between that girl and me. She did me a favor, that’s all.”

“Did this so-called favor involve her falling on your dick?”

“Fuck no! I asked her to get a present for Gia. She was delivering it when all hell broke out.”

“Why the hell would you have her bring it to your room? Are you that dumb?”

“She was supposed to bring it to the gym this afternoon. I don’t know why she decided to come to my room. I was fucking asleep. She knew better, but it is what it is.”

“I believe you, Maximus. You’d better be glad because I was about to castrate you. Now, what are you going to do about Gia?”

“Fuck if I know. She left the clubhouse about an hour ago. She refuses to talk to me and has blocked my number from her phone.”

“You’re in deep shit, man. I’ll talk to her, but I doubt it will do any good. She’s pretty stubborn,” King said.

“Don’t I know it.”

The rest of the night I partied with my new best friends Jack Daniels™ and Jim Beam™. Those bastards dropped me on my ass and laughed as I passed out. When I crawled out of the bed the next morning, I was still hurting. I wanted to die, but I was over that shit. There was no way I would let my woman walk away from me. She was mine, and she was staying mine.

Suddenly, I was angry as fuck. How dare she run away from me and not let me explain what she saw. I wasn’t even touching that girl. She should have trusted me to know I would never do something like that to her. Especially, not with someone she considered a friend.

I showered, dressed, and stormed downstairs about to go find my woman and give her a piece of my mind. I didn’t have to search for long. She was at work behind the bar when I

stumbled down the stairs, with that oversized gift bag in my hand.

“Gia, I need to talk to you, and you’re gonna stand right there and listen.”

I shouted across the clubhouse for everyone to hear. I had zero fucks left to give. My woman was acting up, and she needed to be reminded who I was. I was fucking Jefferson “Maximus” Rivers, and I didn’t take this shit from anyone. Okay, maybe I was still a little drunk from the night before, but I really wanted her to listen to me, and that was the only way I could think of to hold her attention.

Like the stubborn woman she was, she turned her back to me as if I hadn’t said a word. Oh, she was mad mad. Well, so was I. She was going to learn today. I think that’s the expression she always used when we watched movies, and someone learned their lesson. It sounded good anyway.

“Gia Denise Matthews, I fucking love you! No matter what you think you saw, you have to know I would never cheat on you. Especially, not with that girl.”

The disdain for her friend was evident in my voice. I didn’t care if the girl heard me. She needed to know her stupid need for attention was what got us into this situation. Sunflower just stood there with her back to me. At least she didn’t run again.

“Your so-called friend was doing me a favor for *you*. This is why she came to my room, even though she was supposed to meet me at the gym.”

I held up the giftbag for her to see. She may have given me her back, but she was looking at my reflection in the mirror behind the bar. When she didn’t turn around, I marched behind the bar and turned her body, so she was facing me.

“Here, open it. It’s yours.”

She pulled away from my touch, and it hurt me to the core. I understood why she didn’t want me touching her, but this needed to be resolved. She was dead ass wrong, and I was

going to show her why. She held out her hands and took the gift from me. I noticed how careful she was not to brush our hands together. Being the petty asshole I was, I grabbed her wrists and made her look at me.

“I love your stubborn ass. When you open this bag, you’ll see how much.”

When she pulled the gift out of the bag, her eyes filled with water. They had better be happy tears. Here I was pouring my heart out to her in front of my entire club. If she turned me down, it would be devastating.

“Oh, my Goddess! Maximus, you really got me a cut? It has Property of Maximus on the back and everything.”

“Yes, it does. And look here on the front, it has your road name with a sunflower embroidered next to it. Now, do you see I was not cheating on you. Baby, I was claiming you... for life.”

The way her face lit up told me everything I needed to know. She knew deep down that I wouldn’t betray her. I would rather eat my weapon than hurt her. She slid her arms into the leather and started preening in the mirror.

“So does that mean you want to be claimed by me?”

“Oh, hell no. I just like the jacket.”

A shocked look came over my face, as my heart dropped. Then she laughed and said, “Just kidding. Of course, I want to be claimed, as long as it doesn’t mean I have to get married. I absolutely will never do the marriage thing.”

“You say that now, but when I fill your ass with ten babies, you’ll be begging me to marry you. I, of course, will say no because you’ll be all used up.”

We both laughed knowing I would marry her tomorrow if she changed her mind. She was my forever, and I wasn’t going anywhere. She would have to pry my cold dead hands from her when I expired.

“I love you, Maximus.”

“And I love you, Sunflower.” And then I began singing
our song, *“Do be do be deep... Do be do be deep...”*

Thank you for reading Maximus and Sunflower’s story. I hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed writing it. While writing this book, I listened to a variety of music that will coincide with some of the scenes. I included my Maximus Playlist for your enjoyment.



The writers in the Sin City MC Series appreciate you reading and loving our stories. Please be sure to read all the stories from Las Vegas and Oakland. Keep reading for an excerpt from Cassie Verano’s Nitro. If you haven’t read it already, you’re going to love it.


L. LOREN
 USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

1 – NITRO

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ME: *Where are you? I've been texting for the last hour.*

ME: *If you're working, hit me up when you're done.*

"I'll need two more shipments in the next month. Think you can handle that?" Maxim Petrov asks, jerking my attention away from my phone.

I pinch the cigarette between my lips, take one final drag, toss it to the ground, and stub it out with the toe of my boot. Narrowing my eyes through the haze of smoke, I ask, "Can you handle my price?"

"I handled this one, didn't I?" he asks in that thick accent that I've come to hate.

Maxim Petrov is a middle man in the Bratva, and in the big scheme of things, he's not shit. I don't like his ethics, but I don't got a problem with his money.

Pushing off my bike where I've been leaning while he checks out his shipment, I reply, "You know the old saying, Maxim. Money talks, bullshit walks. You got the money; you got the product."

He looks around at my brothers and says, "I don't like these guys. Next time, leave 'em behind."

"I trust them, Maxim. You...not so fucking much. You don't trust my brothers; you don't trust me."

"I don't," he says, smirking at me.

"And I don't trust you. Thought we had a beautiful partnership. Maybe we don't," I say, turning away from him.

"Not so fast, Blackwood."

He calls me by my last name. I met him in my place of business, Blackwood Gun Center. Small talk led to big business.

“Let me check out what you bought, and we’ll see if we can keep working together.”

“Doesn’t matter. If my guys aren’t here, I ain’t coming,” I say, looking around at my brothers.

Frenchie and Toad are on my left, and Axle is to my right. I’m close with all my MC brothers, but Axle and I are the closest, and aside from him, I trust Frenchie and Toad the most. We started off as prospects and were patched in at the same time.

Maxim returns to the black van that Hurricane, one of our Prospects, is driving. He’s leaning lazily against the van while Texas, another Prospect, eyes Maxim carefully. He’s young and green, but he’s right not to trust the bastard. This is his first time on a road trip, but I notice that he’s picking up on things quickly.

Maxim says something to one of his guys in Russian, who nods, looks around at us and then walks back to their limo.

“Hey, where the fuck he’s going?” I call out.

Frenchie and Toad, already on alert, follow him at a distance.

“How do you say...chill, Nitro? He’s going to get the money.”

Maxim takes one of the assault rifles from the box and lays it out on the van’s floor. Carefully he takes it apart, checking out all its components before he puts it together again. Nodding his head, he turns back to me and smirks.

“Good quality craftsmanship, as usual.”

“You think I’d stiff you? You know what I sell.”

“I just want to make sure you’re not pulling a switch and bait, Blackwood.”

I glance at Toad to see him checking the inside of a black bag that Maxim’s guy is holding.

I walk closer to the van coming eye-to-eye with Maxim. “Don’t fucking insult my reputation, bitch.”

He holds his hands up. “No disrespect. Just the mark of a good businessman. You do well to learn that lesson.”

I sneer at him. Fuckers like Maxim make me smoke. I’d quit until today. Now I’m feening for my second cigarette within an hour when I hadn’t smoked in months until today. It’s never good when I’m stressed the fuck out.

Maxim checks out a few different rifles before he nods at the man holding the black bag, who hands it to me.

I check it and count the stacks, rifling through each before I give my nod of assent.

“Are we good?” Maxim asks.

“Yeah. Guess so.”

“It was a pleasure doing business with you, Blackwood,” he says, extending a hand.

I glance at it and then look at my brothers. “Ready, boys?”

“Yeah, let’s blow this bitch,” Axle sneers.

I take the money, place it in my saddlebag and hop on my bike.

“We sticking to the original plan you mapped out, Nitro?” Texas confirms as Maxim and his men walk back to the limo.

“Yeah. Cept me and Axle,” I say.

I always deviate from the planned route when doing business with someone I can’t trust, like Maxim. I carry the money, knowing I’m taking the greatest risk. If we get pulled over by the cops, my brothers will be clean and won’t have shit on them.

Me, on the other hand? Well, that’s a risk I’m willing to take as Road Captain of the Sin City MC.

Pulling my helmet on, I glance around, giving my brothers a nod. Hurricane and Texas pull out first, then I pull out with

Toad and Frenchie slightly behind me, flanking my left and right, and Axle pulling up the rear.

Maxim and his men pull out behind us, trailing us for a few miles until I switch up. Pulling in front of Texas and Hurricane, I gun my engine, straight pipes ripping through the night of the quiet rural area.

Axle, Frenchie, and Toad pull out right behind me, and we take off into the night with Texas and Hurricane in the van outfitted with a supercharger right behind us. Less than a minute later, I no longer see Maxim's limo in the distance.

Veering off to the left with Axle beside me and my brothers rolling straight, I become one with Grenade, my bike, taking the curves and leaning into the wind. I know they'll take the highway in a few miles and return to the city.

Axle's and my ride will be a bit longer, but necessary. I'm tired. It's been a long day and an even longer ride, but worth it. All I want is to get back to Sinful Desires, the strip club owned by the Sin City MC but run by my club brother, Ace, and sink into some good pussy to relax my mind.

I glance up at the dancers on stage in front of me working the poles, and Persuasion, one of my favorite strippers, winks and wiggles her tongue at me. Her dance is seductive, eyelids low and heavy from the weed she smoked with me fifteen minutes before taking to the stage.

She's wearing only a pair of red stilettos and glittery tassels swaying from her tits. Flipping upside down on the pole, she freefalls until she's an inch from the stage, where she stops.

Always showing off for me, she reverses her position, climbs the pole again and then freefalls again, this time right-side up. Just when you expect her to drop, she stops halfway down the pole, grabs it, and pushes her body away from it before swinging out and in a circle.

Just watching her gets me horny as fuck.

My brothers hoot and holler at Persuasion's performance, encouraging her on. She slowly swings around the pole until she's on the floor in a split. She's the best-goddamned pole artist Ace hired. She'd wanted to be a club whore until she learned about the strip club and decided her skills were best used elsewhere.

Doesn't stop her from whoring herself out to me and a couple of other brothers whenever she gets the chance.

Persuasion is flipped backward onto her back with one leg in the air and the other bent. I lean forward in my chair, watching her pussy pulse and lean back again when she arches her back and pulls herself upright.

She bites her bottom lip and flexes her tongue at me.

"Later," I mouth, winking back at her before I grab my beer and take another swig.

Besides relaxing after a successful run, we're celebrating three prospects patching in tonight.

I remind myself to call my biological brother and twin, Ryan, before bed. Despite being high and having a few beers, he's on my mind heavily tonight.

I watch the performance until Persuasion sashays her way to the door and beckons to me with her head.

Pushing through the doors, I jerk my chin up at two Prospects manning the door.

A light drizzle falls from the summer skies, making it even muggier than usual. The heat is oppressive, like a wet blanket stretched across our faces.

Persuasion is already sitting in her car's passenger seat, waiting for me. Ace has a no-touch policy in the club, but I'm not inside the fucking club anymore, so I'll do what I want with Persuasion on her own time.

No sooner than I climb inside, she straddles my lap. She kisses my neck and grabs my crotch as my fingers find their way into her g-string, fingering her pussy.

She moans and works back and forth until she cums. When I free my fingers, she slips them into her mouth, sucking off her juices and winking at me.

“I gotta get out of here soon,” I say, smacking her ass.

“Are you finally taking me to your place?” she asks.

Narrowing my eyes, I say, “You know better than that shit. It’s about to storm. We can head to the clubhouse.”

She rolls her eyes and follows me to my bike. “Why can’t we go back to my place, huh?”

I tilt her chin. “Because your old man might come strolling through from work early like he did last time.”

“He won’t. He’s trying to get all the overtime he can get.”

I pull her against me grinding into her. “It’s the clubhouse or nothing, babe.”

“I’m thirsty, Nitro. I need you now,” she whines.

Winking, I say, “Take your fill, babe.”

She drops to her knees on the pavement at the rear of the parking lot and undoes my jeans. Persuasion licks the head of my dick, looks up at me and smiles before she wraps her hands around my metal and tries to take me further in but fails.

Feeling her hot mouth on my dick, my eyes drift closed. Persuasion’s usually like this. I can barely get her to a private place before she’s begging to be fucked by me or begging to suck me off. She’s an exhibitionist, and I don’t mind, so long as I get my dick wet and bust a nut, we could do it on the Whitehouse lawn for all I give a fuck.

She’s only gotten halfway down my shaft when I hear Snake say, “Get a room!”

Axle, who’s a few spots away from us, smoking a joint with one of the strippers, chuckles.

“Let the man live a little. Have some fun and lighten up, Toad! Prospects are being patched in tonight,” Saint, our tattoo artist

and the youngest brother to our Prez, King, says as he passes by.

“Looks like he’s giving her a tonsillectomy,” Axle shouts. “Fuckin’ dick looks like it was the victim of a stampede at a heavy metal concert.”

Grinning, I look down at my shaft. I’ve got an addiction to piercings that started with my left ear, leading to my tongue and left nipple. About a year later, I got a crazy hair for another piercing and decided to get a penile piercing. Prince Albert was the first, but one wasn’t good enough. I’ve since added Jacob’s Ladder, a lorum, and a scrotal ladder to my collection.

“Kinda proud of this shit. The ladies aren’t complaining,” I say, winking.

“All that hollerin’ they do, you’d think they were in childbirth,” Axle says.

“All the pleasure but none of that pain,” I reply, my mouth forming an “O” as Persuasion finally gets more of me down her throat.

My hips pick up speed as I pump faster, fucking her throat harder. I have no doubt her throat will be raw tomorrow, and she won’t have a voice.

“Nitro!” That gravelly voice belongs to none other than our sergeant at arms, appropriately named Toad. “Need to holler at you for a sec.”

“Shit, Toad. Get the fuck outta here,” I grunt, closing my eyes and trying to drown out his ugly mug as he crosses the parking lot.

“Nitro!” Toad rumbles as I grunt and release my nut down Persuasion’s throat.

“Fuck! You sure know how to fuck up a good nut!” I growl back at him.

His eyes are hard as stones as he stares at me, and his square jaw clenches tight. I pull out of Persuasion’s mouth as she

licks away the last of my semen. I wink at her and turn my back to Toad as I put my shit away, zip up my pants, and turn back to him.

“The hell is so important that you stop me from busting one?”

“Seems to me that you bust it just fine.”

“Yeah, well...no thanks to you,” I say, smacking Persuasion on the ass. “Give us boys a minute, doll. I promise you I’ll make it worth the wait.”

She smiles, kisses my neck, and says, “You’d better. I’ll be right there.”

I follow her finger, pointing to the door of the club.

Toad scowls at her and then looks back at me.

“What’s up?”

Toad frowns as though he recalls that he’s on a mission before he says, “Ryan’s been shot.”

My body tenses.

“Where’s he at? Why the fuck you wait so long to tell me?”

“Just found out.”

“Fuck!” I shout, running to Grenade, my Sport Chief Dark Horse, an Indian motorcycle.

“Wait! You’re not going alone!” he shouts, hopping on his bike.

When I start my engine, I hear a few others revving up. Glancing around, I see that Axle, Merlin, and Frenchie have joined us, along with Texas and Hurricane, two prospects. Not for the first time, I realize that I’m not alone, and I feel the comfort I often have when I remember that I’m a part of something greater than me. I’m part of a brotherhood.

As the road captain of Sin City MC, I’m responsible for planning our trips, finding the safest and alternative routes in an emergency, and ensuring my brothers get to all our destinations safely.

I have to know where traps are, whether set by local cops or state police and ensure we have enough law enforcement in our pockets to avoid any potential long-lasting trouble. Any heat on our asses, I'd better know where every hideaway is along the route until it blows over.

I'm a logical man, a planner, always thoroughly thinking out situations and weighing the pros and cons before selecting the best option for my brothers and me.

Tonight, though? All that shit's out the window as I fly down Telegraph Avenue, weaving in and out of traffic with my brothers flanking my side and behind me.

Our straight pipes fill the night, waking the dead and ripping the silence to shreds. Anything that's in our path will be destroyed tonight.

The darkness and the rain don't do shit to hamper my vision, even though I'm blind in my left eye, thanks to a childhood incident. After six surgeries, my parents resigned themselves to the fact nothing would restore my vision in that eye.

Shit doesn't matter anyway, I've lived almost a lifetime without it, and I maneuver through life just fine, if not better than most. The vision in my right eye is laser sharp at night, and the sunglasses I wear underneath my helmet reduce the glare from the other vehicles on the road.

My mind races with memories from my childhood of my brother and me. I think about the last time we spoke, a week ago. Frustration wells inside of me because we had a disagreement.

If something happens to my brother, if he doesn't make it, if I don't get to say goodbyes...

"Fuck!" I shout over the roar of the straight pipes.

I can't do what-ifs. Can't fucking afford to do them. I've lost enough of what matters in this life. There's no way I'll lose my brother. Not Ryan. He's too fucking good for this world, but this world will end if he were taken from it.

I'll fucking make sure of that!

About the Author

USA Today Bestselling author, L. Loren holds a Business Management Degree from the University of Mount Olive. As a former call center supervisor, her desire to write lay dormant for years, until she found the courage to live her dream. She is currently based in North Carolina with her loving and supportive husband.

L. Loren created her own brand of erotic romance that she dubbed *LoveRotica* - Love stories with an edge of sexy. Her catalog of sexy stories is self-published and available on Amazon.

Her stories and poems have been featured in magazines, and several anthologies. L. is also the curator of the Love is Color Anthology, available for free on Smashwords.

Follow her on social media

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Also by L. Loren

The WanderLynn Experience Series:

The Layover

Island Adventures

Destination Home

The Triple Threat Series:

Egyptian Nights

Walk of Fame Series:

Hall Pass

Predators MC Series:

Predators MC (Available exclusively to newsletter subscribers)

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The Taming of LaRue

Obsession

T-Rex

Lady Guardians Serial:

Lady Guardians: The Wrong Side of Right

Once Upon a Villain Series:

Season 1

Untangled

SinFul! - *'Tis The Season for Villains*

Season 2

Blind Spot

Savage Bloodline Anthology - Nicolo DeLuca (USA Today Bestseller)

The Whiskey Collection:

Tennessee's Whiskey

Whiskey Sour

The Bohemian Outlaw Series:

Bohemian Outlaw

A Very Alpha Christmas:

Mr. Grinch's Secret Love

The Lunchtime Chronicles Series:

Season 2:

Bottoms Up

Fresh Meat

Season 3:

Honey Dripper

Southern Comfort (A Whiskey Collection Spin off)

Season 4:

Fire Roasted

Watermelon Sugar

Christmas Stories:

A Phat Ash Christmas

Nona's Bleu

Short Stories by L. Loren:

Parasol

Stormy's All-Star Weekend

Club Escape

Journals:

LoveRotica Sex Journal

Sin City MC:

Season 1 – Las Vegas Chapter:

Aries

Season 2 – Oakland Chapter:

Maximus

KNK Matchmaking Agency:

Villain

Aloha Love Series: (Hawaiian Relief)

Our Spot

