



DEVIL'S RIOT MC SOUTHEAST BOOK SIX

# SAVAGE'S HONOR



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

E.C. LAND

# **SAVAGE'S HONOR**

DEVIL'S RIOT MC SOUTHEAST

BOOK 6

# E.C. LAND



**DEVIL'S RIOT**

**MC**



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*To my boys.*

*You always make me laugh even when I don't want to.*

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Next, I'd have to shout out to all my readers for sticking with me and enjoying the world I've created.

Then there's my team, everyone who works alongside me to ensure that each book I release is ready to go when the time comes. I couldn't ask for better.

# TRIGGER WARNING

This content is intended for mature audiences only. It contains material that may be viewed as offensive to some readers, including graphic language, dangerous and sexual situations, murder, rape, and extreme violence.

Proceed with caution. This book does entail several scenes that may very well be a trigger to some.

Also, tissues are a must with other scenes.

Not for the faint at heart.

If you don't like violence and cannot handle certain subjects, then this is not a book you'll want to read.

SAVAGE'S HONOR

This book is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places, and incidents are all products of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblances to persons, organizations, events, or locales are entirely coincidental.

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# **DEVIL'S RIOT MC MEMBER'S**

O – OL' LADY, C – CHILD

**Devil's Riot MC Franklin**

Twister – Prez – Izzy – O

Leanna Mercy – C

Horse – VP – Kenny – O

Jason Cole (JC) – C

Kayla – C

Caden – C

Thorn – Sergeant at Arms – Lynsdey – O

William Michael (Bud) – C

Anna-leigh Cleo – C

Rage – Road Captain – Cleo – O

Reagan – C (deceased)

Rosaline – C

Devin – C

Dragon – Medic – Connors – O

Gadget – Tech – Connors – O

Logan – C

Kagan – C

Keegan – C

Hades – Enforcer – Emerson – O

Alec – C

Burner – Treasurer – Ally – O

Lincoln – C

Badger – Member – Jordan – O

Nico – C

K-9 – Member

Red – Member

Striker – Member

Brass – Member – Athena – O

Jesse – C

Mac – Prospect (Deceased)

**Devil's Riot MC Originals**

Stoney – Prez – Rachel – O

Horse (Scotty) – Stoney's C

Luca – C

Corinne – C

Sebastian – C

Talon – C

Tracker – VP — Victoria – O

Jamie – C

Jason – C (adopted)

Blaze – Sergeant at Arms — Raven – O

Matthew – C

Mark – C

Coyote – Road Captain – Tinsley – O

Cody – C

Chase – C

Bear – Former Road Captain — Momma B – O (deceased)

Rage (Travis) – C  
Jane – C (deceased)  
Nerd – Tech – Cara – O  
Shadow – Enforcer – Luna – O  
Daniel – C  
Ranger – Medic – Harlow – O  
Venom – Secretary – Amaya – O  
Whip – Chaplain  
Viper – Treasurer  
Neo – Member – Harley – O  
Cane – Member – Parker – O  
Piper – C

**Devil's Riot MC Southeast**

Hammer – Prez – Avery – O  
Tate – C  
Taylor – C  
Malice – VP – Willow – O  
Gates – C  
Gavin – C  
Gemini – C  
Axe – Sergeant at Arms – CJ – O  
Savage – Road Captain – Honor – O  
Gunner – Enforcer – Zinnia – O  
Delilah – C  
Cy – Tech  
Bruiser – Treasurer  
Dagger – Medic  
Rogue – Secretary – Rebel – O

Glock – Member

Ruger – Member

Blade – Member

Colt – Member

Carbine – Member

**Devil's Riot MC Tennessee**

Blow – Prez – Storm – O

Nines – VP – Meadow – O

Keys – Tech

Lucky – Sergeant at Arms – Chelsea – O

Shiner – Enforcer

Milo – C

Griz – Road Captain

Surge – Treasurer

Scorn – Chaplain

Sniper – Member – Rain – O

Nerd (Nick) – C

Storm – C

Flash – Member

Switchblade – Member

Torch – Member

**Devil's Riot MC Colorado**

Grinder – Prez

Blue – VP

Driver – Sergeant at Arms

Flicker – Road Captain

Wrecker – Enforcer

Tic – Tech

Beast – Treasurer

Rock – Chaplain

**Devil's Riot MC Mississippi**

Viper – Prez – Jade – O

Cyprus – VP – Noelle – O

Kevlar – SAA

Aries – Road Captain

Wolf – Enforcer

Black – Treasurer

Vulture – Hacker

Mace – Medic

Sabor – Secretary

Falcon – member

Dutch – member

Granite – member

Wrecker – Prospect

Chrome – Prospect

# **PWMC CAST OF CHARACTERS**

BY DARLENE TALLMAN

Jesse “Poseidon” Malone – President (Lilli; daughter –  
Winnie; daughter – Melody)

Callum “Loki” O’Rourke – Vice President (CeeCee; daughter  
– Hayden)

Brock “Trident” Storm – Enforcer (Gianna; daughter – Finley  
aka Finnie; daughter – Collette; daughter – Alexia)

Gannon Brooks – Sergeant-at-Arms (Hayley; son – Micah;  
daughter – Mariah)

Ky “Orion” Stanford – Treasurer (Roane; daughter – Rosie;  
daughter – Roxie)

Beck “Atlas” Crandall – Secretary (Patsy; daughter – Talia)

Tyson “Specks” Leone – IT (Kaya; son – Noah; daughter –  
Peyton)

Canyon Masters – Patched member – (Chelsea Grant)

Asa “Glacier” Smith – newly Patched member

Nate “Shark” Atkins – newly Patched member

Club Businesses

Tattoo Parlor

Bike/Automotive Repair Shop/Custom Helmets

Security/PI business

Additional Characters

Koba – Atlas’ service dog

Ridley – Patsy’s service dog

Smokey/Smokey Joe – Chelsea’s service dog

Tessie

Momma M (CeeCee’s foster mom/Patsy’s mom)

Mary & Shamus O’Reilly (Hayley’s family of choice)

Granny (Kaya’s grandmother)

**Check out the music playlist  
for Savage's Honor!**

The Devil in Me — Anthony Mossburg  
Old Glory — Seth Anthony  
Come Together — Trapt, AnOmaly  
The Dragonborn Comes — Malukah  
Did Me Wrong — Atlus, Gawne, Lexnour  
Miss You — Bryce Savage  
Trouble — Josh Ross  
Take This Pain — Jake Banfield  
The Blame — Same Grow  
My Heart Hurts — Atlus, Lexnour  
Kiss the Mountain — Auri  
City of the Dead — Eurielle  
Anxiety — Joe Nester  
I'm Not Okay — Citizen Soldier  
Unlovable — Diamante  
My Drug — Anthony Mossburg  
Help — Samuel Harness

## **Truth of Honor**

There's no honor without meaning  
No savagery is without our remorse  
Savage and honor go hand in hand  
Look around and see the truth  
Nothing happens without one or the other  
The night is littered with those who fight it  
Pick a side and open your eyes  
Honor surrounds those who need it  
Savagery comes to those who claim it  
No one is without either  
The day is blinded by what-ifs  
There's nothing to hide the truth  
Not if you look and see  
You can't have one without the other  
Savage honor is what you'll see  
And know, with this is how to fight

~ E.C. Land

# CHAPTER 1

# HONOR

*Two Months Ago ...*

My life has never been what you can call an easy one. It's been more of a struggle than I'd like to let onto. Sometimes I like to pretend that it's been all sunshine and roses rather than the truth of it ... a complete shitshow. Well, most of it, anyway.

Growing up, my brother, Gunner, and I lost our parents and were thrown into the system. We weren't always in the same home, and that truly sucked because that meant I was without the only family I had left. We ended up growing distant, no matter how hard we tried to stay close.

Even now, we're social, we talk, but that bond that once was between us isn't there. He's got his life, and I've got mine. Granted, he does his best to keep us somewhat close, but in my opinion, it's strained.

Shoot, I think I'm closer to my friends sometimes than I am Gunner. I know for a fact, I'm closer to Glacier than I am my own brother. During my time in one of the long-lasting foster homes, I met Glacier, back then he wasn't Glacier to me. His name's Asa, and he was my foster brother and also my best friend at the time. We clicked almost instantly, and then after about a year of us living under the same roof, we found out by chance that we shared another connection.

We did this with Mr. Johnson, who was all about people knowing where they came from and knowing our ancestry. Mr. Johnson did the DNA thing with us and come to find out we were related. He did more digging and found Glacier/Asa is my cousin on my mother's side. I didn't even know my mom had a family. According to what I remember, she ran away from them a long time ago and never looked back. Only by the fate of things did we learn this, and I couldn't have been happier.

So, I was able to say I wasn't alone with only one brother, I had a cousin who was more like a brother than my own. But that's not to discredit Gunner. He's amazing and tried his hardest. Even now he still tries, though things have been hell on him lately with everything going on at the clubhouse and in his personal life. Between the love of his life coming back and finding out Delilah is his daughter, I guess you can say he's been on a roller coaster.

Thanks to my work schedule and everything else I've had going on lately, I haven't had much time to spend with him. I'm a nurse at the hospital and work in the ER. I love the chaos of it and thrive on it all. That's not to say I don't wish it were easier some days.

Like today of all days.

I've seen it all. From men coming in with poison ivy on their junk, to women being abused, all the way to gunshot wounds and stabbings. The ones I hate most are when the children are brought in. It breaks my heart, and I wish I could do more for them.

Today, though, well, it's been one for the books. I not only had a few typical patients who came in for random aches and pains, some even broken, but what gets me upset is that I had to deal with a family that came in altogether. The wife looked beaten but claimed she fell down a set of stairs. I fought hard not to roll my eyes when she said this, her husband standing over her. But it was the daughter that gutted me, she had a broken arm and cried about it being an accident.

The cops were called, and the father was taken away in cuffs while the woman pleaded for them not to take him. I don't understand women sometimes. Why would you defend a man who would do something so vile to you or your child?

Now, here I am after dealing with that situation, assisting Dr. Tatem in stitching up a stab wound. But that's not what is getting to me. It's the who.

Savage.

He's one of my brother's club brothers and he's the very man I've had a crush on since I first met him. He's got that dark and broody thing going for him and it doesn't hurt that he's hot *and* I mean hot, *hot*. He has those penetrating dark eyes that seem to look through you and know what you're thinking. They also seem to hold a lot of secrets. Though I doubt he'll ever let onto any of them.

"You're very lucky, Mr. Winters," Dr. Tatem says, watching where she's stitching up a scary-looking wound.

At the sound of her calling Savage Mr. Winters, I want to cringe. According to his records, I know his name is Orion Winters and I find it sexy, but no one calls him that. I've only ever heard him called Savage.

"Name's Savage, darlin'. I don't go by anything else." Savage grins wickedly, arms braced behind his back, looking as if this was just another day for him.

Dr. Tatem looks up and smiles at Savage. "Well, Savage, you got lucky. Whoever got you didn't hit anything vital, and you'll be back to new in no time."

The way the other woman looks at Savage has bile rising in the back of my throat. It's hard to be around this and know that I'm pretty sure when they're done here, they'll be finding somewhere to get it on.

That's another thing about Savage. He's a horndog who taps anything and everything. Well, except for me. He's always kind of looked past me as if I were a nobody ... totally invisible. But I know I'm not some plain Jane, I've seen myself in the mirror and know what I look like.

So, to him and all the others in my brother's club, I'm just a member's sister, and with those guys, that puts me off-limits.

This totally sucks.

It also affects my dating life ... big time. There's been plenty of times I've tried to go out with a guy and either my brother or someone in the club stumbles up and breaks up my date. Mainly by threatening said date with body part removal. After the last time, I just stopped and gave up on the idea of

finding a guy. At least for the time being. Not many people are willing to stand up for me and say, 'Hey, Honor's my woman and I'm not afraid of you'. I mean, is it that hard for a guy to do instead of running the other way?

I do my best to block out the flirting between the two of them and when Dr. Tatem is done stitching Savage up, I finish what I have to for him and get the hell out of there. The sooner I can get him discharged, the sooner I can stop thinking about him. Him and the idea that he might end up in some janitor's closet with one of the doctors I have to work with. This is something I definitely don't need.

It doesn't take me long to get everything in order and when I walk back in the room, I groan at what I walk in on. Great, the two of them don't even wait. Talk about unprofessionalism at its finest.

The sight of them hurts in a way that it shouldn't, and I should know better than to let it get to me. But he's Savage, the guy I've crushed on for what feels like ever. And again, he's shoving yet another of his conquests in my face.

I clear my throat to interrupt them and simply hand the paperwork over to Dr. Tatem who doesn't even have the courtesy to look embarrassed at being caught making out with a patient. "I'll just let you handle his discharge papers." With that I meet Savage's gaze for a brief second before walking back out of there. I do this while trying my best to ignore the hurt in my heart. It's not like I'm anything to him. It's just a crush. One that I need to get over.

Maybe I should talk to my roommate, Delaney, to see if she knows anyone I could possibly go out with. If I start to date, it might make it easier to get over a guy who doesn't even know I exist other than as Gunner's little sister.

# CHAPTER 2

# HONOR

“Come on, Honor,” Delaney yells from the front of our apartment we share. “We’re running late as it is for your niece’s birthday party. Quit fretting about your outfit, you look fine.” As if I needed the reminder.

I inwardly groan and look at myself in the mirror.

Makeup on, check.

Black denim shorts, fitting perfectly, check.

My hair straight and not frizzed, check.

My insulin pump fully charged, double check.

I look one more time to make sure you can’t see the pump with the way my shirt fits and finally move away from the mirror. “I’m coming. Do you have the gift?” I shout back, making my way out of my room, nervous and dreading going to the clubhouse. If not for it being Delilah’s birthday party, I wouldn’t be going.

“Yep, now let’s get a move on already,” Delaney says, using that tone of hers I always imagine she uses with the students she works with. She’s also a special education teacher and loves working with kids that have disabilities, so she gets me when it comes to my passion for working in the ER.

The day I met Delaney was the day she became my best friend. We talk about everything and pretty much do everything together. I was looking for a roommate, and she answered the ad I’d put out. I technically don’t have to live with a roommate but having her here is the best. I don’t like to live alone. Since moving in and becoming my absolute best friend, she knows everything about me, even the secrets I keep from my own family.

“Right,” I mutter, so not ready to be going to the clubhouse but looking forward to seeing my niece all the same.

I still have a hard time believing Delilah is my niece, but she's such a sweet girl and a total daddy's girl. What sucks, though, is her mom, she worked for the club. Gunner and Quinn got together though they were only friends. The kicker is my brother didn't know about having a daughter until Quinn confided in him a while ago right before she was killed in a fire at one of the bars the club owns.

The whole thing was a tragedy in itself and my heart hurts for my niece. Still, it doesn't make it easy knowing Delilah was a secret up until then. I wanted to be mad on my brother's behalf, but that little girl made it hard to do so.

So, instead of thinking about the fact I'm going to the clubhouse where all of my brother's brothers will be, I'm looking forward to seeing Delilah, and of course Zinnia and the other ol' ladies who will be there. What I'm not ecstatic about is seeing Savage again. It's been two months since he'd been stabbed and brought to the ER. I haven't seen him since, but I know he'll be there today.

With a heavy sigh, I step out of the apartment right behind Delaney and walk the short distance to my car. The two of us decided to take mine instead of hers because hers isn't acting right and it's better to be safe than sorry. Our apartment is roughly ten minutes from the clubhouse, which is good, though I'm sure Gunner is going to give me an earful about being thirty minutes late already.

"So, how did last night go with Simon?" Delaney asks, bringing up my date from last night and getting me out of my head.

"It was okay, I suppose." I shrug and steer the car down the long road leading to the clubhouse. "Simon's nice enough, I guess. He asked me to go out with him again next weekend." I agreed because I'm hoping if I date, then I'll stop thinking about Savage and the sight of him and Dr. Tatem.

To make things with that whole diabolical situation worse, Dr. Tatem has been talking about how good Savage is, even months later, she won't shut up about him. I don't know if they've met up since, but from what I know about the guy,

he's a one-and-done type and doesn't go back for seconds. That is unless you're one of the clubwhores and are easy access and have a loose hole that needs to be filled. Only then he goes back and again because they're easy access.

"That's good. I'm glad it's working out for you guys."

"I suppose." Again, I shrug. "We'll have to see how things go."

Delaney nods and starts telling me about her week. With our schedules, we haven't been able to see each other much lately. But we always find time to talk, even if it's just through text.

It's part of the system we have in place between us to ensure when we go out, we're doing what we can for our safety. Delaney thought it would be a good idea to put it in place when she found out I was a diabetic and that no one else knew about it. With the way I work myself crazy, she's the person who keeps me in check when it comes to checking my sugar levels and making sure I've got my insulin. She even has an app that tells her, and if she has to, she'll call the hospital to get a hold of me if I don't remember to take care of it.

"I don't know if it's working out," I blurt, bringing the date back up I had with Simon, and shake my head as I pull into the parking area of the clubhouse. "I mean he's a nice guy and all but honestly, I don't think he's my type. Granted, I'll admit, it's nice to be going out with a guy who doesn't push or try to get in my pants before I'm ready."

"Ugh, I hate that." Delaney shifts in her seat and looks at me. "I wish he'd been more of a fit. So, don't worry about going out with him again. Text him and tell him that it was a good date, but after thinking about it, he's not a good fit."

"Yeah, I might just do that," I mutter. "I just want to find a guy to, well, you know ..." I shift my car into park and take a deep breath while shoving open the door. "Here we go."

"Oh, believe me, I know what you're getting at." Laughing, Delaney joins me at the front of the car, Delilah's gift in her hands. "Come on, it's not going to be that bad."

I cock my head slightly and stare at her through my sunglasses. “So you say.”

I dread seeing Savage, though she doesn’t know that. I guess you can say that’s one secret I’ve kept solely to myself. Delaney knows about what happened at the hospital between Dr. Tatem and Savage, but she doesn’t know about my years-long crush on Savage. I refuse to tell anyone about it. It makes me feel like a total idiotic fool.

Together, we make our way around back to where we hear laughter and smell food cooking. My mouth waters, and my stomach grumbles. I might not come around the club very much, but my brother lately has been inviting me often and telling me to come to BBQs. I make excuses that are about ninety percent true the majority of the time, though there’s still that ten percent that is a lie. Still the food is always amazing, which sucks when I force myself not to be here. The food alone is good enough to make me want to keep coming so that I can eat everything they cook on the grill.

“Honor,” Delilah squeals, running my way, arms flapping at her sides, and a bright smile on her face.

“Hey, Pipsqueak.” I squat down and greet her. “Happy birthday.” Wrapping my arms around my niece’s much smaller body, I look beyond her to see my brother grinning at me as he also makes his way toward me, much slower than Delilah. “Hey, Gunner.”

“About time you showed up.” He chuckles, crossing his beefy arms over his massive chest, making himself look even bigger. It’s not lost on me my big brother is hot. Just as each and every other guy here today. I swear they have to have a rule somewhere about them having to be way good looking in order to join the club. “Was about to call your ass and find out where the fuck you were.”

“Well, I’m here now.” I stand back up, step away from Delilah, and introduce Delaney. “You remember my roommate, Delaney.”

“I remember Delaney.” Gunner nods and reaches out to shake my best friend’s hand. “Glad you were able to come

with Honor today. Welcome to the party.”

“Thanks,” Delaney says and glances around. “I can’t believe all this time we’ve been friends along with living together and I haven’t been here before.”

“That would be because Honor doesn’t come around here like she should,” Gunner remarks, throwing an arm around my shoulders. “Come on this way, let’s get you two a plate of food before it’s all gone.”

Great.

“Sounds good,” I mutter and glance around. I spot Delilah already with Zinnia and giggling with a plate in front of her. I swear the kid is like The Flash, constantly speeding around everywhere she goes.

I also notice Savage sitting with a few other members of the club. I take him in, seeing that he looks a lot better than the last time I saw him. On his jaw looks to be an afternoon shadow which just makes him look gruffer than he already is.

Inwardly, I scream at myself, “Snap out of it, woman. He doesn’t even know you exist.” This has got to be true because he doesn’t even acknowledge me as I pass by like the others do. For that matter, Savage doesn’t even look up.

To him, I’m completely invisible and not worth knowing.

# CHAPTER 3

# SAVAGE

First sight of her in nearly two months, I clench my teeth together and do my best not to look at her. Sure, I've seen her, but not like this. Not this close.

And damnit if the sight of her doesn't do something to my chest.

Honor got here a couple of hours ago, bringing her best friend, and I knew the moment she showed. No one looks as good as she does. Not with her mile long legs, she's got to be roughly five foot seven. Put those legs with that heart-shaped ass and tits that would fill my palms perfectly, she's the whole package. None of that matters though, not when she's off-limits. As the sister to my club brother, Gunner, she's like a forbidden fruit that's to remain untouched.

Fuck me. Seeing her is like torture at its finest. Honor being here, it's driving me crazy, and I wish she hadn't showed which is fucked up. It's her niece's birthday, so she was going to be here for Delilah regardless. After what that girl lost, having her family on a special day means everything. I get it, but still doesn't change my thoughts.

I try to keep from looking at her. I even tried checking out her friend she brought along with her. The woman is a beauty, I'd fuck her, but she's got nothing on Honor. Not by a long shot and because she's Honor's friend, I'd never go there. Regardless, when it comes to Honor, I don't think anyone can be as beautiful as she is, no one compares to her and that's the damn problem. I want her too damn much. It's becoming harder to ignore her.

At the hospital, the day I'd been stabbed by that fucked up bitch, Sarai, I made a point of flirting with the hot doctor and even fucking her in one of the supply closets. If Honor hadn't been my nurse, I probably wouldn't have done what I did but I did and there's no changing what I did. I own it. Although

fucking the doctor, it didn't help in getting thoughts of Honor out of my head, but it sufficed in alleviating the need I've got for her.

The only problem is the doctor doesn't seem to want to get the hint. She wants another go at me, and that's a no-fucking-go. I don't go back for seconds.

"We've got the custom delivery coming up from the Poseidon Warriors MC for the garage," Malice mutters, taking my thoughts off Honor and back to business at hand. We'd been sitting here discussing club business, and every time I look up, I got a glimpse of the golden-brown-haired beauty that I shouldn't want.

"When's it supposed to be here?" Cy asks, lifting the beer he's been sipping to his lips. The guy's been nearly as distracted as me, and I've got a feeling it has something to do with a certain woman who works for Rogue's ol' lady, Rebel.

Rebel's receptionist has also been invited today since the two of them have become friends. The woman had even brought along a little girl who's been running around with Delilah.

"Should be done within the next week or so," Malice answers, eyes going from us to his woman sitting at the table with the rest of the ol' ladies. Next to her in a stroller sits their kids. From the looks of it they're all sleeping.

I'm not surprised with how my VP keeps looking over to his woman. With the bullshit that happened with Sarai and me getting stabbed, we haven't let anyone else in that wasn't vetted by Cy.

Malice brings his attention back to us and keeps talking about what to expect of the delivery. With the custom shit being sent to us, we've got to keep a lock on it. We don't need anyone fucking our shit up. Between the shit Avery's siblings have caused, and with the De La Rosa Cartel, it's hard to say what could happen. This custom order cost the club a mint and we can't lose it. Not when we can make a shitload off of them along with the bikes we custom build at the garage.

Thinking of the De La Rosa Cartel and those fucked-up siblings, my gut coils with inner rage. They all need to be put in the ground. They're nothing but a waste of space. I mean what that bastard Basa did to Gunner's ol' lady is enough to make me want to vomit. And that's saying something considering where I come from and what I left behind. I shove the thought aside immediately not going there. The past is going to stay just where it is. I'm not about to go down that road. No fucking way.

"Who's handling the delivery?" Rogue grunts. Ever since the ambush that took place down in Florida, he's not too thrilled with working with others. Not even those we see as allies. Shit happens regardless and nothing can stop it. That is unless you can keep the situation in your control and not deal with others. He definitely doesn't play around when it comes to his ol' lady, Rebel.

But business is business, and Gunner's cousin, Glacier, is a member of the Poseidon Warriors MC. Glacier's the one who got us hooked up with his club, and they do damn good work on helmets and other shit. We put an order in after seeing the work they did on Gunner's new helmet—it's fucking wicked. The order we've got coming isn't just going to be what we put on shelves and sell, we've already got several of the helmets sold.

"I'm pretty sure Glacier will be bringing the order up, but I can't be completely sure." Malice shrugs and looks to me with a brow cocked before looking to Cy. "Have you found any more information we can use on Avery's siblings or the De La Rosas?"

"I'm working on it, VP." Cy sighs. "Those bastards related to Avery are a damn headache. Picture that gooey slim Delilah likes to play with and squeeze it between your fingers. They're like that and a bit slipperier. But they leave a trail wherever they go."

I nod, understanding Cy. Those bastards remind me of someone else and it's hard to push the thought back, but I do regardless. "So, Glacier's gonna bring the helmets up?"

“Yeah, should be him.” Malice turns at the sound of his ol’ lady calling his name.

We all look in her direction and I find it insane how well she handles having triplets. Then again, anyone with kids, I find interesting. Probably due to my past and everything I left behind.

With Willow standing there and looking in our direction, I quickly divert my gaze, making it so I don’t give a fuck she’s here, but I do. What I need to do is find a clubwhore and get laid, but they’re not allowed around right now. Not with the family portion of the day happening. I’ll have to hold off, though until then I’m gonna have to keep far away from Honor.

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The music is pulsing and I’m more than a little drunk, and I know it. I also know damn well why I’m drinking as much as I am. Usually, I don’t have more than a couple beers, but I decided tonight I’m getting shit-faced. It’s the only way to handle being around Honor this long. I figured she’d leave right after the party. Every other time she’s left right after if not sooner. Unfortunately, Gunner’s ol’ lady, Zinnia, and the others invited her and her friend to stick around and have some drinks with them.

This means Honor and her friend will probably be crashing here at the clubhouse or someone will take them home later. Not me, though. Nope. I can’t handle being around her. I don’t give a fuck if it makes me sound like a pussy or some sort of bitch. She’s pure, good and a total beauty. There’s no way I can allow myself to get near that beauty and not ruin it with dark. I’d only taint it. Doesn’t matter if she’s off-limits or not.

“Hey, baby,” Frenchy, the new clubwhore that came on a couple of weeks ago, comes up and wraps her arms around my neck, pressing her body against my chest.

Ruger and Glock are the ones who dubbed her Frenchy after tagging teaming her the first night. Said she sounded like

that chick in *Grease* who died her hair pink. Ironically, Frenchy also has pink hair that's styled short. Even funnier, we all ragged on Ruger and Glock for even knowing what *Grease* was about.

I glance down at the clubwhore and find myself not even interested in what she has to offer. I don't mind sharing the bitches that come around here with my brothers. But since Frenchy first started, she's fucked everything she could and then some. She's what I call a taker, takes it anyway she can get it. Ass, mouth, double up, and even mentioned she'd do a train if we all wanted.

That's something I definitely didn't want any part of. Shit, she's probably loose and sloppy. If I had her do anything it would be using that mouth of hers. At least then, I wouldn't have to hear her screeching voice moaning. I'm willing to bet it would get on my last nerve.

"Why don't you go find someone else?" I suggest and grab her arms to push her away. "And don't call me baby. I'm definitely not that to you."

"Oh, come on, Savage, let's have some fun, I promise I can rock your world," Frenchy says, attempting to sound seductive, but to me, it was nothing but grating like fingernails to a chalkboard.

"How about you do as I say?" I remark and catch sight of Honor coming our way.

Fuck me.

I shove Frenchy away and start to head toward my room, but she doesn't back off.

"But, Savage, I want you," Frenchy whines, coming close to me once more.

"But, Savage, I want you," Honor remarks, mocking the clubwhore with a lip curl and glimmering eyes.

"Can I help you?" Frenchy snarks, whirling around to face off with Honor.

“Yeah,” Honor snaps, rolling her eyes. “How about you get out of the way so I can get by?”

“Where you going?” I ask, taking in her face now that she’s even closer.

“To the bathroom, not that it’s any of your business,” Honor mutters and shoves her way past, still muttering to herself.

Frenchy makes a noise of annoyance that I ignore, my focus solely on Honor and the way she threw attitude. It was almost like she was jealous.

The very thought goes straight to my dick. Hell, her sass already has me hard.

I narrow my gaze, watch her walk into the bathroom, and grind my teeth together while making a stupid decision. Pushing Frenchy away, I follow after Honor, and when she steps out of the bathroom, I grab her arm and drag her the rest of the way to my room.

“What are you doing?” she demands, clawing at my hand.

I don’t answer her as I open the door, pull her in behind me, and use the heel of my boot to kick the door shut behind me.

“Seriously, Savage, what the hell are you doing?”

Still, I don’t respond. Instead, I cage her in with my body against the wall next to my door. Using my free hand, I grip the back of her head. I let her arm go and wrap mine around her waist.

“Savage.”

The way she murmurs my name all breathy like goes straight to my head and I lean in, claiming her mouth. I don’t take it easy. She opens for me on a gasp, and I slide my tongue in to swirl with hers.

Honor relaxes in my arms, even moans into my mouth. That little noise is more than enough to drive me insane.

Without taking my mouth from hers, I release the back of her head, reach down to cup her ass in both hands, and lift her up. Honor instantly wraps her legs around my waist, and I carry her to the bed.

The way she feels in my arms, pressing her front to mine is intoxicating. More so as I drop her to her back, break my mouth from hers in order to lift her shirt up and over her head. Staring down at her tits cupped in a sexy bra meant to drive a man crazy is my undoing.

Everything escalates. My hands on her. Honor's hands on me. Clothes are ripped away and I find myself plunging inside her while claiming her mouth.

She cries out and I take it as her pleasure and keep going, giving her what we both want. I don't think about anything else, thrusting home inside her sweet warmth. Later I'll have to take the time to go down on her and give her even more. But first I needed to be inside her and I'm taking what I want.

“Savage, oh God, please ... I'm going to ...”

“Come for me, baby, come on my cock,” I command, hearing the gruffness in my own voice. I know I won't last long, not with how tight she is.

No sooner I tell Honor to come for me, she does just that and it's heaven. Nothing has ever felt so good. And when my own release comes, I spill deep inside Honor's pussy.

Breathing heavily and still inside her, I roll us until she's straddling me. Closing my eyes, I try to regain my breath and the next thing I know I pass the fuck out.

# CHAPTER 4

# HONOR

A groan slips past my lips as I stretch out and everything from the night before comes rushing back to me. I also realize immediately that I'm in bed, not just any bed but Savage's, and his massive body is right behind mine with his arm wrapped around my middle, holding me secure to him.

Oh my God.

Oh my God.

Oh my God.

What was I thinking last night? Oh right. I wasn't. I allowed myself the one thing I shouldn't have. God knows I'm so stupid for giving into my body's demands to do what I want and not think about repercussions.

Damnit all to hell. I'm a freaking idiot.

Worse even, I gave Savage my virginity, and I did it drunkenly, not thinking. God knows I should never have given it up the way I did, but it was amazing. Having Savage inside me, him taking me the way he did, it was something I never expected.

What needs to happen now is I've got to get out of here and away from him before he wakes up. I'm not sure how he's going to react to me being in here with him. Especially considering we were both drunk last night and everything escalated from there.

Slowly, I inch away and manage to get out of the bed without waking Savage. I quietly find my clothes and start dressing with my back to the bed. Thanks to our night activities, my body is sore in places I didn't even know was possible. I'm definitely going to need a long hot soak in a bath filled with Epsom salt to help relieve all my aches.

"What are you doing in here?" Savage demands. His voice harsh and sleepy at the same time. It's a beautiful sound at the

same time not so nice.

I whip around, my shirt clinging to my chest, shielding him from the view of my breasts. “I’m getting dressed and leaving.” I do my best to make it seem like it’s not that big of a deal.

Savage throws the blankets off himself, gets out of bed, grabs a pair of jeans, and pulls them up, covering the part of him that scares me in the light of day. Savage is huge. Like seriously humungous. The best way to put it is it’s monstrous.

And that monstrous thing was inside me.

Oh God.

“I meant what are you doing in my room to begin with?” he questions, furrowing his brow, frowning at me.

Confused by his question, I give him a frown of my own. “Do you not remember last night?” I blurt out before my brain can catch up with my mouth.

Savage’s brows crease more—not answering me, but I watch his face as it all comes back to him. He curses, lets a heavy breath, and shakes his head. “Fuck.” Shaking his head, Savage reaches up and rakes both hands through his hair. “Fuck. That should never have happened. It was a mistake,” he bites out harshly, looking at me.

“Don’t I know it,” I retort snarkily. There’s no way I will let him see how his words, him calling what happened between us a mistake, affect me. “Now, if you don’t mind, I’ll finish getting dressed and get out of here.”

“Glad you agree,” he remarks with a grunt and glances up and down my body, jaw clenching. “It’ll be good if we both forget about last night.”

“Already forgotten,” I inform him sarcastically.

It’s a total lie, but he doesn’t know it. I have a hard time catching my breath, and my heart aches because I won’t be able to forget what we did last night. For so long, I’ve had my virginity, and in one drunken night, I gave it away to a guy

I've had a crush on for a long time, but he doesn't even like me.

Worse, he sees what we did, what I gave him as a mistake.

Whirling away from him once more, I finish dressing, find my shoes, and get the hell out of there. I don't want to give him the chance to say anything else that will make this situation harder for me than it already is.



Getting home, I park my car and release a breath I didn't even know I was holding. Okay, so not really holding a breath, but finally taking in a full one. It takes more effort than I want to think about to keep the tears at bay.

In one night, I allowed myself to give away something I've seen as precious to me to a man I've wanted as mine. He then tarnishes that gift with his words.

I can still hear those words loud and clear like he just said them.

Knowing there's nothing else I can do about it right now, I shove the thoughts to the back of my mind, turn the car off, and get out.

I make my way to my and Delaney's apartment and let myself in. I immediately spot Delaney sitting in the corner of the couch, knees curled up and a cup of coffee raised to her lips.

"Well, look who's finally home." Delaney snickers jokingly, lowering the mug to rest it on her knee. "You don't call, text, nothing, and I had to get a ride home from one of the prospects."

"I'm sorry." I really was. Moving to the couch, I throw myself on it and plant my head in her lap, forcing her to straighten her legs while lifting her coffee. "I did something I definitely shouldn't have done last night."

“Let me guess ...” She laughs. “You stayed the night with that hottie you kept looking at.”

“I had sex for the first time with him.” I sigh, closing my eyes.

“Considering the way you say this, I’m not sure how to respond. Was it good?”

“The best,” I whisper and go on to tell her everything that happened, including the crush I’ve had on him forever. I even tell her about walking in on him two months ago with his tongue down Dr. Tatem’s throat. Delaney knows Dr. Tatem isn’t my favorite person and that she gives me a hard time at work, so she understands seeing this hurt me.

“We should go slash the tires on his bike or something,” Delaney mutters, not hiding the fact she’s furious on my behalf. “I mean what an asshole. I hope his dick rots off.”

“Oh God, don’t hope for that.” I giggle. “I mean, then he’ll just have me to blame for him losing his junk.”

“Better he blames you for losing his junk than you being hurt by him saying what he said,” Delaney retorts.

“True.” I sigh and look at the TV for a moment to watch the news. In the corner of the screen, the time flashes, and I groan. “I’m gonna go get a bath, then maybe take a nap.”

“Okay,” she murmurs.

Leaving her to the news and drinking her coffee, I head to my room. I barely get the door closed behind me when my phone rings. I pull it out of my pocket to find it’s the hospital. I answer only to find out they need me to cover a shift tonight. I don’t mind doing this. It’s not the first time, I’ve come in when someone calls out.

Instead of a bath like I intended, I make it a shower before hitting the bed. If I’m going to work a twelve-hour night shift, I’m definitely going to need a nap.

# CHAPTER 5

# SAVAGE

I could kick myself in the fucking balls for sleeping with Honor. I don't know what the hell I was thinking, but damn, I went ahead and did the one thing I thought I could keep myself from doing.

Seeing her this morning first thing, dressing, fuck me if it wasn't a sight for sore eyes. I knew Honor was beautiful, but seeing her the way I did after first waking, I realized she was more than beautiful. She's got that beauty that reaches me, proving she's pure light and sweet.

It gutted me to be an asshole to her and tell her it was a mistake that she needed to forget what happened. Honor did a damn good job of hiding the hurt, but I still saw it.

To make matters worse, after she left, I went to get back in bed and sure enough there was evidence right there in front of me of her innocence. I might as well hand Gunner the gun and put it to my head before giving him the go ahead to kill me now. Not only did I drunk fuck his sister, but I took her damn virginity.

Fucking hell.

I'm gonna have to talk to Gunner. Fucking his sister, I crossed the line, and I've got to make it right.

I swore years ago when I joined the club that I wouldn't do anything to fuck up what I've gained. Not after everything I went through in the past. Hammer, Malice, and a few others know what I've been through, including Gunner, but the rest they're in the dark on it, and I want to keep it that way.

Leaving my room, I head out and find out Gunner went home. It's not surprising. It was going to get rowdy, and he did what he could to save Delilah from accidentally seeing anything she shouldn't.

Inwardly cursing, I make my way out of the clubhouse to my bike. I can't hold off on this. It's not in me to keep something like this secret. I'm not that type of man. Out of respect for Gunner, I'm gonna head over and talk to him. Let him know that I fucked up and know it before apologizing.

The moment I pull into Gunner's driveway, he steps out onto the porch, eyes narrowed, and I can see he's pissed. I can all but feel his fury from the distance between us.

Yeah, he knows what I did last night.

I shut my bike off, put the stand down, and climb off the back. Here goes nothing.

Holding Gunner's gaze, I make my way toward him, neither of us saying a word. Not until I'm on the porch and within swinging distance.

Gunner's jaw twitches and he doesn't waste a moment. He swings, slamming his fist into my jaw.

"What the fuck were you thinking?" Gunner snarls.

I rub my jaw and stare at my brother. "No excuse, Gunner. I wasn't thinking, and I deserved that punch and more."

"Damn right you fuckin' do." Gunner's eyes flare, but he doesn't punch me again like I expect him to. "You fucked my sister."

"I fucked up, and I know it." I nod and let out a breath. "I shouldn't have touched her. I knew she was off-limits. Still, I didn't think, and I did it. I took her to my bed and fucked up everything."

Gunner stares at me for a long moment and lets out a breath. "You care for her, don't you?"

I don't answer him as I turn to the porch rail and lean down, bracing my arms on the top of it as I stare out at the yard. Do I care for Honor? I've thought she was beautiful and lusted for her, but I don't know her. Not really. All I can say about her is she's a hard worker who works at the hospital and that she's Gunner's little sister. I also know she's got something she's hiding. I can sense it.

Last night, I asked her about the pump I noticed, and she brushed it off as nothing. I didn't think more of it because all I could think about was getting inside her.

Fuck.

"I don't know if I do or not. All I know is I can't get her out of my head," I finally answer him.

Gunner comes to take the same position as me and sighs. "You know, growing up, we lost our folks and ended up in the system. All I've ever wanted was for my sister to be happy. For the longest time, she and I were all we had. The system separated us a lot, and we didn't get to see each other, but she had Glacier. If it weren't for the family she was staying with at the time, being into genealogy and all that shit, none of us would have found out we had more family. All of us wouldn't have a bond. Well, she and I don't have the strong bond we used to ..."

"She lives here to be close to you," I interrupt him to point out.

"Yeah, that's 'cause I talked her into staying close. Especially after I found out about Delilah," he says and twists enough to face me. "More times than I can count, I've talked her into staying close. But I always knew there was more to keeping her here than just my asking her to stay when she was ready to move on."

I follow suit and cross my arms. "I don't have it in me to be with someone. You can be pissed at me for what I'm about to say, but I told her that it was a mistake and the two of us should forget it ever happened."

Gunner grimaces, his jaw ticking. "I don't want to be talking about my sister's sex life, but I've got to ask. Did she agree with you on it? About forgetting about it?"

"Yeah." I nod, remembering the way she agreed with me. There's no way she's going to forget what we did. Not when I took what I did from her.

Fuck me, I'm a bastard, but there's nothing I can do about it.

“Then it’s between the two of you,” he mutters. “But I’m telling you now, if you want her and push her away, you’re losing out on the best thing that could be yours.”

“Nothing out there for me to make my own, Gunner.” With my past, we both know I’m right.

“You know as well as I do, that’s not true, brother. I know you, Savage, you don’t do anything without thinking it through. You had to care for Honor on some level besides the basic wanting and lusting for her. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have fucked her.” Gunner scowls at the mention of me with his sister.

---

After leaving Gunner’s, I hit the road, needing to be alone.

Too much shit is swirling around in my head. All of it about a woman I shouldn’t have even been thinking of in the first place. Let alone touched. Images of the night before filter through my mind.

All of what Gunner said to me has me confused as shit. I get him wanting his sister happy and asking if I care for her. It’s what I would have done if ... fuck no, I’m not about to go down that rabbit hole. No fucking way. I swore a long time ago I wouldn’t let anyone close to me. Not with what happened in the past. Not after all that I lost and left behind.

I hit the throttle, and the thundering sound of my bike hits my ears as I speed down the road heading for nowhere in particular. I just need to clear my head. To stop thinking about Honor. To get the memories of last night out of my head. To erase everything that has to do with her. Everything to do with my past.

I don’t know what the fuck it is, but having been with her is bringing shit up in my head that I try never to fucking think about.

Fuck. Shit. Motherfucking hell.

Spotting a local bar, I decide to pull in and get a drink or maybe a fight. Something to get my mind clear of everything fucking with me.

The moment I step in the bar, the bartender nods in greeting while taking care of another customer. I make my way over to the bar and take up one of the empty stools, bracing my arms on the edge of the bartop.

“What can I get you?” the bartender asks, coming to stand in front of me.

“Jack straight.”

“You got it.” Tapping his knuckles on the bar, the bartender moves to fix my drink for me.

I nod in thanks when he sets it in front of me and hand him a hundred-dollar bill. “Keep it and let me know when I owe more. Just keep the drinks coming until then.

“Got ya,” the bartender remarks, taking the hundred and putting it in the register.

I watch as he cashes out the hundred, takes an amount for my drink out, and sets the rest aside, adding a note to it.

Sipping the Jack, I shove all other thoughts from my head. It seems to start working, at least for the time being. But then nothing ever works for long.

A group of guys come in, and one of them starts talking shit while the others laugh. At first, I don’t pay attention, but then the name Honor is mentioned, and I turn to them. I hear one of them talking about how he’s going to get ‘sweet Honor’ to give it up to him next weekend and I lose my shit.

Hopping off the stool, I take two steps to the group and yank the asshole who spoke around to face me.

“What the—”

He doesn’t get to finish before I have my fist pulled back and nail him directly in the nose. A moment later, I’m fighting the whole group of them. But having heard them talking about Honor, sure, it could have been a different one, but that doesn’t

mean shit to me. I take them all on like a rabid dog tearing up bone.

The bartender and a few others break the fight up as the police come in. Great, just what I need, for the cops to come in and lock me up.

---

“What in the hell were you thinking?” Rebel snaps, stalking toward my cell, waving the officer away, Rogue right behind her. The expression on her face is one of woman fury, but it’s the one on Rogue’s that gets me, considering he’s grinning. He doesn’t like to see his woman riled, but he’s also used to it. Doesn’t take much to make her, either.

“I wasn’t.” I grunt honestly, leaning against the bars while holding her gaze. I’d been waiting for hours on end for them to set bail or find out what was going on. I used my one call to call Rebel right after they booked me.

“Well, you’re a damn idiot. Do you know who you beat up?” she demands, planting her hands on her hips.

“Nope.” The word comes out with the P popping. I really didn’t give a fuck who he was still, I ask her anyway. “Who did I beat up?”

“The grandson of a senator.” With the way she states, I know she’s more than a little pissed with me.

“Great.” That isn’t what I want to hear or expect, but the fucker had it coming for what he and his friends were talking about. “So, you getting me out of here or what? I’m ready to get out of here. Or do I have to sleep here?”

Rebel blinks and takes a good look at me before she shakes her head, sighing. “Just be glad I’m a damn good lawyer, the owner of the bar had video footage, and the bartender was there. They heard what was being said. They talked to the senator’s grandson and his friends. Told them that they’d make their lives hell if they pressed charges. So, you’re free and clear.”

“Well, thank fuck for that,” I mutter. I shouldn’t be surprised. The bartender had been a cool dude and probably wanted to do exactly what I did.

Rebel motions to the officer standing off to the side. “We’re going to the clubhouse, and you’re riding with us,” she tells me.

“I gotta go get my bike.” There’s no way in hell I’m leaving that behind.

“We already got it,” Rogue grumbles. “Prez has called church, and we’re heading there. He’s waiting for us to get there.”

Well, fuck. Guess I’m not going to get to sleep like I want or a shower.

More like I’m about to get my ass chewed by my Prez and VP.

# CHAPTER 6

# HONOR

Pulling into the parking lot of the hospital, I park in my usual spot in the employee lot by a light pole. It's something I've done since working here. I know it's not exactly the safest, but it makes me feel somewhat secure when I have to come in like tonight.

I managed to get all of three full solid hours of sleep after getting the call about needing to come in. I should have said I couldn't do it, but I didn't. I figure working and being busy at the ER will help me keep my head straight. Now, I kind of want to go back home and go back to bed.

I get out and round the back of my car, watching the dark night around me—one thing I hate about daylight savings time. When we go forward an hour, we lose an hour of daylight. I wouldn't say I'm scared of the dark, but that doesn't mean I'm not leery of it. I prefer the light of day. The sunshine beaming down on me.

Shoot, I even love it when it rains during the day. I sometimes still go outside when it's summer and there's rain to dance in it. It's something I used to do as a little girl with my mom. Dad used to stand on the porch and watch us with Gunner at his side. Mom would sing a song she made up called "Dancing in the Rain" but would sometimes play Clint Black's song "Like the Rain".

I open the passenger door and bend to gather my bags together. Everything's somewhat of a mess in the seat because all I did was throw everything into it. I put my kit in the bag and grab my lunch for later along with my snacks. My sugar levels were a little off when I got up a bit ago, and I only hope that it fixes itself. I ate something before leaving the house, so I should be good.

I go to straighten and pull my bag off the seat when suddenly I'm snagged by the waist and a hand covers my

mouth, keeping me from screaming. Everything happens so fast, it feels like it's a blur.

"Get her in the car," a man's voice commands, and the one holding me scuffles me over to it. I try to fight him, even kick him and head-butt him, to no avail.

I'm thrown in the back of a car, and another man is there, blindfolding me, taping my mouth shut, and taping my hands and feet together.

Panic starts to sink in, and I wish more than anything I'd remembered to text Delaney when I parked my car. Normally, I wait until I get inside, but she's always on me to text her when I first get there. Usually, I'm in a rush to get inside, it's why I wait. Then sometimes, it ends up being later because I get pulled into helping the other nurses. Those times are not the funnest, and all of us blame it on the moon when it's full. That or someone's cursed the day by saying something about it not being that busy.

"Now that we have her, what do we do with her?" one of the men asks, sounding strung out.

"We're gonna take her to the shack. Toy with her. Teach those bastards a lesson. Especially that bitch sister of ours. Then after, we'll give her back, but what state we do that in depends on how much fun we have decided to have with her."

Who are they talking about? What does he mean toy with me? Teach those bastards a lesson? Do they mean the club? But who's the bitch sister? My heart feels like it's going to beat right out of my chest with how rapidly it's beating.

"Fuck yeah." Another guy snorts. "She's a hot little number. I can't wait to see what she looks like without the clothes."

"I bet she got nothing but smooth skin and tight holes." The first guy laughs.

I cringe as they touch me and continue talking. Bile threatens to choke me, and my heart continues to race in my chest. I don't know what they're going to do to me, but with what they said it doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure it out.

However, a part of me feels what they might do to me will be much, much worse and in no way, shape, or form be good.

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We don't drive for too long before we turn down a very bumpy road that feels like it's going to jar my bones with how fast they go down it. A part of me wants to know how they don't mess up the suspension on the car. I might not know a lot about vehicles, but Gunner taught me a thing or two, and so did Glacier.

The car comes to a hard stop, and a moment later, my body is yanked out. I try to scream when they throw me over a shoulder, but it's useless with the tape over my mouth.

"Knock it off," the one carrying me snarls, slapping my ass hard enough I scream at the pain of it.

He goes up a few steps and through a creaky doorway. A moment later, I'm thrown backward onto what I can only assume is a mattress. With the blindfold on, I can't see anything, and they made sure it was on tight enough it doesn't move.

"So, what now? Have fun or something else?" the first guy asks.

"Now, we have our fun." The second chortles.

Terror churns my stomach, and I do my best to scoot back, not knowing where I'm going, but suddenly I'm grabbed by the ankle.

*No!* The word screams in my head.

Pain erupts in my stomach and then my head as I'm kicked. I don't know how long they beat on me, but when they finish, they move on to far worse things. All while laughing and joking as they torture and torment my body.

I try to think of something else, anything else, but nothing comes to mind. They all but destroy me. Thanks to the tape

over my mouth, I can't cry out in pain or beg them to stop ... to leave me alone.

With everything they do to me, it's enough to not only destroy me but make me wish for death.

I don't know how much time passes, but it feels like an eternity before they finally leave me alone.

"This should teach them." One of the men laughs. "And to finish it off ..." He trails off, and something warm and wet hits my lower body. I cringe knowing exactly what he's doing. The scent of urine is foul, and if I had the strength, I'd roll away from the horrible warmth of it hitting me. The others laugh, and when he's done, I hear them walk away and a door slam. Next, a car is started, and I know I'm left alone.

Finally. Peace.

My body throbs in pain. There's no way I could move even if I wanted to. Right now, the only thing I can do is wait for death. That, or for Delaney to realize I haven't checked in with her and go for help.

# CHAPTER 7

## SAVAGE

The moment I walked into the clubhouse, I could tell Hammer and Malice were pissed with me. They're both staring at me with that fury swirling in their eyes. Next to them is Gunner.

"What the hell were you thinking?" Hammer demands, his voice vibrating with his anger.

"He wasn't thinking," Gunner answers for me, eyes assessing me. "He's got his head full of shit he needs to sort out, and he went to get shit-faced to keep from doing that. That or keep 'em from thinking with his dick."

"Exactly what Gunner said," I mutter, agreeing with him. "Though not with my dick part."

"Well, get your ass in church, we've got shit to discuss and it ain't waiting until later after you've gotten cleaned up. We're doing this shit now," Hammer states sternly with a jerk of his chin.

I nod in that direction. By the time Rebel got everything situated at the police station, I was able to get my shit back, and it was nearly five in the morning.

Fuck.

No wonder they're pissed. I'm willing to bet they've all been up all night. Yesterday, when I left Gunner's, he'd told me he and Zinnia were staying at the clubhouse the night while Delilah went to a party. Funny how we had a party for her, and then she went to a friend's party the next day. I swear the kid at her age has a more social calendar than some people I know.

I take my seat and lean forward to brace my elbows on the table while waiting for what's to come.

"Did Rebel tell you who you assaulted?" Hammer finally asks once the door is closed and everyone is seated.

“Yeah, she told me.” I meet his eyes and then glance around the table. “I didn’t know who the hell he was. I’m sure I shouldn’t have beaten him and his buddies the way I did. I’d been minding my own business, but when I heard them talkin’ shit about Honor—”

“Wait,” Gunner snaps, getting my attention. “These fuckers were talking about my sister?”

“Can’t be a hundred percent sure, but one of them said the name and how he was going to get in Honor’s pants this coming weekend. I lost it,” I finish by telling them the rest of what was said.

The tension vibrates in the room at this tidbit of information.

Gunner looks ready to commit murder, as do a few others. There’s one thing for sure, my brothers don’t fuck around when it comes to those who are family to the club.

Hammer opens his mouth to say something when Zinnia barges through the door.

“What the fuck, Zinnia?” Gunner demands, getting to his feet.

“I’m sorry,” she murmurs, breathing heavily. “But your phone has been going off nonstop pretty much. Glacier keeps calling you. With the number of times he’s called, I know something’s wrong,” she blathers.

“Fuck,” Gunner growls and takes the phone from Zinnia, placing a kiss on her lips and retaking his seat. “I’ll come find you when we’re done here.”

“Okay,” she says, glancing around the room again. “Sorry to interrupt.” Moving quickly, she rushes out just as quickly as she came into the room.

Gunner’s phone starts ringing again, and he answers it with a snarl. “I’m in church, motherfucker. What the fuck are you doing blowing up my phone?”

I watch the way my brother’s eyes flare with rage as he speaks again, his voice terse. “Say that again. You’re now on

speaker.”

“Honor’s missing, man. Her roommate called me a few hours ago, and I hit the road. Been trying to get you for a bit. Didn’t you see the missed calls?”

What the fuck? How can Honor be missing?

“No, I didn’t see you called. It was in the room charging. Zinnia just burst into church and told me you were callin’,” Gunner remarks, grinding his teeth. “What, exactly, did Delaney tell you?”

My gut tightens as I wait for the answer.

“Apparently, Honor’s been keeping a secret from all of us, except Delaney here. She’s got type 1 diabetes, Gunner, and the two of them have a system to make sure it stays on track. When Honor didn’t check in with Delaney, she went to the hospital to check on her,” Glacier states, surprising all of us.

A few of my brothers start getting loud, and I grind my teeth while trying to hear what Glacier’s saying and what it means.

“Shut the fuck up and let him talk!” Gunner yells. I don’t blame him. This is his sister we’re talking about. Something’s happened, and fuck if it doesn’t piss all of us off after what I heard and dealt with last night. Now, she’s missing.

“Delaney explained that she has some app on her phone that will indicate when there’s a problem with Honor’s sugar levels. It did, and she drove to the hospital and found her car unlocked. The only thing is, Honor never made it inside for her shift, and her cell phone as well as her testing kit, were still in the passenger seat.”

What the fuck?

“How did Delaney know to call *you*?” Gunner demands.

“Apparently, when you didn’t answer her calls, she went to the last person Honor talked to, which was me,” Glacier answers. “I’m also listed as one of her ICE contacts still, even though I’m not exactly right next door.”

Gunner's face turns a bright red, and he looks ready to explode at this new information. "Son of a bitch." Gunner does something on his phone and snarls, "Delaney tried calling me five times, and you called twenty?" Banging his fist against the table, he yells, "It was supposed to be Honor's weekend off. What the hell was she doing at work? When was she supposed to be on? When did Delaney first call you?"

While Gunner talks, I think about the device I'd seen and asked Honor about. Is that what that thing was for, and she told me it was none of my business? It makes fucking sense. Damn it.

"According to Delaney, she was called in to work from seven at night until seven in the morning. Delaney called me between two and three, not one hundred percent sure, just know I threw clothes in my bag and hit the road close to four." There's a long pause and what I believe to be a muttered curse. "Wait, I told her to head to the clubhouse since I knew it'd take me roughly eight hours or so to get there. Are you saying she's not there?" Glacier questions, and worry for her now added to his concern for Honor.

"No, she's not, and it's not like she's never been here before. She was here the other day for Delilah's birthday party with Honor. Hammer?" Gunner looks to our Prez for what he wants us all to do.

I hear another voice command. "Dagger, Glock, Ruger, I want you to head out and look for Delaney."

"You know what she drives?" Dagger asks.

"Gunner, you know?" Hammer cocks his head and looks at Gunner, the tick in his jaw visible.

"A blue Volkswagen Bug," Gunner states. "And before anyone gets any stupid fucking ideas, I know because she's my damn sister's roommate and I try to keep an eye on them. Little good that did. Didn't even know my damn sister was a diabetic." I'm willing to bet that last part he's more or less muttering to himself.

“Got it, Gun,” Dagger retorts. “We’ll let you know what we find.”

“How much longer before you get here?” Gunner asks, talking to Glacier again.

“Maybe about six hours, give or take. Just gassed up, so it’s unlikely I’ll have to again. Oh, and be prepared, Poseidon is sending Trident, Atlas, and Brooks to assist in the search.”

“We don’t need those pussies. We can find Honor ourselves,” Bruiser mutters a little too loudly.

“You know they’re former SEALs, right?” Glacier states matter-of-factly through the phone, putting Bruiser in his place.

“Fuuuuuck,” Gunner quietly says, grimacing. “You mean to tell me a bunch of motherfucking badasses are legit? They could’ve done anything, and no one would’ve fucked with them.”

“They went legit because Poseidon wanted to honor his grandfather, but make no mistakes, they’re not men to fuck with,” Glacier explains. I’m sure he’s probably got a shit-eating grin from the sound of his voice.

“Then we’ll gladly take their help,” Hammer asserts, nodding. “We might take care of our own, but our clubs have Gunner and Honor in common. This makes us allies in my eyes. We’ll see you when you get here. Until then, we’ll find Delaney and start looking for Honor.”

“Be there as soon as I can.”

Gunner hangs up, and everyone starts speaking at once.

But I speak over them when the senator’s grandson is mentioned. “It can’t be him ‘cause he was in the cell not far from mine.” I look to Gunner, and for the second time in days, I make a decision that will affect my life and nod. Having Honor taken has opened my eyes.

# CHAPTER 8

# SAVAGE

The waiting game is not something I like to deal with. I prefer action. I always have. But not knowing where Honor is, is driving me insane. It's been hours, and still, we've got jack shit.

Dagger and the others got back with Delaney, and from the looks of her, she'll be okay.

"Glacier's here," Gunner states, walking into the clubhouse.

I nod without saying anything. I haven't been able to speak much. My mind is whirling with thoughts of the what-ifs that are fucking with my head.

Glacier walks in, and Gunner shows him toward Hammer, who introduces himself.

"Name's Hammer, President of the Devil's Riot MC, Southeast Charter."

"Have a seat. My guys found Delaney not far from here. It seems she and a few deer had a battle of sorts, and she lost," Hammer says, motioning for Glacier to join all of us.

Glacier looks in Delaney's direction and seems to be taking her in before asking, "You okay?"

"I will be as soon as we find Honor," she says, worrying her bottom lip.

Hammer motions for everyone to gather around the tables we've all pushed together, including Delaney and Glacier. If this didn't include the two of them, we'd be having this conversation in church. But today, it's happening here in the main room while everyone else is ordered to stay away for the time being. The ol' ladies are on lockdown here, but they're all in their rooms or in one or the others, giving us space.

“So, here’s what’s happening,” Hammer says, glancing around the table and giving a rundown of where we’re at right now. The bigger issue is, apparently, she has diabetes, and her levels are going up or some shit.”

Glacier and Gunner share a few words that I barely hear through the roaring in my ears. I don’t know what’s causing it, but it’s not the first time. It’s happened before, and when it happens, I struggle to focus.

“Those of you who are members, we know we’re at a standstill with the De La Rosa Cartel, and as for Avery’s siblings, those fuckwads are a pain in the ass. This being said, although one is more of a nuisance while the other is an all-out war, we’ve got to figure out if either of them has anything to do with this shit. We’ve already ruled out the senator’s grandson,” Hammer remarks, looking around the table. “If I had to take a wild guess, though, between the two, this shit stinks more of those bastards that share blood with my woman. If the De La Rosas thought they’d go after a woman, they’d want us to know it was them.”

“They don’t always, Prez,” Ruger speaks up, voice harsh and hands balled into fists. “Could be either one of them.”

“We need to get out there and check out their last known whereabouts,” Glock calls out. The two of them are blood brothers and are suspicious of anyone and everyone. They don’t allow anyone close to them. If you’re not one of their club brothers or an ol’ lady, they will be standoffish until they know you aren’t about to screw them over. I know it’s from their past, and I completely get where they’re coming from with their suspicion.

For the next thirty minutes, we go over what we’re doing while Cy works away at his computer.

Delaney’s stayed quiet throughout this, just watching us all and frowning her brow. That is until now. Raising her hand, she gets our attention, and with a freaked-out voice, she says, “Something has to get done and soon. Her pump is dying.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” Gunner demands, narrowing his eyes at her.

I watch her closely and wait for her to answer, a sense of dread threatening to take hold of my gut. If Honor’s pump dies, does that mean she does?

“It means that soon, it won’t be working, so her body won’t be getting the insulin it needs. If she’s not found in the next few hours, she could wind up in a diabetic coma and possibly die,” Delaney retorts, loud and clear.

“Cy, get some drones up and going to check out Avery’s siblings’ hideouts,” Hammer orders, getting to his feet.

“On it, Prez,” Cy replies, fingers flying across the keyboard faster than I’ve ever seen him go before. When he looks up from the screen, he glances at Hammer and nods. “Done.”

“What about the Cartel?” Glock questions, not wanting to rule them out. “We can’t discount them.”

“We’ll look into them. Let’s rule out the siblings first,” Hammer replies. “I can feel it in my gut they’re behind this shit.”

“Don’t they have that shack not too far from here?” Axe asks. “They’re not that intelligent, so if it is them, they wouldn’t think to run far away from us.”

“You’re right. They’re not that intelligent, and they’ll do whatever they can to get back at Avery and the club. It would be just like them to have her right under our noses.” Hammer shrugs, making a point, and he’s right. Those weaselly bastards would.

“I’m going to check it out,” Gunner emphatically advises.

I stand and open my mouth to say the same, hands planted on the table when Hammer gives the order.

“Savage, Dagger, Axe, y’all three come with us. Dagger, make sure you’ve got your bag.”

“Take her kit with you,” Delaney states, thrusting it in Gunner’s direction. “There’s a bottle of insulin and some

syringes, along with her testing kit, so you can give her some. She's gonna need it."

I take the kit before Gunner can and start for my bike. I know exactly where this shack is, and they'll be lucky if I find them there and she's not. I might let them live. But if Honor's there, well, that's a different story altogether. They'll regret going after her.

---

I pull in front of the shack, my gut tight, and the hairs on the back of my neck raise. She's here. I just know it.

Something inside me is screaming it loud and clear.

Quickly, I park my truck, leaving it running. I left my bike at the clubhouse, just in case. Grabbing her kit, I stalk toward the shack, Gunner joining me along with the others.

I don't bother with the handle and kick the door in. It splinters and comes off its hinges. I step inside, the smell of urine strong. Curled in a small ball on a mattress in the middle of the floor lies Honor, beaten and bloody. I move to her, not giving a damn about the smell, and roll her to her back.

"Grab me a blanket," I call out, keeping the others from seeing her until I have her covered, including her brother.

Dagger comes forward with one and drops down to her other side. "Fuck me. She's going to need more help than I can give her."

"What about her insulin shit?" Gunner asks.

"I'll administer what she needs for now, but we've got to get her to the hospital," Dagger answers, taking the kit from my hand.

The moment he's done, I scoop her in my arms and carry her to my truck, Gunner right on my heels. I climb in the passenger seat while he gets in behind the wheel.

I drop my gaze to her and stare into her battered face, a thought of anguish crossing my thoughts. How do I fix what I

fucked up with her when the damage I've caused is nothing compared to this. How do I repair something so damaged?

# CHAPTER 9

# HONOR

The smell of antiseptics is something I'm used to, but only because I work in a hospital and not as a patient. I don't remember the last time I was a patient. It was probably when I was nine and had appendicitis, and they removed it.

I groan and open my eyes, wishing I'd died instead of being saved. Though I'm grateful to be alive, I remember the sound of Savage's soothing voice. Not that I ever heard it before. Other than the night we had sex, he'd never spoken to me, and when he did, it wasn't gentle like. Okay, well, besides during sex. But even then, it had a roughness to it. This was different.

I want to think I dreamed it up, but seeing he's sitting on one side of my bed tells me I didn't.

Damn.

I glance to the other side of my bed and see my cousin, Glacier, sitting there. At the foot is my brother.

All of them have their eyes on me. Each of them looked more than a little haggard.

My heart threatens to lodge itself in my throat.

This can't be happening.

I wish more than anything I could go back in time and stop what happened to me. But it did. Tears well in my eyes, and I close them turning my face away the best I can. There's no stopping the stream that falls down my cheeks or the sob that hitches on my breath.

"Honor," Savage calls my name, and I hear the sound of his chair scraping across the floor. "Look at me, baby."

I shake my head. There's no way I can face him. He wanted me to forget what we did, so why now is he calling me baby? Because he knows what happened to me?

“Come on, Honor, look at me. Let me see your eyes.”

That was something else with him when we had sex, he demanded to see my eyes. No matter we didn't speak during sex, he made sure my eyes were on him and he could see mine.

My breath hitches, and I slowly open my eyes and look in his direction. Behind him, Gunner moves in. Both men stare at me with so many emotions swirling in their eyes I don't know how to explain it. It's like turmoil mixed with anguish and rage. Confliction, maybe? Or they could be mixed with sorrow.

Unable to stand it any longer, I roll my head on the pillow and look at Glacier. “What are you doing here?”

“Came to see you,” he answers.

“When do you go back?” I ask, unable to stop the thought.

“Depends.” Glacier shrugs and looks briefly at the other two men in the room before looking back at me. “Why?”

“Can I come live with you?” I blurt out the question, knowing it probably hurts my brother, but after what I went through—the pain and agony. I don't think I can face any of them knowing it was done to me because of them. I'm damaged beyond repair, and being here will be a reminder of all that happened to me.

I don't have to see my body to know how badly they hurt me. I can feel the cast on my arm. The bandages around my waist. More than that, I can feel their filth all over me. Their hands holding me down. Their bodies against mine. It's something I don't think I'll ever be able to forget.

“Honor,” Gunner rasps.

Glacier looks over to the other two in the room before bringing his gaze back to mine and utters, “If that's what you need right now, then yeah, you can come back with me. Whatever you have to have, Honor, you just have to ask.”

“Not without me, heifer!” Delaney declares, storming into the room like her heels are on fire.

I meet her gaze and immediately see she's feeling what happened and probably thinks it's her fault.

"What do you mean not without you?" I ask.

"I'm not about to lose my best friend. If you go, I'm going with you."

God, I love my best friend.

Before I can answer respond, Doctor Michaels walks in.

I inwardly groan as total embarrassment rushes through my entire being. Being a patient in my place of work isn't something I wanted ever to experience. I mean not in this way.

"It's good to see you awake," Doctor Michaels says, smiling brightly at me. She's one of the few doctors who doesn't act arrogant in any shape or form. What you see with her is what you get. She always looks out for the patient but does it with a motherly attitude and is always sweet to the other staff members. Though I know she doesn't have an issue with giving attitude when necessary. "How are you feeling?"

Clearing my throat, I lick my bottom lip and answer, "I feel like I've been hit by a Mack truck several times."

"I'm sure that's a good way to explain it all things, considering." She nods and looks to the others in the room. "Would you all mind stepping out for a moment so I may have a word in private with my patient?"

I can tell none of them want to from the feel of the tension in the room, but they give in, closing the door behind them.

Doctor Michaels takes her time filling me in on all that they found when I was brought in. A broken arm, several cracked ribs, lacerations that required stitches, bruises all over, a concussion, and trauma between my legs. They'd given me antibiotics through my IV to help with any infections that could set alongside something to combat against sexually transmitted illnesses as well as pregnancy, and they'd put my arm in a purple cast.

"So, the typical busted-up attack," I mutter, trying not to think about what happened.

“You could say that,” the other woman says and comes to sit on the chair next to the bed. “I know what you went through couldn’t have been easy. I know because I saw the state you were in when you were first brought in.”

Without using words, I keep looking at her. She saw me, and I’m sure others did as well.

“Honor, you know we’re going to have to send someone in to evaluate you, and the police will be coming to take your statement,” she murmurs gently.

“Please don’t,” I whisper, shaking my head. “No cops. I don’t want to talk about this to them. To no one.”

“You’re going to need someone to talk to.”

“I can’t.” Anguish clogs my chest, and tears stream down my cheeks as a sob wrecks through my body.

It’s all too much, and I just want to run away and forget everything that happened, but I know that will never be.

I can’t forget what I went through. I can only hope leaving with Glacier, I can at least escape the pain and memories.

# CHAPTER 10

# SAVAGE

“Savage, you’re gonna have to chill out.”

My teeth clench, and it’s all I can do to keep from losing my shit and throwing my phone across the room. It’s been three months of the same damn report, and I’m fucking over it.

“I’m done waiting around.”

It’s the same answer I give him each time, but he has a way of talking me down. I don’t know what it is. He just does it every damn time. Maybe it’s the way he cares for his cousin. At the hospital, when she’d been in there, I saw the way he was with her. They were definitely more like siblings than anything else. I also saw the way it affected Gunner. Neither of us wanted her to return to the Poseidon clubhouse with Glacier, but we both knew it was for the best.

“You need to give her a bit more time. I keep telling you.”

“And I keep telling you, Glacier. This time I’m done fuckin’ around. It’s been three months. Three fuckin’ months of you giving us updates. I want to see her for myself. Bring her home where she belongs. I need to be the one to help her. I didn’t fight when she needed to get out of here. I know it’s on us. On the club, what she went through, but none of us can fix shit when she’s not around for us to do that,” I state, looking at nothing as I do everything in my power to keep my temper in check.

“Savage, there’s shit you all don’t know. Shit, she’s trying to work through.”

“I don’t give a damn.”

“You should,” he grunts.

“Why? Because she’s better off without any of us?”

“Didn’t say that,” Glacier mumbles. “I know where she belongs, where she should be, but mentally, she’s in a

completely different zone altogether. She's not ready to face what happened to her." He pauses, and I can hear an audible sigh. "You want to know the truth, man? She's been in a dark as fuck place, so damn dark. If not for the ol' ladies to my brothers helping her alongside Delaney, she wouldn't be here, and I'm not talking figuratively."

Fuck. Shit. God damnit all.

"I'm coming to get her," I state through clenched teeth and hang up, not waiting for him to respond again.

Those last words of his circle in my mind, and I'm thrown back in time. Back to a time I hate thinking about. I shove the memories back in place, not letting them out completely.

I push away from the brick of the clubhouse. I stalk toward the doors, ready to grab my bag and get the fuck out of there.

Inside, I spot Gunner, phone to his ear, eyes on me. "Right. It's his decision, and I agree with him. Been long enough away from my sister. Know she's with you, Glacier, but I've got to make things right with Honor, and I can't do that when she's fuckin' hours away from me."

I don't stop to hear what else is said as I make my way down the hall to my room.

In the past three months, everyone has mostly steered clear of me. The clubwhores especially. They learned quickly I wasn't to be fucked with. I made a decision, and I'm sticking to it. Honor is mine, and I'm not about to branch out to get other pussy. Not after having her. Definitely not after what she endured.

Since that day, I've done nothing but look for the bastards, but like the rats they are, they've crawled deep into a hole somewhere. Fuckers are slimy, but I'll find them, and when I do, I'll make them pay. They won't get away with it. The shitty part of all this is my Prez's ol' lady keeps apologizing for it. I get it wasn't her. She's nothing like her siblings. The woman works her ass off to be who she is, and she shouldn't be feeling this shit. It's affecting her, and she's got a baby and

toddler to take care of. We all know Avery, though, and she takes that shit head-on.

I've done my best to make sure she doesn't feel my anger cause the woman doesn't deserve that. She's good and pure, the perfect woman for Hammer. Just like Willow is for Malice, CJ for Axe, Rebel for Rogue, and Zinnia for Gunner. And I intend to make sure Honor gets to have what the others do.

I just have to bring her back here. Back where she belongs. Then I can make a game plan of helping her get over the bullshit she's been through.

In my room, I grab the bag I've kept packed and ready to go, sling it over my shoulder, and make my way back out. I stop in the hall when I find Gunner standing there.

"Give me two minutes and I'm riding out with you. Just got to tell my woman and daughter," he says.

I nod and step around him in order to head out to my bike, but Gunner calls out to me. I come to a halt and twist only my head to stare back at him.

"Glacier told me what he said to you. Don't know what's going on in your head, but gotta know you're good."

"Good enough to get my ass to my woman. We'll see after that." I grunt.

"Right." He nods. The two of us had already hashed everything out between us when he punched me in the face after I went to him. He knows I've finally quit fucking around and made up my mind. Gunner also knows when I make up my mind, I don't change it. It takes a lot for me even to consider it. "I'll be two minutes, five tops."

Once again, I nod. "Make sure Zinnia and Delilah are gonna be okay." I get Gunner needed to make sure his woman and kid are going to be okay. Zinnia's pregnant and with Delilah, he's become a bit overprotective, and I can't blame him. His sister was taken, beaten, and raped. I can see why my brother keeps a finger on his woman's and little girls' pulse. He doesn't want to lose either of them.

I don't wait around for him to say anything else. Straightening my head, I head for the doors, my mind on getting to Honor as soon as possible. I know I've got work ahead of me where she's concerned, but she's worth it.

All the shit in the past doesn't compare to what she makes me feel. Fuck, I already know that if she'd been with me, none of this shit would be happening in the first place. I'd have been the one to take her to work. I'd have known about her having diabetes. I'd have her in my arms now and not going out of my mind every day wanting to see her for myself.

No, I'll go to her, bring her home, and after that, I'll work to show her she's mine. That she's not broken or damaged, as I'm sure she feels. I also get that three months isn't a lot of time to overcome what she endured, but at the same time, you can't do it unless you have people at your back ready and able to help you overcome the trauma.

I intend to be that man. I gave her her time. Now, I'm going to bring her back where she belongs and then see where things go from there.

# CHAPTER 11

# HONOR

“Hey, Honor,” Patsy greets me with a warm smile. She’s Glacier’s club brother’s ol’ lady and a new friend to me. Just as the other ol’ ladies have become. They’ve taken me under their wings and have been there for me, but I’m still not in a good place.

I don’t think I ever will be.

“Morning,” I mumble, giving her a small smile in return as I make my way to the coffee pot, needing the caffeine just as I need it every morning.

In the months since coming here, I’ve rarely slept, but it’s not because I couldn’t, instead, it’s the nightmares that haunt me.

“Are you going to see Dr. Williams today?” Roane asks, handing me a clean mug.

“Yes, it’s this afternoon,” I answer, filling the mug with the dark brew.

“That’s good.” This comes from Patsy. “Is Delaney taking you?”

Nodding, I take a sip of my coffee. Of course, she is. She and Glacier both. I love them but they won’t leave me alone. I’m never alone unless it’s time to go to bed. Even then, I know they come into my room to check on me. They want to make sure I’m not going to do anything else like I already tried to do.

A month ago, I tried to take my life ... to end the pain constantly consuming me. Before that, I’d attempted to drown out everything with alcohol. It wasn’t easy with so many eyes on me, so I took a bunch of pain pills, overdosing. If not for Patsy and Roane seeing the signs like they did, I wouldn’t be here anymore. After the pills, I started going to counseling, or that’s what I told them. Instead, I’d go out, find a place

secluded, and sit there reliving what happened to me. When I couldn't take it anymore ... that's when I slit my wrists.

If not for Delaney's room being connected to mine and her coming to talk to me only to find me in the bathroom tub, I'd be gone, but she did find me. I hazily remember Glacier scooping me up and the two of them rushing me to the hospital. Other members of the club joined them.

That day, Glacier was going to tell Gunner, and I freaked the hell out. I didn't want him or anyone else to know. It was my shame to carry, and I wasn't going to let anyone else know how far I'd sunk. Delaney thankfully talked Glacier around with the promise I would get help from Dr. Williams and that they would take me. I agreed because, at the time, I didn't trust myself. I still don't trust myself. Though I'm going to the doctor. I'm talking to her, and she's been helping.

I've talked to her about my brother, about Savage, about growing up in foster care. How all of this made me feel. I've talked a bit about that day. It's hard to talk about what I went through, what those men did to me. How because of my brother and his club, they did what they did. I want to blame them, but realistically I know they aren't at fault. They didn't do this to me. I saw the way both Gunner and Savage looked in the hospital. I get my brother's reaction, but not Savage's. I still don't, though I've thought a lot about him.

"They're both taking me and then I think we're going out for food." I believe that's what Delaney said.

"Good, maybe you and Delaney can do a little shopping, spend some time outside the clubhouse," Patsy suggests.

"Maybe."

It's a good idea, but I'm not sure I'm ready for that.

"Honor, we're not trying to push, but to get through it, you have to start somewhere, and I'm not just talking about going to see Dr. Williams. You have to start living again too," Roane explains, eyes filled with concern.

I get what she's saying, and I want to do that, but I don't know how. Not without looking over my shoulder or feeling

like someone is going to get me. So, I'm not sure if going out is something I can do. But we'll see.

I give them both another small smile and nod before leaving them to it and head back to the room they all set me up in. I barely step into the room when Delaney comes in right behind me.

"Hey," I murmur.

"Hey," she says in return and bites her lip. "So, your appointment was switched to tomorrow."

"Why?" Frowning, I stare at her closely.

"I don't know. Glacier just told me, but I figured we could still go out. Maybe go get our hair done?"

"I'm not sure," I murmur, casting my gaze to the ground. I haven't had my hair done in a while, and I know it looks like a hot mess, but ...

"How about we just try?" she suggests softly, coming up next to me with her arm around my shoulders. "We can go, and if you're not comfortable, then we'll come back here."

"Okay." I nod, sucking in a heavy breath. I'm not sure I can do this, but I'll try. Delaney's my best friend and I know she's been there for me every step of the way. Sure, she's gotten with Glacier, I haven't paid attention as I once would have, but I know she really likes him. Maybe if anything, I can make this outing about her instead of the focus being about me. I could do that. I'm sure of it. It gets the attention turned from me at the same time gets my mind off everything. Also, it might just get them to back off just a bit more. "We could do that."

"Great."

Not wasting time, Delaney propels me back out of my room, down the hall to where my cousin is already waiting for us.

Why does it feel like the two of them are definitely up to something. Regardless, I've agreed to go out.

I hand my coffee mug to a smiling Patsy as I pass her and pull the sleeves down on my shirt. It's warm out still but since the day I tried to kill myself I've been wearing long sleeve shirts to cover my arms. This past week, I've been able to go without the bandages, so I've seen the damage I've done to myself. Patsy and the others had gone shopping for me and bought me several lightweight ones so I wouldn't get too hot. I thought this was thoughtful of them, and I really did appreciate it. The women here, they understand me and have helped me in a lot of ways. But something still feels missing, and I have a feeling I know what that is and I'm not sure if I'm ready for any of it.

# CHAPTER 12

# SAVAGE

Pulling into the parking lot of the Poseidon Warriors MC clubhouse, I find somewhere to park. I kick the stand down and swing a leg over, coming off the back of my bike. Gunner parks next to me and does the same.

It's late evening, and I'm more than ready to set eyes on Honor. The whole way here, Glacier's last words have fucked with me. Bringing up thoughts of my past. I can't allow myself to think that shit. Not now, and if I had it my way, not ever.

"You ready?" Gunner asks, grabbing his bag out of one of the saddlebags.

"Yeah," I grunt, doing the same. Slinging my bag over my shoulder, I make my way toward the clubhouse doors already spotting several club members. From the looks we're getting, this should be interesting.

The Poseidon Warriors aren't one-percenters, but that doesn't mean they don't handle shit their own way. Plus, with a lot of the members being former military of some form, I'm sure they can definitely handle shit themselves.

"Gunner, Savage," Glacier calls the moment we step over the threshold.

I give him a jerk of my chin, scanning the room. "Where's Honor?"

"She's in her room," he answers. The way he says this has me going on alert.

"You tell her we were coming?" Gunner asks.

"No." Glacier shakes his head and looks between us. "Delaney and I took her out for the first time today. We just got back a bit ago, and she said she was tired and was going to go lay down."

“Right.” I nod, but still, something feels off to me with the way he says this. “Where’s her room?”

“Savage, she needs time to rest,” Delaney murmurs, stepping up next to Glacier, looking nervous.

“Someone want to fill us in on what’s going on?” Gunner growls, placing a hand on my shoulder in a warning not to lose my shit.

“There’s nothing to fill you in on,” Delaney mutters, lying straight through her teeth.

“Then where’s my fuckin’ woman’s room?” I demand, grinding my teeth.

“Honor’s not your woman.” Delaney narrows her eyes and glares at me.

“Bullshit, Delaney, and you know it. I made it known at the hospital she was mine before she even woke up. Don’t try to keep me from her now. I haven’t seen her in three fuckin’ months, and I’m not about to be kept from her any longer. Now, where the fuck is she?”

Anger courses through my veins and right now, I don’t give a damn if I’m gonna have to fight each and every man in here in order to get to Honor.

“Savage,” Glacier starts but gets interrupted.

“There’s things that you don’t know.” A dark-haired hair woman says, stepping forward. Her eyes filled with empathy as she looks from me to Delaney. “He should know what he’s dealing with.”

Glacier nods, wraps an arm around Delaney, and pulls her into his side while glancing between Gunner and myself. “A month ago, Honor slit her wrists, trying to kill herself. Before that, she attempted to overdose.”

“The fuck did you just say,” I demand, rage fueling my veins, and I’m more than ready to hit something.

“You wanna tell me why I wasn’t told about this?” Gunner sneers at the same time.

“She didn’t want you to know,” Delaney whispers.

“You have to understand—” the dark-haired woman starts.

“I don’t have to understand shit. Where the fuck is my woman?” I step forward. A man steps up, wrapping an arm around the woman who spoke’s waist, and pulls her back into him.

But she doesn’t look away, nor does she back down. “Savage, you need to calm down. You say she’s your woman, and if that’s true, then you need to take a moment and listen to me. She didn’t want you to know because she’s embarrassed by what she tried to do to herself. That she nearly took her own life. I know how she feels. I’ve been there. Honor is in a seriously dark place and I’m willing to bet that the only way to really pull her out is if you help her, but you have to be calm about it. You can’t storm in there and be all he-man on her.”

“I’m not going to do that shit,” I spit out. What the woman says sinks in, but it also twists around with the shit from the past. More now than ever, I need to set eyes on Honor. I take a breath, look back at Glacier, and ask, “Where’s her room?”

Glacier stares at me for a moment before answering, “Hallway off to the right, go down mid-way, and her door is on the left. It’ll be unlocked as she made a deal she wouldn’t lock herself in the room.”

Without another word, I stalk in the direction he gave me. I don’t bother waiting to see if anyone follows me. Not that I give a damn long as I set my eyes on her.

At the door of her room, I pause long enough to make sure I’ve got myself in check and find Gunner didn’t join me.

Good.

Opening the door quietly, I step into the room, my eyes going directly to the woman curled on top of the covers. My heart clenches at the sight of her. The last time I’d seen her, she’d been beaten, bruised, and had broken bones. She might be out of the casts, and her body healed, but I can see the pain still looming.

I drop my bag to the floor and quietly make my way to the bed, where I slide in behind her and, for the first time in months, breathe easy. Honor lets out a soft sigh and relaxes into me. It's as if her body knows I'm here with the way it loses its tension. Burrowing my face in her neck, breathing in the flowery scent of her hair. I've never been one for cuddling, but holding her like this, I feel at ease and don't want to lose the feeling. Not fucking ever.

Closing my eyes, I relax further, not falling asleep but just content in lying here holding Honor close.

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Hours pass and not once does Honor so much as move. That is except to twist and curl her body into mine. One of her arms lays across my waist, and the same goes for one of her legs over mine.

I might've been drunk off my ass that night ... I might've even taken a moment to comprehend what we'd done the next morning and not remember everything ... but I remember this.

The whole time she curled into me, I ran my hand through her hair, enjoying the softness of the long, thick locks.

Honor lets out a sigh, tenses, and jerks away. With my arm around her, she doesn't pull completely from my arms. Those eyes of hers widen as she meets mine.

"What are you doing here?" she asks on a whisper.

"Couldn't stand you being away any longer," I answer truthfully. "Had to put eyes on you for myself." Releasing her hair, I run my hand down the side of her head, her shoulder, and the side of her arm, down to her wrists. Stroking just inside her wrist, I hold her gaze. "I know what you tried to do, baby." I keep my voice soft and gentle, not wanting to freak her the fuck out, which I can see she's ready to do. "Easy, Honor, baby, and listen to me."

I made a decision while lying here, and I'm going with it even if it makes me sick to have to talk about it. "I might not

know what's going through your head, but I do get what it's like to be in the same boat as your brother is right now. More than that, baby, I get you wanting to end it all."

Honor opens her mouth to say something, but I keep going not giving her the chance.

"I get it more than you know. I'm gonna tell you something only a few know about." I pause, shift us a bit, and Honor allows me to bring her with me as I sit up and rest my back against the headboard. "Just shy of ten years ago, I had a sister who suffered from depression. She'd been dealing with it for a few years after she was attacked and raped." Honor gasps, and tears start forming in her eyes. "Her name was Olly, short for Olivia. Olly was a bright light until what she went through." I can still see the aftermath in my mind. "It was a year later she took her life, but before she did that, she took our parents', and my fiancée's."

"Savage," she utters, those tears spilling down her cheeks.

"I thought she'd been strong enough to get through it. I was wrong. I found her in her room where she'd put a bullet in her head. She took her life and that of three other people. She left a note saying she was protecting them by killing them. She didn't want them to hurt anymore, either. But she knew I was strong, stronger than anyone she knew and that I could pull through anything. What she did gutted me. Made it where I refused to let anyone else get close to me. I didn't want to take that chance. Because I know what it's like to have everything and be happy with my life only to have it ripped away in the blink of an eye. I don't even blame Olly for what she did. That reward goes to the men who hurt her."

"Did they ever find who hurt your sister?" she asks, in a barely-there voice.

"Oh, I found 'em." I nod. "Found 'em and made them pay for what they did to her and caused her to end up doing. I forced them to tell me what they did to her. I needed to know what would cause her to flip the way she did." I don't leave anything out and give her what I know. What I made those bastards tell me. They threatened my family when they

tormented her. Said they would go for them next. Make my dad and me watch as they touched my mom and fiancée. It's why she killed them. For the life of me I wanted to be pissed with my sister, but I couldn't and still can't find it in me to be pissed with her. The anger lies at the feet of the men who caused everything to spiral for her and for me, losing everyone I cared about.

"I'm sorry."

At those two words, I blink and look deep into her eyes, knowing she means it.

"Baby, you have nothing to be sorry for. I just want you to know I get it. But I also get the way your brother feels. What you need to get through is how the rest of us feel and what it would do to us ... to me if something happened to you."

"To you?" She furrows her brow. The way her brows lift and draw inward as her forehead creases is cute and definitely tells me that she's confused by my statement.

"Yeah, Honor, to me," I confirm.

"Why would it affect you? You don't even like me. Other than that night, you didn't know I existed," she states, pulling back a bit.

"I knew you existed. Shit, anytime you were around the clubhouse, I was aware of you being there. It was all I could do to keep from claiming you as mine. For wanting to demand you be mine."

"If that's true, then why'd you—"

I stop her from going any further by placing a finger over her lips because I know exactly what she's about to ask. "I'll be honest with you. I was fighting myself and did a lot of stupid ass shit. Shit I can't take back. I fucked up a lot. I can't explain away what I did, and I'm not gonna try. What you gotta know is I'm done fighting. I'm done being a stupid fuck. I want you. I want you as mine. And I'll do what it takes to make that happen."

Honor stares at me, eyes piercing, and I can all but see the wheels spinning. She's thinking and doing it hard. When she

finally speaks again, she shocks the shit out of me.

“I have a counseling session tomorrow. Would you go with me?”

“Yeah, baby, I’ll go with you,” I agree without hesitation. “Anything you want.”

Honor nods and sighs. “Thank you.”

“Nothing to thank me for,” I murmur and pull her into me. “Now, how about we go join the others so your brother can see you, and later, we’ll talk some more.”

“This whole thing is confusing me,” she states and pulls her bottom lip between her teeth.

“I get it.” Nodding, I climb off the bed, bringing her with me. “But we’ll take it at your pace. All I ask is that while here, I’m in here with you. You can be under the covers and me over them. But I haven’t set eyes on you for three months. Then, learning what I did, I can’t not have my eyes on you. Okay?”

Honor again stares at me with those vibrant eyes of hers and nods. I didn’t expect her to, but she agrees, and I feel myself relax all the more knowing she’s giving this to me.

Wrapping my arms around Honor, I hug her to me and press a kiss to the top of her head. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” Her voice is muffled against my chest.

I press another kiss to her hair and release her. “Now, come on, let’s go see everyone before I decide to just enjoy holding you and keep you to myself.”

# CHAPTER 13

# HONOR

“How are you doing today, Honor?” Dr. Williams asks. Her eyes and voice matching her curiosity at seeing the man sitting next to me.

I fidget with my fingernails in front of me. Unsure if I’d made the right choice last night. But I stuck with it.

This morning, Savage even gave me the chance to back out of him going with me ... I didn’t. So, here the two of us are sitting across from Dr. Williams.

Last night, he’d opened up to me in a way I never expected he’d do. Not in a million years. He shocked me with what happened in his past, and my heart hurts for what he lost. He didn’t talk much about his fiancée, and it makes me wonder, but it’s not my place to ask. Savage didn’t have to share what he did as it is and him doing it is something to cherish. Which I will. I’ll hold close to it.

We ended up going out to the main room of the clubhouse, where my brother engulfed me in his large frame. He bent enough to put his face in my neck, and I knew he was on the verge of losing it. I could sense it, but it was his deep voice that gave him away as he whispered in my ear.

“Can’t lose you, Honor. I lose you, it’ll gut me. You’re all I have left of them. Of the past. Need you with me, little sister. My daughter needs you, and the one on the way needs you.”

Those words hit me hard, and I realize all the more that what I did would have hurt the people around me. I knew before. I knew when Savage told me about his sister and what it did to him. But hearing my brother ... yeah, those words rocked me. If I’d succeeded in doing what I wanted, I’d have left Gunner in the same boat as Savage was left.

Blinking, I clear my throat to answer. “I went out yesterday with Delaney and Glacier. Glacier took us to get our hair done and food.”

“That’s good. Did you have a good time?”

“I was scared out of my mind,” I admit, dropping my gaze from the other woman’s.

“That’s to be expected.” Dr. Williams nods. “But you did it and that’s a great start.”

I nod. “It was hard letting someone do my hair. Having someone touch ...” I shudder at the thought.

“What did you feel after they finished your hair?”

“I don’t know.” I shrug with a sigh. “I guess exhausted, and we went back to the clubhouse where I went to my room and fell asleep.”

I lift my gaze to Dr. Williams to find she’s looking between Savage and me. Her eyes lock with mine, and she gives me a small smile.

“You’ve brought Savage here today. What does it make you feel with him here?”

I lick my lips nervously and tense.

“Honor, if you want me to step out, I can,” Savage states softly.

I shake my head in answer to him, but don’t look in his direction. “When I woke up yesterday evening, it was with Savage holding me. For the first time, I realized I’d felt safe. I knew with him there, nothing would happen to me. He’d protect me.”

“How did you know that?” Dr. Williams cocks her head to the side slightly.

I drop my gaze back to my lap and stare at my hands, fidgeting my fingers. “I remember.” Clearing my throat, I swallow past the lump thickening. “It’s fuzzy, but I remember Savage being there for me. Not at the hospital but at ...” My voice trails off, and a tear spills down my cheek.

“He rescued you after you were attacked.”

“Yes,” I utter with a jerky nod. “I remember his voice ... talking to me.”

“And then you woke up at the hospital?”

Again, I nod.

“Savage, you came with Honor today at her request?”

“Yeah,” Savage answers gruffly.

“Tell me, what happened to Honor, how did that make you feel?”

“I don’t do this who therapy bullshit,” he answers, disgruntled. “But I’ll tell you this, when it comes to Honor, she means something to me. She makes me feel when I didn’t have anything else in my life worth feeling for except for the club. What she went through then. What I didn’t find out until last night, well, that shit hit way too close to fuckin’ home for me. If I could I’d make it so she never went through it in the first place, but I can’t do that. What I can do is be there for her and give her what she fuckin’ needs to get through it and to the other side of it. I’ll make sure she doesn’t feel another ounce of fear again.”

My heart skips a beat at his answer, even though I still feel confused by him. He went from acting like I don’t exist to now this. I don’t know how to come to terms with it.

Dr. Williams stares briefly at Savage, shifts in her seat, and nods as she looks in my direction. “I think it’s time you go home,” she announces. My eyes widen and stiffen.

“I don’t think I’m ready for that,” I whisper.

“Maybe not, but I can see that with this man sitting right next to you, he’ll help you, and I’m sure your brother will as well.”

“But what about—”

“It won’t be easy,” she interrupts me. “It’ll be hard for you at first. You may even struggle with it. But you have help. I know a couple of doctors in the area that will be able to take you. You’ll still go to therapy, talk to someone. Something else though is finding a normal. It won’t be what you had before, but it’ll be a normal for you. The fact you went out and were

able to do so without freaking out is a great step forward. So, it's time."

"I ..." I pause and think about what she said. I do miss home. Miss my family. "What about ..." I don't finish the question as I look at where I rub against one of my wrists.

"Are you worried someone will judge you for what you attempted to do?" Dr. Williams asks, and I nod.

Savage adjusts next to me and cups the back of my neck. "No one in the club would dare judge you for something like this, baby. You know the ol' ladies there. You might not know the hell they've been through, they might not get what you endured, but still, they get you. If they didn't, they wouldn't be who they are or with the men they're with. Furthermore, I won't let anyone be disrespectful to you or make you feel shit for what happened."

"But I tried to kill myself." The words are barely loud enough for either of them to hear me.

"Yeah, but you didn't succeed," Savage retorts.

"Honor, what you did, you acknowledge and want to overcome. You going home is a step in the right direction. I will give you a list of names of those I suggest you continue seeing. I'll also give you my number and you can call me anytime you want," Dr. Williams advises.

"Okay." I nod.

The rest of the session is the same as it always is. She and I talk. She treats it as if Savage isn't there. I'm aware of his closeness, but he also keeps quiet, listens, and doesn't speak up anymore through the remainder of the time we spend in Dr. Williams's office. At the end, she gives me her number and a list of suggested doctors back home. I'm not surprised she already has one ready and waiting for me.

Leaving the office, Savage keeps me tucked under his arm until we get to his bike. I have not ridden with anyone else but Gunner and Glacier, so I'm not exactly a newbie when it comes to being on a bike, but riding with Savage is completely new and feels more than a little intimate.

It's somewhat nerve-racking, but still, I enjoy riding with him. Holding him as he speeds down the roads leading to the clubhouse. It's like he's one with his bike.

At the clubhouse, Savage helps me off, takes my helmet in one hand, and my hand in the other. Together, we go inside, and Delaney rushes me.

"How did it go?" she asks.

"It went okay," I answer nervously as I take a breath and ready myself for breaking the news to her. "Dr. Williams thinks I should go home."

"Oh." Delaney blinks at me, eyes widening before she glances in Glacier's direction. Bringing her gaze back to me, she asks. "Are you going to?"

I glance up at Savage, then back to her, and nod. "As much as the idea scares me, and I'm not sure I'm exactly ready, she's right."

Since coming here with me, I've seen the way Delaney looks at Glacier, and I know my best friend.

Savage releases me and, without a word, moves to where Gunner's standing near Glacier and two other members of the Poseidon Warriors MC.

"Let's go to my room," I suggest, guessing this is something we need to talk about in private.

Delaney nods, and the two of us head to my room. Inside, we both curl up on my bed, sitting crossed-legged in front of each other.

"You don't want to go back home, do you?" I blurt out the question, and again, Delaney nods.

"I really like it here." She whispers, "I really like Glacier."

"I know you do. I can see it in your face." I smile softly. "If you want to stay, stay. Talk to Glacier, tell him. But Dr. Williams is right that to overcome what happened, I need to face it."

"But isn't it too fast?" Delaney asks.

“Maybe.” I shrug. “I know I’m not ready to face it. I don’t think I ever will be, but I’m hiding out here, and she says I need to find a normal for me. I won’t be able to do that unless I’m back home.”

“Are you going to do that with Savage?”

“Honestly, I don’t know. He confuses me, but he opened up to me about some things, and I trust him. He makes me feel safe.”

“Last night you didn’t scream in your sleep,” she murmurs, surprising me.

I think about what she said and after Savage and I came back to bed. I’d gotten under the covers with him over them. When I fell asleep it was in his arms. One of his hands massaging my scalp the other running along my spine. I don’t remember waking up in the middle of the night and this morning I didn’t wake up exhausted. I also slept more than a few hours.

Delaney and I spend time talking, and I know she’s not going to come back with me. It’s heartbreaking, but she deserves to find her happy. If that’s with Glacier, then I’m thrilled she finds it.

I don’t know what will happen to me when I go back with Gunner and Savage, but it’s home and where I honestly belong. The thought scares me, but I’ll see it through.

# CHAPTER 14

# SAVAGE

Watching Honor from across the room, I don't take my eyes off her as she stands there talking to the other ol' ladies. We've been back a week now and this is the first time they're seeing her. It took a few more days of us being down at the Poseidon Warriors MC clubhouse before Honor was good to leave. Her and Delaney spent a lot of time together, and I ended up staying in her room with her. Same as the first night me over the covers her under them.

She's been staying at the house I'd bought not far from Gunner in the guest room. I wanted her in my bed, but I know she's not ready for that.

At night I hear her screams and end up going in there to hold her close. I always make sure to leave her bed before she wakes. It's complete torture having her in my arms. Holding her, wanting more, but not pushing. My balls are aching for a release that's not by my hand and it's not getting what it wants. My needs are pushed to the back burner because Honor's needs come first and foremost.

Today, she had her first appointment with a doctor I had Cy do a check on. I'd heard the bullshit that happened up in Virginia with the therapist Stoney's ol' lady was seeing and the shit that went down. I wasn't about to let some quack get his or her claws in Honor.

Once Cy gave the all-clear, I personally set up the appointment for Honor. I took her this afternoon and waited outside for her. I didn't go in like I wanted to. I know she's got to get her independence again and get back to herself, but it's not easy.

Honor's been jumpy, and I can tell from across the room, her anxiety is getting to her. I didn't want to force her to come to the clubhouse, but the club was doing a family BBQ. I figured it would be a good time to bring her. No clubwhores

are invited to family events. Especially today's. It's a closed party, and everyone is keeping it chill. No one wants to spook Honor.

"You going to watch her all day or give her a break?" Gunner asks, holding a beer out for me.

"Just making sure she's good." I grunt and take the beer from him.

"She's doing good," Malice remarks, motioning for me to take a seat at the table we're all standing next to. "If you're gonna stare, you might as well sit and chill."

Hammer, Cy, and Bruiser all chuckle alongside Malice. Gunner shoots me a grin.

"It's gonna work out," Hammer says once he sobers.

Gunner had filled our brothers in on what happened with Honor and what she tried to do. We didn't want the ol' ladies to know before she was ready to tell them, but the members of the club, they needed to know so they'd get what we're feeling.

Looking directly at Cy, I take a swig of my beer before asking, "You find out any new information on those bastards?" I'm more than ready to find the slimy weasels in order to make them pay for what they did to Honor.

During the therapy session I sat in on, I listened to what Honor had to say and fuck if it didn't gut me. Seeing her the way I did, it gutted me. But hearing her talk to Dr. Williams about it ... yeah, that *gutt*ed me. I want to make sure the bastards feel the pain tenfold for what they did to her.

"I've got feelers out looking for them. A couple of them have already got back to me about those bastards who hurt Honor. Rumors are the De La Rosas have taken them in after word got out we were looking for them for what they did to Honor."

"You're fuckin' joking," I sneer, my anger rising at the bomb Cy drops. "Those slimy bastards ran to the De La Rosas?"

“That’s what I’ve been told.” Cy grunts in confirmation.

“We need to figure a way to get to them,” Gunner mutters.

“I’ve got an idea,” Hammer growls. “It won’t exactly be my idea. If I could say fuck it, I would, but it’s a good one all the same.”

“Don’t tell me Avery wants to use herself as bait.” Malice grunts.

“Yeah, she wants to call one of her brothers. See if she can’t pay them off to leave the club alone or to find out what it’ll take to get them to disappear.”

I nod, my brain working overtime as I play the scenarios in my head. The pros and the cons of the whole damn thing. One fuck up and shit could go downhill quickly. But if we play it right, we could lay the trap they’d fall right in.

“You okay with Avery doing this?” I ask, glancing from my Prez to the women.

“Fuck no, I’m not,” Hammer grumbles, shaking his head before leaning forward and bracing his arms on the table. “But if it’ll help my woman in making peace with herself, I’ll do it.”

“Avery’s not to blame for this shit.” I grunt, leaning back in my chair.

“You know that. I know that. But she ... well, fuckin’ hell, she’s struggling with the fact she shares blood with the bastards who killed Quinn in that fire and raped Honor.” The tone in Hammer’s voice shifts to a deadly one, causing all of us to tense.

I get her struggle, but she can’t keep putting the blame where it doesn’t belong. She needs to come to terms with the fact she’s not responsible for the shit other people do. Clearing my throat, I get Hammer’s attention. “Talk to her and tell her about Olly and what she did.”

Shock crosses Hammer’s features at the mentioning of my sister. “You sure about that?”

“It’s a way to teach her she’s not to blame and that she can overcome the shit from her past,” I explain with a shrug. “If it helps her, then tell her. I’ve already told Honor the story.”

“You tell her all of it?” Gunner asks.

“Did I tell her everything about Olly? Yeah, I told her.” I nod, switching my focus to the other man and lifting the beer to my lips, drain the rest of the contents and slam the bottle on the table. “If you want to know if I told her about Mary, I mentioned she was killed by Olly, but that’s it.”

Mary, my fiancée, was a friend of mine growing up. We’d gone to school together. Never really dated, but we took each other’s virginity. We were friends, and at eighteen, I’d knocked her up. I wanted to do right by her with proposing. She accepted, and we were planning on getting hitched before the baby was born. The day Olly took Mary, she also took my unborn son as well.

“You going to tell her?” Bruiser asks, speaking up for the first time.

“Eventually,” I mutter and look to the bar where I motion for the prospect to get me another beer. This isn’t a conversation I like talking about, nor do I enjoy thinking about it. Because of my sister, I lost everything, but it’s due to the fuckers who started it all that I put the blame on. She might have pulled the trigger, but they handed her the loaded gun.

Fuck.

I let out a heavy breath and move my attention back to where Honor’s standing with the other women. She looks a bit more relaxed now. Hopefully being around the ol’ ladies will help her in overcoming everything she’s been through. Or at least come to terms with the fact she no longer has her best friend close by. It wasn’t a surprise when Delaney stayed behind. I saw it written all over her face she was interested in Glacier, and I hope it all works out for them.

As for Honor, I’m going to do everything in my power to make it work for her and to give her everything she needs.

# CHAPTER 15

# HONOR

“How are you really doing?” Zinnia asks the first moment we have alone.

“I’m okay, I suppose.” I shrug.

Being here at the clubhouse, at first it freaked me out, but that feeling eased for me after a while. Everyone has been making it easy for me to be around them without me becoming overly anxious. Sure, when we first got here it felt like my heart would beat right out of my chest. However, Zinnia and the others made me feel comfortable and at home.

I’ll admit talking to them is nothing like talking to Delaney. She’s my best friend, and I miss her already. I hated leaving her, but she’s happy with Glacier, and I needed to be here. The two of us still talk all the time on the phone. Whether it’s via text or phone calls, we connect in one way or another.

“Did Gunner ever tell you what happened to me?” Zinnia whispers, surprising me by her question.

I shake my head in answer. I knew something had, but I didn’t pry. It wasn’t my business. I figured if they wanted me to know, someone would have told me. What I did know is that Zinnia and my brother were together years ago, but then she disappeared out of the blue. I remember Gunner telling me she was it for him. That he intended to marry her. Then she was gone, and no one could find her. Now, she’s back, and they’re finally together, happy and having a kid.

“My brother sold me to a man who raped and tormented me for years. He wanted to break me. Did everything he could to do it, but I didn’t let him. When I finally got the chance to escape, I took it,” Zinnia murmurs loud enough for only my ears as she leans in. “I want you to know that I understand you. Everyone’s experience is their own, but I get you and what you went through. Your brother also confided in me.”

She glances at my wrists briefly and brings her eyes back to mine. “None of the other ol’ ladies know, Gunner only told me because he wanted me to talk to you.”

I nod, swallowing past the thickness forming in my throat and croak, “Why?”

“Because, Honor, he wants you happy. Make sure you’re good and that you’ll one day be able go a day without thinking about the pain. I can help you,” she says, eyes filled with sorrow. “I know you’re going to therapy, but it’s good to have those around who care about you and will listen. Those who can relate.”

“Do the others have similar experiences?”

“No, not really.” Zinnia shakes her head and reaches for my hand. “That doesn’t mean they don’t have their own experiences they had to overcome. We’re all here for you.”

“That’s what Savage said,” I whisper and lick my bottom lip. Glancing from her to where I knew Savage was sitting with my brother and a few others I meet his gaze briefly before returning it back to Zinnia. “He confuses me.”

“How so?” she asks, furrowing a brow.

“It’s just the way he looks at me. Talks to me. I mean he went from not acknowledging my existence to being there for me. Saying he wants me.”

“Considering that man hasn’t been with anyone since you two hooked up after Delilah’s party—”

“You know about that?” I blurt, interrupting her, eyes wide.

“Oh yeah, it’s why Gunner and I didn’t stay. Well, that and I promised Delilah I’d watch *Frozen* with her. That’s not to say your brother wasn’t happy. But then, the next day, Savage came to talk to him. He didn’t bullshit your brother. Then everything went down, and he pulled his head out of his ass. That’s what Gunner said, at least.”

“I don’t know what to think about that.” And I didn’t. Savage went to my brother after the two of us had sex. It’s

mortifying that he would do that. Why? “Why would Savage go to Gunner?”

“Because it’s a respect thing. Savage didn’t even flinch when Gunner nailed him with a punch. He took it and from what Gunner said he was waiting for more than just that.”

My lips part, and I stare at her unseeingly as I remember at the hospital, seeing Savage sitting next to the hospital bed. He’d had a bruise on his face if I’m not mistaken, a cut lip too.

I’ve crushed on this man for as long as I can remember and now, he’s here for me. He’s showing interest in me. Wants me. But after everything I’ve been through, can I do it? Can I be with a man?

The new therapist I started seeing, gave me a task, and that’s to write down my thoughts every morning. She called it a thankful-for journal. She also told me that it was okay to feel things like the way I told her my body responded to Savage’s. I know it was just our first session, but something about my therapist made me feel comfortable enough to open up to her. It also helped that she told me her own experience. Said she didn’t believe in her patients thinking they were alone in talking about what they’re going through. She wants them to trust in her.

“I’m nervous when it comes to Savage,” I whisper. “He baffles me. He makes me feel safe. I want to be with him, I always have, but I feel damaged. That I’m not good enough. I mean how can he want to be with someone who’s been violated. I still feel the hands of the men who hurt me ... who raped me. I feel unclean all the time.”

Zinnia nods and squeezes my hand. “You’re not unclean, sweetheart. I get you thinking that though, I still have moments where I feel the same, but I have Gunner and he’s there for me. He listens and takes the pain away by listening, by showing me that I’m not back there. That I’m clean. If you give Savage the chance, I’m willing to bet he’ll do the same.” Releasing my hand, she straightens and gives me a smile. “Don’t let those bastards continue to hold that power over you. Trust Savage, let him show you. You’re not what they made

you. You're Honor, the girl who he's been hot for since I've been around. Let him show you that pleasure can be what it should be and not what those bastards made it be when they hurt you. Savage and you were together before, it might have been once, still he gave you something. Given the chance, he could give it again."

I nod, letting her words sink in. Zinnia went through years of pain, and she was able to find her way with my brother's help. I've seen the way she is, and I admire her strength. If I listen to her ... if I give my trust to Savage, trust that he will help me through and not leave me in the dark, I could regain my strength.

I could do it. I want to do it. Maybe one small step at a time. But I can make that with baby steps. I'm sure of it.

---

"You ready to go?" Savage asks, his arms going around my waist as he steps up behind me.

After mine and Zinnia's talk, I relaxed even more and really started to have a good time. I didn't drink or anything, but I actually ate food instead of nibbling on it.

Savage had come and joined me several times before drifting back to his brothers. Each time, he had his arm around me and asked if I was good. He told me if at any time I was ready to go, he'd take me. Now, it was getting late and time for us to go, but I almost want to stay here, in his room.

"Can we stay here tonight?" I find myself asking. I didn't mean to, but the question slips out.

Savage turns me in his arms and takes one from around me to grip my chin between his fingers, holding me in place as he looks directly into my eyes. "You want to stay here?"

"Um ..." I draw my bottom lip between my teeth and nod.

"You know that means you're in my room, we're in the same bed, and I'm not going to sleep over the covers," he

states, watching me closely. Those assessing eyes of his looking deep in mine.

“I know,” I murmur and lick my lips. “I trust you.”

The arm he has holding me to him, tenses briefly, and his eyes flash with what I can only assume is desire. It’s the same look he had that first night. But he quickly locks it down.

“Then let’s go get ready for bed, baby,” he says, releasing my jaw. “I’ll give you one of my shirts to sleep in.”

“Thank you.”

Dropping his arm, Savage takes my hand and leads me out of the main room of the clubhouse, down a hall and to his room. Inside, he locks us in and releases my hand in order to move across the room to his dresser. Opening the top drawer, he grabs a shirt and closes it back up. Turning to me, he holds it out.

“Go ahead and use the bathroom.” Motioning in the direction of his en suite. “You get ready first.”

“Okay.” I take the shirt, inhale a deep breath, and walk the short distance into the bathroom. I meet his gaze as I shut the door closing me away from him.

I know what’s about to happen is a big step. One I’m ready to make. It’s me putting my trust in Savage and letting him know he has it. Fully and completely.

---

Opening the bathroom door, I step out freshly clean having used his soap. I decided to take my time and use his shower. I didn’t wash my hair, but I’d cleaned my body with his stuff. It helped in easing the tension that was starting to bubble up inside me. Sure, I made the decision, but following through with it is just as stressful as making it.

My eyes immediately find his, and my steps falter at the sight of him sitting in his bed, back to the headboard, his phone in his hand. I take in his bare chest and the fact he’s

under the covers. I hadn't seen him like this since the one time we were together in this very room.

"Hey," I whisper, fidgeting with my hands behind my back.

"Come here, baby," he commands with that sexy gruff tone he gets when talking to me.

I cross the room, and when I'm in reaching distance, Savage leans forward, hands going to my waist and he lifts me up on the bed and over his lap, straddling him.

"Savage." I gasp, hands pressing against his chest.

"Seeing you in my shirt is something I've been wanting to see for a long damn time," he murmurs quietly. He rolls until I'm no longer straddling him but lying with him. Somehow, in the maneuver, he adjusts the covers so I'm under them. He repositions us until I have my leg cocked over his waist and an arm around him. It's the same way I've slept with him before, but this time more intimate.

"Night, baby." Those two words surprise me.

I didn't think we'd go right to sleep.

"Um, Savage." I cock my head back and meet his gaze.

"We're just sleeping tonight, Honor," he says, answering my unspoken question. "Tomorrow, we'll talk about what comes next with what you said. What you agreed to by trusting me."

"What does that mean?"

"What it means is, we're gonna move forward with you officially being mine and doing it by taking things at a pace you can handle."

Well, okay then.

"So, let's get some sleep tonight. Tomorrow's a start of something new and because you asked that we stay here, means we're starting over. I get to wake up with you in my arms the way you should've over three months ago."

I like the way that sounds. The way it makes me feel.

A fresh start. A new start. Right were the two of us should have begun.

# CHAPTER 16

# SAVAGE

Morning light filters through the window, the sun's bright light all but blinding me, but I don't give a shit. Not when I'm holding Honor in my arms. In my bed here where I've wanted her ever since the first time she was here. If I hadn't been a dickhead that day, she'd have been here all along.

Last night, Honor gave me a gift when she told me she trusted me and asked if we could stay at the clubhouse. It means more than she'll ever fucking know. After bringing her in my room, I knew she was nervous and the only thing we'd be doing is sleeping. Moving forward, we need this to go smoothly without her getting upset and scared. It's why after my initial reaction at her being in my shirt I rolled us over and told her night.

However, this morning, I've got plans for her and I'm hoping it won't be more than she can handle. I know she talked to Zinnia for a while at the party. Gunner told me what Zinnia was doing, and I'm willing to bet that because of the talk the two of them had, it's the reason Honor's putting her trust in me.

Honor's head on my chest shifts, and I tilt mine enough to press a kiss to the top of her head.

"Morning, baby."

"Morning," Honor says. Her voice muffled and filled with sleep.

Rolling, I push her to her back and settle next to her with one of my thighs between hers. "You sleep, okay?"

"Yes."

"Good." I smile and lean in, pressing my lips to hers, using my tongue to coax hers into opening. I keep my movements slow, giving her time to pull away if need be.

That is until she wraps her arms around my neck and moans into my mouth.

Fuck yeah.

My cock throbs with the need for release, but it's gonna have to wait. Right now, it is about Honor and giving her what she needs.

Taking her with me, I fall to my back and pull her over me without either of us detaching from the kiss. With Honor straddling my waist, her panty covered pussy sits right over my cock. Honor hesitates for all of a second before she grinds herself over me, deepening the kiss.

The feeling of her doing that is nearly my undoing. Without having had a woman in over three months, I'm ready to blow in my boxers. And considering it's Honor grinding her sweet heat over me, yeah, that makes it even hotter.

Gripping the back of her head with one hand, I take control of her mouth at the same time grasp her waist and guide her movements. To make her feel even better, I thrust upward, helping her grind down on me, making sure to hit just the right spot to make her come. Moments later, she does just that, ripping her lips from mine and moaning. Keeping her face close to mine, our breath mingles, and I join her with a groan of my own.

Using the hand still tangled in her hair, I bring her mouth back to mine and claim those sweet lips as I roll us back over until she's once again on her back, this time with me between her legs and not just my thigh.

I break away from the kiss in order to meet her beautiful eyes.

"Now, that was one hell of a way to wake up." I grin, making her blush.

"That was definitely something," she whispers and draws that bottom lip between her teeth. "I've never done that before."

"To be honest, I hadn't either." I chuckle, telling the truth. Not even when I was a teenager and just learning what I can

do with my dick. Mary and I had watched porn together and that's when we decided to fuck by doing what was happening on the screen. Didn't last long that first time, but we'd kept at it, and it was good. But what Honor and I just did was even better.

Nothing could beat this.

"Really?" She gives me a disbelieving look.

"Yeah, really, baby." Bending slightly, I brush my lips against hers. "Now it's time for our talk. Though I gotta admit what we just did was a good start to our talk. But first, I've gotta change."

"You have to change?"

The way her brows crease to meet is cute.

"Came in my boxers, baby, not something I've done before. And not trying to say shit to upset you, but bitches I've been with, it was me wrapped in a condom and never doing what we did." I grunt, pull away, and stroke her cheek. "What I did with them was straight up fuckin'. What we did that night and just now, no matter how we did it. It wasn't straight up fuckin'. It was connecting. You get me?"

"I get you," she whispers breathlessly.

"Good, now I'm gonna change, then we're gonna talk. After that, I'm taking you to breakfast. You good with that?"

Honor nods giving me a small smile. "I'm good with that."

"Good." Grinning, I give her another kiss. Hop off, grab a clean pair of boxers, and head to the bathroom. Stripping off my boxers, I clean up, put on the new ones, and head back to my woman.

Fuck me. It's been a long time since I've thought of any woman as mine, and even then, Mary wasn't mine the way Honor is. Sure, I loved her. We'd been best friends, but she wasn't *mine*. If she hadn't been pregnant, we wouldn't have been getting married. I knew that, and so did she.

When it comes to Honor, everything feels different. I've seen what my brothers have with their women, and it's what I

want regarding Honor. I just have to make her see that as well. Get her past the shit she's been through.

One way to do that is to get my hands on the weaselly bastards and kill them for touching what's mine.

Climbing back in the bed, I scoop Honor up and plant her in my lap, her legs on either side of my waist. "Now, I gotta know where your head's at, baby."

"In what way?" she asks with an unsure voice.

"With what we just did? You and me moving forward? Us sleeping in here together?"

"Oh," she whispers, cheeks turning a bright pink, and she drops her gaze to my chest. "I like what we just did. It felt good. Spontaneous, maybe."

"Yeah, you can say that it was spontaneous. What about you and me?"

"I've crushed on you since I met you." The words are barely audible, but I hear them, and I see the way she fidgets with her fingers between us. I get her admitting that is huge for her. Even more so considering the rest of the bullshit she needs to work through.

"Baby, look at me," I command softly, not wanting to upset her. I wait until I have her eyes and reach up to cup the side of her face. "You might've crushed on me, but I've also wanted you. We've got that now. Nothing's between us. Not anymore. We're going to work through everything you've been through. I'm gonna be here for you, and we're gonna go at your pace. Okay?"

"What if you want more and I'm not ready?"

"Your pace, Honor."

"But you're used to getting sex anytime and anywhere you want it."

"Baby, I ain't fucked anyone since you. Unless you count my hand. I don't want anyone else. We do this together. You and me. We both have shit we gotta work out. We'll do that together also. I'll eventually tell you the rest of everything,

and the same goes for you. It's part of us getting to know each other better."

"You know you sound sweet when you say stuff like that." No sooner those words leave her lips, her eyes widen, and she looks like she wants to smack herself.

Chuckling, I draw her in as I lean into her and press my lips to hers. "Don't worry baby, we won't always be having heart to hearts like this. I'll admit now, sometimes you'll get pissed with me because I'm an asshole. That's not gonna change. But I'll never intentionally hurt you when it comes to me being a dick. It's just who I am."

"I don't want you to change because of me."

"Good, 'cause I don't want you to either. I want you as you are. It's why we're going at your pace. You want more than what we just did, great, you tell me and I'm in there. Until then, if you can handle my hands on you, my mouth on yours, like this morning, then I'll take what you give me."

"I can handle that." Honor nods, blushing.

"That's good, baby." Brushing my mouth against hers, I wait for her to open for me, and I shove my tongue inside, claiming her in a deep but short kiss. I don't want to start something up again. Breathing heavily, I give her lips another peck. "This talk's over. Time for me to feed you, and then we'll head home. We've got things to do there, and then tonight, your ass is in my bed where you belong."

# CHAPTER 17

# HONOR

I feel like I'm in a dream. A dream where I live happily ever after with the man of my dreams. For the past two days it's been nothing but bliss thanks to Savage. The two of us have spent the entire time together after our morning at the clubhouse.

Savage took me out to breakfast at one of the best pancake places in town. Okay, it is the best. They even have an award for their breakfast dishes. During breakfast, Savage showed me a totally different side to him. One where he laughed and joked. Once we left and headed back to his place it was much of the same thing. He kept making me laugh throughout the past few days, and I've enjoyed it. Even more, I totally loved having him kiss me.

We made out in his bed, morning and night. During the day, we made out on the couch, in the kitchen, outside. Pretty much wherever we were, he was kissing me. There was a bit of groping, but we didn't do anything else like we did the other morning at the clubhouse. That was amazing, but it has me craving more of him. I want to go further. I just don't know how to ask him for it.

When we weren't making out like teenagers, Savage had us stretched out on the couch doing movie marathons or binging a show. I thought this was amazing in itself because I didn't know he was a movie fanatic. He's got everything from oldies to the latest in his movie collection. The best part was he watched both *1883* and *1923* with me and even got into them.

At night, he held me close, me in one of his shirts and him only wearing boxers. Each morning we woke up, I felt him tenting his boxers.

It was a great break from everything, him shutting out the world for me and giving me us. Savage did make sure I wrote

in my journal both days upon waking and while having coffee.

Today though, he told me he was going to have to go into work. He was going to leave me here unless I wanted him to take me to the clubhouse that's what he suggested, but I don't want to go there. Not today.

By him leaving me at the house, he's trusting in me that I won't do anything stupid. I need that. To be able to feel normal and know that I can handle being alone.

The door opens to the bathroom, and I focus in on his body covered only from the waist down by a towel. Water still beads his chest as he steps back into the bedroom. Sitting cross-legged in the middle of the bed, I watch him as he moves to his dresser. When he turns around, I bite my bottom lip at the sight of the massive tattoo expanding his back. It's beautiful. I can see the club's patch right in the middle, and surrounding it, Savage has fire, like the patch is emerging from within the flames.

At the sight of it, I look down to my bare wrists, seeing the hideous scars that are still red from healing. They'll still be this way for a little while. It's not easy staring at them, but they're my reminder now that I'm alive. That's what my doctor told me at our session before leaving. That and they're proof that I can make the choice to keep my power or let the ones who hurt me win.

I lift my gaze back up to watch Savage as he pulls on a pair of boxers. Having been looking at my wrists, I missed seeing him bare-assed. Savage turns to me and smirks.

"I want a tattoo," I blurt, not meaning to, but I do.

Savage cocks his head slightly and plants his hands on his hips. "You want a tattoo?"

Nodding, I look down at my wrists. "To cover—"

I don't get to finish because in the next moment, I find myself flat on my back with Savage hovering over me. "Baby, you don't need to cover them, but if it's something you want, we'll talk to someone. You know Hammer's niece, Ally, she

could come down, bring her kit, or you can talk to Glacier. They've got someone, I believe."

"Kaya and Loki," I confirm.

"Right," he grunts, "what I'm getting at is when the time's right, you want to do that, I'll take you to do it. Fuck, I'll even get something with you if you want."

"You would do that?"

"Yeah, baby." He leans in, kisses me briefly, and lifts. "Now, as much as I want to stay right here, I've got to get ready." Hopping off the bed, he brings me with him, dragging me out of the bed. "But before I go, I've got something for you. Prospects dropped it off this morning for me."

"What is it?" I whisper, staring at him curiously.

Savage lets me go, moves back to the dresser, and grabs a pair of jeans he had taken out. He pulls them on, leaving them unbuttoned. I follow the movement of his hands as he then grabs a small box I hadn't noticed. He opens the top before grabbing something out of it. Coming back to me, Savage takes one wrist in his hands, and I watch as he slowly slides a leather cuff over my hand and sets it in place.

No words come out as I stare at one while he puts the other in place. The leather is scooped-looking with intricate designs already in it, but it's the words that run along the inside of the cuff that have my heart beating rapidly against my chest as I read them. *You are loved. You are worthy. You are strong. You are mine. My woman.*

"Savage," I barely manage to say.

"This way you know when I'm not here, I'm still with you. That you're not alone," he murmurs.

"Make love to me, Orion," I find myself blurting, using his real name for the first time.

"Honor."

I lift my gaze up to his. "Please, make love to me. I want you to be all I feel."

“Fuck.” Savage growls lowly, scoops me in his arms, and crosses the short distance to the bed. “I’ll give you anything and everything, baby.”

Lying me on the bed, he comes up over, settles with one arm bracing him up, and his hands slide in my hair. Savage leans in and kisses me. I open for him, and he slides his tongue right in. My body responds to his kiss, and between my legs starts to ache. I want him inside me. Over me. Everywhere.

He keeps kissing me at the same time, rolling off me. The way he does it, he takes me with him until I’m over him like I was the other night. Letting my hair go, his hands move to the hem of my shirt, and he lifts, taking my arms up. Only when the shirt gets to my head does he break his lips from mine, jerking to a sitting position. The shirt clears my head, and Savage kisses his way down and cups my breasts in both hands. The feeling of him touching me there is absolute. It’s beautiful, and I crave more. I want his lips there.

I want everything.

“I’m gonna enjoy taking my time with your body, baby,” he says, his breath tickling me. “Gonna do it the way I should’ve the first time around.”

I don’t get the chance to respond, not with the way he consumes me. My body takes over, and he engulfs me in a fire that sends every little nerve-ending haywire.

Taking his time, Savage gives each of my nipples attention. So much so that it’s hard to keep from begging for more as I rub myself against him. Only when he’s ready does he flip us until I’m under him. Reaching down, he pulls my panties off and settles on his stomach, my legs on his shoulders, his face at my apex. Breath blowing on my entrance. It’s heaven and hell all in one.

Again, he goes slow, lapping, licking, and flicking his tongue across my clit. Savage adds a finger, and I cry out as I come, my body arches off the bed. The only thing keeping me grounded is Savage’s hand at my waist.

Savage wrings two more releases from me, and only then does he come up on his knees and slide slowly inside me inch by inch until he's seated fully to the hilt.

"Orion," I pant, "it's so good."

"Yeah, baby, fuckin' miss being inside you." Slowly, he pulls nearly out, only to go just as slow, thrusting back in. He does this building the fire, keeping it going, driving me insane with how beautiful he's making this for me.

The moment my orgasm hits me, I moan at the pleasure that engulfs my body. It was almost like an outer body experience, watching my body and soul tie themselves together with Savage's.

And when he comes, my name is on his lips, sealing the moment as one I'll never forget.

Savage slumps forward bracing himself over me, breathing heavily, eyes on me. "Love the way you feel around my dick, baby."

"Hmmm, it does feel good. You inside me." I breathe.

"Yeah." He grunts and slowly pulls out, falling to his side and bringing me with him. "Now I'm gonna have to call and tell Hammer I ain't gonna make it today."

"Why?" I ask, lifting my head enough to meet his gaze.

"Not gonna leave you. Not after that. I'm gonna spend the rest of the day doing just what we did."

"Oh," I whisper, a smile forming on my lips. "I do like that idea better than what I was going to do today."

"Yeah? And what were you going to do?"

"Work in the yard. The flowerbeds need some serious work."

"Is that so?"

"Yes." I nod, laughing at the way he asked that.

"Then we'll do it another day. Today, it's you and me. Me deep inside you and nothing between us."

“Sounds good to me.”

And it did.

“Good.” Savage chuckles and rolls back into me. “Time for round two.”

“Round two?”

“Yeah, baby, round two, then we’ll see about rounds three, four and five. Maybe after lunch, we’ll do six through ten.”

“That’s a lot of rounds,” I state and gasp as he slides inside me.

“We’ve got a lot of time to make up for.” He growls and claims my lips as he proceeds to do just that.

Round after round, he made each time more beautiful than the one before.

# CHAPTER 18

# SAVAGE

“You going to be okay with me heading out, baby?”

“Yes, I’ll be okay. I’m just going to do what I said I was going to do yesterday.”

I can’t help but grin at her mentioning yesterday. I was supposed to go in and do shit for the club, only to end up in bed with my woman all day. We stopped long enough for me to feed her, even then, I didn’t let her put some clothes on unless it was my shirt and nothing else. I took her in bed several times. The kitchen counter once. Twice on the couch. And I ate her pussy while she was stretched out on the dining table. It was definitely one hell of a day. One I won’t ever forget.

“How about you wait to do any yard work until I get back?” I suggest.

“Why? You don’t think I can handle it?” she scoffs, planting her hands on her hips.

I take her in pausing on the cuffs I’d ordered on a rush delivery before we even left to come back home. I knew it would take some time to get them done, but I paid for them to be a priority and have them done quicker. Bringing my gaze back to hers, I reach for her and hook an arm around her waist.

“Because, baby, when you’re working on that flowerbed, I want to be out there to watch that sweet ass of yours while I’m doing other shit. Then, when we’re done, you all hot and sweaty, I intend to make you hot and sweatier.”

“Oh.”

A blush creeps up on Honor’s cheeks that goes straight to my dick.

“Now, can you wait until I get back?”

“I suppose.” She lets out a breath, pulls that bottom lip between her teeth, and nods. “I guess I’ll just sit out on the back deck and read then.”

“You can do that,” I agree and give her waist a squeeze, “or you can do something else.”

I don’t want to push her, but it’s time for her to try to do something more. To find her normal. She needs to be able to get back to it. She loved working at the hospital.

“Like what?” she asks.

“You can go talk to the hospital about getting your job back if you want,” I suggest cautiously.

“Oh,” she whispers and pales. “I don’t think I could go there again.”

“Baby,” I murmur, hearing the fear in her voice. “You know I wouldn’t suggest something if I didn’t think it would be good for you, right?”

Honor nods and drops her gaze to my chest. Her breathing escalates.

“You loved being a nurse. Helping others. Gunner told me how you loved working in the ER. I saw it for myself.”

“How could you see for yourself when you were doing one of the doctors?”

Fuck. I wasn’t expecting that from her.

“Fucked up by doing that, Honor.” I let her waist go and grip her chin, forcing her to look up. “I hurt you a lot, and by fuckin’ that bitch, I hurt you more. I can’t go back and fix the past. And I’m not gonna deny the bullshit I’ve done. It’s in the past, and that’s where it’s staying. Now, you’re gonna have to let that shit go. We weren’t together at the time. I was fighting the pull of you. Sounds fucked up, but it’s the truth.”

“I don’t want to work in the ER anymore. I don’t want to work there,” she says, her voice shaky and her chest rising fast. Reading her, I can see her anxiety trying to overcome her.

“Then, if you don’t want to do that, baby, what’s something you’d want to do? I thought you liked helping people.”

“I do,” she agrees. “I just don’t want to work at night anymore. Or anywhere something can still happen to me.”

“Then why not work in a clinic or at a school?” I offer.

Honor takes that in for a moment and nods. “I could look into those, but I don’t know.”

“It’s just a suggestion. I just know you love being a nurse, baby, and I don’t want you losing yourself by taking away something you love to do.”

“I know,” she whispers, visibly swallowing. “Do you ... um ... do you think I can go with you to the clubhouse? I don’t think I want to be alone.”

Fuck. Shit. Fuck me.

“Yeah, baby, you can come with me to the clubhouse. I’ve got shit to do there, but you can hang with whoever is around. I’m sure Zinnia or one of the other ol’ ladies will be there.”

“Thank you.”

“Don’t gotta thank me.” Letting her chin go, I pull her flush against my front and hug her to me. I fucked up bringing the subject up. Pushed too fast on it. She’s not ready. Not yet. But I’ll get her there in time. Releasing her, I step back. “Now, go get ready,” I command gently, ‘cause if we don’t get going, I’ll end up doing what I want instead of what I’ve got to do for the club. We’ve got a run coming up and I need to go over some things with Hammer, Malice, and Axe. Then we’re supposed to be having church. Cy’s got shit he needs to tell us about. I’m hoping like fuck it’s about those bastards who thought they could get away with hurting my woman.

---

“How’s Honor doing?”

I look to Hammer at his question and nod. “She’s good.”

“Good?” He cocks a brow. “I have eyes. I saw her come in with you. She didn’t look good.”

“We had a moment this morning. I pushed harder on a subject she wasn’t ready for.”

“Brother, you gotta take it easy and not worry about getting your dick wet,” Malice grumbles.

“It wasn’t about getting my dick wet,” I growl. “I’m not an asshole, and when it comes to Honor, she always comes before my fuckin’ needs.”

“Then what did you push her on?” Axe asks, brows furrowed.

“I want her to have her normal back. To get that, she can’t stay at home all the time or here. She needs to get back out there. I suggested she get her job back.”

Hammer nods as Axe whistles. Malice just stares.

“She doesn’t want to go back to the ER and work there. Said she doesn’t want to have to work nights again.”

“I get that. She was taken from the hospital parking lot,” Hammer states what we all know.

“Yeah, so I suggested she look at other options. A clinic or even a school. She’s meant to help people and loves being a nurse.”

“Gotta let her take this at her pace, brother,” Malice mutters. “She went through hell.”

“I fuckin’ know that, VP. I know she went through hell. I’ve heard the nightmares. I’ve sat with her in a session and heard what she went through. I see the damn pain in her eyes every damn day. Those bastards took my woman, hurt her, raped her, and fuckin’ humiliated her. She’s been through enough bullshit because of them, I want her to have everything that was taken from her.”

“I get that,” Hammer states, nodding. “It’s well past time those bastards got what they deserve. Let’s finish this up, Cy’s got shit for us on them. Once we find out what he’s got, if we can make a game plan, we make it. I don’t give a fuck if we

gotta take on the De La Rosas at the same fuckin' time. Way I see it, it'll kill two birds with one stone at that point."

"Damn right." Axe grunts.

"Agreed," Malice growls.

"Long as I get to put my bullet in one or all of the siblings, then I'm all for it," I agree, nostrils flaring at the anger of thinking about what happened to Honor because of them. I hate them and want to make them pay for daring to even breathe Honor's air.

---

"It's all set then," Hammer mutters, leaning back in his seat. "Two weeks and we'll play our hand. Gives me time to prep Avery for what we're doing and get her ready to set the bait for us."

The way my Prez curls his lip in disgust, I know he doesn't care for the plan, but his woman had the idea, and it's a good one to incorporate. Once the time is right, we'll be using her to draw them out. If it means the De La Rosas come with them, then we'll be ready. We've got a solid plan, and if all goes well, in two weeks, the bastards will be eating mine and every man in this room's bullets.

Until then I've got to be patient and wait as I see to my woman and make sure she's good.

"Anything else we need to talk about?" he asks as there's a fast knock at the doors. Hammer opens his mouth to call out, but the door opens quickly to Avery stepping in, eyes wide. "What's wrong, Sunshine?"

"You need to come out here," her statement isn't to Hammer, but instead to me.

"What the fuck?" I'm already on my feet and heading for the door.

"What's going on?" Gunner demands.

“It’s the new girl and Honor,” Avery answers as Hammer pulls her out of the way.

I pass her and head for the main room, already hearing the screams of pain. As Honor comes into view, I come to a dead stop at the sight of her. Avery said it was the new girl and Honor, what she didn’t say was Honor was beating the shit out of the bitch.

Fuck me. I didn’t expect something like this.

Shaking the thought away, I quickly move to Honor, wrap an arm around her from behind, and pull her away from her prey, kicking and screaming. “Easy, baby, calm down.” But she doesn’t. She tries her hardest to get at the bitch she was pummeling. With the way she’s acting, it’s almost hysteria. The last time I remember her being like this was when she first woke up, and even that wasn’t so bad. Turning her in my arms, I wrap her tight and whisper in her ear, “I’ve got you, baby. Breathe for me and calm down.”

“What the fuck happened here?” Gunner demands.

“The bitch said that Honor should have stayed gone or found a way to kill herself without anyone stopping her. That she took something that wasn’t hers. And said Savage was better off without her since she was too weak to be with a man like him. She also brought up what happened to Honor and how she deserved it,” Zinnia answers on a whisper.

As her words sink in, burning themselves in my brain, I see red.

# CHAPTER 19

# HONOR

*“You’re worthless. A nobody who should have just found a way to kill yourself. Savage doesn’t need you. He’s got all of us. You can’t possibly give a man like him what he needs. I mean, look at you, you’re pathetic. And for trying to take something that’s not yours, you deserve every bit of what happened to you, bitch.”*

Those words keep swirling in my head over and over again. I barely register anything else.

“Come on, baby, breathe for me. Calm down for me,” Savage murmurs, his voice gruff. I hear the anger in his voice. His arms flex around me, holding me tighter, almost squeezing the breath right out of me. “Honor, come back to me.”

Sucking in a heavy breath, I snuffle and burrow into his front. The feeling of him surrounding me has me feeling safe. But those words still circulate, spinning in my head.

“What’s going on here?” a woman’s voice demands loudly. The softness of it isn’t missed, nor is the curiosity.

“Fuck me,” Hammer grunts. “What the hell are you all doing here? I didn’t know you were coming.”

Hearing the agitation in Hammer’s voice, I let out a shuddered breath and looked over to the entrance to find two ruthless-looking men, both with arm wrapped around two different women. One of the men and women share similar looks with Hammer.

“We told you we were coming to see the newest additions to the family,” one of the men states.

“Hades, you were supposed to tell me when.”

“We’re here now,” the woman in Hades’s arm says, waving an arm nonchalantly. “So, what’s going on? We heard screaming from outside.” The way her eyes take in the

clubwhore, you can see her mind working. “Oh, please tell me the bitch was getting her ass kicked for good reason.”

“Emerson,” Hammer growls.

“What?” Emerson mutters sheepishly. “You all know I’ve had my fair share of dealing with skanks.” She laughs and jumps, clapping her hands. “Ooooh, please say I can have a turn at her. I’ll throw her out on her ass.”

“I have other plans for the bitch.”

The deep baritone of Savage’s voice sends chills down my spine at the way he said this.

“Brother,” Malice speaks up warningly.

“I agree with Savage, bitch needs to learn a lesson,” Gunner growls.

“Prospect, take the bitch out back and secure her place in a cell,” Hammer orders. “We’ll deal with her after you get Honor settled, Savage.”

“Right,” Savage grunts, drops his arms from around my waist, scoops me in his arms, and without another word, he carries me through the clubhouse to his room.

“You want me to grab one of the sedatives?” my brother asks, following us.

“No, I’ve got this,” Savage remarks, not stopping until he’s at his door. “I’ll catch up with you in a bit.” Without letting me go, he unlocks, opens, and steps through the door before closing it with his foot.

Savage moves through the room until he’s at his bed, deposits me in the middle, and joins me there with his arm going around me.

“You okay, baby?”

The simple question has butterflies in my stomach at the tenderness in his voice.

“No,” I answer honestly.

“Talk to me. What’s going through your head right now?”

“I ... I don't ... I just lost it. She wouldn't leave me alone. I asked her to walk away.”

“Baby,” Savage utters, tucking me into him. “No one gives a shit. You beat the hell out of her, I want to know where your head's at. I gotta be able to help you through it. To do that, I need to be able to know what you're thinking.”

“What she said ... she said ...” I take a breath, eyes closed tightly. “I was worthless. A nobody. That I should've killed myself and left you alone. She said I wasn't enough for you and that I wouldn't give you what you wanted. And ... and that I deserved what happened to me.”

“I'll kill the bitch,” he growls tersely. “She's fuckin' dead for saying that shit to you.”

“I lost it on her when she said I deserved what happened to me. Like she knew exactly what happened. It was in her eyes. The way she seemed to gloat about it.”

“What do you mean, baby?” Savage asks, lifting on an elbow.

I open my eyes and meet his gaze, only to lose my breath at the rage swirling in his eyes. “Savage.”

“Honor, tell me what you mean. How did that bitch seem to be gloating?”

“It was in her eyes. The way she smirked. How she spoke. The smugness. I could tell she knew everything. And I mean everything.”

“Fuck me,” he snarls, jerks away, and gets to his feet where he starts pacing. “That bitch is going to suffer. I'm gonna find out what she was playing out.”

“Savage,” I whisper.

His eyes come to me for a split second before he keeps pacing. “I won't let this shit slide. Not for a single second. The bullshit you've gone through is enough. I finally got you. You're mine, and the bitches around here are going to learn. They do not fuck with you. I won't allow it.”

“But ...”

“No buts about it.” Whirling around on his toes, he comes back and climbs over me. “You’re mine, baby. I told you, you’re safe here. That I’m not going to let shit happen to you. That bitch crossed the line, and now they’re all gonna learn no one fucks with you again.”

I open my mouth to say something, but Savage’s mouth comes to mine. He claims my mouth, tongue sliding in mine. With just his kiss, everything else evaporates. I’m left in a fog surrounding me and this beautiful man. With every touch, each movement he makes, I’m consumed. What happened disappears, and I’m left thinking only of him.

Savage makes quick work of both his and my clothes. His body between mine, his cock lined up with my entrance, he thrusts home, taking me deep, taking me ruthlessly, taking me just how I need him. How I want him.

It doesn’t take long before he has me crying out, screaming his name as I’m hurdled over the edge of the abyss. My release washes through me, sending jolting sparks up and down my spine. It feels so good, and soon Savage joins me with a groan of his own.

The whole moment is beautiful, and he takes his time in pulling out. Rolling to his side, he pulls me into him. Still in my fog, I tilt my head back and meet his gaze. “You don’t use protection with me.”

“What?” He blinks.

“Condoms. You don’t use them with me,” I murmur.

Savage tenses, drops his head back on the pillow, and stares up at the ceiling. “Fuck.”

I didn’t take that as a good sign. Sucking in a breath, I bite my lip, wishing I hadn’t said anything. But it wasn’t the first time. Even the time months ago, he did the same. When I was raped, they were smart enough to wear condoms. I remember. I remember them stating they didn’t want to accidentally knock the bitch up. One said they should but that I’d probably kill it because of them, and since their DNA was in the system,

they didn't want to leave it inside me. Still, that didn't stop them from also jerking off on me or peeing on me.

I close my eyes at the thought, pushing its way to the front of my mind. It's not the first time I've thought about it, what they did to me. I've thought about it time and time again. Each time it feels like my skin is crawling and I want to scrub it all away. This time is no different, with the way Savage is acting about what I just told him. Like I tainted him.

I roll the opposite way and start to get out of the bed, only to be foiled by an arm wrapping around my waist.

"Where you going?" he demands gruffly.

"To take a shower." Right now, I totally need one. I need to scrub the prickling feeling from my skin.

"Why?"

I blink at the way he asks this.

"Why what?"

"Why are you going to take a shower?"

I clamp my mouth shut, not about to tell him what I'd been thinking.

"Honor."

"What?"

"Answer me," he states warningly. "Why are you going to take a shower?"

Something in the way he warned me to answer him has me doing just that, but I do it looking away. "Because I need to scrub it away. Scrub them away."

"Fuckin' hell, look at me, baby," he demands, gripping my chin and forcing me to do as he commands.

"I need to scrub them away, scrub the feeling of what they did ..."

Savage jumps out of the bed, takes me with him, and stalks to the bathroom. He turns the shower on. When it heats, he puts us in with the shower curtain closed, tight.

He doesn't say a word to me, nor does he stop holding my gaze, not even when he gets the soap. Using his hands, he washes my body. It feels like heaven, and with each touch, it's like he's trying to erase the feeling of them on me and replace it with his own touch.

I love the feel of his hands on me, but with the way he acted ... "Savage."

"Yeah, baby?"

"Why did you tense when I told you about—"

"Didn't think about it, not once when it comes to you," he says, interrupting me. "I've always worn protection. I didn't want to take the chance. Not again."

"What do you mean not again?" I whisper, my throat tightening.

"I told you about my sister killing my fiancée. What I didn't tell you was she also killed my son she'd been carrying," he answers.

My heart clenches, and my throat closes all the more at the pain filling Savage's voice. He lost everything that could matter to him.

"I'm sorry."

"It was a long time ago."

"Doesn't change the fact it hurts. That you lost them."

"Yeah." Savage slides his hands up my sides, up to my neck. "Lost them. Loved Mary. We were friends who got pregnant because we fucked once without using a condom. I asked her to marry me, and we were on our way to having a family. Then shit when down. I lost them all. Each and every one of them. But losing them doesn't compare to what it would do to me if I lost you. It gutted me what you went through. What those bastards did. I don't like you having to suffer thoughts of them. Especially if those thoughts come on after I touch you."

"It wasn't you touching me that brought the thought on but you pulling away."

“Get that, baby,” he says, leaning in to press a kiss to my lips, “but still, I’m gonna erase the feeling they left you with. Starting now.”

I open my mouth to say something else, but Savage claims it, giving me a kiss that makes my toes curl, and my body heat the way it does only for him. He then proceeds to erase what happened to me by giving me much better memories of him, his hands, mouth, tongue, and other parts of him.

It’s beautiful and makes me fall for him that much more. He says he couldn’t stand if something happened to me, the same goes for me when it comes to him. Savage means everything to me.

# CHAPTER 20

# SAVAGE

Leaving Honor passed out in my bed, I dress quietly as to not wake her. She's been through enough in one day. She doesn't need to know what I'm about to do, which is something that needs to be done.

Honor said something early that got me thinking, and I'm not about to let it slide. I want to know how the bitch knew what had happened to my woman. My brothers know the details, some of the ol' ladies know, but none of them would run their mouths where someone could hear.

On top of that, Honor also brought something else to mind. Me not using protection. Never have I done anything reckless since Mary. I didn't want to take the chance of knocking some other bitch up. Not that Mary was a bitch. She and I had been close. I was willing to be with her and only her. Raise our kid and be content. Then I lost her. Her and our son. Fuck, it pisses me off just thinking about it. Now, Honor could be carrying my kid considering all the times I've taken her in the last few days and not used a fucking condom.

However, when it comes to Honor, I don't want any barriers. I probably should've talked to her about it, I didn't and that's on me. The two of us are gonna have to talk about it, when we're both in the right head space, but I know I don't want to have anything between us. Not in any way.

What I told Honor in the shower was the truth, it hurt losing Mary and our kid. I felt it deep. Deep enough I refused to allow anyone else close. However, with Honor and what happened to her, I felt that shit up to my throat. It gutted me to find out she nearly killed herself. Losing her would be the end of me. You might as well put me in the ground with her. That's how deep I'm in with her. I know I haven't given her the words, but in my opinion, actions speak for themselves, and she can see for herself where I'm at for her. I don't hide it.

Once dressed, I glance back to the bed, taking in her naked back, the sheet barely covering her ass. Without making a sound, I move to her side, reach out, grab the covers, and pull them up over her. I don't want her to get cold. The other night, she told me about growing up in foster care and being cold.

I turn away from her as I recall our conversation.

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"I had three foster families. The first two weren't great," she whispers, trailing her fingers along my chest. We'd been watching TV curled up on the couch, her in my arms.

"How was growing up in different homes? What made the first two not great?" I ask, allowing her the time to answer in her own time.

"The first one, the dad, he yelled and drank a lot. When the social workers came by, he pretended everything was okay, but it wasn't. He hid it well. Only when I broke my arm after he struck me did the system do anything about it." The fact she had to deal with an asshole who caused her to break her arm pisses me off.

"What's the fucker's name?"

"It doesn't matter what his name is. I heard he died of a massive heart attack a couple of years later from one of the other kids," she states, lifting on her elbow to look down at me. "In the second house, it was the other kids there. They picked on me. Well, it wasn't just them picking on me. The mom, she made all the kids do work around the house. We were to clean everything top to bottom. The other kids, they'd blame me if something didn't get done. I was left to take the heat for it. So, one night, I ended up just running away because I'd had enough of it. I was hungry since I hadn't eaten in two days, thanks to them. Without having food, I was done. I ran. The police found me, and I begged, pleaded not to go back to that house. That's when they put me with the Johnsons."

"That's the family who raised you the rest of the time you were in the system," I remark.

“Yeah, Glacier and I grew up there. It’s because of Mr. Johnson that we found out we were related. That Gunner and I weren’t alone. Nor was Glacier.”

---

I shake the memory away, swearing Honor will never have to feel alone again. She has not only Gunner and his family, Glacier and Delaney, but she also has me.

Leaving the room, I make sure to close and lock the door without it making a sound. I head toward the main room and find my brothers all gathered around drinking a beer, talking. Among them are CJ, Zinnia, Rebel, Ally, and Emerson.

I shouldn’t be surprised to see Ally and Emerson here. It’s not the first time they came with their men. I mean, fuck, Hades and Ally are Hammer’s nephew and niece. They were raised here until shit went down. Now, they both live up in Virginia at the Franklin Charter.

Hammer’s the first to look in my direction and gives me a chin lift. “Honor okay?”

“She’s passed out now,” I answer and look for Gunner, not seeing him. “Where’s Gunner?”

“He didn’t want to wait around. He’s out back,” Zinnia answers softly, looking concerned.

“And no one went with him?” I cock a brow and look at each of my brothers.

“Bruiser and Cy are with him,” Malice remarks.

“Right.” I nod. “I’m heading out to join him. I have a few questions of my own for the stupid ass cunt.”

“Please tell me I’m going to get the chance to beat the ever-loving hell out of her,” Emerson mutters.

“Emerson,” Hades grunts.

“Sorry, babe, but that bitch, once she answers my questions, is going to be disappearing,” I inform her, knowing

she knows exactly what I'm talking about. The women from the Franklin Charter, just like the other charters, aren't stupid by any means. Some of them even get in on the act, if I'm not mistaken. Hammer's niece, Ally, lost her shit on one woman. I don't know much about what the others did besides giving bitches ass kickings when they deserve it. I believe Hades's ol' lady did something involving her dragging a clubwhore by her hair while in a towel.

I switch my focus back to Hammer. "You good with that?"

"Long as there's no blowback on the club, I give two shits about the bitch and her leaving here breathing."

"May I make a suggestion?" Ally asks, speaking up from where she stands in the crook of Burner's arm.

"Firefly," Burner mutters with a groan.

"What's your suggestion, sweetheart?" Hammer asks, keeping his voice soft while speaking to her. It may have been years since he got his niece back, but that doesn't mean he doesn't remember the state they got her back in.

"Let me have at her."

"Not gonna happen." Burner grunts, not letting her finish.

"Appreciate the suggestion, Ally, but I've got this. I don't mind getting a bitch's blood on my hands. Not when she can do what I've got a feeling she's been doing," I inform her.

"Well, the offer's there." Ally nods.

"That's where it's going to stay," Burner mutters visibly tightening his arms around Ally as she rolls her eyes.

Giving my Prez and VP a jerk of my chin, I head toward the exit, feeling Rogue right behind me. I don't have to look to know the rest of my brothers are behind him.

Honor means something to each and every member of this club. She's family to them but everything to me.

For Honor, I'll do whatever it takes to ensure nothing happens to her again. It's why I have no problem drawing a woman's blood if it means her safety.

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“Quit wasting my fuckin’ time,” I snarl, spit spewing from my lips, my fingers wrapped around the cunt’s throat.

“Brother, you got to let her go in order for her to talk,” Rogue says, hand on my shoulder.

Slowly, I release my grip on the clubwhore’s throat. “Start talking before I choke the life out of you.”

“I ... I ...”

“He said talk, bitch,” Gunner growls.

“I was told about everything while in town with Frenchy a couple of days ago,” she rambles. “They came up to me and Frenchy. She didn’t want anything to do with them, walked away and left me there. I listened, and they ... they offered to pay me. I ... they ... well, they wanted to toy with her. They found out what happened to her, about how she slit her wrists, they told me. Said fuck with her head, make her leave the clubhouse. One of them wanted to play with her some more ... said she was fun.”

My blood boils with each word that comes out of the bitch’s mouth.

“I figured without her in the way, I’d get my chance. Frenchy and the others, they’d said how good ... you know. Well, they were pissed when you turned them away and made it known you weren’t having it. If we got her gone, you’d be back to using us.”

“They pay you yet?” I ask, stepping back into her space and curling my fingers back around her throat.

“Y-yes,” she stammers.

“How much?” I squeeze just a little tighter.

“Two thousand dollars.”

“So, you’re willing to chance your life on two thousand dollars,” Hammer snaps, coming forward.

For the most part, he'd stayed silent while I handled this situation alongside Gunner and Rogue.

"I didn't think you —"

"Of course, you stupid cunt, you didn't think. Now, because of that bullshit, you're fuckin' dead," I sneer, squeezing with enough force on her trachea she can't breathe. I keep my hold on her there and watch as the light leaves her eyes.

Finally, I release her and turn away from her lifeless, hanging body.

"Prospect, clean this shit up," Hammer commands and looks at me. "Two weeks, brother. That's what we said for the timeline. I'm moving that shit up." He releases a heavy breath and shakes his head. "I'll talk to Avery and get her ready. This shit's got to end."

"Damn right it does," Gunner adds.

"But let's do it right," Malice states far too calmly.

I nod and flex my fist. "I need to get back to Honor." Without another word, I leave them all behind and make my way to the clubhouse, down the hall, and straight to my room. Only when I see her still sleeping form in the middle of the bed do I breathe easy again.

# CHAPTER 21

# HONOR

Feeling uneasy, I walked into the doctor's office, I decided I wanted to look into working for. It's been a couple of days since what happened at the clubhouse, and I thought a lot about what that skank pulled. About what Savage told me, both before we went to the clubhouse and in the shower.

With how much he lost and overcame, I know I can do the same as well. I will.

It's why my first step is to start working again, but that doesn't stop my sense of unease. Savage brought me and stayed outside, considering the type of doctor's office it is. I told him that I applied to work in a women's specialist office that deals in high-risk deliveries. The look he gave me could only be described as a mixture of pride and pain.

Pride because I'm going back to work. Pain, I'm sure, is due to thoughts of Mary and their unborn child. I know it's hard on him anytime he thinks about their loss. Hell, it hurts me just thinking about it.

Sitting in Dr. Goodwin's office, I place my own hand over my stomach as my thoughts shift to what if I were pregnant. Then it hits me, but I don't get to think more of it before Dr. Goodwin steps into the room.

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting, Honor," she states, a smile beaming in my direction. "I'm so glad you called about the position."

I've known Dr. Goodwin ever since starting at the ER. She's been called in on several occasions when needed. I've always liked her and her ethics. The best part is her office is across from the hospital and not in the same parking lot.

"I was just thankful you were able to take my call."

Dr. Goodwin takes a seat across from me behind her desk and takes me in, eyes not missing the fact I'm holding my

stomach. “Now, are you here for the position or something else?”

“For the nursing position,” I answer and bite my lower lip. “But if you also have time, can you run a test for me?”

“Of course,” she says. “I’ve already decided the job is yours.”

“Really?” I blink, totally surprised by the announcement. “I have the job?”

“Honor, I’ve known you for a long time now. I know the way you work and that you care for all the patients that come through the door. You’re not stupid by any means, and you’re compassionate. That’s what I want in my employees. I think you’d be a great fit here. I always have thought that.” Dr. Goodwin pauses for a moment and sighs. “Now that being said, I did hear what happened with you being attacked. I need to know that you’re okay with working so close to where you were taken from?”

“It’s hard. It’s been extremely hard at times,” I confess, my eyes dropping to my wrists. “I have moments of struggling, but I’m getting better. I have a great support system, and they look out for me. I’m ready for this. Ready to take the next step.”

“Good, then we’ll get you started next week. Now, tell me, when was the last time you had a period?” Dr. Goodwin asks, changing the subject after telling me my start date.

“I don’t know,” I confess and furrow my brow. “It’s what I was trying to figure out. I mean, I’ve always been off. Never regular by any means.”

“When you were attacked, did they do any testing then? The tests you’re supposed to have done afterward to check you for any STDs or pregnancy?”

“Yes.” I nod. “They tested for STDs several times now. Pregnancies no. I didn’t think about that. Not until the other day, but I remember they used a condom.”

“You know they’re not always foolproof.”

“I know.” I breathe. “I guess I was just praying that they ... well, you know ... that they worked this time.”

“Have you been with anyone before or since you didn’t use protection with?”

“Yes,” I whisper nervously. My mind turning over with the possibilities.

“Right then, let’s first get a urine sample, see what that says.” Dr. Goodwin gets to her feet. “No need to stress if it comes back negative.”

“Yeah.” I nod and follow her out of the office.

A few minutes later, I gave her a sample, and the two of us went into one of the patient rooms to wait for the results. Two minutes go by, and she confirms what I have a feeling she would.

I’m pregnant.

“I’m going to bring my ultrasound cart in here, see if we can’t get eyes on the little one. Find out how far along you are.”

Breathing heavily, I nod. Dr. Goodwin starts for the door, and I grab her wrists, getting her attention. “I lost my virginity the night before the attack. What if ... what if ... how could I find out for sure?”

“One step at a time, Honor,” she remarks softly, patting the back of my hand.

“Okay,” I whisper and let her go.

Dr. Goodwin steps from the room, and a couple of minutes pass before she comes back, wheeling in a cart. “I’m going to start with one wand and if we don’t see anything we’ll switch to the other.”

“Okay,” I whisper again, knowing what she’s talking about.

Lying back, I lift my shirt and lower my pants enough for her as she sets everything up. After what feels like an eternity, she squirts warm gel against my abdomen and a moment later

right there on the screen is a small picture of the baby inside me. Tears fill my eyes as fear threatens to clog my throat.

“Well, this confirms it.”

I swallow down my fear and look from the screen to Dr. Goodwin. “How do I find out the paternity of the baby?”

“We can do a test by drawing a sample of your blood. We just need a sample from one of the other men.”

I knew now with the new technology out there, they could take a sample of my blood and a DNA swab from one of the men to determine if they are the father. Thankfully, Savage is here with me, and we can get an answer. “Can we do that today?”

“If you would like.” She nods. “I’ll put a rush on it.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” While she finishes taking measurements, I quickly send a text to Savage asking him to come inside.

By the time he’s there, Dr. Goodwin has pictures printed and is taking my blood.

“What’s going on?” Savage demands, eyes filled with confusion as he stares at the blood filling a tube. Without a word, I hand him the picture. Slowly, Savage takes it. His body visibly tenses at the sight of the image, and he brings his gaze to mine. “You’re pregnant?”

Tears shimmer in my eyes, blurring my vision, and I nod. “Yes.”

“Sir, if you will, can we please get a sample from you? We’re going to run a DNA test to ensure you are the father,” Dr. Goodwin states, cutting straight to the reason he’s in here.

“Yeah,” he answers gruffly, not taking his eyes off me. Moving to my side, he wraps an arm around me and presses a kiss to the top of my head. “It’s gonna be all right, baby.”

“Okay,” I murmur and wait for Dr. Goodwin to finish.

Five minutes later, she finishes taking my blood and getting a sample from Savage.

“I’m putting a rush on this. It could still take a couple of days but I’m going to try and get the results faster than that. I’ll call you once they’re in. Try not to stress over it. And I’ll see you next week. Monday. Eight a.m.”

“Thank you, Dr. Goodwin.” I give her a small smile and turn with Savage.

Neither of us speaks as we make our way to his bike.

Only then does he turn me to face him, his strong arms going around my waist. “Whatever comes of this, baby, I’m here. We’re going to get through this. Got me?”

“If it’s not yours, I don’t know if I can handle having this baby,” I murmur, my lip trembling.

“Like I said, baby, whatever comes of this, I’m here.”

“What if it’s not yours? You ... you lost ... I mean ...”

“Yeah, baby, I lost my son. One I never got to know. Never held. It sucked. Hurts to think about, but that’s then, this is now. Shit happened. It’s fucked. We fucked, and the very next day, work shit went down. I can see where your head’s at. I get it. I get you. And, baby, when it comes to it, I’m behind you one hundred percent.”

“I love you.” The words spill from my lips before I can hold back, not that I would even try. Savage means everything to me, and I want him to know it. I want the world to know it.

Still, I’m scared this baby isn’t his and that I’ll lose him.

Savage slides a hand up to grip my chin between two fingers and holds me still as he tilts his head, presses his lips to mine, and whispers, “Good, baby, ‘cause I love you too.”

Considering the way he is with me, I know this. I’ve seen it with my brother and Zinnia. Hammer and Avery, Malice and Willow. The same goes for the rest. They show it in ways that interfere with how badass they all are. Savage is no different, and he doesn’t mind me knowing with the way he acts.

“Now, how about we head out to that burger joint you like,” he suggests. “We’ll celebrate you getting the job. Then you can call and talk to Delaney. You haven’t talked to her in a few days. After that, I want you to call the therapist and see if you can get in before your appointment this week. As for later on, you and I have plans at home that involve us dealing with those flowerbeds. Once we finish that, I intend to fuck you hard and fast because I’m gonna let you in on something.”

“What’s that?” I blurt.

“That I’m confident that baby inside you is mine. That I knocked you up that very first night we were together,” he declares.

My heart patters against my chest wall, and my breath catches at those words. And I pray to God he’s right because I couldn’t handle it any other way.

# CHAPTER 22

# SAVAGE

Things at the clubhouse are tense. They're stressed with Honor.

Tomorrow, my brothers and I are finally going after the bastards. We've got a lock on them, and Avery made the call today. Hammer sent a text to let me know and fuck, I hate she had to do it. It has to be fucking with her. I know it and wish she didn't have to deal with this bullshit. But we all know that she's the key to getting to them. They want her to suffer and beg them to stop and leave her be. Because of her, one of them or more lost their kids, not that they really took care of them. Those kids now live happily with Bruiser's mom.

With plans in place, we're all ready to knock this shit out and be done with it.

But for now, I've got to see to my woman.

Yesterday, I took her in for a job interview. I'm proud of her for getting the job, but while there, seeing as she was friends with the doctor, we found out she was pregnant and that she over three months. In my gut, I know it's mine. I fucking know it. Still, I did the test so I could set my woman's mind at ease. I saw the panic in her eyes when she showed me the image. I felt my throat tightening with fear as the past clashed with the present.

There's no way in hell I'll let that happen again. I won't lose Honor or this baby, not the way I did with Mary. Not going to fucking happen.

Dr. Goodwin called first thing this morning. Honor's phone was on the nightstand, and she was still asleep, so I took the call. She asked for us to come back in.

So here we were, about to get the answers we were waiting for. When Dr. Goodwin said she was putting a rush on the results, she wasn't playing around, and I've got to admit, I've got mad respect for the woman for looking out for Honor.

Sitting in the chair next to Honor, I have one arm wrapped over the back of her chair, my other hand holding one of hers. “Remember, baby, I’m here no matter what,” I whisper in her ear as the door opens.

“Sorry about that,” Dr. Goodwin states, rushing around the desk. “I had a patient come in having complications. She needed to get over to the hospital right away.”

“It’s okay,” Honor murmurs. “I hope she’s okay.”

“She will be. Thankfully, she was already thirty-nine weeks, so they’re starting to induce her labor so we can get the ball rolling for her.”

“That’s good.” A small smile forms on Honor’s lips.

“It is.” Dr. Goodwin nods, opening a folder as she takes a seat. “So, the reason I called you back in here is I have the results back.”

“And?” Honor breathes, her hand squeezing mine.

She looks from Honor to me and smiles. “Mr. Winters, I believe congratulations are in order, you are the father.”

“Oh my God.” Honor exhales on a heart-wrenching sob. “Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.” She cries.

I pull her out of her seat and into my arms, cradling her to me as she sobs. Dr. Goodwin gives me a compassionate look and nods. “You’ll need to start taking vitamins, and when you start on Monday, we’ll set up the schedule for your appointments.”

Honor lifts her head enough to twist and look at the other woman. “Thank you so much.”

“It’s not a problem.” She smiles.

After a few more minutes, I’m guiding Honor out of the doctor’s office and out to my truck. With her pregnant, I didn’t care. She wouldn’t be getting back on my bike, not until after the baby is born. Now, knowing for sure that it’s my baby, there’s no way in hell I’m letting anything happen. She’ll be lucky if I let her out of my sight to go to work come Monday.

Even then, she'll have a prospect on her ass.

The whole way to the clubhouse, neither of us speaks. It's total silence, though it's not uncomfortable. The both of us are just simply lost in our thoughts.

Pulling through the gates, I park and get out, round the hood before Honor so much as opens her door. Helping her down, I keep an arm around her waist.

"You're not going to wrap me in bubble wrap now, are you?" she asks, tilting her head enough to look up at me.

"No, but shit's going to be different for a while," I remark. When she opens her mouth to say something, I continue, "You're gonna have to give this to me, baby. I'm gonna need this. To be able to keep you safe. Keep you close. Know that you're good."

Honor clamps her mouth shut, takes what I say in, and nods. "I can give you that. But remember, I can do things for myself, like get out of the truck."

"Know that, but I like you in my arms." I grin, quirking a brow. "You gonna bitch about me wanting you in my arms?"

"No." She huffs.

"Good, now let's get inside, I've got shit to prepare for."

"Okay."

Together, we make our way inside, only for me to halt our progress as I take in the men in the room. "What the fuck is going on here?"

"Simon?" Honor gasps speechlessly. "What are you doing here?"

"I heard you were at the doctor's office yesterday, and I wanted to make sure you were okay," Simon, the dickwad, states. "I hadn't seen or heard from you in a while and wanted to see you. You moved, so I figured I'd come here and talk to your brother." The smooth way he says this rubs me the wrong way.

I wrap my arm around Honor's waist and pull her into my side. Dickwad Simon doesn't miss this and loses that smug grin on his face.

"Well, you didn't have to come looking for me. My phone number is still the same, then again, I wouldn't have answered," Honor states, seemingly pissed. "I heard about what happened where you were in a fight with Savage."

Fuck. I didn't want her to know about that fight.

"I can explain," Simon says, his voice nonchalant.

"I don't want to hear any of your explanations. I want you to leave."

The way those words leave Honor's lips, filled with animosity, fills me with pride. She's not going to let an asshole like Simon weasel his way in. Fuck. I'm a lucky fucker for her letting me in the way she did after the way I treated her. Then again, I wasn't backing down in reclaiming her as mine.

"But ..."

"You heard my woman," I grunt and jerk my chin toward the doors as I move Honor and myself off to the side a bit. "Get gone before I hand you your ass again."

Simon narrows his eyes, glaring at me. "You're lucky my grandfather had the charges dropped against you."

"No, you're the lucky one," Rebel snaps, handing over her small bundled-up baby to Rogue. Free of her baby, she holds herself in a way it can't be denied that she's seriously pissed. "Your grandfather knows when to pick and choose his battles. He also knows who the hell I am, and he can try and fight me in a courtroom, but he'll lose."

"Bullshit," Simon spits.

"Not bullshit. Haven't you heard of the courtroom viper?" She smirks. "That would be me, and right now, if you do not leave, I will gladly find ways to have you arrested and then sue you for harassment. I'll also go for your grandfather. I know he's got all sorts of dirty little secrets you nor your family will want revealed."

Simon's eyes widen for a brief second before narrowing. "All I wanted to do was speak with Honor."

"And that's not happening," I state loudly and step in front of Honor. "My woman doesn't exist to you. You're nothing to her, and if you come here, where she works, see her on the street or in a grocery store, I will make sure you regret it. Honor doesn't see you again. You get me?"

"Whatever," Simon scuffs, glances around, and stalks out of the clubhouse.

I watch as the door closes behind him before looking at my brothers. "Why the fuck do I feel like there was more behind him being here?"

"Because the whole thing was shady as fuck," Gunner grumbles.

"Bruiser, Colt, you two follow him, see where he goes," Hammer orders.

"You got it, Prez." Colt nods with a two-finger salute.

"On it," Bruiser calls out, already on his way toward the exit. "Call you with an update."

"Well, that was interesting," Honor mutters the moment the door closes, making me chuckle.

Turning to face her, I pull her against my chest, still chuckling, earning a smile from her in return.

"Right, with this drama put on the back burner for now, we've got shit to do," Hammer announces firmly.

Rebel comes over to us and hooks an arm with Honors. "Come on. We're doing facials, manicures, and pedicures in Rogue's room."

The damn woman doesn't waste time in taking Honor from me. I watch the two of them as they stop long enough for Rebel to reclaim her baby from Rogue and keep going.

Still grinning, I shake my head as they go, but the moment my brothers and I are alone, it's time to put all jokes aside and get down to business.

# CHAPTER 23

# HONOR

The covers shift, and I open my eyes to find Savage sliding into bed. His hair wet from taking a shower, body naked, curling into me.

After leaving him in the main room hours ago, I hadn't seen him since. The guys had been busy, and I didn't want to bother him. I stuck with the other women. They all kept my mind off things while at the same time making me laugh. I don't think I've ever laughed so hard in my life. Not with the way they joked around, mimicking and mocking the guys. It was funny watching them imitate their men. Zinnia had Gunner spot on with the way she said things that I'd heard him say.

Once we finished, I came in here, put on one of his tees, and climbed into bed. I barely laid my head on the pillow before falling fast asleep. Finding out that I'm pregnant has been mentally exhausting. I worried that the baby wasn't Savage's and how that would affect both of us. I knew I wouldn't be able to handle it. I'm still struggling every day with what happened to me and with my attempt to kill myself.

Now, I'm more than grateful I didn't succeed in that because I would have been taking not just my life but the life that's growing inside me.

"Hey," I whisper, catching Savage's eyes.

"Hey, baby," Savage murmurs, leans in, and presses his lips to mine. "Go back to sleep."

"Mhmm." I'm awake now, and I want to do other things. I roll into him, take him to his back, and straddle him. I lean in, my hands brushing against his chest so I can whisper against his lips. "What if I don't want to go back to sleep?"

The question barely leaves my lips before I find myself flipped, Savage between my legs, the shirt I'd been wearing stripped off, and his mouth surrounding one of my nipples.

“Oh god, Savage,” I moan, arching off the bed.

Savage takes his time sucking, biting, all in all driving me insane with just his mouth playing with my nipples.

Moaning, I grip the sheets to keep myself somewhat grounded, but when Savage moves on from my breasts down to between my legs, my body unconsciously bucks, and my moans turn into cries of sheer pleasure. The way he uses his tongue, those fingers, it works in driving me over the edge. But I want more. So much more. One of those mores being I want to taste him too. To take him in my mouth and have him lose all sense of control.

“Savage,” I pant. “I want to suck your cock.” A blush coats my entire face as I say the words aloud. Never have I said anything so brazen.

Savage jerks back, eyes locking with mine. “You want me in your mouth, baby?” The gruffness of his voice sends tendrils down my spine.

“Yes.” I nod. I want that more than anything right now.

Moving over me, Savage claims my mouth and rolls us until he’s under me. He breaks his mouth from mine and swats my rear. “Spin around, baby, I wasn’t done with your pussy, but you can suck me while I’m doing that.”

My breath hitches with excitement, and I spin, doing what he says, straddling his face. Another chill races down my spine as he grips either side of my thighs, holding me in place, and thrusts his tongue in my entrance. In this new position, the feeling of his tongue intensifies the sensations racing through my body.

I let out a shuddered breath and lean over him, grasp the base of his shaft, and open my mouth over him. It’s not the first time I’ve done this, but he doesn’t ask me. I swirl my tongue around the tip and suck him deep. Savage groans, rewarding me by adding a finger, letting me know he likes what I’m doing. Keeping my teeth in check, I bob my head, stopping every once in a while to pay extra attention to the tip.

Sweat beads my body and something deep inside burns like a fire being set and ready to engulf my entire soul.

Savage yanks me off him, his cock escaping my mouth with a popping sound, and in the next second, I'm on all fours with him thrusting home. That one motion is all it takes. My orgasm washes over me, and I cry out his name. Not calling him Savage, but Orion.

Not long after, he joins me. His cock seated deep inside me, his cum spurting, coating the walls of my pussy, mixing with my own release. Savage leans over me and presses a kiss to my shoulder.

"That was fuckin' awesome, baby," he remarks, peppering more kisses along my neck. "Love that mouth on my cock and most especially love the way you clamp down on me when I'm fuckin' you the way I want."

Savage pulls out with a spank to my rear and draws me into his arms, his hand resting on my still flat stomach, though it won't be for long, not with our baby growing in there.

"Do you want a boy or girl?" I find myself blurting.

"Whatever we have, baby, is good with me," he says, kissing my shoulder. "Long as he or she comes out breathing and you stay healthy, I'm good."

I nod, so loving his answer. I cock my head enough to glance back at him and smile. "What was your son's name going to be?" I ask him softly.

Savage's arm tenses, and he releases a ragged breath. "Mary wanted to give him my name, so his name was Orion Nathaniel Winters."

"That was sweet of her," I whisper.

"Yeah, Nathaniel was my dad's name, and he'd been like a dad to her as well. He had been honored that he was going to have a grandson with his name."

"Do you ever visit them?" I knew they were buried an hour away, but I didn't know if he went there.

“For a while, I went every day. But I stopped going and haven’t gone in a while,” he answers, rolling to his back and letting me go.

“I’m sorry.” I didn’t mean to upset him or make him pull away.

Savage rolls his head on the pillow, eyes coming to me. “Why are you sorry?”

“Because I shouldn’t have brought them up.”

“Honor, if you didn’t, it doesn’t say much of anything. You only ask questions when you care and want to know something and only when you want to know someone.”

This is true. I’m not a nosy person. I don’t like to butt into people’s lives unless I want to know them.

I nod, biting my bottom lip.

“Now, why did you bring up the baby, and if I wanted a boy or girl?” he asks.

“I was just wondering.” I shrug.

“Come on, baby, I know you were more than wondering,” he states, rolling back into me.

Sighing, I shift and face him. I run my hands up over his chest, stopping only when one of them rests over his heart. “I just want to make sure us having a baby doesn’t hurt you in any way or suggest a name that you wouldn’t want because it was your and—”

“Honor, one of the reasons I love you is because of who you are and the compassion you have, but you don’t have to worry. I’m good. We’re having this baby. It’s ours, and we’re fuckin’ damn lucky to be able to have this moment.”

I know what he’s saying without him saying it.

“I love you,” I find myself whispering.

“Love you too, baby. Now, let’s get some rest. Tomorrow’s gonna be a long fuckin’ day, and I’m going to need you to stay at the clubhouse. No leaving. Or going outside. Not until after I get back.”

“What’s happening tomorrow?” I’m sure he sees the confusion cross my face.

“It’s club business, baby. I can’t tell you about it, but just know when this is said and done with, you don’t have to worry anymore,” he says, pressing a kiss to my lips, and I understand him. I don’t need him to say the words. I’m learning with Savage I can read between the lines. And with this, it’s not needed.

I get it.

Totally and completely.

I’m not sure how I should feel about it, but the first thing that comes to mind is happiness. Soon, I won’t have to worry about the fear that constantly tries to worm its way in.

However, with each day that passes, Savage shields me from the darkness, taking away the pain, and filling it with light.

# CHAPTER 24

# SAVAGE

Today's the day, and my gut is telling me shit's about to go down. Yesterday, after Bruiser and Colt got back, they told us what Simon was up to, and it's not good.

None of it is.

We've got more problems coming our way. Shit that's been boiling for a long time now. I'm surprised they hadn't tried anything before now. Then again, they might have been trying, but we weren't paying attention.

The club's been focused on the De La Rosas and Avery's fuckwad siblings. With us taking out one stone, we'll be able to switch focus.

At least, I hope.

We don't need this shit.

All of it needs to end.

Once and for all.

One step at a time, and we'll get there.

"You ready for this?" Gunner asks, coming to stand next to me.

We left the clubhouse an hour ago to get in place for the takedown.

"I'm more than ready for this. These assholes have caused enough trouble for us. I want to make sure my woman can sleep easy and not have any more nightmares because of what these fuckers did to her."

"I get what you mean, and I'm right there with you. My sister doesn't need any more headaches." He grunts.

"Yeah, especially now with her pregnant," I mutter more to myself, but he hears it, and from the expression on his face, he's got that questioning look she had when she found out.

Though hers was also filled with fear. “The baby’s mine,” I inform him. He didn’t need to know that, but considering the way my woman had been scared of the possibility that she would end up pregnant because of those fuckers, I’m sure it eased his mind too.

For that alone, they’ll pay.

I’m damn lucky she didn’t lose the baby when they hurt her or the other times.

“She happy?” Gunner cocks a brow and stares at me intently.

“Yeah, she’s happy. I also intend to keep her that way.”

“Good.” He nods.

“They’re pulling in,” Bruiser says quietly in my ear.

He, Colt, Ruger, and Dagger are out there scattered in the trees, watching, waiting.

“They have anyone else with them?” Hammer growls.

I glance over at him to see he’s visibly shaking with fury. He’s in the same boat with Gunner and me. He’d probably be the top one ready to take them out and he was until they went after my woman. Now, I’m ready to spill their blood.

“Just them,” Colt answers.

“Keep watch and make sure no one else comes to join the party,” Hammer orders.

“You got it, Prez,” Bruiser mutters.

Ruger keeps quiet, but I know he’s out there watching.

“Let’s get this done. I want to be able to get back to Avery and our kids soon,” Hammer grumbles.

“You’ll get to them soon as this is done, Prez,” I state, understanding him all too well. With this being his woman’s siblings, I’m sure it’s hard, especially with the way they’ve tormented Avery.

Hammer doesn’t respond. He doesn’t need to.

“They’re out of the car,” Ruger mutters. “Head’s up, they’ve got AR-15s in hand.”

I guess they plan on coming in guns blazing.

Moving to the shadows, I draw my gun and prepare for what’s about to go down. With them coming in hot, this is going to go a hell of a lot different. I’d prefer to have more time, but if it means my life or theirs, I’ll pick mine.

The doors open, and one of them calls out, “Come on out now, Hammer. I know it’s you here, and you didn’t bring my sister.”

“If you knew she wasn’t here, then why’d you show?” Hammer asks tersely.

“Because ...” I hear the sounds of a gun cocking, “we figured if we get you out of the way, we get her and the other bitches. Like that one we fucked with a while back. She was a delight.” He snickers.

A moment later, the room erupts in commotion. Gunfire comes raining down around us as we fire back.

The bastards thought they were sneaky with this shit, but that’s why the others were hidden. Bruiser, Colt, and Ruger might have been on look out, but they weren’t the only ones spread around.

My ears are ringing with the zings and pings of the gunfire mixing with the sounds of men taking hits. I watch as the men coming in go down, including all of Avery’s siblings. They went way too quickly, and soon, the gunfire comes to a stop altogether.

I step forward, gun aimed, and stare around at the bodies all around as my brothers join me. Some of them are bleeding. We’ll have to see to them.

But first, we have to clean up the mess. From the looks of it, the De La Rosas had sent several of their men with these dimwits.

“I want these fuckers all sent back to where they came from,” Hammer announces. “Let this be a lesson to them not

to fuck with us. I'm done with the bullshit.”

“You want to send these guys as well?” Gunner growls, kicking at one of the siblings.

“Damn right, they fucked up by helping them, and they should know it,” my Prez sneers and turns away. “I'm heading back to the clubhouse and my family.”

“I'll handle this shit here,” Malice states calmly. “Dagger, start looking at whoever needs help. The rest of you, let's get this shit done.”

I nod and silently help my brothers. I know it's over for today, but the troubles aren't gone. Not completely.

The threat of one didn't stop the others. And with the one coming at us from Johnathan Bryant, there's more to come.

But one thing I understand for sure, I'll make sure none of it touches Honor ever again. She'll never know the darkness that haunts the night.

Her light will never be diminished again.

She's my Honor, and I'm never letting her go. Not even in death will I give up on her.

I intend to show her how much she means to me when I get back to the clubhouse and give her the ring I've been holding on to. It's the one that belonged to my mother that I never gave to Mary. The ring meant for the woman who belongs solely to me.

My woman. My ol' lady. Mine.

# EPILOGUE

# HONOR

“Come on, baby, you got this?” Savage says, brushing my hair away from my face.

Breathing in and out through the contraction, I squeeze his hand. I refused to get the epidural, and now I’m regretting it. The pain is excruciating, but I know it’ll be worth it. I’ll finally be able to hold the child I’ve been carrying within my body.

Savage and I didn’t find out what we were having. We’d wanted it to be a surprise. But we picked names for both a boy and girl.

“You’re almost there, Honor,” Dr. Goodwin declares from between my legs, where she’s waiting for me to push this child out. “On the next contraction, I want you to give one big push. I can see the head.”

“It’s going to be okay, baby. Hold my hand, break some fingers if you have to.”

“You’re not funny.” I shoot him with what I hope is a deadly glare. “You’re not the one pushing out a football.”

“No, that’s all you.” He grins and leans in, pressing a kiss to my forehead. “Just think about being able to finally hold him or her.”

“Yeah.” I nod and sigh.

On the next contraction, I give a push and keep going, following Dr. Goodwin’s orders. After several more moments that feel like forever, the room is filled with our baby’s first cry.

“Congratulations, you two, it’s a girl,” Dr. Goodwin announces.

“Hear that, baby? We have a girl.” Savage’s voice takes on that gruff tone he gets when emotions are involved.

Dr. Goodwin lays our baby girl on my chest, and Savage cuts the cord.

The moment is perfect, and I couldn't be happier.

“So, what's her name?” Delaney asks, smiling at the sweet baby my cousin, Glacier, is holding. They came up here when Gunner called to tell them I was in labor, and I'm happy they were here when Savage went out to the waiting room to announce we had a girl.

Granted, I didn't want to be in labor for going on ten hours, but it was all worth it.

Mine and Savage's little girl is here.

Smiling, I cock my head slightly to meet my man's gaze. After they moved me to a different room, he climbed up in bed with me and held me and our daughter. He also hasn't moved from my side since. He just keeps his eyes on the bundle that keeps getting passed around from time to time while holding me close.

I glance back to the others in the room and meet Glacier's gaze. “Her name is Natalie Asa Winters.”

Glacier's gaze widens for a split second before he looks back at the little girl he's holding. A little girl he now shares a name with, even if it's her middle name.

We picked Natalie's name to not only honor Savage's dad but also his son, who never got to live. She's also honoring my cousin who came into my life when I thought I was alone, unable to see my big brother all the time.

Savage and I agreed the next child we have will also be named to honor Gunner and his sister. We both want our kids to know the legacy they came from, and by giving them names as we pick for them is the beginning of the greatness I know they will be.

“Her name is Prefect,” Glacier states, his eyes lifting back to meet mine.

“We also wanted to ask if you both would be her godparents?” Savage remarks.

“You want us to be her godparents?” Delaney asks, looking shocked.

“Yes, we do.” I nod.

“I’m honored,” Glacier whispers and drops his gaze back to my daughter. “I’ll always be there when you need me, little one. No matter what.”

Who knew that our lives would come to this? All of us finding our happiness. I was damaged, and Savage healed me. And my cousin found the woman who was meant to rescue him, even if it was from himself.

Life has a way of honoring us even when we don’t expect it.

# **BONUS SCENE**

## BRUISER

Following the dipshit who showed up at the clubhouse, my gut's telling me he's up to no good.

I'm not one for bullshit and never have been. It's the way I grew up, and that won't ever change. I learned a long time ago to listen to my gut the way my dad used to tell me—the way my mom did.

Both my parents showed me to be tough as nails. Even now, with my dad gone, my mom is the toughest person I know. She's a hard ass, but still, she has the softest heart. A while back, she took on Avery's nieces and nephews and has been giving them the life they should've had in the first place.

No kid should live the way they'd been living. In a run-down trailer, dirty and hungry. Now, they've got the good life and a woman who cares for them. Treats them like her own. I'm sure if Mom could, she'd adopt them all in a heartbeat. After me, she wasn't able to have more kids and always wanted a houseful.

I refocus, shifting my mind back to task as I watch Simon pull off the road and down a dirty lane. Colt and I pull off to the side of the road. I glance over at him without a word. Simultaneously, we both park our bikes and climb off. No reason to announce ourselves. We didn't hide we were following him. But we didn't make it obvious either.

Together, Colt and I take to the woods, staying out of sight and following the path until Simon's car comes into view with him standing outside of it, leaning against the side.

I stop behind one of the giant oaks and lean against it to listen.

“You sure this is a good idea?” Simon asks. “I think this whole thing is bullshit. What's so important with getting in with these assholes?”

Hmm, interesting. I glance at the tree next to me and catch Colt's inquisitive look.

"Because I have plans for them all," the other man states. "They took something of mine, and I want it back."

"And that would be?" Simon prompts.

"None of your concern."

Taking a peek around the tree, I get a good look at the man Simon is speaking with. Something about the older man looks familiar, but I can't put my finger on it.

"I get you think that, Johnathan, but it's my ass on the line here. You want me to do this, you've got to give me something." Simon pushes off his car and rakes his fingers through his hair.

"Watch your tone with me, boy. It's not me who owes money. That would be your family. I could easily exploit your family business to the world, but you help me, those stay a secret, and I don't take Gwyneth as payment."

"You touch my sister, and you'll regret it."

Furrowing my brow, I start connecting dots. This is bullshit, and I'm definitely getting a bad feeling about all this.

"Don't you threaten me, boy," Johnathan snaps. "You do as you're told, and I won't touch sweet, little Gwyneth. Get in with that club. Find a way to separate the women from the men. I want my property back, and while at it, go ahead and get your hands on Honor as well. She's a pretty thing, and both of them would make perfect pets."

Tension flows through my veins, and my hand itches to reach for my gun. To go ahead and pull the trigger, killing both these men. It would keep the headache to come at bay, but I can't, not yet. I need to hear what else is said.

"You promise if I do this Gwyn stays safe?" Simon asks, sounding somewhat timid.

"I give you my word. I'll clear your debt, and so will the others if you succeed in this. But if you can take out the brats

as well, I'll throw in a bonus," Johnathan states, chuckling menacingly.

At those words, everything clicks in place, and I know who this fucker is. He's the man who ... fuck ... this isn't good.

Another thought pops into my head, and I know we need to talk to Cy. Find this Gwyneth. If we do that, then we'll be able to keep control of dipshit Simon since he seems to have a soft spot for her.

Glancing at Colt, I jerk my chin and start heading in the direction we came from. It's time to get back to the clubhouse, fill the others in, and plan because there's a shitstorm coming, and it's not the one that involves Avery's siblings. Those idiots are being dealt with come tomorrow. This storm has to do with a war that's been stalled. Now, it's happening, and I've got to warn my brothers.

Then I'm going to find this Gwyneth. I'll use her to make sure this shitstorm doesn't get any worse and hope she doesn't become my reckoning.

## **ALSO BY E.C. LAND**

### **Devil's Riot MC**

Horse's Bride

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Connors' Devils

Hades Pain

Badger's Claim

Burner's Absolution

Redeemed (Devil's Riot MC Boxset Bks 4 – 6)

K-9's Fight

Revived Boxset (Devil's Riot MC Boxset Bks 7 — 9)

Red's Calm

Brass's Surrender

### **Devil's Riot MC Originals**

Stoney's Property

Owning Victoria

Blaze's Mark

Taming Coyote

Luna's Shadow

Devil's Ride (DRMC Boxset 1 – 5)

Choosing Nerd

Stoney's Gift

Ranger's Fury

Carrying Blaze's Mark

Neo's Strength

Cane's Dominance

Venom's Prize

Protecting Blaze's Mark

Devil's Reign (DRMC Boxset 6 – 10)

Whip's Breath

Viper's Touch

Cyprus's Truth

### **Devil's Riot MC Southeast**

Hammer's Pride

Malice's Soul  
Axe's Devotion  
Rebelling Rogue  
Ruin Boxset 1 – 3  
Remaining Gunner's  
Savage's Honor

**Devil's Riot MC Tennessee**

Breaking Storm  
Blow's Smoke  
Nines's Time  
Lucky's Streak  
Defiance Boxset 0.5 – 3

**Inferno's Clutch MC**

Chains' Trust  
Breaker's Fuse  
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Axel's Promise  
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Tiny's Hope  
Fuse's Hold  
Nora's Outrage  
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Pipe's Burn  
Faith's Tears  
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Dark Lullabies Boxset

**Royal Bastards MC (Elizabeth City Charter)**

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Spiral into Chaos

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Entangled

Crush Boxset 1-3

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**Night's Bliss**

Finley's Adoration (Co-Write with Elizabeth Knox)

Cedric's Ecstasy

Arwen's Rapture

Christmas Delight

**Satan's Keepers MC**

Keeping Reaper

Forever Tombstone's

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Dear Readers,

I hope you have enjoyed reading Savage's Honor. I absolutely love Savage and the way he is with Honor. If you haven't read the rest of the series check them out. Also don't forget to go ready Glacier's Thaw to know what happens with Delaney.

Next up for the DRMC Southeast series will be Bruiser's Reckoning.

Sincerely,

E.C.

## **Inflamed Touch**

*Broken hearts heal with time, but it never forgets the pain.*

# DIEGO

I broke her heart years ago. But there's a reason for it. One I try not to think about. I put the past behind me and I don't look back. That is until I get a call from her asking for help.

Now I'm back and there's unfinished business to settle. It becomes a game of push and pull, trust and betrayal. Questions are asked and I refuse to answer. I'll do what I came here for and hope to win her over or I might just have to sacrifice everything all over again ... for her.

## **Speed's Ride**

*Looks can be deceiving, even when  
you see past them.*

# SPEED

The club's been on edge with everything going on. We've been through enough, and I'm not about to let us suffer more.

I take on the woman who supposedly is the key to everything we're dealing with. Yet I don't want anything to do with her ... or so I keep telling myself.

Her shyness gets to me each time I look at her. There's something about her that screams 'protect me' and, for some reason, I want to be the person who protects her. But at what cost?

Life and death is a ride we're all on, but it's up to us whether we're gonna take control. Am I ready for what's to come and what I could end up losing?

## **Fighting Rosemary**

*All's fair in love and war, or so they say. Sometimes you have to play dirty to win.*

# KEVLAR

Never thought of myself wanting one woman. But there she is, and she's unlike any other. I had her in my bed once, but then I screwed up. She's stubborn and refuses to listen to reason.

She's also a fighter.

When things happen and I find she's not exactly who she claims to be, I have to make things right before it's too late. Even if it means getting down and dirty to do it.

I've no problem getting bloody if it means she survives what's to come.

## **Holding Beast**

*Only so much pain the mind can take before it succumbs to  
the beast within.*

# BEAST

I watch her lose herself. Saw the pain she endured. No matter the help I wanted to give her, nothing will do. She's lost to me. There's no way she can take anymore. Nor does she need a man like me. A man who has his own demons to hold on to.

With her at the clubhouse, I need to get away, but when death comes to our door, my demons demand out. Secrets I've held onto are revealed and there's only one who keeps me sane. Her. Will she be able to handle it all? Or am I left to my own demise?

My brothers can't help. Not this time. I'm called Beast for a reason and now they all know why.

## **Corbin's Conflict**

*This life is a choice. One you make with or without  
conflict.*

# CORBIN

Things are happening in my town and my county. We're split between two clubs. Rivals that share blood and a common enemy.

Witches.

I hate them. All of them. I have my reasons, but fate seems to have other plans. Plans I don't care much for.

The day she comes into my life, I want to throw the raven-haired, emerald-eyed beauty out, but she can help in ways we need. The question is, can I resist the bond between us when the heat grows hot?

Danger swirls around us and we're left with no other choice but to trust one another. Conflicted, I decide to let my instincts lead, even when that decision puts her in my arms.

# **SOCIAL MEDIA**

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