

A man is seen from behind, standing in a field of dry grass. He is wearing a black leather vest over a dark t-shirt and blue jeans. The back of the vest features a large, colorful patch of a skull wearing a blue helmet, with a white banner below it that reads "TENILLO, TEXAS". To his left is a black motorcycle. The background is a vast, open field under a clear blue sky.

# Saint's Enrapturement

Ares Infidels MC #13

Ciara St James

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## **Blurb:**

Saint loves his life as the VP of the Ares Infidels MC. He never imagined when he left the Army, and joined what his life would become like, but he has no regrets. His family might not be a typical one, but he's fine with that. However, lately, he feels like something is missing. As he watches more and more of his club brothers settle down, he wants to do the same, only no woman has even remotely stirred him to make that change.

A chance night out with some of his employees and his brothers has him witnessing a confrontation and at the center of it is a little virago who won't back down. She's not his usual tall blond, but she captures his interest immediately, even if the one causing problems makes him feel jealous.

Piper moved to Texas a few years ago to escape her disapproving family and to have her own life. She's done that and starts her own successful business. She's more than happy when her little sister joins her. Life isn't easy, but she's happy. If only she could meet someone and settle down.

Her well-meaning clients try to help her. She lets them talk her into trying a dating site. That's been a bust and the latest one comes back to haunt her. It's what leads her about to brawl in a bar and brings her to the attention of Saint and the Ares Infidels. He's a man who makes her whole body come alive but everyone knows what bikers are like.

It's not long before Saint and Piper are working at having something lasting but there's someone out there who's angry and looking to make her pay for something, only she doesn't know what, why or even who. When the culprit is revealed, no one can believe it. It takes the Infidels, the Crazy Coven and Time Served to solve it and clean up the fallout. All they know is Piper has become Saint's Enrapturement and he'll do everything to keep her.

# **Warning**

This book is intended for adult readers. It contains foul language, adult situations, discusses events such as stalkers, assault, torture and murder that may trigger some readers. Sexual situations are graphic. There is no cheating, no cliffhangers and it has a HEA.

# Dedication

This is dedicated to anyone who has had to fight to break away from something or someone toxic, even if it was family, to those who face prejudices of many types and those willing to do what's best for them. A shout out to all my wonderful supportive readers who continue to want more of my books and who love spreading the word about the books they love. Thank you. I hope everyone enjoys this one.

## **AIMC Club Members/ Old Ladies**

Kye Korbyn (Sin) President w/ Lyric  
Connor Terrell (Saint) Vice President w/ Piper  
Slade Ashton (Executioner) Enforcer w/ Skye  
Deckard Hale (Phantom) Secretary/ Hacker w/ Tamysin  
Chase Bracco (Talon) Treasurer w/ Lorelei  
Asher Kendrick (Rampage) Road Captain w/ Ember  
Cole Landis (Pitbull) w/ Luciana  
Liam Dickerson (Wrecker) w/ Adara  
Wyatt Carling (Torpedo) w/ TBD  
Brayden Wilde (Boomer) w/ TBD  
Drake Marshall (Cuffs) w/Kinsley  
Dash Nolan (Bullet) w/ Raine  
Blake Price (Phalanx)w/ Raine  
Trace Boudreaux (Omen) w/ Jackie  
Brennan O'Shea (Fang) w/ Cami  
Duncan Abraham (Trident) w/ Sara  
Rome Torres (Daredevil) Prospect  
Jett Laurier (Dragon) Prospect  
Axel Sharpe (Vicious) Prospect  
Scott Hart (Ashes) Prospect  
Tanner Fulton- Prospect

# Reading Order

**For Dublin Falls Archangel's Warriors MC (DFAW), Hunters Creek Archangel's Warriors MC (HCAW), Iron Punishers MC (IPMC), Dark Patriots (DP), & Pagan Souls of Cherokee MC (PSCMC)**

Terror's Temptress DFAW 1  
Savage's Princess DFAW 2  
Steel & Hammer's Hellcat DFAW 3  
Menace's Siren DFAW 4  
Ranger's Enchantress DFAW 5  
Ghost's Beauty DFAW 6  
Viper's Vixen DFAW 7  
Devil Dog's Precious DFAW 8  
Blaze's Spitfire DFAW 9  
Smoke's Tigress DFAW 10  
Hawk's Huntress DFAW 11  
Bull's Duchess HCAW 1  
Storm's Flame DFAW 12  
Rebel's Firecracker HCAW 2  
Ajax's Nymph HCAW 3  
Razor's Wildcat DFAW 13  
Capone's Wild Thing DFAW 14  
Falcon's She Devil DFAW 15  
Demon's Hellion HCAW 4  
Torch's Tornado DFAW 16  
Voodoo's Sorceress DFAW 17  
Reaper's Banshee IPMC 1  
Bear's Beloved HCAW 5  
Outlaw's Jewel HVAW 6  
Undertaker's Resurrection DP 1  
Agony's Medicine Woman PSCMC 1  
Ink's Whirlwind IP 2  
Payne's Goddess HCAW 7  
Maverick's Kitten HCAW 8



Tiger & Thorn's Tempest DFAW 18  
Dare's Doll PSC 2  
Maniac's Imp IP 3  
Tank's Treasure HCAW 9  
Blade's Boo DFAW 19  
Law's Valkyrie DFAW 20  
Gabriel's Retaliation DP 2

### **For Ares Infidels MC**

Sin's Enticement AIMC 1  
Executioner's Enthrallment AIMC 2  
Pitbull's Enslavement AIMC 3  
Omen's Entrapment AIMC 4  
Cuffs' Enchainment AIMC 5  
Rampage's Enchantment AIMC 6  
Wrecker's Ensnarement AIMC 7  
Trident's Enjoyment AIMC 8  
Fang's Enlightenment AIMC 9  
Talon's Enamorment AIMC 10  
Ares Infidels in NY AIMC 11  
Phantom's Emblazonment AIMC 12  
Saint's Enrapturement AIMC 13

### **For O'Sheerans Mafia**

Darragh's Dilemma  
Cian's Complication

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# Piper: Chapter 1

Lord, every single time Mabel went shopping, I swear she found more things to buy, and more for me to carry than the last time. They weren't necessities, which I could understand. No kids' pool toys, when she had no little kids in her life. Pots and pans, and other kitchen gadgets, when she'd been very vocal that she didn't cook. She hadn't cooked her entire life. She was proud to tell you that she burned water every time. The list went on and on.

Even though she lived in a decent-sized house, I couldn't imagine what it looked like inside beyond the few rooms I saw, because going out to buy things she didn't need wasn't her only habit. She shopped online weekly. QVC was her favorite. I knew this because she loved to regale me with what she'd bought since the last time I gave her a ride.

I grunted as I opened the back of my van and hefted the bags into the back. The relief to my aching arms was tremendous. It was times like these that I wished I was bigger and stronger, although if I kept this up, I'd gain the strength. This was better than a gym workout. Actually, I was strong for my size. I had to be because I did more than heft around heavy bags. I wrestled wheelchairs in and out of my van, businesses, and homes, and that required me to lift them sometimes to navigate. Other times, that meant getting them up and down more than one flight of stairs in an apartment building when the elevator was out. Those suckers were heavier than they looked, and awkward to handle when you had to do it alone.

In addition, many of my clients needed physical assistance in and out of my van, their wheelchairs, or their homes. I was that assistance. It was all part of my services as their transportation provider. I took pride in the way I cared for those who used Piper's Carriage. I was a combination private ride service as well, as I provided non-emergency medical transport, NEMT for short, for mainly the elderly. Besides taking them to the grocery store, or shopping or to see a friend, etc., I took them to doctor and dentist appointments, to their exercise classes, for testing, and anything else they needed, that didn't require a trained medical person to be along for the ride.

"Piper, honey, I need you to take me to the drugstore before we head home. I have a couple of prescriptions to pick up," Mabel cooed from the passenger seat in front. She was looking over her shoulder, watching me

sweat. Honestly, I did like her. She was sweet, and she was one of my regulars. She helped me keep a roof over my head, food on the table, and other necessities.

“Sure thing Ms. Mabel. You know, if you ever need me to just swing by and pick your meds up, just call me. You don’t have to wait until we go out. Or you can sign up to have them delivered to your house. They have that service there now,” I reminded her for the hundredth time at least.

She waved her hand dismissively. “I know, dear, but I’d rather go get them. Besides, if I did the delivery service, I’d see less of your beautiful face. Get up here and tell me, how did your date go the other night? I’ve been dying to hear about it.” Excitement and curiosity were written all over her face.

Suppressing my groan and berating myself for telling her about it in the first place, I reluctantly shut the door and walked around to the driver’s door. Taking a breath, I opened it and hopped up inside. As soon as the door was shut, and before I even had a chance to put on my seatbelt, she said impatiently, “Well?”

I snapped the belt, inserted and turned the key, before I thought of answering her. In fact, I concentrated on pulling out of the parking spot and getting into traffic first, but I knew I couldn’t wait any longer once that was accomplished. She was making those huffing sounds.

“There’s nothing to tell. It wasn’t actually a date. We just met for a drink to meet each other. We had one drink, talked for an hour, then went our separate ways. See! Nothing worth talking about.”

I hoped that would make her drop it, but I knew that wasn’t happening, but I could wish for it. How I wanted one day to be able to tell her all about the hot, sexy, handsome man who swept me off my feet and fell in love with me at first sight. He’d whisk me off to his home and make me his princess. Yeah, okay, maybe I’ve been reading too many romances on my Kindle lately. It was better than trying to date.

Everyone these days relied on online dating apps to connect with people. I found them disappointing, or downright scary. Some of the people who contacted me gave me the willies. Think stalker, or serial killer, rather than a possible boyfriend. Screw that. I’d stay single if those were my only options from now on. It would be safer, and less disappointing. The ones who weren’t scary ended up being dull, and made me want to go to sleep, or gouge out their eyes, or maybe mine.

Others were only out for sex and sent dick pics as their introduction to me. They got blocked immediately. Some were sneakier and waited until after they chatted with you a few times, and you thought they might have potential, then they dropped the “when can we meet and have sex” bomb. A few were better at hiding it and you didn’t figure out their angle until the first meeting or date.

Nope, I wasn’t that desperate.

“Really? Do you think you might’ve been too hard on him? What did he do or not do that makes you say he’s not the one? Why don’t you give him another chance? Did he say he’d call you? Has he? What did he look like?” she asked like a drill sergeant firing out orders to raw recruits. I knew the drill.

I didn’t take offense. I knew she was doing it because she wanted me to be happy. And in her mind, I needed a man to be that. She wanted someone to take care of me. She told me that all the time. I told her I could take care of myself, but she wouldn’t accept that. In her youth, a woman found a man, and married, so she had security. She proudly told me more than once how she met her husband, and he had given her a good life. He proposed a month after they met, and they were married two months after that. He had been well off, and hence why she didn’t know how to cook and didn’t clean. They had a housekeeper to do that. Her only regret was they never had children.

They had wanted them, but one of them wasn’t able to have them. She reminded me that in her day, it was always the woman who was barren, not the man. They didn’t do testing then, so she had to be the one to be blamed for their lack of children. Another thing she’d shared, was that even though he’d cheated on her repeatedly, and in her words that was to be expected, so a woman shouldn’t be upset about it, *and* they hadn’t loved each other, they had managed just fine. The thought of a marriage like that made me cringe.

Flipping on my blinker, I got in the left turn lane at the red light. “I don’t think I’m being too hard on him. There was zero attraction or interest on my part. I would’ve rather stayed home and re-grouted the tub. All he talked about was his job as a security consultant. When I asked him where he worked, he said he couldn’t tell me because it was top secret. When he wasn’t telling me of all the dangerous jobs he’s done, he bragged about how much money he makes, and the cars he owns. He said he’s looking to buy a new house in a really nice area of town.”

The light changed to green, and I turned. The drugstore was a couple of miles down this street. “When I tried to tell him what I do for a living, he yawned, and cut in to talk about himself more. He said he’d hate chauffeuring around old people all day. Sorry, his words, not mine, Ms. Mabel. He asked me why I didn’t get a real job. So no, I won’t be giving him another chance. Not only did he say he’d call me again, but he also texted the next morning, demanding to know when we were going out again. He was nice looking enough, but that can’t make up for the rest of him.”

She gasped in outrage at the old people remark. Mabel might be eighty, but she was young at heart, and didn’t believe in being old. She went to exercise class three days a week and often went on day trips with her senior citizens’ group. She rode the bus with them for those, although she told me she’d rather ride with me. I’d gained several clients because of her. She liked to tell people about me. I’d take all the business I could handle.

I think the reason she and so many others continued to use and recommend me was because I didn’t treat them like an interchangeable customer. Yes, they paid me, or if they didn’t, Medicaid did. I’d been lucky enough to get on as one of the State’s approved providers for transportation services for seniors. However, they were people, and I developed connections with them. I looked out for them, and if I could help, even if they couldn’t pay me, I did it. If I found out one of them was sick, I’d check to make sure they didn’t need medicine, and bring them something to eat. I didn’t charge them. That was just being a decent human being, in my opinion.

The world needed more people like that. Everyone only looking out for themselves, and saying the hell with everyone else, was bullshit in my mind. Of course, I seemed to be part of a dwindling minority. Hell, most of my own family was in the other group. Hence, why we didn’t get along or talk.

She patted my arm. “Don’t you worry honey, I know the right man is out there somewhere. You just keep looking. I’ve got my friends looking too. They have grandchildren, and they have friends too. Not all of them are married. I thought I could get you hooked up with Nora’s grandson, but he’s gay. I asked her if he’d be willing to switch teams, or if he might play for both, you know, like some people do nowadays, but she said no, he’s firmly on the other team.” She sighed deeply as she told me.

I had to fight not to burst out laughing. The idea she was trolling her friends to find me a man was kinda terrifying, but the idea she tried to see if a

man would become ungay, or at least wish he was bisexual, so she could get me one was funny and sweet. Only Mabel would say that. She was fascinated with people living alternative lifestyles, as she called it. I blamed her knowledge on the books she was reading.

I refused to admit I was responsible for introducing her to some of them. What can I say? We connected at first over our love of reading. That led to conversations about the books, and the next thing I knew, she wanted names so she could read what I did. I'd warned her they were naughty, which only made her more determined to read them. She had a dirty mind, which I loved. She was now finding them and recommending them to me. I also got her to use a Kindle so she could shop to her heart's content for new books any time she pleased.

I pulled into the parking lot of the drugstore, and around the building, to the line at the pickup window. There were two cars ahead of us. "Ms. Mabel, I do thank you for trying, but you really need to stop. Besides, did you forget I know Nora's grandson, Lucas? He's a model. I agree he's very handsome and nice, but we can never be more than friends. Thank you for trying, but I'm fine. If I'm meant to meet someone, it'll happen. If I don't, I'm good."

"Girly, you and Raine need to get out more. Two young women like you staying holed up in your apartment all the time, and only working, isn't good or right. I'm on the lookout for a man for her, too. How's she doing? Still taking classes?"

Raine was my nineteen-year-old sister who lived with me. She was the other disappointment in our family. We were too much alike, it seemed. She'd moved to Texas to be near me last year, not long after she turned eighteen. She said she couldn't get far enough away from our family. I knew that feeling. She'd worked at the Tenillo Tavern when she first moved here, but recently she'd changed jobs, and was now at The Hangout. I'd been nervous about her changing jobs. I'd heard the place was owned by a motorcycle club. That scared me, but she'd been there a month, and she swore they were so nice and great to work with. She loved it and made better tips, so I kept my mouth shut.

On top of working, she was taking a class here and there at the local college. She wasn't sure what she wanted to do, but the classes would apply regardless of her degree. She was doing it slowly since she had to save money first, then take a class. I wish I had a way to pay for them myself, but I

didn't, although I helped her as much as I could. Our parents could have done it easily, but if she wasn't willing to get the degree they wanted her to get, they said no. They believed they could force her that way, but it didn't work on her, just like it hadn't with me.

"She's doing great and yes, she's still taking classes when she can. She loves her new job at The Hangout."

"Now there's where you can go to find men. If you can't find one among the customers, what about those hot bikers who run the place? Oh my, you could be living a real-life MC romance," she said excitedly.

*God, why did I introduce her to those?* Sure, they were hot as hell to read and fantasize about, but in real life, I knew that bikers were nothing like the ones in the books. I bet all of them were mean, abusive, and cheated. Muscles and tattoos seemed to turn me on, at least in my books. I hadn't ever met a real man who did that, and I sure haven't talked to any bikers. Raine kept trying to get me to come to her work to check it out, but I'd been resisting. I didn't know how much longer I'd be able to put her off.

"I'm not the type of woman bikers go for. Besides, I doubt they're anything like what we read about in our books."

Luckily, we pulled up to the window right after that so she couldn't say anything. Once we had her prescriptions, we headed to her house. She lived in the newer nice area that had smaller houses and yards, but they were no less nice. It was on the north side of the main blocks of businesses. Raine and I lived in the rentals off of Pecan Drive. They were nothing fancy, but affordable, and nothing like the ones over in the Haven, which were in a hellhole. Even if ours was more expensive, it was better than living where you were playing Russian roulette every time you went outside on whether that was the day you'd be mugged, raped or killed and not necessarily in that order.

After dropping her off, and carrying her stuff inside, and making sure she was alright, I headed out to my next appointment. I knew I could make more money if I limited the time I allowed them to use my services without charging them more, but that wasn't the way I was. Not everyone had a lot of money to spare. I hated the thought of them going without food, heat, or medicine to pay for stuff. Everyone needed to get some things, and not everyone had family or friends or others who would or could help.

As I turned onto another street, my mind went back to our discussion. Would I like to meet someone? Sure. That was the whole reason I'd listened

to Mabel, and the others, when they suggested I use one of those online dating sites. Also, I knew if I didn't, they were sneaky enough to create a profile for me, and I shuddered to think what they'd put on it. Doing it myself was merely self-protection. To keep them happy, I accepted an offer for drinks every once in a while and reported back to them. I had to work hard to find someone who I would even go that far with.

I thought Jeb, my drink companion the other night, might be tolerable from our online chats. In person, he made me go cross-eyed. Boring with a capital B. I tried not to feel guilty as I made an excuse for why I had to leave, then sped out of there. At home, Raine commiserated with me over ice cream on how much it sucked. Chocolate ice cream with chocolate chunks and fudge could soothe a lot of pain.

Shaking my head to clear it, I stopped at my next client's house. Time to get my head back on work and off my non-existent love life. Lester would require all my wits. He liked to keep me on my toes with his trivia questions, and his flirting. He often told me if he was only twenty years younger, I'd be in trouble. He was eighty-five.

Lester made me laugh so much. He lamented that his son, who was sixty, was married, or he'd have me as his daughter-in-law. When I asked him why he'd wish his current daughter-in-law away, he rolled his eyes and said a meaner woman had never been born, and he didn't know why his son married her, and stayed with her all these years. He swore she lived just to spite him, and he was determined to live to a hundred and thirty, so he could outlive her. I wisely kept my mouth shut. I'd met her, and she was mean as hell. I couldn't really blame him.

Getting out of the van, I went inside. Lester lived in a local assisted living facility. They had their own transport, but usually only for things like doctor visits, and you had to usually share the ride, and stay out as long as they wanted, not what you wanted. That's why he used me. Walking past the front desk, I waved at the lady there. She smiled and waved back. I was known to most of the staff here, and I no longer had to sign in and out at the desk.

Riding the elevator up to the second floor, I wondered where we were off to today. Lester had booked me for two hours. I knew it was in town because I made sure to check if they needed me to go out of town. I would do it, but it required me to configure my day a bit differently. I said hello to a few of the other residents as I passed them getting to his door. When I



knocked, he opened it so quickly, I wondered if he'd been standing there waiting. He gave me his best smile.

"There you are, girly girl. Are you ready to shake a leg with me today? I'm warning you, I took my vitamins, and I'm feeling energetic. I hope you can keep up," he said as he stepped out of his tiny apartment. He paused long enough to lock the door. I automatically took his cane, so he wouldn't have to juggle it. It was a pain to need both hands and only have one.

"I had an extra cup of coffee, and took my super vitamins today, Mr. Lester," I told him with a grin. This was part of our witty repartee.

"You better have. Now, hold my arm," he instructed me. He was ever the gentleman, and insisted I hold on to him like a lady, not him onto me. After arguing and losing numerous times in the beginning, I no longer protested. I knew I was quick enough if he stumbled or went to fall, I could switch up and help ease him down. The last thing he needed, or I wanted, was for him to break a hip or get hurt in some way.

As part of my self-imposed training, I'd made sure to seek out various training sessions. Becoming CPR and first-aid certified were only two of the skills I acquired. On top of that, I'd educated myself on proper diets based on common health issues, so I could help them shop for the right kinds of food. I studied common medicines prescribed to the elderly, and the side-effects. I'd worked with a physical therapist who showed me how to assist them, and to protect them during a fall. You should never try to stop a fall. Instead, you tried to make the landing as soft as possible. You were less likely to hurt the person, or yourself, that way. There were other things, but those were the top ones. I enjoyed it, so it was never a drag to learn something new.

"Lead on good sir," I told him. He chuckled and headed for the elevator.

"Tell me, who else did you have today? Am I your last for the day?"

Most of my clients knew each other, so I didn't feel funny in telling him their names. I'd never tell him what we did, though. "I had Ms. Matilda first, then Mr. Jerome. I just finished with Ms. Mabel."

"How much did she buy today?" he asked as we got on the elevator. I raised my eyebrow but didn't answer. He knew of her spending habits, not through me, but through her. I thought it was funny that these geriatric clients were friends online, and they would chat back and forth that way. Oh, and they loved to share funny cat and dog videos, and memes too. They learned

how to do that in a class taught at the local senior citizen center a couple of years ago. Whenever they had questions, they'd ask me to show them how to do it. I thought it was fantastic they stayed connected like that. They all knew each other from the center, but they couldn't always get there at the same time.

"Girly, don't give me that look. I know about Mabel's obsession. I swear one of these days she'll bury herself alive under all that stuff she buys, and we won't be able to find her for a month at least. How was your date?"

"Not you too! I swear you're a bunch of gossip mongers. It wasn't a date. It was a drink, and it didn't go anywhere. We have nothing in common, and there's no attraction. And no, I'm not being too hard on him, or willing to give him a second chance," I quickly said, knowing what he'd ask next.

"Did Mabel say if Nora was successful in changing Lucas's mind?"

I gasped. "You were in on that too?! Shame on you. Leave poor Lucas alone. He likes men. I swear I'm gonna have to send him an apology note or else he'll never speak to me again."

"Pfft, he'll be fine. The boy doesn't know what he's missing with a woman like you. Don't get me wrong, I don't care if he likes men, but you deserve a good man, and he's one."

I gave him a peck on the cheek. "I already have several. You're one of them."

"I won't live forever. Before I die, I want you to be settled, and have a good man to look out for you. And before you get all huffy with me, I know you can look out for yourself, but you shouldn't have to. Okay, okay, I know that look. I'll let it go for today, but I'm not done. I will find you a man," he promised, or maybe I should consider it a threat.

Wisely keeping my mouth shut, I led him to the van and got him situated. I loved him dearly, but I was ready for today to end. I didn't need anyone else reminding me that I was lonely at times. I felt it late at night, often enough to know. However, despite that, I was blessed and wouldn't trade my life for anything.

## Saint: Chapter 2

Straightening up from underneath the hood of the car I was working on, I groaned. God, these short ass cars made my back hurt. Give me a truck any day. Leaning back, I stretched out my back, hoping to ease the kink I had in it. It was times like this that I hated being six foot five. This and times when smaller hands would be helpful to reach into tight spaces in an engine, and my big hands got in the way.

However, despite those things, I'd never give up working on automobiles and bikes. I loved it. I could get lost in the work and forget everything for a while. I'd always been like this, even as a kid. Taking things apart and putting them back together had been my thing since I was three, according to my mom. She had despaired over what I'd take apart next, and if they couldn't get it back together.

Luckily, even at that age, I didn't often get into something I couldn't figure out. It was a good thing because it used to make my dad furious. I could recall the ass whoopins when I did. He wasn't one to believe in letting kids explore or learn, not like my mom. Just one of his many non-endearing qualities of which there were many in my book.

Wiping my hands on the rag hanging out of my back pocket, I walked to the fridge we kept in the garage. Infidels' Custom Motors was always busy, which was good for us. It allowed us not only to keep ourselves, and our employees earning money, but gave me chances to get my hands dirty. As the club's managing member, I oversaw a lot of the actual business-side of it, and sometimes it was tough to get time to work on a vehicle. When I wasn't overseeing the garage, I was immersed in my duties as the club's VP.

Opening the door, I grabbed a bottle of water, then kicked it shut. Damn, it was hot. Late summer in Texas was always a scorcher, and depending on where you lived, the humidity could be relatively low to very high. In our area, it was in the middle range today. Hitting high nineties or low one hundreds wasn't anything unusual. If you were lucky, a gentle breeze might help cool you off. That was why we had all the bay doors open, and huge industrial fans blowing. Opening the bottle, I gulped down half, then used the back of my forearm to wipe the sweat off my brow, before holding the rapidly warming water bottle to it.

"Hey Saint, you need me to finish off that car for ya? I'm done with

the one I was workin' on," Mac called over to me.

"Nah, thanks for the offer, but I've almost got it beat into submission. If I stop now, I'll dream about the damn thing beating me," I only partially joked back.

He laughed. "I hear ya. Well, if you change your mind, let me know. I know shit is probably piling up in the office. Can you believe how damn busy we've been?"

"Yeah, it's crazy, but I'd rather be busy than bored to death. Lucky for us, more people don't maintain their vehicles, I guess. Although it's a shame. Add the desire for custom work, and we're busy all the time, it seems," I replied.

"It's job security, so I'm good with it. I love seeing that we're beating out most of the other garages in town. Mechanics are waiting in the wings to get a job here. There's a few I know of if we ever need more who I can recommend, but the rest are jokes. They cause more damage and follow up work than they prevent. I don't know where the hell they got trained," he said in disgust.

Buddy, Mason, and Drew, three more of my mechanics, all grunted in agreement. They were right. Infidels enjoyed a rock-solid reputation, and we planned on keeping it that way. No subpar, shoddy work here. Just like we didn't gouge our customers on prices, or unnecessary repairs. We took pride in our work.

"I agree. If this keeps up, we'll have to look for someone, so I'll keep you guys in mind to get suggestions. You tell me who we should consider. Well, I'm not getting shit done here doing nothin'. Back to work," I said as I threw my empty water bottle in the recycle bin, then walked back to the car.

"What're you doing tomorrow night?" Drew asked.

"Nothing specific, why?" I said back.

"We're thinking of heading over to The Hangout after work. Why don't you join us? I know it's your place and all, but it's the best in town. We haven't gone in forever. Come on, come slummin' with us," he said with a grin.

He was right. It had been a long time since I'd gone out with them. I would usually try to do it at least once a month, but it had been a few months. Typically, I went out with my club, but even that hadn't been happening much lately. I found myself bored with it and would rather stay home. If I wanted a drink or company, there was plenty of that at the clubhouse. As for

female companionship, well, the women found their way there too, not that I was interested in them that much either.

The endless, insincere dance, and pretending interest, had grown old. Sure, I liked sex as much as the next guy, but it hadn't seemed worth it lately. Another quick release, and then back to my empty bed, didn't appeal to me. And there was no way I'd let some hook up sleep in my bed. Nope, if I wanted to get off, I had a hand. Knowing Drew and the others were waiting for me to answer, and the fact it had been too long, I gave him the answer he wanted. Who knows, maybe I'd snap out of my funk or whatever it was.

"Sure, what time?"

"We planned to meet at nine. That gives us plenty of time to finish up here and go home to get cleaned up. Can't go out looking like a grease monkey and expect the ladies to say yes," Buddy chimed in.

Nodding as if I agreed, I threw up my chin. They took that to mean I agreed and got back to work. I did too, but as I worked, I couldn't help but think about what life had been like for the past several months. In particular, since my brother Phantom had met Tamysin, and she'd been brought to the compound to help us track down and eliminate the last two members of the biggest criminal family in Tenillo, the Fairchilds. It had been a few months since my club, along with Time Served, had eliminated them. The subsequent months should've been filled with fun and celebrations.

And they had, but for me, it had also shown me how much I was missing. I liked to tease Tam that she had to find me a woman like her, but in reality, it wasn't a joke. I did want a woman who would stand by my side like my brothers' old ladies did them. They were all strong in their own ways, and I knew that despite never having had someone like that, I wanted to. Going to the bars or seeing who came to hang around the clubhouse on the nights we partied hadn't brought anyone even remotely suitable to my attention. Hence the request that Tam find me a woman. Hell, it couldn't hurt. Maybe I'd get lucky, and she'd do it.

I wouldn't be opposed at all to having a family. It had always been something I knew eventually I wanted if I was lucky enough to find the right person. I'd never pushed for it before because I didn't want to make a mistake. It would be terrible to marry a woman, and have kids, then find out you weren't right for each other.

I had no intention, if I could help it, of repeating my parents' mistakes. My mom and dad had met and dated for two years before getting

engaged, then married. I was born a year later. My sister, Kate, was born three years after that. By the time I was ten, Dad walked out on us, leaving Mom to basically raise us alone.

That wasn't an unusual story. However, the fact that my sister blamed my mom for the breakup, and sided with, and eventually reconnected with Dad when we got older, had pissed me off. Hadn't she lived in the same house as me? I could clearly recall Mom bending over backward to do everything the way he wanted, and to make our home as calm as possible for him. He'd come home from work ranting and raving multiple times a week. He'd go out with his friends and get drunk and leave her at home to watch us, or scramble to find someone to watch us so she could go to work.

He'd carry on if his dinner wasn't on the table when he walked through the door, even though she never knew exactly when or if he'd decide to come home. She did everything around the house, and raised us, plus worked, and got no credit for it. The worst part was, I knew he hadn't actually loved her, but she loved him. That's why she kept trying to make it work, and it was he who had to end it. Afterward, she'd told me many times how much she regretted it, and asked me to forgive her for not leaving him.

I'd assured her that I didn't hold it against her. Unfortunately, it was only she and I who supported each other now. My sister had nothing to do with us. She lived in Pennsylvania, close to where our dad lived. Mom lived in Alabama. She'd never remarried and said she'd rather live alone. I think she still loved the bastard deep down. I kept trying to get her to move to Texas to be near me. Maybe if I had kids, that would lure her here. I couldn't see her staying away. It killed her that she had no relationship with Kate's kids.

Shaking away those melancholy thoughts, I got back to work. I had stuff to do in the office between now and tomorrow, plus more cars to work on if I wanted to go out with a clear conscience. There was no use bemoaning what I didn't have. If it was in the cards, it was. If it wasn't, then I'd survive.

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Walking into The Hangout, I tried to paste a pleasant expression on my face. If it had been up to me, I wouldn't be here. Earlier, I almost told the guys I couldn't come after all, but they were talking so excitedly about it that I couldn't disappoint them like that. Even though they were employees, I didn't treat them like that. They knew where the line was, and that I'd make them toe it, but that didn't mean we couldn't be friendly either. It was the

same for my brothers and the people who worked in all of our various other businesses. At last count we had between us, and the old ladies, eleven of them. They kept us all busy.

It was a few minutes before nine, and the place was already rather full. The band, Devil's Spark, was beginning to play. They were our usual band. I knew some of the guys from the club would be here tonight. They'd mentioned it earlier when I told them where I was headed. Glancing around the bar, I saw our section, which the club always used when we were here. I spotted my club brothers and waved. They threw up their hands in greeting. Not far away I spotted my guys. I went to them first.

"Damn, we were starting to worry you bailed on us, boss. Sit down and tell us what your poison is tonight," Mason said.

"I will but first, why don't we go sit with the rest of the club? They said to bring your dumbasses over so they could torture you," I joked. My brothers had said to have them join us. The dumbass remark was all me. We loved to insult each other. It was all in fun.

"Hey, I object. I resemble that remark," Buddy joked back.

"Speak for yourself, asshole. The rest of us are smarter than you," Drew told him as he shoved his shoulder.

"Yeah, keep telling yourself that," Buddy said with a snort. I couldn't help but laugh.

"Come on get your shit and let's go," I ordered.

They quickly stood up and did it. They wouldn't pass up an opportunity to be seen hanging out with my club. There seemed to be prestige in many people's eyes if you could say you knew or hung out with bikers. Tonight, it looked like it was singles night for my brothers here except for Phantom and Tam. Sitting there was Boomer, Bullet, Torpedo, Phalanx, and Daredevil. They greeted the guys as we dropped into seats. As soon as we did, I made the one introduction I knew I needed to make.

I pointed over to Tam. "Guys, this is Phantom's old lady, Tam. Tam, sweetheart, this is my degenerate crew. This is Drew, Mac, Buddy, and Mason. They have no manners, so be warned and if they get too unruly or irritating, tell me, and I'll slap them around."

She grinned at me. In the months since she came to us, we'd grown close. Honestly, she was the sister I no longer had. Not that I wasn't close to the other old ladies, I was, but there was something about her that was extra special, and I couldn't put my finger on it. "I don't need your help slapping

them around. I can do it all on my own. Have you forgotten?” she said with a smirk.

My guys looked skeptical and snorted. I laughed. “Hell no, I haven’t. That shit is forever burned in my brain.” I was recalling how she tortured Celeste Fairchilds. That had been some wicked shit. I hope Phantom knew never to truly piss her the fuck off.

“That sounds ominous. What did she do?” Drew asked.

“You’re better off not knowing. Just take our word for it. Don’t mess with her,” Boomer told him.

This earned her speculative looks, but she just smiled and winked at them. Phantom let out a low growl. “Woman, are you winking at men again?”

“Yeah honey, but only to lull them into a false sense of security, just in case I do have to go all psycho on their asses. I don’t want them to know when it’s coming.”

“Hmm, okay then, I guess that’s alright,” he grunted.

This made the rest of my brothers laugh, and my mechanics look wary. Looking around to see if I could see a waitress to take our orders, I caught sight of one. Damn, they were getting younger and younger. The one coming our way looked like a baby. She couldn’t be more than twenty-one. Damn, did I feel old.

As she approached, I heard Bullet whisper to Phalanx, “Here she comes.”

“I see her, shh,” Phalanx said quietly.

A quick glance at them showed them intently staring at her as she approached. I saw interest in their eyes. Oh shit, nope, not happening. She wouldn’t be one to handle a couple of guys like them who were out to play.

“Don’t get any ideas. She’s not the toy type,” I warned them.

“Who said anything about a toy? That’s a keeper,” Phalanx muttered.

That took me by surprise. I knew that they were in their twenties, and I hadn’t thought they’d be ready to settle down. Although now that I thought about it, they had mentioned a few times about finding a woman they could share. Shit, were they thinking this waitress might be open to that? I looked back to study her more.

She was gorgeous, I had to admit that. Too young for my tastes. Besides, I liked them older, taller, and blonder. She was petite with dark hair and light eyes. She appeared to be a mix of Caucasian and some kind of



Asian based on her looks. She had a smile on her face, and Bullet and Phalanx weren't the only ones watching her with interest. I saw other men around the bar checking her out. For some reason, I was instantly wanting to protect her.

She came to the end of the table. I saw her name tag said *Raine*. That was a pretty and different name. "What can I get you guys?" she asked cheerfully.

"Raine, hi, we haven't met yet. I'm Saint. I'm the Infidels' VP. If you have any trouble tonight, let us know. Pitbull isn't here, but you're not on your own. Same goes for the other waitresses."

She gave me a startled look which quickly turned to a look of gratitude. "It's nice to meet you, Saint. I've met a bunch of the guys, but I'm not sure how many of you there are. Thank you for the offer, but I should be fine. Are you thirsty?"

"I'll have a beer. Anything on tap will do. As for these guys, you'll have to ask them," I said pointing to the others. My guys quickly gave her their orders. The others were right behind them. It was Phalanx and Bullet who took their time ordering. When she walked off, I called them on it.

"Jesus, could you two be any more obvious? I thought you were gonna throw her over your goddamn shoulders and walk off. She works for us. She's not a plaything," I reiterated just in case I misunderstood what Phalanx said a few minutes ago or they misunderstood my prior remark.

They both gave me frowns. "I meant what I said. She's not a plaything. She's a keeper," Phalanx growled. Bullet, who was the younger of the two, was nodding his head.

"Really? You're into her? What if she's not into... you know?" I said, not wanting to call out that they were interested in a triad relationship.

"Then she's not, but we're not making any assumptions, or rushing anything. We know she works for us, and not to go there if we're not serious," Bullet added.

"Not into what?" Buddy asked interestedly. Damn, I should've kept my mouth shut.

"We're looking for a triad. That's what he meant," Phalanx said casually.

The looks of astonishment on Buddy and Drew's faces was funny. The looks of confusion on Mac and Mason was more so. They had no idea what the hell we were talking about.

“What the fuck is a triad?” Mason blurted out.

“It means we want to be with a woman who will be in a committed relationship with both of us,” Phalanx told him.

“Sexually? I didn’t know you guys were bisexual and together,” he said in shock.

“We’re not. We’re both straight and don’t cross swords,” Bullet added.

“But to share a woman? That’s strange. Why?” Mac asked.

“Why not? As long as all three of us are willing,” Bullet said.

“What if you want to get married and have kids?” Mason asked.

“Then we’d get married and have kids, which is what we want actually,” Phalanx told him.

“You can’t both legally marry her, and how would you know whose kids are whose?” Buddy pointed out.

“True, so we’d decide who gets to marry her, and who gets a commitment ceremony. As for kids, what difference does it make which one of us is the biological dad? We’ll raise them the same way no matter what. They’ll just have two dads,” Bullet explained.

“Well, fuck,” Mac uttered. That ended that train of questioning. I wondered if I’d hear more about it at work. If so, I’d make sure they understood it wasn’t for them to judge or gossip about.

“Shh, here she comes,” Tam hissed at us. All of us came to attention.

When Raine reached our table, she swiftly handed out the drinks and made sure we didn’t need anything else before going to the next table. Again, my two brothers couldn’t keep their eyes off her. I prayed no man got the idea to try anything. If he did, they’d beat his ass into the ground, and the rest of us would help if needed, but I knew help wouldn’t be needed by them.

After that discussion, we changed the subject. Everyone was sharing how their work week went. For us, we did mostly custom work at the garage. That way we didn’t compete with Harvey’s Garage, which belonged to Sin’s uncle, although he was pushing seventy, and was making noise about retiring, and giving Sin his garage. Harvey had never married or had kids, so Sin was his only heir. His younger brother had been Sin’s dad.

Boomer, Bullet, and Phalanx worked at our gun range which Boomer managed. Torpedo was an electrician and managed Ares’s Voltz, our electrical and plumbing company. Daredevil worked at Ares’s Forge for Rampage which was our welding business. Phantom when he wasn’t hacking

and doing computer work like Tam, managed and tattooed at Infidels' Ink.

As the night progressed, I admit, I was having a good time. The music was loud but good. The conversation was lively, and we were laughing a lot. I had a few drinks, but not enough to get drunk. I was on my bike. None of us would drink enough to be impaired, then get on our rides.

It was around ten thirty when a disturbance across the bar caught our attention. At first, I thought someone had finally decided to give Raine a hard time. We all came to our feet and headed that way, but it was Bullet and Phalanx who took the lead. I let them. As we got closer, I was taken aback. While I saw Raine standing there, she wasn't the one being bothered. Instead it was another woman who looked a lot like her, although a few years older. As my gaze settled on the other woman, a jolt went through me.

She was tiny and had long dark hair. Again, similar to Raine. Only in this woman's case, she did something to me. Whereas I felt only protective of Raine, this woman aroused something else in me. She was facing off with one of our bouncers, Jeb. He had a scowl on his face. My hackles went up. He was towering over her. She didn't weigh more than a hundred and twenty pounds and he was at least two hundred pounds and six feet tall. I shoved my way through the crowd gathering around them so I could hear what was going on.

"I told you no. Who do you think you are, telling me what to do? As if I'd listen to a guy who lied, and said he was one thing, only to find out he's another," she snapped at him.

Raine moved closer and put her hand on the woman's arm. The other woman gently pushed her behind her so she was between Raine and Jeb. "Piper, be careful," Raine said to her. There was worry in her tone.

Piper, that was an unusual name, just like Raine. They had to be sisters. I edged even closer.

"You shouldn't be in here! Go home. I'll call you later," Jeb yelled at her.

Shit, was this a domestic situation playing out in our bar? If so, they needed to move this away from here. I moved closer and spoke up. "Listen, why don't you two take this home? No need to air your troubles at work. Jeb, you know better. You and your girlfriend need to stop," I ordered him. With Pitbull at home, any brother could tell an employee what to do, but as the highest-ranking member and an officer, it was my job to handle it.

Piper whipped around to glare at me. Up close, I could see her eyes

had a green tint to them. There was fire in those exotically slanted eyes. Heat washed through me and my cock jerked. *What the hell?!*

“He’s not my boyfriend! And you stay out of this. It’s none of your business,” she snapped at me.

Those around us all inhaled sharply. Raine grabbed her arm again. “Piper, don’t. Do you know who that is?” she hissed.

“I don’t give a damn who he is. This isn’t any of his business. This Neanderthal thinks he’s telling me what to do just because I was stupid enough to have a drink with him once. I’m setting his stupid ass straight. I’ll get to this one in a minute,” she said dismissively, not bothering to even look at me again. Her gaze was focused back on Jeb, who was getting redder in the face by the second. I heard a couple of people snicker. I knew it had to be some of my brothers, but I didn’t bother to glance back to see which ones.

As I watched the tiny dynamo gather herself to take on Jeb, and then me, I fell like the proverbial ton of bricks. Gone was my past of preferring tall blondes. Now, all I could see was this tiny pocket spitfire. More blood rushed to my cock and heat filled my whole body. *Fuck, what would she be like in bed when she let go?* flitted through my mind.

“Get your ass home,” Jeb snarled at her. His tone, and the fact he thought he could tell her what to do pissed me off. I stepped closer to take him to task.

“Go fuck yourself, you prick! Why don’t you make me?” she told him.

He didn’t take more than a half of a step, maybe less before I had him by the throat, and shoved him backward until his back slammed into the wall. The music had stopped, and other than the buzz of conversation, everything was eerily quiet. At least for a full bar on a Friday night.

“Don’t you fucking think about it. You dare touch her or make a threat and I’ll rip your no-good motherfucking throat out,” I snarled at him. He was going pale due to my hand cutting off the blood supply to his pea brain. He tried to gasp for air and was clawing frantically at my hand.

A tiny hand on my arm made me look back and down. There she was staring at me in shock. “You don’t need to do that. I can handle him.”

“Sparky, no man is gonna threaten a woman while I’m around and get away with it. Now, step back because I don’t want you to accidentally get stepped on or hurt. You’re so damn little I might not see you.”

Her hands came down to form fists resting on her slender hips. She

gave me a frustrated look. “I’m not that little, you’re just freakishly big. What are you, seven foot tall? Was one of your parents a giant?”

I couldn’t help the chuckle that remark got out of me. I grinned at her. “Not exactly, babe. I’m six foot five not seven feet. What are you, five feet? Was one of your parents a fairy?”

A tiny grin flashed across her face, then disappeared. “I’ll have you know, I’m five foot three and no, there are no fairies in our family that we know of. Is there Raine?” That question confirmed they were related, like I thought.

Raine was standing nearby with a scared expression on her face. I didn’t know if she thought her sister was in trouble or what. I noticed that Bullet and Phalanx were crowded up behind her. They both had a hand on her shoulders.

I waited to see what Raine would say, but we were interrupted by the sputtering coming from behind me. I’d forgotten I still had Jeb by the throat. I eased my grip enough not to kill him, but I didn’t let go of him. I still had shit to settle with him.

“No, we don’t. Saint, I’m sorry. She didn’t mean anything by what she said. When she gets mad, she kinda zones stuff out. Piper, this is Saint. He’s an Ares Infidel, you know, the motorcycle club that owns this place? My bosses? Saint is the VP of the club.” I could practically hear the pleading in her voice. Yep, she was worried about what we’d do to both of them. Piper’s surprise registered, but she didn’t back down which made me respect her more.

“Don’t hold my behavior against my sister. She tried to stop me. She shouldn’t lose her job over this. However, this toe-rag shouldn’t be allowed in public. He came roaring up to me making demands and ordering me around. I’m not his, and even if I was, no way would I put up with that shit.” She threw him a sneering look.

“Babe, you have nothing to worry about. I’m not gonna have Raine fired because of this. Now, why don’t we move this somewhere more private so these good people can get back to enjoying their evening?”

She took a few moments to decide then she nodded. “Okay, I can do that. Where?”

“Right this way,” I told her as I pointed toward the hall that led to the bathrooms, the back door, and Pitbull’s office. As I began to move Jeb that way, she took the lead. Behind her was Raine, and no surprise, Phalanx and

Bullet were behind her. I gave the rest of my brothers a chin lift so they knew I had this handled. They would get the rest of the crowd and my guys back to having a good time.

As we moved further away over her shoulder Piper threw a comment over her shoulder. “Oh and my name is Piper, not Babe, or Sparky.”

“We’ll talk about that later,” I said.

Her head whipped around to give me an incredulous look. I winked at her. She rolled her eyes and turned back around to stomp down the hall. There was no other way to describe it other than stomping. I kept a grip on Jeb as I dragged him with us. The stomp made her small little bubble of an ass jiggle and bounce. Shit, there went my cock again. The way those jeans molded her body should be a crime. I wanted to cup both of those cheeks in my hands and squeeze.

Phalanx pulled ahead and took out a key to unlock the office. We all had a key to every business just in case. He held it open so the women could precede us inside. He held it open until all of us were in, then he shut, and locked the door.

Bullet was showing them where to sit. “Here, have a seat, ladies.” He pointed to the couch along one of the walls. They sank down. I shoved Jeb down in one of the chairs in front of Pit’s desk. Phalanx and Bullet remained standing behind him while I sat on the edge of the desk facing him. Some color had returned to his face. He wasn’t looking so cocky now. In fact, he appeared scared. I crossed my arms and waited. This should be good.

## Piper: Chapter 3

I was trying to get my scattered thoughts together. I never imagined when I came in here to finally check out where Raine worked, that I'd end up in a confrontation. Imagine my surprise, then shock, when I saw the guy I'd had drinks with last week standing there like he owned the place. When he caught sight of me, he came barreling over, and started ordering me around. That's when it dawned on me that he wasn't here as a customer, nor was he a security consultant. He was a damn bouncer!

Now, the fact he was a bouncer, wasn't the issue. I had no problem with how someone made a living as long as it was legal and didn't harm people. It was the fact he'd chosen to lie out his ass to me about what he did that set me off. Well, that along with his domineering attitude. When he shouted at me asking what the hell I was doing in there, followed by ordering me to go home, I snapped.

I might be petite but I wasn't a pushover. I stood up for myself. I was just getting on a roll, when Raine tried to stop me, and then big, blond, and bomblicious had stuck his nose into it. Damn, his Viking good looks had made it hard to stay mad, until he made the mistake of thinking I was Jeb's girlfriend. When hell froze over, would that happen.

Fast forward to now. I was having an even harder time not staring at Saint, the man I now knew was not only an Ares Infidel, but the VP of the club! Wow. As he stared at Jeb, I switched between him, and the two other guys who joined us. I saw they were all wearing the same cut which made them all members of the Infidels. On the front of one was the name *Bullet*, and on the other *Phalanx*, that was a strange name. I wondered what it meant. Both were younger guys, around my age, or a bit younger. They were attractive too, but they didn't hold my attention like Saint did. *Get ahold of yourself. You're not here to ogle the scenery*, I chided myself.

"Who wants to tell me what started this, and how you met each other?" Saint asked out of the blue.

"I will," I said.

Jeb's head turned quickly to glare at me. I glared back. "I'll tell him. You stay quiet," he snapped. I came bounding to my feet. Oh hell no, he didn't! The fight was on.

"Screw you, dickhead, you don't tell me what to do! This shithead

you have working for you and I met for a drink last week. We met on a dating site. He pretended to be someone he wasn't, I see now. Anyway, after we had a drink..."

"You hooked up and now he thinks he owns you," Saint interrupted me and said with a scowl on his face.

"What?! No, we did not hook up! What do you think I am, a whore? I went home, and he kept texting and messaging me. I finally had to tell him I didn't want to see him again. I had no idea he worked here until I came in tonight. Raine has been asking me to come check this place out for weeks, and I decided to do it tonight. When I ran into him, he ordered me to leave, and acted like he had the right to do so. That's when I realized he'd lied about his job. The rest you saw and heard."

"Out of curiosity, what did he tell you his job was?" Bullet asked.

"He said he was a security consultant who worked with important people whom he couldn't name."

"And you met on a dating site?" Saint asked, like he didn't believe me.

"Yes. We talked for a couple of weeks on and off before I agreed to have a drink. I knew that site was a mistake, but damn I didn't expect this."

"Then why make a profile? You can't be hard up for a date," was Saint's next remark.

"It's harder than you think, especially if you want to do more than just sleep with someone. I don't expect someone like you to understand," I told him, rolling my eyes.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?" he asked gruffly.

"Men like you don't go looking for dates. You look for hookups undoubtedly like this ass does, so you probably think he did nothing wrong. Believe me, my profile is coming down. I've had enough assholes, and dick pics to last me a lifetime. Are we done here? I'm ready to leave."

I watched him stiffen. I guess he didn't like me calling him out, but women knew the score, and I should've kept that in mind before coming in here with four of them. Men stuck together. I hoped this wouldn't affect Raine's job but if it did, we'd find her another one.

"You don't have any idea what I'm looking for so don't presume to know me. Now, tell me who the hell has been sending you dick pics? Him?" He pointed to Jeb, who was looking scared now.

"No, he didn't, or I wouldn't have ever met him for drinks. Suffice to



say, there's been enough, and the names aren't important. I'm leaving, but don't blame Raine because of my behavior, although I don't think I want her working with him." Thinking about it, the idea made me wary.

"Her job is safe, and so is she. We won't let anything happen to her," Phalanx said, while Bullet nodded his head in agreement. I thought that it was decent of them to promise that, but it wasn't doable.

"I appreciate it but unless you're here every moment that she works, you can't promise that, and I don't expect you to do that. We'll talk at home. Raine, I know you need to get back to work, and I need to go. I'll see you when you get home later."

I turned my gaze onto Jeb. He was sitting there looking sullen and shooting me pissy looks. "Don't bother to contact me again and stay the hell away from my sister. She's not a part of this," I warned him.

Standing up, I nodded to Saint. I didn't know what else to say, and he made me feel off-kilter for some reason. I started for the door, only to have him beat me to it. He stood there staring down at me until I made eye contact. When I did, warmth filled me again. God, he was a devastatingly good-looking guy. Inanely, I wondered if he ever posed for book covers like Lucas did.

"I'll walk you to your car," he said.

"There's really no need. I'm parked out front, and the parking lot is well lit. I'll be fine. Will one of you make sure my sister gets to her car alright? I'd feel much better knowing she wasn't walking out alone tonight," I whispered.

My head was telling me not to trust Jeb further than I could throw him, which admittedly wasn't far. He had this vibe about him that screamed he might hold a grudge. As long as he kept it between us, I'd be fine. If he dared drag Raine into it, I'd find a way to make him regret it. No one messed with my baby sister and got away with it.

"She'll be escorted, don't worry. It's you who needs one right now. Guys, keep him here until I get back. Raine, you can go back to work."

"Sure thing," Bullet said. He was watching my sister closely along with Phalanx. I wondered what that was about. Did they expect her to cause trouble? She wouldn't.

I tried to tell Saint it wasn't necessary again, but he wouldn't budge. Finally, after I nodded, he unlocked and opened the door. As I passed him, his hand came to rest on my back. I fought not to shiver. Pinpricks of fire

tingled into me where he was touching. The noise from the bar grew louder. As we entered the main area, he took my hand, and pushed his way through the bodies and out the front door.

“Where are you parked?”

“Right there,” I said, pointing to my van. I didn’t have a separate one for personal use. What I used was what I had. I’d splurged and gotten two of those magnetic signs you can put on your car. It had the name of my business, *Piper’s Carriage*, and a phone number on it. He studied it as we walked over to it.

“What’s Piper’s Carriage?”

“I provide transportation to mostly the elderly but others use me too. I take them anywhere they want to go, even medical appointments. Lots of times they can no longer drive, and don’t have anyone who can take them.”

“That’s actually a great idea. I never thought about it but I bet a lot of them do need help.”

As we talked, he took my keys away from me, and opened my door. I hopped in, but he held under my elbow while I did. I had to bounce to get up into the seat. He lifted me with one hand “There are a lot who do. Well, thank you for the escort. Hopefully, we won’t have to do this again, and I appreciate someone making sure Raine gets out of there okay tonight.”

His intensity seemed to increase, as he watched me for a couple of moments. “You have nothing to worry about when it comes to your sister. Bullet and Phalanx will watch over her. As for not having to do this again, this isn’t the last time we’ll meet. See you later,” as he shut the door he grinned and called out after a pause, “*Sparky.*”

He walked off laughing as I gaped at him. If I ever did run into him again, I’d pay him back for the Sparky nickname. Starting the van, I put it into gear, and headed home. The whole way there, I kept going over the evening in my head, especially the parts that included Saint. Wow, he was something. At least tonight hadn’t been a total bust. I did get to admire him, although I’d never admit it.

† † † † † †

For the next few days, I was kept busy with rides. I was thankful. Not only because it was money, but it kept me from dwelling obsessively on Saint. That was hard not to do. Raine had come home from work later that night and wanted to talk about what happened. I asked her if she had any problems with Jeb.

*“No, I didn’t. Don’t get me wrong, he acted pissed off for the rest of the night and he glowered, but he stayed away from me. Granted, Saint, Phalanx and Bullet kept a close eye on him. That’s probably why.”*

*“Did one of them walk you out to your car?”*

*“Yes, as a matter of fact, Bullet and Phalanx both did,” she blushed as she said it.*

*“Oh really. Why’re you looking like that?”*

*“Like what?” she said super-fast.*

*“Like you just saw your favorite piece of chocolate cake. Raine, I know they’re really attractive men, but you have to be careful. They’re older than you, and bikers. You know what guys like them are after,” I warned her, not that I should have to. We had the same discussion when she applied and got the job.*

*“I know and I’m not letting any guy use me. That doesn’t mean I can’t appreciate what I see. I’m not blind. Just like you weren’t blind to Saint,” she added with a smirk.*

*“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I denied.*

*“Liar. I saw your reaction. You think he’s hot. He’s too old for me but I agree.”*

From that point, we playfully argued back and forth for several minutes before I got her to go take her shower and go to bed. She had the next two days off. It was rare for her to have a whole weekend. In between my transports, we got to go out and spend some time together. We had fun.

Now it was Monday, and I had another full day ahead. The morning was full of shorter trips. When I went to make my afternoon pickup, I was mentally going through the grocery list in my head. I planned to go to the store after I was done for the day. Pulling up to the house, I parked and got out. As I approached the front door, it opened, and I got a pleasant surprise.

Standing there grinning at me was Lucas, Nora’s grandson. He held his arms open wide. “Come give me some sugar, babe. It’s been too long. How’ve you been?” he asked as he wrapped me in his arms. I couldn’t help but smile and sigh. Lucas was just so sweet and fun. I enjoyed every single time I got to see him.

He didn’t live in Tenillo, and with his busy schedule he couldn’t make it here as often as he wanted to take Nora to her various appointments, and to visit her. Instead, he paid me to do the driving, and to pamper her as he called it. I knew he’d love to be able to do it himself. He adored his granny.

“Hey, it’s great to see you, Lucas. I’m well. You? What brings you to town? Does Ms. Nora still need me?”

“I’m sassy, full of spunk,” he wiggled his eyebrows at his pun, and snickered. I couldn’t hold back my giggle. He was so bad. “I can’t complain. I’m meeting with one of my regular authors, and her bestie. We’re discussing her next book, and what the cover should be like.”

“Oh, she’s using you again? That’s great,” I told him as he led me inside.

“We’re not sure if it’ll be me or not. I’ve been helping her out with concepts and stuff. I’m dabbling in photography myself. She’s sweet enough to indulge me. Unfortunately, as much as I’d love to hang with you and Granny today, I can’t, but we need to catch up. What’re you doing this weekend? Why don’t we go out and grab food and hang out?”

“In the evening? I don’t have anything planned. Raine has to work. I was gonna hang at home and read.”

“Oh hell no, there’s no way I can let you do that. A young, beautiful woman like you needs to get out and be admired. You know, if she could get me to switch teams, Granny would have us married in a heartbeat,” he teased.

I groaned and hid my face with my hands. “Oh God, tell me she didn’t really ask you that? Mabel said she talked to your granny about getting you to do that. Lord, what can we do with them? Is she still trying to find you a nice, family man to settle down with so she can have some great-grandbabies?”

“Oh you know it! If she can’t have you, then she still wants those babies. I told her that I can’t have asshole babies. She smacked me with her flyswatter and told me to behave. I swear, I had marks for a week,” he said the last part louder, and rubbed his ass, so Nora could hear him as she came into the kitchen.

“Boy, don’t you go blabbing about me smacking you, or I’ll give you something to bellyache about next time. I swear, I barely tapped you. Piper, don’t believe a word he’s telling you. He likes to get sympathy. He doesn’t want to give me what I want,” she pretended to look sad.

“Granny, you know that’s not it! I love you and I’ll do almost anything for you, but having sex with Piper, and producing babies for you isn’t one of them. I love her, but only as a sister and friend.”

A mischievous grin spread across her face. “I know. I just like to see your face. Well, if you won’t snatch her up and marry her, then you have to

help us find a man who will. He has to treat her like a queen. He has to be strong, sexy, good-looking, and willing to do anything to make her happy. She works too hard.”

“Oh no, there won’t be any of that! I’ve sworn off men. They’re more pain than they’re worth. Believe me, Lucas is the only good one left. The rest are hound dogs and toads.”

“Is this about that man you had a drink with? The one from the dating site? Mabel said you didn’t click and wouldn’t be seeing him again. What did he do that was so bad? Are you getting more dick pics?” she demanded to know.

“Oh ho, dick pics! Do tell. Do you still have them? Maybe I should be using the dating site you are,” Lucas said with a smile as he gently elbowed me in the side.

I elbowed him back. “No, I didn’t keep them. If you wanna know the site, I’ll text it to you, but I’m telling you, the guys I’m meeting only seem to want sex. If that’s the only thing I want, I’ll go troll the local bar. As for the guy I had a drink with, you wouldn’t believe what happened.”

This got me practically dragged to the kitchen table. I was pushed down in a chair. Lucas sat down beside me and Nora across. Both sets of eyes were focused intently on me. “Spill,” Lucas ordered me.

“Well, not only was he boring, and we had no chemistry, or at least not on my end, he kept texting and messaging me wanting to go out again. Finally, after several days of him not getting the message after I told him no, I responded and told him we didn’t have anything in common, and I was passing on going out and I wouldn’t change my mind. He wasn’t happy and kept pushing, so I blocked him.”

“Well good for you,” Nora said.

“I thought so but you won’t believe where I ran into him Friday night.”

As I was talking, Lucas got up and poured all three of us a glass of iced tea then sat back down. He gestured for me to continue when I paused.

“I went to see Raine at her new job. Guess who was there? Not only is the guy a creep, and can’t take no for an answer, but he’s a liar. He told me he was a security consultant for a big local company. One he couldn’t name. Well, he’s not. He’s a bouncer. He got upset when he saw me and tried to order me to go home.”

Nora gasped in outrage. Lucas was frowning. “How did you take care

of him? Do I need to have a talk with this joker?” He puffed up as he said it. Many people make the mistake of thinking that gay men are all effeminate and unable to defend themselves or anyone else. That you can look at them and tell they’re gay or even bisexual. That wasn’t the case with Lucas. He was tall, built, and had tattoos. I could see why men and women would be attracted to him. I patted his hand.

“There’s no need for that. I told him off, and when he kept it up, a few of the guys who Raine works for got involved, even though I told them I could handle it. He was warned to stay away from me and by extension Raine.”

“Guys? Where is she working? I thought she was at the Tavern?” Lucas questioned.

“She was, but a little over a month ago she changed jobs to one that pays and tips better. She’s working at The Hangout. Do you know it?”

He startled me by bursting out laughing. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“No, I’m not. Why’re you laughing? Is there something wrong with that place? Those guys?” I asked, getting nervous.

He quickly sobered up. “No, nothing like that, babe. Sorry, I didn’t mean to scare you. Yes, I know The Hangout. Rather well in fact. Which guys were there that night?”

“There were several but the three I interacted with were Saint, Bullet, and Phalanx. Saint took us to the office and asked what was up. He warned Jeb to stay away and promised that someone would walk Raine to her car that night, which the other two did.”

“Oh you got one of the big guys. I bet they weren’t happy with their bouncer. What did you think of them?” There was this glint in his eye that I didn’t understand. I tried to ignore the way my heart jumped at the thought of Saint. I wouldn’t admit it aloud, but he’d been on my mind several times since that night.

“They seemed okay. They were trying to be protective. When I left, Saint was polite, and walked me to my car and promised no one would bother my sister. Do you know who those three are?”

“I do, rather well actually. So Saint walked you out, did he say anything else?”

“Like what?”

“Anything about seeing you again?”

I shrugged. “He joked about it not being the last time we’d meet, which I guess might happen as long as Raine works there and if I go in, which I don’t see happening often.”

“Why not?” Both of them asked at the same time.

“Because I don’t go out and when I do, it’s rarely to a bar.”

“You need to get out more,” Nora said, just like she did every time I saw her.

“You and I, Saturday night. Be ready and I’ll pick you up at eight. We’ll have dinner then have fun. Wear that dress I told you I love,” Lucas said abruptly.

“What? Lucas, I’d love to hang with you, but we don’t need to go out. I can cook for us and we can watch a movie or something.”

“Yes, we do need to go out, and no arguments. Now, I hate to run but I’m late and I have to get to my meeting. I’ll see you later. Granny, I’ll call you tomorrow. Love you,” he told her as he stood up. He was a whirlwind of talk and activity as he gave us both a hug and a kiss before he shot out the door. I swear, he had more energy than three people. It wasn’t until he left that I recalled that he hadn’t told me how he knew the three of them. I guess I’d ask him this weekend. I knew there was no way he’d let me out of it.

I put all thoughts of him and our “date” as I called it, and got Nora bundled in her sweater, then out the door. We were so busy the next few hours I didn’t have time to think about it. No matter what we did or where we went, she kept me in stitches. When I dropped her back home later, I drove to the grocery store with a smile on my face.

It was rather busy when I got there. My plan to run in and out was slowed down considerably. I could’ve kicked myself for waiting, and not doing it over the weekend. Tonight, Raine was working, so I wasn’t planning to cook anything too elaborate. A nice big pot of homemade beef and vegetable soup and rolls would give us several meals this week. Choosing my items carefully, I thought of my parents and brothers.

None of them would be caught dead doing their own shopping, and even if they did, they’d never cook something as pedestrian, as they’d call it, as soup. They liked to be treated to fancy dinners and waited on. I loved the opposite, like my sister. Cooking and baking together was something we did to relax and have fun. Growing up, it was our housekeeper who taught us the way around a kitchen.

## Piper: Chapter 4

Before I knew it, Saturday was here, and I was answering the door to Lucas's knock. We'd texted throughout the week, and my attempts to change his mind were all rebuffed. So were my questions about how he knew Saint, and the others at The Hangout. All he would tell me was that he'd tell me when the time was right. Whatever the hell that meant.

Raine was already gone, and at work. I told her I'd be home before her. She insisted I stay out and have fun. I was more at ease about her going to work tonight. Why? Well, it seemed that Jeb had been keeping his distance. She did say he'd stare at her, and not look happy, but he kept his mouth shut. Each night, when it was time to leave, she was escorted out to her car. I was surprised to find out that it was Phalanx and Bullet who did it every time.

Lucas let out a whistle when the door swung open. I twirled in a circle, then pretended to curtsy. "So, does that whistle mean I look presentable enough to be seen with a famous model like you?" I teased him.

"Babe, you're putting me to shame. I should've told you to wear a gunny sack and ashes. Damn, that dress is better than I remember. I'll be the envy tonight," he said as he grinned at me.

Laughing, I picked up my purse. It was hot out, so I wouldn't need a sweater. He took the keys out of my hand and closed the door when we stepped outside. It reminded me of Saint. I gave myself a mental shake. I wasn't gonna think about him. Tonight, I planned to have fun.

Once it was locked, he led me to his car, which was a sporty Charger. I loved this car. I'd ridden in it before and adored it. Shutting my door, he came around and got in the driver's seat. "I wasn't joking. You look gorgeous, Piper. When are you gonna say yes to posing for a cover with me?"

"Never. I told you, that's not me, and besides, I'm not pretty enough for that. You look handsome tonight. I love that color on you," I replied, referring to his royal blue shirt.

"Thanks, it was a gift from my friend Sara. You're more than pretty enough, and I'm not giving up, but I'll let it go for tonight. I hope you're hungry, and that you can dance in those shoes, because I don't plan to get you home until after you turn into a pumpkin."

I groaned. "God, why didn't you warn me? I would've worn shorter



heels. Where are we going?”

“Ah ah, no spoiling the surprise. Just know the food is really good, they give generous portions, and the music will be wonderful. All I want you to do is to sit back and relax. Did anything else fun or exciting happen this week that you forgot to tell me?”

I did as he said, and we chatted animatedly. I was so into what he and I were talking about that I didn't pay attention to where we were until he stopped the car. As I glanced around, my mouth dropped open. I snapped my head around to stare at him. “Why're we here?”

“You didn't try the food the other night, and that's a shame. Also, I have some friends who want to meet you, and they're here. I promise, you'll love it. Stay an hour after dinner. If you decide you hate it, we'll go back to your place and watch a movie. Deal?”

I thought about it and then I chastised myself. Why was I so worried about being here? Jeb, I could ignore. As for there being anyone else here, I doubted that would happen. Surely he had better things to do than be here. Last Friday was a fluke.

“Deal. The food better be amazing or I'll kick your ass,” I threatened him after he got out, came around the car and helped me out of the car. He'd been raised to be a gentleman. Nora wouldn't have stood for anything less.

“Oh, damn, I love it when you talk kinky to me,” he cooed.

I slapped his chest. I was hanging on his arm, like he always insisted. He was like Lester in that regard. “I'll kinky you,” I growled as we reached the door.

He laughed as he opened the door. “You keep that up and we'll have to give Granny her wish.”

“God forbid. I love you, Lucas, but we'd kill each other, and having sex with you would be so wrong. Ick, you're like a brother,” I told him.

He sighed. “Yeah, I get it. Even if I was into women, you're like an annoying, pint-sized sister. I could never do the nasty with you.” This made both of us laugh.

We didn't have to wait long to be seated. It was after eight, but the place was still crowded. As we were seated, I looked around. I didn't see Jeb anywhere, thank goodness. I refused to admit that I was looking for anyone else. I spotted Raine across the room.

“How in the world did you get us seated so fast? There's a line of people waiting,” I asked him.

“I know to make a reservation. Otherwise you could wait a long time to get a table.”

“Raine said it was a popular place, but I didn’t know she meant like this. Wow, is the food that good, or is it the lure of the fact bikers own it and you might see some of them?”

“Both. Now, we’re gonna order a drink and some food. You’re gonna tell me about your horrible dating experiences and I’ll tell you about mine. Later, we’ll move to where we can enjoy the band. You’re dancing with me tonight. Plus, if that asshole Jeb is here, I want you to point him out to me,” his face got serious when he said that last part.

“He’s not, I looked. Okay, let’s make a night of it. Only if you get me drunk and I have a hangover in the morning, I’ll kill you.” I warned him. I wasn’t sure he took me seriously if the grin on his face was anything to go by.

The next hour flew by. We laughed, talked and ate. He hadn’t lied. The food was plentiful and delicious. Raine came over to say hi. She didn’t act that surprised to see us, which made me wonder if she knew Lucas planned to bring me here. He had her number just like he had mine.

We were winding down as the band was taking the stage. It appeared to be the same one as the last time I was here. I was about to ask Lucas if he was ready to pay our bill and move on when I felt a presence behind me. I whipped around quickly. Standing there, looking as devastatingly hot as the last time was Saint. He was staring at me with a look on his face I couldn’t decipher.

“Hey Saint, what’s shakin’?” Lucas asked with a grin.

“Lucas. What brings you here?” His voice was gruff and sent shivers down my spine. *God, what would it be like to have him growl in my ear using that voice? Stop it,* I admonished myself.

“I thought Piper deserved a night out. Her last date was a dud, so this time I thought she deserved to go out with a stud. She’s seeing if she can get me drunk enough to sleep with her and knock her up.” His outrageous lie came spilling out.

I gasped and before I turned my head to glare at him and tell him off for that, I saw anger or something like it flash across Saint’s face. “Lucas! Stop telling lies, you asshole! I’m not sleeping with you no matter how drunk I get or how much your granny wants great-grandbabies. God, will you stop that? One of these days someone will believe you,” I hissed. I could feel my

face heating up.

Lucas cackled without an ounce of remorse or shame. “Oh my God, the look on both of your faces, Jesus Christ, it was so worth it. Don’t worry, I told you sweetheart, as much as I love you and Granny’s desire for great-grandbabies, you’re not getting any of my goodies. Now, if Saint would like some...” he trailed off as he winked at Saint and gave him a come-hither look.

I cringed. Was he suicidal? Hitting on a macho biker was crazy. I got ready to get between them if Saint went after him. I glanced back at Saint to watch for him to move. That's when I saw his face. He was no longer looking angry. Instead, he appeared amused. After a moment or two of silence he shook his head.

“Lucas, no matter how many times you ask, the answer is still no. Your goodies aren’t my thing. I prefer mine tiny, with dark hair and of the opposite sex. I want someone with spark, and maybe fairy-like,” his eyes were boring into me as he said it.

My breath caught. He couldn’t mean what I thought he meant. Could he? His eyes ran down my body then back up. That’s when I noticed his eyes were smoldering. I was at a loss for words for probably the first time in my life. No smart or sarcastic comments came to mind. Saint stared for a solid minute at me before he looked back at Lucas, who for some reason was quiet.

“If you’re done eating, come join us. Sara and Trident are here along with several others. It’s been a while since we saw you.”

I waited for Lucas to tell him no. He didn’t. “We’ll be there in a minute. I just have to pay the bill. Go save us a seat. Tell Trident I’m coming,” he said with a grin.

I watched as Saint gave me another once-over then walked off. As soon as he was out of earshot, I turned on Lucas. “Are you insane? He’s a biker, and you proposition him! He’s straight as the day is long. And what’s this nonsense about joining them? No, we’re going back to my place, and watching a movie.”

“No, we're not Sugarplum. We’re joining them. I see lots of fun in my future,” he said with a grin.

“Fun? How exactly do you think this is fun? Wait. You never told me how you know Saint.”

“You’ll just have to come with me and find out. I promise, you’ll be perfectly safe and you’ll have fun. Come on,” he said, as he threw a stack of

bills down on the table to cover the bill. He stood up and held out his hand. I had a choice to make. Did I trust him and go, or insist he take me home? Hell, if he wouldn't, I could call for a ride or take Raine's car and come back and pick her up at the end of her shift.

"Hey, you know that I'd never let anything happen to you, don't you?," he asked seriously as he studied me.

"I do. I just don't think this is a good idea. You might know them but I don't. Why would they want me to hang out with them?"

"Believe me, if they didn't, Saint wouldn't have invited us to join them. I want you to meet a couple of people. Please," he gave me his best puppy dog look.

"Jeez, if you promise to wipe that look off your face, I'll go. Lord, Nora needs to beat you with that flyswatter more," I grumbled good-naturedly.

He feigned horror. "Don't give her any ideas, you cruel woman," he moaned as we walked across to the other side of the bar. There were several tables set up together, and I saw there were even more bikers this time along with several women. Other than Saint, I recognized Phalanx and Bullet. They both gave me a welcoming smile.

Now, usually I wasn't a shy person. I could talk to just about anyone. However, there was something about this group that made me want to hide behind Lucas. It was only my pride that prevented me from doing it. I was holding onto Lucas's arm. Saint came to his feet and pulled out a chair beside him.

"Sit here, Piper," he said.

Before I could tell him I'd sit at one of the spots where two empty chairs were together so I could be next to Lucas, I was gently pushed into the chair by my date. I gave him a questioning look but all he did was smile and move off to the seat next to an older couple who were on the other side of the table. As he got to them, he leaned down and kissed the woman on the cheek, then puckered his lips more and tried to lean past her to kiss the man she was with.

I watched as the built, tattooed silver fox with the long graying hair and beard, planted his open palm over Lucas's face, and gently shoved him away. "Lucas, no matter what you do, you're not getting kisses outta me. You should count yourself lucky I let you kiss my woman. Any other man, and you'd be on your ass looking for your teeth," the man growled.

Despite his appearance and words, he didn't sound overly upset. More like he was amused, even though looking at his face, you wouldn't think that. Lucas pulled back and pouted as he took his seat.

"Damn it Trident, do you know how many men would kill to have me kiss them, and offer them my body? Or how many women? Hell, Piper is trying to get me to be her baby daddy. I've told her no a million times, and she still tries to get in my pants. You should be honored," he said, sounding totally sincere.

All eyes turned to me. My mouth fell open. I heard a rumbling growl from my right. I glanced over to find Saint giving me what I considered a heated look. The rest were watching me with varying degrees of surprise and interest on their faces. I hurried to stop their speculation.

"I swear to God, I'm drowning you when we leave here tonight. That's it. No more dates for you. And I'm telling Nora that you've been mean to me. She'll wear out that flyswatter you're so scared of on your ass the next time she sees you. In fact, I'll drop off a fresh supply next week. I'm not after you or anyone else to be my baby daddy. When I'm ready to have a kid, I'll go to the sperm bank. It's less pain in the ass than you," I told him.

He blew me a kiss. "Sugarplum, it's your loss. And if you tell Granny I was mean to you, she'll torture me. You can't be that heartless. Come on, take it back and when you're ready for a baby, I'll be the sperm donor. We'd make beautiful children," he said with a wink.

I groaned and shook my head. There was no controlling his outrageous behavior. I was about to say more when I was stunned speechless.

"Like hell you'll be her sperm donor. Sparky and I will make way better looking and smarter kids together than you could ever hope to make with her," Saint said. As I looked at him in astonishment, I saw what looked like a serious expression on his face along with a glint in his eyes. Oh God, the thought of him touching me to make a baby made my whole body get warm, and my nipples felt like they were budding up tight while slickness began to dampen my panties.

Chuckles and snickers came from around the tables. My mouth was hanging open. I mentally scrambled to get my brain to work, so I could respond. Suddenly, Saint was leaning into me and whispering in my ear. "What do you say, Sparky? Wanna get outta here and get started on getting to know each other so we can get to that stage?"

I snapped my mouth shut. I didn't bother to whisper back. "No Saint,

I don't. One-night stands aren't my thing. I'll find my own sperm donor, thank you. And if you know what's good for you, you'll stop calling me Sparky." I warned him before I turned my head away to look back over at Lucas. He had a smirk on his face. I pointed a finger at him.

"You, are you gonna introduce me to your friends that you insisted we join or do I have to do it myself? And for being such a smartass, I'm telling Nora that you can have asshole babies after all. I hope you can recover from the deliveries. I understand vaginal rejuvenation is a thing. You'd better hope asshole rejuvenation is too," I said with a smirk of my own.

This caused everyone else to lose it and howl with laughter. Jokes and jabs were flying around the tables at him. Lucas put on his best pout. "I thought you loved me, Piper. I thought you and I were a safe zone. Jesus, you're getting meaner every damn day. You do need to get laid, woman."

I gave him a stern look. "Enough talk about my sex life. Introductions, now."

As he went to point to the woman he kissed, Saint's breath hit my ear again. "Baby, you and I will never be a one-night stand, I can promise you that. I can't wait to get to know you better," he whispered gutturally. As he finished talking, I jumped. Why? Because his lips caressed my neck just under my ear. In a spot that I never realized until that moment was an erogenous spot for me. I had to fight not to look at him and let him see how badly he was affecting me. Shit, I think I'd made a mistake in agreeing to come over here. What game was he playing, and why did excitement fill me at the thought of him, rather than anger?

I gulped and focused all my attention on Lucas. "This is Sara, Piper. Sara, you heard me talk about my friend Piper. This is her in the flesh. As you can tell, she's met Saint before, along with Phalanx and Bullet. I wanna thank you guys for looking out for her and Raine the other night. I heard what happened with that jackass bouncer. Pip, Sara is the author friend I told you about who I've been working with on my photography skills to create book covers. The man next to her, who won't give me kisses or his body, is her old man and husband, Trident. He's just a damn tease."

I smiled at them and nodded. "It's nice to meet you both, especially you Sara. Lucas has spoken highly of you for a long time. He was telling me about how he's been working with you. I told him he was more than a pretty face."

"Hey, I knew that. Sara, remember when I said I had someone I

wanted to get to pose for covers with me. Well, here she is. Help me convince her to do it. She could make some serious money if she'd do it."

"It's a pleasure to meet you Piper and Lucas is right, you'd make a fortune. That face, those eyes, heck the whole package would sell. I know a bunch of fellow authors who would kill to get you on their covers, with or without Lucas."

I shook my head as I held up my hands. "Not me. Thank you for saying that, but I've seen the women on those book covers. I'm not in their league. Trident, if you ever need help putting him in his place, you just let me know," I added with a grin.

"Hey!" Lucas objected.

"I don't know what you see when you look in the mirror, Piper, but it's obviously not what we see. You could totally be on the cover of Sara's books. You're beautiful," a man down the table said with an admiring look.

A loud growl came out of Saint. I looked over at him to find him staring down the table at the guy. I couldn't see his face but whatever his expression, it had the other guy holding up his hands.

"Thank you..." I paused, not knowing what to call him.

"My name is Boomer," he offered up.

"Thank you Boomer, but again, I know what I look like. Lucas, introduce me to the rest of your friends. I apologize in advance. I might not remember your names until after you remind me a few times."

I sat there and listened intently as he went around the table making introductions. As he did, I had to admit, all the men were hot men. Not a single one was unattractive. However, to me, none measured up to Saint. There was something about him that affected me more than any of the others. I had to fight not to lean closer to him or to stare. His masculine woodsy scent kept teasing my nose.

Just as introductions were finished between me and Boomer, Raine came up to the table. She grinned at me. "So, I see Lucas got you to join the fun over here. Gentlemen, ladies, if she gets too crazy, let me know. I can tell you how to make her behave," she said with a laugh.

I pointed my finger at her. "Remember who's the big sister here and that you have to come home and sleep tonight, little sister. Are you here to take orders or to cause trouble for yourself?" I teased her.

"Boss, she's threatening me," she cried out as she looked at one of the men. I racked my brain to recall what his name was then realized all I had to

do was look at the front of his leather cut. It read *Pitbull*. He was grinning at her.

“I make it a policy not to get between siblings. That’s the quickest way to get your ass kicked, Raine. Ask me to help you with anyone else in here, even Lucas, and I’ll do it. Your sister scares me. Something tells me she could be very inventive in exacting revenge if she wants.”

“You have no idea,” she said. “Okay, what can I get all of you?”

The next few minutes were taken up with various people telling her what they wanted to drink, while Saint finished telling me who everyone else was. When she got done with them, she looked at me. “Your usual?” she asked. I nodded yes.

As she walked off, I happened to catch Bullet and Phalanx watching her. The way they did made me sit up straighter. There was a spark in their eyes. I caught Bullet’s eye. I shook my head.

“Don’t get any ideas biker men. My sister isn’t one of your hang arounds or whatever else you call ‘em,” I warned him.

“We never thought she was. We have no intention of treating her like one. She’s perfectly safe with us,” he said. Phalanx was staring hard at me now, and he nodded his head in agreement with what Bullet was saying. I tried to gauge if they were sincere or just telling me what I wanted to hear. As I did, Saint took my hand. I had no choice but to look at him.

“They mean it. She’s the safest woman in here from them, and anyone else planning to mess with her. Just like you’re the safest with me. Tell me, have you heard or seen anything outta Jeb? Has he tried to bother you again?”

He’d spoken lower so I had to lean toward him to hear over the loud music. Once I knew what he said, I answered.

“I haven’t seen or heard a peep out of him, which is a good thing. Raine says he’s stayed away from her whenever they’ve worked together. I have to thank Bullet and Phalanx for walking her out at night at the end of her shifts. I’m glad he’s not working tonight. He’s the last person I want to see. He’s a cretinous asshole.”

He laughed. “I agree. Give me your phone.”

“Why?”

“Just give it to me.”

Despite thinking I shouldn’t, I found myself handing it to him. I didn’t keep it locked. There was no reason in my mind to add a step. He took



it and tapped around. When he handed it back, I saw he'd put his contact information in my phone.

"If you have any trouble with him or anyone else, you call me. I'll make sure you don't have it again. I know he's stayed away but be careful. Guys like him can get stalkerish and they don't like to be told no."

"I thought all men didn't like to be told no," I shot back.

"We don't, but the difference is, if you truly mean it, some of us will back the hell off. Men like him might not. Enough talk about him," he said as he came to his feet. He held out his hand. "Come dance with me, Sparky. Afterward, you can tell me all about yourself, and why you think I should stop calling you that name, and why you're so delusional to think you're not beautiful enough to be on a book cover, because that's utter bullshit, babe. You're fucking gorgeous and every man in here knows it. They're dying to come over here but know better."

"Why's that?"

"Because they know I'll beat the fuck outta them if they do." was his answer as he tugged me to my feet. I let him lead me to the dance floor even though a part of me was screaming not to do it. If I let myself get lost in his arms, it would only spell disaster for me. Something told me, Saint could easily destroy me, and I might just be willing to risk it.

## Saint: Chapter 5

I waited to see if she'd balk at dancing with me or not. I was prepared to cajole if I had to, although I wouldn't force her to, if she truly didn't want to. However, I didn't know what I'd do if she refused. The want to hold her in my arms was quickly becoming a need. Something I'd never had happen to me before.

For me, as bad as it sounded, women had always been interchangeable. One was pretty much as good as another. Sure, I had a type, I guess, but that didn't mean I never deviated from it. Although Piper was unlike any woman I'd been with. For one, they'd mostly been selfish, vain women only worried about themselves and what they could get out of a man. Which when all you were looking for was sex, worked out. I never led one on, and it was always clear from the start that it was only sex, and most likely just once. Repeats didn't mean they were special.

Being in the military brought a lot of women flocking to you even if you weren't the best-looking guy in the world. Was it conceited to say I wasn't ugly by any means? Maybe, but I'd had enough people tell me I was good-looking, and I had a mirror. I was blessed with looks, and a good body. Even if I hadn't been, women seeking a military husband to provide for them came out of the woodwork. I'd always been careful not to get trapped.

Getting out of the Army and becoming part of an MC only intensified the chase, which had surprised me a bit. I'd seen gorgeous women throw themselves at some of the ugliest, fattest men I'd ever seen, and it was all because they were bikers. As for why, I didn't know if I believed the hype about wanting to be a biker's old lady or not. My club was different from many where they didn't treat their women or kids well. In fact, some clubs used them terribly. Our club and Time Served treated them like the treasures we knew them to be.

We might not have club bunnies anymore, but the availability of women hasn't decreased. It was out of respect for the old ladies that we'd stopped having bunnies. When you thought about it from their standpoint, we could see why it was a practice we didn't want to continue. It took Ember, Rampage's woman, to really bring that fact home. I might not have an old lady yet, but I knew if the roles were reversed, I wouldn't be able to stand having her prior hookups hanging around all the time, even if I knew she

wouldn't be sleeping with them again. Add to it the thought they were doing it to have a place to live, and a way to live, not because they truly loved sex that much, made us feel dirty and disgusted. We put down men for forcing women into prostitution, or for raping them. It didn't sit well at all to imagine we might've been with women who didn't really want to be with us.

All of those women faded away for me. I couldn't have recalled a single one of their faces to save my life. Why? Because of the petite beauty walking next to me. It was her face I saw. It was her body I hungered to explore every inch of. It was her that I wanted to know every tiny detail about.

We made it to the dance floor. I pulled her close and started to slow dance with her. After a few moments of holding herself stiffly, she relaxed into me. The music was too loud to talk, but that was alright. I could hold her and enjoy that no problem. As we moved together, like we'd done this a hundred times before, I thought about her, and what attracted me to her. First there was the fact she was gorgeous, even though that wasn't the only reason.

Her hand felt so small and delicate in mine. I was a big guy. Standing just an inch short of six-and-a-half feet tall made me tower over most people, male and female. That was why I tended to go for taller women. In Piper's case, I knew she was only a few inches over five feet. Despite her height though, she wasn't without curves. They might not be overly lush, but they were there.

Her mixed ancestry gave her a pale slightly golden tinged skin color. Her features while showing she had Asian heritage wasn't completely what you typically saw in someone full-blooded. I knew she had to have at least one parent who was partially Caucasian. I thought she might be Filipina based on what I knew of the various different people from that side of the world. Her face was a delicate oval with slightly arched full brows over wide, slightly slanted eyes. Her irises were hazel rather than brown as you might expect. Tonight, they were even greener than they were the last time I saw her.

Her nose was petite and fit with her other features, which was a bow-like pouty mouth, which was begging to be kissed, and her subtle high cheekbones. She was soft, not hard edged. Her hair was tempting me to bury my hands in it. It was a thick dark brown and hung to the middle of her back in gentle waves. I tried to guess her age. It was hard to tell. She could be anywhere from her early twenties to early thirties I thought. I knew she was

at least older than nineteen, since I'd asked Pitbull how old Raine was. I was hoping I wasn't robbing the cradle, but even if she was only a year or so older, I didn't give a damn. I knew without a doubt that I wanted her.

Yeah, she turned me on in a big way. I wanted to get naked and dirty with her, but this was more than sex. Since our first meeting, I'd had time to think and talk to some of my married brothers about how they felt, and responded to their old ladies when they met them. The consensus was they were struck hard and knew that they had to have them. They were willing to do anything to get them, and they knew that it wasn't just sex they wanted. Check all those boxes for me.

It was hard not to get over-excited and go off the deep end. Truly, if I let my alpha side out all the way, I'd go all beast and carry her off over my shoulder, lock her in my trailer with me, and pleasure us both until we couldn't move, and she'd agree to be mine. Tying her to the bed might be necessary, and I'd look forward to it. Luckily, I had some self-control, and knew that that wasn't the way to go. I had a feeling if I got too out of hand, she'd put me in my place. She was tiny with lots of attitude hence the Sparky comments.

The floor was getting more and more crowded. After someone bumped into her from behind, I tugged her closer so she was flush against me. As much as I tried to control it, I knew she had to be able to feel my erection pressing into her diaphragm. The top of her head hit me mid-chest, which required me to hunch over to hold her. In the past, this would've had me avoiding dancing or doing anything else with such a small woman, but in her case, it made me feel a hundred times more protective.

The swaying back and forth wasn't helping my erection to go away. I ached even more to strip her bare and taste every inch of her from head to toe, and then do it again and again. I wanted to see what color her nipples were, and to taste them. She would give me a decent handful. I did have one worry, I was a big guy, and I didn't want to accidentally hurt her with my strength. And my cock was proportionate for my size. *God, don't let me hurt her having sex*, I prayed. I almost snorted at that. I wasn't the longest guy, but I was more than adequate at over eight inches. It was my girth that I was more worried about. I was thick and had a few women complain it was too much. None had been as small as her.

*Get your mind outta the gutter, Saint. You don't know if she'll even give you a chance to see her naked let alone have sex. Worry about getting to*

*know her and vice versa*, I lectured myself as I worked to breathe away my erection.

As I spun her around, she jerked hard. I hadn't seen the person coming who slammed into her back. She pulled her face away from my chest, and I saw her flinch. I glared at the back of the man who'd stumbled into her. It wasn't due to the floor being too crowded, even though it was full. It was because he was acting the fool and the way he was wavering on his feet, it was a good bet he was drunk as hell. That along with the fact he never bothered to turn and apologize to her had me responding the way I did.

Easing her away from him, I reached out and tapped him on the shoulder. At first, he didn't pay any attention to me, so I tried again. The second time, he swung around and scowled up at me. I estimated he was about six feet, so he had to look up. His hazy, unfocused eyes stared at me stupidly then he sneered. I couldn't hear what he said, but I could read his lips.

"What the fuck do you want?" he asked.

Shouting so I could be heard, I yelled back. "Be careful. You're running into people. You just hit my woman. Maybe you should sit down." I nodded my head and looked at Piper just in case the idiot couldn't figure out who I was referring to as my woman.

He ran his eyes up and down her. She'd turned in my arms and was half-facing him. This time he shouted loud enough I could hear him. "Tell your bitch to watch where she's goin'. I'm not moving."

His dance partner was checking me out, and she saw my cut. Her eyes widened, and she was frantically patting his chest trying to get his attention. He was ignoring her. Him calling Piper a bitch flared my anger to life more. I wasn't at the blow up and kick his ass stage, but if he kept being a dick, I would get there. Usually it took a lot to get me mad, but anything with her seemed to take a shit load less. Jeb pissed me off last time, and this time it was this moron.

"Watch your mouth. There's no need to be ugly or rude, just be careful. People want to dance, not be trampled on or run into. Hell, the least you could've done was say sorry when you did it. You hurt her," I growled.

"Fuck her and fuck you," he slurred as he stumbled.

"That's it. You're done," I told him then I glanced around. I caught Trident's attention. I pointed to the bouncer along the wall, I forgot what his name was, then I pointed to the moron. He gave me a chin lift, then started

toward the bouncer who was watching someone else. I wasn't surprised when he stopped to say something to Pitbull. With that out of the way, I decided to wait and see what happened.

I eased Piper further away from the asshole. He was glaring at me, and standing there, no longer dancing. His partner was furiously whispering in his ear. Maybe he'd leave on his own. If he didn't, I knew the bouncer would show him out. He'd either had too much to drink, or was a jackass, either would get him shown the door. It was better than me beating his ass, then throwing him out on his head, although maybe if I dropped him on it hard enough, he'd get some sense and manners.

"Sorry, babe, we'll dance more after this asshole leaves," I told her. I had my mouth right at her ear.

She gazed up at me. "That's okay. You can't help people who're fucktards," she hollered back.

I couldn't help but laugh at her description of him. She was right, he was one of those. She grinned at me. Unfortunately, there was a lull in the music as they changed songs, and he heard what she said. I saw him bristle up, then he was coming at us. I hastily pushed her behind me and met him head on.

"Tell that slut to watch her mouth," he shouted.

"I told you to watch your mouth. You're outta here. Thanks," I said over his shoulder to the bouncer as he arrived. I recalled finally that his name was Carson. Pitbull and Trident were behind him.

Fucktard, as I now had to call him, swung around to see who I was talking to. When he spotted Carson, he started to swear. "This is fucking bullshit. This fucker and his bitch started it. You can't throw me out. Throw them out."

"Sir, you need to come with me. You're not welcome any longer. Miss, are you able to drive or should I call you a ride?" Carson asked calmly.

"I can drive," she said quickly. She was tugging on her man's arm. Trying to pull him toward the door. He wouldn't budge.

"I'm not going anywhere! They need to leave!"

"Sir, calm down," Carson said, right before the guy took a swing at him.

The bouncer was able to easily duck it, then he responded by grabbing the guy and swinging him around by the shoulder before jacking one of his arms up behind his back in a half-Nelson hold. It was better that he handled

this than one of us. If we did, we might hurt the idiot too much, and be accused of aggravated assault with a deadly weapon. Since we were trained in several forms of martial arts, our hands and bodies were considered lethal weapons. That didn't make me any less eager to punch him in the mouth, and to beat his ass for the names he called her.

"Don't hurt him," the woman suddenly shouted, and she went from afraid, and wanting to get the hell out of there, to a raging psycho. She punched Carson in the face, then let out a scream, and came charging at me with her claws up. And they were claws too. She had at least two-inch long pointy nails on. I put up my hands to protect my face, but I didn't touch her.

I saw a flash in the corner of my eye, and the next thing I knew, Piper was in front of me, and she had a fistful of the woman's hair, and had one of her arms pinned behind her. She was yelling back.

"Don't you dare touch him! Get your boyfriend or whatever he is and go. You're lucky he doesn't believe in manhandling women. I bet that's what you count on isn't it? That men won't hit you. Well honey, you should've been worried about me, not him. I have no problem beating the shit out of you. You ready?" she asked Carson, who was staring at her in awe, and what appeared to be interest. Oh hell no, she was mine. He could forget that. He nodded and smiled broadly at her.

So that's how our odd group made its way to the front door. The man and woman kept arguing and screaming as they attempted to get loose, but it did them no good. Pitbull went ahead and opened the door while me and Trident stayed close in case we were needed. I tried to take over with the woman but Piper refused to let go of her.

Out in the parking lot, it was much easier to hear and be heard. "Which is your ride?" I asked the couple.

The woman spit at me, and the guy just glared. I choked back a chuckle when Piper slapped the woman on the back of her head. "Don't spit at him. That's nasty. You're not a camel. Either tell him which car or we'll call the cops to deal with your drunk, stupid asses. Which will it be?"

Finally, the woman gave in. "It's that green Honda CR-V over there," she said grudgingly as she tilted her head to the right. I saw the one she meant. We all went that way. When we got there, Pitbull gave them both a warning.

"If you try to touch any of us when they let you go, I'll call the cops and you'll go to jail. That is if my brother over there and Piper here don't

beat your asses first. You might just end up spending a few days in the hospital. This bar is owned by the Ares Infidels. We don't tolerate anyone acting the fool in here, but especially when you come at one of us or the woman we're with. If you can't be respectful, don't come back. Let 'em go," he told Carson and Piper.

We watched as they cautiously did it then moved away. None of us took our eyes off them. They threw pissed off looks our way, but they didn't say or do anything. I latched onto Piper and pulled her into my arms. She seemed to come willingly, which I liked. Even if she could take care of herself, I didn't want her to have to do it.

The guy was staggering to the car. I hoped he wouldn't try to drive. If he did, we'd have to stop him. He'd kill someone, and I didn't want that on my conscience. Thankfully, the woman unlocked the car, and opened the door for him. It took her a bit to get him situated in the passenger seat before she shut the door. She glanced over at us then back. She at least appeared to be able to walk straight. I hoped that meant she hadn't been drinking or at least not nearly as much as he was. We remained there until she got in and started her car. As they pulled slowly out of the parking lot, I barked out a laugh. Both stuck their hands out the window and gave us the middle finger. I laughed harder when all five of us gave them the same back.

As they sped off, I faced the others. "Carson, thanks for taking care of him. I would've but then I might've had to beat his ass, and I'd rather spend the night getting to know Piper than sitting in jail."

"You're welcome," he said.

Pitbull snorted while Trident rolled his eyes. "Really? Do you think Tenillo PD would run you in for this? If they did, when Boss and Wrecker got wind of it, they'd tell them to cut you loose, unless you half-killed the guy or something," Pitbull said.

"Who's Boss and Wrecker, and why would they have sway with the cops?" Piper asked.

"Boss is Police Chief Tyger Barnes, and he's the president of the other MC in town, Time Served. They're friends of ours. Wrecker is one of our club brothers, otherwise known as Deputy Chief of Police Dickerson. Another one of our brothers, Cuffs, is a detective with the department," I explained as we made our way toward the door.

"Cops can be in a motorcycle club?" she asked incredulously.

"Yes, they can. We're not like those you see on TV, Sparky. Well, not



totally anyway.”

She stopped walking and placed her hands on her tiny hips. She was giving me a stern look which made me want to kiss it off her face. “Stop calling me Sparky. What’s up with that?”

Before I could answer, Trident slapped me on the back. “We’ll leave you two alone. Try not to get your ass kicked. She’s miniature but mighty. Be gentle with him, darlin’,” he said with a wink as he passed her and went inside. Pitbull grinned and Carson was trying to smother his grin. She gave them narrow-eyed looks. They hurried inside.

I crowded her as I smirked down at her. “Am I gonna get my ass kicked, babe? I admit, I’ve never had a woman do that to me, but if you wanna try, I could be convinced to go along with it. Just don’t be surprised if it turns me the hell on and I return the favor. I’d love to get my hands on that ass. A good spanking might do you good. As for why I use that name, it suits your personality. So what’s it gonna be? Keep the name or get down and dirty, Sparky?” I teased as I gave her a heated look. There was no way she could mistake it for anything other than desire.

It was hard to see in the dim light, but I think she might’ve blushed. I heard her gasp faintly. She stared at me a few moments then shook her head. “You’re incorrigible,” she muttered before she turned to go inside. I grabbed her waist and tugged her to me.

“No, I just know when I want something and I go after it. In case you haven’t figured it out yet, I want you, Piper, and this is me making my move,” I told her right before I lowered my head and kissed her.

Instantly, a shock wave went through me when our lips met. I didn’t even start to do anything, and it hit me like a blast. I let it rush through my body, heating my blood, and stiffening my cock from half-mast to full on rager within seconds. I pressed against her soft lips harder and probed the seam of her mouth with my tongue. She moaned and opened up. I let out the groan I was holding in.

My tongue went foraging for hers. She tasted sweet with traces of the bite of whiskey from the mixed drink she’d drank before we danced. I delved deeper while my lips commanded hers. I swung around so I could sit down on the railing that enclosed the outdoor patio at the entrance. Grasping her waist, I lifted her until she was straddling my thighs. I fought not to pull her flush against me so I could grind my cock into her pussy through my jeans and her dress.

I slid my hands down to rub along her bare thighs. I made sure not to take it further. As much as I wanted to run my hands under her dress and between her legs, I didn't. I rubbed small circles on her skin with one hand. Fuck, she had the softest skin I'd ever felt in my life. With the other hand, I sank it into her hair so I could use it to control her head. I tilted her head so I could kiss her deeper.

Our tongues became even more entwined. I drew mine back so I could use my teeth on her bottom lip. I nibbled on it before kissing her lips again. On and on it went—lips kissing, tongues dueling and teeth nibbling. She even nibbled on mine. I was fast approaching a point that I might not be able to pull back from and the last thing I wanted to do was push her too fast. Something told me she wouldn't be the type of woman to go to bed with a man the second time she met him, so as painful as it was, I reluctantly pulled away.

Her eyes were glazed over and I saw she was turned the hell on like I was. Goddamn, how I wish we could take this back to her place or the compound. She was breathing harder like I was too. I rubbed my thumb along her lips then along her cheek. She opened her mouth as if to speak, then closed it. As the desire began to fade, I saw what appeared to be panic start to set in. Oh hell no, there would be none of that.

“Baby, don't you dare say that we shouldn't have done this. This is the best thing I can remember doing in forever.”

“Saint, I admit, it was hot as hell but I don't want you to get the wrong idea. I'm not offering anything. I'm not going home and having sex with you.”

“I don't expect you to, Sparky. What I want is for you to let me take you back inside, and we spend more time together. I want to learn everything there is to know about you and I want you to know everything about me. Will you do that? Will you give me a chance?”

She worried on her bottom lip with her teeth and I had to fight not to do it for her. God, she made me want her so much. After about a minute, she finally put me out of my misery. She nodded her head yes. “Okay, I'll spend more time with you. I really hope you won't be disappointed when you get to know the real me, Saint. I'm not that exciting.”

Sliding her off my lap made me almost howl, but I did it. Once she was on her feet and steady. I stood up and wrapped an arm around her shoulders. “I think you're exciting as hell. Let's get better acquainted.”

As she let me lead her back inside, I put my prayer out there that this would be the first of many nights together. That it would be the beginning of our happily ever after story.

## Piper: Chapter 6

Four days after that kiss and I was still unable to forget it, or the man who'd given it to me. It played on repeat in my brain throughout the day and at night. My dreams had been filled with it and much more. I could admit to myself my dreams were erotic and woke me up sexually frustrated. Even getting myself off didn't cool the fire in my body much. That had never happened to me before.

I'd had a few boyfriends in the past, not a lot, but ones that I'd had feelings for which led to us having sex. I gave up my virginity to my high school boyfriend when I was eighteen. It hadn't been anything to brag about. In fact, it was quick, messy, and painful every time. He had no idea what he was doing any more than I did. That relationship lasted another six months after I finally gave it up then he moved on to the next girl.

My second boyfriend I'd met a year after breaking up with the first one and we dated for a year. Again, by the time we got to the point of sex, which was never as quickly as the guy wanted, it hadn't been stellar. Less painful and he did last longer but mainly he worried about getting himself off, not me. By the time I found a third one, it was after I moved to Tenillo when I was twenty-three. He'd been the quickest to get me into bed and gave me the most pleasure, although nothing to write home about.

The issue with him was he got upset anytime I wanted to try something different or have a say in our sex life. He thought a woman should just take what the guy gave her and be happy with it. Once that became known, we didn't last long. Why put up with that when my battery-operated boyfriend would do whatever I wanted and I knew he'd get me off every time. Hence why I hadn't been with a man in over three years. In a few months I would be twenty-eight and it had been looking like I'd stay alone. I was having no luck finding a guy who piqued my interest enough to date him. They turned out to be like Jeb or turned me off from the get-go.

That was until I laid eyes on Saint. He captured my interest, and revved my libido from the start, which excited me but terrified me more. My biggest issue was that he was a biker. There was no way he was looking for more than a hookup. I had more respect for myself than to be a notch on someone's bedpost. If all I wanted was meaningless sex, I had more than enough offers for that.

I tried to make it clear to Saint I wasn't looking to be a bed warmer for the night. I thought I was clear, but he still stayed by my side all night. Every time I looked at him, he was staring intently at me with heat in his gaze. He made me squirm. I'd had damp panties, taut nipples and sexual desire humming through my body all night. During our dances, which we had more even after that first one, I could feel how hard he was. Just rubbing against him told me he was blessed in that department.

He continually had a hand on me. It wasn't ever in an overtly sexual spot, but still. He caressed my skin over and over, and the kiss outside had led to a few more stolen ones. The last had been when Lucas and I were leaving. Saint had drawn me into a quiet corner to say goodbye. Recalling what he said and how he looked made me shiver.

*"Babe, I wanna see you this week. I'll call you so we can set something up. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed tonight."*

*"Saint, I won't lie, I did too but I don't think we should see each other this week or at all. I thought I was clear but I guess I need to tell you this point blank. I don't do casual sex ever. The men I sleep with are ones who I've developed a relationship with."*

*He reached up and caressed a finger down my cheek, and across my lower lip. Instead of looking angry as I expected, he appeared amused. "Piper, I know that. I'm not just trying to get you to give me a piece of ass then bail. I want to get to know you, spend time with you and when you're ready, have you get naked with me. In order to do that, we have to spend time together and talk. Just promise me to keep the talk about sleeping with other men to a minimum or better yet, zero."*

*"Why?"*

*"Because the thought that any man other than me has ever kissed you or done anything else drives me wild," he said right before he kissed me. It was another intense one that left me shaky and dazed. I don't recall what else was said before he helped me into Lucas's car and stood there watching us drive off.*

Lucas had been after me continually since then, messaging me every day asking if I'd seen Saint and what was going on with him. I wish I had better news for him, but I didn't. Despite his eagerness on Saturday, he hadn't set up a date with me. Oh he'd sent me a few messages here and there asking how I was and saying he missed me, but that was it. According to him, he was tied up with club business. I didn't know if I believed him or not. Last

night, he texted to say he was out of town, and would chat with me when he got back. I wasn't holding my breath. He'd most likely found women he didn't have to waste time pursuing. It hurt, but I knew it was gonna happen so I tried to ignore my feelings. *Enough mooning over a man. Get your mind on your life*, I chided myself.

Pulling into the parking lot outside the hardware store, I put my car in park and shut it off. I had to get a new chain for the toilet tank at home. The one we had wasn't sealing, and the tank continually ran water. The landlord told me to get a new one, and he'd reimburse me. It was a simple fix, so I didn't mind doing it.

I was about to step out of my van when movement caught my eye. Glancing up, I froze. There stood Saint. The sight of him took my breath away but not as much as what he was doing. He was standing down from the hardware store on the street. He had his arm slung around a woman. She was a tall gorgeous strawberry blonde. As I watched, he lowered his head and blocked my view of her. As I watched him apparently kiss her, I also saw him stroke a hand over her very pregnant belly.

Nausea filled me. That bastard! He had knocked up some woman, and still had the audacity to chase me. Fuck that. I wasn't that desperate for a man. Instead of getting out of the car, I turned it back on, and pulled out of the lot. I drove in the opposite direction. If I passed him, I might be tempted to stop and beat his ass on the street. I had to fight back tears as I drove like a demon home. The pain crashing through me was the worst I'd ever experienced.

Lucas apparently didn't know about Saint's baby momma. If he did, there would've been no way he wouldn't have told me. That made me wonder if his club knew. Maybe they did, and it didn't matter to them. It was possible that all of them, even the ones with old ladies, cheated on them. Whipping into the lot at our apartment, I saw that Raine was home. God, how would I be able to hide my emotional state from her?

She'd been asking me about Saint too. She thought it was great that he seemed interested in me. However, he wasn't the one she talked about the most. She couldn't seem to stop talking about Phalanx and Bullet. I'd cautioned her to be careful again. She was young and innocent, a virgin still. I didn't want her getting her heart broken over two Casanovas. Grabbing my purse, I stormed into our apartment, slamming the door behind me.

She was sitting on the couch in the living room watching television.

She jumped at the noise and gave me a concerned look. She sat up straighter. “What’s wrong, Piper?” she asked anxiously.

I stormed over to her. “Are those two bikers still texting you, and hanging out at the bar?”

She gave me a surprised look as she nodded. “Yeah, why?”

“Cut them off. Don’t talk to them or give them the time of day. They’re bikers and they’re lying, cheating bastards.”

“What the hell happened?” she asked in alarm.

“Nothing. I just had a reminder why we shouldn’t believe a word they say. Promise me, you won’t let them lead you on. I don’t want you to get hurt. All they want is sex, Raine. They don’t care who they get it from or who they hurt.”

“It’s not nothing. You’re upset, and I want to know why. I won’t promise anything until you tell me.”

She grabbed my arm and pulled me down next to her on the couch. Tears were stinging my eyes. She waited. After a couple of minutes I broke. “You know how Saint has been texting me and was supposed to see me this week?”

She nodded. I continued. “Well, the last thing he told me was he was out of town and he’d see me when he got back. He lied. I just saw him in town.”

“So, maybe he just got back and hasn’t had a chance to text or call you.”

“He sure had time to meet some blonde and be all over her on the street, a very pregnant blonde. He was kissing her and rubbing her belly.”

She gasped then spit out. “That rat bastard! How dare he? How could he do that? Wait, his club brothers have to know. I don’t see them keeping secrets.” As she thought about it, I saw her anger increase.

She jumped to her feet. “Screw the whole lot of them! You’re right. Bikers can’t be trusted. God, I have to work tomorrow night. How can I do that and not go off on every last one of them? I can’t work for them, sis.”

“Don’t overreact. You need that job. Don’t quit, at least not until you find another one,” I warned her. Raine was nothing if not loyal, and she’d see this betrayal as personal. I hated to burst her bubble about the guys, but if one cheated, it was likely they all did.

She paced our small living room. After a few minutes of silence she asked, “What’re you gonna do? Are you confronting him?”

“No, I’m not. I don’t trust myself doing it. What I’m going to do is tell him to never contact or speak to me again, then block him on my phone.”

“Good, but I don’t think that’s all you should do.”

“What else would you do?”

“I’d get on that dating site and accept that date from the really good-looking and supposedly nice guy you turned down because of Saint. The best revenge is to be out on the town looking like you’re having the time of your life. Hopefully one of his club brothers will see you and tell him. I hope he knows what he gave up.”

“The last thing I need is to deal with another man.”

This led to her arguing for the next hour about why I should. In the end, I knew she wouldn’t stop until I did it, so I agreed. It wouldn’t hurt to meet him for dinner and then I could tell her I did it and there was no spark. After that, I’d turn off my profile. I was done. She followed me to my laptop. I pulled up the site and found the last message from the guy she was referring to.

His name was Ian, and assuming he wasn’t lying, he said he was a pediatrician. His profile picture showed a good-looking man in his thirties. I had no clue why he was on a dating app. He should have no problem meeting plenty of women. Who wouldn’t want to date a handsome doctor? I’d turned him down when he suggested dinner because of Saint. Now, I was pissed enough to say why the fuck not. Even if he was lying, I’d get a meal out of it.

I responded, and let him know I reconsidered his offer, and wondered if he still wanted to have dinner sometime. I was shocked when he responded within minutes. I was even more surprised when he suggested we go tonight. Raine eagerly nodded, so I messaged him back accepting. Within minutes, he gave me a time and place. It was the new seafood restaurant, The Briny Blue. I’d heard nothing but good things about it. We agreed to meet there at eight o’clock.

With that out of the way, I knew that I had things to do before going besides getting ready. One of those was to tell Saint not to come near me again then block his number. Raine took out her phone. “Ready?” she asked. I nodded. While I sent my message, she apparently was doing the same to Bullet and Phalanx.

*Me: Don’t contact me or speak to me again. This is the last time you’ll hear from me. If you see me in town, don’t bother to speak.*

Before I could block him he responded.



*Saint: Sparky, what the fuck? What's wrong?*

I didn't bother to answer him. Instead, I blocked his number. As I did, my stomach flipped, and I felt even sicker. Raine gave me a sad smile. "It's done. Let's go get your outfit picked out for tonight. I want you to knock this doctor on his ass. While you're out, I'll work on finding a new job. Hopefully, it won't take me long to find something. Who knows, maybe I can get a job at that place you're going to tonight."

"Maybe. Thank you, I know you liked them but I don't want you to get hurt."

"Sisters before misters, right? Come on," she said as she held out her hand. I took it and let her lead me to my room.

## Saint:

I stared at my phone stunned. The message glared back at me.

***Sparky: Don't contact me or speak to me again. This is the last time you'll hear from me. If you see me in town, don't bother to speak.***

What in the hell did that mean? What happened? The last message we exchanged was last night when I'd promised to contact her when I got back in town. Was she really that upset that I hadn't seen her or taken her out yet? She'd seemed to understand when I told her I was tied up with club business. Hell, I'd almost killed myself getting done with it and back home today because I knew I couldn't wait another day to see her.

My response back asking her what was wrong continued to go unanswered. Deciding to hell with waiting, I dialed her number. After a couple of rings, a message came through telling me that my call couldn't be connected. I hung up and tried again. No matter how many times I tried, it said the same thing and didn't give me the option to leave a message. A suspicion came to mind. Had she blocked me?

Knowing I wouldn't know until I could speak to Phantom or Tam, I got on my bike and raced toward the compound. As I rode, I felt sick. The thought of never speaking, seeing, or touching her was making me insane. I had to find out what happened and fix it.

Despite the brevity of our acquaintance, I knew that she was special, and meant to be in my life. Saturday night had solidified it for me. It had been terrible timing that this thing with the club came up right after that. As VP it fell to me to take care of it. Sin would've but he was busy with his newly pregnant wife. I didn't want him to have to be away from Lyric.

I racked my brain trying to think of why she'd go from talking to me to telling me never to come near her again, and possibly blocking me. I couldn't think of a single thing. It was all I could do to slow down and allow the compound gate to open far enough for my bike to squeeze through. I hastily parked in my usual spot outside the clubhouse then rushed inside.

I wasn't sure if Phantom would be in his office here or at his trailer. Their house was getting close to done which I knew they couldn't wait for. I was anxious for mine to be done too. I decided right after they started building theirs that I had enough of the trailer. It was nice, but I wanted a house and I'd been hopeful that maybe if I had one already built, my future

old lady would appear.

Well, she had, only now she was running. I wasn't about to let her do that, unless she had an excellent reason why we couldn't be together which I couldn't think of one that I'd accept. Short of her hating me and having zero attraction to me that is. And after this past weekend, I had no doubt she was attracted to me. Whatever had set her off, I'd fix it.

Shoving the door open, I saw the common room was empty. I didn't slow down, I kept going until I reached Phantom's office door. It was open, but he wasn't in there. I kept walking right down the hall and out the back door. I hurried to their trailer on the opposite side from mine. I briskly knocked then impatiently waited for him to answer.

After a couple of minutes I tried again. When this got no result, I tried to think if I saw any of their vehicles or his bike in the parking lot. I couldn't recall so I went around the clubhouse to check. That's when I saw one was gone. Cursing and hoping I wasn't interrupting anything super important, I sent him a text.

***Me: Hate to bother you but will you be back soon?***

I waited and saw him typing then his response came through.

***Phantom: Tamysin and I are out for the day in Dallas. Why? Is something wrong? Do we need to head back?***

I didn't want to make him do that. He'd spent a year killing himself to bring an end to the last two Fairchilds and had just begun to take time away from the compound. They both deserved it.

***Me: Nothing urgent. Just need you to check something if you can when you get back. It can wait. Have fun and tell Tam-Tam not to spend too much money.***

I knew that would get her going. I laughed at his reply, or I should say hers.

***Phantom (Tam speaking): Listen I don't have a spending problem. I can't help you only buy shit once a decade Sa-Sa. I'll kick your ass when I get home for implying I do. There goes the cool Christmas gift I was planning to get you.***

***Me: Don't be so mean. You know you love me and Phantom is jealous. You just buy me that cool gift and I'll make sure I buy you the amazing one I planned for you. Kisses.***

***Phantom: I don't know if I like you sending kisses to my woman or the smile she gets when you do. I may kill you when I see you. For now,***

***fuck off.***

***Me: Love you too smoochiekins. Don't be jealous.***

His response was to send me the middle finger emoji. That made me laugh more. At least they had helped to lighten my mood for a few minutes. I'd have to be patient, and wait for them to get home. In the meantime, I didn't know what to do to kill time. As I contemplated it, I had an idea. If I couldn't get through to her on her phone, maybe I could on her sister's. Quickly, I sent off a message to Bullet and Phalanx.

***Me: Hey, I need Raine's number. I need to get a hold of her sister and she's blocked me, I think. Have no idea why.***

It took a couple of minutes to get a reply. As I waited, I went to my trailer and grabbed a beer. When I got it I stared in astonishment.

***Bullet: What did you do, asshole? We got texts from Raine telling us to never call, look or speak to her again and to tell our club to stay away too.***

***Me: I have no fucking clue. Everything was great last night and then bam, out of the blue Piper told me essentially the same thing and now her phone says the call can't be connected.***

***Phalanx: Same for us when we call Raine. Brother, we've got to find out what the hell is wrong. We're not losing our chance with her. Whatever you did, figure it out and fix it!***

***Me: I will but I honestly don't know. Do you know where they live?***

***Phalanx: No, but Phantom could tell us.***

***Me: He and Tam are in Dallas right now.***

***Bullet: What about Pitbull?***

***Me: Good idea. Let's find out.***

***Me: Hate to disturb but can you tell me what Raine's address is?***

***Pitbull: I can once I get back to the office. Why? What's up? Why're you trying to get a hold of her? I thought you were into her sister. Bullet and Phalanx will kick your ass for horning in on their game with her.***

***Me: Jackass, I'm not after her. Both her and Piper have cut off contact with all three of us. Need to find out why.***

***Pitbull: LOL, I knew that. Just yanking your chain. I'll be back to the office in an hour. I'd have Lyle get it, but he's off today.***

***Me: That's fine. Whenever you can. Phantom is in Dallas and not sure when he'll get back. TY.***

***Pitbull: NP.***

Too bad his assistant manager was off, but it couldn't be helped. While I sat there drinking my beer, I tried to figure out why they were both doing this. Whatever the cause, it had to be more than a snit. As time dragged by, I got more and more nervous. My gut was telling me the longer I was out of contact with her, the more dire it would be. I had no idea what she might do.

It was seven thirty before I got an answer. I was about to climb the walls. And I wasn't the only one. Phalanx and Bullet had ended up joining me in my misery. We made a pathetic-looking bunch sitting in my living room staring into space and drinking our warm beers. My phone rang and made me jump. Seeing Pit's name I hurried to answer him.

"Do you have it?"

"Well, hello to you too. Yeah, I've got it. Are those other two sitting there with you?"

"Yeah, how did you know?"

"Misery loves company. Okay, here goes. They're in the apartments over off Pecan Drive. It's apartment twenty-one B as in bravo. Try not to kill yourselves getting there."

"Yes, Daddy. Thanks, man."

"Welcome. Later," he said before he hung up.

I looked at my brothers as I hung up. "Twenty-one B Pecan Drive. Let's go."

They came bounding to their feet like I did. We'd only barely drunk a third of one beer each, so we were safe to ride. I didn't bother to lock the door as we left. No one would bother my shit anyway. Rushing to the front of the clubhouse, we straddled our rides, and fired them up. Within minutes we were out the gate and on the road to town. Time seemed to drag even though it was no more than twenty minutes max to get to that area of town.

When we pulled into the parking lot of their complex, I scanned the lot. I don't know why. Maybe I was hoping to see her. I didn't see Piper's van, but that didn't mean anything. Maybe it was parked around the back, or she might not keep it here. As we shut down our bikes, I got the answer to one of them. Bullet pointed to a car across the lot.

"That's Raine's car. Do you see Piper's?"

"I don't see her van, but I don't know if she has another car or not. The van she uses for her business." I explained as we got off and started

walking toward the buildings. There were several of them grouped together on a large section of property. When we got to the first building, we saw the numbers started at one and ran to ten. Walking to the right, we got lucky, and it was apartments eleven through twenty. Passing it, we went to the third building. Their apartment was the first one on the second floor. Each building had three floors. Bounding up the stairs, we gathered outside their door and knocked. Glancing at my watch, I saw it was ten 'til eight.

When there was no answer, Bullet knocked, only harder. This time we got a response only it wasn't the one we hoped for. As the door swung open, we got doused in cold water. All three of us hissed. A pissed looking Raine was standing there glaring daggers at us.

"Get outta here. I told you to stay away and as for you, my sister told you the same. Leave," she snapped.

"Raine, what the hell? Why're you acting like this? What did we do?" Phalanx asked as he crowded closer to her.

"You, nothing yet, but it's just a matter of time before you both do. You're all alike. Just like him," she shot a look full of venom at me. What the hell?

"I have no idea what you're talking about," I protested back.

She snorted. "Yeah, I bet you don't. You thought you had her fooled, but too bad for you and lucky for us, she saw you. My sister and I aren't interested in being conquests to add to the notches on your belts. Go fuck other women who don't care if they're one of many. We have more respect for ourselves than to do that."

She went to close the door, but Phalanx wedged his boot in the door so she couldn't.

"Move your foot, Phalanx."

"No, not until you explain what that shit you just said means, and why you think we're just wanting to use you for sex. That's the farthest thing from our minds. It's crazy. What supposedly has Saint done that your sister saw?"

She refused to say anything. It looked like we were in a standoff because I wasn't leaving until she told us. After five long minutes of her glaring, and us waiting, she tried to push his boot out the door with her foot again. She couldn't budge him. Like her sister, she was tiny, and both of them were six foot or so. When that didn't work, she hit his chest with the palms of both hands. He didn't rock. This seemed to only infuriate her more. She drew back her fist, and that's when he moved. He grabbed her fist in one

hand and used the other to gently propel her back inside the apartment. Checking to be sure no one saw us, I followed Bullet inside and shut the door.

She got a terrified look on her face which was the last thing we wanted. Phalanx instantly let go of her. “Babe, we’re not gonna hurt you. We just want to talk. I swear. Please, don’t look at us that way. We’d cut our own throats before we’d do that.” I could hear the pleading in his voice. I hoped she could too.

“He’s right, we would. Can we just sit, and you tell us what it is that Saint did that set this off?” Bullet added.

I took out my phone and pulled up the emergency calling button. I handed it to her. “If we try to hurt you, press it.”

She stared at it for close to a minute before she walked to the tiny table in their kitchen and sat down in one of the four chairs there. The whole living room, dining and kitchen area was open. I could see three closed doors past this. We took seats at the other three.

“She saw you today. She knows you lied, and you’re a cheater. When she told me, I knew even before she said it that none of you can be trusted. You’re bikers. We know what that means. I’ve seen you guys at The Hangout. Maybe those other women, the ones you call old ladies don’t care if their men sleep around on them, but we do. That’s why we told you to stay away.”

“I don’t know what the hell you’re talking about, Raine.”

“You were supposed to be out of town. Instead, you were in town with another woman. The blonde who’s pregnant. She saw you holding her, then you kissed her and rubbed her belly.”

As what she said sank in, relief flooded me. I couldn’t help but chuckle. This earned me a growl from her. “You think that’s funny, dickhead?”

“No, not funny. It’s a relief.”

“Who were you with in town?” Bullet asked.

“Kinslee. I ran into her outside the baby store. I hugged her, then I kissed her on the cheek, and she asked me to feel the baby kicking.”

“Who’s Kinslee? One of your endless hookups?”

“No, she’s our brother Cuffs’ old lady. She’s pregnant with their first babies. They’ve been trying for a long time, and she’s so happy that she’s close to delivering these two without losing them. Believe me, other than

loving her as a sister, there's nothing between us."

She darted a look at my brothers. They were both smiling and nodding. "How do I know that's the truth?"

"Pull up Cuffs' name and call him. Ask him to see if his wife met me in town today," I said.

She didn't hesitate. Within moments, he answered, and we explained why we were calling. He yelled, "Hey babe, did you run into Saint outside the baby store today, and make him feel the babies kicking?"

"Yeah, why?" was her response in the background. I saw Raine relax.

"Because Saint's woman saw you guys, and thought you were his baby mama, and he was a cheating bastard. She shut his ass down, and her sister did the same to Bullet and Phalanx."

"What?!" she shrieked.

I didn't want to get her upset so I reassured them. "It's alright. We're getting it handled now. Thanks. Make her relax and not worry."

"I will. Good luck," he said before he hung up.

She handed me my phone back.

"Now, I'm gonna leave you three to talk but before I do, I need to know where Piper is."

She gave me a worried look. I raised a brow, and she caved. "She's on a date," she whispered.

I came to my feet. "She's where?!" I shouted.

"A date. After she got mad at you, I encouraged her to go out with this guy who she'd turned down on that dating site. He took her to dinner."

"Where?" I snarled.

She hesitated only a moment or two before she said, "The Briny Blue."

I didn't waste time. I was out the door and running to my bike. No fucking way some man was stealing my goddamn woman out from under me. Piper was mine, and she needed to know it. It was hot enough, and with the wind, I'd dry out by the time I got there. No way was I going home to change clothes.



## Piper: Chapter 7

As much as I was trying to enjoy myself, it was hard. My mind kept going to Saint. Every time it did, I chastised myself for thinking about that man. I should forget he existed, only I couldn't. Who knew two encounters were enough to capture my attention like this? Why couldn't Ian do that?

I smiled at the man across from me. He was turning out to be a nice date. He was charming, funny, and he didn't talk only about himself. He asked me things to get to know me. He was attentive when I answered too. He was good-looking, successful and had no ex-wives or baby mamas. He was a unicorn in the dating world. So why was it I couldn't fall under his spell? Why was I miserable about some smooth-talking biker who changed out women like underwear? I had to hold in my snort at that thought.

The Briny Blue was beautiful, and the atmosphere was so calm, and the food was excellent. We shared an appetizer of fried oysters. I couldn't face eating them when they were raw and slimy. For our main course, it was steak and lobster for him, and I stuck to shrimp, scallops, and salmon. Our main courses had just come out, and they were delicious.

As we ate, the conversation flowed back and forth. He swallowed the bite he had in his mouth, then asked me a question. "What got you started with your transportation business? It's such a needed thing, and there are so few options for people, especially the elderly. I bet you keep really busy."

"I do. I have more business than I can handle at times which I hate. Turning someone away makes me feel awful. I worked with the elderly when I was younger and I knew how many of them had no family or friends to help them with trips out for socializing let alone the necessary things like doctors' visits. When I moved here, I decided to do something about it and I started Piper's Carriage."

"How long ago was that? Where did you move from? I've always lived around Tenillo, and wondered what it would be like to live somewhere else," he responded with a smile.

"I moved here almost four years ago. I'm originally from Chicago. I have to say, I much prefer the weather here to that. Snow and I didn't mix," I told him as I shivered.

He chuckled. "I don't much like it when we rarely get it around here. I have friends who love to go skiing. I go along but prefer to sit in the warm

lodge in front of the fire. I let them go out and freeze their asses off.”

I smiled. “I understand that.”

“What made you pick here rather than say Florida or California? Do you have family in the area?”

“I don’t, well not then I didn’t. My baby sister moved here last year. She’s nineteen, and lives with me. The rest of our family is in Chicago and would die before they’d leave it. As for why I came here. Easy, I always wanted to live in Texas and when I was online researching places to live that weren’t huge cities, this was one of the towns mentioned. When I first got here, I worked for a medical supply company. The one I worked for in Chicago had an office here and I was able to transfer.”

He opened his mouth to say something else, but our attention was grabbed by the loud murmurs that suddenly were sweeping through the dining room. I saw his eyes widen as he looked over my shoulder. I turned partially in my seat to see what was going on. My mouth fell open when I saw the giant biker bearing down on us. He didn’t look happy. I gulped. How the hell did he know where I was? And why was he here? Butterflies exploded in my stomach.

It took me several moments to unfreeze. When I did, I threw down my napkin, I glanced back at Ian. “Excuse me for a minute. I’ll be right back.” I got to my feet as fast as I could in the hope I could head Saint off and get him out of here before he said something I didn’t want Ian to hear. Like how I’d been an idiot and gave him the time of day.

“Who is that?” Ian asked.

“No one important,” I said quickly.

Just my luck, Saint was faster than expected, and he overheard me. Of course he had to say something. “Like hell I’m no one important. Is that how you talk about your man, baby? And what the hell are you doing out having dinner with another man? I know you’re upset with me, but this is only gonna get him hurt. If he’s touched you, then it’ll get him killed,” he said in a low growly tone.

I slammed my hand on his chest as he went to go by me. “Back off Saint. Who I’m with, or what I’m doing with him, is none of your business. Don’t go around lying and telling people I’m yours. I’m not and I never will be,” I snapped.

His response was to crush me to him and take my mouth in a heated kiss. I tried to get loose, but he was holding the back of my head and

devouring my mouth. The voices around us buzzed even louder. Despite my best intentions, I closed my eyes after a few moments of struggling in vain. Desire swept through me even though I was mad as hell at him.

“Excuse me. That’s my date you’re manhandling. You need to let go of her, and leave,” I vaguely heard Ian say from what sounded like a long distance away, even though he was maybe five feet max away from us.

Saint didn’t stop right away. He took his time and made sure I was thoroughly kissed and flustered before he lifted his head. When he did, he didn’t let go of me. He kept me plastered against him. As I stared up at him, I saw the look he gave my date. It was full of the promise of bodily harm. Shit, I couldn’t let him hurt Ian. He didn’t deserve this. I should’ve waited to go out with another man until after I was sure Saint got the message.

I thumped his chest with my fist to get his attention. He gave me an amused look. “Yes, Sparky, do you need something?”

“Don’t you Sparky me. And you damn well know what I need. For you to stop this bullshit and leave. I told you earlier, we’re done. I don’t want anything to do with a cheater or liar,” I hissed softly. I didn’t want the whole place to know my business, or that I was a fool.

His amusement swiftly changed to a frown. “Baby, we need to talk and you need to let me explain. I’m not a liar or cheater. What you saw today wasn’t what you thought it was. Let’s go somewhere we can talk in private.” He reached around me and picked up my small purse off the table.

I was not only taken back by his highhandedness, but by the fact that Ian came around the table and tried to pull me away from Saint. This only made Saint growl at him. “Take your damn hands off her. Don’t you touch her again.”

“Listen, if you don’t let go of her and leave, I’ll call the cops. I don’t know how you know her, but it’s obvious she doesn’t want you here or to go with you.”

I was impressed he was trying, especially when Saint towered over him by several inches, and outweighed him by a lot. Whereas Ian was slender, although in shape, Saint was athletically built with defined muscles on top of the added inches. His scruff added to his dangerous vibe along with his cut and tats. He gave Ian a smirk.

“I dare you and see what happens. The only way I’m leaving here without her is if she can look me in the eye and convince me she feels nothing for me and truly never wants to see me again. So what’s it gonna be,

Piper? Can you make me believe that?” he taunted.

Fury ran through me because of not only his challenge, but because I couldn't say that, and mean it. I doubted I could lie well enough to convince him even if I tried. As my anger grew, I lashed out. I didn't slap or punch him. No, instead I did what any woman would do. It was done without thought. I jerked up my knee and tagged him between the legs. The wheeze of air that left him along with the groan made me wince. As he hunched over and let go of me, I snatched my purse out of his hand and I hurried toward the front door.

I heard people getting louder as they exclaimed over what I did. My face felt like it was beet red. Ian called out my name, but I didn't stop. When I heard Saint yell my name, I panicked and took off running. Hitting the outside air, I had to stop and think for a moment to remember where I parked my van. Finally spotting it, I ran toward it which was hard to do in the heels and dress I was wearing. I was running, and it was dark so it was no wonder I didn't see the dip in the pavement until after I hit it and went falling forward. I broke my fall with my hands. I cried out as my knees hit the ground hard. Pain flashed up my palms and across my knees. Tears filled my eyes as I moaned.

I tried to get up, but my shoes were twisted half off my feet. As I pushed to get leverage, I was suddenly airborne. I gasped, cried out, and looked over my shoulder to find Saint holding me. I flinched. An instant later, I was being cradled in his arms like a bride. He was staring down at me with concern on his face.

“Baby, how badly are you hurt? Where? Let me see,” he said as he walked to my van.

“Saint, put me down. I can walk. I'm not hurt that much.”

“Like hell. You took a hard spill. I know your hands and knees have to be tore the fuck up. Let me make sure you didn't break something. Get out your keys and unlock the van so I can sit you down inside,” he ordered.

Rather than argue I did as he said. He juggled me and got the side door open. As the dome light came on, he sat me on the seat like he was handling a piece of Tiffany glass. He took my hands in his and turned them over to examine my palms. His fingers ran lightly over the abraded skin, causing me to shiver.

“Can you wiggle your fingers? Is there sharp pain anywhere?”

I wiggled them so he could see they weren't broken. “No, it stings

like a bitch but that's it. It's just road rash."

He peered at them closely then placed a light kiss on each palm. He let go then pulled up the hem of my dress so he could see my knees. I slapped down my hands to keep him from hiking it up too far. I forgot my palms, and that caused me to hiss in pain.

"Behave before you hurt yourself more. Damn, you tore them up. Can you move your legs?"

I demonstrated I could, even though it hurt. He shook his head. "I need to get you cleaned up. I'm taking you back to the compound. I have the supplies there to doctor these up unless you think you need to go to the ER."

"Saint, don't be ridiculous, I don't need an ER for scraped hands and knees. And I can clean them up myself at home. All I need is for you to—"

He cut me off. "Forget it. I'm not letting you go alone. If you won't come back to the compound, then I'm at least taking you home and cleaning these up. I'll determine if you need a doctor.

"If she does, then I'm right here," I heard Ian say from behind him. I wanted to groan. Didn't he have any self-preservation instinct? In my current condition I didn't know if I could save him from Saint.

Saint swung around in a flash and bowed up on him. "Get the fuck away from her. I don't give a damn who you are, you're not touching her."

"You don't know if she needs medical attention or not. I'm a doctor."

"Yes, I do. I'm a trained medic and was a combat one in the Army for years. I've patched up more men and women than I bet you have."

"You were in the Army?" Ian asked, sounding skeptical.

"That's right. Everyone in my unit was trained, but I went the distance and got more than most anyone else. Out on missions I was the difference between life and death for some of my people."

"Missions? What kind of missions?" he asked. I heard what sounded like curiosity in his tone.

"The kind that I can tell you about but then I'd have to kill you. They're classified."

I didn't know if that was true or not but it made me want to giggle for some reason to hear them argue. Maybe I hit my head and didn't know it. I moved and accidentally brushed my hands against the seat. I moaned in pain. Saint snapped back around.

"I'm sorry, baby, enough useless talking. Let me get you home. Here, let me sit you up front with me." He opened the front passenger door then

carefully lifted me up and onto that seat. He went as far as to secure my seatbelt too. As he closed my door and the side one, I saw Ian watching us. I felt bad for him, and I needed to say something. Saint was around the van and in the driver's seat in a flash. As he started it, I pushed the button for the window. After it lowered, I spoke to Ian.

"I'll be fine. I'm sorry for how it turned out tonight. I was having a good time. I'll call you later." I felt terrible leaving him like this but I had a hunch that Saint wouldn't leave unless I did. I'd prefer to deal with him without an audience. It felt like half the town was in the restaurant tonight hanging onto every word.

"Like hell you will," Saint snarled as he rolled up my window, then locked me out from the driver's side.

He drove off with Ian standing in the lot watching us. What an asshole! I swung my head to the left to stare at him. "You're a dick! You had no right telling him that or preventing me from speaking to him. He's my date. That was so rude. Don't think because I let you drive me home this means shit."

"It means I'm taking care of you and if he knows what's good for him, he'll forget your name and lose your number. There won't be a second date."

"There will be if I say there is," I taunted back.

"Over my dead body, and your spanked and tied up ass there will be. You and I have shit to talk about. We don't need that bozo in the middle. He's not the man for you, Piper. I am."

"Oh really, care to tell me why that is?"

"Because he'll never give you the pleasure I can or love you the way I know I will. You don't fuck with destiny, babe. You and I, we're meant to be together and nothing and no one is getting in the way of that. Today was a total misunderstanding. Let me get you home and clean you up, then we can talk and clear the whole thing up."

All I could do was gape. The balls on him. I wanted to tear into him but instead I decided to wait until I was at home. I'd get there, and send him packing then contact Ian, and apologize. Hopefully, he'd speak to me. While I didn't have a strong reaction to him like I did Saint, I did find him interesting and easy to talk to. Relationships had been built on less. I was determined to forget this man no matter what.

I ignored him as he drove me home. He tried to talk, but I refused to

speak so he stopped trying. As we got closer to home, I wondered how he knew where to take me. That made me say something.

“How do you know where I live? Have you been following me? I knew it! I knew I felt someone,” I accused him.

His head whipped to the side to glance at me. He was scowling. “What the hell does that mean? I haven’t been following you. I know where you live because I got your address when you and Raine blew me and my brothers off, and then blocked our asses. We came to talk to you only to find you were out on a goddamn date. What were you thinking? And explain what you’ve been feeling.”

As I took in his expression and his tone, I started to think that I was wrong. The weird feeling of being watched, I’d felt a few times lately hadn’t been him. And if it wasn’t, then who was it? Or was it all my imagination? I’d scanned the area around me every time it happened and didn’t spot anyone paying undue attention, but did that mean it wasn’t real? I scrambled to think of what to say. Being this close to him was messing with me.

I could smell him. It was a combination of a manly smell mixed with cologne. It was driving my senses crazy. Being near him wasn’t good for my libido. Even as mad as I was at him, he still made me desire him.

I didn’t answer him. He pulled into the complex and parked next to my sister’s car. On the other side of it were two motorcycles. I didn’t recall seeing them around here before. He nodded his head when he saw them.

“Looks like Phalanx and Bullet are still here. Good. They talked sense into Raine. She can help me talk it into you.”

“I don’t need anyone to talk anything into or out of me. I’m going to bed. You can get a ride from your friends,” I said as I undid my belt then opened my door.

“Don’t you dare get out,” he told me as he hopped out and slammed his door to come around the hood. I scrambled to get out. I barely had my feet on the ground before I was scooped up and he kicked the door shut.

“Put me down!” I ordered him as I tried to squirm loose. I was done being nice and cooperative.

A slap to my ass made me gasp. “Settle down. You’re not walking until I know your legs are alright and no way in hell are you running into that apartment and shutting me out. We’re gonna talk. You’re unblocking my number and we’re setting up our first date. Oh, and Mr. Doctor Man back there can forget hearing from you again,” he muttered as he locked the van

and strolled toward my building.

“You just spanked me! How dare you?”

“I dare a lot when you’re being stubborn. And that was a swat, not a spanking. Believe me, when I spank this ass for real, you’ll know the difference and it’ll get you all hot and bothered, Sparky. You’ll beg me not to stop. Fuck, just the thought is making me hard,” he said hoarsely. He was giving me heated looks again.

I tried not to let his words or the images they created in my mind turn me on, but they did. My nipples hardened to stiff peaks, and my panties began to get damp. I squeezed my thighs together. The smirk he gave me told me he knew what I was doing and why. I glared at him.

In no time he was at my door. He pounded on it and hollered, “Open the hell up.”

A minute later at the most, the door swung open. There stood Bullet. He grinned when he saw me then stepped back to let Saint pass him. As he shut and locked the door behind us, I took in the scene in front of me. Raine was sitting on the couch with Phalanx crowded up against her and his arm around her. She looked flustered and disheveled.

She tried to get up when she saw me in his arms, but Phalanx held her to him. Bullet passed us and sat down on the other side of her. He was just as close and his hand landed on her thigh. Saint sat down in the chair next to them with me cradled on his lap. I tried to stand, but he held me tightly.

“Piper, what happened?” she asked.

“I fell and scraped up my hands and knees, It’s nothing. What’re they still doing here? Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. How did you fall? And if you’re alright, why is he carrying you?” were her next questions.

“I fell because this thug came barging in on my date and wouldn’t leave, so I did. I fell in a low spot in the parking lot. He seems to think I need him to clean me up and carry me. I told him I’m fine. In fact, I think it’s past time for the three of you to leave. Raine and I want to be alone.”

“Babe, I told you, that’s not happening. She wouldn’t let me take her back to the compound to check her out and clean up her wounds, so we came here. Where’s your first-aid kit? Once I know it’s nothing more than scrapes, then we’re talking, all of us, then you and I alone,” I stated.

“What happened to your date?” Raine asked.

Saint let out a slight growling sound. “If he’s smart, he’s home and



forgetting her name and number. What the hell, Raine? Why did you let her go?"

I twisted around to hiss at him as I gave him my best pissed off look. "She didn't let me do anything. I'm my own damn boss. Just like you have no say in what I do or who I date. Fine, you wanna do this, let's do it. Tell me your pathetic excuse for why I should believe you're not a liar or cheater. Let me guess, my eyes were playing tricks on me. Oh, oh, no, it was your twin brother I saw!" I told him heatedly as my temper began to spark again.

I was taken aback when Phalanx burst out laughing. I gave him the stink eye. "Hey, don't look at me like that. I've never seen anyone go after the VP like that. She's feisty. I see where this one gets it," he gestured toward my sister, who rather than appearing indignant was smiling.

"Please tell me you didn't let them fill your head with a bunch of bullshit?" I pleaded.

"I think you should listen to Saint and hear what he has to say. It's not what you think. I spoke to one of the other brothers and it was a misunderstanding. I was planning to text you and tell you, but they said to let him."

"Of course one of their brothers would lie for them. And speaking of these two, what's up with you both being all over my sister? You trying to decide who she sleeps with first? I have news for you. She's not a slut. You're wasting your time. Go back to your usual bed partners and leave her alone. The same goes for you," I told Saint.

"We're not trying to see who she'll sleep with first. We know she's not a slut. We're not looking for that. We're working on convincing her to give us both a chance," Bullet said calmly.

"Both? What the hell does that mean?" Surely they didn't mean she'd date both of them at the same time. How was that not being a slut?

They looked at her. She blushed then glanced over at me. "What they mean is they both want to date me together, as in we'd be a triad, whatever you want to call it. You know, two men and one woman, like those books we've read." She blushed as she said it. It took a few moments for it to sink in. when it did, I tore myself free of Saint, and came to my feet. I was ready to go into battle.

"Over my dead body are they using you like that! She's nineteen years old! She's a virgin for God's sake!" I yelled.

"Piper!" she hollered back, sounding horrified.

Both of them sat up straight with serious expressions on their faces. I felt Saint's hands land on my hips but I wasn't about to back down. I lunged at them. I was brought up short by the hands on my hips. As I was tugged back, I let out a frustrated growl. It looked like I'd have to kill three bikers and hide the bodies. I snapped my head around to look over my shoulder at Saint. I bared my teeth. "Let go of me. They're dead. All of you are dead," I snarled.

"It's not what you think, we swear," Phalanx said urgently.

"Oh really, so you don't want to turn my baby sister into a whore for your club?" I accused. The looks of horror on their faces almost gave me pause. Almost.

## Saint: Chapter 8

I swear she was about to combust in my hands, she was so pissed off at the thought of my brothers using her sister. Not that I could blame her, if that was what they intended, I'd be the same, however, that was so far from the truth it wasn't funny.

"Piper, please listen. That's not it at all," Raine tried to reassure her. The guys stood up from the couch, bringing her with them. She hurried over to Piper and took a hold of her forearms.

"Then tell me exactly what it is. When I left, you were convinced that they were just players too."

"Yes, we both want to have a relationship with her together, however, it's not just to use her for sex or get our jollies then bail. We want to have a real, lasting relationship like so many of our club brothers have with their old ladies. We know she's young and we're willing to take it as slow as she needs," Phalanx informed her.

"Say I believe that. What about her future? She's in college. She's been planning to do something other than be a waitress all her life. How do you see that working out if she's involved with you guys? What do you do besides being a part of your club and riding your bikes around?"

"We work at the club's gun range. We get paid a cut from all the various businesses. We'll support whatever she wants to do. If she wants to get a degree and work, then so be it. If she'd prefer to stay home then she could do that too. We make more than enough money to support her," Bullet added.

"My sister is smarter than to depend on a man for her money or happiness. Please tell me you still are," she pleaded with Raine.

"I am. We haven't worked out all the details, but I did agree to see where this goes. Anything past that is unknown and undecided. I think before we get all bogged down in my life, you should let Saint explain about what you saw today. It wasn't just one of their brothers who told me you were wrong. I heard it from the woman you saw."

I felt her jerk in my hands. I hadn't let go of her either. I couldn't. I'd waited long enough. It was time to tell her what really happened, and then get her to agree to give me the same chance her sister was giving these two. I drew her closer to me. I sat back down and took her with me. She held herself

stiffly, but other than sitting on the floor, there wasn't anywhere else for her to sit but on my lap. I would've preferred to tend to her hands and knees first, but she was too upset for that. I needed to do this then her first aid.

"Raine told us when we originally got here that you saw me in town with a blonde, and you thought she was my baby mama, that I lied to you about being out of town. None of that's true, darling. I got back this afternoon. I planned to head home and call you first thing, I was hoping I'd get you to say yes to going out with me tonight. The past few days have been hell. I wanted to see you on Sunday, but things came up like I explained to you in our texts."

I paused to see if she was listening. She appeared to be so I kept going. "I stopped in town to pick up something I needed on my way through. You did see me on the street with a woman, but she's not a woman I knocked up or ever slept with. Believe me, if I had, I'd be dead. Her name is Kinslee. She's married to our club brother Cuffs. He's a detective with the Tenillo PD, remember? I did kiss her, but it was on the cheek. You must not have been able to see that. She's close to popping with their first kids. They've been trying for a few years to get pregnant, and it's a miracle she got pregnant with the twins and has been able to carry them. They went through more than one round of in vitro to get to this point. I was touching her stomach because she asked me to feel them kicking."

I could see she was beginning to believe me although it was against her will. "I don't have any baby mamas running around that I know of. I've always been super careful not to get some woman I just slept with pregnant. After you told me to get lost and I couldn't contact you, I went to see if I could get Raine's number. That's when I discovered she'd told these guys to get lost too. We eventually found out your address and came here to speak to you ladies only to be told you were out on a date."

I let her hear the displeasure I was still feeling over finding her out with another man. Even now, I wanted to go track down her date and make sure he never contacted her again.

She shifted her gaze to Raine. "You said you spoke to the woman. How do you know it was her and she's not lying?"

Raine didn't hesitate to tell her about the call to Cuffs, and how Kinslee had been in the background. While she did, I reached into my cut for my phone. I opened it and scrolled through my gallery of photos until I found several pictures of Cuffs and Kinslee. They were from our last family day. He

was holding her or kissing her or rubbing her belly as they smiled and gazed at each other with love written all over their faces. No one could mistake that. I showed them to her.

“This is the woman, right?”

She studied it for a minute then nodded yes. “Yeah, that’s her. Okay, let’s assume you’re telling the truth about her, I don’t see how that changes anything. You and I aren’t hooking up. I told you that I’m not into one-night stands or flings. I don’t sleep around, and neither does Raine. You had no right barging in and breaking up my date tonight. Ian is a really nice man, and he’s serious about finding someone he can spend his life with. That could be me. I hope you didn’t ruin my chance just because you wanted to play games.”

“Goddamn it, how many times do I have to tell you that I’m not playing or trying to get in your pants for a wham-bam session then move on?! I’m like these two. I want something more. My gut is telling me that you and I are meant for each other, Sparky. As in forever and even beyond death kinda forever. No woman in all of my thirty-five years has ever affected me like you did the moment I laid eyes on you. It only got stronger last weekend. As for ruining your chance with him, you’re damn right I did. You’re mine, and I plan on proving it to you beyond a shadow of a doubt.”

She was giving me an uncertain look which was killing me. I sent a look to my brothers that they were able to accurately interpret. Bullet whispered in Raine’s ear. She shot me a probing look then nodded.

“I’m gonna go with Bullet and Phalanx and get something to eat. I’ll be back in a bit. Try not to tear the apartment down or kill each other while we’re gone. You two need to talk and you don’t need an audience for it. Pip, listen to him. Saint, listen to her. Okay, enough being the parent, I’m outta here. These two are taking me to the best pizza place in town according to them. We’ll see,” she said as she smiled at them.

I was happy it seemed to be going well now with Raine. I could only pray I’d soon be the same with Piper. I could tell by her face that she wasn’t thrilled to see them leave, but she didn’t say anything. She walked them to the door and saw them off. I was right behind her. Once the door was closed, she slowly made her way to the couch. If she thought I’d retake the chair, she was wrong. I needed to be close to her. I did allow a few inches between our bodies but that was it.

She was staring at her hands which reminded me she still needed

them tended to along with her knees. Maybe that would make her relax. I stood back up. She glanced up at me.

“Where’s your first-aid kit? You need those scrapes cleaned before they get infected.”

“I can get it. It’s in the bathroom under the sink,” she replied as she went to stand up. I placed a hand on her shoulder to keep her seated.

“You stay here. I’ll grab it. Which one is the bathroom?” I asked, pointing to the three doors.

After only a moment’s hesitation she pointed. “The middle one.”

I didn’t waste time going to get it. I pretended I didn’t look at the open doors of the other two rooms, but I did. I was trying to determine which one was her bedroom. Probably not the smartest thing to do since it would only make my dreams about her even more realistic, but I couldn’t resist. Back in the living room, I sat down and opened the kit. It was a decent one and had everything I should need. I opened up the wound prep package and took out the sanitizing cloth.

“Let me see your palms first.”

She held them out. There was grime, and God knows what else in the scrapes. I held one hand and gently wiped over the abrasions. She hissed a bit when the solution on it stung. “Sorry, it’s gonna hurt a bit. If I press too hard, tell me. I’ve gotta scrub it a little to get this debris out. You don’t want it left in there.”

“Go ahead, I can take it.”

She only jerked once or twice as I cleaned them. As soon as they looked clean, I applied some antibiotics ointment, then put a clear occlusive dressing over them. It would prevent stuff from getting into the wounds, and she wouldn’t have to change a bandage all the time. I laid my hand above her knee on her dress.

“I just need to move this up a tad so I can do your knees, babe.”

“You know, I’m not incapacitated. I could do this.”

“You could but I want to.”

She lifted her hands away so I could inch it up. I fought not to think about pushing it all the way up. Her knees weren’t as bad as her palms, thankfully, but they still had stuff in them. I repeated the same procedure. As I did, she began to talk.

“Were you telling the truth about being a medic in the Army?”

“I was. I was part of a special unit, and we went into a lot of

dangerous situations and we needed to be able to take care of each other when we did. There wasn't any way to have military doctors with us. We often went dark and could have no outside contact for days, sometimes weeks at a time. We were all trained in first aid and more advanced stuff. I took it further and got trained as a combat medic specialist. I could do IVs and other stuff. It wasn't my original MOS, that's short for military occupational specialties, what you'd call a job description. Mine was originally a Cavalry Scout aka an Armored Reconnaissance Specialist. After I gained my operator skill qualification identifier is when the medic stuff came around."

"What does a scout do and what do you mean by operator?" she asked. I was happy to see that she appeared to be taking a real interest. It wouldn't hurt to let her know some things about me. It might make her more willing to give me a chance. I didn't often go into detail about my military experience, at least not outside my club. However, if she was to be my old lady, she needed to know more than anyone.

"I was trained to obtain, distribute, and share intelligence on our enemies, environmental conditions and combat circumstances. We were referred to as the 'eyes and ears' of the Army. Not long after I got into doing it, I had a chance to become an operator for a special team. Have you ever heard the expression D-boy?"

She shook her head no.

"How about Delta operator?"

Her eyes widened and this time she nodded yes. "You were on a Delta team?"

"I was. Most of our missions were top secret. We'd go out and couldn't have contact with anyone. That's what I meant by saying we'd go dark."

"That's so dangerous, Saint! How long did you do that?"

"I was just a scout for the first two years, then I became Delta. In total, I was in the Army for thirteen years. I got out four years ago and soon after joined Sin and most of the others to form the Infidels. I'd worked with him several times when we did joint operations. He was a Navy SEAL. I was intrigued as hell about his idea to form an MC. He had definite ideas on what we would and wouldn't do and I agreed. When I got out, I moved here to Tenillo and we started the club. He asked me to be his VP and the others who joined at the same time agreed."

"So you're not originally from here. Did you grow up in Texas?"

As we talked, I finished up on her knees. I sat back but kept my hand on her leg. She didn't move away. I took it as another good sign. "I grew up in Alabama."

"Do you have family there?"

"My mom is there. She would have preferred I moved back, but she understands why I moved here. I see her a few times a year usually. I'm hoping one day to get her to move to Tenillo. I have a sister in Pennsylvania but I don't see or talk to her."

She hesitated, and I knew she wanted to ask me why, but decided not to.

"You can ask why, honey. My dad abandoned us when we were young and divorced my mom. She struggled to take care of us. When we got older, he tried to come back into our lives. I didn't want anything to do with him but my younger sister was able to forget the shit he did and she forgave him. She blamed Mom and sided with Dad. She's a few years younger than me. I guess she didn't remember how he treated Mom and us even before he left or how Mom struggled. Anyway, when she got old enough, she moved to Pennsylvania where he lives. She's lived there ever since. She has a husband and kids. I don't know them. She refuses to talk to me unless I accept Dad, and that's not happening, so we're at an impasse."

Her hand came out and landed on my arm. She gave it a squeeze. "I'm sorry for that, but I understand. I don't talk much to the rest of my family and I left them behind too, other than Raine. They were so pissed when she turned out like me and moved here. They blame me."

"What do you mean she turned out like you? What's wrong with you?"

"In my family, my parents and my brothers are very materialistic and success is only counted in money and the things you have. They wanted me to go to college and get a degree in something they thought was worthwhile. I disagreed. When I refused and did it on my own, they mostly washed their hands of me. When I moved here four years ago, it was the last straw. They said I'd never amount to anything and when I was ready to come back and beg their forgiveness and do what they wanted, they'd associate with me. So you can imagine how mad they got last year when Raine decided she was like me and to buck their dictates. They lost it when she moved here. They call every few months demanding she return home and forget her foolishness. She's only able to take a class here and there at the college because they



refuse to pay for it unless she majors in something they approve of.”

“That’s utter bullshit. What the hell do they see as worthy?”

“You know, an MBA, a lawyer, doctor, nurse, banker, those kinds of things. Definitely not someone who drives people around for a living. They hate that Raine is a waitress. It’s not what she wants to do for the rest of her life, but for now, it’s what she can do. I’d love it if she could just go to school full-time and get her degree, but it’s not realistic.”

“What do your brothers do for work? Are they older than you?”

“Graham is the oldest. He’s thirty-three and a banker. Hugh is thirty-two and he’s a lawyer. Their wives are professionals too, a nurse and a lawyer. My dad is a doctor.”

“What about your mom?”

“She’s always been a stay-at-home mom. She sits on charities and stuff.”

“Why is it okay for her not to work, but so awful that you and Raine do what you do?”

“Oh, I forgot to tell you the other acceptable thing we can do, since we’re women. We can marry a successful man and let him take care of us. That would be acceptable too. Before she married Dad, Mom was a nurse. That’s how she met Dad. As soon as they got married, she stopped working.”

I shook my head in disgust. Her story reminded me of some of the guys I knew from the Army. “That sounds like a bunch of women I met in the Army who targeted my fellow soldiers and other servicemen because they saw them as having job security and they wanted that. Many of them ended up married and the wives would stay home and have a bunch of kids and expect them to bring more and more money in. They would nag and berate the men for not doing more. I never allowed anyone to get close enough to do that to me. That’s not to say there weren’t some wives who had their own identities and worked. They were true partners with their men.”

“Mom tried to tell us that if we didn’t want to have to work our whole lives, we had to at least be smart enough and have a good job to attract the right man who we could then get to take care of us. It was too mercenary for me and turns out for Raine as well. I don’t get it.”

“If my wife wants to stay home with the kids, I don’t have a problem with it as long as it’s what she wants. I make more than enough to care for my family, however, if she wants to work, I’ll support her decision too. Most of my brothers’ old ladies work. A few do it at our businesses while others

work for themselves or others.”

She didn't say anything for a minute or so as if she was thinking over what I just said. I was hoping she was considering herself being my wife. I knew it was too soon for her to see us together like that, but I did. I had the advantage of talking to and hearing so many of my brothers tell how they felt when they met their women. It was the same thing I was experiencing with her. I was about to say something but she beat me to it.

“You seem to mean it when you talk about having a wife. Are you truly looking to settle down and have kids?”

“I am, but not just with anyone. I won't settle for any woman. I didn't think I'd ever get married or have kids for several years. After Sin and the others in my club began to find their wives and I got to see that there are actual good women out there, I changed my mind. Same for our friends over in Time Served. I didn't know if I'd be lucky enough to find one myself, but I had hope, then I met you in The Hangout, and you slayed me. I've never had that kind of response to a woman in my life, Piper. I'm not blowing smoke to get you to sleep with me. I'm not playing games. I mean every damn word of it. Last Saturday only solidified it for me.”

“Saint, I don't know what to say. How can you be so sure? We know very little about each other.”

“I get that. We've made a decent start just now, I think. Here's something else. Saint is my road name. It's what everyone calls me. When we're around the club or others, that's what I need you to call me. But when we're alone or if we're around my mom, I want you to call me by my actual name.” I held out my hand and grinned at her. “Hello, I'm Connor Terrell. It's great to meet you.”

She laughed as she shook my hand. Like the prior times, I swore a jolt went through me when she touched me. “Hello Connor. I'm Piper Jackson. I'm a Capricorn and I'm almost twenty-eight. I'm originally from Chicago.”

“I turned thirty-five on the first of February. I'm an Aquarius. I work at the club's garage, Infidels' Custom Motors. I manage it and when I can I try to get my hands dirty too. Besides riding, I love to fish when I get time. When is your birthday? Capricorn is in December and January isn't it?”

“Christmas Day is actually mine. Another thing that annoyed my parents. They had to be with me at the hospital rather than home with my brothers. They said I couldn't wait one day and not spoil it. When I get the chance, I love to paint landscapes.”

I scowled. “They actually said that crap to you? What the hell? It’s not like you had any control over when you were born for God’s sake. You’d better hope I never meet your folks or brothers. They won’t like what I have to say.”

She threw back her head and laughed. “That’s alright, they never like what I have to say either. They’ll roll their eyes and turn up their noses at you. What else would you like to know about me?”

“Why don’t you have a boyfriend or husband by now? I can’t believe someone as beautiful and wonderful as you is still single. Have you been married before and got soured on it?” I asked as the thought popped into my head. I hoped like hell not.

“I haven’t ever been engaged or married. As for why I don’t have someone, I guess it’s because I’ve never been one to easily let men in. I don’t have an attraction for a lot of men. There has to be that for me to continue dating a man so it can get to the point of them being a boyfriend. The few who have never made it beyond that. What about you? You have to have women throwing themselves at you. I know as a biker, you have lived a much freer existence than I have. Was it only because they all wanted you to take care of them? Surely at least one has made you want to take a chance.”

“Nope, not a single one. I haven’t dated anyone exclusively since my first year in the Army. I had a girlfriend when I went to the service. She lasted about a year after I went. I found out she was busy sleeping with half the town while I was gone. She was my last girlfriend. Since then, it’s been encounters only.”

“You mean you slept with them then moved to the next one.”

“Yes, that’s what I mean. I know it doesn’t paint me in a very good light but none of those women were left expecting something I couldn’t or wouldn’t give them, Piper. I was upfront and blunt about what I wanted. They had the choice to sleep with me or not. If they did, then they got enjoyment out of it like I did, and then we went our separate ways. If any wanted more, that was their problem.”

“So how can you be sure I won’t turn out to be the same thing? You said I make you feel stuff but it could just be a fluke or you’re mistaken. What’s to prevent us from sleeping together and then you bail? Or me allowing you in, only for you to come back next week and telling me you were wrong?”

“Let me ask you something before I answer that. Do you feel anything

for me? Do I affect you as much as those other men you dated?”

She glanced away and studied a painting on the wall for several agonizing moments before she answered me. “I do feel very attracted to you and it scares me.”

“Why?”

“Because it feels more intense than the attraction I felt for the men I called ‘boyfriend’ at the height of our relationships. I don’t know what that means. And the thought of being wrong or even worse, that it means you’ll mean more than they ever did and it ending badly terrifies me. A broken heart is the last thing I want.”

I couldn’t resist any longer. I reached out and grasped her upper arms gently. I used them to haul her onto my lap. She gave me a nervous look. Once she was settled, I gripped the back of her neck and stared intently into her eyes.

“It’s not wrong, and I’m gonna make sure I mean more than any of them ever did. Why? Because you already mean more than any woman ever, and I know it’ll only grow. You saying no to this or walking away later will fucking tear my heart out. If you say no right now, I don’t know what I’ll do. Don’t say no. Give me a chance to prove it. Spend time with me. Let me show you how a real man treats the woman meant to be his. Give me a month.” I was desperate enough to put a time limit on it. Surely, I could prove to her this was real in a month.

I saw her expression soften then she whispered, “Okay, I’ll give you a month and we’ll see where we stand then. Please, don’t be a player.”

“I’m not,” I told her a second before I captured her mouth and gave her the kiss I’d been dying to give her for hours. As we got lost in the sensations, I thanked the man up above. *Thank you for making her say yes.*

## Piper: Chapter 9

It had been over a week since I had the talk with Saint about the two of us giving us a chance. I'd almost changed my mind a thousand times. Not because I figured out I didn't want him. It was due to the fact I wanted him so much, and it seemed to be growing.

Although he wasn't giving me a chance to do that. He came by every night after work, and we spent time together, unless I had something else planned. The weekend after our talk, he and I spent time out exploring Tenillo, and riding. He talked me into getting on his bike with him. I thought I'd have a heart attack, but after I got used to it, I loved it, and took every opportunity I got to ride his bike.

When we rode, I liked to tease him about his ritual. Every time he got on his bike, he'd pause, rub the gas tank lovingly before he'd take off. I asked him why, and he said it was for luck, and to keep the road gremlins away. That led me to learning about what those were, and that they were why he had a tiny bell that hung on his bike. I thought it was a cute story and loved the concept even if I knew it didn't really work. He explained in the service a lot of guys had rituals they followed before missions too. I found it rather fascinating.

Some of the time we were joined by Raine, Phalanx and Bullet. It was still hard for me to wrap my head around their whole thing. The idea of my baby sister with any man was tough but with two of them! She and I had discussed it, and she explained they were one hundred percent into women. There was nothing sexual between them. Also, she said they had informed her that if they got to the point they hoped for, she would be with them sexually together, as well as separately. All I could think was wow, she was braver than me. I made her promise to take things slow, and if she had any doubts, no matter how small, she'd voice them and talk to me. She agreed as long as I did the same.

I looked in the mirror and tried to determine if I should change again or not. I'd already done it three times. I was nervous. Why? Because tonight I was headed to the Infidels' compound for the first time. Saint had spent all week talking me into coming with him. I wasn't sure if I would've been able to do it if Raine wasn't going too for her first time. It was the guys who came up with that suggestion. I thought she was handling it way better than me.

She'd only changed her outfit once.

Groaning, I headed for my closet. Before I got to it, I was stopped. "Don't you dare change again! You look fantastic and there's no need to do it. Come on, Piper, Saint is gonna lose his mind when he sees you as it is. You look gorgeous," my sister said from my doorway.

"Are you sure? Maybe I should wear a different top. This one shows a lot of bare skin."

She sighed. "It's not even close to showing too much. It's not like your boobs are hanging out or anything. If you change, then I have to."

"No you don't. You look great," I protested.

"And so do you. Enough. Get out here and relax. The guys should be here any time. I swear, do I need to make you a drink to soothe your nerves?"

"No, don't do that. I want all my wits about me for this. God, Raine, what if the rest of their club doesn't like me? What if they think I'm wrong for him, or he can do better?"

"What if they think that of me for Bullet and Phalanx? I've had one boyfriend, and he was in high school. We never had sex, and now I'm looking to be involved with two men."

"Jesus, could you imagine what Mom, Dad, Hugh, and Graham and their wives would say if they knew what you were doing? They'd lose their minds. I bet there would be a stroke or two. Can we call and tell 'em?" I joked.

"Ha, ha, you're funny...not. No, we're not telling them shit. They don't deserve to know. The fact our guys are bikers would be enough to make them flip out. It wouldn't mean anything to them to explain all of them served in the military and are honorable men. All they would want to know is how much money they make, and what their houses look like."

"Speaking of houses, do they have one on the compound, or do they live in the trailers?" Saint had told me about the setup and how the guys lived in them until they found a woman. In his case, he'd already had a house started before he met me. It was a couple of months away from being done. He wanted to show it to me tonight. I'd seen the plans for it, and thought it was wonderful, but he wanted my input. As he said, he was working on making it my house too, and I should have a say in the final product. I wisely kept my mouth shut. I knew it wouldn't do me any good to remind him we weren't a sure thing yet.

"They live in separate trailers, but they want to get things started on

building a house. They want me to see the locations which are available and let them know what I think.”

“Lord, they sound like Saint. He wants me to look at what’s been done so far on his house and tell him if anything needs to be changed or added.”

“Ooh, that’s nice. See, he’s totally in, sis. You have to admit, the man is going full force with this. He’s here after work almost every night, and he’s brought you flowers, and taken you out to dinner more than once.”

“Like you can’t say the same of your guys.”

She had a satisfied look on her face. I’d never seen her look happier than she did since meeting the two of them. I got up to pace but was stopped short by the knock at the door. I froze. She was the one to go answer it. When it swung open, I saw all three of the men standing there. She stepped back so they could come inside. As Phalanx and Bullet greeted her with compliments and kisses, Saint stalked over to me. He swept me into his arms and latched onto my mouth like a starving man.

I’d found that this was his standard way to greet me, and he did it not only every time he saw me, but throughout the hours we spent together. He told me he was memorizing the feel and taste of me. I didn’t care what his reason was. I just wanted him to continue to do it. He made me dizzy and all hot and bothered when he did. The quality of my nightly fantasies and dreams had dramatically increased. I melted into him and kissed him back.

His hands rested above my ass. He rubbed back and forth then up my back until he was gripping the back of my neck. He liked to hold me there. His lips pressed over and over against mine, and in between he would nibble on them with his teeth as he interspersed those with tongue thrusts.

He was holding me so close that I could feel as he grew hard. I shivered. He seemed to always be hard, and he made no apologies for it. Saint had bluntly told me more than once that I turned him on fiercely. When he finally lifted his head up, I was panting, and wanted to drag him to my room. There was another surprise. In the past I’d dated guys for months before even thinking of sleeping with them. It hadn’t even been a whole month since I met him, and I fought not to get naked with him every time I saw him.

He was breathing hard and his eyes were filled with heat. He smiled at me. “Hello gorgeous. Goddamn Sparky, you’re gonna make me self-combust one of these days. Did you miss me today?”

“If I say yes, will you get a big head?”

“You mean besides the one I already have,” he teased, glancing down at his zipper. I felt my face get hot. He grinned as I smacked his arm.

“Behave. Yes, besides that one. All I’m willing to say is I might’ve missed you a teeny tiny bit. How about you? Did you miss me?”

“It was almost unbearable. Damn, you look too good to take out of the apartment.” He ran his gaze up and down my body taking in my outfit.

They were clothes good for riding. I’d learned to wear jeans and boots. There were none of those shorts and sandals when I rode with him. He told me it was asking for trouble. No matter how good of a rider he was, there was a chance of an accident. Road conditions, and other inattentive or jackass drivers, could cause a spill. Along with those two items, I had on a short-sleeve top. It was a dark gray and had the shoulders cut out with silver studs on the wide shoulder straps. Off to the side on the front was a lighter gray skull with dark red roses around it. I paired it with barely there makeup, red lip, and silver jewelry. My hair since I knew I had to ride on the bike was braided in a Dutch braid.

“You think this looks alright?” I asked, letting a little of my uncertainty show.

“It’s more than alright. Have you been stressing about it?”

“Yes, she has. She’s changed more than once,” my treacherous sister said, throwing my ass under the proverbial bus.

I narrowed my gaze on her and pointed at her. “You can be given away for adoption, you know. It’s not too late.”

The little brat just laughed at me, as her guys stood there smiling indulgently at her. They were way too taken with her. I gave her a smirk which made her sober up. She knew I was up to something.

“Bullet, Phalanx, I think it’s time the three of us had a talk. I need to fill you in on all the things you don’t know about my bratty sister. I think once you know everything, you’ll run for the hills. Did she tell you about the time she wanted to go on a date with Bobby Martin?”

She gasped in horror and charged me. I whipped behind Saint and peeked around him as I chuckled at her. “What’s wrong? Don’t you like someone telling on you?”

“Piper, I swear to God, if you tell that story, I’ll murder you in your sleep.”

Her two men pulled her back to lean against them. They were



grinning. Saint pulled me in front of him and wrapped those strong arms around me. He kissed the top of my head. “Behave Sparky. I bet she changed her clothes didn’t she?”

She gave him a surprised look. I glanced over my shoulder to find him grinning at her with amusement all over his face. “Hey, I have a sister, and I have lots of club sisters.”

“Baby, who’s Bobby Martin?” Phalanx asked while giving her a semi-serious look.

“Don’t ask. Maybe in forty years I’ll tell you,” was her response.

“Oh, I think we’ll get it out of you before that. One night let’s all get drunk, and we’ll swap our worst or most embarrassing moments,” Bullet added.

“I’ll have to be drunk off my ass to tell that story,” she muttered.

I felt kinda bad bringing it up, so I tried to make up for it. “It wasn’t as bad as you imagined it, sissy.”

“Oh don’t try to be nice now. I’m telling Saint one of yours if you don’t.” She said it sternly, but I could see she was fighting not to grin.

“Okay, are you two beautiful ladies ready to go? If we don’t get there before the food is served, they’ll eat it all. Besides, we can’t wait any longer to introduce you to our family,” Saint said.

“Just let me grab my purse and I’m ready,” I told him. The guys let both of us go so we could do it.

After we all stepped outside, I paused to lock the door. Saint took the key out of my hand and did it for me then gave it back. He had his arm around me as we headed to the parking lot. Raine was ahead of us with the guys on either side of her. They had an arm each around her. I was beginning to get used to seeing them with her. Unfortunately, others were not.

It was just our luck to meet one of our more intolerable neighbors. Gloria lived in the same building but on the first floor below us. She was constantly complaining about how we were too loud. We were careful to never play our music or television loud. We didn’t wear our shoes on the linoleum floors so we didn’t make noise. We didn’t hold parties or anything else. Meanwhile, she did all those things, plus she had a yappy ass dog who was the meanest ankle biter there was. It was an ugly mutt to boot. Although if I had to live with her, I probably would be yappy and mean too. His name was Muki. We called him Muttsy.

Automatically, she had a sneer on her face which was her default look

as she saw us with the guys. Muttsy was clutched against her chest. Gloria eyed them up and down. I knew she was fighting not to react to their looks. The reason she didn't was because they were with us. Gloria was perpetually on the prowl for a man. She was in her mid-thirties if I had to guess. She had men coming and going from her place like it had a revolving door. I don't know how there could be that many left in town she hadn't already turned off. Maybe she was busing them in from nearby towns, I thought acidly.

I avoided openly showing my dislike. I'd nod, wave or say hello when I saw her. The same couldn't be said for her. Most of the time she ignored us unless she decided to complain. I was hoping she'd ignore us today but no such luck. As we got closer, I saw her mouth open. "Raine, Piper, I need to speak to you," she said snappishly.

"Hi Gloria," Raine said softly as she slowed down a bit.

I sped up to get next to them. I wasn't in the mood for her spoiling my day. "Gloria, sorry we're running late but I promise I'll stop down to see you tomorrow morning." I pressed a hand to Phalanx's back. He took the hint and began to move off with my sister and Bullet. We would've gotten past her too if she hadn't stepped intentionally in front of them. We all came to a halt.

She was tapping her toe, and Muttsy was growling under his breath as he trained his tiny beady eyes on us. "No, we'll talk now. You've been making too much noise again. There have been visitors at all hours, and I can hear you. It's disturbing my sleep. You need to quiet down, and not have people over after eight at night or before ten in the morning."

That was it. I'd put up with her shit for two years. I was done. I moved closer to face off with her. "No, I don't think so. You have no right to complain about the noise we make when you have your TV and stereo up to blaring level all the time. You have parties and people in and out at all hours of the day and night plus you get into yelling matches. Don't get me started on Muttsy there. This guy barks his fool head off half the night. I'm over the complaints. Now, excuse us, we're leaving."

Her mouth was hanging open in shock, as I moved around her. I knew Raine was shocked at what I did, and the guys were trying not to laugh, I think. We made it maybe a few feet beyond her when she replied, and her response set me off.

"Well, I guess I shouldn't be surprised that a couple of slant-eyed whores like you have no consideration for others. Why don't you go back to wherever you came from? And stop stealing our men," she spewed hatefully.

I whirled around and was on her in a heartbeat. She gasped. “Listen you xenophobic bitch, we’re not whores. If anyone is, it’s you. Your front door is like a revolving one. Only in your case, most of them sneak in and out when it’s dark so no one sees them. They’re too ashamed to be seen screwing you. As for going back to where we came from, we happen not to like Chicago weather. We think we’ll stay. Lastly, no one is stealing your men. We wouldn’t touch them with someone else’s vagina.”

As she let out this high-pitched squeaking sound, the guys lost it. They burst out laughing. Raine whispered, “Oh my God, she finally did it.”

Muttsy began barking at me rabidly. I leveled him with my meanest look. “Hush before I turn you into a pair of gloves,” I growled. He yipped, then went quiet.

“Don’t you dare threaten my dog. I’ll have you arrested,” Gloria shrieked.

“Go for it, and I’ll tell the cops how many times this little terror has attacked and tried to bite us,” I taunted her.

“Biker whore,” she shouted.

“Everyone’s whore,” I flung back.

“Crasian,” she shouted. Wow, calling me the slang term for crazy Asian was the least insulting thing she could call me.

“Is that the best you can do, biatch?”

“Babe, forget her. Let’s go. She’s got issues, and they don’t need to be yours. Come on, the club is waiting,” Saint said, trying to get me to move on. The guys had calmed down their laughing.

She focused on him. Her upper lip sneered. “What’s wrong with dating your own kind? Is it because these bitches are easy, and will put out to anyone so they can get a green card? I bet they’re the entertainment for your whole club. What’s the hurry, late for a gang bang?”

All humor was wiped off his face as well as Phalanx and Bullet’s. As if synchronized, they stepped in front of us. Saint had a hand behind his back holding me tightly to him. Raine was trying to push between her guys, but they were blocking her.

“I don’t know you and I don’t care to, but the last thing you’re gonna do is insult our women. Piper is mine, and she’s no whore. Raine isn’t either. We don’t share or treat our women like you implied. I don’t know what you think their own kind is, and they were born here just like you. They don’t need green cards. No wonder she called you a xenophobe. Now, before you

get your ass kicked by Piper, we're going," Saint told her with a growl.

I think she was stunned that he said anything. She stood there with her still yapping dog as he hooked my waist and moved me up next to him. As if synchronized, they walked us around her, making sure to keep a decent amount of distance between her and us. I didn't say a word until we got to their bikes. Wanting to forget her, I focused on the question that just popped into my head.

"Wait, how does the riding thing work with there being two of you and just one of her?" I asked Bullet and Phalanx.

"We flip a coin and whoever wins, she rides with that person to wherever we're headed, and the other guy gets her on the way back. I won the toss, so she's riding with me to the compound," Phalanx told me with a grin.

I had to shake my head and chuckle. I guess that worked. Raine was smiling and putting on her helmet to swing up behind him. Saint handed me mine. He'd surprised me the day after our big talk when he arrived to take me out on the bike for the first time. He had gone and gotten me a helmet. I wasn't sure how he got the correct size without me there, but it fit perfectly.

As soon as we were all settled, they started the bikes and we were on our way. I guess the one good thing about the run in with Gloria was she'd distracted me from being nervous about meeting the whole club. I didn't remember it until we were pulling through the gate. That was when the butterflies the size of birds seemed to take flight in my gut. I looked around at the intimidating world around me. Besides the fencing and razor wire on top of it, there were a few huge buildings, and then a bunch of houses along with lots of open space. It was much larger than I imagined.

I glanced over to see Raine appeared to be just as surprised as I was. Outside one of the large buildings was a line of bikes. Each guy pulled up in front of an open spot. Saint was right next to the front door. He patted my leg, so I swung off. I knew the drill. He could back it up into the parking spot easier if it was only him on the bike. And he always backed into a spot. As I got off, I saw my sister do the same. Her guys were parked further down the line.

By the time they were parked, we had our helmets off. They quickly got rid of theirs and took ours to sit on the seats. Saint hugged me. "You look scared. There's nothing to be scared about, baby. You've met some of them. The rest are just as nice. They're excited to meet you and Raine."

“He’s right, darlin’. They’ve been asking us when we were bringing you both to meet them. All you have to remember is they don’t bite and the kids all have had their shots,” Bullet told Raine.

“I always get nervous before meeting new people, and today is worse,” I confessed.

“Does it have anything to do with your neighbor, and the bullshit smack she was saying?” Bullet asked.

“Not really. She just pissed me off for the last time. We’ve always kept our cool with her, and it does no good. Today, she got me when I didn’t give a shit,” I confessed.

“Has she made those slurs before?” Saint asked.

“Not that bluntly, no, but we’re kinda used to it, I hate to say.” I told him.

His frown turned to a scowl. “What the hell does that mean? Do you have to hear that often?”

“Not every week, but it’s not uncommon for people to say things to us. We’ve heard it all our lives. People would see our dad, who’s white, with our mom who’s Filipina, and they’d make comments. Kids at school could be mean, and those mean kids turn into mean adults. We straddle two worlds but look predominantly Asian. Gloria’s remarks aren’t the worst we’ve heard,” I informed them.

The looks of outrage and disgust was evident on their faces. Saint hugged me against him. He tilted up my face, so I was looking him in the face. “I’m so sorry you have had to put up with this ugliness. I can’t promise others won’t say ignorant stuff, but if they do, you feel free to tell them off, and let me know if it’s a man. I’m good at attitude adjustments. What did your parents say when it would happen?”

“They said we needed to be twice as smart, and work twice as hard to show them we were as good as they were,” Raine piped up to tell him.

Growls came out of all three of them. “Our kids won’t be told that shit. They’ll know they are just as good, if not better just the way they are,” Phalanx said. Bullet and Saint nodded their heads in agreement.

“Our kids? Don’t you think you’re jumping the gun?” I asked.

“Nope, it’s happening. As soon as we can get you ladies to fall madly in love with us, we’ll be discussing when to have those first ones. Even if it is a few years away, we’ll make sure to practice. After all, practice makes perfect, right?” Saint asked as he smirked at me.

I didn't know what to say, so I rolled my eyes and shook my head. As Raine gasped, her men grinned and chuckled, as they agreed with him. I took the safest route and stayed quiet. They were still smiling as they opened the door to the building in front of us, and the roar of voices washed over us. As we took in the people inside, Bullet said, "Welcome to the clubhouse."

I tried to not shrink behind Saint, as I saw all eyes land on us, and the noise decreased. Oh shit, what had I done?

## Saint: Chapter 10

It amazed me Piper could be so outgoing and outspoken yet seem to be freaked out by the prospect of meeting our club, and their families. She seemed to have done fine those two nights at The Hangout. She'd chatted and laughed as if she was perfectly at ease. Was the prospect of facing them as mine versus just as a new acquaintance that daunting to her? I glanced over at Raine to see how she was doing. She had almost the same look on her face. Damn, had we pushed them too fast to do this?

We knew they had nothing to worry about. Our club would love them and welcome them with open arms. They'd been having fun teasing the hell out of us about them. It was obvious we'd met someone once we spent every night in town. There had been several of the guys who voiced their surprise that Phalanx and Bullet had found a woman willing to contemplate taking them both on. When they found out it was Raine, they'd been even more surprised. Many of them had met her at one time or the other when they came into the bar.

I kept an arm around Piper as I led her further into the common room. Bullet and Phalanx were doing the same with Raine. When we got to the middle of the room, I let out a loud, piercing whistle. She jumped and gave me a startled look.

"Okay, you creepy animals. Let's make the introductions. This is Piper and that's Raine. Behave and don't get too weird today. If you run them off, we will kill you. This means you guys. I know the ladies and kids won't do it because they're normal and lovable. The rest of you are unruly and need animal trainers," I boomed out.

This was met with laughs from the women, and boos and hisses of faux displeasure from the guys. After they made their feelings known, they began to shout out their welcomes, and other greetings. This was my cue to take her to the first group of people and introduce her to everyone. Phalanx and Bullet took Raine to the group next to them. Everyone had on their cuts, even the ladies, but their nicknames wouldn't help any, unlike the guys would.

The first group had Sin and Lyric in it. As president, it was only right that I introduce them first. I pointed to him. "Piper, babe, this is Sin, our president. The beautiful lady next to him is his wife, Lyric. Their daughter,

Olivia, is running around somewhere.”

Lyric smiled and held out her hand to her. “Hello Piper, it’s so great to finally meet you.”

“Yeah, we’ve been wondering who has turned Saint’s head. Now I know why he’s been knocked on his ass. You’re way too gorgeous for him,” Sin told her with a smirk as he shifted his eyes momentarily to me then back to Piper.

“Keep it up, and I’ll be president, and Lyric will be finding herself a new old man to help raise the new baby and Olivia,” I threatened him.

“Don’t do that. I’ve finally just started to get him trained,” Lyric pretended to whine. Sin let out a growl as he hugged her close and kissed her neck. His hands palmed her large pregnant belly. Piper noticed it.

“Thank you for having us, and for the welcome. May I ask when you’re due, and do you know what you’re having?”

“Sure, I’m due September thirtieth. I keep trying to convince him we’re having another girl. Poor Sin,” Lyric said with a wicked grin on her face.

“Poor Sin is right. It’s bad enough the security and ammo I have for you and Olivia. You have to terrify me with the prospect of another girl? Damn it woman, we keep talking about this but you ignore me. Boys, we need boys to protect the two of you. If the doctor is wrong and I get another girl, I don’t know what I’ll do,” he only half joked.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got plenty,” Trident said as he and Sara joined us. He turned his charm on for Piper. “I do have to agree with Sin, you’re way out of Saint’s league. I’m Trident. We met the other night. I’m the real leader of this motley bunch. I’m Sin’s stepdad. This is Sara, my wife, and his mom.”

Sin groaned. “Don’t go telling people you’re married into my family. I’m trying to forget.”

“Boy, I’ve been keeping your ass outta trouble for years.”

“Babe, before you get whiplash from these two, let me explain. Remember I told you Sin was a Navy SEAL?”

She nodded yes. “Well, Trident was his commanding officer for several of those years. They were friends too for a long time then, a couple of years ago, Trident finally retired and decided to see if the MC life was for him. He came here and took one look at Sara and fell in love. Unfortunately, Sin’s efforts to run him off didn’t work. Trident hasn’t let him forget it a day since.”



“It’s true, they’re like little boys sometimes. I want to spank both of them, and put them in a time out,” Sara told her with a smile.

“Baby, you can spank me any time you want as long as I get to return the favor. Are you needing new material already? I thought I gave you enough last night,” Trident purred as he gave Sara a heated once-over.

Sin moaned. “God, take me now. Stop it. You’re not dragging Mom off to sex her up in the middle of us having guests. Control yourself.”

“Don’t be jealous that I’m irresistible, and you’re not. I thought Lyric was looking a tiny bit neglected lately,” Trident said with a very evil smirk.

“Hey, none of that. You’ll make Piper think you can’t behave. It’s a pleasure to meet you again. Let’s get you a drink and make the rest of the introductions before they go all crazy on us,” Sara said as she looped her arm through Piper’s other one.

I knew I could count on her, and the other ladies to make Piper feel relaxed. The next half hour or so was nonstop meet and greet time. Eventually we made the full circuit of the common room. It seemed everyone had stayed in there waiting for us to arrive. Once they got a chance to meet the sisters, some headed outside.

I felt her relax more and more as time went by. She was smiling, and so was Raine. By the time Piper and I were done making our rounds, they’d rejoined us, and we began showing our ladies around the rest of the clubhouse. We made sure they knew where the kitchen and bathroom were. After that, we grabbed drinks for all of us and took them out the backdoor to show them the outside. They saw the trailers, the barbeque and playground slash play areas, as well as the garage we had for communal storage of our bikes and stuff. It was used when the weather was bad for those without a house yet. All the houses had attached garages.

They went kind of crazy over the huge gardens we had. The plots were played out for the year but they were full of questions about what all we grew. Tamysin was more than happy to tell them. She was an avid gardener. When they spotted the old apartments the bunnies used to live in, we cringed. Most of the time we forgot they were there. We really needed to find another use for them so we didn’t need to tell new people what they originally were used for.

I looked at Phalanx and Bullet hoping they might come up with a good explanation. They appeared to be as lost as I was. I should’ve known Tamysin would tell them, since she and Phantom were still with us at that

point.

“Oh, those are where the club whores used to live. You know, the women who they gave room and board to in exchange for them being willing to sleep with any and all of them whenever they wanted. Isn’t that right, guys?” she asked in a falsely sweet tone.

“Tamysin, you’re making it sound worse than it was and you know we haven’t had any of them in ages,” Phantom reminded her with a stern look.

“I know. Thank goodness the hang arounds were able to take over the workload,” she shot back, sounding just as sweet.

“Club whores who gave you sex on demand? Hang arounds? What is she talking about, Saint?” Piper asked me with a raised brow.

“So back before we had old ladies, there were some women who came here, and wanted to be club bunnies. They were women who were interested only in sex and they didn’t care who they had it with, or how many they had it with, only that they wanted to be with bikers. We were all single when it started. In exchange for them being available at any time, we gave them a place to live. But,” I hurried to say when I saw the expression on her face, “that stopped a little over two years ago. We realized some might only be doing it because they felt it was the only way to have a place to live. We got rid of all of them.”

“And hang arounds? What are they?” Raine asked.

“Those are women who come here to party with the single guys. They don’t live here or get anything other than sex. They aren’t forced to do it. They can leave at any time,” Bullet explained in a hurry. He was watching Raine’s face closely just like Phalanx was, and I was doing the same with Piper.

“And these women, they’ll be here tonight?” Piper asked.

I didn’t want to answer her, but I knew I had to. We might be gone before they happened to get here, but then again, maybe not. “Yes, they’ll likely come, but not until family time is over, and the old ladies and kids have left, unless some of the old ladies decide to stay to party more.”

“And they’re women you three have been with too?” Raine asked.

I now knew what my married brothers had gone through, and how it made them feel. I’d never been ashamed of the women I’d been with. However, having to tell the woman I wanted to be mine that I’d been somewhat of a manwhore and she’d have to see some of those women made

me uncomfortable. All I could do was nod yes.

The silence was deafening, and the sisters stared at each other. I could see panic growing on my brothers' faces, and I knew it matched mine. I was about to say something when Piper took out her phone.

"What're you doing, baby?" I asked nervously. Was she calling for a ride home?

"Oh, I'm calling my ex to see if he can come join us later. I mean, if I have to see the women you've fucked it's only fair you see the guy I did. Although, now that I think about it, I'm way behind in numbers. Maybe we should wait and do this in a month or so. That'll give me time to screw several more, and Raine will get time to get rid of her virginity and fuck some too," she said in a falsely sweet tone very similar to Tamysin's.

The growls that came out of the three of us were loud. The idea of any man touching them made us wild with anger and jealousy. It was an automatic response. Add to it the idea they would go sleep with other men after meeting us made it ten times worse. I didn't think as I grabbed her and yanked her hard against me. As she gasped and looked up at me, out of the corner of my eye I saw Bullet and Phalanx crowding up on Raine. They took her phone out of her hand. Thinking it was a good idea, I did the same to Piper.

"Give me my phone, Saint. What's gotten into you?" she asked in a warning tone.

"Like hell I will. There's no way I'm gonna stand here and let you call your ex-lover. And there sure as fuck is no way I'll let you go sleeping around for the next month so you can create more. I'm sorry this upset you and if I could change it, I would, but I can't. Those women didn't mean anything to me. You do."

"Yet, I have to be faced with seeing and knowing who they are and I'll be comparing myself to them even if I don't want to. On top of that, I have to know every time there's a party here you'll be around them. I refuse to come to every party just to make sure you don't get tempted yet if I stay away, I'll wonder. You know I'm already uncertain that I can be what you want and need as it is. In fact, I'm nowhere near what you're used to. I'm sorry, but I don't think I can do this. Take me home. I need to think," she said with a sad look on her face.

Panic filled me at the thought I was losing her before I fully got her. I glanced at my two brothers. By the looks on their faces, it wasn't going any

better for them. They had terrified looks on their faces and Raine was looking both sad and resigned. She was shaking her head no. Without another thought, I did the only thing I could think to do. I swept Piper up into my arms and took off at a fast walk.

She tried to get loose but I had a hold on her which she couldn't break. "Saint, put me down this instant! Stop it. Where are you taking me?" she hollered.

I could hear Raine behind us doing the same. I didn't answer her until I was through the door of my trailer and had it shut and locked behind us. I didn't stop until I had her in my bedroom laid out on my bed with me hovering over top of her. I pinned her arms to the bed, so she wouldn't hit me. She was wiggling up a storm to get away as it was. She was hissing like an angry cat.

"Calm down. I just want to talk to you. I don't want a damn audience for it. I know you're upset. Please, let me talk," I begged.

As she glared at me, I tried to stay calm. The thought of this being the end of us had me ready to puke. Hell, there were tears pricking the back of my eyes at the thought. My chest hurt at the possibility. After I don't know how long, she stopped struggling and settled down to just stare at me. She wasn't saying anything, but I'd take it. I slowly eased away from her. When she stayed where she was, I let go and lay down next to her. I ran my hand down her cheek. She twisted her face away which hurt but I didn't let it deter me.

"Before I explain myself, I want to know why you think you can't be enough for me? Hell, having sex doesn't mean shit. Me having more sexual partners doesn't mean a damn thing, Piper."

"Really? So you're gonna tell me you haven't had sex with very experienced women who were willing to do anything you ever wanted? Or that they didn't satisfy your sexual desires at all? Have you always been with just one woman at a time or have you been with more than one?"

The last one surprised me and before I could school my expression, I knew she had her answer. Sure, I'd been with two women at the same time, not a lot but a few times. Seeing my face, she grew more tense. I went to open my mouth to explain but she held up her hand and I stopped.

"I knew it. I've had three sexual partners in my life and you, I don't even want to know how many. You have sexual preferences I can't ever meet. I won't share, and I bet there are things you might want that I'm not

comfortable doing. This is a no-win scenario. I was a fool to think otherwise. The same goes for my sister. She's totally innocent, and there's no way she'll ever be enough for two men. Now, I want you to let me up then take me home. Or better yet, let me call for a ride. I think it's best we end this here and now. Raine was thinking before about getting a new job. I'll make sure she does right away."

As she tried to roll off the bed, I reacted. I grabbed her and held her still as I kissed her. I put every ounce of desire, love, and fucking begging I could into that kiss. She resisted me but I didn't stop. I don't know how long it was before I felt her lips soften then she began to kiss me back. It was hesitant but I'd take it. I teased the seam between her lips until they opened enough for me to get my tongue inside. Desire flooded my body as I kissed, nipped and even sucked on her luscious mouth. My hands couldn't stop from skimming down her sides and latching onto her hips. She was so damn tiny compared to me, that I made sure not to put my weight on her too much. I didn't want to hurt her.

I relaxed more when her hands came up to cup the sides of my neck. My body automatically flexed my hips, and I pressed my hard cock into the cradle her hips made, which pushed my cock into her pussy. We both groaned. Her legs came up to wrap as far as they could around my hips. Fuck, I was going under fast. I wanted her more than I'd ever wanted a woman in my whole life. The need to feel her naked skin against mine, her hands on my body and her clasped tightly around my cock as I took her was overwhelming. My nightly dreams about her didn't compare to the real thing.

As much as I wanted to continue this, I knew I had to stop. We needed to resolve our issue before doing anything more. My body was screaming at me to shut the hell up, but I fought it. Reluctantly, I pulled away. I almost broke and said the hell with it when her mouth chased mine. I lifted my hands from her hips and placed them on either side of her face. I stared down at her. Her eyes were slumberous and full of heat.

"We've gotta stop, Sparky. It's not what I want to do, believe me, but we need to talk this out."

Slowly the heat receded, and I saw regret enter her expression. No way was I allowing it. "Don't look like that. There's nothing to regret. We just need to get on the same page. I need you to listen to me and know every damn word I'm saying is the absolute fucking truth. I don't lie, Piper. Will you do that for me? Will you listen and not say anything until I'm done?"

Once I am, I swear I'll listen to everything you have to say.”

It was several seconds before she nodded her head yes. I eased off her and sank down next to her. I kept an arm around her waist. I had to touch her. “I'm not denying I've been with a lot of women. I have, and I know it scares you. However, there wasn't a single one of them who ever even for a second tempted me to make them mine. With you, I knew the moment we met there was something about you and it didn't take me long to know that I'd found the woman I was meant to spend my life with. Something like that would scare most people and if it wasn't for so many examples around me, I would've been the same, but with my club, they showed me it's possible and certainly happens. You just have to be open to it when it does.

“If I could go back and not sleep with so many women I would, just so it wouldn't hurt you. I hate that you'll see them even if they don't come to the compound. I know the thought of running into the guy you were with when you moved here makes me want to put my fist through his face. I hate the thought of anyone ever touching you but me. Is it unrealistic? Yes, but it's how I feel. I wouldn't like it one goddamn bit knowing he was coming here and being near you whether I was beside you or not. The only way I know to combat this is to make sure I show you in every way I can how much you mean to me and that I can give you everything you need and want not only sexually, but in every other way.

“You said you wouldn't be able to satisfy me sexually because I've been with more than one woman at the same time and they've given me things you might not or can't. That's utter nonsense, baby. Being with more than one didn't give me any more sexual gratification than being with one. It was purely a male ego thing to see if I could satisfy more than one woman at the same time. It happened twice, and it's been a long time since I've done it. I haven't had the desire to do it again. The first time was when I was young and discovering my own sexual needs. The second time I wanted to see if having more experience changed anything. It didn't.”

She opened her mouth but before she could say anything, I laid my finger over her lips and she shut it. I continued. “Kissing you fills me with more happiness and satisfaction than having sex with any of them did. Sure, I got off but that was all. I know having sex with you, no matter what we do, will so far exceed anything I've done before it's not even a worry. You tell me what you want or need or want to try and we'll do it. I'll never push you to do something you hate or don't want to do. Satisfying you will bring me

pleasure all on its own.”

“Now, one last thing. We’ve talked about a lot of things these past few weeks and you’ve learned about me and I’ve learned about you. Looking back, we should’ve talked about this. There’s one other thing I think you should know about me. I want to tell you how I got the name Saint. You can speak now if you want but only about my name. After I explain then you can ask the rest.”

“The club gave you that road name didn’t they? I am curious how you got it. Don’t take this the wrong way, but I don’t think of you as a saint, Connor,” she said with a tiny smile.

I was filled with hope that she was calling me by my name. “Babe, in the true sense of the word, you’re right, however, the club wasn’t the one to give me my name. In our cases, most of us already had a nickname or call sign, whatever you want to call it, when we joined from our days in the service. Mine was Saint and my brothers stuck with it.

“When I was in the Army, I was early on recognized as the guy who would tell the truth no matter how harsh, unwanted or unexpected it was. And it didn’t matter who I said it to. You could be my commanding officer and I’d say if something was wrong, bullshit or the plan wasn’t gonna work. It led me to get my ass in trouble more than a few times, but I still did it. It took only a few times for my blunt observations to show that I was right to say what I did. This was especially true in a few touchy operations we went out on. Suddenly, my fellow soldiers were calling me Saint. When I asked why they said that I would always tell the truth no matter what it cost me. Only a saint would be that unafraid to tread where others wouldn’t, not even angels. The name stuck and soon everyone, even my commanding officers, were calling me that. It became my code name on my Delta team and it’s what I’ve had others call me ever since.”

“I love your name.”

“Good. And I told you this not only so you know more about me, but so you would know that I don’t lie. If I believe something is too dangerous or shouldn’t be done, I’ll tell you. I’ll tell you the truth, so be prepared. Don’t ask me if I like your outfit unless you want to hear the truth. I’ve always been like this even as a kid. It got me more than my share of ass beatings from my dad until he left. I had more than a few fights growing up because of it. I’m telling you this not only to warn you but to show when I say I want no one but you and will never need anyone else or more than you can give, I mean it.

And I mean this more than you can know,” I paused before continuing, hoping what I was about to do wouldn’t send her screaming for the hills.

“Piper Jackson, I love you and I want you to be my old lady and one day, my wife. You’re the only woman in the world I can see myself with for the rest of our lives and the only one who I want as the mother of my children.”

As I paused to let that soak in, I saw the astonishment on her face. Her mouth dropped open and her eyes widened as she stared at me. I held back from asking her to say something. My nerves were growing by the second and I was about to throw up. I had never told a woman I loved her, other than my mom and my sister when we were young. This was totally different of course. I was about to crack when she surprised me by flipping over and pushing me onto my back. I wasn’t prepared for her to do it, so she was able to do it. She straddled me and dropped her mouth on mine in a toe-curling kiss. Her mouth was ravenously devouring mine, and I opened up to return the kiss. As our mouths played our hands were running all over each other.

I had my hands on her ribs then slid down to cup and squeeze her ass. When she moaned and pushed against me, I couldn’t stop my hips from grinding into hers. I was hard and wanted inside of her even though I knew it was too soon. Taking a chance since she hadn’t slapped me or told me to stop, I ran my hands up to cup her breasts. I gently squeezed them through her clothes. I ached to touch them skin-to-skin. She gave me a nice handful. She wasn’t overly big, but more than enough. I wondered what color her nipples were and how responsive they’d be.

While I was touching and thinking, she had her hands running up and down my chest and stomach. She pushed back into my hips when I ground against her pussy. She whimpered and it was a needy one. My body was heating up fast, and I knew we had to stop before it became too late. The last thing I wanted was to push her to do something she wasn’t prepared to do. We still had to put the bunnies and other women nonsense behind us. With every ounce of strength I had, I tore my mouth away from hers and resisted her seeking mouth.

“Babe, we’ve gotta stop. I’m not gonna let my desire for you wreck what we’re building. It’s too soon.”

She slowly sat up. Her pussy was sitting on top of my cock. It was heaven and hell mixed together. “You said you don’t lie. If that’s true, then you mean you love me and want me for all those things. Right?”



“I do, but I didn’t tell you that to make you have sex with me right now.”

“I know it. I couldn’t resist showing you just a tad how you make me feel. I’ve never felt anything close to this for any man, Connor. None made me want to tear off his and my clothes and have sex until we couldn’t move.” Hearing this made my cock twitch. She circled herself on me. I had to grab her hips and stop her. She gave me a sexy smirk.

“Thank fuck for that,” I gritted out.

“No one made me want to do all the naughty things I’ve read and wondered about for years either. I’m scared that my body won’t turn you on but I’m more scared you’ll change your mind. God, how can I say this? I want you inside of me so badly it hurts, Connor. I want to explore your body and have you do the same to mine. I want to give you the best sex of your life and I know you’ll do more than that for me. I guess what I’m trying to say is, I’m willing to take a chance after what you just shared. I want to build a life with you. How could I not when I’m in love with you too, as insane as it is.”

Suffice to say, I was left speechless for several moments as what she said sank in. As soon as it did, I reacted. I flipped her over onto her back. I shoved her thighs apart so I could lie in between her legs with my cock pressed against her pussy. I rotated my hips as I began to push up her top. I stopped when her tummy was bare to check one more time. “Are you sure?” I asked gutturally.

“Yes,” she said without hesitating.

This let me off my leash more. I finished pushing up her top. She rose up enough so I could remove it and toss it to the floor. I ran my gaze over the black satin and lace bra that encased her breasts. It was sexy, but it was covering what I wanted to see, so I slid my hand behind her back and felt around until I undid the hooks. When it gave, I tugged on it then slid the straps down her arms before tugging it off and pitching it. I moaned at the sight in front of me. I needed to touch and taste them.

I had to sit back on my heels so I could use both hands. Gently, I ran my hands up her ribs until they were cupping both breasts. I squeezed them as I rubbed my thumbs back and forth over her taut nipples. She moaned as I did it and wiggled on the bed. Her nipples were small, and a pale dusky pinkish tan color. I teased them a few times before I broke down and had to taste them. I lowered my head and sucked the right one into my mouth as my hand continued to play with the other. I changed to plucking at the hard bud.

She whimpered and thrust it deeper into my mouth. After sucking it I scraped my teeth back and forth over it. She whispered, "Oh God." The way she was reacting I knew she was enjoying what I was doing to her. Flicking the tip with my tongue before I let go, I switched to the other side and repeated what I did to the first breast. Shit, I'd never gotten this damn turned on just by playing with a woman's breasts in my life. In the past I'd done it enough to get the woman in question prepared, but it hadn't done anything for me. In Piper's case, it was giving me enjoyment and making me hotter.

I was distracted when her hands pushed up my t-shirt. I had to let go in order to get my shirt off. I helped her do it. I would've gone back to loving her breasts, but she stopped me by pressing against my chest. I rose up and watched as she ran her eyes all over my upper body. Her fingers followed. She was tracing my muscles and tats. I'd always taken pride in my physical fitness, but she was making me glad I did even more. I could tell she found my body a turn on. As her nails scraped over my taut nipples I moaned. Little arcs of fire shot through my body. That was a new one for me.

Suddenly, she wrapped her arms behind my back and tugged. I lowered down despite not knowing what she wanted. I found out in a hurry when her mouth latched onto my left nipple and she teased it with her teeth before sucking on it and lashing it with her tongue. Those small arcs became instant bonfires. I hissed but it wasn't in pain. I threw back my head and groaned. "Fuck, that feels so good, Sparky."

My words made her suck harder and nibble more. The nipple she wasn't sucking she was teasing with her fingers like I had done hers. I didn't think my cock could grow or harden more, but I was shown I was wrong. I reached for the snap on her jeans. I had to see the rest of her. Only fate had other ideas I guess because that was the precise moment there was a loud knocking at the front door.

I growled at the interruption. Whoever it was, I planned to murder them. Maybe if I ignored them, they'd go away. That hope was dashed as a louder knock came along with Boomer's voice yelling, "Saint, open up man."

I placed a kiss on her mouth as I whispered, "I'll be back. Don't move. I just need to kill Boomer."

Her giggle followed me down the hall. I practically tore the door off its hinges as I opened it. He was wisely standing back with his hands up. "Don't kill the messenger. I was told by Sin to let you know we're all heading to the hospital. You can stay here if you want," he rattled out super-

fast.

“Hospital? Why? Someone hurt?”

“Not hurt, but Kinslee decided today was the day to have those babies. She went into labor, and they just took off with her. We thought you might want to know. Now that my job is done, bye,” he shouted as he took off running.

Talk about a cold shower. My desire began to recede as his words sank in. As much as I wanted to stay here with Piper, I knew I should be there for my brother and his woman. Sighing, I shut the door and made my way back to my bedroom. When I got there I was surprised to see her up and dressed.

“Baby, what’re you doing?”

“Getting ready so you can go to the hospital. I heard Boomer say Kinslee is in labor. You can’t miss that. I’ll grab Raine and we’ll call for a ride. You guys need to get over there,” she said excitedly. She had a smile on her face.

I walked up to her and wrapped her in my arms. “Thank you for understanding. I hate to stop this but I promise you as soon as those babies are safely here, we’ll pick up where we left off. As for you and Raine going home, I don’t think so. You’re a part of this now. Give me a minute to get dressed then we’ll make sure everyone is situated before we head there.”

“Oh, you don’t need us in the way,” she protested.

I gave her a commanding look. I wasn’t about to send her home. Nothing would be allowed to make me lose ground with her. “You’re not in the way. I’m not taking no for an answer.”

She stared at me as I got dressed. Saint the VP was in full force. I’d carry her there if I had to.

## Piper: Chapter 11

An exhausted group stood around the hospital. Everyone was waiting for their first sight of the twins. After laboring for hours, Kinslee finally gave birth to two healthy babies. It had been touch-and-go for a little while whether she might need a c-section, but in the end, the stubborn baby in the breech position turned to the utter amazement of the doctors.

Rather than crowd in on the tired parents, we were gathered outside the main windows to the nursery. We were told the nurses would be bringing the babies to the window for us to see. I tried to stand at the back of the group with Raine, but the guys wouldn't allow it. They held us at their sides.

I'd been worried the others would see us as intruding on what was a family event, but they didn't seem to mind at all. No one gave us funny looks or said anything snide about us being at the hospital. Throughout the evening and night, Saint kept reassuring me that we were where we should be.

He'd gone out of his way to make me feel welcome and to care for me in the middle of this. He constantly asked if I was comfortable, needed anything and he fetched me drinks and snacks. When the waiting area got cool in the middle of the night, he left me temporarily, only to come back with his arms full of blankets. He handed them out to the ladies.

Not everyone was able to spend the night. There were other kids to take care of. I got to meet a few of the Time Served guys and their ladies when they stopped by. They checked on how Kinslee was doing and asked if we needed them to get food or anything, then offered to watch the kids and babies so the moms and dads could be there.

After that, the ones who had gone home took turns returning in pairs. Raine and I watched in amazement to see people who weren't even related support each other like this. Hell, our own family would never be this helpful or loving. If that was one of us in there, we'd be lucky if any of them would bother to show up at the hospital after we had our babies.

A hand squeezing mine shook me from my thoughts. I glanced to my left to see Raine looking eagerly at the window. I glanced up then froze as two nurses pushed two hospital bassinets in front of the glass. Lying in them were two perfectly formed babies who were crying their eyes out. One had a blue beanie with a Harley on it covering his head. The other had the same thing only in pink. Cuffs and Kinslee had lucked out and gotten one of each.

Everyone was cooing and exclaiming over them. Saint kissed the top of my head. I'd never been near a newborn. They were still red and wrinkly but I knew that would resolve. They'd been through an ordeal. No wonder they were pissed and crying their eyes out.

"I want that," Saint whispered in my ear.

"Want what?" I whispered back.

"That, babies. You want them too, don't you?"

My mouth dropped open. I knew yesterday in the heat of our talk he'd said he wanted me to be the mother of his kids, but I guess it hadn't sunk in then. He turned me so I was facing him and his arms were around me. He was staring down at me. I closed then opened my mouth a couple of times before I found my voice.

"I-I, yeah, I mean sure I want kids one day," I whispered back.

"And do you want them with me? I know I'm throwing a lot at you all at once and I don't mean to overwhelm you, but I meant what I said yesterday. I want you as my old lady, wife and mother of my kids. If you don't want any, tell me. I'll be disappointed, but I can live without them as long as I have you. We'll have plenty of kids around the compound to give attention to." His voice sounded rough as he said it. As much as he tried to hide it, I could tell it would more than disappoint him.

I raised up on my tip toes and tugged him down so his head was close to mine. "I've always wanted kids. I just didn't know if I'd ever meet anyone who I'd want to have them with. Honestly, the last couple of years I've been thinking I'd either have none and have to live vicariously through Raine's one day, or I'd have to adopt. Likely father candidates haven't been falling out of the trees you know."

A grin spread across his handsome face right before he kissed me. It wasn't a brief peck on the lips either. It was a passionate kiss that made me hot and ready to get naked. When he let go, I was panting. He seemed to be just as affected as I was. "Sparky, you don't have to give up your dream or adopt. I'm ready to start on baby number one as soon as you are. You'll never have to worry about raising kids alone. I'll be a very hands-on dad and you'll have an entire family to help."

I was about to tell him he was crazy when I heard Daredevil exclaim. "Finally, look what they named them. Damn, they didn't go with my suggestions," he grumbled.

Saint swung me around so I could see what Daredevil was seeing. On

the end of the bassinet was a paper card I hadn't noticed before. On the boy's was the name *Dawson Marshall*. On the girl's was printed *Dakota Marshall*. I heard a bunch of muttering. I looked over my shoulder at Saint.

"Why is everyone muttering about the names? I think they're wonderful."

"They don't dislike the names, babe. They're all disappointed that none of their suggestions were chosen, and therefore they lost their bets," he explained.

"Bets? They bet on the names of the babies?"

"Sure did. You'll find we bet on a lot of things. The names and sexes of babies are only a couple of them," he added.

"Yeah, speaking of bets, did you guys consummate your relationship while you were in his trailer? Because we need to know if someone won that bet or not. Also, is she officially your old lady yet? That's another one," Torpedo asked with a grin.

Before I could get over my shock, he turned to my sister and her two hovering bodyguards. "Same thing with you three. Do we have one or two new sisters? Or are they smart and decided you're all not good enough and decided to give us other single brothers a chance," he asked as he winked mischievously at us.

"Yeah, I need to know," Boomer added with a smirk of his own.

"It's a good thing we're in a hospital. You'd better hope they can save your lives when we get done with you guys," Saint growled. Bullet and Phalanx crowded closer to the teasing ones.

"Hold it, no mayhem or murder on Dawson and Dakota's birthday. You'll have to wait at least until tomorrow. Although, we do need to know if anyone won or not," Sin said as he came over to stand near us. Lyric was tucked underneath his arm. She was smiling and shaking her head at them.

"Do they do this all the time?" I asked her.

She nodded. "Yep, I'm afraid they do. Occasionally we ladies have a bet but not like they do. They seem to love finding out which brothers took longer than they did to fall. As for the single ones, they think knowing will help them when their turn comes. Personally, I don't know how any of them got a woman. Or how the single guys expect to get one."

This earned her protests and glares but you could tell it was all in fun. It made me laugh and Raine joined in. The next several minutes were taken up with rounds of teasing and good-natured threats along with plenty of

staring at the babies. Eventually, the nurses took them back to their spots in the nursery. I took that as our cue to leave. As I moved away, Saint tightened his hold.

“Where are you going?”

“I think it’s time Raine and I leave. You all need to go home and get some rest. I know Mom and Dad need it.”

“I don’t want you to leave. You’re right, we all need to get some rest. Come back to the compound and stay with me.”

As tempted as I was, I didn’t think this was the time for us to pick up where we left off yesterday. As I hesitated, he shook his head.

“I don’t mean we pick up where we left off, as much as I’d love that. I’m too tired to do justice to the first time with you. All I want is to hold you while we sleep. I swear I won’t do more than that. Well, okay I might sneak a few kisses, but that’s it. Please. I don’t want to let you go, baby.” I could hear a pleading tone in his voice.

I wrestled with myself for a couple of minutes before I answered him. “Let me find out what Raine is planning to do. I need to make sure she doesn’t need or want me at home with her.”

Instead of arguing, he waved me toward where she was standing talking with Phalanx and Bullet. When we got to them, she gave me a tentative smile. “Aren’t they just squeezable?” she gushed as she glanced back at the nursery window.

“Yes, they are. Hey, I know everyone is tired. I wanted to see if you needed me to come home with you.”

“Versus what, staying at the compound with Saint? I’m not in need of a babysitter, sissy. You can stay with Saint if you want. I’m a big girl,” she said with a wink.

“We’ll stay with her at your place. She won’t be alone. We were gonna suggest it anyway,” Phalanx said.

“You were?” she asked in surprise.

“Of course. You don’t think we’d leave you alone, do you? Besides, after we get a good nap, we have a discussion to finish. We don’t want to wait,” Bullet added. He was giving her a speaking look. She blushed, which made me want to ask what sort of discussion they had to finish but then I recalled what Saint and I were doing when Boomer interrupted us. God, had they been ready to have sex too?

“Do you guys mind if I speak to my sister alone for a minute?” I

asked.

“Sure, be our guest. We’ll wait over here. When you’re ready, we’ll go,” Saint said. He gestured for the other two to follow him. They looked a bit reluctant but they did walk away. I tugged Raine’s arm until we were in a corner well away from prying ears.

“Raine, yesterday were you and the guys about to...”

She cut me off. “Were you and Saint?”

“I- you see, we...,” I mumbled.

She laughed. “Oh God, look at us. Listen, I’m not planning to jump into anything I can’t handle. I know I’ve never been with anyone before. You and I have had a lot of talks about it. I know the thought of me being with two men is scary for us both. All I can say is I’m working this out with them. They explained some things yesterday and I’ve accepted those explanations. The way you’ve been all night with Saint, it looks like he was able to explain it to you too. I won’t do anything I’m unsure of. You promise to do the same. As for you staying with Saint while those two stay with me, I’m more than okay with that. They won’t force me to do anything I don’t want to do. I know they won’t.”

“You’re right. You’re an adult as much as it pains me to say it. Fine, if you’re sure then I’ll go stay with him and they can stay with you. Although I do want to go to the apartment first. I need to grab some things. You know how I hate to wear dirty clothes. I need a shower and fresh clothes.”

“Then let’s go,” was her reply. She took my arm and we headed back to the guys.

It didn’t take us long to explain what I wanted to do. They were more than in agreement with it. Saint agreed to take me back to our place to get my stuff. Phalanx and Bullet assured Raine they were fine as they were and didn’t need to run by the compound to get anything. We took a few extra minutes to say our goodbyes to the others before they led us out to the bikes. I loved the wind in my face even though it was cooler than it had been yesterday.

It wasn’t that far from the hospital to our apartment. As we parked in the lot, I saw that most of the complex seemed to be there. It was still rather early on a Sunday morning. I figured most of them were sleeping in. A few might be at work. Others might be at church. After getting off Saint’s bike, I left my helmet with his on the seat and took out my keys before the five of us headed to our door.



As we gained the small stoop or whatever you called it outside our door, I slowed down. Strewn across it were shredded flower petals. Lying on the doormat outside the door were the denuded stems of a bouquet of flowers. The petals were a mix of red and white roses. I gulped. Where had those come from? Someone must've mixed up our apartment with someone else's was my second thought until my eyes landed on our door. That's when I started to shake. I heard the guys swear from a distance away. They were saying something but I couldn't understand what. All I could do was focus on the door. Nailed to the door with a knife was a piece of paper. Something reddish-brown was running off the knife and had dripped on the paper and the door.

I was abruptly pushed behind Saint's back. I vaguely saw Bullet do the same to Raine. She looked scared. I automatically reached out and pulled her into my arms. She was shaking like I was. As we huddled together, I saw Saint take out his phone. It took me a little bit to get control of myself enough to stop acting like a ninny and to find my voice.

"What does that note say?"

"Honey, stay back. You don't need to see it. Let Saint take care of it. He's called Wrecker. He'll decide what we should do. You two stay with us," Phalanx answered.

Saint had moved away and was talking urgently into his phone. The expression on his face was filled with anger. I waited until Phalanx was distracted by Raine crying then I darted around them and over to the door. I heard him shout along with Saint and Bullet but I didn't stop. I quickly scanned the note. Up close the reddish-brown on the knife looked like drying blood. The words struck fear in my heart.

*I thought you were different, but I see that you're like all the other whores in this world. You even have your baby sister following in your whorish steps. It seems one man isn't enough. You're trash, however, after sharing yourself with those filthy bikers, maybe you'll be forgotten. If not, you'll be made to pay for what you've done. Women like you don't deserve to live. I can't have you contaminating the decent things in the world. Catch you next time, Piper. Tell Raine I said hello and I look forward to meeting her.*

I couldn't hold back the scream that tore from my throat. I scrambled back and fell on my ass. Hands grabbed my arms which made me scream more and I fought to get loose. I was caught in a nightmare and I didn't know how to get out of it. Suddenly, I was yanked off the floor and I was cradled in

Saint's arms. That's when words began to make sense to me.

"Piper, baby, calm down. You're safe. I've got you. No one is touching a hair on either of your heads," he told me as he kissed all over my face.

I clutched his upper arms. "Someone hates us. Why? We didn't do anything. Who would do this? Is that blood? Oh my God," I moaned.

He gave me a hard shake. This made me meet his eyes. I saw determination and fire burning in his gaze. "I don't know who did this, but we'll find out and I promise, whoever it was, they'll pay. I called Wrecker. He's on his way with a few of our brothers. As soon as they get here, you're going back to the compound. Bullet, Phalanx and a couple of the others will escort you there. I'll be there as soon as I can."

I shook my head. "No, I don't want you to stay here. What if whoever did this is watching? They could hurt you, us, the guys. Let's leave, all of us." I tried to tug out of his arms so I could get him to come with me. I saw Raine was in the arms of Bullet with Phalanx rubbing her back. She was crying.

"Babe, no one is hurting any of us. You and Raine are the ones we need to protect, not us. We can take care of ourselves."

"You don't know that. You were mentioned in the note too. Whoever wrote it thinks we're having sex with several of you it sounds like. We're whores in their mind."

"We know you're not and we'll protect you and Raine from whoever this deranged asshole is. Listen, do you hear that? It's our brothers. We're safe. Let's go meet them." He practically had to carry me away. In the parking lot, the bikes came to a halt as we got there. I saw seven bikes. Raine, Bullet and Phalanx had followed us. As Saint let go of me to go over to Wrecker, she tore out of Bullet's arms and ran into mine. I hugged her close.

I couldn't hear what he was saying but the grim expressions on the men's faces told me none of them were happy. After a couple of minutes, they all walked over to us. Wrecker gave me a sympathetic look. I saw he had Boomer, Daredevil, Rampage, Talon, and Omen with him.

"Piper, Raine, I'm sorry you had to see that. I'm here to take a look. You know I'm the deputy chief of police. I'll have some of my men and our crime techs come out and secure the scene. In the meantime, I need to know you're both safe. I want you to go back to the compound with Phalanx, Bullet, Boomer and Daredevil. Once we're done here, the rest of us will come

back. I'll have some questions for you then. Right now, I need you to leave your keys with Saint. We'll need to check inside your apartment to make sure no one made it inside."

I tried to argue, but none of them would listen. In the end, I was too tired to continue fighting. I handed Saint my keys. He held me close and whispered in my ear. "Babe, we'll take care of this. I'll come home as soon as I can. Go with the guys." he eased back and pointed. That's when it registered they were all riding their bikes. I knew from a conversation we'd had one night the guys don't like any women but their old ladies on their bikes.

"I need to drive my car. I can't ride with one of them," I explained.

"You're not in any condition to drive. It's alright. This is an emergency," he said.

"You can ride with me. Since your sister is mine, it makes us family and that's alright. Raine can ride with Phalanx," Bullet said with a tender smile.

"Are you sure?" I asked him, Raine and Saint. All three of them nodded. Giving in to them, I let Saint help me get my helmet off his bike then onto Bullet's bike. After we were situated, Saint gave me one more kiss, then stepped back. The bikes came to life and tore out of the lot. The ride back was a haze. All I could think about was who would've been sick enough to do that and why.

When we arrived, they parked outside the clubhouse and took us inside. The rest of the guys were gathered there. I expected them to be in bed after the night we all had. We sat down at one of the tables and a shot of whiskey was handed to each of us. I stared at it not knowing whether to drink it or not. Finally, not wanting to waste it, I threw it back. I coughed as it burned its way down my throat. Raine sputtered as she drank hers.

Once I could breathe again, I looked at the men. They were all gathered around us watching us with concerned looks on their faces. Sin gave me a nod. "Hopefully that helped. I know you've both been traumatized. Until Wrecker and Saint figure out what happened, we need you to try and rest. You've been up all night. You're welcome to come stay at the house with us."

"I appreciate the offer, Sin, but I don't think I can sleep and I don't want to disturb Lyric or Olivia. I can stay here," I told him.

"No, you can come back to one of our trailers. You and Raine need to

rest even if you can't sleep. We don't want you to split up either. We'll stay with you," Phalanx said as he moved closer to Raine, and put an arm around her. Bullet was already seated on the other side of her with his hand on her leg.

I went to object but Raine stopped me. "I want you to stay with me, Piper. I won't be able to even try and rest if you're not with me. Please, let's go lie down. I can't keep going much longer." Her plea was what made me accept.

As I walked out with them, I couldn't help but wonder what Saint and the others had discovered and how long we'd have to wait to find out.

## Saint:

As I watched Piper fade in the distance, I let my rage slip its leash. I'd been holding it in so I wouldn't scare her. With her safely out of range, I let it loose. As the roar ripped out of me, Wrecker squeezed my shoulder hard. I looked at him.

"I get it. Let it out then we need to get to work. I want to look around first before I call any of my men in. Show me what you found then we'll go from there."

I fought to regain my control. As much as I wanted to destroy everything in my sight, I knew I couldn't do it. It took a couple of minutes before I could nod and lead him and the others up to their apartment. Wrecker studied the flower petals first while I fought not to kick them to the ground below. After he was done with his inspection of them he went to the bouquet, then studied the note nailed to the door. He leaned close and sniffed. He stepped back. He looked back at me.

"It's definitely blood. I don't know if it's human or not. The lab guys can tell us that. Any idea who this might be? I know about the incident at The Hangout with the bouncer. Do you think he would do this?"

"Hell, I don't know. I can't think of anyone else who might, but if it was him, why wait this long to do it? It's been almost a month since that happened. If he wanted to do this, why wait?"

"Maybe he's been stewing about it. Or he realized you and her have been seeing each other since then and it ticked him off. I wish the mind of jealous or insane people made sense, but they rarely do," was his response.

I snorted. "Yeah, that's for damn sure. Can we go inside yet or do you want to wait for your crime scene guys?"

"I want to wait. They should be here any minute. The lock appears to be undisturbed but just in case he got inside let's wait. Anyone else either of them might've gone out with, in the last few months, who would hold a grudge?"

"I don't know about Raine but Piper did have a date a couple of weeks ago with some doctor. I broke up their first date at The Briny Blue. He was less than happy with me but I can't see him doing this. He was all concerned about her and if anyone would be his target, it would be me."

"Do you know this guy's name?"

“Nope. We’ll have to ask Piper. I think his first name was Ian. That’s all I know. Once I got her away from him and she agreed to give me a chance, I forgot about him.”

He gave me a skeptical look as he raised one of his eyebrows at me. He waited.

“Okay, fine, I didn’t fucking forget about him. I was waiting to see if he contacted her again and if he did, I was planning to put the fear of God into him and threaten him if he ever came near her or contacted her again,” I muttered.

He smirked at me.

“Asshole, like you wouldn’t do the same with Adara.”

He nodded. “I would, although I think she’s more than capable of doing it herself. You have to admit, she’s something else when she gets going,” he said with a wicked grin.

Looking to be sure no one other than our brothers could hear us, I reminded him of one key fact. “Yeah, but we all can’t have a serial killer as our old lady. I know Ava has mellowed her in some ways, but not that way.”

“True. Mess with our daughter, me or our Ares family and she’s all mama bear. Oh, and Joy, we can’t forget her,” he added.

“I haven’t seen her lately. How’s she doing?”

Joy was the young patient whose abuser, Adara, had killed a couple of years ago when he got out of prison on a technicality. The poor girl had been terrified to leave her house even while he was incarcerated.

“She’s doing really good, actually. She’s been going to college, and she decided to do it by staying on campus. She’s testing herself and so far, seems to be doing well. She’s only an hour away, so if she needs her parents or Adara they’re close. She still has sessions with her.”

“I’m so damn glad she’s doing better. I wish more people had someone like Adara.”

“Me too. Well, it looks like the troops have arrived,” he said as he looked down from the stairs we were standing on. I glanced down and saw a couple of officers and people in jackets that said *Crime Scene* on them. I wished Cuffs was here but he had his hands full with his new family.

I stood back and let Wrecker talk to the officers and explain what happened. I recognized both of them. One was Max Tucker. He was a lead investigator for the department. With him was Officer Shane Tipton. After Boss took over the department, he, Wrecker and Cuffs along with our clubs

had weeded out a lot of the people who worked there. They were corrupt as hell even if they didn't all work for the Fairchilds. Most were sent to prison for various crimes we were able to get evidence about thanks to Phantom and Preacher. The rest had left town under strict orders never to try this shit again. Somehow, Phantom had tags on them to notify him if they ever did.

Once I answered Tucker's questions about how we found it, he let the tech team start working. It was a tedious process and I had to remind myself more than once or twice to be patient. I was dying to get inside and see if anyone had been in there as well as get back to Piper. I couldn't resist sending her a text to see how she was doing. When she didn't answer, I sent it to Phalanx and Bullet. That got a response.

*Bullet: They're lying down. We took their phones so they'd rest. They're freaked out. Any news?*

*Me: Not yet. The techs are finishing up outside and then we'll be able to go inside. If she wakes up, tell her I'll be there soon. I want to get them some stuff from the apartment. There's no way they can stay here.*

*Phalanx: That's for damn sure. One of us will be there soon. We'll get Raine's stuff together. Love you, brother, but we don't want you handling our woman's panties and shit.*

That made me laugh. I sent back my reply to both of them.

*Me: Really? At least I won't get off doing it. You two will.*

*Bullet: True, but that's alright. Keep an eye on those cops. Don't let any of them touch her stuff either. You'd better watch them or they might handle Piper's panties too.*

The thought of any man touching her intimate clothing made me want to gnash my teeth.

*Me: Fuckers. Now I can't get that out of my head.*

Both of them sent me laughing emojis, the bastards. I must've been scowling because Wrecker came up to me. "What's wrong?" he asked.

I showed him the texts. He snorted, then chuckled. I flipped him off.

"Well, you gotta admit, they have a point. I have no idea how deviant these guys are. Okay, we're ready to go inside. I need you to stay back until we've had a chance to see if anyone was in there. As soon as it's clear, I'll let you inside. Stay here. Guys, keep him calm," he ordered our brothers.

They edged closer. I narrowed my eyes on them. "Don't forget who your VP is," I warned them.

"Oh, we haven't, but if you get too crazy, we'll have to call Sin to

settle you down after we tie your ass up. You don't want to contaminate the scene, do ya?" Rampage asked.

"And believe me, tying you up is easy. I have mad skills," Trident said with a smirk and a wink.

We all groaned. "Goddamn it, we don't need to know about your kink factor, Trident. No wonder Sin wants to kill you every damn day," Omen muttered.

"You're all jealous you don't have my skills. One day, if you work hard enough, you too can satisfy your women like I do mine," was Trident's snappy reply. We all groaned and decided to shut up while we were ahead. Truly, if Sin didn't kill him one day, it would be a miracle.

About fifteen minutes later Bullet came ambling up. It was another five minutes or so before Wrecker came back out. He waved me over. Of course the other five were on my heels.

"It doesn't appear as if anyone has been inside. I'm having the tech guys dust for prints. I assume it's safe to say you two will be gathering their stuff. I need you to put on these gloves. Only touch what you have to. Gather enough for several days. I'm suggesting they stay at the compound. I know we'll have church later to discuss this more. For now, get their essentials then get your asses back to them. I'll be there soon to fill everyone in on this."

Both Bullet and I slapped Wrecker on the shoulder before following him inside. It didn't take long for us to gather their stuff. It felt a little weird to be touching Piper's underclothing. Seeing her sexy bras and panties made me hard and I imagined what she would look like in them. It took imagining stripping down and cleaning my guns to get my thoughts to settle. As soon as we had what we thought they'd need we informed Wrecker we'd see him back at the compound. The ride back all I could think about was her. No matter what, I'd make sure she was protected from whoever this sicko was. Just as I knew Phalanx and Bullet would do the same for Raine.



## Piper: Chapter 12

I woke up to the murmur of male voices. It took me a couple of seconds to clear my head and recall where I was. As I did, the memories came flooding back. I shuddered. A sigh had me looking next to me on the bed. Raine was still curled up next to me dead to the world. Her face was creased with worry even in her sleep. I gently pushed her hair back from her face.

She was curled up in the fetal position. She had been sleeping like this since she was a baby. I remembered distinctly how thrilled I was when Mom and Dad brought her home from the hospital. I was so happy to have a baby sister. Our parents and brothers didn't seem to care one way or the other. Sure, she was a surprise but a welcome one, at least for me. I fell instantly in love with her. Which was a good thing considering I ended up being the one who got up and took care of her most of the time. Mom couldn't seem to be bothered with her. If left to her to take care of my sister, Raine would cry forever before someone grudgingly would get up to feed, change or comfort her. And it wasn't like she was a fussy baby. She would rarely cry unless she was hurting, hungry or needed a diaper change, so at eight-and-a-half I became her mom.

I guess it shouldn't have come as a surprise to any of them that she ended up taking after me when she got older. It had almost killed me to move away and leave her alone, but I couldn't stand to stay near the rest of them. She'd understood and we'd stayed in contact through calls and video chats several times a week. Fast forward three years, and when she turned eighteen, and informed them she wanted to move to live near me, cue the drama. However, no matter what they said or did, she stuck to her guns even if she lied to them and told them she changed her mind and made the move in secret. It wasn't like she needed to bring more than her car and her personal belongings.

I knew if they'd been the ones who had bought her car, they'd have taken it away, but their obsession with making us earn things had backfired. She'd been working since she was thirteen as a babysitter then at real jobs. She saved all her cash so she could buy her own used car when she was old enough. The insurance they'd paid until she left. She knew they'd stop it, so she had a policy in place before they could leave her high and dry. It along

with her cell phone bill which she had been paying as well.

Shaking away those memories, I eased out of the bed and went in search of the bathroom. We were in Bullet's trailer which had two bedrooms and one bathroom. The bathroom was in the hallway. As I went out in it, I heard the voices get louder. I wanted to know what they were talking about, but first I needed to pee. Hurrying into the bathroom, I closed the door and took care of business. When I was done. I washed my hands and looked in the mirror.

Wow, my hair was a mess and my clothes were wrinkled. I scrunched up my nose. What I wouldn't give for a shower and clean clothes. In lieu of those, I settled for patting down my hair as much as I could. I caught sight of what looked like Raine's personal stuff on the sink. I grabbed a hair tie and gathered my hair in a messy bun on top of my head. I splashed cold water on my face then put toothpaste on my finger and brushed my teeth with it. It was better than nothing.

Feeling a tad refreshed, I opened the door and came face-to-face with Saint. Before I could ask him what happened at the apartment, he had me pinned against the hall wall and his mouth was devouring mine. I moaned as I gave into him. God, the man could kiss. His hands held me tight against his body. I gasped as he thrust a leg between mine and rubbed it against my core. I could feel my panties growing damp with need. One hand held my head still while the other was caressing my stomach then my breasts. I clutched him against me.

We kissed for a long time I think before he lifted away from my mouth. I was breathing hard, just like he was. His face was flushed. "Hello baby, how're you feeling?" he whispered rather hoarsely.

"Better now. Wow, that was some kiss. I almost think you missed me," I teased.

"Oh believe me, I fucking missed you terribly. You're lucky you were curled up with your sister when I got here or you would have woken up to me. As much as I'd like to think I would've behaved, I'm pretty sure I couldn't do it. Raine still asleep?"

I nodded. "Yeah, she was. I heard voices. Who's all out there? What did you guys find out after we left? Did he get inside the apartment?"

"Shh, come with me and we'll answer what we can. We've been waiting for you two to wake up. Come on." He took my hand and led me down the hall into the living room. I looked around at the group there. I

expected Bullet to be here and Phalanx. What I didn't expect was the others. The small trailer seemed to be almost bursting at the seams. In addition to them and Saint I saw Sin, Executioner, Talon, Phantom, and Rampage. It didn't take long for it to register that all the club's officers were here. That couldn't be a coincidence. I turned to Saint.

"What's wrong? Why're all the officers here?"

"Piper, nothing is wrong or at least not beyond the obvious. Sit here. What can we get you to drink?" Saint asked as he sat down in the easy chair in the living room. He tugged me down on his lap. All eyes were on me which made me want to squirm.

"Water would be nice," I told him. It was Phalanx who went to the fridge to get it. At least in the trailers, the kitchen, nook and living room were all open to each other. The rest of the guys were sitting at the kitchen chairs or on the couch.

Saint's hands ran soothingly up and down my outer thighs. No one said anything until after Phalanx handed me a bottle of water. "Thank you," I told him. Saint reached around me to twist off the cap for me. I took a sip. My throat felt bone dry. Nerves made my stomach flip and flop. Once I was done, I got the ball rolling.

"So, who wants to tell me what you found and why all of you are here?"

"Well, they're all here so we could discuss what happened and what was found, which isn't much. They knew that the three of us wouldn't want to leave you and Raine alone. We didn't want you to wake up alone in here. Wrecker, do you wanna tell her?" Saint asked as he hugged me back against his chest. He took my water and sat it down on the side table next to us where I could easily reach it.

"Sure. Honestly, we don't know much. I wish I had better news, Piper. I had my team come out and dust for prints, take photos and gather the flowers, note and knife. All indications are that whoever did it never went inside the apartment, although we did dust for prints to make sure. We'll need your prints and Raine's for comparison. We have Saint's, Bullet's and Phalanx's on file. We'll run any others we find against our databases, but they'll only flag if they happen to be in IAFIS, the Integrated Automated Fingerprint Identification System and NCIC, the National Crime Information Center, to name a few."

"How long will it take to find out if there are other prints and to run

them? Why are Saint, Bullet and Phalanx's on file? Was that blood on the knife? What happens now?"

"The prints once isolated, can take a day or more since we're looking at a huge number of them in those systems. We have theirs since they were in the military. Everyone who served had their fingerprints and DNA taken and saved. Yes, it was blood on the knife. However, I asked the techs to run it first and it's animal blood, not human. As for what happens now, it depends on what we find. If we luck out and get a hit, we'll go question the person identified. If not, then we'll have to figure out our next move. I need to ask you and Raine some questions. Are you able to do that right now?" I could see the concern on his face.

I nodded. "Yes, I can."

"So can I," came the soft reply from the hallway. I whipped my head around to stare at my sister. She looked hesitant. Instantly, Bullet and Phalanx went over to her. As they got her settled with a drink and on the couch between them, I checked her over. She appeared to be groggy and nervous. I wish I could protect her from this, but I knew I couldn't. After they got her comfortable, Wrecker continued.

"Hi Raine, sorry to do this but we need to ask these questions. If either of you need to take a break, just tell me. Did you hear what I told your sister?"

"Yeah, I was listening. Go ahead. I don't know how I can help but if I can, I will. I want whoever did this caught," she told him as she shivered. Bullet kissed her temple while Phalanx rubbed a hand up and down her thigh.

"I'll make it as quick and painless as possible. First, for elimination purposes, we need the names of anyone else who has been in your apartment the past three months. That includes friends or anyone you went out with or brought home." he gave the guys a hesitant look as he said it.

"Well, that's a short list. First of all, we don't bring men home, nor do we let them pick us up for dates when we do go on a rare one. Other than these three and us, the only person who has been in the apartment is Lucas. You know him, oh and the landlord. He had to do a repair a little over a month ago on our sink in the kitchen," I told him.

"I wasn't implying anything, Piper. What's your landlord's name? What about friends or neighbors?" he asked as he jotted down the information.

As Raine told them our landlord's name, I was busy racking my brain

to think if anyone else had been in our apartment. It was sad to say, but we didn't really have any friends here. My clients were the ones I was close to along with Lucas. Raine was the same. We tended not to trust people. When she was done telling him the name, I answered him.

"Wrecker, I can't think of anyone else. We don't invite our neighbors inside because we don't know any of them well enough to do that. If we talk, it's outside in the courtyard, on the stoop or in the parking lot. Sometimes we run into them around town and talk there. Raine, can you think of anyone?"

"No, I can't. Piper is right. We tend to be very private."

"What about family members? Do any of them live here or visit?"

We exchanged looks before shaking our heads no. I'd shared with Saint what our family was like but I didn't know if Raine had told her guys or if they told the rest of the club. Wrecker immediately homed in on our look. "What does that look mean?"

"Nothing to do with this. We have no family here. They all live back in Chicago and they don't visit. We're the black sheep and disappointments in the family. Neither of us lived up to their expectation of being professional Stepford wives. I left there four years ago to start a life away from all their negativity and pressure. Raine moved here a year ago to do the same. Believe me, it wasn't any of them. Veiled threats aren't their style and besides, they'd have no idea about us being around bikers," I explained.

"You can't choose your blood family. Thankfully, you can choose your heart family. Okay, I know about Jeb at the bar. Have either of you had any guys you've gone out give you weird vibes or say anything that made you wonder about them? Even the tiniest amount counts. Who have you gone out with in the past two months?" was his next set of questions.

It was kinda embarrassing to be talking about this not only in front of the men we liked but their brothers. I knew it would make us look pathetic when they heard what we had to say. *God, how in the hell did Saint, Phalanx or Bullet ever notice us?*

Raine answered first. "No, I haven't been on a date with anyone in the last four months. Before that, no one gave me a weird vibe. Honestly, there's only been a couple of guys I said yes to, and they never went past one or two dates. I've been busy working, settling here and going to school."

I thought her two men would be happy to hear that but the looks on their faces said otherwise.

"We want their names," Phalanx growled out. Bullet was nodding his

head.

“Why? They don’t mean anything and I highly doubt they’ve decided after all these months to get possessive.”

“Because we want to know who to hurt if they ever think about getting in contact with you again,” Bullet told her.

“And do I get the names of every woman you two have been with or who showed interest in you in the last four months, so I can do the same?” she asked sweetly. Their startled, then uneasy looks, made me grin. She raised her brow. “Well, what’s wrong? Too many to count or don’t you remember all their names? Tit for tat, guys. I’ll tell you if you tell me.” When they didn’t answer, she looked at me.

“I went out on a few dates and the last was a couple of weeks ago. That was the only other one besides Jeb and I doubt he’ll ever call me again,” I gave Saint a frown as I said it. He had the nerve to look pleased. Rolling my eyes, I continued. “There was Jeb, the bouncer at The Hangout. He got a bit possessive after one date but you know about him. Since the run in at the bar, I haven’t seen or heard a peep out of him. I doubt he’d wait this long to make a threat. Other than those two the only other guy I’ve been out with was six months ago. We went out for a month.”

I felt Saint stiffen underneath me. His hand on my arm tightened. Not enough to hurt, but enough to get my attention. I looked back at him. He was staring at me. Wrecker was the one to say something.

“I need that man’s full name from two weeks ago. Saint mentioned he’s a doctor. Also, to be safe, I would like to check out the guy from six months ago.”

“The doctor is Ian Barker. He’s a pediatrician. As for the guy from six months ago, I’ll jot it down for you.”

“I want you to check out the guy she was involved with after she came here. They were involved,” Saint said gruffly.

I gasped. “That was over three years ago! There’s no way he’s the one.”

“You don’t know that. Maybe he’s still hung up on you and it’s finally bubbled over.”

“What man would do that after three years?”

“Any man who had you and let you go would, Sparky. He was a fool and he might’ve realized it. Seeing you with another man might have pushed him over the edge,” he told me before he dragged my mouth to his and he

kissed me. I vaguely heard snickers but I was too consumed by how he was making me feel to care. He kissed me until I was mindless then he let go. He had a smirk on his face.

I smacked his chest and sat away from him. “Behave. Wrecker, if I give you the names, will you keep it confidential? I don’t need this caveman going off on anyone.”

He laughed. “Piper, I’ll try, but you have to know that it’s brothers before others. Okay, before this gets any more far gone, anything or anyone else you feel might have an ax to grind with either of you?”

We both shook our heads no. “Okay, well it should be no surprise that until we figure this out, you can’t go back to your place, not that I see my brothers allowing it. They grabbed some of your things. If you need to get more, just let me know before you enter again. I’ll let you know when the scene is released.”

“We can get a hotel room in town. Surely no one would try something there. We don’t want to intrude,” I stated.

This set off Bullet, Saint and Phalanx. They all growled. Suddenly, the others were heading for the front door. “Where are you going? Are we done?”

Sin chuckled. “Honey, if you think we’re staying after you just threw down that gauntlet, you’re nuts. It looks like our brothers have some explaining to do with you two. Damn, you’re gonna be a handful, aren’t you? Good luck. If you need help, just holler,” he said to the three staying behind. The others all waved and grinned as they left, including Wrecker. Silence descended as the door closed behind them. I gulped before slowly turning my head to look over my shoulder at Saint. I could see the other two staring hard at Raine.

His eyes were narrowed and I could see his nostrils flaring. “What?” I asked.

Next thing I knew I was airborne as he shot to his feet with me in his arms. I was embarrassed at the squeak of alarm that I let out. He held me tight against him as his long legs ate up the short distance to the door. As he passed my sister and her guys, he told them brusquely. “We’ll see you later. We need to talk.” He swung the door open and walked out.

I tried to get loose. “Wait, you can’t just cart me off! I’m not leaving my sister alone with them!”

He kept going, walking around this row of trailers to the other row.

“Babe, they won’t hurt her. They’d cut off their own arms before they did that. They need to talk and we need to do the same. You seem to be under a huge misconception, even after all we’ve talked about and done.”

I knew physically I couldn’t get away so I let him carry me. Once he sat me down, maybe I’d get him to see that he was overreacting. I didn’t see why he was upset. He held me up with one arm as he opened his trailer door. Damn. I hated being so tiny. He closed it but he didn’t take me to the couch or chair in the living room like I expected. He bypassed them and carried me straight to his bedroom. My heart began to pound. The last time we’d been in here we’d almost taken things too far. My nipples tightened and my pussy grew slick just remembering it. He laid me down on the bed. I went to sit up then stopped when he gave me a stern look.

“Stay,” he uttered. Usually I would’ve told a guy to go fuck himself for bossing me around but there was something about him that made me want to do what he said, within reason. I watched as he took off his cut and removed his boots and socks. When they were off, he lay down beside me. His hand found the back of my neck and he drew me closer.

“Now, let’s talk about your comment about staying in a fucking hotel. There’s no goddamn way we’d allow it even if you and Raine weren’t ours. However, since you are, we’re definitely not doing it. You’ll stay here with me and she can stay with Bullet and Phalanx. They’ll figure out which place to stay in. We got you both enough stuff to hold you for at least a week. Your things are in here and my bathroom. Questions?”

“Yeah, I have questions. Did you ever once think this might be something you needed to talk to me about? Have I given you the idea that I’m a brainless twit who will let a man tell her what to do? I don’t need a daddy, Saint. What gives you the right to do this?”

“Baby, I’m sorry, I don’t mean to make it seem like I’m trying to boss you or treat you as brainless. I know you’re far from that. I assumed you’d see that the best option to ensure you and Raine are protected is to be here behind this fence. Even if I wanted to, I can’t let you stay outside the compound, not unless I stay with you. And I know Phalanx and Bullet will insist on the same with your sister. When a man finds the woman he wants as his, he protects her. I can’t stand to be away from you anymore as it is. If we hadn’t been interrupted yesterday, we would’ve taken this relationship all the way. You’re mine. I need and want you here in my bed. Fuck, I’m messing this up and I know it. You’re already my world and I can’t take a chance on



you getting hurt or taken from me. I can't," he groaned.

As he explained, all my angst seemed to melt away, and I became filled with warmth. The way he was watching me was full of desire. My physical response from earlier grew to overwhelming proportions. As he finished talking, I did the only thing I could. I launched myself at him then I slithered on top of him. His expression turned surprised then more heated as I ground myself down on his hard cock. I could feel it through his jeans and mine. Nipping his bottom lip with my teeth, I slid my hands underneath his tight shirt to trace his muscles and flick his taut nipples.

Groaning like he was in pain, he grasped both of my ass cheeks and squeezed as he thrust his hips into me. I moaned. From there, it became a frantic race to get each other's clothes off while kissing and touching. He lifted up so I could tear off his shirt after he removed mine and my bra. His breathing picked up as he kneaded my heaving breasts.

I became more out of control as I tried to tear open the snap on his jeans. He grabbed my hands and prevented me from undoing his pants. I growled in frustration. "Are you sure? If we take off the rest of our clothes, I don't think I can stop, Piper. I'll have to be inside of you. If you're not sure, we need to stop." I heard the pain in his voice. He was hurting.

I tugged my hand free and went back to his snap. I undid it, then slowly lowered his zipper as I stared into his eyes. I made sure to be careful. I licked my dry lips. "I'm sure, Connor. I need you. Please, I need you inside of me," I whispered in agony. My body was going up in flames. I'd never had this kind of response to anyone.

He let out a gruff roar then I found myself flat on my back with him hovering over me. His hands wildly ripped my buttons on my jeans out of their holes then he was tugging them down over my hips then my legs. As he did, I realized he was taking my panties with it. When he got to my ankles, he paused only long enough to remove my shoes and socks before taking the bottoms all the way off. In record time. I was naked.

A wave of insecurity washed over me. I crossed an arm over my breasts, and a hand over my pussy. What if I wasn't what he thought I'd be? I didn't have huge breasts like a lot of women. I had curves but not abundant ones. Did he prefer his women bare down there or with cool designer trim jobs? Mine was neatly trimmed but that was it. I'd always wondered about shaving or waxing it off but had never gotten the nerve to do it.

Gently, he took a hold of my hands and moved them away. He

devoured my body with his eyes. When he glanced back up at mine, I saw his pupils were dilated and he was panting. “Don’t ever cover this perfection up, baby. God, do you know how beautiful, sexy and perfect you are? I could look at you all day and never get bored.”

“I’m not perfect. My breasts are small and I’m short,” I protested.

“You are perfect and you’re a pocket Venus. You have more than enough breasts to fondle and love on. Your damn nipples are so responsive,” he muttered as he ran his thumb over one then the other. I moaned as they stiffened into even harder peaks.

“Look, and they fit my mouth beautifully,” he said before sucking one into his mouth. I got lost in the sensations swamping me as he made love to my breasts. In no time at all, he had me crying out and coming. Wetness flooded my thighs. I threw back my head and screamed as pleasure filled me. I’d never gotten off from nipple play alone before.

I cried out as he lifted his head and swiftly scooted down until he was face-to-face with my pussy. I gasped as he pushed my legs apart then lay between them on his belly. His fingers spread my lower lips apart. I squirmed. He was intently examining me. He inhaled deeply. “Jesus Christ, you smell so goddamn good. I can’t wait,” he uttered.

“Wait for...aah,” I yelled as he swept his tongue from my entrance to my clit where he paused and sucked hard. He lashed the nub with his tongue. Instantly I came again. Growling, he laved my folds over and over. I barely began to regain my senses after my orgasm when he sucked harder on my clit and thrust a finger inside of me. I bucked my hips off the mattress. He lifted his mouth away for a few seconds.

“That’s it. Come for me. Fill my mouth with your cream, babe. Give me all that sweet honey. I’ve never tasted anything like you. You’re my favorite dessert now.” As he finished uttering that he went back to driving me insane. His lips, tongue and teeth along with his fingers drove me up and over the edge. Only he didn’t stop after doing it again. Rather, he kept going, pushing me toward another one.

“Oh God, Connor, I can’t stand it, please, stop,” I pleaded.

He growled into my folds and shook his head in denial which tipped me over. As I screamed again, I gasped as I felt his finger circle my asshole. He didn’t push inside but the teasing of the outer part made me shake harder.

I’d never had a guy do anything anal before. If I was honest, the thought of it felt naughty as hell. I’d be lying if I didn’t admit to myself that

I'd always been curious about it. I'd read, listened to women talk and watched enough porn to know that some women seemed to love it even enough to allow a guy to put his cock there. Would Saint want to do that? Would I allow him?

"Can I? Have you ever had anything in your ass, baby? Do you want it?" he asked in a raspy voice. I glanced down to see him gazing up at me. He was still teasing me with his tongue and circling my back hole.

I thought for several seconds before I took a deep breath and answered him. "No, I haven't had anyone do anything back there. And yes, I'd like to see what it's like. I'm not sure if I'll like it or not. Do you?"

He groaned and sucked harder before he answered me. "I'll go slow. Tell me if you want me to stop, otherwise I'm fucking your ass with my fingers. And if you enjoy that, I promise to show you more. Goddamn, the thought of giving you pleasure that way makes me so fucking hard. I'm dripping. If you ever give me the green light, I'll not only fuck your ass with my fingers but my tongue, toys, and my cock too."

My whole body shook as I skated along the edge of another orgasm. Shakily, I asked what I wanted to know. "And what about your ass? Have you ever had a woman touch you there?"

"No, but the thought of you doing it is so goddamn hot," he said shakily as he eased a wet finger slowly inside my virgin ass. It burned, I won't lie, but combined with his fingers inside my pussy and his mouth on my folds and clit, it sent me careening out of control. I screamed over and over as I came, flooding the bed with my release. I couldn't breathe. I'd never come this hard or long in my life.

He kept at me until I couldn't come any more and became boneless. Once I did, he eased his fingers out of me and got up. I gave him a dazed look. He stood there with a feral look on his face as he yanked down his jeans. As he bent down to remove them, I sucked in a breath. His cock was bobbing in the air. I reached toward him. He kicked off his jeans then fisted the base stepping closer to the edge of the bed. He let go so I could wrap my hand around him.

His cock was so thick, I couldn't get my hand all the way around him. It was long and dark red, dripping precum from the slit. I slid my thumb over the tip, causing him to moan. I pumped up and down several times before I had to give in and taste him. I let go and raised my hand to my lips so I could swipe the cum from my thumb. I moaned at his taste. I grabbed him again.

“Come here. I need to taste you,” I whispered.

He shook his head. “Not this time, I won’t last if you do.”

“If you won’t give me that then I need you to fuck me. Hurry,” I uttered desperately. I was so crazy that I barely knew what I was saying. All I knew was if he didn’t get inside me in the next few seconds that I’d go insane.

Snarling, he pinned me to the bed, shoving my hips further apart with his knees. “Are you on birth control?” he growled.

“Yes,” I said. I barely got my answer out before he groaned then began to thrust inside of me. As he parted my inner folds I moaned. He was so big and was stretching me to the max. It stung a bit but it was nothing compared to the absolute bliss filling my body. As I panted and wrapped my legs around his waist to help him ease inside, he moaned.

“I’m not fucking you, Piper. This is me making love to you. Sonofabitch! You’re so damn tight and wet. You’re strangling my cock, baby. Fuck, I’m not gonna last, Jesus,” he practically shouted as he bottomed out. He paused taking a couple of deep breaths then he pulled back then let loose.

I couldn’t think as he pounded in and out of me like a man possessed. He thrust over and over as he kissed me and teased my nipples with his hands. I came unglued and shouted as I came. I clamped down on him. He shouted my name then by some miracle, he picked up the pace. He was now holding my hips and hammering in and out of my quivering pussy. His frenzied movements rolled me into another orgasm. As he rammed his cock deeper and faster I saw stars. I got lost in the waves of ecstasy flowing through me as I came and came.

Suddenly, he pulled out of me. I opened my mouth to object, but stopped when he flipped me on my belly and yanked me to my knees. He thrust back inside of me going even deeper. I went wild, slamming myself back on his glorious cock. His fingers were biting into my hips but I didn’t care. I’d never had a man take me like this or make me feel this kind of pleasure.

I gasped as he pulled my head back by the hair. I glanced over my shoulder. “Come for me, now,” he snarled. I sobbed as I did.

He bit down on my shoulder, then lifted his head and grunted over and over as he came. I could feel his warm cum filling me up. He didn’t stop thrusting until he stopped jerking and filling me with his cum. When he did, I

collapsed on the bed. He somehow stayed inside me as he collapsed too then rolled on his side, taking me with him. I was panting so hard I could barely move. *Oh my God, the man was a sexual god.*

## Saint: Chapter 13

I now knew it was possible to have an out-of-body experience during love making and to see heaven. As I lay panting beside Piper, I tried to gather my scattered thoughts. Jesus, she had almost killed me. If what I heard my married brothers say was true, that it got better the longer they were with their women then there was no doubt I'd die soon.

In all my times with women, never once had I been this turned on, or this hard. It was like I went crazy with her. All I could think about was making her come over and over as I marked her in every way possible as mine. I wanted every swinging dick out there to know she was mine and if they even thought of touching her, I'd beat them to within an inch of their lives. If they actually did touch her, they had better be prepared to lose their hands and most likely their lives. If I had any doubts she was meant to be mine before this, those doubts would've been eliminated after one time with her.

Glancing over at her, I saw she had her eyes closed and was breathing hard. I tugged her closer making sure I stayed inside her. I knew I'd slip out soon since my cock was softening, but I wanted to maintain contact for as long as I could. As I did, I saw the spot I'd bitten on her shoulder. I hadn't broken the skin thankfully, but it was red and likely to bruise. I placed a tender kiss on it then lapped at it with my tongue. I'd never bitten a woman before.

"Baby, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. I don't know what came over me. I've never bitten someone before," I told her as I placed another kiss on it feeling terrible.

She made a humming sound, and what looked like a tiny smile graced her lips as she opened her eyes. Her gaze was dazed-looking which made me want to beat my chest with pride. "That's alright, Connor. You surprised me but it didn't really hurt. Honestly, it made me hotter. God, I've never experienced anything even close to that. I see why the women are crazy to be with a biker."

I let out a growl as I squeezed her. "That had nothing to do with me being a biker, Sparky. Don't you dare think you can have this with anyone else. This was all us. We're magic together. I've never had anything close to this with anyone else. Remember what I said. I wasn't fucking you, I was

making love to you. After this, you can't doubt we're meant to be together. You're mine and I'm yours. End of story. Don't go looking for someone else to give you this," I made sure my voice was full of warning.

If she slept with one of my brothers, I'd have to tie her ass up and torture her with sex until she knew I was the only man for her. As for my brother who touched her, well he wouldn't walk away. If any of them thought she was available, they'd learn the error of their ways right before I killed them. Just the thought of any man being inside of her before or after me made my whole body vibrate with anger. I knew she hadn't slept with many men, but I still wanted to track them down and wipe them out. I never thought of myself as being a possessive barbarian, but I was.

She wiggled to face me more which made me slip free of her. Instantly, I missed her. I had to settle for wedging my wet, limp cock against her hip. "Connor, that came out wrong. I'm not a bit tempted to experiment to see if anyone else in your club or any other club can make me feel like this. Although, I can tell you it makes me very, very happy to hear you never experienced that or even close to it with anyone else."

I captured her mouth and kissed her deeply for a minute or two before I let go. "Good. Now, I think we should get cleaned up so we can get ready for round two. Something tells me it won't be long until we're losing control again."

She smiled as she let out a tiny giggle. I grinned at her as I got up off the bed. She moaned and shook her head. Seeing her lying there, I had to scoop her up and carry her over my shoulder into the bathroom. She let out a shriek and smacked my back. "Connor, put me down! You don't need to be carrying me around."

I held onto her until I had the shower turned on to heat up then I lowered her to her feet. "Babe, surely you don't think you're too much for me to carry?" She gave me a hesitant look. "Damn, you barely weigh a hundred pounds. I lift more than twice that in the gym all the time. I could carry you around all day and not get tired. Are you sure there are no fairies in your family?"

She smacked my arm as she shook her head. "No silly, there's not. I'll have you know I weigh more than a hundred pounds and I'm not that short. I'm five foot three."

"You are to me. I'm six foot five and weigh two hundred and thirty pounds. Shit, my pack and the equipment I humped around when I was in the

Army weighed more than you. I had to hike for hours with that hanging on me and across all kinds of terrain,” I told her as I took her hand, and led her into the shower with me. She sighed as the hot water hit her.

As many women as I’d been with, I’d never taken a shower or bath with one nor had I let one stay the night with me. With Piper, I was eager to bathe her and then hold her all night. After wetting her hair, she reached for her shampoo which I’d put in the shower earlier when I unpacked her stuff in my bedroom and bathroom. I took it away and poured some in my hand. Turning her toward me, I began to lather her hair. She moaned as I did and bent her head forward. As I washed, then conditioned her hair, I tried not to get hard but it was impossible. She was naked, wet and making the sexiest sounds. Giving up the battle, I let my cock harden back into a steel pole.

If I was honest, I was amazed she’d been able to take all of me. I wasn’t exactly small at eight inches. Most women hadn’t been able to do it and several had complained I was too big. Add to it the fact I was thick and that made it worse. My hands were now wandering all over her body washing her with the body gel she had. I couldn’t help but knead her breasts then slip my hands down to soap her pussy.

I was so into doing that, it surprised me when her hand latched onto my cock. I groaned. “Babe, what’re you doing?”

“I think it’s obvious what I’m doing. You prevented me from doing this in bed, so I’m getting my turn,” she told me right before she turned to face me and lowered into a crouch. She shook my world as she sucked on the head of my cock before slowly beginning to suck me inside of her mouth.

A groan of pure ecstasy was torn from me. Automatically my hand went to the back of her head and buried itself in her hair. I had enough sense not to shove her down on me. The urge was there. I wanted to see how much of me she could take and to have her gag on my cock. The image of her deep throating me and letting me fuck her mouth flashed through my mind. I swear I swelled more.

Her tongue was lashing the hell out of my cock and I loved it. Abruptly, she lifted off me. I gave her a worried look. Wasn’t she enjoying it or was I pushing too deep? “What’s wrong?”

“You’re holding back. I can feel it. Don’t. I want you to show me what you like. I want to please you.”

“Just the fact you’re here with me and even willing to do that pleases me. I don’t want you to do anything you don’t like.”



“What I’d like is for you to grab my hair and show me how deep and hard you like your cock sucked. Do you like teeth? Do you like to have your balls sucked or not? Because personally, I’d love for you to fuck my mouth and to see how deep that amazing cock of yours can go. Make me choke on it.” Hearing her say that made my cock jerk and my body tighten. She gave me a smile. “I see that turns you on.” She was pumping up and down my length as she talked. “So Connor, why don’t you fuck my mouth and come down my throat? I want to taste your cum as I see how much of you I can take. Feed me that monster cock.”

“Are you sure?” I hissed through clenched teeth. Her words and the images they created had me on the brink of snapping and doing it.

Her answer was to suck me back in her mouth and press down on me as her hand landed on mine at the back of her head and she pressed it, which shoved my cock deeper to the back of her throat. Praying she wouldn’t regret this, I pulled back then thrust, driving myself deeper. When she hummed in pleasure, I snapped.

Within seconds I was fucking her mouth with only slightly less than total abandon. I still had to make sure I wasn’t hurting her. Each time I thrust in, I went deeper. The feel of her throat closing around my cock and squeezing me along with her humming and the way she was using her tongue and teeth as well as her hand on my balls had me close to coming in a matter of minutes.

Watching her deep throat me made the words tumble out too. “That’s it, suck it. Take it deep. I want you to gag and choke on my cock. Come on, swallow. I’m gonna fill that mouth so full of cum baby and I want you to swallow every drop. Show your man how much you love his big fat cock in your mouth,” I ordered.

She was making my eyes roll into the back of my head but what made me go even more crazy was watching her slip her hands between her legs and finger fuck herself as she moaned and sucked on me harder after I said it. My hips snapped forward, driving my cock even deeper down her throat. I knew she couldn’t breathe, but she didn’t pull back or struggle. She swallowed even as she gagged. I gripped her throat so I could feel it. The sensation of my cock buried in her throat and feeling it under my hand tipped me over.

I shouted as I let go and flooded her mouth with my load. I jerked and squirted over and over as she eagerly swallowed. I barely had enough sense to pull back long enough to let her breath before pushing back in to finish.

The whole time I came she kept lashing me with her tongue, playing with my balls and sucking as she swallowed.

As the last bit came hurtling out of me, she stiffened and shook as she screamed around my cock. Watching her come was amazing. Despite my shaking legs, I tore my cock free and jerked her to her feet. She gave me a dazed look. Growling, I dropped to my knees and lifted her up until her legs were over my shoulders, tipping her back to lean against the wall to support her. This opened her up and I attacked her pussy with my mouth.

She was so damn wet and it wasn't from the water. I growled and grunted as I ate her pussy like a mad man. It drove her into another orgasm quickly. I kept going. I lost track of how many times she came before she completely collapsed. Luckily, I had a hold of her so she didn't fall to the floor of the shower. Reluctantly, I eased away from her. She was leaning against the shower wall raggedly breathing.

Slowly, I stood while keeping a hand on her. She opened her eyes and gazed at me stunned. I kissed her and she didn't draw away from her taste or scent on my mouth or goatee. Our tongues explored each other until I drew back. The water had grown cold. Rapidly, I washed her pussy gently even though she kept jumping, then I washed my face and turned it off. I dried her body then her hair before drying myself. As soon as I was done, I carried her back to bed and curled up in the bed with her. She yawned.

“Sleep Sparky. You're gonna need it.”

Her moan made me smile. It wasn't a protest. I knew it wouldn't be long before I'd have to be inside of her again. She'd released the beast inside of me. I had a feeling it would take me years to get enough of her, if then.

† † † † † †

The pounding sound slowly became more than just a vague noise in the back of my mind. I surfaced slowly until I finally opened my eyes. The room was dark. I fumbled until I found the light on the nightstand and snapped it on. Looking around, I oriented myself. Piper was next to me sleeping soundly. As I looked at her, the intense day we'd had came back to me. We napped and woke up to have sex over and over throughout the day until we'd ended up dropping in exhaustion.

As the sound came again, I realized it was coming from my front door. Easing out of bed, I threw on a pair of shorts and grabbed my phone. Walking to the door, I glanced at it to see I had several missed texts. Most seemed to be from Phalanx and Bullet. My heart began to pound. Has

something happened to Raine? I must've been really out to miss hearing my phone go off. That hadn't happened before. I didn't bother to read them. I rushed to unlock and yank my door open, guessing who was on the other side.

As it swung open, I took in the people on my small porch. There stood Bullet, Raine and Phalanx. The guys gave me amused looks while Raine appeared to be surprised. Suddenly, Bullet slapped his hand gently over her eyes.

"Put some goddamn clothes on," he said in a low growl.

Raine batted his hand down. "Hey, I need to see what my sister is getting. What if he's not adequate enough?" she said in a teasing tone. I noticed that she didn't look below my waist. Her eyes were trained on my chest.

I winked at her playfully. "I promise, I'm more than adequate for your sister, sweetheart. Are you finding these two disappointing?" I teased back as I stepped back and gestured for them to enter.

"Fuck you, asshole. We're more than adequate. At least we don't have to answer the door mostly naked to get a woman to look at us," Phalanx added as he shoved me backward playfully.

"Neither does Saint. I can promise you all that he's more than adequate. The man is a god," came the sleepy, husky reply behind me. I turned to find Piper standing there in my t-shirt. Even though it almost hung to her knees, I realized I didn't want anyone to see her like this. I growled as I rushed to her, blocking my brothers' views. Her sexy legs were bare and I could tell she didn't have a bra on under the shirt.

I gave her a kiss. As I raised my head, I murmured to her. "Sparky, let's go get dressed. I don't want anyone else looking at you like this and I hate to make my brothers jealous."

She laughed and called over her shoulder to our guests as she walked toward the bedroom. "We'll be right back. Make yourselves comfortable."

"There are drinks in the fridge. You know where it is," I told them without looking at them. I was too busy watching Piper's body. I felt myself start to get hard, and I had to lecture my cock to behave.

In our bedroom, I had to keep my back to her in order not to go full mast as I pulled on my jeans and a clean shirt. When I turned, I groaned at finding her pulling her jeans up over her ass. I couldn't help but walk over and grasp her cheeks, preventing her from pulling them all the way up.

“Can’t we send them away?” I whined.

She laughed as she wiggled free. “No we can't, they obviously need something. Let’s find out what and give it to them then you can get me naked again.”

I pretended to pout as she took my hand and led me back to the living room. I wiped that expression off my face before we got there and replaced it with one that said not to mess with me. It was my VP face. They were all seated on my couch with a drink in their hands. They had Raine in between them and each had a possessive hand on her thighs.

I bypassed them to go to the fridge and grabbed Piper and I sodas. When I got to my favorite chair, I pulled her down on my lap. She curled up without a protest. I opened her bottle and handed it to her. “So what was so urgent you were beating my door down?”

“I wouldn’t say it was urgent. It’s eight o’clock at night in case you haven’t noticed. We haven’t heard a peep out of either of you in hours. We thought we should check on you when you didn’t answer any of our texts. We’re ordering dinner and wanted to see if you wanted to join us,” Bullet told me with a smirk.

“Shit, I didn’t know it was that late. Baby, are you hungry?” I asked her with worry. I hadn’t even thought to feed her.

“I could eat. What are you ordering?” she asked them.

“We can do just about anything. Most places don’t directly deliver out here but we can send one of the prospects to get us something or we can use that ordering app that’ll pick up at a bunch of different places for a fee,” Phalanx said as he took his phone out of his cut.

“I’m pretty easy. I like just about anything,” Piper told them.

“What do you guys think of Middle Eastern food?” Raine asked hesitantly.

“We all had a lot of it when we were over there. I like it. What about you two?” I asked her men.

“Love it. There’s that great place in town, Arabian Spice. Have you eaten there?” Phalanx asked.

“Yeah, a few times. It’s really good,” Piper said. Raine was nodding her head.

In no time we had the menu up and perused the selections. After some debate, mainly us guys telling the women not to worry about ordering too much, we settled on several dishes we could all share. The order was sent in

and then a message was sent to Vicious to get it.

As we waited for him to bring it we talked about how Kinslee was doing. I felt a bit guilty for not going back today to see her and the twins, but I knew they had to be tired and there was no short supply of visitors. Both women were saying how cute the babies were. When Raine asked to use the bathroom and went to do it, I whispered in Piper's ear.

"How many do you want?"

"How many what?"

"Babies. I'm open to at least seven. If you want more, we'll have to talk about it. My luck they'd all be girls and that would kill me."

She gasped and her mouth dropped open. I grinned at her as I closed her mouth then kissed her. When I was done she sputtered out, "Did you get knocked in the head and didn't tell me?"

"No, I just wanted to see how many kids you want. Oh and how soon do you want to get started? I know you're on birth control, but just fair warning, that doesn't seem to work well around here. I figure we might have a month or two before you get knocked up, at the most."

"Connor, this isn't something we can talk about now! God, I can't believe you. Surely, you should be running for the hills at the thought of kids, not sitting here grinning your ass off. Aren't men terrified to have kids and want nothing to do with them?"

"Maybe the men you know but the ones I know, the ones in my club, we welcome them. I'm ready as soon as you are, but you're right, we should talk about this later." I kissed her on the tip of her nose then went back to talking to the guys.

I could feel her tension so I began to massage her back and arms. By the time Raine rejoined us she had relaxed some. When we heard the knock at the door, we all got up. The women went to the kitchen to get us more drinks. I went to hunt out the silverware and plates after I hollered for V to enter. He came in groaning.

"Man, I don't know what you ordered, but it smells delicious. You'll have to give me the names of this stuff so I can go back there and order some. I've never really had much of this kind of food but after smelling this, I plan to. I almost ate it on the way back," he said as he sat the bags on the table.

"Wait a couple of minutes and you can take some. We have plenty," I told him.

Bullet and Phalanx got busy taking out the containers and opening

them. It was loud and chaotic as we all talked and filled our plates. I gave Vicious a large plastic container with a lid for his food. He filled it up and thanked us profusely before leaving. The rest of us sat down and dug into our loaded plates. We ordered roasted tomatoes with garlic and thyme, pita bread with za'atar, cilantro lemon chicken, kofta kebabs, beef shawarma, tabouli salad and batata harra, a spicy potato dish. For dessert we got kataifi, which was similar to baklava. It was a dessert dumpling mixed with nuts, spices, and honey syrup.

Of course we guys ate way more than the ladies. They were done well before us. In fact, they watched us eat with looks of astonishment on their faces. "What?" I asked before I took another bite.

"How can you eat like that and not weigh a thousand pounds? I just smelled it and gained weight and felt my pants get tighter. Life sucks. I'll have to run extra miles all week just to lose what I gained tonight," Raine complained as she shared a pout with her sister.

"Pixie, you don't need to worry about losing shit. Even if you gain weight, we won't give a damn. That just gives us more to love," Bullet told her. She gave him a loving look while she rolled her eyes.

She patted his cheek. "I'm so lucky you're crazy and blind."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Every man I've ever known expects his woman to be thin as a model and just as beautiful. If you gain an ounce, they notice and point it out. They'll nag and run you down until you lose weight and it still isn't enough. Being expected to eat salads all the time sucks. A woman needs real food too."

I frowned as I glanced at Piper. She was nodding her head as if she agreed. "Is that true? Have the men you've known done that to you too?"

She hesitated then nodded. "Yes, they have. Our whole lives we had to listen to our dad tell us not to get fat or no man would want us. Our mom watched her diet every day so she stayed thin. Our brothers are the same way. Their poor wives even heard about it when they were pregnant."

Fury filled me at hearing this. What the fuck was wrong with people? I reached over and laid my hand on hers giving it a squeeze. "Well, that's never something you need to worry about with me. I don't want a pencil thin woman. I'm already afraid I might break you. Eat up, I need to make sure you won't break."

She burst out laughing. "Oh my God, you're warped. My dad and

brothers would lose their minds if they heard you guys. Now, our sisters-in-law and Mom would be so shocked they'd faint. Of course the fainting might also be due to hunger. I swear, I haven't seen them eat more than enough to keep a small child alive. Have you Raine?" she asked before taking another bite.

"No, not that I can recall. Family holiday dinners were always a big deal at home but I don't know why. The women did all the work but weren't allowed to enjoy the food. Remember the one guy who came over when I was twelve and he said something about why you were eating so much?" Raine asked with a giggle.

I watched as a grin spread across my woman's face. "I do. We'd only been going out a few weeks and it was the first time he'd been around Dad and our brothers. They looked all approving at him then pissed at me."

"Why were they pissed at you?" I asked.

"Because I stood up and told him to get the hell out and not to let the door hit him in the ass as he left. I'd eat whatever I wanted. Also, I told him he shouldn't be worrying about my weight until he looked at his ass in the mirror."

This set me and the guys to howling with laughter.

"Yeah, he practically ran out and had his hands over his ass as he did. Dad was furious and made you leave the table. I snuck you more food after he went to bed," Raine recalled.

"It was worth it. Suffice to say, any time after that, whenever he saw me, he turned and went in the opposite direction. Skinny little shit," Piper said.

Our conversations for the rest of the dinner and for a while afterward was full of laughter. I had a ball with everyone. This was what life should be like. I could get used to this.

## Piper: Chapter 14

After last night and our late dinner after a day of sleeping and lovemaking, suffice to say that Saint and I didn't get a chance to look at his house. It was still a couple of months from being finished, but he swore we'd explore tonight when we got back to the compound from work. If I thought he was about to allow me to go about my day as usual, I found out when I woke up this morning that I was mistaken. I was just finishing up my hair when he came into the bathroom and gave me the news.

*"Sparky, Dragon will be with you today."*

*"With me? What do you mean? Why would he be with me?"*

*"Because there's no way in hell you're running all over town doing your thing without protection. Don't worry, he won't interfere with your work. He'll be on his bike. Hell, if you need help, he'll lend a hand too. It sounds like some of your clients are a lot of work. Let him do the heavy lifting."*

*"Connor, you can't seriously expect the poor man to follow me all day. He'll be bored to death. I can handle my clients. Surely you don't think whoever did that at the apartment will be stupid enough to approach me or do something with witnesses around," I protested.*

*He stopped behind me and met my gaze in the mirror. I could tell by the set of his jaw and the look on his face he wasn't happy and he was gonna argue. I opened my mouth to say more, but he beat me to it.*

*"Like hell I'm not serious. That poor man is here to do whatever the club tells him to do. Believe me this is far from boring or the least desirable thing he's done. It gets him out of cleaning the bathrooms at the clubhouse. He's happy. Him, Ashes and Vicious fought over who got to go with you. He won the coin toss to be your escort. Since Raine works the mid-morning to early dinner crowd today, Ashes is her escort. He'll stay until Phalanx and Bullet get off work then they'll take over and bring her home."*

*"If she's at The Hangout, do you think someone would try anything?"*

*"Probably not, but we can't be too careful. They said they'd talk to Jeb to see if they can get a vibe off him as to whether or not he might be the one. Phantom and Tam are working on determining if they can find any security footage close by to your place that might've caught a glimpse of who did it."*



*“They can do that even though they’re not the cops?”*

*He smirked. “Babe, they can do shit the cops never imagined doing.”*

*“Well, I’m glad to hear it, but I still don’t think I need Dragon to go with me. If anyone tries to bother me, I’ll call the cops or take care of it myself.”*

*“No, you won’t. There’s no way I’m letting you confront someone on your own. You’ll keep him with you and if anything happens, you do what he says. If he says drive away or run, you do it.”*

*“But—” I was cut off by him jerking me to him and him taking my mouth. After he kissed me senseless, he gave me a commanding look. It hadn’t stopped me from trying to convince him Dragon wasn’t needed again but in the end I lost. When I left, Dragon was sitting on his bike in the parking lot beside my van. He grinned at me as I rolled my eyes. I knew Saint had told him what I said.*

It could’ve gone a lot worse. Even though I was miffed to have a babysitter, my clients loved having an escort. The ladies were gaga over the young, hot biker. They wanted to know who he was and why he was with me. I glossed over the why but they loved finding out I was dating a biker and they wanted to know all about him. It was just my luck that I had Mabel again.

“Oh my, he’s so sexy. And he’s not your guy? What’s his name again? I can’t wait to see your man.”

“That one is Dragon. I’m seeing Saint. He’s the VP of the club. When he’s not helping Sin, the president, do stuff he oversees their custom garage, Infidels’ Custom Motors. He’s worried someone might bother me and refuses to let me go anywhere alone until he’s sure. I tried to tell him I’d be fine, but he wouldn’t listen.”

“Honey, that’s the kind of man you want. One who’s protective, sexy, great in bed and possibly loves you to distraction. How’s the sex?”

“Mabel! What do you take me for, a tramp? No one said we’ve slept together,” I lied.

She made a pfft sound and waved her hand dismissively. “Please, if he looks anything like this one, how could you not? I’d be naked and climbing him like a monkey on the first date. Life is short, enjoy it. I guess Nora can stop trying to talk Lucas into switching teams. I bet he’d die if he saw these guys.”

“I’m glad she’s decided to leave that poor man alone. And for your

information, Lucas knows the club. Apparently he's close to someone they're related to."

"Oh my, well, I guess he spends all his spare time over there. Do you know if any of them are gay or bisexual? Maybe we can find Lucas a good man. Those tattoos are delicious," she said with a sigh as she looked out the window at Dragon. When he glanced over, she waved and blew him a kiss. He grinned at her and blew one back which sent her into raptures. God, I'd never hear the end of it. She'd want one of them to ride with us every time.

The other ladies I took out were almost as bad. By the time I dropped the last one off, I was exhausted. Sure, helping them was tiring but today it was the endless questions which exhausted me. I was ready for a nap when we headed toward the compound. We were almost to the town limits when I remembered Raine and I were expecting a package to be delivered today to the apartment.

We'd ordered some clothing online. I scrolled through my phone contacts until I found Dragon's number. Saint had programmed everyone's numbers into my phone last night. I pushed the button then waited to see if he picked up. I'd seen him talking a few times, so I knew he was able to take calls as he rode.

I watched as he pushed on the side of his helmet then his voice came over my speaker. "What's up, Piper? Whatcha need?"

"I'm fine. I just remembered that I need to swing by the apartment for a minute."

I saw him frown. "Why?"

"I forgot we're expecting a package to be delivered. We can't leave it outside. Things have been known to be stolen when people do that."

"I can swing by and get it after I get you back to the compound."

"Dragon, that's a waste of time and gas. You're with me, surely that's safe enough. It won't take but a couple of minutes. Come on," I cajoled him.

I heard his deep sigh. "Fine, but if Saint kills me, it's your fault. He doesn't want you around there. For all we know, whoever left that shit lives in your complex too."

"I know, but with you, I'll be safe. Follow me," I told him as I put on my blinker to turn around. He gave me a hand wave as he hung up. I took it to mean he was coming with me. It took less than ten minutes to get to the apartment. I quickly parked and he pulled in next to me and cut his engine.

I barely got my door open before he was there holding it open. He

was scanning the surrounding area. He wouldn't let me out of the van until he did a full three-hundred-and-sixty-degree scan. I guess he didn't see anything that concerned him since he moved back and waved for me to get out.

As we went toward my building, he stayed next to me. I noticed his hand was under his cut. I knew he had his hand close to his gun. I'd caught a glimpse of it earlier. I'd never held a gun. My dad and brothers didn't believe in them. I wasn't like them, but I hadn't had anyone I trusted to show me how to use one. I'd have to ask Saint if he'd do it.

As we went up the stairs, he made me stay behind him. I think he was scared there might be something there and he wanted to prevent me from seeing it. The tension in his body eased when we got there. I peeked around him to see the box sitting on the mat in front of the door. I went to go around him to pick it up. He put out his arm. "Woman, don't you dare. I got this. Don't you dare lift it."

"Bossy much?"

"You have no idea and I know I'm not any bossier than your man. Why do you think we have these muscles?"

"So you have more area to tattoo and to drive the ladies wild."

He gave me a wicked smile then smirked. "That's a benefit but they're really to carry stuff and protect helpless females."

"Helpless?! I think you must be suffering from brain damage if you think I'm helpless," I told him as I ducked around him and grabbed for the box. He gently pushed me aside and grabbed it before I could get it. Benefit of being taller was much longer legs and arms. I huffed playfully at him. As he lifted it, the bottom gave out and our stuff spilled out. As I dropped to my knees to pick them up, I froze. There was something wrong with the contents, then the smell hit me. A scream slipped out before I could choke it back. I scrambled back on my hands and feet.

Dragon immediately dropped it and lunged toward me. "What's wrong?" he asked urgently.

"Look at it, can't you smell it?" I whispered.

He frowned as he turned back to the box and crouched down. When he did, it only took a moment or two for him to let out a roar. He stood up so fast, he almost gave me whiplash. He turned back to me and lifted me off the ground and thundered down the stairs. He didn't stop until he had me back at my van.

"Get in," he growled. I had to fumble to get my keys out of my

pocket. As soon as it beeped to tell us it was unlocked, he had the driver's door open and me shoved inside. He slammed the door then dug out his phone. I turned on the van so I could lower my window, but he walked away so there was no way I could hear what he was saying but his face looked like thunder.

I realized as I sat there that my hands were shaking. As I looked at them, the fear and repugnance started to recede and the anger came roaring to the forefront. How dare anyone do such a disgusting thing? I hadn't done anything to warrant this and Raine sure hadn't. Hell, I couldn't think of anyone doing something so bad that they would deserve it. As my anger boiled, my fear evaporated. Whoever was doing this better run because if I ever found out who it was, I'd beat the shit out of them. And they'd be lucky if that was all I'd do.

I was shaken from my vengeful thoughts by Dragon coming up to my window. He had a concerned look on his face now. "I'm sorry you had to see that, Piper. Saint is on his way along with Wrecker, I think. He said he was gonna call him. Shit, who would do something like that? Maybe his DNA is in the system and they'll figure out who it is. I know they didn't get any DNA or prints off the knife or note, but this is different."

"It is, but something tells me, he wouldn't have left it if it would lead to him."

"Still, we'll keep our fingers crossed." he reached in to grab my hand. He gave it a gentle squeeze. I squeezed back. It was so surprising to find out how caring and gentle these big bad bossy bikers could be. To look at them, you expected them to be rough and mean as hell. Even with their good looks, they were intimidating. It was their size, tats, muscles and cuts that did it. Even if they were smiling, it would make you hesitate. I guess it went to show you that beasts didn't always look like beasts.

We stayed there in silence with him holding my hand. I don't know how long before I heard the roar of pipes. Only it wasn't one set, it was several. As the bikes came into view, I saw Saint in the lead with three others with him. It was hard for me to tell who they were with their helmets and sunglasses on. When it came to Saint, I'd recognize him no matter what he had on. It was like electricity went through me whenever he was near.

He came to an abrupt stop beside my van. He kicked down his kickstand and hopped off the bike so fast, it made it seem like he hadn't really stopped fully yet. He rushed up to my door. As he did, Dragon let go of

my hand and stepped back. Saint practically ripped the door open. I was out of the van in his arms in a flash. He hugged me tightly as he lifted me up so he could get to me. I was so far in the air, I automatically wrapped my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. As he latched onto my mouth, I was pressed against the side of the van. His mouth was desperate as he kissed me. I kissed him back just as out of control. Relief flooded my body along with desire even though this wasn't the time for it.

It took more than one throat being loudly cleared for us to break apart and me to come back to the situation. Saint was running his eyes over me. I guess he was checking me out for injuries.

"I'm not hurt, just disgusted," I told him.

"No fucking doubt. Jesus, baby, I wish you'd called me and told me to stop by and pick it up for you."

"I didn't think it would be a big deal. Who thinks of someone doing this? It's disgusting and creepy. Did you call Wrecker?"

"Yeah, he should be here any minute. I'm surprised he didn't beat us here. Oh wait, speak of the devil," he said as he looked to the right.

I turned my head to see an SUV pull in with the lights on top flashing and the words *Tenillo PD* on the side. Wrecker stepped out. He came straight toward us. I tapped Saint on the shoulder. When he looked at me, I smiled. "I think you might want to put me down for this."

"Like hell I will, I'm still shaking. When Dragon called me, I couldn't get here fast enough. Luckily, Executioner was at the garage and he sent out a mass text. Torpedo and Rampage were the closest so they joined us on the way over. Are you sure you're alright?" By then Wrecker had gotten to us. He was giving me a worried look too.

"I'm fine. It startled me and I admit, I freaked for a few seconds but now I'm just pissed off. Who would do that?"

"We don't know. This time, we have DNA, so I've got my guys and ladies coming to process it. What was in the box?" Wrecker asked.

"Raine and I ordered some clothes online a few days ago and I got an alert telling me they were to be delivered today. I asked Dragon to come here with me so I could pick them up before heading back to the compound. I didn't want to leave the box outside and have it stolen. That's happened around here lately. Everything seemed fine when we got here. We were playing around about who would pick up the box. When he did, the bottom opened up and they fell out. I went to pick them up and that's when I saw

something was wrong with them and then the smell hit me.”

“I grabbed her and got her down here and in the van then I called Saint. I’m sorry. I had no idea something like this would happen. I tried to get her to let me take her home and I’d come back to get the box but she insisted. I should’ve gone with my gut,” Dragon said. I could tell he was regretting it hard. He’d walked back to us as Wrecker was listening to me tell what happened.

“It’s not your fault. Who would think of this? You were on alert and we didn’t see anything to make us worry. He’s been super attentive all day. This isn’t his fault,” I told them. I knew as a prospect he was trying to prove himself so he could join. Saint had explained to me over the past few weeks several things about the life he lived. I didn’t want this to count against Dragon.

“Baby, we’re not blaming Dragon. Sure, I wish you would’ve had him take you home or asked me to pick it up for you, but that’s water under the bridge. Now, we have to see if this will tell us who the hell is doing this. Phantom and Tam have come up with nothing. Did he tell you the cameras that could’ve seen her building seem to have been broken?” he asked Wrecker.

Wrecker had a scowl on his face that matched my man’s. “Yeah and I asked the company who owns these apartments how long they’d been broken. They claimed they didn’t know they were, so it had to have been recent. I don’t know if I believe them. Either they knew and were too lazy to fix them or they knew and it could’ve been for a while and they were too cheap to repair them or check it out. They claimed they have someone who monitors the camera feeds but if that’s the case, how did they not notice a whole section was down?”

A growl rumbled out of Saint. I patted his chest. It was easy since he was still holding me in his arms like I was a kid. “Honey, I think it’s safe to put me down. Your arms have to be getting tired and I feel like a little kid.”

“If you were bigger than a leprechaun, he might remember not to hold and carry you around like one,” Torpedo said with a shit-eating grin. The others hadn’t been shy about coming over to listen to us. I gave him the middle finger which made them all laugh. Slowly Saint sat me down.

“Play nice. She’ll go all honey badger on you so you’ve been warned,” Saint told him.

The joking helped to relieve even more of my stress. It was while they

were teasing me more about my height or lack of it that the PD team came driving into the parking lot. Great, all the neighbors would be gawking and whispering about what was happening. No way they hadn't seen what happened the other day. When Raine and I came back here, they'd be all over us.

"I need you to stay here. In fact, why don't you go home? I'll let you know if we find anything," Wrecker told us.

"I want to come see what he did. Dragon, take Piper home and I'll be there soon. You stay with her until I get there," Saint ordered the prospect.

"Sure thing," was Dragon's response.

"I want to wait here with you," I argued.

Saint shook his head. "No. You don't need to be out here and exposed. Whoever is doing this, he's dangerous and we have no idea what he might do next. Please, I need you where I know you're safe, Sparky."

I could tell me staying was making his anxiety and anger worse. Despite my own feelings that said to stay, I gave in. "Okay, I'll go but if you're not there in an hour or two, then I'm coming back. I need to know what the hell is going on just as much as you do."

He tried to give me what I knew was his VP look, but it didn't work. I stared back until he sighed and then lowered his head to kiss me. He took his time before breaking it. "Go and try to behave. I'll see you soon."

As I turned to get back in the van, he smacked me on the ass. I whipped my head around to glare at him but all he did was smirk. I refused to admit his smack had sent a spark through me and made my clit throb. Instead, I gave him my "you'll pay later" look and got in. He shut the door. By then Dragon was on his bike and ready to go. I backed out of my spot and waved as we took off. The whole way to the compound I pondered who could be doing this and why. I had to remember to ask if the police had talked to Jeb yet. He was the only one I could think of who would be mad enough to do it even though all we had was one date. This seemed extreme for that but who knew what went through people's warped minds.

## Saint:

As Piper and Dragon faded from sight, I dropped my fake calm act. I turned to Wrecker. He gave me an expectant look. No doubt he knew it was coming. He'd talked briefly to his crew and had them standing there waiting until he went to look first. He motioned for me to come with him. He knew better than to tell me to stay. I wouldn't do anything to fuck up the scene, but I had to see it.

As we got to the top of her stairs, I inhaled deeply. The faint smell of cum hit my nose. Yeah, you couldn't mistake that smell. We both wrinkled our noses. I stayed back as he hunkered down and used a gloved hand to move the clothes around. He held up pieces. That's when we found out the guy had done more than open the box and jack off in it. He'd cut their clothing into small pieces.

"Jesus Christ, who is this nut? Did you talk to Jeb?" I asked. I thought he was supposed to do it today.

"I did. It seems he has an alibi for the whole day. He wasn't even in town, Saint. He was three hours away. It's been verified. It couldn't have been him. We're following up on the other names Piper gave us but I'm not holding my breath. My gut is telling me we're overlooking something but I can't think what it would be. All we can do is keep someone on her and Raine any time they leave the compound. No more coming here. If they need something, one of us will fetch it. If it's personal shit, we'll come and clear it first then let them in."

"Agreed. I wish I could get them to stay at the compound all the time, but they both insist they have to work. I told Piper I'd cover her expenses and she almost took my head off. Said she didn't need or want a man taking care of her. Raine was almost as feisty about it with Bullet and Phalanx when they suggested the same to her. I let it drop but if this keeps happening, I'll piss her off good and tie her ass down if I have to and they will too."

"We're still working through the short lists of guys' names they gave us. So far, nothing has been out of the ordinary. All have been surprised then cooperative. All have had alibis which check out. We have a couple more to check. I know it's too slow for you but this isn't our only case. Knowing they're safe on the compound and have guards has helped."

"I'm not criticizing how you're doing your job, Wreck. I know we're



not the only thing or the worst case you guys have. I heard there was a murder the same night as the note incident. You look tired. You're right, they're safe and that's what counts. Don't kill yourself or your people. Do you need to check inside again? I have an extra key. Piper let me have one after the last time."

"Yeah, we should, just to be sure. Let me get past this and inside then I'll let you in once I clear it," he said.

I dug out the key and handed it to him. While he opened the door and entered, I watched the techs begin to process the scene. They were thorough and bagging everything carefully. It wasn't long before I was joined by Bullet and Phalanx.

"Where's Raine?" I asked them. They were supposed to go to bring her home after work.

"She's at work, but we got Ashes and Vicious to stay with her. We wanted to see what the hell was happening," Phalanx said.

I quickly explained what the techs were doing and what happened. Suffice to say, neither were happy. They both started swearing, which earned them nervous glances from the police and CSIs. Even with three people in their department who were in MCs and highly placed in the department, some were still wary of us. I figured they'd always be.

Wrecker popped his head out. "I heard you two cussing inside. Put on gloves and watch where you step. Stay to the left of the doormat and try not to step on it. Come in here," he ordered.

We didn't argue, just did as he said. Yeah it was unusual for the police to let civilians inside like this, but that was an advantage of being in our club. We had enough sense though to follow his directions. As we stepped into their living room, he pointed to the kitchen. "Has any of you been here since I let you pack some of their stuff?"

"No," I said as the other two said the same.

"Look in the sink," Wrecker said grimly.

We all headed over and looked. Stuck in the drain where the garbage disposal was a tail and a furry butt sticking out.

"What the fuck is that?" Bullet asked.

"Best guess without moving it, it's a rat or hamster. Not sure yet, but it didn't fall in there itself, I'm willing to bet. That means whoever did that to the box was in here. I didn't see evidence of forced entry which means he either picked the locks like a pro or had a key. This isn't good."

“Sonofabitch! I want to know who the fuck is doing this. Wrecker, if there’s anything we can do, let us know. You know what I want,” I told him with a speaking look.

“I do and I can’t make a promise you’ll get it but if I can, you know I will. Okay, the rest of the apartment looks fine. I’ll do a deeper look but for now, you guys need to leave and let us do our job. Go home and see if you can get your women to relax. Are you planning to tell them about this?”

“I think we should hold off. They’re upset enough. If we tell them right now he got inside, I think they’ll freak,” Phalanx said.

“I agree,” I muttered as Bullet nodded his head in agreement.

“Okay, I’ll keep this on the down low. Since it involves me and Cuffs’ club, the team is letting me take point with all communication as I directed. Go ahead, get. I’ll talk to you later.”

It was tough to leave. When we got back outside, Torpedo and Rampage were still waiting. They’d stayed outside. As we walked to our bikes, we told them what we saw. The curses were loud and they vowed to help in any way they could, which I knew our whole club would do. If we needed them, Time Served would too.

As we rode to the compound, I tried to school the fury off my face. I knew if I went in there looking even more livid, they’d know something was up. At this point, I didn’t even plan to tell them that the clothes had been cut into pieces. It was all about keeping them safe and as stress free as possible. With this in mind, I would stick to my plan for the night.

The five of us had talked last night and planned to have a late dinner together at my place then I was taking Piper to see what had been done to the house so far. The layout was done and the rooms walled in so she couldn’t change those, but there were still things inside she could change. The flooring, cabinetry and appliances came to mind. If she wanted more room, I’d see what it would take to add it. I made it roomy with the hopes of having a family one day. I hoped I’d done enough. We still hadn’t talked seriously about how many kids we wanted. I knew seven might be too many, but at least three sounded good to me. If she didn’t want that many I’d do less. If she didn’t want to carry all of them, I’d suggest we adopt and see if she liked that idea. As long as I had her, I’d be more than happy.

## Piper: Chapter 15

While I waited for Saint to get home, I'd started working on dinner for all of us. I knew he expected me to order something in, but I wanted to cook. Besides, it kept my hands and mind busy, and I didn't have as much time to dwell on my concerns.

Raine had come in from work at seven. Her guys had gone back to watch her and bring her home after they left our place it seemed. My sister looked sick after I told her what all had happened. I guess the guys hadn't given her the details while she was at work. She was scared, I could tell. I tried to be reassuring to her, but it was hard. When she first came in, she'd been pissed off because they hadn't explained what happened. That hadn't been a conversation I enjoyed.

The guys remained tense when they got home but Saint kept assuring me that it was just residual left over from what we found at the apartment. I wasn't sure if I believed him or not. Wrecker had stopped in for a few minutes to tell us the team had processed the scene and would see what they could find. All four guys exchanged looks which made me even more convinced there was more going on than we knew.

After dinner, which the guys praised and didn't leave any leftovers, they insisted on cleaning up and putting everything in the dishwasher. Raine was eager to see the house but insisted this first time that it be just Saint and me. The house was on the end along the main road through the compound. Fang and Cami's house was next to it. Cuffs, Wrecker and Rampage were the others on that street. I liked how they had the homes laid out on small lanes making them seem like a small neighborhood.

I had to admit, as I took it all in, I was amazed at the house. First thing was the size. It was big. It was true we'd grown up in a rather big house but not like this. It had been a decent-sized four-bedroom. The snobbish house came later as our parents got wealthier and snobbier. When Raine came along as the oops baby, instead of my brothers sharing a room so she and I could have separate rooms due to our age difference, I was left to share with her.

I hadn't minded. It worked out since I was the one to get up with her at night most of the time anyway. Our dad would've never done it nor my brothers and Mom was less than enthusiastic about having a baby again. I

often wondered if they hated it so much, why didn't she have an abortion, but I knew why. Mom had been raised Catholic and even though we didn't go to church, she still followed those teachings. I didn't disagree with her abortion stance in most instances, but I did with a whole lot of other teachings she spouted off. Nothing against those who believe that way, it just wasn't for me.

Saint showed me what the outside would look like when it was finished. It was surprising to me that he chose a Tudor-style house. I just didn't picture him with a house like that, although I did love the style. This one was a spacious five bedroom, three-and-a-half bath, three-car garage home with extra room to spare. The bottom floor was considered the lower level and the upper floor was called the main floor.

The lower level was to have two large storage rooms, a game room, a family room and two bedrooms that shared a bathroom. On the main floor was the covered porch which led into the foyer. Off to one side was the laundry and mud rooms, a big pantry and a half bath. Past it was a short hall off the kitchen which led to two bedrooms and a bathroom. Besides the kitchen, there was a breakfast nook and the living room with a fireplace. A deck was off the nook. On the opposite side of the house was the master bedroom and bath.

They had all the walls up and were working on covering the seams with drywall mud where they put the drywall together so it was seamless for painting when the time came. On the island in the kitchen were samples of flooring, cabinet colors and countertops. They were next to happen. There were even pictures of appliances. After giving me the tour, Saint was showing them to me.

"Sparky, this is what I had picked out, but feel free to tell me what you don't like. I can have it changed. It might cause a slight delay but as long as it's what we want, that doesn't matter."

"Connor, I'm not coming in here and redoing your decor choices! Why would I?"

"Because I want you to love our house. You know that I plan for you to be living in it with me, and we'll be raising our kids here. Which is another thing we need to talk about. Do you think this is enough rooms or should we convert some of the rooms in the basement to more bedrooms? Although sharing one bathroom might be too much. Hmm, I wonder if they can do an extra bath down there?" he mused.

“Oh my God, are you insane? This house doesn’t need more bedrooms. It’s perfect. Let’s go back to your first remark. Don’t you think we should wait and see if you and I last? I know what you said but still.”

He gave me a big frown at that. “No, I don’t. First of all, you and I will work out. I told you, you’re it for me and I plan for you to be my old lady, wife, and mother of my children. Period. I know you love me like I love you.”

“I love you too,” I confessed, “but even people who love each other sometimes don’t end up staying together.”

“Sorry, but in this club, when we claim an old lady, it’s for life. Even if we don’t legally marry, in the eyes of my club and the biker world as my old lady we’re married. If we run into problems, we’ll figure out how to work them out. Now, back to those kids. You want some, don’t you?”

“Wow, you know how to make a woman’s head spin. This is all so crazy fast. I can’t believe I’m doing this. Saying I love you is big for me, but I guess what the hell. Yes, I do want kids. How soon, not this second. As for how many, at least a couple, but no more than four. I would prefer them to be close in age. The distance between the rest of us and Raine made her lonely growing up. She didn’t have playmates as much as I was her mommy. Our brothers mainly ignored her like our parents. I don’t want my kids to feel like that.”

“I can handle that. I was willing to go to six but that’s more your decision than mine. You have to carry them unless we adopt, which I’m not opposed to. As for when we start, I guess I can wait as long as my brothers don’t get too far ahead of us. We’re pretty competitive,” he told me. He winked as he said it, so I knew he was at least partially teasing, although something told me he wanted one in the next year or two.

“Well, we’re not competing in the next month or so, so forget it. Now, back to the house. I love the things you chose. Honestly, these will go with so many decorating options. If anything, I’d like to see it when it’s all done and we can talk about paint colors. I don’t like white walls. The hard floors are fine except in bedrooms, we might want to put down large area rugs since hardwood can get cool on the feet. I tend to run around barefoot in the house no matter how cold it gets.”

“If you’re sure then we’ll go with these. I checked again with Pop’s foreman. He said he thinks we should be done by the first of November. We can stay in the trailer until then no problem.”

“Wait, I thought I was just staying here until we catch whoever is doing this. You want me to stay until the house is done? I can help you decorate this and then wait to move over here, Connor.”

“Why? We already know how we feel. There’s no need. Do you think after having you in my arms and bed, I can go back to sleeping alone? Hell no. I need you with me. I mean, if you insist on staying in your apartment once this is over, then I’ll just come there to stay. I doubt Bullet or Phalanx plan to let Raine go back, but if she does, that apartment is gonna be awfully crowded with the five of us. I hope the walls are thick,” he said with a smirk.

“Oh God, don’t you dare say that! I refuse to think of her having sex period, let alone with two guys. You don’t think she’s...” I trailed off.

“Babe, I don’t know if they have yet or not, but it’s happening. They’re determined, and short of her telling them she has no feelings for them, it’s a given and I don’t see that happening. Not the way they all look and act around each other. You’ll have to live with the fact your little sister is a woman. She’s young but she’s mature beyond her age.”

“I just wanted her to finish college first. I want her to be able to achieve whatever her dreams are.”

“And she will, they won’t stop that. In fact, with them you can be guaranteed she’ll do it and not have to work her fingers to the bone to do it or make huge sacrifices either. Pitbull’s woman wanted to be a nurse. She was almost as young as Raine when they got together. He made sure she got her schooling. They held off having a baby until she did.”

“Really? You think Phalanx and Bullet will support that?”

“One hundred percent. The other good thing is around here when we have kids we have tons of help when we need it. Every woman works in some capacity outside their home. Not all work full-time and they don’t have to do everything that relates to their kids or the house either. Guys may like to pretend we don’t know how to do anything house-related but we can. As for kids, we learn if we don’t already know. You think Sin had exposure to little kids before Olivia? Or Executioner? No way.”

“What about you?” I asked as I moved into his arms.

He hugged me close and rocked me slowly side-to-side. “I had a bit from my younger sister, but not much. I learned a lot from the kids we have running around here. Cuffs and Kinslee’s two will add to that and in a few weeks Lyric adds to them and by the time our house is done, Ex and Skye will too.”

“You know, you guys will need to start your own daycare or something soon. A third of you don’t have kids. Those who do are still adding it seems. Do you ever stop recruiting more prospects?” I asked him that as the thought popped in my head. Did they have a certain number they could have before they had to stop? Or a preset number they agreed on?

“We can grow the club as big as we want. If we keep going, at some point we’d have to get more land to be able to build houses indefinitely. I don’t foresee any of us living off the compound. There’s no set number we agreed on when we started this.”

“Why wouldn’t anyone want to live off the compound? I mean it’s great but still.”

“Let me rephrase that. None of us guys would like to do that. There’s safety in having our families inside. We’re not a one percenter club but that doesn’t mean we don’t have enemies at times. We’re always attractive to others for what we have and they want it. Just like what’s going on with you and Raine. Imagine if we couldn’t bring you here.”

“Do you have enemies right now?”

“Not that we know of. We eliminated the last ones a few months ago.”

“Eliminated? What does that mean? Who?”

He looked hesitant. I didn’t want to push him to share stuff he wasn’t comfortable sharing, but if he wasn’t, then I had to keep my guard up. As much as I’d already fallen in love with him, I didn’t want to be blindsided. I must’ve tensed or something in my expression hinted at what I was thinking because he sighed.

“I don’t want to keep anything from you, baby. You just have to be sure you’re ready to know it and once you do, you can’t say anything. It could lead to a bunch of us getting into big trouble.”

“Do you kill people?” I asked warily.

He didn’t answer me. I took that as a yes. I tried to move out of his arms, but he tightened them around me. He brought his face closer to mine. His stare was intense. “I will say this. I’ve killed people in defense of my country and in defense of my family here and this town. I can assure you that not a single one was innocent and their crimes were unforgivable. The harsh reality is that sometimes justice can’t be served any other way. We don’t make the decision alone or without serious thought. That being said, rapists, murders, and child molesters usually don’t go to prison with us. This town

was filled with so much crime and a lot of people had no idea how bad it was.”

His confession made my brain go haywire. I wanted to ask so many questions but what if I offended him? Or I found out I couldn't live with his answers? I knew deep down, even if it wasn't a popular belief, there were instances when I too thought the legal system failed or didn't do enough. Sometimes you have to make hard choices.

“Ask,” he said gruffly.

“I don't know if I should.”

“How about I tell you about the latest one? It ties back to the much bigger problem I just told you about. Years ago there was a laundromat which we discovered was laundering drug money. It was from drugs mainly sold at the local high schools. It wasn't due to the owner wanting to do it. He was blackmailed and threatened into doing it to protect his family. We took care of the problem. Eventually, the owner sold and the new owner by all appearances was legit. Earlier this year we discovered suspicious activity again. We took our time and investigated thoroughly. In the end, we discovered another low-level group had moved in and filled the drug gap in Tenillo. We eliminated them. We won't tolerate drug dealers and others like that hurting people, especially kids.”

“Did you kill them?”

“No, in this instance we were able to get their asses sent away for a long time. We were able to keep it out of the news. That way, we hope it'll stop new dealers from moving in as fast. See, even when we clean something up, we have to stay on alert for others to move in and restart something.”

“What about the police? How does that work when Wrecker and Cuffs are cops?”

“They work in the gray when it becomes necessary. Baby, you can't tell anyone this. I'm trusting you with our lives and our freedom. The more people who know it's us doing this, the more enemies we have to worry about.”

“I won't, I swear. As long as you don't hurt people who shouldn't be hurt or take advantage, then I believe I can handle it. Now, my family would narc you out in a heartbeat, not Raine, but the rest. Not that we'd ever have to worry about telling them. Other than the quarterly calls to demand we stop embarrassing them and come home to do the right thing, we don't hear from them.”



“Babe, you better hope I never meet any of them or I’ll be giving them more than a piece of my mind. They’re utter assholes. Is there more you want to ask me?”

“Not right now. I’d like to process this a little at a time. All at once might be too much. I feel sorry for Wrecker and Cuffs. Their jobs are hard enough as it is and then they have to do this too.”

“It’s hard but they’re very morally upstanding and strong men with definite boundaries like the rest of us. They never carry the burden alone. We’re all in or we don’t do it. You heard about the Fairchilds family who was thought to be the epitome of the good family in Tenillo who turned out to be rotten didn’t you?”

I nodded then gasped. “You guys were involved in that?”

“Yeah, we were but we kept ourselves out of the spotlight. We don’t need to put targets on us or Time Served.”

“Time Served do it too?”

“Yes, they do. See how much I’m trusting you?”

“I do and thank you,” I told him right before I raised up on my toes and kissed him.

Instantly, I caught fire and my whole body went into meltdown. I was tired of talking and touring the house. I wanted, no I needed to go back to the trailer and be with him. The growl he made deep in his chest told me he felt the same. Suddenly, I was swept into his arms and carried outside to his bike. He put me on the bike then swung on. We rode it the short distance from the trailers to his house. I couldn’t hold him tight enough. As he sped back, my hands found their way to his cock. He was hard and I had to squeeze him. His hand came back to grip my thigh and squeeze back.

He didn’t waste time stopping in his usual spot out in front of the clubhouse. Instead, he rode his bike right up to his small porch on his trailer. He was off the bike in a flash, lifting me in his arms and carrying me inside. I laughed. I was in for one helluva night it looked like. I couldn’t wait. All my earlier worries about the apartment floated away.

## Saint:

I knew that I was taking a chance on telling Piper as much as I had about what my club and Time Served did to clean up and keep Tenillo safe, but something in my gut told me she wouldn't betray us. My gut hadn't steered me wrong in years. It had in fact helped to keep me and my fellow soldiers and club brothers alive on more than one occasion.

When she kissed me, my restraint evaporated. I'd been hungry for her since I walked through the door earlier tonight. For some crazy reason, knowing she was in danger only made me want to be even closer to her. I was like a bear protecting its mate or maybe a wolf. I pawed at her clothes at the side of the bed as soon as I got her there. There was no finesse to it. I was desperate to have her naked. I wanted to feast my eyes on her body while I touched and tasted her.

My cock was straining against my zipper and it was painful. She fumbled to help me. As the last piece of clothing was flung to the ground, I ripped open my jeans and shoved them down to my thighs in relief. Piper sank to her knees and worked them the rest of the way down. I helped her by lifting my feet to get off my boots and socks so she could get my pants and underwear all the way off. At the same time, I took off my shirt.

I moaned when she took me by surprise and grasped my cock then sucked the head into her hot, wet mouth. My hand came down to grip the back of her head. My hips flexed, driving it deeper without thought. When I realized what I'd done, I pulled back, or I tried. I was halted by her grasping my ass with the other hand and holding me still. She shook her head and took me deeper.

"Jesus, that feels too good, Sparky. If you keep that up, I'll come before I get a chance to pleasure you. Stop and let me make you feel good and come first."

She shook her head no, again. I tried something else before I lost the will to fight it. She was deep throating me and massaging my balls in a way that had me gritting my teeth. "If you won't let me do you first, then we need to do this together. Let me lie on the bed and you turn so I can reach you at the same time."

Slowly, she pulled back letting my cock slide out. I grabbed her under the arms and lifted her to her feet then threw her gently on the bed. She

laughed as she bounced. I got on it and lay down. She straddled my face then turned to face my feet. She stretched out to reach my straining cock. Due to the differences in our heights, I had to shove pillows under my head to help curl it up and forward so I could reach her pussy.

I spread her lips with one hand while running my forefinger on the other down her slick folds. She moaned as she took me back into her heavenly mouth. It sent vibrations down my shaft, making me shudder. I inserted that finger into her hole while my tongue flicked up and down her slit then homed in on her hard, protruding clit. She shivered and pressed down on my mouth.

I took her cue and I attacked her. I wanted to touch and taste all of her sweet body but for right now, I'd settle for this. We had all night and I knew this wouldn't be the only time we went at it tonight. As hungry as I was, I'd be shocked if we didn't at least have sex three times before morning. It had been a while since I'd gone more than once a night. It wasn't due to inability but lack of desire to do so. In her case, I didn't know how many times I could go before I couldn't again. It might be fun to find out.

I worked her with my fingers in her pussy as well as along her folds and on her clit along with my tongue and teeth. Latching onto her clit, I shook it from side-to-side gently as I bit down and growled. At the same time, I eased a wet finger into her ass. She lifted up off my cock and cried out. She flooded my mouth as she came. I was more than happy to lap up every bit of her honey.

"That's it, come for me, my love. Give me your sweet, sweet honey," I told her in between laps.

"Connor, fuck, don't stop. Harder, fuck my ass harder," she pleaded.

"Baby, you keep asking me to do that and I'll fuck it more than you can handle right now. Sonofabitch, you're so goddamn tight. Your mouth, pussy and ass are tighter than anything I've ever felt. Fuck," I groaned as I thrust my fingers in and out of both holes faster and deeper while teasing her clit with a finger. She was still coming for me.

She panted loudly for a few seconds then she rocked my world. "Then do it. I want you to take my ass tonight. I've always wanted to know what it feels like."

As much as I wanted to, she wasn't used to it and I didn't want to risk hurting her. "Piper, I want to do that more than you know, but we need to ease into this. It would kill me if I hurt you. If you want more, I have

something we can try. You need to see if you'll really like anything more than my finger."

"Okay, but first, I need to do something."

"What?"

"I need to make you come," she said before sucking me back inside her mouth. I swear to God, she tightened more than before and took me deeper down her throat. Her hand was massaging my sac and making the cum boil in my balls. I couldn't hold back. I thrust deep and fast. I hoped she'd indicate if it was too much.

"Stop me if I go too far or get too rough," I told her hoarsely. She hummed. I kept enough brain cells to keep lapping at her pussy while using my heels to thrust my hips off the bed, driving my cock down her throat. She gagged a couple of times, but she didn't stop me so I kept going. It wasn't long before I knew I wasn't able to stop.

"I'm gonna come," I shouted.

She deep throated me and hummed as she sucked and squeezed my sac. I practically screamed as my cum came shooting out of me like a rocket. I erupted over and over until she sucked every last drop from my balls. I slumped back as I fought to catch my breath. She raised up and looked back over her shoulder with a satisfied smirk on her lips.

"You wait. Payback is coming," I warned her breathlessly.

"Promises, promises," she taunted me.

Taking another minute or two to gather my strength, I flipped her off me onto the mattress. She squealed. I rolled off the bed and came to my feet.

"Where are you going?" she asked, sounding concerned.

"I'll be right back. Don't move." I said as I went to my closet. On the top shelf was a plastic container with a lid on it. It was darkly colored so you couldn't see inside. I took it down then opened it. I took out the item I wanted then closed it. I came back to the bed and paused to get the other thing out of my nightstand drawer. I held them up so she could see.

In one hand was a bottle of lube. It was the kind that heated up. In the other was a six inch, not overly thick vibrating dildo. It was thicker than my finger but half as thick as my cock. She instantly began to breathe faster. A flush started to appear on her chest.

"Roll over and put that ass in the air for me. If it helps, put pillows under your hips. If at any time it hurts too much or you want me to stop, just tell me. I swear I will and I won't be mad. Promise to tell me."

As she rolled and got into position, she answered me. “I promise to tell you. I won’t lie, I’m nervous but I want to find out if it really feels as good as I’ve heard and read. Your fingers feel so good once I get used to them.”

“Fair warning, this lube has a little heat to it. It has a hint of ginger to it. It won’t burn too much but just be aware.”

“Ginger?”

“Yep, you can use it, cinnamon and other things to put heat into your fun. If you like it, we can play with others. Now, relax and enjoy.” I whispered. She was in position and I was getting more excited by the second at the thought of her possible pleasure.

I’d played with plenty of women’s asses. Many of them enjoyed it and others hated it. More than a few I’d gotten my cock into their asses, but those were mainly the old club bunnies. I liked it well enough. As bad as it sounded, in most cases their asses were way tighter than their pussies. It also guaranteed that I hadn’t accidentally knocked them up. I always used a condom but they could break and weren’t foolproof. In her case, I had no doubt it would feel as good as her pussy if I got her to that point and I had no concerns about pregnancy prevention. I’d happily fill her belly with my baby.

I eased a single finger covered in the lube into her ass. I worked it around and made sure to stretch her and coat her well by inserting a second one then a third. As she relaxed more and I heard her moan and it wasn’t in pain, I removed my fingers, lubed the dildo then pressed it to her ass. I rubbed her low back with the other hand to relax her. “Take a deep breath and push out,” I ordered.

As she did, I pushed inward slowly until I felt the tip push past the first sphincter. I paused, pulled back a scant amount then pushed again. After it breached the second ring of muscle, I began to slowly thrust in and out. Each time I did, I moved it deeper. As she took more, I clicked on the first vibrating mode. She moaned loudly and her ass pushed back on the dildo, taking more of it.

Watching her ass take it made my cock throb. “Shit, that’s so hot, baby, watching your tight little ass take this. God, I hope one day you’ll let me fuck your ass. The thought of you stretched wide for my cock is making me leak on the bed. Are you alright?” I groaned.

“Mmm, it feels so much better than I imagined. It’s warm and tingly but the feel of it is making my whole body tingle. More. Can you make me

come from just this?” she panted out.

“I can try. Let’s see.”

As I fucked her ass faster and worked the whole thing inside, she let loose with moans and cries of bliss. Jesus Christ, I think she could get off without me touching her pussy or her nipples. I was fully erect again. As I sped up my thrusts, she came screaming and shaking not long afterward. I growled at the sight. I didn’t stop even when she began to ease down from it. I wanted to see if I could make her do it again.

“Connor, stop,” she suddenly cried.

I froze. “What’s wrong? Is it hurting?”

“No. I need you to do something else.”

“Anything. What?”

“Take that out and put your cock in me. I need to feel what you’re like,” she whispered.

“Piper, babe, no, you’ll be sore as it is.” I hated to say no but it was for her own good.

She abruptly pulled away so the dildo came free, she scrambled around on the bed and came up on her knees facing me. She wrapped her arms around me. “Please, I want you to. I know I’ll be sore, but I need it,” she whimpered as she took a hold of my cock and pumped up and down. I groaned. As she jacked my cock faster, my resistance crumbled. After a minute of that, I caved.

“Get on your hands and knees. Spread that ass and relax. You know what to do,” I growled.

The look of happiness on her face quieted my reservations. As soon as she was positioned the way I needed her, I slicked up my cock then added more lube to her ass. When I thought I had it covered well enough, I gripped her hips and pushed the tip slowly inside. She cried out but didn’t tell me to stop. Taking my time, even though it was killing me, I worked myself inside in short thrusts.

The feel of taking her bare added to how tight she was and the heated sensation was almost more than I could bear. The more she squeezed the hotter the ginger would get. I’d never used it where I could feel it. This was a new tube I bought just for her. By the time I was fully buried inside of her, I knew I wouldn’t be able to last as long as I wanted. I kissed her shoulder. “How does it feel? Do you want me to continue? Tell me what you want and if you want more, how do you want it?”

She wiggled her hips then flexed her ass, causing her to tighten even more. I moaned loud and long. She did it again. I slapped her ass. She giggled. “Come on, Connor, show me how loud you can growl and grunt like a beast. It feels good, baby. Fuck that ass like you know you want to. Ride me,” she panted.

“You asked for it. I’m not gonna stop unless you tell me to. Hold on,” I snarled then I drew back, paused then pushed back inside harder than before. She screamed and half convulsed under me. I went a bit insane as she encouraged me more and became a rutting, snarling beast who was intent on making us both come.

I hammered her ass and she orgasmed rather quickly. Somehow I held on and kept going. I lost track after that and kept going until she stiffened again and I shouted out along with her as I came. I filled her ass to overflowing with my cum which amazed me after just coming not long ago. Our shouts and my grunting were loud. I didn’t give a shit who heard us. As bliss filled my body and mind, I knew I’d never be able to live without her. She was perfect in every goddamn way. She was made for me.

## Saint: Chapter 16

Something had better give soon, or I would lose it. Four days had passed since the whole rat and cum-covered and cut clothing incident. I was frustrated beyond all belief. We were no closer to finding the person responsible. My brothers knew me, Bullet and Phalanx were ready to go off. We didn't blame them. They were doing everything they could. At this exact moment, we were all gathered in church. Phantom was apologizing, which he didn't need to do.

"I'm sorry guys. I should've put up my own cameras after that first incident at the apartment. I thought after Wrecker talked to the management company of the complex that they knew it was urgent for them to replace those bad cameras immediately. You'd think they would want to ensure their residents are safe," he said in disgust.

"Phantom, I don't blame you. You were right to think what you did. Hell, I would've thought the same. You didn't see me asking if you'd do it, did you? I didn't think of it," I told him quickly.

"Same for us, man. Don't beat yourself up. Even if you had put them up, there's no guarantee we would've recognized the guy or had a way to identify him. It's just crazy bad luck that his DNA isn't anywhere. He's either never done anything bad or he's been really careful not to get caught. There's been no fingerprints either. He might be crazy but he's careful," Bullet added.

"I really thought we might get lucky with one of the men they dated even once, but they all checked out. Even Jeb, who was too far away this last time, surprised us when we asked him for a DNA sample. I was shocked as hell when he agreed to give us one even though I knew it couldn't be him. He seemed genuinely shocked that someone was targeting the women. He's an overbearing asshole but I guess he draws the line at stalking and making those kinds of threats," Wrecker said.

"Yeah, you and me both," Phalanx muttered. Jeb was still working at The Hangout and he'd been on his best behavior, not just with Raine, but everyone. Pitbull had warned him that one tiny indication he was being inappropriate with anyone, and he was history, and he'd be left with a reminder never to be that way again which would last for a while. Rumor around town had made it to our ears that he was looking for another job. We wouldn't cry if he decided to leave.



“Did anyone else agree to give you DNA since I last asked?” I asked Wrecker.

He shook his head no. “No, why?”

“I was wondering if the doctor did. He’s the only other one who might be upset with her being with me that we know of.”

“He has an alibi for both times. He was indignant with us for asking for his DNA. He blustered about how he’s an upstanding doctor and how could we think he’d do anything like that? I told him if he gave it, it would keep us from having to keep questioning him. He didn’t go for it. He doesn’t want to be embarrassed in front of his staff and patients he claims.”

Cuffs looked at Wrecker and grinned. Even though he was still on paternity leave, he was keeping abreast of what was happening. “Is that why you paid him a visit yesterday at the end of his day, when his office was full of patients? I heard you went in a car with two officers in full uniform and flashed your badges to the staff asking to talk to him.”

Wreck gave him a smirk. “Maybe. I thought if he’s somehow playing us that would rattle his cage. First thing this morning, he called and complained to Boss saying he was being harassed. Boss told him we were doing our jobs and to suck it up. He wasn’t a happy camper.”

This got a laugh out of all of us, even me. Sin held up his hand after we had a good minute of laughter. We all got quiet. “Is there something we’re overlooking? I mean, I don’t think so, but there’s this nagging feeling I have, like we should be looking at something or someone else, but hell if I know what or who.”

“Honestly, I’ve got the same feeling but I can’t figure out why. It’s driving me insane. I know neither of them go anywhere alone and they’re safe here at the compound, but still. Raine is safer I think since she’s only going to work and taking her class online. Piper worries me. Even though she has someone with her, she’s out and about more. She’s more at risk especially since I think the person is mainly targeting her,” I told them.

“Can she take a few days off?” Boomer asked.

“No, her clients depend on her too much. Most are elderly or disabled, and they don’t have anyone else to take them to doctor visits, shopping, and stuff,” I answered. I’d already tried suggesting it and she shot me down with those excuses. I understood but was still worried.

“How do her clients handle having bikers along?” Executioner asked.

“They freaking seem to love it, especially the ladies. I swear, my ass

might not be the same. The other day, Ms. Mabel pinched my ass and left a mark. She said she's open to being a jaguar woman and she could teach me things which would change my religion. I want to know how in the hell she knows that term," Torpedo grouched as he pretended to rub his ass and wince but we could see the mirth on his face.

That set everyone off so loud and long it was at least five minutes before we started to settle. When we did, Trident looked at Torpedo and gave him a sly look. "So I guess if you disappear we know you took her up on her offer and are tied up in her sex dungeon. You'll love it," he teased him as he slid a look at Sin.

"Listen, old man, keep it up," Sin muttered.

"Old man! I'll give you an old man. I get it up more than you do in a night, I bet. Maybe I should have a talk with Lyric about finding an older model," Trident shot back.

Sin came out of his chair and went for his stepdad. Trident laughed as he jumped up and ran. It was comical to watch them run around the room. We knew it was all in fun. Sin really wasn't as upset as he liked to pretend when Trident said his shit. They had not only been mentor and mentee but friends for years before Trident met and married Sara. When Sin caught him, it was impressive how he and Trident were evenly matched, despite the fact Trident was fifteen years older. They ended up laughing and giving up and retaking their seats.

"Sorry about that. I know we're talking seriously, but goddamn, I don't know what else to do," Sin said.

"No worries, we all need some laughter. I don't know what else to do either. I guess we'll just have to stay alert and see what happens next and hope we get an unexpected break. The question is, what do we do when we catch the person?" I asked.

"What do you want to do?" Cuffs immediately countered.

"My first thought is to take him out, beat the hell out of him and possibly just take his sick ass out for good. I know we can't kill everyone. I worry he won't get much if any real jail time and then he'll be out and after her again. I don't like having to look over our shoulders like that," I grumbled.

"Why don't we wait and see? It may become glaringly obvious what has to be done when we catch the bastard," Wrecker added.

I nodded. I could live with this suggestion. With this out of the way,

we did a quick run through of updates on how the businesses were doing and if there had been any new resurgences of criminal activity. We knew it wasn't realistic to think more wouldn't crop up with the vacuum we created, but it was nice to hope. Once Sin dismissed us, I hurried to go check on Piper. I had plans to get her to spend time at the clubhouse and relax tonight before taking her back to the trailer and sexing her up. It was hard to keep my hands off her, but she needed to strengthen her friendships with the other old ladies and to visit with her sister.

When I came into the common room, I saw her sitting with Skye. All the ladies were here tonight except Kinslee and Lyric. Kinslee had her hands full healing from birthing twins and getting them into a routine. Cuffs didn't stop to talk or have a drink. He headed right out the door to go home to them. I didn't blame him. I'd be the same. Not that they didn't have help if they needed it. Any of the old ladies would happily help but her younger sister, Kayla, was all over those babies. I heard Cuffs complain he had to fight her for his own kids.

Skye was rubbing her very pregnant belly as I joined them. I leaned down and gave Piper a kiss. "Can I get you ladies anything?"

"I'm good. What about you, Skye?" she asked.

"I'm fine, Saint, thank you. All I need is to haul my ass out of this chair and go to the bathroom for the four hundredth time today," she sighed.

"I can help you up and there but not to do the deed. Ex would kill me if I did that," I teased her. She giggled.

"I'll kill you for what, VP?" came Ex's deep voice from behind me. He went straight to his wife and gave her a kiss and a gentle belly rub. The love he felt for her and her for him was glaringly obvious.

"Skye needs to go to the bathroom. I said I'd get her there but nothing else."

"Damn right you won't. Come on, Baby Girl. I'll help you. Where's our son?"

"He's with Mom somewhere. She said not to worry about him so I lost track. God, I'm so ready for this baby to get here. Come on, honey, haul my ass up."

He gently helped her up and then lifted her off her feet. She tried to tell him to set her back down but he ignored her and went striding off to the bathroom down the hall. I sat down then reached over to haul Piper out of her chair onto my lap. She nuzzled up to me.

“Have you been having fun? Where’s Raine?” I asked.

“She ran to Bullet’s trailer. She should be back any minute. How was church?”

“Fine.”

“Still upset there’s no news on our stalker.”

“I am, but I don’t want to talk about him. I want to relax and enjoy tonight with you and the club. Oh, there she is,” I pointed out as I saw Raine come through the door then pause. She’d come in the back way. Phalanx and Bullet saw her and headed toward her. I think we all saw the look on her face at the same time. She was holding her phone to her ear and looking upset and ready to cry. I bounded up and set Piper on her feet. We rushed over to her.

The guys reached her first and took her back down the hallway. We followed. The noise was significantly less there. As we got to them, I heard Phalanx ask, “What’s wrong, baby?”

She held up her finger then pushed a button on her phone. A loud, strident voice boomed out of it. It was a man.

“Raine, I’ve had enough of your defiance and disrespect young lady. It’s time for you to give up this foolhardiness and come home. Following Piper’s bad example is only going to ruin your life like she did hers. Come back and take the courses I told you to take and I’ll pay for your schooling. There’s a young man here, who I know is perfect for you. He’s from a good family and has the right connections.”

The man’s voice sounded older, so I guessed it had to be their dad. The fury was building on Bullet and Phalanx’s faces. Piper wasn’t happy looking either. I didn’t like his reference to Piper being a bad example. We all opened our mouths but kept quiet when Raine held up a finger.

“Dad, enough. No matter what you say or how often you call and do this, I’m not coming back. I’m happy here, and I happen not to think that Piper is setting a bad example. She’s living her life the way she wants. That’s all I want. When are you and the rest of the family gonna stop this? As for this guy you mentioned, I don’t care who he is. I’m already in a serious relationship.”

“What?!” he yelled. “With whom? Since when? How can it be serious when three months ago you didn’t mention this? Where’s your sister? I want to talk to her about letting you do this.”

Piper moved closer to her sister and the phone. We’d eased them into church and shut the door so we had privacy. “I’m right here, Dad, and Raine

is her own boss. She doesn't need our permission to date."

"You're letting her ruin herself just like you did! I should've never let her stay. Your brothers and I will be there next week. Raine, I expect you to be packed and ready to go. Piper, I know it's no use telling you to do that, but I urge you to reconsider your bullheaded stance. You should be married and have a family by now with an appropriate man."

I'd heard enough. I could tell my brothers wanted to say something badly but they gestured to me to go first.

"Piper has a man and we'll start our family when we agree it's time, not when you or anyone else say it is. I don't appreciate you calling and harassing either of them. This will be the last time. And there's no need to come here next week or any other time because they won't be going anywhere," I growled.

There was a long pause of complete silence before he responded. "Who's this? What's your name? How dare you listen to a private conversation between me and my daughters! Get off the phone," he bellowed.

"My name is Saint, and I'm Piper's man. I was invited to listen by your daughters and like hell I'll get off the phone, Joshua. I'd advise you to shut up before you dig a hole you can't get your ass out of. We know all about you, your so-called family and how you've treated Piper and Raine. It ends today. If not, you'll answer to us."

"How dare you?! And who the hell is us?" he practically screamed. Maybe we'd get lucky and he'd stroke out and shut up I thought snidely.

"That would be Phalanx and Bullet. I'm Phalanx. We're Raine's men," my brother said with a grin. Raine put her hand over her mouth to smother her giggle. They both had a comforting hand on her back. I had Piper hugged up against me.

"Men? Are you serious? Two men, Raine, since when did you turn into a whore? I guess Piper rubbed off worse than I thought," their dad said acidly.

Fury rushed through me and by their expressions it did the same to the others. "You've just sealed your fate. We're warning you, don't come to Tenillo or call again. If they change their minds and want contact with you or anyone else back there, they'll initiate it. Oh and if you think to test us, you should know, I'm the VP of the Ares Infidels motorcycle club and Phalanx and Bullet are members too. Our whole club will go to war for these two women, so don't test us," I said with a smirk he couldn't see but I knew he

could hear. I ran my finger over my throat. Bullet reached out and pushed the disconnect button.

“Oh my God, he’s gonna have Graham and Hugh on a plane by morning,” Raine wailed. They hugged her between them.

“Sweetheart, I didn’t mean to make you stress but if they’re dumb enough to come, that’s on them. You don’t deserve or need to listen to shit like he’s spouting, just like Piper doesn’t. Are you mad that we said anything?”

“No, I’m not. I’m glad. It’s exhausting how they call and won’t listen. I hope this will stop them, but I’m not too hopeful. What if they try to do something against the club? Dad is vindictive enough to do it,” Raine fretted.

“There’s nothing they can do. Your dad is a doctor and one brother is a banker. Even the one who’s a lawyer doesn’t practice here and has no leg to stand on to do anything to us. You’re legally adults,” Bullet assured her.

Her phone began ringing again. She held it up. The screen read *Dad*. She didn’t answer. When she didn’t it fell silent. A few seconds later, Piper’s phone started to ring. She took it out of her jeans pocket and showed us it said *Dad* as well.

“I recommend blocking him and the others on your phones and email, but it’s up to you,” I told them.

Piper tapped away. As she did, she said to her sister. “I’m doing it. It’s time. You can do what you want. I’m tired of this and it’s long past due. No more holding onto a family who doesn’t love or support us.”

Raine got a determined look on her face then she did the same. Once they were done, I asked. “Do you want to go to our trailer and we can talk about this more or would you rather talk without us?”

They exchanged glances then Piper answered. “I want to spend time with our real family. Whatever Dad and our brothers decide to do is on them. Let’s go.” she held out her hand to Raine who took it. I proudly followed them. It looked like the Jackson sisters had drawn the line in the sand. It would be interesting to see what happened, but in the scheme of things, it was the least of our worries.

When we got back out to the common area, it seemed like everyone turned to look at us. I saw the questions and concern on their faces. I waved Phantom over. He came with Sin, Executioner, and Talon. The others hung back and let the main officers talk. We sat down at a large table in the back corner.

“What’s going on? We saw your face, Raine, and then you all disappeared. Who do we need to kill?” Sin asked.

She smiled at him. “You don’t need to kill anyone, or at least not yet. It was our dad. He was calling to demand I come home, then to threaten to come make me. He said a bunch of his usual crap about how we were wasting our lives and Piper is a bad influence. Don’t worry. The guys told him to back off and gave him something to think about. We’re done with them.”

“How did Daddy take his little girl having two men?” Ex asked with a grin.

“He was outraged and called her a whore. I swear to God, Pixie, if he or your brothers show up like he threatened next week or anytime in the future, we’ll kick his ass,” Phalanx growled.

“Not if I beat you to it. He called Piper a whore too. That’s utter bullshit. I told him who we were and threatened their dumb asses,” I told them.

“Sweethearts, if they come here we’ll give them more trouble than they know what to do with. You’re ours now. We take care of our family,” Talon told them.

They reached out and patted his arm. I turned to Phantom. “I know you’re busy with this whole shit with the crazy, but if you get a chance, will you check into their dad and brothers? I’d like to get a heads up if they actually book a flight and head this way.”

“Sure thing. If I can’t, I know Tamysin can.”

“Shit, why am I wasting time on you? Tam-Tam is the newer, better model. Damn, Tam-Tam, come here,” I hollered across the room to her. I grinned at Phantom as he gave me the middle finger. Tam came hurrying over. When she got to us, I snatched her close to me before her man could get to her.

“Sis, I need you to do something for your favorite brother. Don’t listen to your old man. He’s jealous that you love me more,” I teased her. She giggled then gave me what was supposed to be her most adoring look, too bad she kept giggling as she did it.

“Yes, Sa-Sa, what can I do for you?”

“Hey, enough of that. You know he’s an asshole and you love me way more than him,” Phantom protested.

“Nope, she loves me more,” Talon said.

Soon we had all three women laughing helplessly. It was what I wanted. It took a while for us to settle enough for me to tell her what I wanted. She gave our women a sympathetic look. "Sorry you have to listen to that kind of shit. Sure, I can do it in the morning. For now, let's forget them and have fun. I feel the need to dance. Who's with me?"

That's how we lost all three ladies to the music. We sat back and watched them along with several of the other women get up and dance their hearts out. I sat back and plotted all the delicious things I would do to her when I got her alone.



## Piper: Chapter 17

I tried hard not to be tense since the call on Friday. I couldn't seem to forget Dad's threat to come get Raine and bring my brothers, even though Tamysin had set up an alert that would tell her if they booked flights on any airlines. I had no idea if they'd heed Saint's warning or come anyway and cause trouble. I knew they couldn't make us go back with them, but they could cause a scene. Why couldn't they mind their own business and let us live our own lives? Even considering the person targeting me, I was happier than I'd ever been in my life. Raine assured me she was too.

That was before our fight a couple of days ago. I was still upset over it and we haven't talked since. I knew I'd gone overboard with my allegations against Phalanx and Bullet, but she was my little sister. It was my job to protect her. She'd pissed me off when she said those things about Saint. Even though I realized it was nothing worse than what I did, it was hard not to hold on to my anger. Tonight, I planned to go talk to her and make up. It was stupid for us to be at odds like this.

Thankfully, my days had been busy. It was late afternoon and I was about to see my last person of the day. I was anxious to do this one because it was a new client. I'd gotten a call on Monday from the granddaughter of this potential client. Her name was Janice and she explained that she lived several hours away and couldn't take her grandma, Josephine, to her appointments or shopping. She'd tried to get her to move closer to her, but Josephine was independent and insisted she was her own boss.

I assured her I'd be happy to take her and see if she liked my service. I gave first-time clients a discount to try my service. Ninety-five percent of the time, I ended up with them being repeat business. I tried to set up a call with her grandma, but Janice explained she was very hard of hearing and talking on the phone was almost impossible. Instead, she arranged the day and time for me to meet her at her grandmother's home. We would talk and then she'd decide if she would give me a chance. Her granddaughter tried to say she'd pay for my time, but I told her that wasn't necessary.

I'd looked up the address ahead of time and was concerned because the thought of an elderly woman in her eighties living that far out and alone worried me. Janice said she had someone come once a week to clean for her, but what if she fell and got hurt? My mind always automatically went to the

worst-case scenarios. I couldn't help it. My clients were like family to me. Maybe after a time I might be able to convince her to get at least a medical alert necklace. That was another thing I'd asked if she had, and Janice said no. She sighed as she said it.

I pulled up to the small house, which I noted sat down a long drive back away from the main road. It was outside the town limits. I shut off my van and got out. Vicious stopped his bike next to my door and shut it off.

"I'm not sure how long this will take. Sometimes it's a half hour and other times it's an hour or two. I hate that you have to sit out here and be bored but I don't want to make her nervous. Her granddaughter said she was leery of strangers, especially men."

"That's fine, Piper, I won't melt. Take your time. I know this is important. You know, you keep this up and you'll need to hire another driver and get a second van."

"I wish. If I could afford to do it, I would. I turn down work all the time. There's people who live in nearby towns who call all the time asking if I service their areas too. I hate to tell them no."

"Hmm, let me think about that. Maybe I can come up with a solution. In the meantime, get in there and wow her. If you need anything, just give me a call."

"I will. Thanks," I told him before I walked away and up the long sidewalk to the front door. I rang the doorbell and waited. It only took a minute for my ring to be answered. I was surprised when I saw a young woman open the door. I hadn't expected anyone other than Josephine to be here.

"Oh hello, I'm Piper Jackson. I'm here to see Mrs. Casterline about my ride service, Piper's Carriage," I told her with a smile.

She gave me a faint one back. "Hello Piper, I'm Janice. We spoke on the phone. Please come in. Grandma's in the back."

I stepped inside. She shut the door behind me. "I wasn't expecting you to be here," I told her as she stood there studying me. I didn't mind. I knew she had to be comfortable with me.

"Oh, I didn't think I could, then she said she was nervous about meeting you, so I took the day off and came. I hope that's alright," she said as she began to make her way out of the foyer. There were rooms off to each side. I tried not to gawk but it was hard. The rooms were filled with stacks of things and boxes. I was reminded of one of those hoarders shows.

“It’s more than alright. I’m glad you could come. I like to meet the families of potential and actual clients.”

We entered the dining area by the looks of it. It was filled like the other room but the table had a spot cleared and there were seats pulled out. On the table was a pitcher of what looked like lemonade and three glasses filled with ice and lemonade. She pointed to one of the chairs. I didn’t see her grandma though.

“Have a seat. Grandma should be waking up from her afternoon nap any moment. I’d like a chance to talk to you more anyway. I hope you like lemonade,” she added as she sat and picked up her glass. I did the same and took a drink. It was cold and tart, just the way I liked it. I drank more then set it down.

“I love lemonade and this is exactly how I like it. Ask away. I’m an open book.”

“Tell me how long you’ve been doing this? Your references gave you glowing reviews by the way.”

“I’ve been doing it for close to four years. I’m so happy to hear they did. I tried to give you a variety of my oldest and newest clients as well as some who have been using my service for a couple of years. I pride myself on giving everyone excellent care no matter how long they’ve been with me. I know we talked about the different kinds of appointments and places I take them to. The only ones I really don’t do are those far out of town and I can’t do ones considered medical transport. Wheelchairs are fine. You said your grandma uses a walker, right?”

She nodded. “I did. Please, don’t be shy. You have to be thirsty after running around all day.” As I took another drink, she hit me with her first really odd or maybe it was an insensitive question in my mind. “I bet it gets super boring to be with old people all day.”

“No, actually, it doesn’t. I find them fun to be with. They have such great stories and they’ve lived such varied lives.”

“You must love taking them to their doctors’ visits. I bet it gets you all kinds of dates,” she said with a fierce look on her face.

Unease began to course through me. The hairs on my arms stood up. I glanced uneasily around. Where was Josephine? She wasn’t acting like she had on the phone.

“No, I don’t get dates from any of my work contacts. I’m sorry, but I think this might be better if we ask your grandma to join us. That way you

don't need to repeat things for her. I can assure you I don't use my service to date anyone, doctors or family members."

"Liar," she hissed.

Seeing her face and hearing her tone, I knew this was a mistake. It was like I was talking to a totally different person than the one I had on the phone. I went to stand up but I stumbled. My head whirled and a wave of intense dizziness washed over me. I had to grab the edge of the table to stop from falling.

"What did you do?" I cried out. The way I was feeling wasn't normal.

She smirked at me. "I put a sedative in your lemonade. We have a lot to talk about and we can't do it with your watchdog outside. You'll be coming with me."

I tried to get away from her but I couldn't. My legs grew heavy and weak. As I sank back in my chair, the dizziness got worse. I could barely stay alert. "Why're you doing this?"

"To teach you a lesson not to take other women's men, whore," she snarled.

I tried to get in my purse but my hands wouldn't work. As I fought to get to my phone to call for help, she laughed and the light became fainter and fainter until I slipped off into utter darkness.

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I groaned as I tried to force my eyes open. My head was pounding like a drum and I had the foulest taste in my mouth. God, I couldn't remember the last time I'd gotten this drunk. As the room came into focus and my mind began to clear I realized I hadn't gotten drunk. My memories came rushing back. Panic filled me as I recalled Janice knocking me out with drugged lemonade. I turned my head to take in the room I was in. It shrieked at me in pain but I ignored it. I tried to move and found myself tied to a chair.

Around me was what appeared to be a dirty room filled with odds and ends of things, and boxes. I saw what looked like a table with tools all over it. Some I recognized as those used to work on wood. There was dust on the floor and dark stains. The air was musty and tinged with a rotten smell. I wrinkled my nose. Where the hell was I and where was Janice?

I glanced at the dirty window to my right. It was almost dark outside which told me more than a couple of hours had lapsed since I was at the house. How did she get me out of there without Vicious seeing and stopping her?

As I thought back to what she said, I grew more confused. Why did she think I stole other women's men? I hadn't done that. Was she one of Saint's old lovers? She had to be since I hadn't been with anyone in ages. Whatever the case, I had to get out of here before she came back from wherever she went. I jerked on the rope holding me to the chair. Fire raced through my shoulders. I moaned softly. No matter how hard I pulled or wiggled, there was no give in the rope. In fact, it was so tight, my fingers felt half numb.

My mouth on top of tasting awful was so dry I found it hard to swallow. Giving up on getting my hands free, I tried a new tactic. I wiggled my butt, trying to make the chair scoot across the floor. Maybe if I could get to those tools, I might find some way to get loose. As I worked at it, I sent out a prayer that Saint would figure out I was gone and come for me. How he'd do it, I wasn't sure but it was worth a try.

A loud bang made me whip my head to the left. Standing in the doorway was Janice. Her face was filled with hate. She raked her eyes up and down me. I shivered.

"Where do you think you're going, bitch? There's no escape. You and I are gonna talk then I'll show you the error of your ways. You should've never tried to take him from me," she hissed at me as she made her way over to me.

"I didn't take him from you. Saint told me he wasn't with anyone else seriously. If he lied that's not my fault," I told her, although I knew he hadn't lied. This woman obviously was delusional and had built up a relationship between them in her head which didn't exist.

"Saint? I don't mean that dirty biker you're fucking. Don't play dumb with me. You should've taken my note and then the other warning seriously. You pushed him away but still kept tempting him. It's all a game to you!" she yelled.

Horror filled me as her words sank in. She was my stalker. Here we'd all assumed it was a man. Boy were we wrong, but who was the man she was referring to if it wasn't Saint?

"I have no idea who you're talking about. I'm with Saint. I haven't been tempting anyone. I think you have the wrong woman."

"No, I don't! Don't play dumb with me. You know I'm talking about Ian. You're just like all the rest. They tried to take him away from me too. I had to teach them a lesson. He loves me, he just gets confused and needs a

reminder from time to time.”

The only Ian I knew was Ian Barker, the doctor I had the one date with weeks ago. The one that Saint had interrupted. Jesus, did he have a wife or girlfriend he conveniently forgot to mention? Or was she an ex who couldn't let go?

“Ian? You mean Ian Barker?”

“Yes, I mean Ian Barker.”

“I'm sorry, but I had no idea he had a girlfriend or wife. I would've never gone out with him if I had. I swear, we only went to dinner once and I haven't talked to or seen him since. I'm with Saint. He's my boyfriend. Please, this is all a mistake. Let me go and I promise I won't say a word to anyone about this,” I lied to her. I hoped my expression was convincing.

“Do I look stupid to you? I know you've been talking to him. He locks himself in his office at work and spends time on what he calls emails and phone calls but I know he's talking to you. You've blinded him to your true nature. He thinks you're a good woman, but you're a whore like the others.”

From what she just said, it was a good guess that she worked in his office or at least visited a lot. She might be a drug rep. They were in and out of doctor's offices all the time. Or maybe another vendor.

“Janice, I don't know who he's talking to or emailing but it's not me. He hasn't contacted me since that one date like I said. If he's still on that dating site then he must've met someone else or he's telling the truth about working. Do you go to his office often? Maybe it just seems like he's behind closed doors all the time.” I was fumbling along trying to make her see she was wrong and to try and get her to be reasonable. I wasn't holding my breath it would work. There was a wildness in her eyes that made me think she was a true nut job.

“Don't tell me what I know and don't know! I see him every day at work. We work together. He tells me all the time how much he can't do without me. I'm the best nurse he has. That's one of the reasons he fell in love with me. We're perfect together. Or we were until women like you began to tempt him with your evil wiles. I've seen you with all those bikers, especially the one they call Saint. You're a whore. Ian won't miss you and he'll soon forget about you. Just like he did the others.” She let out a chilling cackle after she said it.

Did she mean what I thought she meant? There had been other

women he dated or even talked to who she thought were out to steal him and she hurt them? Killed them?

“What do you mean he won’t miss me? What did you do to the others? Surely you don’t think you can hurt me and get away with it.”

She came closer, which made me more nervous. She leaned down close to my face. She was taller and more heavily built than me by far. It was probably how she was able to get my unconscious body out of the house.

“He soon forgets about you whores once I take care of you. There’s been several over the years and I’ve made sure they can never come back to capture his attention. We’re gonna get married and have a family soon.” She said the last part and smiled as she cradled her stomach.

“If you two are getting married and he’s gotten you pregnant, then there’s no way he wants me or anyone else.”

“Of course he hasn’t gotten me pregnant. We haven’t slept together! I’m not a whore like you. I’m going to my husband pure. He’ll know without a doubt I’ve never been with a man,” she yelled. Her face turned red then she slapped me. I felt my lower lip split from the impact. Damn, my cheek stung and my lip hurt.

She paced away from me. I watched her as she mumbled under her breath. Terror was beginning to fill me. The way she was talking, while delusional at least in part, left me with the bad feeling she was telling the truth about getting rid of other women she saw as threats. And she did it permanently. I had to figure out a way to escape. It would be nice to think Saint and the club would come to my rescue, but there was no guarantee of that. They had no way to track me.

“How did you get me out of the house without being seen by Vicious? You know they have to be aware that I’m missing. They’ll come looking for me. You don’t want to be here when they get here. Was there ever a Josephine or was that a lie? Whose house was that?” I was desperately throwing out questions. They didn’t have to be related. I was praying something might jar her to rethink killing me.

“My grandmother died years ago. Mrs. Casterline is one of our patients. I go over and check on her all the time. Ian worries about her. She gave me a key to her house so I can get in. As for how I got you out of there without being caught, it was easy. In the back is another driveway I guess you’d call it. It cuts through the property and to the road further down the way. I had my car parked back there. It was far enough away he wouldn’t

hear it start up. I'm stronger than I look. You weren't that hard to carry. They might know you're missing but there's no way they can find us. This place has nothing to do with Mrs. Casterline. This was my father's old wood shop. There's no one around for miles. Now shut up, I'm done talking. It's time for you to pay."

I don't know what made me say what I did next, other than absolute blind terror and desperation. I didn't want to die and she was right, how would the club be able to find me?

"I'll fight you for him. If you're really meant to be with Ian, then you'll beat me. If I lose, then you get to kill me just like you did the others."

She'd walked over by the table with all the tools on it. There were chisels, saws and other sharp objects she could use to kill me there. She turned back to look at me. She was giving me a contemplative look. I pushed more. I had nothing to lose.

"Come on Janice, be a real woman. Don't just arbitrarily kill for your man. A real woman, the kind a man like Ian wants, has to be willing to fight for him, not just take advantage of someone. If you kill me outright, he won't respect you. If we fight, you can tell him what you did to prove your love. He'll never think or look at another woman for the rest of your life. You can marry and have that family you want sooner," I cajoled.

She didn't say anything for several nerve-racking minutes but she didn't pick up a weapon to kill me either. She was considering it. I held my breath a few times and sent prayer after prayer up to the heavens. *Please God, let her accept and then help me to get away from her. If one of us must die, let it be her. Let Saint find me.*

After the longest time of my life it felt like she picked up a knife. I tensed up. *Oh God, no!* When she reached me, I refused to close my eyes. I wouldn't go out like a coward. I'd face it. Imagine my shock when she went behind me and I didn't feel the knife pierce my back. Instead, she sawed through the zip ties holding my arms behind me and to the chair. As she did, she warned me.

"Don't try anything, bitch. I'll gut you if you do. If you wanna die trying to prove you're the one for him, who am I to say no. I have love on my side. There's no way you'll win. I'm gonna beat you to death. I don't need a weapon to kill you. I want to feel your blood on my hands. If you go for one of those tools over there or anything else, then the rules change." She made a growling sound like an animal.



I nodded like I agreed with her, but if I got the chance, I'd go for them. I knew I could hold my own but I didn't know for how long. She was a much bigger woman and that meant she was likely stronger. I'd taken classes on self-defense after moving out of my parent's home, but I hadn't had to test them against anyone, let alone a psycho.

I shook my hands and arms to get the feeling back in them. If she came at me now, I'd lose. "I need a few minutes to get feeling back otherwise it's not a fair fight."

She surprised me by nodding and walking away to put the knife back on the table. The distance seemed miles away. She moved to the center of the room again but kept ten feet between us as I stood up and stomped my feet and shook my arms harder. There were pins and needles in them and my feet felt like they were lead. I walked in a small circle and as I did, I eyed around me without making it obvious. I could see behind me now. There were more boxes and a wall with hammers, mallets and other tools hanging neatly on it.

"Enough. I'm tired of waiting and it's getting late. I have a grave to fill out in the back," she said with a grin.

I put up my fists to defend myself. She let out a snarl and lunged at me. I went on autopilot. Muscle memory took over from all those lessons. I had even practiced lately with Saint, Bullet, Phalanx, and Raine.

She came in fast and threw a hard punch at my head. I easily blocked it then got off a shot of my own which landed. I saw the momentary surprise on her face then she tried to sweep my legs out from underneath me. I jumped her leg and followed up with a front kick, catching her on the front of one of her thighs. She hissed.

We circled the room throwing punches. It was soon apparent that while she was bigger, I knew more. She relied on punching and leg sweeps. I had those too but I added kicks and different combinations of moves together. I grew excited as she began to take a beating. I could tell she was growing angrier and it made her sloppy. I circled around so I was slightly closer to the table. I tried not to be obvious about it and I never glanced at it. She kept swearing and spewing vile names at me. I stayed quiet, which only infuriated her more, I think.

I don't know how long we were at it before she broke the rules she set and swung around. Her hand dipped into a box behind her in the stack along the one wall. When she pulled it out, I saw a knife in it. *Fuck!* I tried to run for the table where she'd laid the other knife, but she was too close. She

lunged at me, and as I tried to avoid her, I tripped on a piece of wood on the floor. Searing pain shot the whole length of my left leg. I screamed. I gazed down in shock at the knife protruding out of my thigh.

She was laughing maniacally. Fury rushed through me and I didn't think, I just reacted. She was standing a foot away. I ripped the knife out of my leg. The pain flared to almost unbearable but I fought against it. I lunged up at her. She gasped as it sank into her gut. I twisted it and jerked hard upward. It sliced deeper and opened up her wound more. Blood began to flow out and down my arm. I refused to stop. I yanked it out and stabbed her again. She had to die so I could live. That's all that went through my mind.

## Saint: Chapter 18

Getting the call that told me my woman was missing and no one knew where she was, was the worst thing to happen in my life. I screamed into the phone at Vicious asking him what he meant and how he could let it happen. He'd tried to explain, but I was beyond hearing him. Instead, I threatened to kill him. The guys out in the garage heard me and came running into my office. It took four of them to hold me back from running out to get on my bike and race to where she had been. I knew her schedule for the day and that her last stop was outside of town at a new client's house.

As luck would have it, Talon and Executioner had stopped by to chat. They were out in the bay area with my guys while I worked on payroll in the office. Ex took my phone away from me and started talking. I was yelling and fighting with Talon and three of my guys.

It was hazy exactly how long that lasted and how they got control of me. All I could think about was finding Piper. The next twenty minutes or more crawled by as the rest of the club showed up and I was hustled into a truck then driven out to the house where Vicious was waiting. He looked sick when he saw me. I lunged for him. Executioner and Rampage caught a hold of me. Most of the club was here.

"Where were you, fucker? You were supposed to watch her. If she's dead, I'll kill you," I screamed.

He got sicker looking. "Saint, I swear I didn't know. She always goes into her clients' homes alone. You know that. They get nervous especially when they first meet us. This was a new one. I stayed right here and waited for her."

"How long has it been since you got here?" Sin asked him far too calmly in my opinion.

V glanced at his watch. "Almost three hours. She said it might take an hour or two so when it hit the two-hour mark and she didn't come out, I knocked to see how much longer she was gonna be. When no one answered, I got concerned and picked the lock. That's when I found the house empty and the back door open. There's a road at the back of the house. He must've come in that way, surprised them, and took her. I don't know what happened to the women inside the house."

"Women? What women?" Ex asked.

“There was a young woman who answered the door. I think it might be the woman’s granddaughter but I don’t know for sure. The old lady was supposed to be here.”

“We need to see where that road leads and see if we can find any clues or tracks. Boomer, I want you and Omen to see where it goes and if you can find anything. Phantom, I doubt there’s anything you can hack into here, but can you run the information on who lives here and see if there might be any clues there? Wrecker, I need you to alert Boss and his guys. We may need to ask them for help,” Sin issued orders.

As they split off to do as he said, I told Rampage, “You need to let me go. I need to look inside. There might be a clue he missed.” I pointed to Vicious.

“Let me go first. There could be something you might miss. I promise, I’ll let you in as soon as I can,” Cuffs said.

“Shouldn’t you be home with Kinslee and the babies?” I asked.

“They’re fine. They have plenty of help. I’m where I need to be. There’s no way I’m not gonna help you find her, Saint. I know it’s hard but try to stay calm and positive. We won’t stop until we find her,” he told me as he squeezed my shoulder.

“Thanks, man. I’ll try. Hurry.”

He nodded then rushed inside. As I waited, I watched Wrecker get off the phone. He told Sin but loud enough for me to hear that Boss was on standby. My other brothers were searching the surrounding yard and an outbuilding. Wrecker went inside once he told us that.

It was no more than maybe ten minutes before they were back. They came straight to me. “There’s no sign of a struggle or blood. It appears that a hoarder lives here. Everything points to it being an elderly woman. The young woman doesn’t live here,” Cuffs explained.

As he finished Omen and Boomer came around the house on their bikes. They’d taken them to check out the road. They stopped and shut them off. “The road winds through the back part of this property and comes out on the main road we came in on about a mile down the road. There are tire tracks that look fresh. We took pictures. Think you can match them to a vehicle?” Omen asked Phantom.

“Likely given time. Listen, I need to get back to the compound and on my computers. Tamysin has started the process and I can do some on my tablet but not a lot,” he said as he held up the tablet in his hand. The man

never went anywhere without something.

“Go, we’ll be there as soon as we can. I want Saint to go with you. Talon, you drove him here in the truck. You go with them,” Sin ordered.

I protested. “I don’t want to leave. What if you find her close by?”

Boomer shook his head. “Man, I don’t think we’ll find her here. If she was here, we should’ve found her by now.”

Bullet and Phalanx came up to me. They were looking almost as bad as I was. “We’ll call you if we find anything. Saint, we need you to go back and be there for Raine. We haven’t told her why we took off. We said it was club business. She’s gonna freak out when she finds out Piper’s missing. As much as we want to be there, we’re better out here searching. Will you do that, please?” Phalanx asked.

As much as I wanted to continue to fight it, I knew that I wasn’t much help right now and if I could calm down her sister, it was something. It was with reluctance that I said yes. Later, after I got back to the compound, I was glad I did. Phalanx was right. Raine lost it. She got so upset we had to have Frankie come over and give her something to calm her down.

I tried not to bug Phantom and Tamysin as they worked. They were heads down intently working. It was a good two hours or more before the others made it back after I got there. Not long after that Phantom came into the common room and went to Sin. A minute later, we were called into church. I almost ran there. It was unbearable to sit so I stayed on my feet as the others took their seats. They were all warily watching me.

I was usually cool and collected when it came to stressful and dangerous situations. Well, not when it came to the woman I loved. I want to tear the world apart. As soon as everyone was in place, Sin started talking. “Phantom has an update for us.” he gestured to our computer guru.

“So, the woman who lives in that house is Josephine Casterline. She’s eighty-one years old. She has no living family. According to what you told us Saint, Piper was contacted by her supposed granddaughter. Whoever called isn’t her anything as far as we know. Mrs. Casterline wasn’t taken thankfully. She’s been in the nursing home for the past week. She fell and broke her hip.”

“Then who the fuck is the woman who called and met Piper at the house?” I growled.

“Good question. We’re still checking but it had to be someone with access to the house and Mrs. Casterline’s information. How else did she

know the woman wasn't home? Vicious gave me a physical description and drew me a picture. I have her likeness running through a facial recognition software program. It's comparing it against photos on Tennessee driver's licenses. If we don't find anything, we'll move on to other databases."

Frustration and fear swamped me. We were no closer to finding her. I roared as I slammed my fist into the wall. The drywall cracked. The pain in my fist barely registered. "She's been gone too long. You know what happens if we don't find her soon," I snarled at them even though I knew it wasn't their fault and they were doing everything they could.

Sin got up and came over to me. He grabbed my shoulders and gave me a shake to get my attention. "We know and we're not fucking stopping. Think, did she say anything else about the woman who called? It's obvious she's working with whoever left the note and the destroyed clothing and rat. I don't know why, but we'll find out and make them both pay."

I took a deep breath and tried to think of what Piper had told me. It was hard as hell. "She said the woman said she lived three hours away and couldn't get here much to take her grandma to appointments or shopping. Wait, Piper jots down notes when she's on a call. She keeps a big desk calendar. Let me go see if she put anything down on it. It's in the trailer," I said as inspiration and hope dawned. I didn't wait to get permission. I took off running out of the room. I was back in five minutes with the calendar in my hands. I laid it on the table and pointed.

"Here it is. Her name was supposedly Janice. There's a phone number next to her name. Will that help?"

"Hell yeah it will. We're trying to get access to Piper's phone records but it takes time. I tried to ping it but it must be turned off. Let me go run this. Hang tight," Phantom said excitedly as he rushed out of the room.

It wasn't long before he was back with an excited look on his face. "I got it. Her name is Janice Mallory. She lives here in Tenillo and guess where she works?"

I shrugged. He continued. "She's a nurse in Dr. Ian Barker's office. A title search in her name shows she owns a piece of property she inherited from her father outside of Tenillo. Her phone is pinging in that general area. I think that's where they have Piper."

"I knew that sonofabitch was the one! I don't know how he had an alibi but when I get a hold of him, he won't be doing it again. Let's go get my woman," I told them.

No one argued and it was a mad dash to get our weapons and rides. To maintain stealth, we decided to take vehicles instead of bikes. Phantom rode in the front truck with me and Sin. He was the one with the tracker on his phone that pinpointed where we were going. As the miles sped by, I prayed. *Please let her be alive.*

When we got close to where I thought it was, Phantom abruptly told Sin to pull off the road into a field. The others behind us followed. “We should park here and go the rest of the way on foot. You know the drill,” Phantom explained as we got out.

Briefly, Sin gathered us together and we split into teams. This was old hat for us. We’d done a ton of these in the military and even more since forming the club. Trouble just seemed to find us no matter what we did. We set a fast pace through the field and the few trees that stood between us and the property. It wasn’t long before we saw a building. It wasn’t a house. It looked more like an outbuilding, maybe a workshop. There was a car sitting alongside it.

We crept up as quietly and low to the ground as we could. It was dark so that helped. There was just enough light to see well enough to not fall. As we got closer, I heard screaming. It was a female voice, and she was in agony. I broke formation and went running inside with my gun drawn, ready to kill whoever was causing it. My gut churned. It had to be Piper.

Imagine my shock when I got in there and found out I was wrong. Lying in the middle of the floor screaming was the woman Phantom had shown us a picture of. Blood was all around her on the floor. Not far from her was Piper. She was on the floor as well, clutching her leg but she wasn’t screaming. Blood covered her hands and made a puddle on the floor. My brothers were right behind me. I let them secure the woman and search for Barker while I ran over to my woman. I dropped to my knees beside her.

“Baby, are you alright? Where’s the blood coming from? Where is he?”

“Saint, you found me. Most of the blood is hers. The rest is from the stab wound to my thigh. That bitch doesn’t fight fair and she stabbed me, but I got her back worse. There’s no one else here. She did it,” she told me slowly as she slurred.

My momentary relief tried to turn to panic, but I fought it. Instead, I went into medic mode. I tore off my belt and wrapped it around her upper thigh, tightening it so it would work like a tourniquet. Once it was tied off

tightly, I took my knife off my belt and carefully started at her ankle and sliced her pants up to above the wound. The bleeding had slowed to a tiny trickle.

When we'd left the truck in the field, I'd made sure to bring my medical kit with me. It was a habit to bring it along like I did in the service. It was strapped to my back in a backpack. I tore it off and yanked it open. I pawed through it until I found a packet of QuikClot. It was a material impregnated with a mineral called kaolin. The kaolin activated a factor in the blood called Factor XII. That accelerated the clotting in the blood. I quickly got it out and filled the wound with it.

Her whimpers of pain were killing me. I'd give anything to take her pain on myself. Her faint whimpers were nothing compared to the caterwauling the bitch on the floor was doing. I snapped my head around for a moment to glare and snarl, "Shut that cunt up! She did this to her. Piper said it was her and no one else is here."

This put looks of surprise on my brothers' faces. I saw their looks of partial concern turn to disgust and anger. We hadn't known if the doctor had been somehow forcing her to help him or not. Before I turned back to Piper, I saw Bullet grab a rag off one of the boxes and shove it in her mouth. He wasn't gentle and it looked like he'd stuffed it halfway down her throat.

"Don't choke her to death. I have shit planned for her. Keep her breathing," I shouted. As I looked back down at Piper, my heart skipped a beat. She was growing paler by the second, and even though I'd stopped the bleeding on the outside, I had no way of knowing if she was bleeding internally and there was more blood on the floor than I liked. I scooped her up.

"I need a truck or something now! She needs a hospital." I shouted to nobody in particular. A firm hand on my shoulder had me turning. It was Sin.

"Go, Phantom brough the truck we rode in here. I figured we might need it for her. That's why I had him stay behind. He waited for my text."

It was shit like this which made Sin a natural leader to follow. I'd been too caught up in Piper to think beyond rescue, which wasn't like me. All I could do was nod, since I was too choked up to speak. I rushed out of the building without sparing anyone else a thought. I knew my brothers would do their best to keep the bitch alive so I could exact revenge on her and get the whole story out of her. Why target Piper? Were we wrong and the doctor had something to do with it but wasn't there at the moment?



Phantom was right out front with the motor running. Torpedo saw me and yanked the front passenger door open so I could jump in. I did it without putting her down. As soon as the door slammed, Phantom took off. The road was bumpy. She cried out louder. He slowed down but I barked at him. “Don’t slow down.” I had my hand on her pulse and it was growing thready. She was going into shock. He sped back up.

“We should make it to the hospital in fifteen, Saint,” he uttered. I saw him giving her worried glances.

“See if you can make it ten. She’s deteriorating. I don’t know what kind of damage is on the inside.”

A few seconds later, he hit a big hole in the road. There was no way to avoid it. She let out a gut-wrenching cry then slumped in my arms. My breath caught, but then I felt her pulse. She’d only passed out. With her no longer awake I voiced my fear.

“Phantom, what if I lose her? Man, I can’t fucking survive that. If she dies, I’m done,” I whispered hoarsely as tears filled my eyes. Call me a pussy if you will but this woman owned me. How could you live as less than half of a person?

“Stop that shit right the fuck now! You’re not gonna lose her. We’ll get her to the hospital in time. She’ll be good as new in no time. Right now you just hold her and keep pressure on the wound and keep that tourniquet tight. We need to come up with a story to tell them at the ER. You know they’ll call the cops and even though we have Boss, Wrecker and Cuffs to run interference, that’s still no guarantee. It has to be an accident of some kind. Think,” he ordered me.

He was right and even as I began to think I knew he wanted me to focus on something else. As the miles sped by in a blur, he wove in and out of any traffic we drove up on. He honked his horn and gave people the finger when they didn’t get the hell out of the way fast enough. As we finally came screeching into the parking lot of the ER, I glanced at the clock on the dash. He’d made it in nine minutes.

The doors of the ER came flying open, and out rushed three people pushing a gurney. I wondered for a second if they’d been warned to expect us. Probably. My door was opened and I jumped out. I placed her on the gurney even though the last thing I wanted was to let go of her.

A man in a white coat distracted me. “Tell us what happened. We got a call that a stab victim was coming in. We have the OR on standby. I’m Dr.

Davis.”

His name was vaguely familiar. It took a moment for me to remember why. “You’ve helped us before,”

“That’s right. I know Luciana. Tell me what you did. You’re Saint. I heard you have medic training. Give me your assessment,” he ordered.

This pushed me back into medic mode. As we ran inside and down the hall to where the operating rooms were, I gave him the rundown and how long she’d been unconscious. I even gave him an estimate of how much blood there was left behind on the floor. When we got to the doors to the OR, he stopped me.

“You know the drill. You can’t come in. Go wait in the waiting room with your brothers. I’ll make sure you’re kept updated.” as he left me and they took her behind those doors, I sagged. Hands grabbed me from behind and helped to hold me up. I turned around and Phantom was standing there.

“Let’s go get a seat. We’ll need to get her checked in and then we’ll get you cleaned up.”

His last remark made me glance down and notice I was covered in blood. I numbly followed him. The waiting area was full. People gave us wide-eyed looks. Phantom stayed at my side as we went through the steps to get her registered. I knew why they needed her info, but I was impatient with it. This shit could wait!

It wasn’t long before the doors opened, and more of my club came rushing in. They were some of the ones who stayed behind to watch the other women and children. We never left them completely alone. We wouldn’t take chances on their lives. You never knew what might be a decoy or plot to ambush the compound. Too many years fighting insurgents had set that worry firmly in all our minds. A few of the old ladies were with them. They rushed over to gather around me. It was Phantom who filled them in where Piper was. A gentle hand on my arm made me look up. I’d been staring sightlessly at the floor. It was Luciana.

“Come with me. We’ll get you a set of scrubs or something to change into and a shower. You need to get this blood off you. When Piper wakes up you don’t want to scare her, do you?” she asked with a smile.

“No, I don’t,” I replied numbly.

I let her lead me off and into the back. It was a staff-only area, but no one tried to stop her. Being an employee had its perks I guess. Or maybe it was the sight of a massive, crazed-looking biker covered in blood that kept

them quiet.

In a matter of no time, I had a set of clean clothes and was shown to a shower in the back. She stepped outside the room to give me privacy. I stripped and walked into the spray even before it got hot. I watched as the blood ran down the drain. A part of me wanted to call it back. It felt like I was washing away Piper. I let the tears fall. In here I could fall apart. Once I walked out, I'd have to be strong. Not because I was a man but for her.

As soon as I was clean and the tears had stopped falling, I got out, dried off and got dressed. The loose scrubs felt funny on my body, but they'd do. I hurried out to her. I needed to get back to the waiting area. What if they'd come out to update me and I was gone?

"Don't worry, they haven't come out yet. Phantom texted to tell me," she reassured me.

"Thank you, Luci."

She gave me a one-armed hug as we walked back. I had to walk slower since she was even shorter than my Sparky. When we got back to the waiting area, it was even fuller with my family.

As the time dragged by, more of the club came to join us. I vaguely wondered once why the cops hadn't been here yet. At one point, we were shown to a private area to wait. I think they wanted us away from the other patients and families. From time to time someone would come in to tell us she was still in surgery and doing okay. It was a good two hours or more before a man in scrubs wearing a cap and mask came in. He lowered his mask. I saw it was Dr. Davis. He gave me a tired smile.

"Saint, she's in recovery. The surgery went well. Sorry it took so long. The knife slightly nicked the femoral artery. Your quick thinking with the belt and the QuikClot saved her life. She'll be awake in a bit. She's gonna need lots of rest and strengthening up from the blood loss but she should make a full recovery. You can come back and sit with her in recovery. I know better than to try and keep any of you Infidels away," he said with a grin.

I gave him a hug. I could tell it surprised him. "Thank you," I whispered. He patted me on the back.

I let go and as my family celebrated the news, Dr. Davis took me back to her. I ached when I saw her pale face and small body hooked up to so many lines and machines. I leaned down and kissed her. She didn't move but I knew she was alive by the steady beeping sound of her heart monitor. Before I sat down to take her hand, I checked out what meds and fluids they

had going into her. I saw they had a bag of blood which was almost empty. I'd have to ask later how much blood they had to give her altogether.

I sat there and held her hand and watched for signs of her waking. The staff came and went quietly. They gave me faint smiles. It wasn't too long before she moved. Slowly, I watched her come back to the world. I talked inanely to her in the hopes it would help her shake off the anesthesia faster. When she finally opened her eyes, they were so damn green they startled me. I smiled at her as I leaned over the bed.

"Hi Sparky, it's about time you woke up. You know I can't live without your gorgeous smile and sexy voice. How're you feeling?"

"Like someone stabbed me and then beat my ass while I was asleep," she croaked. She had enough humor to say that and try to grin. I gave her a passionate kiss. She moaned but it wasn't a moan of pain. When I broke it off, she tried to follow my mouth with hers.

"Sorry, baby, but we have to behave. We can't have sex here in the recovery room. We'll make all these people jealous," I teased her. I heard one of the staff stifle a laugh. I looked up and saw one of the nurses standing there. I winked at her. She turned red and scurried off.

"See, she's been traumatized. You've got to stop throwing yourself at me."

"I'm not the one attacking a helpless patient minding her own business."

I laughed. "God, woman, you shouldn't be this funny after what you just went through. I love you, Piper. More than anything in this world. Don't scare me like that again. My heart can't take it. You're locked in the compound for the next fifty years. After that, I might let you go out."

"I'll try to remember that. I love you too. Although if you keep me locked up that long, you might not be getting sex. You know I have to stay busy."

I made a growling sound which made her smile. Her smile slowly faded then she asked. "Saint, what happened to you know who?" she whispered as she tried to glance around.

I checked to be sure no one was close then answered her. "As far as I know, she's still alive but that could've changed since I've been in here with you. The guys took her back to the compound. A few stayed there to question her in case she dies before I get to her. I have to know why she did it and that Dr. Barker wasn't a part of it. I know you said she was alone, but I still have

to be sure.”

“I’m sure, and I know why she did it. She’s certifiably insane, honey. She thinks they’re in love and that I was trying to steal him away. She thinks he’ll marry her and have a family. Saint, she said she’s taken care of other women who tried to steal him away from her. I think she killed them. She said there was a grave waiting for me out back. We need to know.”

That surprised the hell out of me. I took out my phone and sent a quick text to Sin.

*Me: Piper awake. Says the woman insane. Confessed to killing other women. Check the property for graves. There might be a burial ground out there. Says Barker not involved.*

Less than a minute later he replied.

*Sin: The guys at home said she’s nuts. I’ll send guys to check. You concentrate on Piper. Raine is here and wants to see her. She’s not happy just so you know with being kept away. Tell Piper we send our love.*

*Me: Thanks, Pres. Will do.*

I got a thumbs-up back. I put my phone away.

“Sin is having some of the guys check out the property. They said they figured out she’s crazy. Now, I want you to forget about her and all that other stuff. All I want you to do is concentrate on getting better and coming home with me. I have plans for you and they require you to be able to walk.”

“Oh, what kind of plans?” she asked suggestively.

“Well, sex of course you pervert but I’m not telling you the rest. It’s a surprise.”

She laughed then groaned. The way she winced told me she was feeling pain. That prodded me to call over a nurse. From there, I got back to focusing on willing her better. I hadn’t lied. I had big plans for her. Although before anything else happened, I had to get Raine back here. She’d been kept in the dark until we knew if Piper would make it or not. Obviously based on Sin’s text, she was here and not happy about it.

It wasn’t long after that they got Piper to the point that she could be moved out of recovery. They were planning to keep her in the ICU for a day or two. I agreed with their plan. As soon as she moved to her room, I went to get Raine. She had to be dying to see her. They hugged and sobbed in each other’s arms when they saw each other.

## Saint: Chapter 19

I wasn't thrilled to be leaving Piper at the hospital but this had to be done. Several of my brothers were there. Raine had said she needed to go home for a bit but she'd be back. She'd stayed all night with us and subsequently, so did her men, even though they remained in the waiting room. I knew Piper was out of danger and I had something that couldn't wait any longer, not if I wanted to get answers.

My brothers had warned me Janice wasn't long for this world. They'd done what they could to keep her alive, even going as far as to call our Polly Pocket Paula over to work on her and pump her full of fluids and shit. They gleefully informed me Paula had enjoyed inflicting some pain of her own on the bitch. Apparently, even though I hadn't introduced my woman to all of the Time Served crew, they already considered her a friend. God, I loved them and their half of the Crazy Coven.

They'd also informed me Piper had been right. There was a burial ground on the property. They'd found seven bodies of other women so far. Boss was taking the lead on having them dug up. We were working to keep it under wraps as much as we could but at some point we'd have to let the families of those women know what happened to them. I'd been told to let Boss, Cuffs and Wrecker take care of it.

When I got to the compound, I didn't bother stopping at the clubhouse. I kept driving to the back of the huge property where we had the Gallows. The old slaughterhouse we had fixed up to be our personal jail and interrogation spot was kept out of sight. Interrogation sounded better than torture chamber. Since we'd formed this club, there had been more people seeing the inside of it than we ever imagined would. The world was a crazy and ugly place.

When I pulled up to it, I was surprised to see several vehicles and bikes outside of it, including some that weren't ours though I recognized them. They belonged to Time Served. *What the hell?* I got off my bike and hurried inside. It was standing room only in there. I was even more surprised, even shocked, to see that it had numerous women inside. It appeared that the entire Crazy Coven was here, along with Raine.

I pushed to the front of the crowd. They were all staring at the woman tied to a chair in the middle of the main room. By the looks of her, she was

barely alive. As I looked her over, I saw that her stab wounds appeared to be sutured shut. However, that wasn't what caught my attention the most. It was the fact she was covered in bruises and other shallow cuts and abrasions. She looked like she'd gone twenty rounds with an MMA fighter. Her head was hanging down and she was barely breathing. Dirty, ratty hair obscured her face. Her ripped clothes showed the damage. I glanced at my brothers. "What the hell did you do?"

Executioner held up his hands. He was our enforcer slash sergeant-at-arms. "Hey, don't look at me. I didn't do it. We questioned her, but we didn't do that. It was these crazy ass women. They've been here almost since we got her patched up. They've been leading this interrogation. We didn't tell you because we didn't want you to worry about anything but Piper, but if you're gonna ask her anything or work off any angst, you'd better do it now. She's hanging on by a thread and these ladies want to cut that fucker. The Fates don't have anything on them."

I ran my eyes over all the women. Not one of them looked ashamed, apologetic, or squeamish for that matter. I knew our women were tough. They'd proven it more than once, but this was a new level. My eyes landed on Raine. She was glaring at Janice with hate in her eyes.

"Sweetheart, you do some of this?"

She looked at me and lifted her chin. "Damn right I did. She tried to kill my sister. I wasn't about to let that stand. I'm not about to let something this serious go." Bullet and Phalanx weren't far away. They gave her a proud grin.

"I'm not complaining, honey. I'm just a little shocked that's all. What about the rest of you? Didn't you have anything to do? Were you just bored?" I teased. The fact they did this warmed my heart.

Brea answered first as the others snickered. "You know us. We have ADHD. We need things to occupy us and this seems to really work. Crafting and having our nails done gets boring. Besides, we know you guys don't relish hurting women, not even psychos like her. We thought it would be a nice thing to remove that burden from your shoulders. We know you'd do it, but why do it if you have us. Hell, Paula and Blue are crazy enough to do it for fun and Adara is an expert. She gave us great pointers," she joked.

I ran a hand down my face. "Well fuck, now I feel obsolete. Damn, I've gotta do something to regain my old man status," I told them. They laughed harder along with my brothers and the guys from Time Served. I

crouched down in front of the woman and grabbed her hair so I could raise up her head.

Her face was worse than her body. Both eyes were swollen shut and black. Her lips were split and there were bruises and cuts all over her face. A few looked like they were made by something other than fists. A few teeth appeared to be missing. She moaned.

“I want you to know that Piper is alive and she’ll make a full recovery. She and I will be living a long happy life together and having a family. Those poor women you murdered will be avenged and their families will get closure. As for Ian,” as I said his name, she tried to open her eyes. She gasped raggedly.

Even as beaten as she was, she still was fixated on the man. According to what Wrecker had told me, the poor doctor had no clue she had been stalking and killing the women he’d met online. Or that his nurse was obsessed with him. He was devastated. Of course he had no idea we had her or that we’d be the ones to enact justice. All he knew at this point was she’d taken Piper and then had run before we caught her. He’d come to the hospital to check on Piper. I hadn’t let him see her, but he brought her flowers, and asked me to tell her how sorry he was.

“He’s disgusted by you. He said he never loved or wanted you. That he would’ve never married you or had kids with a psycho like you. He’s planning to ban your name from ever being said in his presence again. Hell, I bet he’ll leave town and start over somewhere else with a real woman,” I told her cruelly.

A gurgling scream bubbled up from her throat. She weakly tried to lunge at me despite her weakness, pain and being tied up. I laughed along with the others. It only made her act more demented.

“N-no he won’t,” she moaned out faintly.

“Oh yes he will. Hell, even knowing she’s mine, he came to see Piper and brought her the biggest bouquet I’ve ever seen. I know if it wasn’t for me and the fact she loves me, he’d be all over her,” I taunted.

Her attempts to scream and fight continued. I watched her dispassionately. I’d decided on finishing her with mental torture after seeing that there was almost nothing I could likely do to her physically to make her hurt more than she already did. Psychological torture could be a bitch. The sounds she made were animalistic. I kept saying things which made her try harder to get loose.



It wasn't long before the sutures tore on her stab wounds and blood began to run. I stood back and watched. In fact, we all did. Many might think we were monsters, and I say let them. This was retribution. No way could we let a monster like her loose. If she went to trial, she'd most likely be found insane, and sent to a mental hospital, but she'd never be cured. As long as she was alive, no one around her would be safe. What was to stop her from obsessing on someone at the hospital and killing others thinking they were after him? It took less than an hour for her to bleed out which was kinda disappointing. As soon as she stopped breathing, I was patted on the back by several people. The last one spoke to me.

"Saint, let us take care of this. You and Raine should get back to the hospital. We've got this and the statement to the media will go out today. As far as anyone will ever know, she killed herself when she was cornered by the police. Me, Cuffs, and Wrecker will be the ones who cornered her. The coroner will back up our story. He's a good one," Boss told me quietly.

I grabbed his hand. "Thanks, Boss. Thank your men and the ladies too for me. I do need to get back to Piper but as soon as she's home and on the mend, we're having a party so you all can meet her. It's time she met the rest of our family."

He gave me a quick hug as he nodded. As I made my way outside, I was joined by Raine, Phalanx, and Bullet. I hugged her close. I gave her a kiss on the top of her head. "I'm proud of you, sweetheart. You're more than tough enough to be an Infidel's woman. These two are lucky as hell to have you just like I'm beyond lucky to have your sister."

She gave me a tiny smile as she hugged me back. "I know it. We're the shit, just remember that. If you fuck up and hurt my sister, I'll make what we did to that woman look like child's play," she warned me.

I had no doubt she would. As we kept walking, I told her what I had planned once Piper was healed. Hopefully it would keep me in her good graces. If not, I'd have to run. I hoped like hell Bullet and Phalanx were listening and taking notes. She might be young and tiny but she could be lethal. Our kind of kryptonite.

† † † † † †

The past month and a half has been a hectic one. The fact that Piper spent a week in the hospital was only part of it. Being with her kept me busy and I had taken time off from work at the garage to stay with her while she was in there as well as since she'd come home. She tried to tell me she would

be fine without me hovering but I couldn't do it. Thankfully, she was now fully healed according to her doctor. She was still stiff and when she got tired, she'd limp but the physical therapist she worked with said it would go away over time.

The worst part was the drama that happened between Raine, Bullet, and Phalanx. It had been touch-and-go. It took some serious talking to get her to forgive them for not telling her in the first place, then not telling her that her sister had been found and was in surgery. Just as we breathed a sigh of relief, worse shit happened. Something none of us expected, and we had to protect our family again. Thank God it all worked out over the past month and a half. We weren't dwelling on anything negative from now on.

A couple of weeks after her stabbing and a week after she came home, the club had more to celebrate. Lyric had gone into labor and had a healthy son. As a nod to his daddy's real name of Kye, they named him Kycen. He was a bruiser and we had no doubt he'd grow up to be a big guy like his dad. Olivia was totally in love with her baby brother and would barely let her parents hold him let alone any of the rest of us.

On top of this we were given the happy news that Tamysin was pregnant with her and Phantom's first baby. They told us the baby would be born at the end of June next year. As much as I wished Piper and I were announcing we were pregnant with our first, I wanted her to be fully healed before we put stress on her body like that.

We personally had more good news than she was on the mend. The day after she came home from the hospital, we had a small gathering in the clubhouse. It wasn't anything too strenuous or long. I only had her join us long enough to give her her property cut and ask her to marry me. The look of shock on her face when she saw the ring still made me grin. She screamed and threw her arms around me, kissing my whole face. How she could be so surprised I didn't know. I'd told her more than once she was my old lady and I wanted to make her my wife.

Currently, our house was only a week from being complete then we could move in. We were both super excited and had been shopping for furniture and other things. She had some things she and Raine put in storage from their apartment, but the rest she planned to let her sister have. Phalanx, Bullet and I had convinced them to let us pack it up and let go of the apartment after Piper came home from the hospital. There was no need for them to hold on to it. They hadn't argued. It would be a few months until

their house was done, but they'd started the process.

Wrecker, Boss, and Cuffs had been able to keep the fact that we'd taken out Janice a secret as promised. The public only knew what she'd done and that she was no longer a threat. Dr. Barker hadn't fared so well. Most of the public felt sorry for him, and didn't blame him, although a few did. He was so ashamed he hadn't known what was going on under his nose for years that he decided to close his practice and leave Tenillo. I did feel sorry for him but I wasn't overly sad to hear he no longer lived in our town. I'd seen the look on his face when he came to see Piper at the hospital and again after she came home. He still had a thing for her. Who could blame him?

Despite everything, we were back to living and loving. In fact, I had a surprise for my woman today. One she had no idea about, but I'd had a lot of help planning and pulling it off. I hoped she would love it. The old ladies had taken her off for the day. They had orders to keep her occupied until it was time. Also, they had a plan to have her ready when it was the designated time. They'd gone to enjoy a day at the spa. They had facials, manicures and pedicures, hair and makeup all planned. In fact, they'd taken over the spa for the day.

Glancing around, I saw everything was ready. I'd been running around making sure it was perfect for hours. My brothers who weren't busy watching the kids had helped me. Nodding my head, I headed into our trailer. I had time to get ready then they should be back. Excitement filled me as I got dressed and groomed after my shower. My hair and goatee were freshly trimmed. My teeth were brushed and I had cologne on. I slipped on my new clothes and took a look in the mirror. I'd do.

Walking back outside, I saw all our guests had arrived. We were set up outside in the area next to where we usually had the gardens. The ground had been smoothed out and the setting was perfect. My phone buzzed. Checking it I saw it was Raine.

***Raine: We're ten minutes out. She has no idea. We pulled it off!***

I replied as I headed around the clubhouse to tell the others.

***Me: Wonderful. I'll meet you out front. Thank you.***

***Raine: Welcome. So excited💎💎***

I grabbed Pitbull as he came up to me. "They're almost here. We've got less than ten minutes."

"Got it," he said before running off.

It was a mad scramble to get everyone in place but somehow we did

it. I waited out in front of the clubhouse for them to arrive. When they did, Ashes opened the gate then took off to join the others. The vehicles parked and the ladies came spilling out. They were all dressed in pretty dresses done up to the nines. I wondered what excuse they gave her for all of them getting dressed up?

When Piper stepped out, I couldn't catch my breath. She was dressed in a cream dress that showed off her curves to perfection. Raine had assured me that she would love it and helped me to pick it out and get the right size. Her hair was done up in a cascade of dark curls. Her face was done up with subtle makeup. She looked like a princess to me. Her eyes widened and her mouth dropped open when she saw me. The ladies gave me encouraging smiles then faded away. Piper came walking toward me. I held out my hand.

“Saint, what’s going on? Why’re you dressed like that?”

“Sparky, I have something I need to ask you, but before I do I have to tell you that you look so damn gorgeous. I didn’t think it was possible since you’re the most beautiful woman in the world to begin with.”

She took my hand and I drew her against me. I placed a gentle kiss on her lips but pulled back before it could go further.

“Thank you. I love how you think I’m so beautiful. Remind me never to get you glasses,” she said with a grin. I laughed as she sobered up. “You look amazing too. What do you want to ask me?”

“I want to ask you to marry me.”

She frowned. “Honey, you already did. Remember? I have the ring,” she said as she held up her left hand.

“I know but what I mean is, will you marry me today, right now?”

Her mouth fell open again and she tried to speak a couple of times before anything came out. I was a bundle of nerves waiting to hear what she would say. If she said no, I didn’t know what I’d do. Finally, she put me out of my misery.

“Of course I’ll marry you! How though? Don’t we have to go to the courthouse and apply for a marriage license? Isn’t it too late in the day to do that? What about our friends and family?”

Taking her hand I started leading her toward the side of the clubhouse. I grinned at her and winked. “Baby, I’ve got it all handled. Come see.”

As we rounded the building, she took in the mass of people sitting under the white tent waiting for us, and the decorations we’d put up, with lots

of help from the ladies at Time Served. They had come over to do the decorating and stuff while our women were at the spa. It was a two club effort. She gasped and I saw tears well up.

“Don’t cry. If you do, you’ll ruin your makeup,” I told her softly.

“And if I do, it’s all your fault. Oh my God, this is wonderful, Connor. It’s perfect. I can’t believe you did all this and I had no idea. Let’s not keep them waiting. I’m ready to be your wife.”

“She said yes!” I shouted, which made everyone laugh and cheer. I saw the grins on all their faces. Sitting in the crowd were most of her clients, Lucas, and my mom. I couldn’t wait to have them meet in person after the ceremony. They’d been introduced over the computer, but this was different. My mom had already told me she thought Piper was perfect for me. As I led her forward, Phantom came forward. He held out his arm to her.

“I hope you’ll let me be your escort. I threatened the whole club with wiping out their whole lives to get this honor.”

She smiled at him as she took his arm. “I’d be more than honored to have you escort me.”

Leaving her with him, I rushed ahead to get into position. He hadn’t lied. He had made those threats to get the privilege. Bullet and Phalanx had tried to both do it together but they lost. As I got into position, I grinned harder. Standing up there trying to look all official was Boomer. He’d said since we kept settling down and he wanted to be ready for more to do it, he went online and did whatever it was to become official to perform marriages in Texas. If he wanted to do it, who was I to say no.

As the music started and I saw Piper and Phantom coming behind Raine, who was in front of her as her maid of honor, I took a deep breath. Bullet and Phalanx were both standing up for me. I’d return the favor when they married Raine, which I didn’t think would be too long from now. When Phantom placed her hand in mine, I knew this was the beginning of the rest of my life and it would always be wonderful as long as she was in it.

## Piper:

I'd laughed, talked, danced, and celebrated for the past few hours. As a young girl, I'd often tried to imagine what my wedding day would be like. I could say, I never in a million years pictured this, but despite that, it was everything I could want and more. It might not be in a church or me riding in a carriage like a fairy princess but the sea of motorcycles out front had been better.

My dress, although not a traditional wedding dress, suited me. I was flabbergasted that Saint had done all of this. Everyone was up front that he had been the mastermind behind it all and they only provided assistance. Raine told me how he'd enlisted her to find my dress and picked her brain on things I'd like within a few days of me landing in the hospital. Honestly, I didn't know how they kept it a secret or when he found time to work on it. I was shaken from my thoughts by my husband sweeping me into his arms. He kissed my neck and whispered in my ear.

"Baby, are you ready to come with me so we can have a more private celebration? I'm dying to make love to my wife," he said with a growl.

Despite my attempts to get him to make love to me since my stabbing, he'd been adamant that I had to be one hundred percent healed. Even when the doctor said it was okay to resume sexual activity, he'd held off. He said our kind of lovemaking was too vigorous to be considered ordinary sexual activity. That didn't mean we hadn't pleased each other. He made me have plenty of orgasms and I did the same to him, but it wasn't the same. We both needed more. I was so desperate that I'd planned to tell him this weekend to either put out or I'd hurt him.

I wound my arms around him. "I thought you'd never ask," I told him with a wicked smirk. The heat in his gaze intensified immediately. He let out a low growl then I was airborne. He picked me up and cradled me in his arms as he hurried toward the back hallway. Catcalls followed us. His mom flashed us a smile. She was busy talking to some of the women. All I could do was wave at them.

The cool air hit me, but I was on fire. It felt good against my heated skin. Saint didn't waste time getting me inside our trailer and the door closed behind us. He didn't pause or sit me down on my feet, he kept going until we were in our bedroom. Once we were in there, he sat me on the edge of the

bed.

He stood back up and shrugged off his cut, which he laid on the chair next to the bed. Next, he took off his boots. After the ceremony and pictures, he'd changed into his everyday clothes. I'd changed into a different dress and slipped on my property cut. I didn't want to ruin my wedding dress. Not wanting him to get too far ahead of me, I bent down to undo the strap on my heels. He shook his head.

“No, don't do that. I'm gonna unwrap you like the gift you are. Just let me get a bit more off then it's your turn.”

“Then shouldn't I be the one who unwraps you? You're a gift to me, Connor.”

“I appreciate you thinking so, but no, I can't let you undress me. I'm not sure how long I can remain in control. Goddamn, I want you so much I hurt, baby.”

“Then get us undressed and take me. I love that you want to make this last, but it's been too long. I need you,” I pleaded.

This earned me another very heated glance then he sped up. Instead of taking only some of his clothes off, he stripped them all away. My pussy got soaked as I ran my eyes all over his sexy body. His muscles and tats made my hands itch and my mouth water. His long, thick cock was standing straight out and begging for me to taste it. I could see the shine of precum on the tip.

I swiped a finger across it and stuck it in my mouth. This apparently was too much for him. He groaned then the next thing I knew he was undoing my shoes and throwing them to the floor then his hands were sliding up my thighs, taking my dress with them. I raised up enough he could get it past my ass and hips then it was up and off me. My bra was unhooked and launched too. I lay back to allow him to remove my panties except that's not exactly what he did. Instead, he grabbed both sides and ripped them down the seams. More excitement flashed through me.

He pushed my legs apart then got on the bed between them. He stared at me hard. “Are you sure you want it like this?”

I moaned and nodded my head. He jerked my legs over his forearms then thrust his cock into me in one hard push. A scream of pure pleasure was torn from me. I clawed at his shoulders and back. He swore then proceeded to take me hard, deep and fast. The bed was slamming into the wall and I couldn't breathe. It seemed to take no time at all for me to orgasm, but he didn't come with me. Instead, he kept going and pushed me into a second one

then a third. For someone who said he couldn't last, he sure was doing it.

"God, baby, I can't take it. It's too good," I moaned. I'd switched to fisting the bedding rather than clawing him.

"Yes. You. Can," he snarled right before he pulled out, flipped me onto my belly then jerked me to my knees. I loved when he did that. He shoved his glorious cock back inside of me. This position allowed him to go even deeper. His hands slid up my ribs and he tweaked my nipples hard which sent me careening into an even bigger orgasm. As I wailed out and gushed my release down my thighs, he groaned then I felt his warmth filling me as he came. He jerked over and over until he was drained. When he was done, he laid across my back, and kissed my neck, then cheek.

"I love you Piper Terrell. Thank you for loving me and becoming my wife."

"I love you, Connor Terrell and I can't tell you how much I love you. I'm honored to be your wife and have you as my husband."

As I said it, I gasped because I felt him begin to grow hard inside of me. I gave him a disbelieving look. He grinned. "Are you ready for round two and for me to make up for that sad performance?"

"Oh God, if that was sad then I hope I can survive a good one," I whispered.

The evil man just smirked and began to glide in and out. Lord have mercy. He was determined to make up for lost time and I couldn't wait. I bet tomorrow I wouldn't be able to walk and would love it.



## Saint: Epilogue- Six Months Later

Watching my wife playing with several of the kids on the playground behind the clubhouse made me smile. She looked so happy and carefree. It was good to see her like that. The past six months since the wedding had been overall great. We'd moved into our house. Raine, Bullet and Phalanx had weathered their trials and were rock solid. That had taken a bit of doing and it was a relief Piper and Raine's so-called family had been handled. They wouldn't be causing us any more trouble. They'd bitten off more than they could chew when they came at us.

Piper's business was thriving. The club had been so impressed with it and the demand that there was for her services they'd approached her about expanding it and letting the club partner with her. She had all the say in hiring and such, but we paid for two additional vans and she found two drivers she could trust. She was still not able to say yes to every request, but she was now able to help a few days a week in neighboring towns. I wouldn't be surprised if we'd expand it a few more times.

I was happy and couldn't wait to see what the next forty-plus years would bring. I was pulled from my daydreaming by a small soft hand running up my arm. I glanced down and smiled at my wife. She tugged on my arm. "Come with me. I need to talk to you," she said.

"Talk to me, about what?"

"It's about the business. Let's go to the house and talk." She had a very serious look on her face and she was biting her bottom lip. Worry began to fill me. What could've gone wrong? We'd walked to the clubhouse so it took us several minutes to walk back home. I kept asking what was wrong, but she wouldn't tell me. As soon as we entered the house, I asked again.

"Sparky, if you don't tell me what the hell is wrong, I'm gonna paddle your sweet ass and not in a good way."

She sighed as she kept walking. She headed straight to our bedroom. As we entered she finally answered me. "I'm gonna have to find another driver."

"Why? Who quit?"

"No one quit. I just don't think I'll be able to keep driving much."

"Why not? What's wrong?" Was she sick and she didn't tell me? I knew she'd been tired lately. Damn it I should've made her go to the doctor.

Anxiety made my hands shake as I reached out and pulled her into my arms.

“Baby, tell me. No matter what it is, we’ll get through it together.”

“Oh Connor, it’s nothing serious. I didn’t mean to make you think that. I’m sorry. I was trying to make it dramatic.”

“Make what dramatic?”

She took my left hand and lowered it until it was resting on her stomach. “The fact that you’re going to get a special gift for Christmas this year. What would you say to being a daddy?” she asked with a smile.

It took a second for what she said to register. When it did, I let out a whoop and lifted her in my arms and swung her around in a circle before realizing I probably shouldn’t do that. I then set her carefully back down. I gave her a deep, passionate kiss. When I had my fill for the moment, I let go.

“You’ve just made me the happiest bastard on the planet, baby. When did you find out? How?”

“I found out for sure yesterday although I’ve suspected for a while. I didn’t think it was possible since I was still on birth control until a couple weeks ago. As for how, well, your sperm defeats birth control because I’m two months along. The doctor estimates my due date to be a few days before Christmas.”

Utter joy consumed me. We’d finally talked a couple of weeks ago about trying to get pregnant. She was more than fully healed from her stabbing and the business was going well. Neither of us wanted to wait any longer. Stepping back, I began to undress her.

“Connor, what in the world are you doing?” she asked coyly.

“I’m making sure my wife is comfortable and lies down to rest.”

“And that requires me to be naked?”

I gave her a wink. “Well, you know that’s in case something else comes up.” As I said it, I pressed into her again. There was no doubt she could feel my erection. She laughed then began to tear at my belt and zipper. Laughing, we hurried to get undressed. We’d have our private celebration first then later we’d go announce it to our family. I knew as soon as Mom found out, she’d be moving to Tenillo. She’d already been considering it. It looked like the Infidels family was growing again, and my enrapturement with this woman was only increasing. Who knew a night out at the bar could lead to this?

***The end until Phalanx & Bullet’s Entwinement***

## ***AIMC Book 14***

**Note:** Time Served MC characters used are all courtesy of author Cee Bowerman. They are part of the Tenillo Guardians. Check out her Tenillo Guardians: TSMC which is connected to Ciara St James's Tenillo Guardians AIMC series.