

SLICER

An Untamed Hell Fires MC Series



Book Five

C.L.McGinlay

Slicer

An MC Second Chance Romance

Charlotte McGinlay

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Description

Slicer

I loved playing the field, never wanted to settle down,
Until I met her.

It was supposed to be a onetime thing,
I just didn't expect the connection we shared and I wanted
more.

I wanted her.

But she was gone the next morning.

So, I turned back to my player ways all while trying to search
for her,

Needing her like I needed air to breathe,
Keeping a hold of the only memory I had left of her,
Her gold bracelet.

Until she moved to my town, with something of mine in tow,

She doesn't want me anymore though,
She's seen my player side and she doesn't like it,
But what she doesn't realise,

Is that she's mine, always has been and I'm playing for keeps
this time.

Meghan

He showed up in my life when I least expected it,

My parents were pressuring me to settle down,

Marry the man they wanted me too,

Then he walked in on my shift,

I wanted to finally rebel, finally have something for me,

All while trying to put myself through med school and leave
this dead-end town behind.

I just didn't expect the spark that shone between us,
But he doesn't do relationships, he doesn't do commitment,
So I left him the next morning, not expecting to see him again
when he leaves town.

Only he left something of his behind.

I searched for him for years, until finally, there he is,
Wrapped around another woman.

I decide to put my feelings behind me and concentrate on my
residency,

But he has other ideas, he wants me.

And whether I'm ready or not,

He's taking me.

This can be read as a standalone but is better if books are read
in order to get an understanding of other characters. This is
book 5 of 7 of Untamed Hell fire's MC series, with a HEA.
Due to mature content and themes this book is recommended
for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.

Prologue

Slicer – age 25 years old

I grin as Clitter, a sweet butt deep throats my cock, the head hitting the back of her throat.

Fuck, that feels good.

She gags a little but swallows around my girth, and I thrust forward while gripping the back of her bright blonde hair as her brown eyes shine with lust. I keep her head still before thrusting into her mouth over and over. She moans around my cock, and I notice she's got two fingers deep in her wet, juicy cunt. My thrusts deepen in her throat as her other hand fondles my balls.

I started to feel my spine tingle.

“Make yourself cum Clitter. Yeah, that's it, my little slut, fuck.”

She groans, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as her juices run down her hand, and I cum deep in her throat.

I keep her head still and my cock right at the back to ensure she swallows it all while moaning before I pull out of her warm mouth, and I grin as I put my limp dick away. She makes eye contact with me.

“Going to fuck me now, baby?”

I grin and shake my head.

These sweet butts are fucking hornier than us brothers, although Clitter is more than the others. She lost her parents in high school and went from the school nerd to the school mean girl and slut. She joined us three years ago and decided to join a few others in the sweet butt line instead of just being a cook and a cleaner, which is what we actually pay them for. She's been my main girl, although if you want her cunt, you'd need something in her ass because she's loose as fuck.

“Sorry, sweets, I’ve got to go.”

She pouts, “You’re always going on the run.”

I just shrug, “It’s my job as treasurer to go, you know this.”

I lean down where she’s still kneeling and give her a kiss to soften the blow of my leaving, making her grin before leaving her room at the clubhouse. I never take sweet butts back to my room here; I always go to theirs, or I fuck them against walls or anywhere really, so long as it’s not my room, my sanctuary. I do have a plot of land next to Gunner’s, but I’ve yet to build. I don’t want to give my parents false hope that I’ll settle down. I love playing the field and the easy pussy. I’m too young to settle just yet, although the older generation has ingrained in us that when we do meet the one, we’ll know and we won’t want to let them go.

I’m not ready for that shit yet, though none of us really are.

I walk out of the two-story clubhouse, meeting Axel, one of my best friends, and our newly appointed Pres outside. He shakes his head at me before climbing on the bike, while I just grin as I climb on mine, the yellow tank glaring off the Texan sun. Carl, one of our prospects who we’ve grown up with, climbs into the driver’s side of the van, while Hayden, one of our other prospects who should be patched in alongside Carl in a few weeks, gets into the passenger side. The van holds our guns that we’re running to Wincher in Louisiana, handing them over to the Rebels’ MC, who then proceeds to give them to one of the Mafia groups. Their group used to be in Winchester but ended up moving a few towns over due to conflicts with another MC who also had the cartel with them.

We wait while Flame says bye to Star, our club princess, who he happens to be in love with but refuses to do anything about despite her feeling the same way towards him because she’s only 16 and he’s 8 years older than her at 24. Everyone in the club knows their feelings for one another, and his parents, Tank, a club brother, and Ella have said they’re fine with it as long as it’s only hand-holding until she’s 18, but he won’t go there; he treats her like a little sister instead, hoping to put her off.

A fucking idiot is what he is.

I raise a brow at Axel, and he just snorts, shaking his head.

We all know what a fucking idiot he's being. He'll fuck Ginger, another sweet butt, and anything that moves, including Star's fucking sister, who's 20 all, so he doesn't succumb to his feelings for her.

It's a disaster waiting to happen, I tell yah, because when she becomes of age, she'll find someone else, and it'll kill him.

Once Flame's given Star a kiss on the forehead and he climbs on his bike, we all wave to her, making her grin back at us before we pull out of the clubhouse, heading for the four-hour journey to Wincher. Usually it's an eight-hour round trip, but unfortunately, there's a storm heading our way, so we'll be staying at the Cozy Inn tonight and then heading back tomorrow morning while the prospects bring the van back through the storm.

Axel takes the front of the van while I take up the rear with Flame. Ink, our enforcer, takes the driver's side up to the Hudson Bridge before he turns around and heads back home while the rest of us carry on with our trek.

It takes an extra half an hour to get to the meeting point in Wincher, which is an old, abandoned warehouse just twenty minutes from our inn, because the rain started earlier than predicted, but Anchor, the Rebel's road captain, is already waiting for us with his treasurer, Shotgun. We shake hands before Axel speaks to the Rebel's VP Stone, and I go over the payment with Shotgun.

He hands me a wad of cash, and I quickly count it before shoving it in my cut pocket and shaking his hand.

"All good, brother."

He nods before heading back to his bike while I head to mine, waiting on my Pres. The prospects have swapped vans, and they'll head home tonight while we stay, riding out the storm until morning. Once Axel shook the VP's hand, he took formation, and we followed him as he led us to the inn while the prospects carried on straight, heading home.

As we get to the inn, we pull up near the front doors. Flame runs to the front desk to check us in before handing us our keys, then we head to the diner across the street for some grub. The smell instantly hits us as we enter the old establishment. The orange leather seats are torn, but the food is good. The waitress, Cindy, who we've all fucked before, rushes over to us, pulling her dress down, making us chuckle. She gives me a sultry grin, and I have to keep myself from rolling my eyes. Apparently, she's taken a shine to me, but whatever.

She leads us over to a booth, asking us what we would like, and we all ask for a beer with a burger and fries. She nods, her eyes lingering on me for longer than necessary before turning away. Flame shakes his head.

"That one is fucking clingy as fuck."

Axel snorts, "Only for Slicer here. I fucking regretted fucking her the moment my dick hit her cunt two months ago. She fucking stunk."

We chuckle as I get my phone out, logging the amount on the club accounts that I received when another waitress brings our food out, making Cindy scowl because she's busy with another customer and the owner always says, 'The food mustn't go cold.'

He's a good dude in his fifties who understands people don't like their food sitting in the window for long.

The waitress gives Flame his first, then Axel's, then mine before clearing her throat. I look up a little to see her hands tremble, and I roll my eyes, going back to my phone.

Another woman wants a patched brother.

I started to eat my food while looking through the emails Gunner sent me with the invoices for the bar when the woman spoke, and instantly I paused. The fry halfway to my mouth, my heart in my throat,

"Is uh, there anything else you three need?"

I look up to see who the sultry siren of a voice belongs to, and I instantly swallow my tongue. She's not making eye contact

with us, which means my initial assessment was wrong. She's just nervous being around bikers that she's never seen before, but fuck me, she's gorgeous, and innocence radiates from her.

She has curves, but in all the right places; her nails aren't done up like most girls; and she wrings her hands together nervously. She has a heart-shaped face with a buttoned nose just above her kissable lips. Her hair is midnight black, which is up in a messy bun thing that women do, and she has the most mesmerizing bright blue eyes I have ever seen.

Axel clears his throat, clearly trying to get my attention, but I can't look away from her.

Is this what the older generation was talking about? Because damn, I feel like I need to take her into my arms to calm her nerves and protect her.

“No, darling, we're good for now, thanks.”

She nods about to leave, but just as she's about to turn, we make eye contact, and fuck me, the spark is igniting; she's fucking mine.

I know it, and by the looks of things, so does she, as her eyes widen a little too, so I know she felt something. Her cheeks redden before she turns around and goes back to the counter, my eyes trailing after her as she helps another family be seated. Her smile is forced; it doesn't reach her eyes, but she's polite and so fucking sweet—too fucking sweet for someone like me—but I'm fucking selfish; I want her; I want to consume her; make her mine.

Flame nudges me, making me look toward him, and I clear my throat.

“You know when the old timers said when you meet the one you'll know?”

They both nod, and I look back towards the waitress who's now delivering drinks to the table where she's seated the family, and I swallow hard.

“She's the one.”

I hear them both suck in a breath and look back to the woman as Cindy walks over here. Axel straight away takes her attention from me despite not wanting to go there again.

He knows I'm the one she wants but there's only one girl I want and I will have her, I'll make her mine.

It's just a shame I didn't fucking handcuff her to me.

Meghan – Age 22 years old

I run around my plain cream room at my parents' house. Class ran later than usual, and I'm going to be late for work if I don't get a move on, which means dodging my parents.

They're Christians and seem to think my life is theirs to control.

That's why I still live at home despite going to college against their wishes, but the full ride I got for Wincher University meant they couldn't stop me.

I only agreed to stay at home instead of in a dorm to keep the peace, even if I hate it here. I was never allowed to paint or decorate my room; I had to wear plain, non-revealing clothes, and I wasn't allowed to date. While I'm under their roof, the dating still stands, not that I have felt anything with anyone anyway.

Maybe I'm broken.

Sometimes I wonder why I put up with the way my parents treat me, why I keep the peace; they haven't exactly been loving over the years; to them, I'm just a pawn to climb higher in the church; it's why they keep me around and why they need me. Shaking my head, I look at the time again: 4:45 p.m., crap. I've got fifteen minutes to get to George's Diner.

I quickly put on my tennis shoes before rushing out of my room. I run down the hallway of the bungalow, hoping my parents are still in their groups at church, but my wish is unfulfilled as I get to the door.

“Young lady, what have we told you about that dress?”

I sigh upon hearing my dad's angry words, and I turn to him, happy that it's just him and not my mother too.

"Dad, this is George's uniform."

He scowls, "I don't care; go change right this instance."

Every time we go through this, every flipping time

My dress hits just above my knees; it doesn't show any cleavage because, unlike most waitresses, I have mine buttoned up past my breasts, but the color is red, like the devil, according to my parents. The last time my mother saw my uniform, she threw coffee all over it, not caring that she'd just made it and that it burned me.

I shake my head and say, "I'm not doing this with you right now, Dad, or I'm going to be late for work."

I turn and go to walk out when he speaks again.

"I want you home for lunch tomorrow at 12:45."

I sigh again and turn around. "I can't I have class."

He scoffs, "I don't give a damn; it's not like you'll be working anyway. Mr Alberto and his son Abram will be here, and I expect you to be obedient like we've taught you."

Obedience means keeping my head down, not talking unless told to and doing everything they say.

I shake my head again. "Sorry, Dad, I can't; it's my senior year before med school, and I only have a few months left until graduation."

He narrows his eyes, and I swallow hard, hoping he doesn't hit me like last time. I don't need to be the talk of the town again, you know, since I'm a 'klutz.' "You will not be going to med school; in five months' time, you'll be married to Abram."

My eyes widen. "He's 37 years old; that's fifteen years older than me!"

Dad just smiles, but it doesn't reach his blue eyes; anger shines through them at my disobedience. He shrugs, and I sigh. It looks like I won't be home tonight; otherwise, they'll lock my door again to get me to do as I'm told,

“I’m late for work. Goodnight, Dad. Tell Mamma goodnight for me too.”

I quickly rush out so he doesn’t get to say anything else before getting in my white Buick. It’s old, but I bought it myself two years ago for college, so my parents have no say in whether or not I use it.

Mr Alberto is the town’s priest and a pervert. He’s been with his wife for forty years, but he has at least four mistresses all my age, and I know two that are pregnant. Both babies have already been put up for adoption for when they’re born, which his wife is perfectly happy with. She was only 12 when he married her while he was 21 and was groomed to obey; it’s gross, and in no way am I living that life.

I know at least three people who have all had a child with his son who are all under the age of 18, and he doesn’t even claim any of them.

Sighing, I get to work right on the dot and wave to my friend Cindy, who grins at me. Her bottle-blonde hair is up in a high ponytail that swishes every time she walks. I quickly start cleaning up tables before seating people and taking their orders when the door opens and three very large bikers walk in that are clearly not from the club in this area.

They have a different aura—a dangerous one at that.

I sucked in a breath.

They’re huge—not in a fat kind of sense, but more of a taller, more muscular, and very intimidating sense.

I look at Cindy wide-eyed, and she grins with lust shining in her dark brown eyes before rushing over to them to seat them. Thank goodness, because I don’t think I could do it. I’m not good with the opposite sex as it is because of my parents, but yeah, I’d just make a foul out of myself with them.

I ignore the bikers and keep doing my job when the bell rings to say their food is ready. I look towards Cindy and see her trying to explain the menu for the millionth time to old man Charles, and I curse under my breath. We make eye contact, and I huff because I know we can’t even switch. It’s against

George's policy, and he hates food waiting in the window, so I pull my big girl panties up and grab their food while sending glares to Cindy, who gives me a pity look, knowing I'm terrible with men, before she glares at the plates in my hands, making me chuckle—she wanted to serve them.

I shake my head before placing one plate in front of the man with black hair, then another down in front of a man who also has black hair but is much darker than the other; he also has 'Pres' on his vest thingy. Then I place the last plate in front of the other man at the table. He has brown hair that's short at the sides and back but has a man bun on top, unlike the other two.

He doesn't look up, focused on his phone, and I breathe a sigh of relief before wringing my hands in front of me.

"Is uh, there anything else you three need?"

The man with a man bun looks up in shock, a fry halfway in his mouth, his phone forgotten, and I try not to look at any of them in the eye. The guy with the 'Pres' on his vest clears his throat.

"No, darling, we're good for now, thanks."

And I nod in relief before turning to leave, but not before I accidentally make eye contact with the guy with a man bun, and I instantly suck in a breath as his deep hazel eyes suck me in and a spark ignites between us.

Crap, I can't be involved with a biker, not with the way my parents are—double crap.

I quickly go to the counter, ready to seat the next set of customers, and spend the rest of my shift ignoring that particular table while Cindy spends most of her time there flirting. I take most of her tables, so I don't have to do theirs.

I don't relax fully until they're gone.

We've just finished cleaning up after closing when Cindy kisses my cheek and says, "I'll see you tomorrow."

I nod and wave bye before grabbing my bag, intending to drive somewhere remote and sleep in my car for the night when there's a knock on the door. It's dark out, the rain has

gotten heavier from this afternoon, and I turn towards the door, just able to see the guy with the man bun from earlier, and I instantly become tense. He gives me a small smile and goes for the handle, and I swallow hard, realizing I haven't locked it when it opens. He puts his hands up, showing me he comes in peace, his hair wet, and, oh god, does he look good.

I instantly melt when he rasps in a deep voice that washes over me.

“I didn't mean to frighten you; I left my phone here.”

I furrow my brows before looking around the diner towards the table he sat at to see something sitting on the edge of the cushions that Cindy must have overlooked, and I go to grab it while he stays near the door, which I'm grateful for. I walk over to him, trying to calm my beating heart, before holding the phone between us. He takes it, his fingers brushing against mine, and I look down with a furrowed brow at the spark that sets between us before I clear my throat. I look into his eyes, eyes that feel like they're staring into my soul, and I swallow hard about to take a step back when his hand, without his phone in, grabs a hold of mine, and I gasp as he takes a step towards me, towering over me with his height, his eyes never leaving mine.

“Have a drink with me.” I swallow hard and go to shake my head when he squeezes my hand. “Just one drink, wildcat, that's all I'm asking for.”

I clear my throat. “I, uh, I don't even know your name.”

He smiles, showing his dimples, and I melt. “It's Noah Wildcat.”

I swallow again. “My name is Meghan, not, uh, Wildcat.”

He smiles wider. “Ah, but Meghan, you remind me of a wildcat. You're scared and wary like a kitten, but I bet when push comes to shove, you turn into a fighter, a wildcat.”

I sucked in a breath.

I've always done things for everyone else.

Going to college was for me, but I know I have to fight to go to med school to finally become a doctor.

Maybe just once I can be someone this man thinks he sees, be brave for once, and have a little fun. I swallow hard again and nod, making him smile before he links our fingers together, leading me out of the diner into the rain, where I instantly get soaked. I quickly lock up, and he leads me over to the cozy inn, where, thankfully, Ms. Shell is not around. I don't need her telling my father about this because he'd most likely kill me. I'm fully aware she's one of his old mistresses, and she's trying her hardest to get him to sleep with her again. I shiver in disgust as the guy, Noah, walks me up the stairs to his room. He unlocks the door, and an overly flowered wallpaper greets me, and I clear my throat.

“Wow.”

It's all I can say as I blink my eyes several times.

These rooms were recently decorated, and yep, every time I blink, it just gets worse.

Noah chuckles before turning to me and I look up into his hazel eyes when his lips start to descend on mine and I know, that I'm not only about to get my first kiss but I'm also about to finally lose my virginity because the moment his lips touch mine I instantly feel like I'm on fire, like everything in the world is suddenly right, like I belong to him and him me.

But I didn't expect my friend to inform me in the hallway that he prefers one-night stands just like his friend whom she's just been with the night before, that he doesn't do relationships, and that I'm just another notch in his bedpost like she was last month.

My heart instantly falls and I try to forget about the guy who made me fall for him with one look, only he left something behind as a permanent reminder of the way he made my heart feel, the heart he took away with him.

Chapter 1

Slicer – two months later

I sigh, running a hand around the back of my neck. We're currently at Untamed Fire, the club's bar, interviewing waitresses. The dude we're currently interviewing is too busy eye-fucking Cara, a waitress who's been here for a few years, and Gunner's main squeeze instead of concentrating. He hasn't got a chance with Cara anyway; she's got a major hard-on for Gunner, hoping to get his patch, which is never going to fucking happen.

I sigh when Meghan comes to mind.

Two months, two fucking months, and I can't fucking find her.

After our night together, I woke up in bed alone, the only reminder being her gold bracelet with her name on it, which is currently on my wrist after I adjusted it.

Sighing again, I squeeze my eyes shut while running my finger over the metal, remembering the next morning before we left.

I quickly rush down the stairs, the gold bracelet wrapped around my wrist. Axel shouts my name, and I put my hand up as I run across the road to the diner. I know we've got to go, but not without getting my woman's number so I can try and convince her to uproot her life to Parkerville.

When I rush in, Cindy grins wide, strutting over to me.

She puts her hand on my chest.

"Hey baby," she rasps, trying to be sultry, but it comes out whiny, and I step back, looking around the room.

"Is uh Meghan working this morning?" I try not to sound rushed, but Cindy scowls anyway, crossing her arms over her chest.

"No, she's not here." I sigh before Cindy blinks and stands straighter. "She was only here for the week; she doesn't live

around her, sorry, Slicer.”

I swallow hard before nodding, and I leave, ignoring Cindy calling for me, the gold bracelet feeling cold against my skin while I feel like I just fucking lost half of my soul.

I'm brought back to the bar when another person takes a seat. A bottled redhead, her hair in a bob, and her caramel eyes focused on me—instead of dressing for an interview, she's dressed like a stripper. Gunner chuckles when she looks me up and down, biting her lip, and I need a fucking distraction. I give Gun a nod, and he just grins as I grab the girl's hand, who gives me a high-pitched giggle as I drag her over to the far wall.

I push her against it before shoving my face into her tits.

I don't kiss anyone anymore and haven't done so since Meghan, much to Clitter's frustration.

Fuck.

Meghan's blue eyes pop into my head as she looks at me full of trust, and I quickly undo my jeans, sheathing myself while the girl in front of me kicks off her panties, lifting her leg over my hip, and I thrust forward.

Fucks sake, she's loose.

Great.

I thrust in and out over and over again as she starts to moan loudly, faking it because there's no fucking way she can feel me; she's that loose, which only pisses me off as Meghan comes to mind again, our night together taking over.

I look deep into Meghan's eyes as I thrust forward, hard.

She gasps, a tear leaking from her eyes, and I freeze, realizing I tore through a barrier.

Fuck me, this angel is pure, really fucking pure, and now all mine.

I lean forward and kiss her lips; I trace my tongue over them, and she opens for me before my tongue tangles with hers until she moves her hips, ready for me. I slowly move

my hips back before thrusting forward hard, making her gasp in my mouth, and I moan at how tight she is, how she fucking fits me like a glove, and how fucking perfect she feels.

I'm brought back as my hips thrust faster into the girl when I hear someone snort out,

"I hope that's not in the job description."

I ignore her, thrusting my hips faster, just wanting to get off, but this woman is fucking loose.

My girl keeps popping into my head, swimming around, making my hips drive faster.

I'm lying on my back with Meghan on top of me after I've just given her an orgasm of a lifetime while making love for the first time in my fucking life. My dick is still fully inside her, our releases and her innocence coating us, but I don't fucking care. I slowly guide my hands up her thighs as our eyes connect, and I smile as I grip her peachy ass, pushing her up and then down on my now-hardening cock, making her gasp as I rasp, pulling her down to my lips.

"I could live in this pussy, Wildcat."

Her cheeks blush before our lips meet in a passionate kiss before we start all over again for the second time tonight.

I'm brought back again, and my spine is finally starting to tingle. The woman I'm fucking moans loudly when my fingers connect with her clit. The fake moans are starting to piss me off; she's too fucking loose to cum from my cock only, so clit stimulation is needed.

I hear Gunner apologize for it, but I don't give a shit.

I need this release.

I fucking need Meghan.

My hips move faster until I hear the woman behind me speak again.

"He is aware that she's faking, right? And that she has a phone in her hand currently recording him?"

The fucking bitch

I quickly pull out of her, grabbing the hand with the phone, and my eyes narrow at her widening ones while I put my cock away, anger vibrating through me.

“I-I was paid to try to get one of you to fuck me so I could sue you; H-Hairy is very persuasive.”

Gunner takes his phone out to message Axel while I destroy this girl’s phone to pieces. She starts to cry, but we ignore her while I drag her out of the bar. I look at Carl and nod towards her.

“She comes back in here; fucking shoot her.”

He nods while the girl cries some more, but I ignore her and head inside to meet the woman who just fucking saved us a lawsuit.

I stand next to Gunner and smile at the woman; she’s gorgeous.

White, blonde hair with blue highlights and bright green eyes. I hold my hand out to the woman before raising a brow at Gunner, who holds back a growl.

Well, well, well, look who’s fallen.

I look back at the woman.

“Slicer. Thanks for the tip; you just probably saved us thousands.”

The woman looks at the hand and then back to me, and I furrow my brows while Cara snaps.

“How fucking rude not shaking his hand. What are you, a fucking snob who can’t touch a biker?”

The woman just raises her brow at Cara before looking back at me, giving me a little wave, and I raise a brow at her because, well, that was fucking weird.

“I’m Leah, and I’m 21 years old. I have worked on the college campus bar a few towns over since I was 18. My parents live near Hudson Bridge, and I would shake your hand, but no

offense; that's the hand you were, you know, between you and the woman."

My eyes widen before I look down to see the wetness. "Fucks sake," I mumble before looking up again and smiling at her. "Sorry, doll,"

Gunner growls, and I grin while she looks at him like he's lost the plot before looking at me again.

"It's fine. So about the job?"

We both grin at her before I nod subtly towards Gunner, who speaks up; she saved our asses and has a good eye; she'll be a good member of our team. "You'll start off as a waitress; if you stay longer than a year, then we'll try you behind the bar. Come in tomorrow at 5 p.m. to go through the tables before we open; the pay is £8.45 an hour, not including tips; whatever you make, you keep." He grabs the paperwork for her to fill in for insurance: "Fill these in and bring them back with you; we will pay your insurance in full."

She grins wide before letting out a relieved breath. "Thank you so much."

She holds her hand out to Gunner as her other one takes the form and they shake, and instantly you can see the connection making me grin. She looks a little freaked before she looks at me about to hold her hand out but stops herself, making both Gunner and I chuckle before she shakes her head again and waves at me, then subtly looks at Gunner again, and I have to bite back a grin, although I do see Cara in my side eyes scowling, looking between them both before leaving for the back.

Fuck, she's going to try something; I just know it.

Leah clears her throat. "I'll, uh, see you both tomorrow then."

We nod, and she turns to leave, again looking at Gunner subtly, and I grin as she goes through the door.

I look down and see the wetness and scowl. I sniff it, and, oh fuck me, that is rank.

I gag while Gunner laughs his ass off as I rush to the bathroom. “Fuck, I’m going to have to wash my fucking dick too.”

I quickly strip and get into the shower I have attached to my office, scrubbing my body when Meghan comes to mind.

Her blue eyes shine at four in the morning as I kiss her neck.

I grab a hold of my hardened dick, stroking myself.

I look up at her, my eyes feasting on her body as my tongue darts out, licking her from ass to clit making her gasp, and her hips lifting off the bed before I suck her clit into my mouth.

I move my hand faster as I hold myself up with my other hand against the shower wall. I can feel my spine start to tingle with just the memories of her.

I move my tongue down to her entrance, stiffening it before poking it inside, moaning at her taste, before moving my right hand to hold her hips down, my left going to her clit where I strum my fingers quicker.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

I can feel her bud tightening, and I quickly suck it into my mouth as I shove two fingers into her tight cunt, bending them into a come-hither movement, finding her g-spot, and she cums, screaming my name as her juices flow through my mouth, and I groan, loving the taste.

I come back as my cum spurts out onto the shower floor and down the drain, and I moan, “Meghan,” before placing my head onto the cold shower wall, the water splashing on my back, and I squeeze my eyes shut.

“Where are you, wildcat?”

Chapter 2

Meghan

I sigh as I pack up my stuff from my English class. Why I decided to wait until my last year to do this class, I have no fricking idea. I managed to complete my physics with lab last year, along with my chemistry with lab, but this one is kicking my ass. I stand up before bending down to grab my bag when I suddenly feel dizzy.

Shit.

I grab a hold of my desk and take a deep breath before swallowing hard.

I'm not stupid; it's been eight weeks since I lost my virginity and slept with Noah. He didn't use anything, but I'm on the pill, and have been in secret since I was fourteen for my periods. My grandmother snuck me into the doctors' offices behind my parents' backs; she never agreed with her husband or my parents' lifestyle; she was dragged into it by her father with an arranged marriage, so she's been trying to help me since I was born, right until she got cancer two years ago and passed. I know she left a trust for me with her lawyer, which I can now access; my parents don't know, though.

Once the dizziness disappears I quickly make my way out of the classroom and head to my car. I have exactly one hour until dinner with my parents. Tonight's mandatory; apparently, they have some important news to tell me, but I have a pit stop to make first. Swallowing hard, I climb into my car, hating that I don't have any close friends to talk to.

I would speak to Cindy, but since I slept with Noah, she's been off with me, scowling every chance she gets, and she tried to get me fired from the diner, saying I stole out of the till on a night I wasn't even working, so it's safe to say she was jealous and wanted Noah, which means she most likely lied to me about him not wanting more with me.

She basically ruined something that could have been great, and yet she went with the guy who had ‘pres’ on his leather vest.

I quickly stop at a shop a town over and use their toilet. I place the stick on the counter before washing my hands, and I wait the three minutes that are required before taking a deep breath, picking it back up, and holding the stick in my hand before flipping it over.

My breath hitches.

Pregnant

Oh crap.

I swallowed hard, wiping the tears that started to fall from my cheeks.

I don’t even have Noah’s number, and I never saw the name on his vest, so I don’t even know to which club he belongs.

I can’t even ask Cindy because I know she won’t tell me; she wanted him to herself, and she hates that he chose me and that he wanted me. I sniffle before taking a deep breath as my phone rings, and I know it’s my mother asking where I am. I swallowed again before throwing the test in the bin. I quickly leave the shop and get back in my car, squeezing the stirring wheel.

I’m going to have to tell my parents, and they’ll most likely disown me. Thankfully, I have five bags of clothes in the trunk because half the time I have to wear the clothes they buy me when at home. The dress I’m now wearing is one of my own. It’s white with flower patterns but won’t be deemed appropriate for the church because it’s strapless. Shaking my head, I quickly grab my phone, ignoring my mother’s missed call and text. I bring up my grandmother’s lawyer’s name.

It rings five times before the voicemail picks up, and I clear my throat.

“Hi, Mr. Andrews, It’s Meghan Campbell, Lilah’s granddaughter. I was wondering if you could give me a callback, please. I need to access the trust; I’ve just found out

I'm pregnant, and my parents will most likely kick me out. Thank you."

I hang up before putting my car in drive, heading home to face my parents, all while I try to figure out how to keep on my seven-year plan to become an OB while also learning the pediatric field.

Ten minutes later, I'm pulling up to my parents' house, and I instantly freeze seeing Mr. Alberto's car in the driveway. I quickly go to drive off, but my mother comes out, standing on the white porch, her arms crossed over her chest. She's wearing a gray jumper dress that goes past her knees and covers her arms, chest, and shoulders; her black hair is in a neat bun at the back of her head; and her brown eyes are narrowing at me.

I swallow hard before getting out of my car. Her face goes red seeing what I'm wearing, but it's just tough shit. She decided to blindside me with this by inviting them, not the other way around. When I get closer, she slaps me across the face, and I have to grit my teeth to stop hitting her back because this crap is getting old.

"You look like a hooker."

I look at her with a cold look and say, "And you look like an old witch."

Crap, I was supposed to say that in my head.

Oh well, I won't be here long when they realize I'm pregnant.

Her face goes redder, but she can't do anything when Mr. Alberto walks out the front door.

He frowns at my outfit. "Well, I thought I heard you, Meggy; come on in; the food is getting cold."

Meggy? Seriously, do I look like a fucking Meggy?

Mamma must see the look in my eye because she subtly shakes her head at me, making me narrow my eyes at her, and she sighs, going inside. She hates that I've turned out this way—disobedient, not wanting this life—instead of becoming the

obedient little housewife while her husband cheats over and over, claiming it's what God wanted.

The church my family is involved with is not like normal Christians; I've met some, and they couldn't be further from what I've had to grow up with. This church is just full of men who decided to make women their slaves, and I won't subject my child to this. I place my hand over my stomach as we enter my parents' home. I see my father standing near the fireplace, his eyes narrow seeing my choice of clothing, but I just shrug at him.

He ambushed me; what did he expect?

Mr. Alberto's son, Abram, looks at me with a scowl before he becomes nasty.

"Now listen here, Meggy, I will not have my future wife dress like a whore. Go upstairs and change; we'll wait to dish up, and when you come down, we'll discuss your dropping out of college; clearly, it's been a bad influence on you."

Both my brows go high in my hairline. Who in the hell does he think he is?

Jackass.

I snort, "I'm not your future wife, and I can dress however I like. I'm 22, not 12, and like hell, am I giving up my dream for a molester!"

His face goes red while my father steps forward. "Listen here, daughter of mine; you will do as you are told. The wedding is already booked, and invitations have already been sent out for five months from now. It is happening, so I suggest you do as you were brought up to do and put your head down, say yes, sir, and go get dressed."

I scoff; does he not realize who his daughter is?

I never wanted this life; my grandmother never wanted me to have this life.

I raise my head high and smirk as I utter the words that will most likely tear their perfect little world apart.

"I'm pregnant."

Abrams's mouth drops open, my mother gasps while my father's and Mr. Alberto's faces go red, and I just smile wider.

"Still want me?"

Abram steps forward, but I just raise a brow and pull my phone out.

The video on record that I was clever enough to set before I got out of my car, making him stop,

"Now it wouldn't look good the priest's 37-year-old son hurting a pregnant 22-year-old would it."

His face goes redder when my mother steps forward, and she points at me and says, "You will have an abortion immediately, and we will get you in with the church's doctor to sew you back up."

I snort and shake my head before I walk over to the front door, and I turn to them all and say, "My body, my choice. I'm keeping my baby, and I won't be staying here because, knowing you so much, one of you or your churchgoers will likely slip me something to end my pregnancy."

My father steps forward and says, "You walk out of this house; don't bother coming back. You'll have nothing."

I smile. "Actually, I'll have the wages I saved up as well as the \$10,000 my grandmother left me, which is now in my account, so fine by me."

I'm bluffing; I don't have the money yet, but I wanted to shove his crap up his ass.

I walk out and leave them fuming. I'd love to see how they expect to try to cover this. I get in my car before starting her up, driving to the town where there's a homeless shelter to see if I can stay there for the weekend until I speak to Mr. Andrews, who, lucky for me, cannot stand my parents or Alberto's. When I get there, one of the women lets me in when I explain my situation, and I make camp at one of the beds right near the exit. Wincher is safe-ish, but I don't want to risk it. I quickly got my phone and called in sick at work. George was understanding when I told him my situation and promised

to keep it to himself, saying I could come back on Monday before hanging up.

I take a deep breath and start the search for the local MC's number, hoping I can try and find Noah. When I see the Rebel's number on one of their charity sites, I call it. It's our local MC, but you never know; he may just be new to their chapter.

It rings five times before someone answers.

"Stone."

I swallow hard and clear my throat. "Hi, uh, I uh, this is going to sound odd, but I was wondering if you have a brother called Noah or if your club is affiliated with anyone with that name."

He hums, "Sorry toots; unfortunately, we all go by road names. If a brother has given you his legal name, it means he wanted you to know him, which is an honor in our way of life, meaning he sees you as his forever. Now, unfortunately, we don't have any brothers with that legal name, and I don't know any of the other clubs we affiliate with legal names; we don't make it known, and unfortunately for you, darling, our by-laws mean I can't even tell you who we have connections with without breaking contracts and legally binding agreements." I let out a snuffle, dammit. "I'm sorry, darling."

Nodding my head, I rasp, "Thank you anyway," before hanging up and wiping my tears.

This is going to be difficult, but I can't give up. My baby deserves to know it's Daddy.

Wiping my eyes, I decide to try and get some sleep, and I can try another MC tomorrow. I think there's one in Morgan City that I was told was a friendly club, then another in Winchester, but I'm told they can be quite brutal, but I have to try.

Slowly, I lie down, placing my hand on my flat stomach.

One club down, several to go, and I just have to hope I find the club he's actually in because, by the sounds of things, no club is going to tell me who they're affiliated with.

Chapter 3

Slicer – 3 years later

I crick my neck while I wait for Dagger, who's currently speaking to Stone, the Rebel's VP. The conversation looks intense, so I'm keeping my guard up. We've done the handover; the money is good, and all we need to do now is get some grub at the diner and then head home. Once they've shook hands, Dagger comes over to me with concern in his gray eyes for me, and I furrow my brows while Stone tilts his bold head.

What the fuck is going on?

Dagger clears his throat. "Brother, three years ago, a woman called the Rebels."

I raise a brow, wondering why I need to know that, as Stone makes his way over.

Dagger continues, "She was looking for a brother with the legal name Noah."

Both my brows hit my hairline when Stone speaks next: "I wasn't aware it was you, brother, which is why I never told you. As you know, we affiliate with several clubs, and I don't know why I kept asking around over the years." He runs his hand over his head, "but I guess it was the hitch in her voice. She was asking if I knew anyone called Noah or affiliated with anyone with that name; when I told her no and that I couldn't even tell her who we affiliated with, she let out a sob before thanking me anyway and hung up."

I swallow hard.

There's only one woman I gave my given name to too; could it be?

"Meghan?"

I look into Stone's dark eyes, and he shrugs. "She never gave me her name, only that she was looking for you."

I sigh and drop my chin to my chest, feeling my short beard against my exposed skin.

Fuck, was she looking for me?

Was it her?

I shake my head before looking back toward him. "Thanks for letting me know, brother."

He gives me a chin tilt before slapping my back, then Dagger's, before going to his bike.

Dagger pats my shoulder. "Maybe she's at the diner, brother."

I nod, starting my Harley, and I rev her while waiting for Dagger to take front formation, then we head to George's diner. I've been looking for her for three years. I haven't lived like a monk; believe me, I haven't. I've done everything I can to get her out of my head while also trying to find her with Flame's help, which I know sounds idiotic, but every time I close my eyes and see her, I feel the need to be with her, so if fucking someone for an hour gives me a little bit of peace, then so be it.

There was a Meghan Campbell that we had found a few months after I met her, but her parents told us she died when she was 18, so we hit a dead end. If it weren't for the gold bracelet I still wear with her name on it, then I would have thought she'd given me a fake name.

When we get outside the old diner, we park up and head inside. My breath automatically hitches when I see a woman with the same shade of black as Meghan's. My hope starts to go up until she turns and Cindy's dark brown eyes turn my way.

I sigh in defeat as she saunters over to me, her hand going to my chest.

"Hey Slicer, baby, your back."

I give her a slight smile. Well, what I hope is a smile anyway, "Yeah. You colored your hair?"

She grins and nods her head, running her fingers through the now-long hair, which must be extensions because it was short a few months ago when I dodged her. “Do you like it?”

I clear my throat and nod before nodding towards the table. “Four beers, burgers, and fries when you’re ready.”

She grins. “Coming right up, baby.”

I give her a nod before heading to Dagger, Flame, and Gunner, who decided to come this time around and take a seat; the two prospects are already on their way home.

Dagger furrows his brows. “Did she seriously dye her hair the same color as the woman you’re looking for?”

I snort and nod my head when she makes her way back to us, Meghan coming to mind, her standing in front of us, her hands linked in front of her, twisting her fingers nervously, and I squeeze my eyes shut.

Fuck, one night with her, and I fucking miss her more and more every day.

I open my eyes when she places my plate down, and I give her a nod before tucking in as she saunters off again.

I dust my hands together before taking a sip of my beer.

“She seems to have it in her head brother that you’ll want her if she looks like your girl.”

I nod my head to Gunner’s words, “It does seem that way. Fucking three years and we still can’t find her, it’s like she fucking vanished. Stone’s words today are the only confirmation that I meant something to her but that was years ago when she called.”

I rub my thumb over the gold bracelet and sigh when Cindy looks my way, biting her lip.

Flame clears his throat. “Don’t go there, brother; you’ll regret it.”

I just snorted, “Maybe, but the more Meghan comes into my head, the more I struggle to breathe. You know this all too well, brother.”

He sighs and nods his head. Last year, Star came onto him, and he shot her down, which he struggled with. He told her she deserves more than his ass than this life before he went and fucked her sister for the second time, completely breaking her heart. He loves her; you can see it every time someone mentions her or if they're in the same room together, but he doesn't want her in this life, even though she always will be because she's family. I just hope that when he realizes his mistakes, it won't be too late to take them back because our club princess has already distanced herself from him.

I look back at Cindy to see she's still looking my way, and I nod my head to the hallway, making her grin wide, and rush over there.

Maybe if I fuck her from behind, I can think she's Meghan.

I pat Dagger on the back, and all three brothers look at me with concern, but I just ignore them.

Hearing that she tried to find me and was so fucking close as well has burnt me from the inside out. I need a distraction, and this is the only way I know how to do it.

I rub my finger over my neck where her name is tattooed before meeting Cindy in the hallway. She rushes up to me, grabbing my cheeks, about to kiss me, but I just spin her around. I haven't kissed anyone since Meghan, and I'm not about to start now.

She gasps, shoving her ass out to me, and I nod. Yep, I'll be taking that hole; her other one isn't exactly tight.

I shove her red dress over her ass and rip her thong, making her gasp out a moan while I undo my jeans, pulling my cock out, which started to harden when Meghan entered my mind like it always does to thoughts of her. I quickly sheath myself before running my fingers around to Cindy's entrance, where she's fucking soaked, and gather her wetness before trailing it over her back hole. She gasps as I push two of my fingers into her ass, and I roll my eyes at how loose that one is as well before I put the head of my cock on it after removing my fingers. She pushes back onto me while I thrust forward hard.

She moans, “Yes Slicer baby, fuck I love you cock.” I roll my eyes again before closing them, and I start to thrust my hips faster while my fingers that were in her ass are shoved into her mouth, keeping them there to shut her up as my other hand goes to her clit and I strum it fast.

I start to feel my spine tingle when Meghan’s bright blue eyes look at me, and I open my eyes only to see black hair. Meghan comes to mind from our night together, making my hips go faster.

She gasps as I lift her up and onto my cock, slowly sinking her down, her back to my front, as the water in the tub swishes everywhere. She moans as I groan, feeling her tight heat around me. I lost count of the number of times I’ve fucked her so far, but I do know one fucking thing: she’ll feel me for days. I place my face into the crook of her neck, kissing her there while my left-hand finds her tit, playing with her nipple while using my right hand to turn her head towards me.

Our lips meet in the middle as I thrust up into her, and she swivels her hips, making me groan. I tangle my tongue with hers, our breathing getting heavier as our orgasms start to build. I feel her cunt getting tighter, squeezing my dick for my cum, and our kiss heats up while I squeeze and pinch her rosy nipples.

“Noah,” she gasps in my mouth as her orgasm takes hold, and she convulses around me, causing my orgasm to spring on me unexpectedly.

Fuck.

I ensure to keep my cock inside her once our orgasms subside, but don’t stop the kiss; I deepen it instead until I feel my cock start to harden again before I turn her around and start all over again, not being able to get enough of her.

I blink as Cindy’s clit pulsates against my fingers before the floor is suddenly wet while she moans around my fingers, and I quickly pull out of her ass as my spine tingles, the memory of my girl pulling my orgasm from my body, and I cum into

the condom, groaning, only just stopping myself from saying Meghan out loud.

I swallow hard before tapping Cindy's ass, and she grins back at me as I take the condom off and put myself away feeling fucking dirty like I cheated. I don't trust this woman, so I head into the men's toilet and empty the condom down the sink before flushing the rubber which let's face it, you're not supposed to do but like fuck am I traveling four hours with that in my pocket. Then scrub my hands, not looking in the mirror because I know I won't like what I find, I never do and I always end up punching the glass.

Sighing, I go back to the table while Cindy bites her lip, staring at me.

I finish my meal while Dagger leaves a tip making me snort and we all leave without looking back.

I climb on my bike feeling Cindy's as well as my brother's eyes on me while I look over to the Cozy Inn and swallow hard.

Where are you, Meghan?

Chapter 4

Meghan

I scrub my hands down my face, feeling exhausted. I started at Washinton Medical School two years ago after I completed a year at the State of Illinois Medical Education Center and was not able to stay there any longer than I already did. My parents had called child protective services on me several times, and I'd had enough. Noah didn't show up, or at least he didn't when I was there, so I knew I had to leave.

Unlike most of my peers, I'm a year ahead of them and I'll be graduating early like planned. If I pass my classes, then I'll be starting my residency at Washinton Medical Center next year before finishing my residency at the General in Houston. I should be right on track to complete my residency when I hit 30. I've kept to my schedule with determination, but it hasn't been easy, not with a baby and a job. Life's been difficult, and most days I want to give up, but then I'll look into the hazel eyes of my baby girl, and I'll know to keep pushing through.

I pack up my supplies from class before saying bye to my peers. Tonight's my night off at the bar that I've been working at since I moved here, so I plan on doing my homework before spending the evening with my better half watching Disney princesses. I walk over to my Buick before throwing my stuff in the back seat. As I get into the driver's seat, my phone rings, and I furrow my brows before checking it.

I frown, seeing that it's my mother.

I don't answer it; instead, I put the car into gear and start to drive home, which only takes me fifteen minutes. I pull up outside the old building where I'm currently staying and scowl when my phone rings for the fifth time since I left school. I sigh before answering it because, let's face it, she won't give up until I answer.

"Yes, mother?"

I can't help the distaste that comes out. This woman was supposed to cherish and care for me, but instead, she did everything that was expected of her, being the silent, obedient housewife while her husband strays and tries to marry off her daughter to someone fifteen years older than her.

"Is that any way to speak to your mother?"

I snort, "It is when said mother tried to get custody of my daughter."

She sighs, "I was only doing what was best. She shouldn't be brought up by a non-believer."

I chuckle. "You mean by someone who will let her wear what she wants and do what she wants without listening to grown men who think their gods?"

"You will not disrespect your father this way."

I hum, "You're the one who rang me, mother, not the other way around; if I didn't hear from any of you again, then I'd be the happiest person alive."

She ignores my comment, "Yes, well, that's because it's time for you to come home. Enough time has passed since you had the bastard. Abram has said he'll accept the child as long as it stays out of sight and out of mind. You are not to talk about it or bring it up to anyone, which is very kind of him. Your wedding has been rearranged for next year; it should give you a chance to get settled."

I chuckle again at the delusional fool. "Yeah, I'd rather walk on hot coal than marry that ass, and do me a favor, mother, don't ever call my child A. BASTARD AGAIN."

I hung up on her before blocking her number and my father's.

How dare they? How fucking dare they!

I'm mad. I'm so fucking mad.

Mr. Andrews has kept in touch since I left, so I know Abram's marriage already failed after his chosen wife cheated on him and had another man's child, which was frowned upon, so she was cast out. Only men dare to cheat and have offspring with someone else; we females must be meek and content no matter

what the men do. We should feel grateful that they chose us as wives instead of their mistresses.

A bunch of fricking hypocrites—that's what they all are; it's disgusting.

My uncle actually had a wife as young as eight; it's revolting and not something I want my child to be a part of, and it's something Child Protective Services has been looking into.

Shaking my head, I climb out of my car before rushing towards the entrance of my building. I'll admit, it's not the safest part of town, but it was cheap, and I needed all the money I could spare for childcare. I will not let my daughter down; I'll show her we don't need men to take care of her unless it's her daddy wanting to protect her, and if the feelings I had about him that night were true, he'd protect her with his life. I get to my door, which is on the ground floor, and head inside. The small, light gray living area comes into view, and Izzy, the 20-year-old childminder I hired who's trying to get her business in child care up and running, smiles at me from my black, torn sofa, and I smile back as she stands to gather her things.

“Lilah is down for her nap; it's only been about ten minutes, so you have time for a quick shower.”

I smile at her, passing over \$50 for her time. “Thank you; I really appreciate it.”

“Of course, Lilah is an easy baby, always so happy.”

I smile back as she walks out the door, which I lock immediately before heading down the small hallway. There are two doors, one to the small bathroom and another to the master room, which is just shy bigger than the living area. I open the cream door and sneak in before looking down in the princess cot bed at my gorgeous little girl, her curly brown hair spread on her pillow. It's just past her chin in length and so much like her father's, as well as her hazel eyes.

She reminds me of him every single day.

I named her after my grandmother, while her middle name, Rose, is in honor of her father, Noah, and his family. He had a

rose tattoo that covered his right hand, and I smile as the memory of him explaining it to me comes to mind.

We're sitting up in bed, and I'm leaning my back against his muscled chest. I can feel the slight chest hair he has brushed against my skin every time he moves, causing goosebumps on my skin. His fingers are linked through mine, and his legs are on either side of me. This man, I swear, does something to me. He makes my heart race every time our eyes connect and a spark ignites; it's like we're supposed to be like he was always meant to be mine and I his.

I've never felt anything like this before, and I only met him a mere few hours ago.

I lean into him more when I notice the rose that takes over his whole right hand, and I let go of his left to trace it with my finger.

I feel him smile against my neck, where his face is, while his hand I just let go of glides over my flat stomach as he rasps.

"For my mother. Her name is Rose, and she's like one too, full of grace and beauty but prickly when pissed." I giggle at his description, and I feel his smile go wider as his lips trace my neck. "Just don't go telling her; I said that she'd kill me." I giggle some more, this man.

He moves his left hand from my stomach and places it against my jaw, moving my head to turn to him, his hazel eyes sparkling when our eyes make contact, and I think at this moment I realize what love feels like, which is absolutely ridiculous considering we just met and in my world, love doesn't even exist.

He leans forward, and our lips meet, making me sigh into his mouth.

Lilah moves in her sleep, bringing me back, and I gently run my fingers through her hair. I feel so much guilt about missing these important moments with her when I'm at school or work, but I know I need a good-paying job to support her as she grows, and I want her to be proud of me for giving her a better life than I had. I bend down and lightly kiss her head before

leaving the room, heading to the bathroom for my quick shower before she wakes, and we spend the evening watching Disney princesses.

I quickly undress before turning on the water and waiting for it to heat up before climbing in. I dip my head under the water, Noah's eyes popping into my head. I haven't dated, and I hadn't wanted to; he's all I see, especially with our daughter being his doppelganger. He stole my heart that night, and I just wish I hadn't listened to Cindy when she told me he didn't do relationships. I should have known I was different because, together, we were different, like we were one.

I wipe away the tear that's fallen. So far, I've called eight MCs, and none of them have heard of a Noah and they all refused to tell me who they affiliate with. It's hard; being a single mother is hard; school is hard; but most importantly, living without my heart is hard.

Sighing, I quickly wash my hair and body before getting out and wrapping a towel around my body. I wipe the mirror that's fogged up, my right wrist catching my attention. It's the wrist I always wore the gold bracelet my grandmother gave me when I was eight. She said it was for courage against my family's way of life. I never took it off until that night with Noah; it had fallen off at some point, and I couldn't go back without raising suspicion. It had my name engraved on it, so if the owner of the inn and my father's old mistress had found it, then I would have heard via a lecture from my parents. That doesn't mean I don't feel guilty for losing it or for not having it with me. When I realized it was gone, I felt my courage disappear, which I know sounds pathetic, but that bracelet was the courage from my grandmother I always carried with me.

I slowly trace my finger along the letters on my right wrist, going sideways across it, I'd gotten them tattooed on my 25th birthday as my new courage.

Noah

Am I an idiot for branding his name to me when he's most likely settled down and most probably has a wife and kids, and, crap, I bend as pain shoots through me, my breathing

becoming shallow. I know it's a possibility, but the pain never lessens.

I take a deep breath before drying myself and getting into some gray sweats and Noah's black t-shirt that I may or may not have stolen out of his bag like a creep, and head to the living area after checking on Lilah one more time. She'll be up in the next twenty minutes, so I have just enough time to call the Huntsmen MC in Washington. I take a deep breath before bringing up the number a guy in my class had given me—he's hoping to become a prospect and still be able to go into residency with them.

It rings three times before a gruff voice answers,

“This is Steel.”

I swallow hard. “Hi, uh, I'm sorry to bother you, but I was just wondering if you knew a brother from either your club or one that's affiliated with yours by the birth name of Noah.”

I cross my fingers, my hearts racing before he sighs.

“I've heard of you, darling. You've called quite a few clubs looking for this brother.”

I swallow hard, “we uh, we slept together three years ago; he was my first, my only, uh, I was told by someone I thought was a friend that he only did one night stands the next morning, so I kind of left, not really asking him if it's true, scared that it was.”

He hums, “Well, I can tell you now that if he's given you his given name, then he saw you as something more darling.” I sniffle; he's not the first brother to tell me this: “Now, unfortunately, I don't know anyone by the name Noah, and I can't tell you who we affiliate with, and I'm guessing you already know that.” I slowly close my eyes, and the tears start to fall. “But,” my eyes spring open, “if you give me one good reason why you need him this badly because I'm sorry three years trying to find a man shines patch chaser to us brothers, which is probably why no one is willing to help you, so one good reason and I'll take your name and number and keep an ear to the ground for you.”

My tears fall harder, and I sniffle before I whisper, “I gave birth to his daughter two years ago. She deserves to know her daddy.”

“Ah shit. I thought it could be something like that. Alright darling, what’s your name, and where are you currently?”

I sniffle again. “Meghan Campbell. I live in Washington, and I am currently going to Washington Medical School. I’ll be starting my residency at the Washinton Medical Center next year before finishing my residency at the General in Houston.”

He hums again. “Why not go straight to Houston?”

I clear my throat. “They haven’t got room for me yet, so I have to start my residency here first.”

He hums again, “Alright, darling, give me your number, and I’ll keep my ear to the ground, and if you need anything at all, just give me a call, and one of us brothers will come and help alright.”

I give him my number and thank him over and over again before hanging up, hoping he’ll find something out—anything, really.

I hear the pitter-patter of my little girl’s feet, and a smile automatically builds on my face.

I quickly wipe away my tears before meeting her halfway down the hallway where I pick her up and hold her tightly, silently promising her I’ll find her daddy, even if I have to go to the ends of the earth to do so.

Chapter 5

Slicer – 1 year later

I listen as Hawk, our SRG in Arms, goes over the profits for Fire's Ink, our tattoo shop that he and Ink co-own with the club. Their profits are up by 60%, which is fucking awesome.

Axels nods to Flame next.

“The garage is doing well; profits are up by 56 percent.”

He then nods to me and Gunner. I'm the one to speak.

“Untamed fire is booming. The bar's packed every night, and thanks to Lee-Lee, profits are up by 69%.”

The brothers nod, some skeptical of Leah, our barmaid who saved us a fucking law suit.

Her and Gunner hit it off; he said she was the one until Cara, our waitress, decided to tell him she was seeing our then-prospect Carl, who's now a brother called Razor. She apparently cheated on him, and we couldn't fire her without cause, so the women tried to get her to quit, but that only made her work harder. Don't get me wrong, I was on the whole bandwagon of sacking her for doing the dirty on a brother, but my problem right now is that everything Razor said doesn't match up to her as a person; she's the sweetest girl you could ever meet.

If you're upset, she'll refuse to give you alcohol and pump you full of water before you spill your guts and give you a solution. She's not sounding like the high drama queen bitch Razor has portrayed her to be. I've also noticed that she'll only use the back door at the bar and not look Razor's way. Some may say she's pissed she didn't get his patch, but I notice the fear in her eyes every time he looks at her, and I have never seen her with a man; even before her and Razor 'broke up' I never saw them together; only Gunner did that one time outside the front of the bar where that bitch Cara sent her.

I knew she was up to something that day, but I was too fucking preoccupied with that skanks dirty juices on me to realize something didn't seem right. It took me a while, but I got my head out of my ass and started questioning things that I discussed with Doc after seeing him and his old lady being close with Leah. He told me he'd look into it. That was a week ago, and ever since I've ensured the women have left her alone because something doesn't fucking add up with the whole situation, and the fact that it was Cara, who is practically salivating for Gunner's patch, who told him they were in a relationship, has raised my suspicions.

I make eye contact with Doc while Axel explains the profits for our strip Club Untamed Girls. Docs is an old timer, but all old timers have a right in church, being the old council, and I raise a brow at him, asking my silent question regarding my suspicions, and he nods, confirming what I thought; Razor was talking out of his ass. I go to stand to bring this up because the brothers in this club treat her nice to her face, then bitch behind her back like we're back in high school, while the women openly treat her like shit, but Doc shakes his head before mouthing, 'We need proof,' making me scowl and sit back in my chair while listening to the rest of church.

Once Axel dismisses us, I stand as my dad comes over to me. He's built like a brick, hence his road name, Brick, and he clamps his hand on my shoulder before sighing, his brown eyes looking tired, and I furrow my brows until he opens his mouth, and it all makes sense.

"Your sister's back in town."

I snort; she's two years older than me, and I hate to fucking say it, but she is a slut and a scrounger. She has her sights set on Hawk, but he's never even looked twice at her, especially considering he doesn't do older women who want a lavish lifestyle.

"How much does she want this time?"

He shakes his head. "Ten fucking grand to travel with her new 'boyfriend'," my eyes widen while he nods his head. "Your mother begged me to give it to her after the bank refused to

withdraw it for her from our joint account without my permission, knowing I'd say no. Apparently this guy will stick, but I told her to get a fucking job, so now I'm in the dog house. They're both waiting for you outside the door."

I shake my head. "Momma is taking the piss, dad."

He nods, patting my back, before we head into the common room where my mother is sitting with my sister. They scowl at my dad before they look at me, trying to look sweet and innocent when they're not. They know I have money; I've been saving every penny since I started earning, and it helps that I lived in the clubhouse for years until I'd finally built my house next to Gunner's.

a two-story country farm house with a wraparound porch for my girl.

I started building it the moment we got back after I met Meghan. It's dark gray on the outside, while inside it's light and airy, just like her, with a modern kitchen full of blacks and grays. My mother almost had a coronary when she walked through it, making my dad scowl at me for doing one better than him, which I had found hilarious. My sister, on the other hand, bitched that she could have used the money for college, not realizing I already knew my dad paid for her entire four years.

I still have plenty left over to live comfortably until I fucking die, and like, fuck am I giving a dime to my sister, who goes through men like she goes through underwear. She most likely wants the 10 G's for her drug dealer. My parents are aware of her troubles, but we can't help her anymore. She's making her own decisions and rebelling against the club and our family for reasons I don't even understand when she's had everything she could ever ask for.

My mother stands first, her blue eyes looking at me with hope, but I just snort. She always looks after her princess when she comes around wanting money when she knows it's wrong, but she just doesn't want to rock the boat. Last time she told Mazie some home truths, she went radio silent for nearly a year as punishment.

I shake my head at her before nodding at the prospect for a beer. He doesn't hesitate to slide one over to me as my sister walks over to me in a dress that should be for the bedroom.

Her hazel eyes are hesitant as she approaches me.

"Hi little brother."

I nod at her, and she clears her throat while the brothers shake their heads at the balls of her. I haven't spoken to her since she kicked off at me for building a home when she wanted my hard-earned fucking money for herself.

"Look, I know we haven't spoken."

I cut in, "You mean since you had the balls to kick off over MY home and how I spent MY money that I earned?"

She swallows and nods her head. "Look, I just need a favor. I know you have the money. No..." I narrow my eyes at her, making her backtrack. "I mean, uh, Slicer. My new man and I want to travel for a little while before we settle down. I just need \$15,000, that's all, and I'll pay you back."

I snorted; she changed the amount.

I can see it in her eyes; she's not going away with some new guy; she's in debt, either gambling or drugs; and I won't see a dime of it or her once she gets what she wants. As far as I'm concerned, though, it's not my fucking problem.

I look into her hazel eyes, which are so much like mine. "So you're telling me you met some man who needs a handout from your baby brother?"

The brothers chuckle while she tenses. She's lost all allies here after she tried to sell our run information to the cartel for money. Now she knows fuck all and is only allowed on club grounds when my parents are here. She's not even allowed to sleep on the grounds because she's not trusted. "I don't think so, sis. Find another way to pay for your drug dealer or the casino you owe because I'm not paying off your debts."

Her face goes red, hating that she's been caught out, while my mother looks at me like I'm the disappointment. I

point at her, “I work my fucking ass off, and you expect me to give my hard-earned money over to your daughter to pay off her debts—that’s she’s currently trying to lie about—and yet you look at me like I’m the disappointment? I don’t think so, momma. Why don’t you go and ask her father for the money instead? Oh no, wait, you can’t because she’s burned her bridges with him when she stole his son’s Harley and sold it, not realizing it was with a club we were affiliated with. She’s also fucking burned him dry.” I shake my head at my mother. “She literally asked you for 10 g’s, then changed the amount to me. I’m not her fucking piggy bank, and neither is my father.”

My dad and the brother’s all nod in agreement.

Mazie isn’t his.

Momma cheated when things got too rough in club life. She instantly regretted it and begged for forgiveness. Then she found out she was pregnant. A paternity test proved he wasn’t the father, but he stayed by her side while Mazie’s father flitted in and out, not able to handle her because of how my mother spoiled her growing up. He has his own family and struggles to finance Mazie’s lifestyle, which she wants so badly after my father cut her off when she turned 18 and tried to buy a Ferrari on his card for her then boyfriend. Her dad Ted is a good guy over all; he wasn’t aware momma had a man and apologized several times to my dad. He understood, but when she said she was pregnant with me, he was hesitant. There’s always going to be a little bit of doubt. He did a paternity test in secret, and I came back his before he told my mother he had one done.

She had no choice but to be understanding, considering he took on another man’s child.

My mother looks down in guilt and nods her head in understanding while I shake mine as my sister storms off. I patted my dad’s back before heading to Clitters’ room. I need relief. I need Meghan, but I still can’t find her, so Clitter will have to do.

When I enter, she’s already finger-fucking herself, and I grin while removing my cut and hanging it on her door. I take my

shirt, jeans, and boxers off after I kick off my boots before I grab a condom from my jeans pocket. She grins wide at me as I sheath myself before I make my way over to her. I grab her hips and flip her over on the pink sheets. I won't fuck missionary anymore unless it's against a wall, just like I don't kiss.

The women have noticed, especially Clitter, but unless she wants to stop this, she keeps her mouth shut.

I slam into her cunt while grabbing the vibrator on her bedside table and slide it into her ass, turning it on. The vibrating through the thin wall feels magical, and I slam into her over and over again.

I look deep into Meghan's eyes as I enter two fingers into her wet pussy, bending them slightly in a come-here motion. She moans, her eyes never losing contact with mine.

I blink, my hips going faster, and the vibrator in my hand going harder in Clitters ass as she moans out in pleasure.

Fuck.

When I feel her walls start to throb against my fingers, I quickly pull out, climbing over her pale body and thrusting home as her legs widen to make room for my hips. I tilt them, hitting her magic spot, causing her to gasp.

"Noah, please, please."

I slam my mouth down on hers as her cunt squeezes me tightly when I pinch her clit before wetness gushes out as she squirts and fuck me that feels amazing.

My cum spurts from my tip, painting her walls, and I groan.

Clitter moans louder, and her cunt starts to squeeze me, but not tight enough to make me cum.

I pull out of her while she collapses on her bed. I throw the vibrator on the floor and stroke my dick, picturing my Wildcat, and my cum fills the condom. I pull it off before heading to Clitters shared bathroom, emptying my cum in the sink, then washing the condom before throwing the condom away. I grab

my phone before climbing into bed next to Clitter, who wraps her arm around my waist.

I know I shouldn't, but I'll most likely fuck her again in an hour before going back to my room anyway.

As she snores, I grab George's diner number and press call.

Instead of a waitress, he answers on the fourth ring,

"Georges Diner, what can I do for you?"

I clear my throat. "It's Slicer."

He sighs, "I'm sorry, Slicer; she hasn't been here in years. She's missed you a lot, she was my best waitress."

I sigh and thank him before hanging up and looking at the ceiling.

Four years and nothing, but I won't give up; I can't; I need her. I slowly trace the gold bracelet, cursing myself for not removing it before fucking Clitter.

I shake my head and get up, getting dressed before heading back to my room, where I proceed to kick the shit out of the punching bag Gunner installed for me to take out my frustrations.

Chapter 6

Meghan

“Lilah Rose, wakey-wakey.”

I rub my nose along her little button one, and she smiles before her eyes blink open.

Her daddy’s eyes are staring back at me.

“morning Kitten.”

She grins before wrapping her arms around my neck, and I sigh while picking her up. I love this time of the morning when she’s just woken up; she’s so cuddly, like a little angel, and she hasn’t had a chance to prank me. For the past three months, she’s been watching some kid shows where they prank people. Yesterday, I washed my hair with tomato sauce. The day before, I had salt in my tea, and the day before that, I had glitter in my hair spray. How she managed that one, I will never know for a three-year-old.

I’ll blame her daddy’s jeans for that.

Shaking my head, I walk out of our room that we have to share, half of it pink and the other half lilac, before going into the attached bathroom and sitting her on the cream counter. I’ve already run her a bubble bath to help wake her up this early, and she grins at seeing her Barbie dolls already in there. I quickly help her undress out of her sleeping beauty pajamas before helping her use her potty and brush her teeth. I help her in the bath, where she spends at least twenty minutes splashing, and I end up soaked, making me mock glare at her, and all she does is giggle at me.

She’s lucky; she’s cute, I tell yah.

Once she’s out, dried, and dressed, I sit her in front of the TV, watching Princess Sofia with her breakfast yogurt while I clean up the mess and get changed into my scrubs, ready for my first day at the General. I’ve already done a year of

residency in Washington, and now I'm in Houston, Texas, a small town just off the Hudson Bridge. The people seem nice, and Lilah loves her new nursery that's paid for by my employers, so that's a bonus. I guess it helps that I'm one of the top graduates.

When I go to brush my hair and put it up, I pause and narrow my eyes at the hair brush.

"LILAH ROSE!" I shout, and she innocently pops her head around the doorway, her hazel eyes looking so innocent, but she's not fooling anyone. "Did you put green paint on my hair brush?"

I raise a brow at her, but she shakes her head before giggling and running the other way, making me sigh.

Damn kids TV.

Sighing, I get my spare brush from my drawer and quickly put my hair up in a messy bun, then go get my girls' packed lunch. I look over to her and smile as she brushes her Barbie's hair. "Okay, kitten, let's get you ready."

She turns and grins at me, her father's grin, and my heart jumps; did she not get any of my features? God do I miss that man, though, after only one amazing night together. I spoke to Steel last year; he still hasn't heard anything, but he has put out fliers or something, but still nothing. I've also spoken to three other MCs; none were helpful.

I put Lilah's yellow daisy coat on her and helped her into her white sandals that went with her white leggings and pink tank top. Her brown, curly hair is in pigtails. She looks adorable as always. I quickly usher her out of the apartment and drive her to a nursery that's only ten minutes away from my work. I walk her in, where she proceeds to burst into tears.

Crap.

I gently wipe her eyes while Emily, her worker, smiles gently at us.

"Kitten, what's the matter?"

She snuffles, "I-I want to stay with momma."

I smile at her. “I want that more than anything, but momma’s got to go to her new job.”

She furrows her brows. “Be a doctor?”

I smile at her before kissing her forehead. “Yeah, sweet girl, to become a doctor.”

She thinks it over for a second before giving me a firm nod and then a peck on the lips before she grabs her bag from me, then takes Emily’s hand, and we both have to stop ourselves from laughing.

My girl is full of spirit, that’s for sure.

I wave bye before getting back into my Buick and heading to the General with a lump in my throat.

I’m nervous—very fricking nervous.

As soon as I pull up in the staff parking, I take a deep breath. It’s only 6:45 in the morning; I start at 7 a.m., so Lilah did well to wake up this morning. She’ll most likely have a nap in the nursery. I grab my things before rushing inside when a man in his forties furrows his brows at me, looking at my hair, and I clear my throat.

“My name’s Meghan Campbell, and I’m starting my second year of residency today.”

His eyes light up in recognition, and he nods, “I’m doctor Thomas. For the next three years, you’ll be in between my service and Sarah’s, the OB. I understand that’s the field you want to work in, but here we like our doctors to have a well-rounded knowledge of all areas of the field.” I nod as he calls a pretty nurse over; her brown curly hair is up in a bun while her blue eyes show kindness, making me relax. “Melanie, this is Meghan, our new resident doctor. You’ll be working with her a lot, so I need you to stick with her and show her the ropes.”

Melanie nods before tilting her head. “Come on this way; I’ll show you to the lockers.”

I give her a smile and Dr. Thomas a nod before heading the way she said.

She shows me my locker before clearing her throat, making me look at her.

“I uh, don’t mean to be rude, but did you, uh, know that uh, you have green paint in your hair?”

My eyes widen before I rush to the mirror, and I instantly close my eyes after seeing half of my hair covered in light green paint.

“Lilah Rose!”

Melanie clears her throat, trying not to laugh, while I just smile wide.

“My three-year-old daughter has become the prankster; I caught the green paint on my brush this morning but clearly didn’t think to check the one I thought she didn’t know about in my drawer.”

Her eyes widen before we both burst out in laughter. She hands me the wipes, and I thank her before trying to get most of the paint out. I put my hair back up while Melanie grins at me.

“Come on, I’ll show you around.”

I nod while smiling and follow her out. Most of the nurses seem nice, but a couple have looked down on me, but I ignore them as Melanie shows me each ward. When we get to the pediatric ward, we bump into Sarah, whom I’ve already met. She’s currently twirling her hair around her finger, flirting with a patient’s father while the mother breastfeeds her baby. The father is unaware as she tries to hide her wedding ring. My eyes widen when I look at Melanie, and she just shakes her head and grabs my arm, pulling me the opposite way and away from a lawsuit that’s waiting to happen.

After she’s shown me around, we get right into it in the ER. I end up being shoved right into the deep end, and each time I am, Dr. Thomas grins with pride at me while nudging Mel, as she’s asked me to call her every time I do something he would have done.

By the time my break is due, which is unfortunately an hour before Mel’s, I’m exhausted. I’d managed to diagnose a tumor

in an elderly man's leg, a broken arm, and food poisoning.

Sighing, I grab some food from the cafeteria before heading out the front of the hospital on the bench I saw when I first arrived. I facetime the nursery and spend twenty minutes talking to Lilah and showing her parts of the hospital, and as soon as I'm finished with my ham sandwich, I look up any local MC's.

There are two: The Devil's and The Hell Fire's MC.

I decide to try the Hell fire's MC because, honestly, it sounds familiar.

I click on the number available to book charity events, and it rings five times, and just when I think it's about to hit voicemail, a woman picks up,

"Hell fire's MC events: how may I help you?"

She sounds stuck up, and I clear my throat.

"Hi, I was wondering if I could speak to the president of the club, please."

The woman snorts, "Sorry doll, you don't get too; either tell me what I can help you with or fuck off; I haven't got time to play whatever patch chaser game you're after. The club's full of available women for these men; we don't need anymore."

My eyes widen in shock. Jesus. I clear my throat again. "Uh, no, that's, uh not what I wanted. I just wanted to ask if the club was affiliated with the Wincher club, the Rebels, or if there's a brother with the legal name of Noah."

I hear her make a squeak sound before she clears her throat, and I furrow my brows in confusion.

"Sorry, afraid not. We have no Noah's here, and I know all our guys' given names; I grew up with them. Plus, our guys wouldn't be caught dead affiliating with other clubs. Have a good day."

She hangs up, and I look at my phone in shock.

What a bitch!

Shaking my head, I finish my lunch, Noah's hazel eyes filtering through my mind, the way he looked at me like I was the only girl in the world.

Swallowing hard, I place my trash in the bin and head back inside to complete my shift, all while wondering if I'll ever give my daughter what she wants most or if my heart will return to me.

It's been four years and yet I can't find him anywhere.

Where are you Noah?

Chapter 7

Slicer – 1 year later

I've just finished putting my limp cock away when my phone dings.

Clitter scowls, but I just roll my eyes at her. When the club calls, you answer it. As a sweet butt, she knows this. Fuck, she's had a brother stop mid-fuck to get his phone, and he left her hanging.

I pick up my phone,

Axel – come to my office.

“I've got to go; see you later.”

She pouts when I turn, taking the condom with me without giving her kiss. It's been five years since I last kissed a woman, and she's the only one whose lips I always want on mine. Five years later, I still haven't found her.

Fuck, I feel like I can't breathe more and more every day.

I quickly go to the toilet in the hallway and empty my condom before washing it out and throwing it away. Then I head to Axel's office, wondering what on earth he wants. I knock and walk in when he says to enter. Annalise, his old lady, gives him a kiss before kissing my cheek, then leaves, shutting the door behind her. She owns Sweet Treats in town. Axels' parents basically brought her up with her grandmother without any of us knowing. Her father had killed her mother when she was small and nearly killed her. He was released from prison early this year and kidnapped her.

She was pregnant, and he booted the baby out of her. We killed him while she tried to heal from her and Axels' loss.

I take a seat in the chair in front of his dark office and raise a brow.

He clears his throat.

“This goes no further than this office.” I furrow my brows but nod, his blue eyes darkening. “The reason why Star left was because of Flame.”

I sit up straighter.

Around the time Annalise lost her baby, Star upped and left out of the blue. That was six months ago, and no one until a few weeks ago had heard from her. She finally contacted Annalise after Annalise had a breakdown on her voicemail after finding out she was pregnant again; the guilt ate her alive, and Star pulled her back from the ledge. No one knew the reason why she left; Axel just said she needed some space. Her mother and sister went crazy, and it was only a few weeks ago that Annalise informed us that Star’s mother and sister had been stealing her inheritance and that her father, a fallen brother that one of the Devil’s rogue brothers had killed when Star was ten, had left for her. She was their cash cow, so now they’re struggling to keep afloat and keep asking for the money from Star’s art exhibitions that the club continues to put on for her.

She loved her art, and so does everyone else; we’re nearly out of all her pieces. Annalise had opened an account under Flame’s name, which is where the money gets transferred too.

I clear my throat. “What happened, brother?”

He sighs, running a hand through his black hair. “Fuck. Annalise was in the hospital, and Star needed a distraction, so Flame took her out on a friend’s date at the bar, only to leave her half an hour later with Ginger. “I sigh and shake my head. “It gets worse, brother.” I tilt my head at him. “She was so upset that she went to go to the ladies to cry when Hairy, the Devil’s VP, who turned rogue and tried a coop on Snake, grabbed her. Hairy was Killer’s cousin.”

Fuck, Killer was a Devil’s brother who tried to sell cocaine in our strip club. We had several girls OD because their stuff was laced with silver.

Axel nods. “He raped her, Slicer, anally.”

My eyes widen, and I stand up, fury taking over my body.

Star's our club princess and the sweetest fucking woman you'd ever fucking meet; she didn't deserve that; no fucking woman does but Star. I shake my head, running my hand through my loose hair that's longer on top than most brothers'. I normally wear it in a bun.

"The only reason why I know, brother, is because I caught her trying to run early one morning after she decided to give Flame her virginity as a fuck you."

I shake my head. My anger is taking hold tightly. "Why me, brother?"

He gives me a tight smile. "Because of your hunting skills, I need you to use them. Go hunt that fucker, Hairy, and bring him back here."

Sighing, I nod my head.

I was always good at hunting, and hunt I fucking will.

"Snake will go with you; you leave in an hour and could be gone for a few months; he'll be outside of Sweet Treats. As far as the brothers are concerned, you're catching a flight to Seattle. Here's the information."

I nod my head again, taking the information, and leave his office to pack while I quickly read it.

When I get to my room, I quickly grab my phone and ring Georges diner.

I ring it twice a year. He answers on the second ring,

"No sign, Slicer."

I sigh; he's obviously saved my number.

"Alright, thanks, George."

I hung up feeling fucking defeated before grabbing my bag.

I slap Gunner on the back when I get back into the common room. I can feel Clitter's eyes on me, but I ignore her.

"Alright brother?"

I shake my head. "You're going to have to get Lee-Lee to do the books for a while or ask your dad to go over them after

you've done them. I'm on the hunt for Hairy with Snake." His eyes widen before he nods. "I'll keep in touch, brother; it could be a few months, and fucking look after Leah."

He nods again, frowning his brows, but I don't give a shit. Something smells off with Razor's stories about her, and it's fucking ridiculous that only myself and Doc have picked up on it.

I head to my bike, strapping my bag on the back before I rev her up.

I head to the hospital first. Mel, Dagger's old lady, who he met when Annalise was admitted, was shot by another nurse who wanted Dagger. She thought with Mel out of the way he'd go to her. She was in a coma for a little while, but finally, fucking finally, she woke up this morning.

I quickly rush to her room and see Dagger sitting up on her bed, his girl asleep in his arms, holding her tightly.

"Brother,"

He turns his head to my voice and gives me a slight smile, and I take a seat next to the bed.

"Axel told me about Star," he drops his head with a sigh. "I'm leaving for a few months with Snake to hunt the bastard down; they need my expertise. We're starting in Seattle; I'm catching a flight in half an hour."

That makes him shoot his head up.

"How long will you be gone for?"

I shrug, "maybe a month. I don't know. Snake still can't trust his men, so he's come to Axel for help; they believe that's where Hairy is hiding, and to be fair, we don't want Star home until the fucker is found."

Dagger sighs, "Alright, brother. Just stay in touch, yeah?"

I stand and nod while kissing his woman on the head. She's a lot like Star this one—fucking sweet and a damn good nurse.

"Will do, brother. Take care of your girl, yeah."

He nods, and I turn and leave.

I see a flash of black hair down the hallway, making me stop and do a double take, but it's gone, and I blink my eyes, clearly fucking seeing things yet again. Every time I come here, I swear I see Meghan.

Shaking my head, I get to my bike and start her up before heading to Annalise's shop. I meet Snake, who gives me a head nod and revs his bike, and we head to the last known location of his former VP, fucking Wincher.

We've been on the road for a few months when we finally get word from a scrawny drug dealer running his mouth near Washington about the Devil's selling their gear in Huntsman territory. Steel, their president, contacted Snake, and now I'm hiding down an ally, waiting for the asshole to show up.

We set up a meeting; he thinks we want his gear, but unfortunately for him, he's a soon-to-be dead man.

I hear whistling coming from my right, Snake. He's currently on top of a building across the street; that's his signal that the fuckers are close. I hear shuffling from my left, and I smirk. He's hesitant; well, I am 6'1 with muscle.

I take pride in my physical appearance.

When he's close enough and I can smell his stench, I grip his neck, making him choke out in shock before I slam his back against the wall and I get my custom-made knife out, the leather handle feeling fucking fantastic in my hand, holding it near his eye, making him swallow, fear radiating off him.

"You have exactly five seconds to tell me where Hairy is, or you lose an eye."

His eyes widen. "He left yest-yesterday to-to Oak-Oklahoma."

I smirk. "And he leaves you here all alone?"

He swallows, his greasy hair falling over his too thin face. "He trusts us to-to get the job done. We-we're taking down the Devils bit by bit by using their names, and then-then The Untamed Hell Fire next. If-If you want in then-then maybe I can help you; Hairy's always looking for enforcers."

I smirk at the idiot running his mouth. “And how does he plan exactly to bring down two of the biggest MC’s in the state?”

He swallows again, “we-we have people who are against them in both clubs; it’s-it’s how we knew someone was-was after him, and he left.”

My fury takes over, and I tighten my hand on his throat, making his eyes widen. “Yeah, and who are they?”

He shakes, “I-I don’t-don’t know, I-I swear.”

I hear Snake come up behind us and say, “Time to end him, brother.”

I nod before my smirk turns cold. I shove the tip of my knife into his eye. He screams out in terror as I pop his eye out like a ping pong ball. I then use the same knife to slice open his throat and watch as he chokes on his own blood before falling to my feet. I turn to look at Snake, and he nods, getting his phone out. He’ll contact Steel for a clean-up. There’s no camera on this side of town; that’s why they deal here, and I quickly grab my phone and call Axel.

He answers after the second call,

“Slicer?”

“Check the club from top to bottom, brother; we have a rat.”

I hear him curse before I hang up.

I can’t get into a conversation with him right now. I heard from Doc yesterday that Fucker Razor had torn Leah’s virginity from her using two fingers and a razor blade in between them five years ago, and he left permanent scarring. They were never in a fucking relationship, just like I thought. The brothers will be told next week. I fucking knew he was full of shit. Leah’s foster father had sold her virginity to him, and when he saw the connection between her and Gunner, he took what he paid for before she gave it willingly to the man she came to love.

I shake my head. The fuckers in the club need to grovel to her; she didn’t deserve the treatment they gave her, and Gunner

needs to get on his hands and knees for throwing Cara in her face day in and day out while overworking her.

I head to my bike, where Snake is already waiting for me.

“Oklahoma?” he asks, and I nod with a sigh while rubbing the gold bracelet.

Meghan is never too far from my mind.

“Oklahoma.”

Chapter 8

Meghan

I'm here, but I'm not here.

That doesn't make sense, does it?

Sighing, I continue to run the brush through Lilah's brown hair, her curls pinging back up again before I take a hold of it all and brush it up into a ponytail that she requested.

My little four-year-old is strong-willed and knows what she wants when she wants it, that's for sure.

I blink, tying her hair up, Mel coming to mind. I've ignored her since she woke up.

Two months ago, a bitchy nurse who had a thing for Mel's man pointed a gun at her, and I walked in.

I walk into triage to fill it up with supplies while it's quiet but stop in my tracks. I gasp as Cassidy points a gun at me, "Well, look who's unlucky day it is. Move now over to the wall." I'm frozen; I can't move until Cassidy shouts, "NOW." I make eye contact with Mel; tears are running down her face, and tears start to build in my eyes as I move to where the alarm is. I have to pull it when she's not looking.

Noah comes to mind, his hazel eyes looking at me like I'm all he sees before his eyes turn into our daughters. God, she's going to be all alone; she's going to end up with my parents. My breathing picks up, and I make eye contact with Mel again. I can see the decision she's made, and I start to shake my head. She can't risk her life, not for me. She gives me a slight smile before mouthing "Lilah," then rushes over to Cassidy, tackling her to the ground.

I blink and plat Liah's ponytail before twisting it into a bun and pinning it to her head with her red and blue butterfly clip we got at the fair with Mel.

I slouch down on the wall as they fight for the gun, my hand finding the emergency alarm they had installed for firearms. I pull the lever down just as a shot is fired. Cassidy is on the floor, not moving, blood coming from her head while men in leather cuts as the brothers called them rush in. I don't know who because my eyes are on my friend, my one true friend, as she turns, blood seeping from her chest, and I gasp out a cry.

I blink again and help my munchkin put on the Barbie sandals that her auntie Mel bought her, and I try to keep my tears at bay.

She wouldn't be in a hospital bed if she didn't feel the need to try and save me.

"Why, why did you do that?"

She slurs in response, "Be-because-cause Lilah."

I blink again, getting Lilah's coat on her before getting her lunch for nursery.

"WE NEED MORE UNITS NOW." Dr. Thomas shouts.

I help Lilah into her seat and strap her in before gently kissing her forehead, making her smile at me, her father's eyes haunting me through her own.

"SHE'S FLATLINED, DEFIBRILLATOR NOW."

I grip Dagger's shoulders, pulling him back while my heart stops along with my best friends, my tears falling harder, not able to look away from the scene.

"CLEAR."

Everyone moves out of the way as her body jolts.

They look at the monitor and see nothing.

Oh god, please, Mel, please.

"AGAIN, CLEAR."

They shock her again, but still nothing. I sob while Dagger squeezes my hand tightly.

Dr. Thomas tries one more time. He presses the button, and her body jolts again.

Beeping enters the room, and I breathe while everyone jumps at Dr. Thomas' order, "O.R. NOW. MOVE, MOVE, MOVE."

They all rush past us, and I drag Dagger out of the way.

I blink again, pulling up to the nursery before looking at my precious girl.

"Ok, kitten, are you ready?"

She smiles at me and says, "Yes, momma. Will you find my daddy today? And can we go see Auntie Mel later?"

I swallow hard and give her a weak smile.

Before Cassidy went coccoo, Mel said Dagger knew Lilah's father and that their club does affiliate with the Wincher club. The woman who I spoke to was most likely a sweet butt, women who cleans and works for the club but also sleeps around with the brothers. They're very territorial over the brothers wanting their patch, so she lied to me, not wanting someone else to come in and steal a brother, and by the way she spoke to me, a brother she wanted.

"I'll see if Auntie Mel is up for visitors next week, kitten, ok?"

She nods; she thinks Mel just got a booboo and needed some rest for a few months. She loves her, and their bond is amazing to watch.

"What about my daddy?"

I swallowed hard again. I hadn't wanted to ask Dagger about him because, well, it didn't seem as important, and I still don't. As much as I would love to see Noah again, Mel has to come first right now, plus I'm scared. I'm scared he won't want me or our daughter.

I'm scared he has a woman now and a family.

"Maybe not today, kitten, but soon."

She nods her head, her hazel eyes looking sad, and I sigh before getting out of the car, rounding it to get her. I hold her

hand and take her bag with my other before taking her inside the building. She's only got a few months until she turns five, then starts kindergarten.

My girls growing up way too fast, and her daddy's missing it all.

I smile at Emily, who, for some reason, has laughter shining in her eyes, before giving Lilah a massive hug and kiss. Since Cassidy held a gun to my head, I've struggled with leaving her. I take a deep breath before she takes her bag and grabs her worker's hand, and they disappear through the door. I stand there for a few minutes before turning away and heading back to my car. I'm in the ER today, so I know it's going to be a busy one. I get to work and shove my things in my locker all within fifteen minutes, and I even manage to swap my scrub bottoms for a clean pair.

Bloody Lilah and her pranks

I shake my head. She'd put a bit of paper full of red paint and blue glitter on my seat, and I was too much in my own head to notice. No wonder Emily looked like she wanted to laugh her ass off.

My girl's lucky; she's cute.

When I get on the floor, I'm immediately shoved with a clipboard by Sarah, and she points to bed one.

I nod and head in there, only having to come to a stop.

Oh, my.

I blink, and I blink again, and the woman clears her throat.

"I know it looks bad."

I nod. Her legs are wide open.

Third-degree burns coat her inner thighs and vagina while a bright pink vibrator sticks out of it.

Oh, my god.

I clear my throat. "I'm sorry. I know I'm probably not being professional."

She shakes her head. “You’re the only one who hasn’t started to laugh.”

That makes me scowl, seriously.

I growl before getting my gloves on while I look at her chart. “Ok, Ms. Taylor, can you tell me what happened?”

She swallows hard. “I, uh, was pleasuring myself when I felt intense burning inside me, then on my legs. When I tried to remove the object after switching it off, it felt like my skin was pulling with it.

I nod. “How long was the device on charge before you used it?”

She furrows her brows, trying to think while I collect numbing cream and saline.

“About 18 hours.”

Ah, “Okay, basically you’ve overcharged the batteries and they’ve exploded in the device; common mistake.” Her brows shoot high as I walk over to her. “Alright, Ms. Taylor, I’m going to place some numbing cream around your vagina with this cotton bud stick, then I’ll squirt saline over the device while I gently pull it out. If we can’t do it this way, then you may be looking at surgery.”

Her eyes widen before she nods her head, and I slowly apply the cream. Once I’m positive she’s numb, I squirt the saline onto the device to wet her up; lube wouldn’t work due to the high risk of infection. I grip the toy and slowly start to pull it out. She tenses when it’s half way out, and I look at her and say, “Are you doing okay?”

She goes bright red. “I, uh, I feel like I’m about to...”

I nod in understanding, “It’s your body’s natural way. The device is nearly out.”

She takes a deep breath and nods, and I continue to pull the device out. She doesn’t orgasm, thank God; she doesn’t need any more embarrassment, but she is red-raw thanks to the battery acid.

“Ok, the device is out. In this syringe here,” I show her, “is an antibiotic tablet that will dissolve inside your vagina. I’m just going to insert the syringe very slowly and push the tablet inside, then I’m going to place burn cream on your thighs and vagina.” She nods her head, and I do as I said and insert the syringe inside her and push the tablet so it’s half way up. Then I grab the cream and gently pat it on the inside of her thighs and on her privates. Once I’m done, I remove my gloves and tidy up before washing my hands. Then, I grab my clipboard and write her up a prescription for oral antibiotics and some more cream before handing them to her.

“The antibiotics are for seven days, and the cream is for 14. You can pick them up here at the pharmacy. If you have any problems or swelling, please come back and request for me, my name is Meghan Campbell.”

Relief shines through her eyes. “Thank you so much.”

I give her a smile before leaving the room so she can get dressed.

Sarah and a few nurses are standing by, giggling, and I shake my head. “Sarah,” I call out, and she looks up at me, raising a brow. “The patient is about to come out; I don’t think she needs any more embarrassment considering, according to her, everyone aside from me that has seen her has laughed. We don’t want another lawsuit, do we?”

The nurses eyes widen while she goes pale before she nods, and they all disperse while I shake my head, handing the clipboard to the receptionist, who grins at me. Last month, a woman who came in due to a sex position gone wrong filed a lawsuit after hearing the crap Sarah was joking about, which was all about how her husband needs a more experienced woman.

It was wrong and way out of line.

I feel sorry for Sarah’s husband.

I sigh when my pager goes off. I’m only an hour in, and I’m already tired. I look down and am instantly tense.

- 911 – Room 234

Mel's room.

I take off on a run, heading to her room, hoping and praying she's okay.

She's only just woken up; she has to be okay.

I rush into Mel's room, most likely looking frazzled, only to find her sitting up and smiling at me. I narrow my eyes, ready to give her a lashing for giving me a fucking heart attack, but she just puts her hand up.

“If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't change a thing. Ok, well, maybe not being shot and losing two months of my life and part of my memory would be good, but otherwise, I wouldn't change a thing. Lilah needs her mom alive and well, not in a coma or on the ground. Don't feel guilty because I chose to save you; if anything, kick Travis's ass for half fucking her in the first place.”

My eyes instantly tear up; the guilt was tearing me apart.

I rush over to her, climbing into her bed with her crying, my eyes out on her shoulder, where I stay for a while. It's how Dagger finds us while grinning, and it's how we stayed while they spoke about my Noah.

I've finally found him.

They said he's out of town for a little while on club business, but he will be back. My Noah, who's been looking for me for the past five years and who's apparently lost his way without me,

Finally, I've found my daughter's daddy. I just didn't expect the things he did to try and forget about me and how much it would break my heart.

Chapter 9

Slicer – 29-years-old – present day – Daggers wedding

I straighten my tie before putting my cut back on.

I'm in one of the rooms at the church—yes, a fucking church—sorting myself out. Dagger and Mel are finally getting fucking married, and she wanted a church wedding. I shake my head, bikers in a church. I'm surprised we haven't been set alight yet for our sins.

I check the time; we still have ten minutes before we need to be out in front. Gunner's his best man, and I'm the first groomsman, while Dagger's blood brother, Ink, is his second. Apparently, he refused to be the best man because Dag's a bit of a groomzilla, which is fucking true, but we all know he just wanted the best for his girl. I leave the room I'm in intending to go to the groom's room to see how he's doing when Clitter struts up to me in a small black dress that is not wedding-appropriate, and I furrow my brows, wondering why a sweet butt is here.

She just shrugs, seeing my confusion while tracing the tip of her finger along my chest.

"I'm friends with Sophie, so Dagger and Mel allowed me to be here. Now, I'm horny, and you've barely touched me since you've been back."

I swallow and nod my head.

We've been back for two weeks and have yet to find Hairy. We do know he's in this area, though, so Ink, Hawk, and I have been on our A-game. Don't get me wrong, I've fucked some of the girls at Untamed Girls since being back but stayed away from Clitter as much as possible; she's gotten clingy over the years. But I need the distraction, especially today. Meghan's been on my mind more and more lately. I'm losing hope that I'll find her, and the more hope I lose, the more I feel like I can't fucking breathe.

I grip Clitter's hand that's tracing my chest and push her into a darkened corner near the front door. She grins before lifting her left leg and wrapping it around my waist while I undo my slacks, freeing my cock. I sheath myself before moving her lacy panties aside and placing the head of my cock at her entrance. I thrust forward, hard making her moan while I lick and bite her neck. I know I won't be able to cum because she's loose, so I close my eyes as Meghan's bright blue ones pop into my mind and my hips move faster and faster, my right hand strumming on Clitter's tight bundle of nerves. She moans louder when I pinch her clit, her walls fluttering but not squeezing me.

I move my hips quicker when I suddenly hear heels slapping on the concrete floor before someone clears their throat. Clitter growls in frustration at being interrupted, but I don't stop moving my hips as I look behind me to tell whoever it is to piss off, but instead, my eyes instantly widen, my hips freeze, and my whole world tilts.

Her black hair is clipped to one side, blue highlights that suit her perfectly are curled slightly and she's wearing a floor length off-the-shoulder pink gown that hugs her nicely. Her body's a little more curvier making her even more beautiful.

I feel like I can't breathe as we make eye contact.

Her bright blue eyes are looking into mine, full of heartbreak and pain.

Meghan. My Meghan.

Clitter groans, "Can you fuck off already so me and my man can finish?"

I'm still frozen, not realizing Clitter just claimed me, a brother, which is against the club rules for a sweet butt to do.

Meghan's eyes flash with more hurt, and I have to swallow hard.

What the fuck have I done?

I'm brought out of my stupor when a little girl with brown curly hair and hazel eyes like my own rushes into the church, and I quickly pull out of Clitter and shove my dick away

before I scare the little girl who runs up to Meghan and grips her hand. I go to speak, but Clitter just can't seem to understand when to shut the fuck up.

“Seriously, bitch, fuck off NOW.”

She booms the last bit, making the little girl jump, and Meghan's face goes from hurt to anger instantly for scaring the little girl who speaks up,

“That's a no-no word lady.”

I smirk at her sass while Clitter gasps, righting her dress, clearly not realizing a child was present.

Meghan raises a brow at Clitter, refusing to look my way again when her angelic raspy voice, a voice I haven't heard in five years, echoes through the gateway of the church: “No offense, but if you didn't want to be interrupted, then you should have gone to a room with a door and not got busy right in the church's entry at my friend's wedding, no less, and don't ever scare my little girl again.”

Momma bear at her best.

My heart flutters, my fingers tingling to touch her, hold her, and hold them.

That's my daughter; I just know it.

Clitter scowls, but Meghan ignores it, and me, when she looks down at the little girl who looks so much like me, says, “Come on, Kitten, let's go see Aunty Mellie.”

Kitten?

The little girl grins and nods her head, and they both leave without looking back. I go to take a step to follow, needing her near me, but stop when Clitter grips my arm.

“Come, baby, let's go find a room so the bitch and her brat can't interrupt us again.”

I have to grit my teeth to stop snapping at her while pulling my arm from her hold, my eyes not leaving the bridal suite doorway.

“I've got to go see Dag.”

Clitter huffs, “Fine. I’ll see you at the reception, baby. I love you.”

I ignore her because it’s a bunch of bullshit. She doesn’t love me; she loves my patch, and this is why I’ve barely touched her since being back. She called me several times a day when I was gone, constantly texting me. She’s trying to stake a claim when she hasn’t got one; she seems to think I wouldn’t mind a sweet butt as an old lady because Amy, who used to be a sweet butt named Bubbles, is currently involved with our new brother Buzz. She never wanted to sleep with us brothers; she just thought she had to for safety until we set her straight after she tried to get involved with Axel’s relationship.

After having a shot with the boys, we head to the front of the church. Gunner is standing next to Dagger with his and Leah’s boy Alexander in his arms; they’re miracle baby who never should have been conceived since her trauma with Razor. After everything they’ve been through, they deserve their happily ever after, and I just hope I get mine too.

I scan the crowd of brothers and family members to see if I can spot Meghan when Ink stands next to me. I can’t see her, and I have to bite my lip to stop panicking that she’s left. Axel takes his place; he’s going to marry the happy couple, although I’m not really sure how they pulled that off. He shoots a grin to the front seats on the other side of the church; his old lady Annalise and their daughter Annabel are front and center before ‘a Thousand Years by Christina Perry’ starts to play.

We all look towards the back of the church as Leah walks down the aisle first; she’s in the same dress as I saw on Meghan with the same hairstyle, and my heart rate picks up.

She’s in the wedding?

When Leah gets closer, she winks at her man after grinning at seeing her baby boy in a little tux with a baby cut over it, then gives Dagger a kiss on the cheek, making Gunner hold in a growl. Dag smirks while I, Ink, and Axel chuckle. The next bridesmaid enters, and my heart stops. Meghan starts to walk down the aisle, looking like a fucking vision. Her hand is holding the little girl’s. I look at her properly this time; she’s in

a pretty white, flowery dress. Her brown hair is curly down her back, and her hazel eyes, which are so much like my own, are hesitant as she squeezes Meghan's hand. I can see from my side eye the brothers standing near me looking between me and the little girl. I know they've put two and two together, and they're right.

I know deep in my bones that she's my daughter; she's the spitting fucking image of me.

I feel like I'm about to break and fall apart.

Five years, I've missed five years.

Meghan grins at Dagger while the little girl quickly rushes up to him, hugging him tightly, making the women sigh and I tense.

Do they have a bond?

Does Dagger know this is my daughter?

Does he know this is my woman?

Once the little girl has kissed Dagger's cheek, she rushes off to Cammy, who instantly puts her on her lap.

Do they have a bond too?

What the fuck?

Meghan kisses Dagger's cheek, bringing my eyes back to her and off our little girl. I growl; I can't fucking help it; her lips are mine. Meghan takes her place IN FRONT of Leah, making my brows furrow.

She's the maid of honor?

Sophie walks past us next, in the same style of dress as the others, looking beautiful too. She also kisses Dagger's cheek, making Ink growl and us men grin as she stands behind Leah.

It hits me, fuck, Mel's friend Meghan, who she mentions from time to time, the resident doctor, fuck me, she was my Meghan all along, and she's becoming a fucking doctor. When the wedding march sounds, echoing through the church, everyone stands as Mel stands at the top of the aisle with Gunner's dad, Mel's biological father, who walks her down the

aisle. She looks perfect in an off-white floor-length gown. Her brown hair is down and curly while her eyes shine, and she is finally getting to marry her love. I look towards Meghan while Alexander babbles near me. Her eyes are teary as she watches her friend walk up to Dagger.

Fuck, another thought hits me: her friend, who stopped her from getting fucking shot. Fuck, Dagger said Cassidy had the gun pointed at Meghan, oh shit. I feel sick.

I could have lost her permanently, and our daughter could have lost her mother.

As soon as Mel's standing next to Dagger Axel starts the wedding,

“We are gathered here today to finally marry these two love birds.”

Everyone chuckles, but I don't move my eyes from my Wildcat. She discreetly looks towards Cammy to ensure the little girl is okay before looking back at the couple, never once looking my way, breaking my heart bit by bit.

As Dagger says his vows, Gunner discreetly nudges me, making me look at him and taking my eyes off Meghan. He tilts his head to the back of the church, and I look only to freeze; Star. I tense up before looking towards Flame, who's trying his hardest to look happy when he's dying inside. I look back at Gunner, but he subtly shakes his head, and I nod.

After the wedding.

As soon as Axel says, ‘You may now kiss your old lady’ Dagger grabs his woman and plants one on her while lifting her up, making us all cheer, before Gunner places Alexander in my arms as Star leaves the church. I hold him tightly as his daddy goes to Flame, informing him that his love is at the back of the church. I watch him look at Gunner in confusion. I watch his eyes widen before he rushes out to the other side of the church to catch up with her. I can see Meghan in the corner of my eye; tears are falling down her cheeks as she watches me with the baby before looking towards our

daughter, knowing she missed out on me being there for five years, and my heart breaks for her.

I want to hold her in my arms and never let go.

As the bride and groom start to walk down the aisle, I quickly hand Gunner his son back and ask, “Do you think he’ll make it?” I question, and he just shrugs before he rasps, “I hope so.” I nod before I quickly go ahead of him.

We already had a plan to switch places at the end of the ceremony. He wanted to walk up the aisle with his woman instead of the maid of honor, and now I’m fucking happy we did. I meet Meghan near the altar, and she tenses. I swallow hard as the little girl stands in between us, clinging to her mother’s hand. I want to pick her up. I want to hold them both in my arms.

I see a few brothers look at her before me and shock, etched, their features, and when I lock eyes with my mother, tears instantly fill her eyes, but I don’t stop; I can’t; she’ll get in the middle, and I can’t have that. My father, who has also put two and two together, quickly grabs my mother’s arm to hold her back, and I give him a nod in thanks as I walk out of the church with the two most important women in my life.

When we make it outside, the little girl instantly lets go of her mother’s hand and goes over to the daisies.

“Lilah Rose, stay where I can see you.” She says, and the little girl, Lilah, nods her head, grinning with my grin at her mother.

I look towards her, but she’s not looking at me; she’s watching our daughter.

“Rose?”

I question with a rasp, the rose on my hand, for my mother tingles.

“She deserved to have a little piece of her father’s family.”

My eyes start to sting, and tears want to build up.

She looks at me, her blue eyes shining with relief but also pain.

“Five years,” she rasps, “five years and thirteen MC’s.”

Some of my tears fall. “You’ve been trying to find me all this time, not just that once with the Rebels?”

Hope builds in my chest—hope that we have a chance, that I finally get my girl—but as Meghan turns her head to the entry of the church, I know instantly that my dreams won’t come true just yet because she tenses before looking back at me.

“Dr. Thomas is my supervisor at work; I know he’s part of your club. You can contact me through him, and we’ll arrange visitations. Your daughter’s only wish is to have her daddy.”

More tears fall when she turns and walks away. I don’t need to look to see that it was Clitter she saw. She holds her hand out to our daughter before heading to an old white Buick, the one Mel got out of all those months ago when I first met her at Sweet Treats. She clicks our daughter in her car seat while my dad slides up next to me, my tears falling hard.

“That isn’t the way I thought our reunion would be. I thought she’d jump in my arms, end-of-movie kind of shit, but instead, she’s walking in on me fucking Clitter with our daughter, MY fucking daughter, right behind her, holding daises. My daughter, whom she named her middle name Rose in honor of our family, MY daughter whose first five years of life I have missed.”

My dad nods, his hand gripping my shoulder. “When you saw her again, was the love still there?”

I nod, not looking away from the white Buick as it drives down the road heading towards the reception, which happily is at the clubhouse. “More intense, dad. I wanted to hold her and never let her go.

My dad nods, “Then fucking fight for her. I’ll keep your mother away in the meantime; you don’t need her making drama and accusations.”

I nod, determination building in my gut. I will win my family; I won’t lose her a second time; I won’t lose our daughter.

The moment she gave me her virginity and kept our child was the moment she became mine.

Fuck the moment our eyes connected, she became mine.

Chapter 10

Meghan – 25-years-old – present day – Dagers wedding

My phone rings, and I scowl before canceling the unknown number. My parents have been relentless lately in wanting me to return to Wincher, and it doesn't matter how many times I block the numbers, new ones come up or unknown ones. I know they most likely have a 'groom' for her. I was her age when they started looking for me, but my grandmother held them off, and they can fuck off if they think I'd allow them to do that to my child. They come near my girl, and I'll kill them. I don't understand why they can't just leave us alone; they disowned me for Christ's sake.

The only bright side is that they have no idea where we live.

I look in the rear mirror of my car and smile as my girl looks at the church with wonder that I've just pulled up outside before getting out, leaving my phone in the car. My grin widens as I help Lilah out of the car, my parents all but forgotten. She looks so beautiful. Her white, flowery dress swishes as she gets out. I hold her hand, going towards the church, before she lets go and grabs a couple of daisies for Mel.

I smile wider before I hear a moan, and I instantly become tense.

Seriously?

Sex in the entry of a church?

Huffin,g I look at my girl one more time before shaking my head. I need to break whatever is going on up before she sees or hears it and before Mel finds out someone's slutting it at her wedding right near the flipping entrance.

Welp, I can say one thing: They're definitely going to hell.

I climb up the steps, smirking at my thoughts while keeping one eye on Lilah, about to confront the couple before I freeze.

I recognize that man bun and the brown hair; that's the exact shade of my daughter.

My heart starts to break, and my tears are building.

I will not cry; I will not cry. I chanted over and over in my head.

I knew he'd probably moved on and started a life.

I left him; I listened to a jealous woman; I don't have a claim on him.

I take a deep breath to control the urge to cry before I clear my throat to get their attention before Lilah runs in here. The woman growls in frustration while the man, the love of my life and father of my child, doesn't stop his thrusts as he turns his head to probably tell me to piss off. As soon as our eyes connect, though, his eyes widen, and he stops his thrusts while I try to conceal the pain in my heart.

We keep eye contact as the woman groans, "Can you fuck off already so me and my man can finish?"

Her man.

Damn, my heart is officially on the floor, shattered in pieces.

I blink when I hear Lilah rush towards me, making Noah quickly pull out of the woman and put himself away. My girl grabs my hand while her other one is full of daisies, making me smile at her until this bitch opens her mouth, and I want to strangle her because she scared my girl.

"Seriously, bitch, fuck off NOW." She booms.

I look at Lilah when she jumps, a scowl making its way on my face before I want to laugh at her sass.

"That's a no-no word lady."

I nod my head before looking back at the woman, who looks like she should be in a strip club rather than a wedding. Her bright blonde hair, which is obviously dyed and not natural, is in a high ponytail, and her little black dress looks like it belongs in a bedroom, not a church. "No offense, but if you didn't want to be interrupted, then you should have gone to a

room with a door and not got busy right in the church entryway at my friend's wedding, no less, and don't ever scare my little girl again."

The woman scowls, but I ignore her and the man who's torn my heart out and look back at my girl. "Come on, Kitten, let's go see Aunty Mellie."

She grins and nods her head, and I lead her over to Mel's room. We walk in without looking back. Mel, Sophie, and Leah grin at me, and I smile back. I know it doesn't reach my eyes because Mel turns around quickly from the mirror, her off-white floor-length gown hugs her body, and she looks perfect. She walks over to me and grabs my hand. "What happened?" I just shake my head, but she squeezes my hand. "Later?" Her eyes are serious, so I know I won't get out of it, so I nod my head as her biological dad knocks and walks in.

"Show time, ladies."

We all grin before Lilah gives her daisies to Mel, who instantly melts and places them in her bouquet. She then leans down to hug my girl before we all leave the room, ready to get this show on the road.

Leah goes out first, and I take a deep breath, holding Lilah's hand tightly before following. I noticed Noah instantly. He's in black slacks, a black buttoned-down shirt with a white tie, and his cut on. His hair is in its usual man bun, and he's looking at me. I avoid eye contact with him; he's taken, so my only priority now is my girl, and if he wants to see her,

If his girlfriend wants to as well, then I can't stop that, but there will be rules, like no swearing or having sex where she can witness it.

Is it bad I'm hoping she puts flour in her hair dryer like she did mine this morning?

Lilah runs up to Dagger and hugs him tightly, making me grin before she kisses his cheek. I follow suit as she runs towards Cammy while Sophie comes up behind me. I take my place as maid of honor, and I have to admit, I cried when Mel asked me before she walked down the aisle to her man.

The service was beautiful. I tried not to look at Noah, but when Gunner handed him his little boy, for a minute I thought I was going to bawl like a baby. My daughter never got that; she never had her daddy hold her because I couldn't find him.

I feel like I didn't try hard enough, even though I know I did and I didn't stop.

My tears fall and I quickly wipe them as we start to meet up with the groomsmen at the alter to walk up the aisle but I instantly tense when Noah and Gunner swap places. Lilah is in between us, and by the looks of some people's faces, they've seen the resemblance between the two. My heart pounds; this is Mel's day, and they will not take the shine from her. I won't allow it, so I keep looking forward, not willing to confirm or deny paternity with anyone who tries to make eye contact. That is the safest bet right now, I think.

When we make it outside, he doesn't leave to head back to his girlfriend; instead, he stays next to me as Lilah lets go of my hand. I shout for her to stay close before I hear him talk again, his deep voice going through me.

"Rose?"

I try to keep my tears at bay as I answer him.

"She deserved to have a little piece of her father's family." I swallow hard as I rasp, "Five years, five years, and thirteen MCs."

"You've been trying to find me all this time, not just that once with the Rebels?"

I try to keep my emotions intact by hearing the tears in his voice. Movement catches my eye, and I look to the entry of the door to see the woman from earlier, I swallow hard, tensing before I rasp to him.

"Dr. Thomas is my supervisor at work; I know he's part of your club. You can contact me through him, and we'll arrange visitations. Your daughter's only wish is to have her daddy."

I walk away from him, not wanting to cause problems in his relationship, before I get a hold of Lilah's hand, taking her and her daisies to our car. I click her in before getting behind the

wheel and driving off without looking back, wondering if I could miss the reception, but I know I can't. I have a toast to give, a friend to honor, a friend who put her life in danger for me and for my daughter.

I can't let her down.

When we pull up, I notice Noah pulling up beside me with no one behind him, and I have to swallow hard. I climb out of my car while he stays seated on his bike watching me, but I try to ignore him and get our little girl out. She grins at me, making me smile back. I can't help it; her smile is contagious.

When I shut the door, her eyes instantly light up, and she points towards Noah's bike.

Shit.

"Look, momma, like Dag-Dag's."

I smile and nod while Noah takes a deep breath like he's trying to control his anger, making me furrow my brows before he looks our way and tilts his head, his eyes softening.

"If it's okay with your momma there, would you like to have a seat?"

Her eyes widen, and I smile.

I wouldn't say no; he's her daddy; this is what she's wanted and what we've both wanted. It doesn't matter that he's moved on when I haven't; he's still hers even if he isn't mine. She looks up at me with wonder.

She's never sat on one before, so I nod my head, making her squeal in delight, and I giggle, walking her over to a smiling Noah.

God, he has a beautiful smile.

I blink, looking back down at Lilah. She grins when she stands near the bike and he leans down.

"Alright, little miss, I'm going to pick you up, okay?"

She looks at me for confirmation, and I nod, making her smile before Noah picks up his daughter, sitting her in front of him. They look so much alike that it hurts. My tears start to fall

seeing them together, and I have to look away because of the pain as a man sidles up next to me. He has the same bone structure as his son; it's uncanny, yet the hair color and eyes are different.

He gives me a gentle smile before wiping away my tears.

"I heard a rumor a while back of a woman searching for a brother named Noah." Noah looks our way, hearing his dad's words, his brows furrowing while his eyes stare into mine as my tears fall. "You never stopped looking for my son, did you?"

Noah's eyes move, looking into mine hard, waiting for my answer—the answer I didn't give him at the church because his girlfriend showed up.

I shake my head. "For five years, I have rang MC after MC, thirteen overall, including this one. None would help except for the Rebels and the Huntsmen. They agreed to keep their ears to the ground. The Huntsmen were the only ones who had my number.

He nods while Noah looks back at our girl, his nose going to the top of her head, making my tears fall some more, and I have to wipe them away with the back of my hand while emotions etch all over his features.

"My son's never stopped looking for you."

I shake my head and swallow hard. "And yet I walked into the church this morning with our daughter to see him having sexual intercourse with another woman against the wall."

His dad's head drops while Noah tenses, and I clear my throat and rasp at him, making his head shoot up again. "You are welcome to see your granddaughter whenever you'd like; she is your family," before I look towards my daughter and say, "Lilah Rose, let's go, Kitten; Mel's waiting for us."

Lilah nods while Noah's dad's eyes mist at hearing his granddaughter's middle name.

Noah helps Lilah down after kissing her forehead.

She grins at him and says, "Thank you."

He smiles at her, wiping under his eyes, while she grabs a hold of my hand before we walk into the marque on the club's property, not looking back, even though every fiber of my being wants to.

Chapter 11

Slicer

I'm sitting in my office at the clubhouse. My elbows are on the black sleek desk, my head in my hands, and my eyes are on my lite-up phone with a picture that Mel sent me this morning when she and Dagger arrived at their destination with the caption, 'Thought you'd like this' when my father walks in with my emotional mother, making me lift my head.

My dad's eyes soften when he sees my red eyes.

I haven't slept; fuck, I'm still in the wedding clothes.

"How are you doing, son?" He asks as he takes a seat on the gray chair I have in front of my desk, with my mother taking the other one. I just shake my head, and he nods. "Have you spoken to her?"

I clear my throat. "No, she uh, she didn't stay at the reception long; she had to get Lilah home for bed. As soon as dinner and the speeches were over, she left, so I didn't have a chance. Doc said she's working tomorrow, so I thought I'd, uh, go see her at work while my, fuck, my daughter is at nursery."

I shake my head, dropping my head into my hands again.

Five years, I missed five fucking years.

"How could she keep her from you? What kind of monster is she?"

My head snaps up, my eyes narrow, and my father's face goes red.

"Woman, I told you she's been trying to find him. I told you she contacted thirteen fucking MCs to find him."

My mother scoffs, "She was clearly lying to save face."

I shake my head; my mother never sees the good in people because of her misdeeds, and yet if it were my sister, it would

be a different story. I grab my phone, saving the picture as my background, before pulling up Steel's number. I put my phone on loudspeaker, and my father furrows his brows, wondering what I'm doing while my mother continues to scowl.

He answers after it rings five times:

"Slicer brother, are you back in town?"

I smile slightly. "Nah, brother. I uh, I was just wondering if anyone had called you looking for a brother."

My mother's eyes shoot to mine while my father smirks in realization: "Yeah, a young lady, Meghan, she called Fuck, must have been two or three years ago looking for a brother with the legal name of Noah. She sounded so upset and defeated. It turns out they'd made a baby together, and she wanted her daughter to have a father. A good one is that woman, who didn't care about the brother's background; she was just doing right by her daughter. Though I did hear longing in her voice, it sounded like she was heartbroken too, the poor girl. Why?"

My mother's tears fall while my father's eyes soften at Steel's description of my girl, and I nod and say, "I'm Noah, brother."

I hear something bang before a commotion. "HOLY FUCKING SHIT!" he shouts, and my father chuckles. "Fuck, damn, fucking years I've been trying to help find you for her, and all along you were right under my fucking nose. When I last spoke to her, about five months ago, I think I mentioned your club, but she said some woman said you weren't there." I furrow my brows while anger shows on my dad's face—a fucking jealous sweet butt, dammit. "Brother, do you know how many fucking MCs she's tried to call? Fucking thirteen. I've spoken to half, and they all felt bad because they couldn't tell her shit and none of us knew your legal name, including the Devil's earlier this year, who you've spent the most time with. Fuck."

I narrow my eyes at my mother while she drops her head in guilt for letting her mouth run. "I know. My mother thought she was bullshitting to save face."

“Wait, fuck, she finally found you?”

I smile, “Yeah, brother, yesterday, and I gotta tell yah, Lilah Rose, my daughter is fucking perfect.”

My mother’s head shoots up when hearing my daughter’s middle name; Dad obviously didn’t tell her that bit.

Someone shouts Steel’s name, and he clears his throat. “I’m fucking pleased for you, brother, but mostly for her. She’s tried for so long to find you, and now I can call the men off to stop searching. Tell Meg I’ll call her next week. Alright, brother, I’ve got to go talk soon.” I say bye, and we both hang up.

I look at my right hand and start talking without looking up.

“Those nine hours I spent with Meghan were the best hours of my life. I fell in love during those hours. We spoke about nearly everything, and when I told her the reason behind my rose tattoo,” I looked up into my mother’s eyes. “I told her about my mother and how I got the tattoo to honor her, despite her hating that I have tattoos in the first place.” My mother lets out a sob. “She told me all about her grandmother, whom she adored but had lost two years prior; her name was Lilah. She named our daughter after the two most important women in our lives, so you have no right mother to sit there and judge and accuse her of something she didn’t even do. Did I fuck around over the years? Yeah, I did, and each and every time I fucked someone else, I felt dirty; I felt like I was cheating, but I just needed that one hour, one fucking hour where I’m not dying on the inside because she wasn’t with me.”

My father grabs a hold of my mother’s hand while she rasps, “If you felt that way, then why did you not swap numbers before you left?”

It’s a good fucking question, one I need answers to, and only one person can answer them: “I don’t know mom. When I woke up the next morning, she was gone. Only Meghan can answer that question, and tomorrow I will find out, but for now, not one word to your daughter about this, and I mean it.” She goes to protest, and I point at her, “You tell her mother, and you won’t get to meet your granddaughter who has your name.”

Her eyes widen before she nods frantically, agreeing with me, and my dad nods in agreement too.

We don't need my sister's fucking drama.

I pick my phone up off my desk and unlock it before handing it to my dad. He furrows his brows before a big smile shines on his face, making my mother look, who instantly bursts into tears. "She's the spitting i-image of y-you."

I nod my head.

The picture Mel sent me was from yesterday, with both my girls smiling wide at the camera on the dance floor. Meghan is crouched down, her head leaning over our daughter's shoulder, whose right hand is holding her mother's cheek, her hazel eyes shining with happiness.

It's fucking beautiful.

My dad hands me my phone back, and I give him a grateful small smile as he grabs my inconsolable mother's hand, leading her out of my office, knowing I need space.

As soon as the doors shut, I drop my head to my hands again, looking at the picture.

My tears fall.

I'm clutching my beer in my hand as I watch Meghan sit with our daughter just on the other side of the round table we're sitting on with the bride and groom. She's smiling down at me, trying not to look my way, but she keeps failing. I don't move my eyes from her, though; I can't.

For five years, I've searched for her, and here she is, within reach.

I've already noticed our daughter is a bit of a prankster. She put some tomato sauce in Dagger's drink, which he then proceeded to nearly spit out while everyone laughed their asses off except for Meghan, who looked mortified. Mel had given my daughter a high five, and Meghan had scolded her friend not to encourage her. Apparently, she'd gone to dry her hair this morning, and nothing but flour came out of the dryer. She had to have

another shower; it was why she was later than the other bridesmaids. The table found it funny, and Lilah lapped it up.

She's fucking awesome.

I take a swig of my drink as Axel dings his bottle, standing up. "Alright ladies, gents, brothers, and cute kids." Everyone chuckles, and he grins. "Time for speeches, Meg, darling, you're up."

I grind my teeth to stop growling. He looks at me and tilts his head, but I subtly shake mine. I know he's seen the resemblance, but I can't talk about it right now. My fucking head is everywhere, and Clitter is not helping the situation by trying to keep sidling up to me every time I move towards the bar.

Meghan already thinks we're a couple when we're not.

Meghan stands and our daughter grins up at her when she bops her nose. She clears her throat. "Okay, I'm not very good at speeches, but I'll give it a go," she says, looking at her friend, who smiles wide at her. "I met Melanie on my first day at the hospital; she was probably the only nice nurse there." Everyone chuckles while Mel bats her eyelashes, making me shake my head. "I was so nervous that day, but she helped calm me, showed me around the hospital, and told me about the green paint I had in my hair while everyone else looked at me like I was a freak." She pointedly mock-glared at Lilah, who grinned sheepishly while everyone laughed—see prankster.

"And we've been inseparable since,"

Doc shouts out, "I can contest that; those two together are a nightmare to work with," making both women scowl at him as everyone chuckles again while Doc grins wide at them.

Meghan shakes her head, looking back at her friend. "Mel became my friend, my confidant, my savior, my sister, and an aunt to my daughter. She became my family, and when she told me about this badass biker,"

Lilah butts in and points at her mother, “No-no word, momma,” making everyone laugh again, and Meghan grins before looking back at Mel as my eyes soften at the mother and daughter bond.

Fuck, she’s a good mother.

“When she told me about a biker who won’t leave her alone, is continuously showing up where she is, and is basically stalking her,”

Dagger butts in this time, and I grin, “Hey, I was not stalking her.”

Meghan just raises a brow at him and says, “You were definitely stalking her. Your brothers know it, Mel knows it, and you know it.” The brothers all shout in agreement, making Mel laugh with tears in her eyes while Meghan continues. “Anyway, while he was basically stalking her, which he was,” she gave him a pointed look, making him grin. “I told her, like any friend would, to just give the damn man a chance.”

Everyone laughs harder, and I grin wider. Most friends would tell them to get a restraining order, and she knows it.

Meghan’s eyes soften as she looks at the couple. “I saw the infatuation and love pouring from Dagger, and I knew, I knew he would become her everything and her his; I knew they had a forever love, a love everyone dreams of having, and I was right, I was so right because they are perfect for each other.” Mel’s tears fall as she smiles wide at her friend, and my heart pounds because that’s the love we have; even after one night, I felt it. “So I would like everyone to raise their glasses.” We all do as we’re told, and we all grin seeing Lilah lift her chocolate milk as Meghan runs her fingers lovingly through our daughter’s hair.

Fuck, did she get anything from her mother? That girl is all me.

“Here is to the bride and groom. A bride who saved my life for my daughter, her niece, and a groom who has proved his

love over and over again. To the perfect couple, a couple in love and proving it's possible, to Melanie and Dagger."

Everyone smiles, and the women have tears in their eyes as we all say, "TO MELANIE AND DAGGER," and we take a sip before the happy couple get up and hug Melanie. Lilah then proceeds to get in between them, hugging her momma and making everyone laugh again except for my mother, who looks ready to explode.

Great.

I'm brought out of my memories when my phone rings and a tear falls on the screen where Dagger's name is flashing.

I pick up the phone and answer it while sniffing.

"Shouldn't you be enjoying your honeymoon right about now, brother?"

He sighs, "Noah." I sniffle again as a sob comes out. "Brother, I wanted to tell you that I planned to do it in person. I had only found out when Mel was in the hospital." He sighs again.

"Remember when I asked why someone would know your given name?"

I clear my throat and wipe my face. "Yeah, brother, it was before Mel was shot, but after everything that had happened, I forgot about it, to be honest."

"Yeah, well, I didn't. I asked Mel when she woke, and that's when we realized who you were to Meghan and Lilah.

Brother, when we told her I knew you, when I described you to her, she fucking broke down in pieces. You could see the relief on her face, but you weren't home; you'd literally just left, which I thought was to Seattle, when in reality you went back to where it all started with the two of you. You came back two weeks before the wedding, but Meghan, the fucking wonderful woman that she is, didn't want to overshadow our day. No matter how much we tried to tell her otherwise, she was going to find you at the wedding to speak with you."

I sigh. "She found me alright, fucking Clitter in the entranceway of the church because all I could think about was how we should have been married by now."

“Ah fuck, brother.”

I sigh and scrub my hand down my face. “I’ve got a fight on my hands, brother.”

He hums, “Yeah, you do, and we’ll all help as much as we can. Mel’s already been messaging Meghan, getting her to talk. You’ll get your girl, brother, I promise.”

I nod even though he can’t see me. I know it’ll be difficult, but I won’t lose her, not now that I’ve finally fucking found her, my wildcat, and our kitten. My family.

I’m coming, Meghan, so ready or not, you will be mine.

Chapter 12

Meghan

My phone vibrates in my pocket, and I scowl, knowing who it is.

Two days after she left for her honeymoon, you'd think she'd be busy getting busy with her new husband instead of messaging me.

Fucking Melanie.

I quickly grab my phone out of my pocket while no one is around, and yep, it's her.

Mellie – We told you he'd lost his way, but he never stopped looking for you, Meg. He's been drowning. Just give him a chance, please; the woman he was with was a sweet butt. Please just hear him out, not for Lilah, but for you.

I shake my head and put my phone away before going into my patient's room to love on her baby. I'm in the maternity ward today to check on the new mothers and newborns after they're born, and I absolutely love it. It helps keep me busy and distracted from my life troubles. Between Noah and my parents, I'm the one fricking drowning.

I smile at the new mother, who also happens to be a friend and colleague.

“Morning, Claire Bear, how are you feeling?”

She gives me a grim smile and jokes, “like I pushed out a watermelon,” and I laugh before checking over her little boy. I weighed him, making sure the nurses logged it right; they didn't, so I changed it before wrapping him back up and placing him in his cot. I go over to Claire and ask her to lift her legs up on the stirrups for me before checking her out. Other than Mel, Claire was one of the nicest women to greet me when I started working here.

I go to check her incisions; she needed twelve stitches due to severe tearing, but I frown, noticing how swollen she is, and I look up; she's sweating.

Shit.

“Claire, are you sore in and around your vagina?”

She nods, struggling to breathe.

She's hemorrhaging, fuck.

I run to the door and get Sarah's attention, knowing no one will answer the emergency bell quickly enough. “Sarah.” She looks at me with a frown, “Claire's hemorrhaging.” Her eyes widen before she starts barking orders, and hopefully, we've caught it in the nick of time when oxytocin will do its job. I quickly check her blood oxygen, and my heart stops; it's dropped big time while her struggles for breath intensify, and I know we haven't caught it in time.

An hour later, I'm sitting in the waiting room talking to a grieving husband and newly father.

“I'm so sorry, Dax; we just didn't catch it in time.”

He sobs, and I have to try my hardest to keep my tears at bay.

Sarah said a nurse had missed the signs when she did her rounds forty-five minutes before I went in to see her. It's only because I became so close with Claire that I went into her room to begin with before my shift started. We lost her; we didn't catch the signs quickly enough. I didn't catch the signs quickly enough when I walked into her room.

I squeeze her husband's shoulder while he clutches their baby in his arms, his mother coming over to help him. She gives me a sad smile as her tears fall before I leave them to grieve.

I can feel my tears stinging my eyes, so I know I need to get to the break room fast.

When I got close to the break room, my tears started to fall, but I stopped in my tracks. Noah is standing near the nurse's desk in his usual black jeans and a black t-shirt with his cut and biker boots on, looking extremely uncomfortable as a very married Sarah tries to feel his arms, flirting with him. I don't

think I've ever seen a biker look so scared; he's petrified, and if I weren't ready to fall apart, I would have laughed. The man needs saving.

I clear my throat and wipe my tears before I rasp.

"Noah?"

His head turns towards me, making Sarah glare at me, which is ridiculous considering she's married and all.

He furrows his brows, most likely noticing my red eyes and tear-stained cheeks.

How Sarah is standing there flirting with someone when we've literally just lost a patient is beyond me. Don't get me wrong, they say don't get too attached to your patients, and I stick with that philosophy, but Claire wasn't just a patient; she worked at the cafeteria here, and she became a friend.

Norah shakes off Sarah, scowling at her before walking towards me. "Wildcat, what's happened?"

I sniffle at the nickname, my tears starting to fall again, and he quickly takes me into his arms, the same arms I wished to have wrapped around me all these years. I know I shouldn't melt into his embrace, but I can't help it. I clutch his black T-shirt. Losing Claire has dimmed a little of my light, and this man, this amazing man who has owned my heart for five years and who gave me a daughter, is the only thing to brighten it again.

I hear Sarah snarl in the background as more tears fall: "Well, isn't that professionalism at its finest?"

Noah growls and holds me tighter to him, but I ignore her as Dr. Thomas speaks, "Slicer brother, why don't you take your girl into the break room over there? She's just lost a patient who was also an employee and a friend." I feel Noah nod before he bends slightly and lifts me up so my feet dangle while he walks towards where his brother and my supervisor pointed him to, all while Sarah complains, "His girl, are you serious?"

As soon as the door is shut and her voice is muffled, I let out a sob, causing Noah to shift, so his arm goes under my legs and he carries me bridal style towards the chairs. I grip his top

shamefully and sob for the loss of an amazing woman while he sits down with me in his lap, my head in the crook of his neck.

He tightens his arms around me.

“I’ve got you, Wildcat; I’ve got you.”

It only makes my sobs come out harder.

He comforts me, holding me tightly to him until I have no tears left to fall.

I go to try and move off his lap, embarrassment shifting through me, but he holds onto me tighter. “Not yet, baby; I’ve waited five years to hold you again; I’m not ready for you to put a wall up between us just yet.”

I nod and relax into him. I know we can’t be together; we need to think of Lilah and put her first. She wants her daddy, and she’ll need him all to herself, and she deserves it; she deserves her happiness, and he deserves his life with that woman. I know Mel said she was just a sweet butt, a woman who wants a patched brother, but she’s staked her claim, and by the sounds of things, he hasn’t exactly pushed her back from keeping it just about sex. I have no claim on him, not after I walked out listening to someone who was jealous, who I thought was a friend, but our daughter has a claim, and she needs him. My being in the way will mean she won’t get all of him, and I won’t have that. Not for my little girl; she deserves the world, and her world is having her daddy.

He takes a deep breath before sighing, “You don’t smell like passion fruits anymore; you smell like oranges. I don’t like it; you need to change it back.”

I smile; I can’t help it. “Your daughter decided to pour fresh orange juice in my shampoo this morning and in my perfume bottles; I didn’t have time to have another shower.”

I feel his body shake with his silent laughter, and I shake my head, sitting up to look into his laughing hazel eyes. “You laugh now, but just wait when you go to shave, and she’s put chocolate sauce in your shaving foam like she did to Dagger when Mel had her one night. I think I heard him swearing from here.”

He laughs louder, and I tap his chest, making him grin at me before he gently wipes his thumb under my eyes as another tear falls. “What happened, Wildcat?” I go to speak, but he just shakes his head. “Five years ago, what happened?” I slowly close my eyes as some more tears fall. When he talks again, I open them to look at him. “I thought we clicked; I thought we had a connection. No, I know we did, because even now, your touch sets a fire within me. So what happened? What spooked you to leave like that? To leave town?”

I furrow my brows and get off him, making him scowl, but I just shake my head before placing my hands on my hips.

“I didn’t leave town, Noah; I stayed there for another year to see if you’d come back.”

This time he stands looking confused. “I did come back, Meg, the morning after when I found you gone and a few months later. Cindy told me you were only a passer-through and left that morning. When I came back after that, she said you hadn’t returned. I’ve called that damn diner several times a year looking for you. It’s only recently that George told me you haven’t been there for years and that he misses you.”

I can’t even soften at the mention of George.

That jealous homewrecking bitch!

I start to pace; oh god, how could she?

I know Noah’s watching me, but he’s letting me have a moment, and I appreciate that. It’s the one thing I could never understand—only one night together, and he can read my emotions like a book. I stop and face him.

“The morning after we spent that night together,” I stop and swallow hard, but he nods, telling me to continue. “My phone rang, so I went to go and answer it outside so I wouldn’t wake you. Another waitress was asking if we could switch days, and I thought it was perfect because I didn’t want to leave you until I bumped into Cindy, who was also my childhood friend. We went to school together since we were like five. She was the outgoing one, while I was the shy, nerdy girl who couldn’t talk to boys.” He grins at that, and I narrow my eyes at him,

making him lift his hands up in innocence. “She was coming out of another brother’s room; when she saw me, I couldn’t help it. I was excited about our connection, and I knew I just knew deep in my bones that you were the one, and if you had asked me to, I would have left on the back of your bike without looking back.” His eyes melt at my confession, but they soon darken at my next words: “She told me she’d slept with you before, which I admit I was a little defeated about, but not everyone was a nun like me, and I told her it didn’t matter that I knew we were supposed to be until she said you don’t do relationships. She said, I was an idiot for thinking you would.” I let out a huff. “I left so I wouldn’t feel heartbroken if you rejected me. I listened to her words.

It wasn’t until the next week had passed by that I realized she was talking out of her ass; she started treating me like shit and tried to get me the sack. She wanted you, and she was jealous, but I was just too late, and then I found out I was pregnant. I asked anyone who was working when I wasn’t if you’d shown up, and they all told me no. They sided with her after she’d said I’d stolen you from her. After a year, I had to move on for my school, and I ended up in Washington.”

He grinds his teeth together, his jaw locking. “When I went back to the diner a few years ago, she’d dyed her hair black—the same shade as yours, fuck.” I winced because, yeah, she had a screw loose that I didn’t see coming. “I fucked her that day picturing you.” I winced again, pain slicing through me, but I couldn’t really hold it against him despite feeling like I’m drowning. Can I?

Or maybe I can kick it where it hurts so he can feel my pain.

I stopped that thought. Nope, no, I can’t. We had one night; he gave me a daughter, and that’s where it needs to stay, I guess.

Dammit, I really want to kick him where the sun doesn’t shine.

Noah links his fingers behind the back of his neck before looking at me. He looks tense and extremely pissed off. He drops his arms and points at me.

“I haven’t lived like a monk. I’ve fucked a lot.” I wince again, my heart breaking, and he starts to pace. “God, just the thought of you made me want to fucking break. I’ve tried to find you for five fucking years while also trying to fucking forget you.” My brows shoot to my hairline, and he gives me a pointed look. “Don’t say it; I already fucking know it doesn’t make sense. Trust me, I fucking know. But day in and day out, you were all I fucking thought about. All I fucking wanted. I needed an hour—one fucking hour—where I didn’t think of you, where I didn’t feel like I was dying from the inside out, like I couldn’t breathe. One night, Meghan, that’s all it took for you to steal my fucking soul.”

He’s breathing heavily, and I bite my bottom lip.

It’s all good for him to say these things, but he needs to think of Lilah now, not me. He has a woman staking claim—a woman he’s apparently been sleeping with before I even came on the scene and continued to sleep with when I left. We need to leave things the way they are. Him being a good daddy, I know he’ll be. He looks at me again and shakes his head.

“No,”

Seriously?

“No what?”

“No, we’re not doing whatever you think.”

My eyes widen. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

I totally know what he’s talking about. It’ll hurt, maybe us being...

I don’t finish my thought when he points at me: “We are not being just friends.” I swallow hard, dammit. See, he can read me like a fucking book: “We will be happening Wildcat. You are mine and I finally have you back after longing for you for five fucking years, I finally have you with me. I’m not letting you go again.”

He doesn’t let me speak; instead, he walks over to me and kisses my forehead before gently kissing my lips, making sparks fly between us. He rasps against my lips, “Doc

mentioned you have a day off in two days; meet me at Sweet Treats with our girl at 10 am because Wildcat, daddy's home.”

He kisses me one more time before leaving the breakroom and leaving me stumped.

My heart is beating wildly in my chest, my friend is dead on technically my watch, and the man I've been searching for who has another woman claiming him just claimed me after five years apart yet I'm stumped.

What the hell just happened?

Chapter 13

Slicer – Two days later

I quickly rushed out of my room at the clubhouse. I have fifteen minutes to get to Sweet Treats.

Fuck, I'm nervous.

I rush into the common room, heading towards the front door. My stride is focused on getting to my girl when I can see my mother in the corner of my eye, about to say something, but I just shout, "NO MOTHER," making the brothers chuckle, not stopping my stride.

The officers of the club are aware of Meghan and Lilah, and all of them are fucking happy that I finally found my girl with an added bonus. They know I have a battle on my hands with Meghan, and I fucking hope I can convince her sooner rather than later to give us a shot because if it's later then I'll be kidnapping her, plain and fucking simple.

I've already waited five years; I won't wait any longer.

I get closer to the door while my mother scowls, not happy I won't bring her with me, when Clitter intercepts me making me scowl and stopping me from leaving.

She places her hands on her hips.

"Baby, it's been three days, and we still haven't continued where we left off at the church!"

I shake my head. She's got to stop now.

"Clitter, I'm not your man; you don't have a claim on me, so back the fuck off."

She scowls, "You are my man; we've been exclusive for years."

I, along with the brothers, chuckle at her delusional thoughts.

"Okay, one, you're not the only woman I've been fucking over

the years.” Her face goes red with anger. “And two last time I checked, you’ve fucked several brothers over the years, including the prospects who are not supposed to touch the sweet butts until patched in hoping I’d get jealous when I never did. You and Ginger were fucking each other last week to get Hawks’s attention when he decided to get drunk after an argument with Daisy. Her eyes widen, but I continue, “You’re a sweet butt after a patched brother and a cushy lifestyle; not once have I claimed we were anything more. You don’t love me; you never have.” I point to my neck and say, “You see that, that is the woman who owns me, who I’ve claimed publicly for the last five years, and you know this, so back off before you end up having to leave the clubhouse.”

She stomps her foot. “I had you first, and you can’t even find her!”

The brothers chuckle knowing I have found her, and I just shrug before going around her, but before I go out of the door, I point to Ink and say, “I’ll pop in later; I need a new tat added.” He grins and nods his head, and I leave, heading to my bike with my heart in my throat as I climb on.

Fuck, I hope Lilah likes me.

I hope she doesn’t fucking hate me for not being there for her and her momma.

Shaking my head at my thoughts, I start my Harley up and rev it before spinning out of the clubhouse with Axel in front of me. His excuse is that he wants to see his wife and child; his actual reason is that he wants to see Meghan and meet Lilah. He said they haven’t actually crossed paths since Dagger has been with Mel; if they had, he would have told me right away. He’s kicking himself right now, though, when he shouldn’t be.

He recognized her at the wedding, though; Lilah was just a shock.

When we get there, I swallow hard, seeing that she’s already inside.

Axel pats my back. “Come on, brother, let’s finally get you with your girl, yeah?”

I nod, and we both walk into the shop.

Annalise grins from behind the counter, Annabel strapped to her chest, making me smile before I look around the tables, spotting my girls instantly. Lilah is in pink shorts and a princess tank top; her brown curly hair is down. She's busy coloring, her tongue poking out in concentration, making me smile before I look at my girl, my heart. She's sitting and watching our daughter with a gentle smile. I can see she's wearing a flowery summer dress; her black hair is pushed back by a headband, and my cock likes what he sees.

Yeah, buddy, you and me both, I mumble before taking a deep breath.

I look towards my Pres and friend, and he nods his head for me to go over, while Annalise has hope shining in her eyes. I nodded before walking towards them. Meghan notices me first, and she gives me a small smile, her eyes tearing up, before nudging Lilah, who looks up at her mother, who for some reason is getting her phone out.

Did she get a message?

Is she seeing someone?

She fucking better not be!

She nods her head my way, making me stop in confusion before Lilah turns her head towards me. Her eyes instantly tear up as she scrambles to get off her chair, running towards me all while shouting,

“DADDY, MY DADDY.”

I hear Annalise let out a sob while Meghan records our moment as I catch our little girl in my arms, holding her up tightly to me as she wraps herself around me like a spider monkey. She sobs in my neck, and I look towards my girl; her tears are trailing down her face, love shining in her eyes, as well as relief, relief that our daughter finally has her daddy.

She fucking told her she was seeing her daddy.

Fuck, my girl just steals my breath away with her kind soul.

Lilah squeezes me tightly, and some tears fall from my eyes before I make eye contact with Axel, who also has his phone out the dick. He grins a watery grin at me, and I shake my head, subtly flipping him off, making him and Annalise chuckle before I walk over to Meghan, whose tears trail her face. She puts her phone down as I kneel in front of her with our girl still clinging to me. I cup her cheek, wiping away her tears, before I lean forward and take her mouth with mine, gently kissing her lips. She doesn't pull back like I knew she wouldn't; her emotions are running wild. She's torn between wanting me, needing me, and letting our daughter have me all to herself because that's Meghan for you, putting our daughter first.

I just need to show her that I can have both, and I need to prove that the other women over the years didn't mean jack-shit to me.

I hear a cheer, and I pull back from a dazed Meghan before looking towards Axel, who quickly looks towards the walls like they are the most important thing going, and I shake my head. The fucker has live-streamed our reunion at the clubhouse.

Ah well, it looks like everyone now knows about Lilah and the fact that I've finally found my girl.

I grab the seat near Meghan and sit down, placing one of my knees in between hers and one of my hands gripping her hip while the other rubs soothing motions up and down our daughter's back.

Her sobs have stopped, but she's still hiccupping.

"You told her?"

She nods before she rasps, "As soon as we got back from the wedding."

I slowly close my eyes, holding Lilah closer to me. I hear women sobbing, and I look towards Axel again. He quickly shuts his phone off before walking over here with Annalise.

He kneels in front of Meghan, making her smile. "I know you."

He grins back. “Yeah, doll, it’s good to see you again, although I’m kicking myself for not seeing you sooner.”

She smiles back at him. “It was normally Mel who dealt with the brother’s women when they came in, and when I was in the room when it was Mel, we just missed each other, I think.” He nods before leaning forward, giving her a hug, and I growl, making them both shake their heads at me while Annalise giggles. Lilah still hasn’t let go of my neck, and everyone’s eyes soften at her while Meghan rubs our daughter’s back.

“All she’s wanted, every birthday and Christmas, is her daddy.” She looks me in the eyes and says, “I finally got to give her that wish.”

I nod while Annalise lets out a sniffle, causing us to smile.

We spend an hour at Sweet Treats while Lilah stays in my arms, not letting me go until she falls asleep with her head in the crook of my neck. Axel and Annalise gave us the space we needed, and I’m grateful for that, but now I’m standing near Meg’s crappy Buick, not wanting them to leave my sight. We didn’t talk; I spent the whole time talking to Lilah, asking her questions, all while she kept her head in the crook of my neck while Meg took pictures.

When she stands, I quickly put my head in the back of the car to kiss Lilah’s forehead before looking at Meg, who was wiping a tear.

I wrap my arm around her waist and cup her cheek with my other hand as she sniffles.

“She’s going to fall apart when she wakes and you’re not there.”

I nod. “You’ve got my number now; ring me as soon as she wakes, and if I have to, I’ll come by.”

She nods, and I lean forward, placing my forehead against hers.

“What’s it going to take for you to give me another chance, Wildcat?”

She shrugs. “It doesn’t matter; we can’t; we’ve got to think about Lilah.”

I nod against her head. “I am thinking about her, Meg, but I’m also thinking about how my heart needs you. I know I haven’t done right these past five years; I can’t change that; I know I can’t, but it’s not like you’ve lived like a monk, also Wildcat.”

The thought makes me murderous, but I’m not an idiot, or, well, I didn’t think I was until she swallowed hard, not looking me in the eyes.

Realization hits me like a fucking train, and I squeeze her hip, making her look at me. “You haven’t been with anyone else, have you? I’m your only one.”

She swallows hard again but nods, and fuck me, does my cock harden.

Shit, she’s all fucking mine.

Possessiveness overtakes me before I take her lips with mine, kissing her with passion and possession and letting her know how I fucking feel about that little bit of information. Guilt builds for not giving her the same, but I know I can’t change it; all I can do is prove to her that they meant nothing and she means everything.

I slow the kiss, then run my nose along hers.

“This is happening, Meghan. You and Lilah, you’re both mine; all you’ve got to do is catch up because I’m not letting you go again.” I open the door for her and guide her with my arm that’s around her waist: “Get our girl home, Wildcat, and call me as soon as she wakes.”

She nods, and I kiss her one more time before watching her drive away. Fuck.

I swallow hard, rubbing the gold bracelet she still doesn’t know I have, which she’s not getting back before going down the street to Fire’s Ink.

When I walk through the door, Ink is already waiting for me, and he nods me through. I nod and head to his room, taking a seat in his chair.

I tilt my head to the side.

“I want Lilah under Meghan’s name with a rose. Big enough to see it but small enough to fit any other kids we may have because, like, fuck am I not having any more kids with her?”

He grins and nods his head. “Alright, brother.” He sets his ink up before free-handing it to my neck while he talks, “I saw the feed; it looked fucking emotional.”

I clear my throat, trying not to move. “Yeah, Meg had already told Lilah who she was seeing, and I definitely was not expecting it.”

He smiles. “Your girl has a kind soul.”

I smile and say, “Yeah, she has. I’m just hoping I can use that against her to win her back.”

He nods. “You’ll win her back, brother; us brothers, we’re irresistible.”

We both chuckle before my phone rings. My heart instantly speeds up seeing Wildcat flash on the screen, and Ink nudges me, “Answer it, brother.”

I smile and do as he says.

Chapter 14

Meghan

I put some more syringes in the drawer in the triage room. I'm restocking it while we're between patients and to kill time until the end of my shift with my mind wondering to Noah as always. Even before we finally found him, he was always on my mind. He was really great with Lilah at Sweet Treats; she already adores him. After we got home and I had to wake her to get inside, she cried her little heart out, realizing her daddy was gone.

I gently move Lilah's hair out of her face, and I hope I don't wake her by getting her out of the car, yet my hopes are dashed because as soon as I unclick her, her eyes open.

She looks around her hazel eyes, confused, before she realizes Daddy's not here.

Shoot.

Tears build before they topple over, and sobs tear out of her little body.

I quickly pick her up and carry her inside while she screams for her daddy. My poor baby probably thinks it was all a dream. I unlock the front door before going inside and locking it again. I sit on the sofa before gently moving her hair out of her face and wiping away her tears.

"Kitten, would you like me to call Daddy?"

She sniffles and nods frantically, making me smile before grabbing my phone. The picture of Lilah clinging to Noah serves as my background. I know I shouldn't, but this man is my everything. I can want him from afar, right?

Maybe I need to try and finally date.

Why does just the thought of that make my stomach clench?

Shaking my head, I call his number. He answers on the fourth ring,

“Wildcat, is everything okay?”

I don’t answer him, but I do smile wide at the sparkle returning in my daughter’s eyes. “Daddy?” she sniffles.

“Hey baby girl, why the sniffles?”

My heart rate picks up at the softness in his tone for our girl.

“I-I woke, and dad-daddy was gone.”

I wipe her tears for her. “I’m sorry, princess. Next time we’ll wake you to say bye, okay?”

She sniffles again as a buzzing sound echoes through the phone, and I furrow my brows and say, “O-OK, Daddy.”

“I love you, baby girl.”

My tears start to fall at his words. I swear this man, “I love you too, Daddy.”

I swallow hard. Yep, we’re definitely not going to happen; she needs all of him.

I blink when my phone vibrates, bringing me back, and I quickly grab it just in case it’s about Lilah, but I scowl at seeing the unknown number.

Enough is enough now. I answered it.

“You’ve got to stop now.”

I hear a sigh: “I’m your mother, Meghan.”

I scoff, “No, you’re not. You never have been; you know it, and I know it. Stop ringing me; I want nothing to do with you, and you are certainly not welcome anywhere near my daughter, especially with whatever man you believe she needs to be with. You come near her mother, and I promise you this, I’ll become your worst nightmare.”

“Meghan, this man is perfect for her; he’s turning 42 this year and very handsome. They’ll wed when she’s 13.”

“FUCK OFF YOU DOZY FUCKING COW.” I hear her gasp, but I’m not finished. “I’m only telling you this once, mother

dearest, so listen clearly. I. will. Kill. You. if you ever come near us, if you ever go near my daughter. Tell that to your sick husband and whatever man you're trying to sell my daughter off to. Contact me again and you'll find out exactly what I'm capable of because she's my daughter, SHE IS MINE."

I hang up seething.

How dare she?

How fucking dare she?

I swear I don't care if I have to do time; Lilah has Noah now, and I know she'll be safe. If my parents come within twenty feet of her, I will kill them. Like hell, are they selling my girl.

I check the time and see I only have five minutes left of my shift, and I quickly go to the staff room for my stuff. I need to get out of here; I need to get my eyes on my little girl.

My heart is pounding in my chest, fear for my daughter building, which is ridiculous; they don't know where I am but tell my fricking heart that.

As soon as I get in my car, I take a breath. Maybe I need to call Noah, but I don't want to disturb him; he may be busy.

Dammit.

I start my car up and peel out of the parking lot, heading to the nursery. It doesn't take me long before I'm pulling up outside the building. I park up and rush in. Her case worker smiles at me, and I smile back before my girl rushes out to me. I take her in my arms and hold her tight before waving bye to Emily. I quickly walk back to my car while Lilah tells me all about Jacob, a cute little 2-year-old to whom she's become attached to.

I strap her in before deciding to take her to the park.

We've been here for the past two hours. I let her play while I tried to decide what to do next. I can't risk them getting a hold of her. I can't. If they can get my number, they can find my address, and I honestly don't know what they're capable of anymore. Me falling pregnant and leaving would have dropped

them down in the church a space or two; it would have been an embarrassment to my father.

Taking a deep breath, I decide to call the one person I know will help without dragging Noah into it. I grab my phone, pull up the number, and hover over the call button before looking back up towards my girl, who's playing in the sand pit. I swallow hard and press the button for her. I need to protect her, and this is the only way.

He answers on the second ring,

“Meg, I was going to call you in a few days, but I heard you finally found Noah, or, as I know him, Slicer.”

I smile a little before I rasp, “Yeah, Steel, I finally found him.”

I know he can hear the fear in my voice: “What's wrong? Where are you?”

I sniffle. “I'm at the park with Lilah. I need a favor, Steel.”

“Anything.”

I take a deep breath and explain what I need without telling him why. He said he'd sort it out and be in touch before we said bye, and I quickly wiped my tears.

For Lilah, I'm doing this for her.

I sit here for another, maybe ten, minutes when I hear pipes revving down the road. Lilah looks up instantly before she starts to scream, “DADDY,” making my heart pound. I look as he makes his way over to us, catching our girl in the process, who holds onto him, and I smile. He kisses her head before whispering something in her ear, and she nods before kissing his cheek. He lets her down before she rushes back to the sandpit with a massive grin on her face while he makes his way to me.

The soft look on his face for our daughter is gone; his face is now thunderous, and I furrow my brows and stand up, wondering what on earth has happened.

He doesn't stop his stride until he's right in front of me, his hard chest touching my soft one. He cups my cheek with one hand, the other gripping my hip, his eyes looking into mine

before he puts his face close to mine. “Please fucking explain to me why you want a gun!” My eyes widen before I squeeze them tightly shut. Fricking Steel, I didn’t want to get Noah involved. He squeezes my hip again, making me look at him. “I want answers, Wildcat. Why does my woman want a fucking gun? And why in the hell is she going to a different charter to get one?”

I swallow hard, trying to ignore the flutter in my stomach at him calling me his woman because I’m not and I can’t be. We need to think of Lilah, and he has a woman who’s already claimed him.

I take a deep breath.

“My parents are Christians,” he furrows his brows, “but it’s a front; their ‘church’ is basically a bunch of men grouped together generations ago so they can feel superior, and by that, they ensure the women do as they’re told. They groom them from an early age into adulthood. The women are to be silent, obedient, and grateful. They tried to marry me off to a man who was fifteen years older than me when I fell pregnant with Lilah; he had already had three kids with three different underaged girls.” His eyes grow more intense with each word I say. “When I refused to abort my baby, they kicked me out, but when I gave birth and they found out she was a she they called child protective services several times to claim custody.”

He nods. “Okay, so your parents are sick sons of bitches that won’t be invited to family occasions, but why a gun, Meghan?”

I can see he’s trying to keep his cool, and I swallow hard.

“I didn’t want to involve you, Noah,” he squeezes my hip again in a warning, and I nod. “My parents have been relentless in calling me recently. Today I answered and told my mother to basically fuck off. She told me there’s a man who wants to marry our daughter when she’s thirteen. He’s 42. They are trying to sell our daughter like they tried to sell me like my grandmother’s father had sold her.”

His eyes blazed over, anger taking hold. He takes deep breaths to try and contain it, but I can see he's struggling with it. "Do they know where you live now?" I shake my head. "Alright, I'll ring Flame and have him look into it; no one is getting our daughter."

A tear falls from my eye, and he wipes it away. "I need that gun, Noah. I need to feel like I have some control over the situation."

He nods. "I'll get you one. I'm not happy about it, but I will, and I'll teach you how to shoot it, but you won't use it, Meghan. Someone tries to come for our daughter, then they'll have to go through me first, as well as my brothers."

I let out a sob before he wrapped his arms around me, and I clung to him. I always feel like I'm home in his arms. I was scared when the feeling took hold of me back then, so fricking scared, but now it feels comforting.

I nuzzle my nose into the crook of his neck before I freeze, seeing writing there, and I pull back before making eye contact with him, and he smiles before my eyes go back to the writing.

Meghan

Lilah

My tears fall some more before he wipes them away, kissing my forehead. "I've had your name on my body for five years, Wildcat; you were always mine. I got our daughters after we met up at Sweet Treats."

The buzzing sound I heard.

I sniffle while he squeezes my hips again. "If something or someone upsets you, I mean it, Meghan, you come to me, not another brother or another club; you come to me. I'm here now; you got that." I nod before he kisses my forehead again. "I'm going to go play with our daughter before I follow you home to make sure you get there safely. Next week, you both are coming to mine at the clubhouse for dinner and don't try to use work as an excuse, Doc has already informed me you are off next week."

I don't even put up a fight; instead, I nod before kissing his cheek and then taking a seat on the bench, watching him play with our daughter while taking a bunch of photos.

Chapter 15

Slicer – One week later

Axel bangs the gavel on the table. “Alright brothers, I’m now putting Flame through.”

We all nod as he connects his phone to the screen we have in church. Only officers of the club come in here, as well as the old-timers who used to be officers. The other brothers will only be informed of any knowledge when necessary.

Flame’s face pops up, and we grin at seeing his ugly mug. He grins back.

“Alright fuckers?”

We chuckle while Axel shakes his head. “Let’s get started,” he says, looking over to me. “Slicer wanted to speak about something before we got into it about Starfish.”

The brothers all furrow their brows as I stand. I don’t look at my dad because, let’s face it, he’ll kick off. I keep my eyes on the screen. “Did you find the information?”

He nods. “It’s fucking some sick shit, brother.”

I nodded before looking around the table. “Last week I had a call from Steel.” Axel and Dagger, who is finally back from his honeymoon, sit up straight, and I can understand why; a Pres of another club doesn’t contact a treasurer; he contacts the Pres out of respect, but this is different; this involves my love. “My girl, my silly fucking girl,” I shake my head, placing my hands on my hips, “asked him to get her a gun.”

All the men now sit up straight, and I look towards Flame, and he nods, “Alright, brothers.” He puts up two pictures on the screen near his head. A man with blue eyes like my woman’s who looks to be in his fifties with a woman who has black hair, the same shade as Meg’s but with brown eyes, who looks to be in her mid-thirties, and Axel stands, “We know them.”

Flame nods. “Five years ago, myself, Slicer, and Axel went to a house in Wincher where we had believed Meghan lived. Phoebe and Tom Campbell, the couple in the photos above, told us their daughter had died at 18. We didn’t question it; they were wearing black and gray like they were in mourning, so we left, but they lied.” My fury builds within me, causing Gunner to stand and grip my arm.

All these years, I’ve missed.

Flame continues, “They are Meghan’s parents, and they’re sick fucking people. For generations, her family has been part of a cult. They try to hide it in the farce that they are good Christians who love the church, when in reality the men rule while the women obey. The men groom children from a young age, while their mothers sit back and let it fucking happen. The men also love younger women—no, not women girls! Her grandmother hated the life she was sold into when she was just a girl; she tried to shield Meghan from a young age. In the files they stupidly keep, it shows men in their thirties and fifties wanting Meghan at the age of three; her grandmother managed to stop it. When she passed two years prior to Meghan meeting Slicer, her parents started planning; she was being sold to a man fifteen years older than her. Meghan’s mother was only ten years old when she gave birth; her father was already nearly thirty.”

I can feel my body shake, and Gunner grips my arm tighter.

“When Meghan fell pregnant, she put a dent in their plans to move up within their ‘church’; instead, they were embarrassed and demoted. They kept tabs on Meghan’s pregnancy, hoping for a girl to give to a man called Abram as payment for him not getting their daughter. When it was confirmed Meghan had a girl, her parents tried to get custody, but it didn’t work, and Meghan left for Washington to continue medical school without telling anyone where she went. Her parents have been trying to find her ever since. Abram, who has just turned 42, still wants Lilah as payment. A contract has been drawn up that they are to wed when she’s ten, not thirteen, like Meghan was told. The only thing stopping the contract from going ahead; is that they need Meghan’s signature, and now Slicer’s

seems as though Meghan, as of a few days ago, rang her grandmother's lawyer and got his name put on the birth certificate, throwing their plans further down the drain. Lilah is now known as Lilah Rose Carter. And as of yesterday, a letter was placed with said certificate for Lilah and Slicer should anything happen to Meghan."

The brothers freeze with realization, and Gunner lets me go before I grab my chair, throwing it against the wall. As soon as it smashed, Hawk stood with Ink, both grabbing a hold of me before I could make more havoc. She put me on the certificate in case something fucking happens.

Dammit.

Flame clears his throat. "It gets worse; his father, Caleb Alberto, is requesting for Meghan to be one of his mistresses."

Both brothers grip me harder when I try to fight them while Axel stands. "I want them monitored Flame; I want to know all of their whereabouts, and Dagger and I will contact the Rebels so they can do some surveillance and gain evidence to shut them the fuck down."

Flame nods while I stay standing, fuming, before Axel speaks again and looks at me to ensure I'm good.

I'm not, but we need to get this meeting moving along. My girls should be here soon for dinner, so I give him a nod, and he looks back at the screen.

"How's Star, brother?"

He sighs and shakes his head, my breathing starting to calm despite the furnace building up.

Hawk and Ink let me go before we all sit again, my leg now bouncing to get eyes on my girls. "She's fucking stubborn," the brothers chuckle while I manage a half smile because that's the fucking truth: "I spotted Hairy yesterday." We all sit up straighter, "He's definitely following her, so I'll be working my ass off to convince her to come home, where she'll be safe and we can catch the fucker. I've given her a week to get used

to the idea, or I'll be dragging her back, kicking and screaming."

We all nod when Axel's phone vibrates.

We don't normally allow phones in church, but I knew my girls were coming, so Axel told Shane, who was at the gate, to inform him when they arrived. Axel gives me a nod, and I grin before waving to a smiling Flame. I rush out of church, heading to the front door. My mother instantly stands up, but I just shake my head at her, causing her to scowl.

My girls aren't ready for her yet.

I can feel Clitter following me, hoping to speak to me, but I ignore her and open the front door to the clubhouse before I hear my daughter screaming, "MY DADDY MOMMA, IT'S MY DADDY," and I grin wide as I walk over to Meghan's car.

I lean into the driver's side window, kissing her lips gently, shocking the shit out of her, but I just smile. She'll get used to this because it's happening. Tonight I'm making us official; she's mine, my old lady, my woman. "Hey Wildcat," she licks her lips before she rasps, "Hey," and I smile wider at the dazed look in her eyes. I look into the back to see my girl in dungarees, her hair in pigtails, looking fucking adorable. "You fancy a ride, baby girl?"

Her eyes light up in excitement before I look at Meghan, who is smiling and says, "Please drive carefully with her."

I nod my head before kissing her lips again.

Fuck, I can't get enough of her taste.

"Follow behind us; we'll go to my house," *our house*, I say in my head.

She nods before I go to the backseat. I open the door and unclick my baby girl before carrying her over to my bike. I can see Clitter standing near the door, her eyes wide, with Ginger and a few other sweet butts standing behind her in shock.

When Axel live-streamed our reunion, only the brothers and old ladies were present, and Sophie was told not to say

anything to her new friend Clitter, so yeah, they're all shocked, all right.

I place Lilah on the front of the bike before grabbing the small purple helmet I bought her, placing it on her head, and climbing on behind her. I hear a whistle from my left, and we both look to see Meghan with her phone out. I grin, placing my arm around Lilah and pausing for our photo. When she grins and puts her phone away after doing something on it, I start my bike up, making Lilah giggle loudly. The brothers are now standing outside, all smiling, while my father has tears in his eyes. My mother is standing next to him, her hands over her mouth, tears running down her face.

They're definitely not ready for my mother yet.

I rev my bike, and Lilah giggles again before I back up out of my space.

"You ready, baby girl?"

She nods frantically, making me grin before I drive off down the road. The brothers are all cheering, causing Lilah to giggle some more. I can sense Meghan right behind me, and I instantly relax having both my girls on club property where they're safe. When we get to my place, I wave my arm for Meghan to pull into the space in front of the garage before I help Lilah off, taking her helmet off. She rushes over to Meghan, who is getting out of her shitty car.

I wonder if she'll be pissed at me if I buy her a better one. Most likely, but oh well, she'll forgive me.

I watch as our daughter excitedly jumps up and down before something catches my attention, and it's not the white sundress my girl is wearing either, which should be a fucking crime for her to wear out in public; it hugs her curves deliciously.

I walk over to them before picking up a piece of Meghan's hair. "Is that red paint?"

She furrows her brows before looking at the piece of hair I'm holding, narrowing her eyes.

She mock glares at our daughter, "Again, Lilah Rose?"

Lilah looks up towards the sky, trying to be all innocent but failing miserably, making me chuckle before Meghan actually glares at me. I grin wide before pecking her lips.

“Come on, you two; dinner should be ready; my mother made us a pot roast.”

I lead them inside and notice the awe-struck look on Meghan’s face as she looks around our home, and I grin, knowing I made a good decision with the decorating. I lead them into the kitchen, where we proceed to laugh over dinner, and I have never been more fucking happy.

A few hours later, I’m sitting on the gray fabric armchair, watching as Meghan gently kneels in front of our daughter, who has fallen asleep. She has her own room; my mother decorated it for her, full of Disney princesses. I just don’t know how to bring it up with Meghan, so they’ll both stay. I watch entranced as my girl gently moves her right hand through our daughter’s hair when something catches my attention on her inner wrist.

A tattoo?

I get up; I have to see it. It looks like a name, and my curiosity is winning over. I kneel down next to her, gently kissing our girl’s forehead before I grab Meghan’s hand. She looks at me with confusion before I move her wrist, twisting her hand so I can see what’s written, and instantly I want to melt into a fucking puddle.

Noah

I look into her eyes, her beautiful blue eyes that have started to tear up, and I can’t fucking help it; I need to taste her. I pull her hand, my lips finding hers in a passionate kiss, my tongue shoving past her lips, tangling with hers. She fucking claimed me like I claimed her before finding each other again.

She fucking loves me too.

I don’t remove my lips from hers as I move my hands under her armpits, lifting her up as I stand, her legs wrapping around my waist. I know the front door is locked, and our girl will be safe on the corner sofa until I wear her momma out. Once

she's passed out, I'll put Lilah in her new bed, but right now, I need Meghan. I need her more than life its-fucking-self.

I walk up the stairs, heading to our room—yes, our fucking room—before laying her on the king-sized bed, my body going over hers as my hands glide up her thighs that have parted to make room for my hips. I bring her dress up and over her head, her bare tits coming into my vision, but I only break the kiss for a few seconds before my lips are back on hers. I take my cut off, chucking it blindly, which my Pres would kill me for, before I lean back a little, removing my shirt, then take her lips off again as her arms come around my neck. I unbuckle my belt, undo my jeans, and somehow don't fucking as me how I manage to remove my jeans all while not moving my lips from hers.

I press my body onto hers, tearing her panties from her body, her skin burning mine with fire from the sparks as the head of my cock bumps into the entrance of her wet pussy, her legs wrapping around my waist at the same time as I slowly sink in. Her wet, tight heat grips me and has both of us groaning into the kiss as I fill her up, the feeling of home surrounding us.

Fucking finally.

My hands glide up her arms, bringing them over her head, linking our fingers together as my hips move backward before slamming forward again, making her gasp and break the kiss, her head tilting back. I move my lips down her neck, needing to taste her always as I plop a nipple into my mouth, gently biting it before sucking hard. Her cunt tightens around me, and I angle my hips, thrusting harder but keeping the pace slow, making love to her for the first time in five years. I can feel my spine start to tingle, but I won't cum before her. I take her lips again in a passionate kiss, my tongue tangling with hers while my right-hand travels down in between our bodies, my left keeping me up so I don't squish her, finally letting go of her hands. She immediately brings her hands down to my back, digging her nails deliciously into me while my right-hand finds her clit. I strum it fast but keep my pace slow and steady, thrusting hard. Her cunt squeezes me tightly before fluid

gushes from her, squirting on my dick as she cums, screaming into my mouth while my hips pick up speed. One, two, three more pumps, and I cum, squishing my hips against her pelvis so my seed paints her walls and womb, hoping to get her pregnant again so she'll never fucking leave me.

I keep my hips pressed into her while slowing down the kiss to a few pecks before rubbing my nose against hers, my arms bracketing her head, keeping me up while her legs are still wrapped around my waist, not wanting me to move.

Fat chance of that, I'm finally fucking home.

I peck her lips again before I rasp against them. "I hope you're not tired, Wildcat, because we've got five years to make up for."

I move my hips back before thrusting forward, making her gasp, and my limp dick hardens again before we start all over.

In bed,

In the shower and against the wall,

All fucking night long.

I'm finally fucking home and finally at peace.

Chapter 16

Meghan

I blink my eyes as the smell of pancakes flows through the room with the sound of my precious girl's giggles.

I furrow my brows before looking around the massive master bedroom as memories from last night return.

Noah.

I had sex with Noah. No, not just sex; we made love over and over like no time had passed.

I look around the room.

The wall behind the king-sized bed is dark blue, while the rest are white. There's a balcony to my right where the sun shines through.

I take a deep breath before sitting up. Last night shouldn't have happened. Lilah needs all of his attention right now.

Dammit, what did we do?

I take deep breaths, trying to control my racing heart. It's fine; we'll talk, and we'll both agree it won't happen again, so it's fine.

Lilah needs to come first, not our attraction for each other. Our love.

Fuck.

I get up and look around the room. My dress is nowhere to be found, but Noah's top that he wore last night sits on the chair, and I sigh, knowing he put it there on purpose. That man.

Shaking my head, I quickly put it on before leaving the room. I go down four steps before rounding the corner, following the light gray walls. A few closed doors align the walls before a pink one stands out. It's open, and I quickly take a peek, and I gasp.

It's a room fit for a princess, with Lilah's name spelled out in block letters on the light pink wall that showcases Disney princesses above a carriage bed. Damn, there go my ovaries. The room is full of toys and a white wardrobe with a mirror attached to the door. There's a TV on the wall and her own doll house.

Jeez, how can I compete with this when we share a room at home?

My heart sinks. Will she still want to come home?

Swallowing hard; I leave the room, trying to regulate my breathing before following the sound of giggles. I go down the curved staircase, taking a left before heading to the open kitchen and dining room combo. Lilah is sitting at the breakfast bar eating heart-shaped pancakes while Noah is flipping some more next to the stove, shirtless, I might add. I don't make myself known; instead, I lean against the wall and watch the two most important people in my life.

"Daddy?"

Noah turns to look at her, happiness shining through his eyes.

"Yeah, princess?"

"Will you and momma get married like Bell and the Beast?"

I sucked in a breath.

Crap.

Noah doesn't even bat an eye at her question: "That baby girl is the plan."

My mouth dropped open at his confirmation.

What the...

I don't finish the thought when he places the last pancake on a plate before turning to face me like he knew I was standing here already. He crosses his arms over his muscularly tattooed chest, leaning against the counter, his hazel eyes connecting with my blue ones after he gives me a once-over in nothing but his shirt. "We just have to get momma on board with the plan."

I blink my eyes, hoping the tears don't build. So much for pretending that last night never happened.

I roam my eyes over his body before something gold catches my attention, and I stand up straight.

My bracelet?

I walk over to him while he tilts his head at me. He knows where my attention is, and he lets me have my moment as my tears start to fall the closer I get to him. When I'm within touching distance, I grab his right hand, and there it is: my bracelet from my grandmother.

I look up into his eyes, and he smiles at me. "If you think you're getting it back, Wildcat, you have another thing coming; it's a part of me now."

My tears fall harder, and before I know what I'm doing, I'm jumping into his arms. He catches me with ease, his arms wrapping around my middle as my arms go around his neck before our lips meet.

I hear a giggle coming from my right, and both Noah and I smile into the kiss before I rasp.

"Thank you for finding it."

He nods before rasping back, "You're still not getting it back though," making me giggle and kiss him again. If he wants to keep it, he can. I'm just happy he found it, and I'm so fucking delighted he wore it all this time.

After we've had breakfast, Noah reluctantly gives me my dress back before we make our way down to the clubhouse with my hand holding his as Lilah sits on his hip. He says he has a meeting with his brothers that they call church, but he wants to do something with Lilah and me and asked for me to wait for him, and I agreed.

We'll have to go home to get dressed first, though.

When we walk into the clubhouse through the backdoor, Mel is on us instantly. She grabs a giggling Lilah from Noah's arms, making him scowl at her and me laugh before she takes her over to Sophie and Annalise. I go to follow, but I'm pulled

back by Noah, his arms going around my waist while my hands grip those muscular arms, and I look into his hazel eyes. He smiles at me before kissing my lips passionately. I hear a few gasps, but he ignores them as he swipes his tongue into my mouth while I try to hold in the moan that wants to escape. When he breaks the kiss, he smirks at me while I narrow my eyes at him for his declaration, making his smirk turn into a grin.

He kisses my lips one more time before looking towards Lilah.

“Lilah Rose, be good for your momma, and I’ll treat you to an ice cream after my meeting.”

Lilah grins, replying, “Okay, Daddy,” before stuffing some of Annalise’s muffins in her mouth, making me giggle while Noah chuckles. He kisses my forehead before turning around, handing his phone to the man standing near the door, and going inside before the door shuts. I shake my head and turn about to go to my daughter when the woman with the fake bright blonde hair who I caught sleeping with Noah at the church stands in front of me in a bra and short shorts.

Jesus, there’s kids about, and she dresses like that.

I shake my head at her and go to walk around her when she grips my arm, digging her nails in as she turns me around, dragging her nails down my arm, marking me. The brothers who didn’t go to the meeting stand up with fury in their eyes while I stand there looking at her with furrowed brows as she speaks, pointing at the men, “She stole my old man; he made it official with me. You all know this is warranted.”

She sounds familiar.

The men look at me with furrowed brows, like they believe her, before sitting down and leaving her to it, and I just look at the woman in front of me. She sounds very familiar, but where have I heard her voice before?

I know I heard it at the wedding but I was in a bit of shock, now though I know I’ve heard it before that but when? She pulls her hand back and goes to punch me,

landing one on my lip and making me fall to the floor as Lilah screams for me.

Dammit, I was too busy trying to figure out where I'd heard her voice, and I didn't see the swing.

Damn, that hurt.

I get up about to hit her back when little arms wrap around my legs, and I glare at the woman who goes to hit me again, making me quickly turn around, my body blocking my daughter so she doesn't get hurt when I hear a screech. I turn my head around to see a woman with blonde hair and a curvy body hit the other woman hard in the face once, twice, three times before another woman who looks like her pulls her back. The first woman kicks out, trying to get back to the bitch who hit me.

“MOM STOP.”

The woman listens, breathing hard, while the woman who hit me glares at them. Lilah wails in my legs, and I quickly pick her up before she clings to me like a spider monkey. I look at the men, and I glare at them hard for not stopping this, for listening to the woman's lies, and for allowing her to put my daughter at risk.

I shake my head and go to leave. I don't want my daughter anywhere near these people; if Noah wants access, he can do it at mine or the park because fuck this shit!

Just as I go to turn around the woman who pulled her look-alike—aside from the eyes, she has hazel like Noah's—from the woman who attacked me, she shouts, “WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON HERE.”

My daughter grips me tighter, and I go to move again until the woman with blue eyes points to me. “That woman right there, Mazie, is Meghan, as in the Meghan who your brother has been trying to find for five years,” the men flinch. I know they

all saw our reunion; Noah told me Axel live-streamed it, yet they decided to believe a woman who gave them head when she spoke crap. “That little girl in her arms is your niece, Lilah Rose. That sweet butt bitch just attacked Meghan because your brother has finally got his girl back, and when your niece ran into her mother’s legs, the bitch still went to hit her again, all while these pathetic excuses for men stood back and watched, all because Clitter sucked them off.”

The men flinch again while the woman Mazie turns slowly to the other woman, Clitter, her face like thunder before she pounces, knocking them both to the ground, and I can’t do this anymore. I look at the men one more time and shake my head at them, making them flinch again before I head for the backdoor, taking my girl to our car, and then back home. I won’t have this kind of behavior around her.

Just as we get to the backdoor, I hear a boom.

“WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON?”

The men who went into the meeting rushed out. I make eye contact with Noah, and he instantly freezes when he sees I’m near the door with a still-wailing Lilah in my arms and my lip bleeding. He goes to rush towards me, but I shake my head at him, making him furrow his brows as a few men break up the catfight.

Axel points at the other brothers and says, “Please fucking tell me you bastards did not just sit here and let this happen with children around.”

They all shift while Noah hasn’t taken his eyes off me and his daughter. I know he sees the decision in my eyes; I know he can see we’re not going to happen that his brothers and that woman have made my mind up; this isn’t a life I want for me or for my child.

She won’t be coming to this property again, and neither will I.

Mel slides up next to me, placing her arm around me while her husband watches. His eyes fire with burning rage before he

shouts, “WHO THE FUCK MADE MEGHAN’S LIP BLEED AND FOR LILAH TO WAIL LIKE THAT?”

The brothers all look down while the women breathe hard as Sophie speaks up, anger in her eyes, with Leah holding her back. “Meghan was on her way to sit next to us and her gorgeous girl when Clitter grabbed a hold of her arm, digging her nails in and scratching her.” The men all look at my arms, and they are tense while Sophie continues glaring at the woman she saw as a friend. I heard the stories: Clitter helped her during the time her mother committed suicide, but she also got between her and Leah. ” The brothers went to intervene until Clitter told them Slicer had claimed her.” Noah glares at the brothers for believing her bullshit. “Clitter then proceeded to punch Meg in the face, knocking her over.”

Noah’s sister steps forward and points at Clitter: “That bitch went to hit my future sister-in-law again with my niece wrapped around her mother’s legs, screaming and crying after witnessing her mother being assaulted all while these so-called fucking brothers sat back and allowed it to happen.”

Axel steps forward, anger etching his features, while Mazie continues.

“I walked in to see Mom attacking the bitch and pulled her off until she told me what had happened, and I attacked her. She could have fucking hurt MY NIECE.” Mazie goes for Clitter again, landing a punch, while her mother goes for the brothers who didn’t help.

I go to leave, but Mel grips my shoulders, her eyes pleading with me to stay. I shake my head until familiar words ring out from Clitter, words I heard only a year before.

“The club’s full of available women for these men; we don’t need anymore; she’s just a patch chaser after my man. That child isn’t even his.”

Chapter 17

Slicer

I grin as I take a seat near Gunner in church.

Last night, I finally got my fucking girl back, and it feels like I'm on top of the world. Dagger grins at me and says, "You look happy and relaxed today."

My grin goes wider while the brothers chuckle before Axel bangs the gavel.

"Alright, fuckers, church is in session. We didn't get to go over the businesses yesterday, so let's start with Ink before we all start to argue over whose Lilah's favorite uncle is."

We all laugh as Ink nods, "Business is booming; last monthly charters show an increase of 18% this month, and considering I'm the one who tattooed her name on her daddy's neck, I'll be her favorite in no time."

Axel nods with a grin while the rest of the brothers pull their middle fingers towards him. Axel then looks towards me and asks, "The bar?"

I grin and say, "Packed every night, and sorry brothers, no one will go above me; you know, seems as though I am her daddy."

He grins while the table laughs before he goes to speak about Untamed Girls, our strip club, when we hear a screech coming from the common room. We all look at each other when more screaming and shouting enters the room. It echoes loudly when Shane opens the door and shouts, "FUCK PRES, WE NEED YOU," just as Lilah's wails echo through the room.

We all stand and rush out of the room into chaos.

My sister is punching Clitter in the face while Trigger holds my mother back from going after the brothers, who all look guilty as fuck, but that's not what makes me freeze; no, it's the

sight of my woman, whose lip is fucking bleeding, clutching a wailing Lilah in her arms, heading towards the backdoor. I don't take my eyes off her as Axel shouts, "WHAT THE FUCK IS GOING ON," causing Meghan to freeze, and I go to rush over to my girls, but Meghan shakes her head at me, freezing me in my spot, and panic enters my whole fucking body at the cold look in her beautiful blue eyes.

No, she's not leaving me when I've just fucking found her again; she can't.

Axel sneers to the brothers, "Please fucking tell me you bastards did not just sit here and let this happen with children around."

But I don't take my eyes off my girls. I can see scratch marks down Meghan's arms, and my fury builds as Melanie slides up beside her, wrapping her arm around my girls as Dagger booms, "WHO THE FUCK MADE MEGHAN'S LIP BLEED AND FOR LILAH TO WAIL LIKE THAT?"

The brothers all look down while the women breathe hard as Sophie speaks up, making me look at her. She has anger shining in her eyes while Leah holds her back, who, by the looks of things, is ready to pounce herself. "Meghan was on her way to sit next to us and her gorgeous girl when Clitter grabbed a hold of her arm, digging her nails in and scratching her." I look at my girls again as Sophie continues before making me glare at the brothers with her words—the fuckers have been on thin ice lately. "The brothers went to intervene until Clitter told them Slicer had claimed her. Clitter then proceeded to punch Meg in the face, knocking her over."

My breathing picks up when I see the finality in Meghan's eyes. She's not going to give us a shot; the brothers and Clitter have ensured that. Like fuck am I losing my family; Like fuck am I going to let her end things with us when we've just gotten started; I'll leave the brotherhood before that fucking happens. My sister steps forward, getting my attention, and points at Clitter: "That bitch went to hit my future sister-in-law again with my niece wrapped around her mother's legs, screaming and crying after witnessing her mother being assaulted all while these so-called fucking brothers sat back and allowed it

to happen.” Axel steps forward, anger etching his features, while Mazie continues, “I walked in to see Mom attacking the bitch and pulled her off until she told me what had happened and I attacked her. She could have fucking hurt MY NIECE.”

Mazie goes for Clitter again, landing a punch, while my mother goes for the brothers who didn't help, while Meghan goes to leave, and I step forward as Mel grips her tightly, pleading with her eyes not to give up on me when Clitter speaks again.

“The club's full of available women for these men; we don't need any more; she's just a patch chaser after my man. That child isn't even his.”

I turn around and glare at the bitch before Meghan speaks up, anger in her voice making us all look at her. “It's you; you're the woman I spoke to on the phone last year; you're the woman who told me you know every legal name of every brother here because you grew up with them and Noah wasn't here, and you're the woman who told me to fuck off. You're the reason my daughter had to miss out on an extra year with her father.”

We all look at Clitter, and her face pales before she swallows hard, looking at me.

Dagger grips my arm to stop me from slicing her fucking neck with the knife I just got out of my boot. Tears fill her eyes, hoping to get some sympathy votes, but it isn't working as Axel steps forward. “The only reason we're not dragging you out by your hair is because of the friendship you had with Sophie and the fact that most of us have known you since high school. The whole club, all brothers, require a meeting to decide your fate here. You purposely stopped a brother from knowing his child out of jealousy; you purposely attacked a woman who had been claimed by a brother.”

He looks at the other brothers before looking back at Clitter, “whose name is tattooed on the side of his fucking neck; he wears her gold fucking bracelet for Christ sake; he has done for five years; and you purposely went to attack a woman with

a child clinging to her; your time in this clubhouse does not look good, Clitter.

I don't give a shit that we all went to school with you; I don't give a shit you looked after Sophie; you stepped across a line that cannot and will not be replaced." He looks back at the brothers while Clitter sobs looking at me for comfort, and I sneer at her, anger pouring from my veins, my knife clutching in my hand while my mother is still being held back. "You are brothers, yet this is the second time you have questioned women in this club over a sweet butts word," they all swallow, guilt shining through their eyes. "Maybe it's time we start to clean house." They all look at Axel in shock and panic before looking at me, and I sneer. Not only was my woman attacked, but my daughter nearly got hurt too; they fucked up.

Jizz steps forward and rasps, "She said the child isn't yours, brother."

Anger overrides me, and I boom, "IT DOESN'T FUCKING MATTER IF THE CHILD IS MINE OR NOT; SHE'S STILL A FUCKING CHILD, AND YOU ALL STOOD BACK AND LET IT HAPPEN."

They all flinch.

My sister goes for the men, making my father quickly grab a hold of her, and she screeches, "ISN'T HIS; SHE'S THE FUCKING SPITTING IMAGE OF HIM YOU TOSSPOT." I look back towards Meghan when I hear my sweet girl's little voice that's muffled in her mother's neck: "That's a no-no word."

The men smile at her cuteness while Axel steps forward, his brows furrowing when he sees the blood dripping from my girl's arms. "Meghan, why don't you come to my office, and Doc can patch up your arms and see if your lip needs stitching?"

She swallows hard before shaking her head and stepping closer to the back door, making me take a step towards her.

Please, baby, don't do this. I plead with her with my eyes, and her tears fall, making the men tense before she rasps, splitting my world in two.

“We won't be coming back here again. I won't have my daughter around women who attack you and are vile out of greed and jealousy, and I won't have my daughter around men who listen to lies all because they get pleasure from the people telling them, then stand back when said women go to attack with a child in the way.” I step forward again, and she grips Lilah tighter to her, our eyes making contact. “I'm sorry, Slicer.” I flinch at her, using my road name, while the brothers wince.

She's never used it before. I don't fucking like the sound of it coming out of her mouth.

“You and I, it's not going to happen. You can see your daughter whenever you want, but it won't be on club grounds or in any club's businesses. You can see her at the park or somewhere mutual. No club member is welcome anywhere near her either. I'm sorry.”

She whispers the last bit before she turns around and leaves out the back door, most likely to grab her car and leave. I turn to the brothers, who all look guilty as fuck, before I grab the nearest chair and fling it towards Clitter. She ducks just in time, screaming, and I charge, ready to strangle the bitch, but Dagger and Axel grab a hold of me just as my sister charges and attacks Clitter, punching her nose, and breaking it in the process before my father grabs a hold of her again. “I MAY BE A SLUT AND A MONEY GRABBING BITCH, BUT NO ONE HURTS MY FUCKING FAMILY.”

I breathe heavily before glaring at the brothers one more time, then rush after my girls. She can't leave me; I've only just fucking gotten her back. I need her to breathe; surely she fucking knows that. I can hear several boots behind me as I race towards my house, hoping I've fucking gotten there in

time, but I haven't. Meghan speeds past us going down the road towards the gates that are already open as a brother bikes in, and I rush after her, shouting, "CAL CLOSE THE FUCKING GATES, CLOSE THEM." He hears me and rushes to press the button, just not quick enough, as Meghan wheelspins out of the clubhouse grounds, making me grip my hair and fall to the ground, screaming, "FUCK."

My father grips me while I breathe heavily.

She's fucking gone.

"Come on, son."

I nod and let him help me up before we go back inside the clubhouse. Mel has tears running down her face, Cammy holding her back from attacking Sophie while Sophie and Leah argue, "She's in love with him; he knows this; he should have seen this coming. Leah, I understand her attacking Meghan was wrong, but she's heartbroken."

I just snorted as Dagger grabbed hold of his woman, who managed to escape Cammy's clutches. Sophie flinches before looking at me, and I tilt my head at her. "You mean like how she was in love with Ink not long ago before your momma passed and she tried splitting you two up?"

She flinches and looks toward Ink, hoping he'll defend her, but instead, he shakes his head at her. "You know that, Soph, I love you, baby. I do so much, but you're in the wrong here, and you know it. You're trying to defend someone who, moments ago, you were pissed at, wanting to attack, and now arguing with your best friend over her. The sweet butts want a patched brother because of the lavish lifestyle our old ladies don't give a shit about. This isn't on Slicer because before you came on the scene, I spent years fucking Clitter too."

Sophie flinches and swallows hard. "She helped me."

I nod. "Yeah, she did all while pushing your friendship with Leah aside, and you let it. The only reason why the club hasn't tossed her out on her ass is that she did help you through that time and your Ink's woman, your family, but know this Soph,

she stays then I go and if I don't get my woman back then I'm handing in my patch."

The brothers are all tense, and her eyes widen as my dad grips my shoulder.

Axel steps forward and says, "Maybe it's time we had a meeting about removing the sweet butts and hiring a company for our cleaning and cooking needs."

The sweet butt's eyes widen while Clitter winces, realizing she fucked up big time, but I don't give a shit.

I shake off my dad's hand and ignore them all before heading to the backdoor, heading home where I can hopefully get my girl to answer my calls.

As I walk out I can hear my mother sneer in anger before Cammy agrees, her nickname coming in full force, "If you fuckers have ruined any chance of a relationship with my granddaughter then I'll fucking burn this building to the ground,"

"yeah, what she fucking said dickheads."

Dammit, the bulldogs a-fucking-wake and we're all doomed.

Chapter 18

Meghan

I quickly rounded the corner in the hospital. It's been five days since the disaster at the clubhouse, and I have done everything in my power to dodge Mel since returning to work yesterday. After the horror, I decided to take my girl away for a few days. I texted Noah, letting him know we'd be back in a few days before turning my phone off, packing my car, and off we went into Houston itself, staying in a motel while sightseeing.

We visited the zoo, the aquarium, the children's museum, and the nature center, and we both had a blast. My bank account didn't, though, but oh well, you only live once, right? Plus, it helped us forget the disastrous day we had at the clubhouse. I tried to erase it from my girl's memory to make new ones, and you cannot put a price on that.

I haven't turned my phone back on just yet, not ready to face the real world, which is why I'm currently avoiding Mel. When I look around the corner again, I see she's finally gone, and I come out of my hiding spot, heading to my next patient's room.

I pick up the clipboard and quickly give it a once-over before I have to swallow my tongue.

Eddy Cleavland

89-years-old

requesting a vasectomy because his new girlfriend wants a baby.

What in the fresh hell?

I clear my throat and try to get my bearings so I don't swallow my tongue in front of the patient. A vasectomy, though, really, he's 89; shouldn't he already be sterile?

I look around to see if it's a joke, and someone is about to jump out and laugh at me, but nobody does.

Damn.

I clear my throat again and nod. I can do this; I can be professional.

I square my shoulders and knock once before entering the room, looking at the clipboard, not ready to face the patient because, yeah, wow, no words.

“Good morning, Mr. Cleavland. My name is Melanie Campbell, and I believe you are here to discuss a vasectomy.”

“You were right, Doc; she is a professional.”

My head snaps up to see several men in cuts standing around while Doc smirks, and I sigh in relief, taking a moment as my shoulders sag before the men start to laugh.

“Seriously, Meg, that was really good.”

I shake my head and point at Doc. “Not cool, Dr. Thomas. I thought I was going to stop breathing with this one.”

He just chuckles and shrugs. “The idea was Daggers; he thought it would be funny. I just knew the only way to get you to stop running from myself and Mel is to make you think you have patience.”

I scowl at him and then at Dagger, who just grins and shrugs. “You did well, sweetheart. I would have pissed myself laughing seeing that in a chart.”

I chuckle and shake my head before dropping the chart on the counter next to me, placing my hands on my hips, and looking around the room as Axel steps forward. “The brothers fucked up.”

I nod because they did. “It's not me; I was concerned about Axel; I was ready to hit her back.”

He nods and says, “You were concerned for Lilah, and I get it; believe me, I fucking do. Clitter has overstepped boundaries for years, and the only reason she's got as many passes as she

did is because we knew her when she was the geeky school girl.”

I nod. I’m aware she lost her parents; Soph told me a while ago, but that doesn’t excuse her actions for what she did.

Dagger steps forward next.

“We’ve voted to kick her out of the club.”

I sigh, dropping my hands and shaking my head. “You’re her family, Dagger.” The men all smile at me while Dagger nods. “You got heart, sweetheart; it’s also why she’s got a job at Untamed Girls, living in the flat above it. It is the only choice we gave her because we know it’s most likely the one place you wouldn’t go. We put you first, Meghan, and we put your girl first. She is banned from the clubhouse until you decide otherwise.” I shake my head, but he puts his hand up. “I know you said you weren’t coming back; I know you said our niece,” I smile at that, “is not allowed on club grounds, but we,” he holds his arms out, “us brothers are here to try and change your mind. Slicer,” he shakes his head, “when you called him his road name, he looked ready to drown. Five years, Meg; that’s how long he has tried to find you. That’s also how long we, his brothers, have had to watch him self-destruct. As the time went on, the worse he got.”

I look down when Noah’s father steps forward.

I really should find out his name. I mean, my daughter’s middle name is his wife’s. “Meghan, darling, my son needs you. I understand you going away for a few days and going radio silent. I know Lilah needed it; I know you needed it. The brothers let you down epically, and they’re currently taking up the waiting room wanting to see you.” My eyes widen while the men smirk. “They’re on a final warning. They’re our brothers; most have been with us for decades, but they’re the ones who should have stood up for you. They all watched my son fall apart; they all saw your reunion.”

I shrug. “She’s been around a lot longer than me.”

The men just smile when Hawk speaks up, “Yet it’s your name tattooed on his neck; it’s your daughters’ name, his daughters,

tattooed right under it. It's your bracelet he found that morning five years ago that he wears every day without fail; the brothers know this as did Clitter."

I sniffle and nod my head when Axel walks up to me, gripping my shoulder. "You haven't been hiding her from him for five years, Meghan; you've been trying your hardest to find him. Don't give up now because of a patch chaser and his dumbass brothers, and I don't mean just for Lilah either; don't give up for yourself. I was there, remember? I saw the first time you two met. Fuck, Meg, you've got his name tattooed on your wrist. Don't give up on your happiness because of idiots." My tears fall, and he wipes them away when the door slams open before a very pissed-off Mel walks him.

Oh crap.

I look towards Dagger for some help, but he slinks behind Ink, making me narrow my eyes at him while mouthing 'wuss' while the brothers try to contain their laughter.

"YOU!" she shouts while pointing at me before grabbing me and hugging me tightly to her, and I sink into her embrace.

"I'm sorry," I rasp, and she nods, hugging me tightly to her. "I know you're lucky I love you." I squeeze her tighter. "By the way, you have pink in your hair and glitter."

I sigh and drop my head on her shoulder while the brothers try to contain their laughter at my daughter's pranks before Dagger clears his throat, making us look at him.

I furrow my brows. "Please don't tell me you're jealous because she's hugging me." The brothers all look at him while he clears his throat, shaking his head, and I burst out in laughter, everyone joining in and taking the piss out of him, causing him to sulk.

I shake my head as Noah's dad steps forward again.

"18 brothers are wanting to see you."

I sigh out a huff.

I don't want to forgive them; I don't want to even look at them. I mean, who steps back and allows a woman from their

club to attack another with a child in her arms?

I shake my head and start pacing, the men allowing me the space to do so.

These men need to suffer for what they did; my daughter could have been hurt for Christ's sake.

They need their manhood brought down a notch.

An idea pops into my head to make them suffer, and I grin wide, making Mel mutter, "Uh-oh," before I turn and leave the room with everyone else following me. I go into the waiting room, the men standing instantly, and I cross my arms over my chest and raise a brow while Jizz, I believe Mel said his name was the last time he was here, steps forward.

"We all want to apologize. We stood back and ignored the warning signs because Clitter has been a part of the club since she was of legal age."

I raise a brow. "I don't care if she was your wife. She went to hit me with my scared four-year-old clutching my legs. She could have hurt her."

The men drop their heads, and I tilt mine.

"You owe my daughter a princess tea party."

Their heads shoot up while the men behind me try to contain their laughter as Mel snorts, "And she wonders where her daughter's devious mind comes from."

But I ignore them: "I mean, the whole thing—the full works. Pink tables, tea cakes, bouncy houses, fancy dresses that you will all be wearing, as well as tiaras."

They all look at me, hoping I'm talking out of my ass to scare them, but I stand tall and say,

"I've been searching for my daughter's father for five years. We had this amazing fire-burning connection, and because of a jealous woman who lied to me, I ran away without getting the full facts. She also lied to Noah, so he didn't stick around for my next shift. Then I found out I was pregnant. My parents kicked me out after trying to sell me to a man fifteen years older than me, who then tried to take my baby off me once

they realized she was a girl, then tried to sell her to a 42-year-old man. In between all that, I have been going to school, raising a baby, working full time, and trying to find the one man who had my heart, the father of my child, who, let's face it, hasn't been a monk these past five years like I have because he's struggled, which is hard for me to overcome.

We finally get our bearings together and give in to something that we should have had for the past five years, then you lot fuck up epically by standing down when a jealous bitch attacks me, then nearly hurts MY DAUGHTER..." I shout the last bit, my anger taking place. I've been through a lot, and I have had enough. I want my happy ever after, and I know it doesn't matter how many times I say we can't be together; he is my happy ever after.

The men flinch and swallow while I take a deep breath. "You owe my daughter, YOUR niece, a princess tea party."

They all nod frantically while the men behind me laugh out loud.

I nod back. "Right, then we are done here." I point to the men, "You plan a day for the party and make sure it is a little girl's dream; if you struggle, ask Mel." Then I turn to the men behind me and say, "You men can now go." I look towards Doc, who grins at my authority, "You have a patient waiting to be discharged." I turn to Mel and say, "You have a spa date with me and Lilah on Saturday; no men allowed." I hear Dagger grumble, and I try to keep my stoic face together while Mel bites her bottom lip, her shoulders shaking with silent laughter, "and I have a patient on the third floor before my shift is over that thankfully is not an 89-year-old man wanting a fucking vasectomy."

I go to walk out as the men try to hold in their laughter while Mel giggles when someone clears their throat, and I turn to see Noah's dad,

"What about my son, sweetheart?"

I smile at him and say, “He will be getting a visit after my shift before we pick up our girl.”

Everyone grins at me while Noah’s dad nods before kissing my forehead and saying, “Thank you.”

I nod before turning around and heading to my patient, hoping I’m not making a mistake.

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Chapter 19

Slicer

I checked my phone for the fifth time this morning, and nothing—no text, no call—absolutely fucking nothing.

It's been five days since Meghan said she was taking Lilah away for a few days, and I haven't heard from her since.

Fuck.

I scrub a hand down my face.

How in the hell am I supposed to convince her that we can make this work if she won't turn on her fucking phone?

Mel said she should have been back at work two days ago but hasn't seen her yet, and neither has Doc. Where the fuck is she?

Is she okay?

Is Lilah OK?

I look down at the paperwork for all the club businesses. As club treasurer, I need to ensure we're profiting each month, which means a shitton of paperwork for me. I crick my neck before trying to concentrate. The bar will be open soon, and it's all hands-on deck, with Leah now working on her family law office a few doors down. I'm two hours in, and most of the paperwork is complete when I check my phone again, and fucking nothing.

Frustration takes over, and I launch the pen across the room before sighing and dropping my head in my hands.

“What did that pen ever do to you?”

My head snaps up, my eyes making contact with my girl's gorgeous blue ones, and I instantly sit back in my chair in relief, and she smiles at me, walking into my office, ensuring to shut the door behind her before walking around my desk,

then taking a seat in my lap where she curls around me. My arms instantly wrap around her and tighten as she places her nose in the crook of my neck before mumbling.

“I’m still pissed at your brothers.”

I hum, happy to have her in my arms again, “as you should be, they fucked up.”

She nods. “They’re currently planning a Disney princess tea party for your daughter, where they will all be wearing dresses and tiaras to put a dent in their manhoods.”

My brows shoot high in my hairline before a chuckle escapes: “And when did you arrange this?”

She takes a deep breath, inhaling my scent. “Today, when all of your brothers ambushed me at work, making out like I had to discuss a vasectomy with an 89-year-old man,”

I grin against the top of her head at the lengths my brothers have gone to today without me knowing to ensure my woman is happy and that I don’t hand in my patch. I kiss the top of her head but stop when I notice the shine. “Uh, Wildcat?”

She hums, “Yes, I know I have glitter and pink in my hair; you can thank your prankster daughter for that.” I chuckle and press a kiss on her head. “I missed you. I’m sorry I went radio silent.”

I nodded. “It’s ok, you needed it. Did you at least have fun?”

She hums again, her fingers tightening their hold on my white t-shirt. “We did, although Lilah couldn’t understand why Flounder and Ariel from The Little Mermaid weren’t at the aquarium. You should have been there with us; we’ll have to go again.”

I chuckle and hold my girl tighter, running my fingers lightly through her hair, and smile when glitter comes out. “I think our daughter would love one of the sweet butts we have; her name is Glitter.”

She chuckles and nods. “The brothers decided to keep the sweet butts.”

I hum, “Like the non-officer brothers, they are on their last warning or they’re out. They can still stay on club grounds but are to dress respectably and stay away from the brothers until after 9 p.m.” She nods, and I clear my throat. “Clitter is no longer allowed at the clubhouse,” she butts in. “I know she’s working at the strip club across the way.”

I nod. “And how do you feel about that?”

She shrugs. “You’re all her only family, so I can see why she’s trying to latch onto a brother, but she’s trying to latch onto an officer brother for the lifestyle you could provide, so I don’t know how I feel about it.” She leans back a bit, and we make eye contact. “I’m conflicted, I guess. I don’t want her to lose her family, but I also don’t understand how someone can be so vicious. If you were the only one she’d been sleeping with since she became a part of your club, then I can understand her saying she was in love with you, but she wasn’t. Before Soph lost her momma, she tried to split her and Ink up, and she had a thing for Dagger. So I don’t want her to lose her family, but I also don’t want her anywhere near our daughter.”

I give her a smile and nod, loving her heart, before leaning forward and catching her lips with mine, and I instantly feel like I’m home.

I squeezed her before tracing her lips with my tongue. She opens willingly, and our tongues tangle together as her arms come up and around my neck.

Fuck, I’ve missed her.

I don’t think about the paperwork on my desk; I don’t give a fucking shit. I lift my girl, not once breaking the kiss, and lie her on top of my desk. I need her, and I need her now. I lay my body over hers, my hands gliding up her soft curves, taking her scrub top up with them before I break the kiss and take it off. I look down at her, and my heart pounds.

Fuck, she’s beautiful.

She smiles at me before grabbing my shirt and pulling me back down, and I grin as my lips meet hers again, this time more frantic. I quickly get off her and remove my cut and top

before laying back down, our lips meeting and our tongues tangling together. I move my hands down her body, grabbing the waistline of her scrub bottoms, ready to drag them down her body when my office door opens, and Meg tenses.

I look up to see Silver, our waitress, who instantly grins.

“Well, it’s about time your girl came back because you’ve been one grumpy mother fucker.”

I drop my head in the crook of Meg’s neck while her body shakes with silent laughter, which instantly stops, and her eyes widen at Silver’s next words.

“Can I watch, boss, because I’ve got to tell yah your girl is fine.”

I smirk down at Meg, making her narrow her eyes at me.

“Sorry, Silver, I don’t share, including visuals. This girl is all mine.”

Meg smiles at me while Silver huffs.

“Fine. Dammit, that would have been one show I’d love to get off to. I’ll let everyone know not to disturb you. I only came to tell you Gunner said you can go home.”

She shuts the door behind her, and I lean down, rubbing my nose along my girls.

“Now where were we?”

She grins before cupping the back of my neck and bringing me down to her, our lips just touching as she rasps, “Right about here,” and we kiss frantically again. I groan into her mouth before I break the kiss and gently nip her chin, kissing down her neck to her chest. I suck hard on her nipple through the thin fabric of her black lace bra, and she gasps, arching her body into me before I kiss further down. My fingers grip the waistband of her scrubs, and I drag them down her legs along with her lace panties before I gently glide my fingers up on the inside of her thighs, spreading them while taking in the sight of her glistening, tight cunt.

Fuck, I love that I’m the only one who has seen this and touched it.

All fucking mine.

I lean forward and gently lick her from ass to clit before sucking the little bud into my mouth, making her gasp and arching her back. I enter two fingers into her entrance, rubbing them around and stretching her for me before I bend them forward a little and rub her magic spot, making her moan. I circle her clit with my tongue before sucking it into my mouth while my fingers move. I feel the nub start to pulse, her walls squeezing my fingers before her juices fill my mouth, and I groan, lapping it all up.

Once her tremors stop, I stand up, licking my lips and feeling her juices on the scruff of my beard, as I remove my jeans and boxers before laying back over her. My left arm is cupping under her knee, lifting it, while my right goes next to her head to hold me up. I take her mouth in a frantic kiss, letting her taste herself on my tongue as I thrust forward, her greedy cunt taking all of me.

She grasps, and I stay still, letting her get used to my girth all while we kiss before she wiggles her hips, and I pull out slowly, torturing her before slamming forward hard. She gasps before wrapping her legs around my waist, and I move my left arm, placing my fingers at her clit where I stum it fast as my hips pick up speed.

I know I'm ready to cum; it's been five days without her, but I need her to cum first. I pinch her clit hard and she screams into my mouth, my hips thrusting harder and faster as her cunt squeezes my dick, strangling it as her orgasm takes hold of her. I don't break the kiss, and I don't stop my strumming on her clit as my hips move, prolonging her orgasm as mine takes hold of me, cum spurting from the tip, making me groan into her mouth, my hips slowing down before pressing them to the hilt inside her, keeping them there, and painting her walls with my release.

Fuck I have missed her.

I slow the kiss to gentle pecks before rubbing my nose alongside hers; she looks freshly fucked and fucking beautiful. Her blue eyes are hazed over while her lips are swollen and

red from our kisses, and I smile down at her before moving my hips out a little, then slamming forward, making her gasp, and my smile turns into a grin.

I lean down and kiss her again before I rasp against her lips—the words we have yet to say to each other, “I love you, Meghan.” She looks at me, her eyes filling with tears. “I love you too, so much.”

I lean down and kiss her again. “What do you say we go pick up our girl and go out somewhere for dinner? Just you, me, and her, then I’ll spend the night at your apartment, and we can continue this.”

I move my hips and slam forward to make her understand what I want to continue, and she smiles wide at me before nodding her head. I gently pull her out of her making her gasp, before grabbing some tissues off the desk and gently wiping her before placing a kiss on her pubic bone, then helping her up before we both get dressed. I look at her, her hair a mess, a freshly fucked kind of mess, and I gently smooth it out while chuckling at the pink it in, and she narrows her eyes at me and says, “Chocolate shaving foam.”

I just grin and shrug before I rasp, “I’m looking forward to it,” making her grin wide as I take hold of her hand, and walk out of my office. I lock the door then wrap my arm around my girl’s shoulders, walking towards the bar where instantly all the fucking brothers cheer as we walk out.

Meghan drops her head, her cheeks heating, while I just shake my head. I didn’t realize everyone was here. I go to say something because they’re embarrassing my girl when she looks up and points to the brothers, “Shouldn’t you lot be preparing a Disney princess party for your nieces?”

Jizz tilts his head. “What do you mean by nieces?”

She grins at him, “I believe you all have more than one niece through the brotherhood?”

Their eyes widen while Annalise grins wide and nods her head as Axel chuckles. The brothers curse, realizing they can’t get away with something small, and I chuckle. “Alright,

fuckers, we've got a prankster to pick up," I say as I lift Meghan's black hair, making the brothers chuckle. "I won't be around for the rest of the day or night. I'll see you fuckers tomorrow in church."

The brothers all cheer as I lead my girl out of the bar towards her shitty Buick. I glare at the thing, and Meghan looks at me. "No" is all she says, but I just shrug. She has a blue Mitsubishi being delivered next week. I smile at her as she narrows her eyes, causing my smile to turn into a grin, before placing a gentle kiss on her lips.

Then I opened the car door for her.

"Climb in Wildcat; I'll follow you to the nursery. I have Lilah's helmet, and she now has a harness on the front of my bike. We'll drop it off at yours before we head out to eat."

She narrows her eyes one more time before nodding, then placing a kiss on my lips before I climb on my bike and follow her to the nursery, where my little girl screeches in delight at seeing her daddy.

Fuck, I'm a lucky fucker—a lucky fucker that will never take this for granted.

Chapter 20

Meghan

I groan as continuous knocking sounds at the door.

I plop my head under my pillow, hoping they'll just go away. I was on nights last night, and I've only just gone to sleep. I have roughly an hour before Lilah wakes, and I have to take her to nursery before coming back home to clean just so I stay awake all day; otherwise, I won't sleep tonight.

"I got it, momma."

I groan even louder, pulling the pillow over my head before what she just said registers.

Shit.

"LILAH ROSE, YOU DO NOT ANSWER THE FRONT DOOR."

Just as I've shouted it, I hear her screaming, "DADDY," and I shake my head before getting up. Noah's black t-shirt I stole from him five years ago reaches my knees as I rush into the living area, but I come to a halt when I see his mother and sister standing next to him.

They both grin at my attire while Noah tilts his head.

"Is that the shirt I wore five years ago? I was looking for that for months."

Both women's grins widen some more while my eyes widen. Shit now is not the time to look like a creep.

I shrug innocently and say, "I have no idea what you're talking about."

He narrows his eyes at me, and I bat my eyelashes at him, causing his sister and mother to chuckle before he grabs our daughter as his mother steps forward, giving me a hug. "I know you had a night shift last night, but Mel said you'll only

sleep an hour this morning; otherwise, you won't sleep tonight, so Mazie and I came up with an idea."

I give her a smile and a brow raise, and she grins, looking back at her daughter while Noah does helicopters, with Lilah throwing her up in the air, adding a little spin, and making her giggle. "We're going to take Lilah off of your hands; Noah's already called the nursery, so they know she won't be in, and we do need to talk about her coming to me whenever you're working instead, but we'll get to that. Now Noah is going to spend the morning with you, then bring you back to the clubhouse for dinner so the brothers can continue their groveling. And by continue, I mean you'll take several photos of them dressed up like princesses."

My eyes widen before a laugh bursts out of my chest, and she grins while Mazie bites her lip to try and stop her laughter.

I look toward Noah, and he grins at me.

"I'm going to go and get little Miss dressed, and I Wildcat, am taking your bike virginity."

My face heats up, and he chuckles as he walks past us, kissing my lips gently on the way to get our daughter ready, and I watch in awe. We literally came into his life with a bang, and he's taken it in stride like the amazing man I knew he was.

Someone clears their throat, and I turn around to see Noah's mom, Rose - I really need to ask Noah what his dad's name is - and his sister smiles at me before Mazie takes a step forward. "I know Noah hasn't spoken about me much, but, I uh, well, quite frankly, I'm a bitch." My brows shoot high into my hairline while her mother looks wide-eyed, and she shrugs, "What I am. I want the cushy lifestyle; that's why I kept going after Hawk, but he's head over heels for Daisy, so he wouldn't look my way. I've dabbled in drugs, and I like to party. I like the easy life, and despite Dad taking me in and treating me like his own, I've treated him like shit instead of the amazing father he is; heck, my own father has disowned me."

I tilt my head, wondering where she's going with this, because I'm not 100% certain I want her around my daughter.

She sees my expression, and she puts both her hands up.

“I’m working at the bar. I’m changing my ways because of your little girl. I don’t want her to turn out like me, and I certainly don’t want my little brother to keep my niece away from me. I’m changing, and I just wanted you to know.”

I give her a smile and nod. I can understand wanting to better yourself; “then I’ll hold judgment for this new you.”

Her eyes tear up before she nods, then walks over to me, hugging me tightly before she whispers, “Thank you.”

I nod as Noah walks back out, scowling with our daughter hanging upside down by her white sandaled foot, her pink Aurora dress covering her giggling face, and her pink Barbie panties on show. I tilt my head at him, and he shakes his head. The glitter in his trimmed beard shone, and I had to bite my lip before he pointed at me, righting our daughter, “Not a single word.”

I move my thumb and finger across my mouth and twist them together like I’m locking a key, and he narrows his eyes while his sister asks while laughing, “How on e-earth d-did she man-mange that?”

I’d like to know that as well. Noah drops his head, placing his hands on his hips.

“She asked if she could brush my hair and then comb my beard.” I furrow my brow before I look at his man bun. The pink shines brightly and my laughter comes out, and I double over with his sister as his mother takes pictures. He shakes his head, a smile making its way across his face, while Lilah bats her lashes at him. He mocks and glares at her until she sticks out her bottom lip.

Hook, line, and sinker

He picks her up, peppering kisses all over her face, making her giggle, and I grin wide, tears blurring my eyes. I hear Mazie sniffle before Rose clears her throat. “Alright ladybug, give your momma and daddy a kiss; we’re having a girlie day; just you, me, and Auntie Mazie, then we have a surprise for you.”

Lilah squeals in delight before doing as she's told, then rushes out the door with her new best friends.

Man, is Mel going to be pissed?

As soon as the door is shut, Noah raises a brow at me. "So about the shirt?"

I can't help the grin that takes over my face before he's on me, lifting me up and causing me to wrap my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck before kissing his lips. He deepens the kiss, heading towards the bedroom I share with Lilah. As soon as we're in the room, he slams my back up against the wall while his tongue tangles with mine before he rasps against my lips, "I think a little pleasure before I take another one of your firsts."

I grin against his mouth as he removes his hard member from his jeans, then move my panties to the side, placing the head at my entrance. He kisses me passionately as he thrusts forward, his fingers already strumming my clit making my body wine up tightly before my clit throbs and an orgasm hits me out of nowhere and embarrassingly quick.

He groans, his hips moving fast while his fingers gather my juices.

He moves his hand behind me, his fingers going to my forbidden hole, and I tense. He gently rubs along it, his hips slowing as he rasps against my mouth. "Maybe I should take two more of your firsts, baby."

He gently pushes one finger into my hole, my body tightening around it as he breaches the tight rim. My body tingles with pleasure as he tilts his hips while slowly moving his finger into my back hole. It's an odd sensation, but a good one. My body hums with pleasure before he adds another finger, his hips going a little faster and hitting the right spot inside me before I feel both fingers and his member being removed. I make a sound of protest, causing him to chuckle before he thrusts two fingers into my entrance, curving them and hitting my g-spot while his thumb gently circles my clit.

He places the head of his member at my back hole, and I tense but he just presses down harder on my clit, never stopping the circular motion that makes my body relax as the pleasure takes hold of me, his mouth never leaving mine, our breaths mixing together.

He presses in.

The burn hurts initially, but as soon as he passes the tight ring, pleasure like no other overtakes me, and I gasp against his mouth while he groans before thrusting his tongue inside my mouth, our tongues tangling together as his fingers pick up speed while his hips move back, then thrust forward in a small and steady rhythm, slowly quickening his pace and going deeper. I can feel my stomach start to tighten, my clit throbbing when wetness travels between us, my orgasm taking hold, and I see stars screaming against Noah's mouth as he groans, slamming hard into me, filling my back hole with his cum.

He slows the kiss, gently pecking me before he rasps, "Fuck Wildcat, I could live inside you. How about a shower, then your first Harley ride?"

I smile against his lips and nod before he slowly pulls out of me. I wince before I kiss him to hide it. I don't want him to think he's hurt me because he hasn't; it was a good wince.

He carries me into my small shower, where we proceed to make love again before he washes me and himself.

We spent three hours on his bike. In between rides, we had lunch and hand-in-hand walks around Hudson Lake, where he explained how the dynamic with his sister has been strained, but she's been trying to change since meeting Lilah, realizing she could be cut out of her life. She used to go to him for money for her habits or to pay off her debt when his father refused to pay them. Their mother had an affair that resulted in her conception, so it hasn't been easy for him or his dad. His dad forgave his mother, but he never forgot; she treats him like the king he is every day for what she did.

We walk hand in hand to the garden of the club, where I never thought I'd come back, only to come to a halt. Grown-ass biker men are wearing Disney princess dresses and tiaras for Annabel and Lilah. They have a princess bouncy house, a make-up set for face paint, and all the food they could wish for while Disney songs are being blared from the surround sounds.

The brothers have put their cuts on over the dresses and look absolutely ridiculous.

I start to laugh while Noah takes picture after picture.

Lilah is in Jizz's arms, dressed like Bell, hugging him tightly, and I instantly melt at these overbearing bikers.

Did they screw up? Yeah, they did, but they are definitely making up for it now.

Trigger notices us first, and he grins, holding his arms out, the snow-white dress stretching from his muscles. "Are we forgiven?"

I just laugh and nod my head as Noah places his arm around my shoulders.

I lean my head against his shoulder when I notice his dad dressed up as Olaf from Frozen, and I chuckle while Noah takes a picture of him before I look at him. He looks down at me, his hazel eyes shining, his smile bright, and I ask,

"What's your dad's name?"

He bursts out in laughter as Lilah squeals, running towards us. Noah catches her with ease before she wraps an arm around us both, and I grin as Noah whispers, "Brick." And I nod before smiling wide as the brothers cheer for our family.

Things are finally looking good; it's just a shame I forgot about my past.

Chapter 21

Slicer – three weeks later

I sigh and rub a hand down my face while Dagger, who is standing next to me, mumbles, ‘fucking women’ under his breath.

I’m at Untamed Girls, where things have kicked off; Misty, Sugar, and Clitter are in the middle of a massive fucking catfight. Hairpulling, screeching, nail scratching, biting—the fucking works. Axel has gone with Annalise for Annabel’s check-up, and I was the closest brother when Dagger sent out a text.

I fucking wish I’d ignored it now.

“THAT’S ENOUGH.” I boom.

They break up, heaving, and look towards me. Clitter doesn’t make eye contact, and rightly so after the shit she caused. I missed out on an extra fucking year with my family because of her.

I get we were fucking, but she was also fucking half the brothers.

“Can someone fucking please tell me what the problem is?”

I try to stay calm, but it’s not easy. I’ve got to go pick Lilah up in thirty minutes from nursery. She stays with my mom during the day three days of the week and with me one day a week when I’m not at the bar. Meghan wanted her to still have that sense of independence at nursery ready for when she starts kindergarten next month, so she still attends two days a week, much to my mom’s and, surprisingly, my sister’s annoyance. She’s come a long way since meeting her niece, and even her biological father is willing to give her another chance after seeing the change in her.

Baby steps.

Misty steps forward. “I wanted the main stage tonight, but Sugar tried claiming it; she and Clitter have become tight, so they ganged up against me.”

I look at Dagger, who shakes his head while I breathe deeply.

“So basically, you’re jealous of their friendship and decided to take a stage that Sugar has always started on first because she’s been here the longest. You acted like a catty bitch who’s still in high school out of jealousy; is that what you’re telling me?”

She swallows hard, her green eyes misting up.

I look towards Sugar, who is scowling at her, and I shake my head. “You have half an hour to get your shit in order or you are out; this is a fucking business, not cheerleading camp!” Their eyes widen, and I shake my head, turning to the bar, with Dagger, who is trying to hold in his laughter. I nudge him, making his laughter escape, “You couldn’t have handled that shit yourself?”

He shakes his head. “Nah, I broke up a fight yesterday after Misty took one of Clitters regulars on purpose, the day before Sugar took Misty’s makeup chair despite hers being the best out of all of them after Misty sprayed glitter all over Clitters. I needed a fucking break.”

I chuckle and shake my head.

“This is why I prefer the bar. My only fucking problem is Silver wanting to enjoy a show with me and my woman.”

Dagger bursts out in laughter, and I shake my head again, taking the bottle of beer from a grinning Ruby who enjoyed the show. Every time Silver sees my girl, she asks if she can watch, making her go bright red, and she shakes her head every time.

It’s fucking hilarious.

like I’d ever let anyone see what’s mine. Her body is a work of art that only I get to enjoy.

I take a sip of my beer. “Any word from Flame?”

Dagger takes a sip of his drink before sighing. “Starfish is one stubborn woman, I tell yah. She’s refusing to budge; she said if Hairy goes near her, then she’ll kill him.”

I snort and shake my head. “Starfish couldn’t even hurt a fly. I remember her crying when Hawk actually did it by accident.”

Dagger chuckles and nods. “Yeah, but I have a feeling this is one kill she wouldn’t mind.”

I hum because it’s true and take another sip of my beer when someone slides up next to me. Dagger sighs and shakes his head, looking forward, while I turn mine to see Clitter wringing her fingers together. I raise a brow at her, and she clears her throat. “I, uh, I just wanted to apologize, you know, for what I did.”

I tilt my head at her. “For lying to a woman on the phone who was trying to find her child’s father, for attacking my woman, or for trying to attack her while my daughter clung to her mother screaming in fear after you publicly lied about my claiming you?”

She clears her throat, her eyes misting up, but I’m not falling for it; she caused this, not me. If I were the only one fucking her, then yeah, fair enough, the attitude and jealousy would have been warranted, but I wasn’t; she was fucking half the clubhouse plus clients from here.

“All the above,” she whispers, “when she called, she never mentioned a child, and I thought she was just some random girl you fucked; I thought I was doing you a favor.”

I nod because that is understandable: “But she gave you my given name, Clitter. You know, I would have only given someone that name if I saw them as mine.”

She nods. “I know, but I didn’t really think about it. I saw Green basically thinking yet another brother is going to be taken from us sweet butts. I was selfish, and I am so sorry for that because it means you missed out on another year seeing your daughter grow, and I’ll have to live with that in my consciousness. It’s why I flew off the handle with her at the clubhouse.”

I nod in understanding, “You didn’t like the guilt you felt.” I see Dagger nod as she wipes away a tear.

“I lost my parents. When I saw that little girl on your bike, I felt like I was dying inside, not because she was yours or because you finally found your love, but-but because I had kept her from you for another year. I did that. So I took my anger out on Meghan, treated her like shit, and lied about you being mine so then she could take her anger back out on me like I deserved. When I went to hit her the second time, I didn’t see Lilah until it was too late.”

Dagger clears his throat. “You were trying to get her to hit you back, to help punish you for your actions?”

She nods. “I know it’s fucked up, but let’s face it, I’ve been fucked up since losing my parents. This club, you men, are my family, and now I’ve lost you all.”

I shake my head at her and say, “You haven’t lost us, Clitter. You’re here, under our roof. We gave you a flat here; we gave you more independence than what you had. You have a job you seem to enjoy and have become close to Sugar, who’s taken you under her wing.”

She snuffles, “But Meghan.”

I butt in, “Refused to let us completely faze you out.” Her eyes widen. “She knows your history, Clitter; she knows we’re your family. Unless Meg says otherwise, you are banned from the clubhouse, but if she says you can come back, then you can; whether that’s just to party or to move back in, that’s up to you, but one more fuck up, then you’re out.” Her tears fall, and she wipes them away. “My girl Clitter is all heart. We knew she wouldn’t be happy if you’d lost your family after having a shitty one herself; now you just have to show her you can be trusted, especially around Lilah.” She nods, and I tilt my head towards her. I need her to understand the love my girl has for me and what true love really is about. “Did you know I’m her only?”

Her eyes widen while Dagger spits out his drink, coughing, making me chuckle, and I nod. “I took her virginity when we made Lilah, and she spent five years hoping to find me. That is

love, Clitter. My being her only thought while I drowned in misery was fucking anything that wore a skirt because I couldn't find her all while she wanted just me, no one else."

She sniffles and wipes her tears again. "I really fucked up."

I nod, and so does Dagger: "You did, but you are also family. We all grew up with you. We all knew you when you were the nerdy girl keeping her head down; we all knew you when your whole world was torn apart; and we all stood by you over the years despite your behavior to anyone who would show us attention. We're still standing by you, Clitter; if we weren't, you wouldn't be working here, and you wouldn't be living in the flat upstairs. You just have to realize the trauma you put not just my woman through but also my daughter, because you couldn't handle your guilt. You need to sort yourself out because there's only so many chances our brothers can give you."

She nods, and Dagger leans forward, wiping her tears.

"I understand Amy has caught a brother, and the rest of the sweet butts think they'll get the same treatment, but darling, they won't, and you won't. Us men, we don't want a woman who sleeps with every brother; we want a woman who only wants us, like Mel only wanting me or Meghan only ever being with Slicer despite having five years apart. We need you to make them understand that with one more outburst from any of them, the sweet butts are out, and most of them need us because they have nowhere else to go. Just like you, we're their family too."

She nods, wiping her tears. "I'll speak to them; get them to see reason because Amy doesn't count; we all know this. She never wanted to fuck you lot; she just wanted the security after the shitty homelife she grew up with, and besides, we all saw the looks she used to give Buzz before he became a brother; they had a spark, and they're not fooling anyone trying to stay secret."

Both Dagger and I grin and nod our heads while she wipes her tears away again. "I want to speak to Meghan when she's ready; I need to explain myself and grovel."

I give her a smile and nod when my phone rings, my smile widening upon seeing Meghan's name, and I answer it.

"Hey Wildcat, I was just about to leave to pick up our girl. You fancy pizza for tea tonight?"

I hear her snuffle, and I'm instantly alert, making Dagger and Clitter sit up straight. I place my phone on loudspeaker in time for her to wail, bringing my whole world crashing down.

"SHE'S GONE, SOMEONE TOOK HER FROM NURSERY, NOAH, MY BABY'S GONE."

Clitter gasps while Dagger is instantly on his phone booking an emergency church, and I swallow hard before I rasp, "OK baby, I need you to breathe for me, ok, breathe for me."

"I-I can't, I-I can't. my-my baby..."

I take a deep breath as Clitter tries to control her shocked sobs while Dagger is barking orders to the staff to close the place down for the night, telling Ruby to run over to the bar, closing it down too. "Yes, you can; I need you to get in your car and come to the clubhouse, Wildcat, now."

"But-but Lilah."

"I will find our daughter; do you hear me? I will find her and kill whoever took her. Get in your car and come to the clubhouse, baby. Now."

Her broken whisper comes through the speaker a minute later, breaking my heart: "Okay."

It's all she says, and my eyes tear up as she hangs up because, I know, I fucking know.

I look towards Dagger and say, "We need Flame now. If we don't find my little girl, then I lose her mother too."

He nods and squeezes my shoulder before Clitter side hugs me, wiping her tears. "I'll call Annalise; tell her to bring baked goods to the clubhouse; keep us updated, please, Slicer."

I give her a nod before rushing to my bike outside with Dagger right behind me, racing to the clubhouse.

Chapter 22

Meghan

I grin as I walk out of my patient's room. A teenage girl who just had her appendix out and is completely out of it on pain meds is dishing out all her secrets to her fuming parents. Apparently, she took out her dad's boat last month and crashed it instead of it being stolen like he thought because his flight got delayed, missing their annual shopping trip, which meant she couldn't get the new purse that had come out, and she pawned her mother's family heirloom as payback for missing her recital because her sister had to have her tonsils out.

Man, is that spoilt girl in for a world of trouble?

I head to the nurse's desk and place her folder in the basket for the Doc as I've been told to call him from now on, before heading to my next patient's room. I must admit, I may want to specialize in OB, but I do love this rotation. I'm learning more than just my field, and it's absolutely amazing, especially when I get these kinds of cases.

Grinning, I go to open the door of the next patient when my phone vibrates, and I quickly take a look to ensure it's not the nursery, but I furrow my brows when I see it is indeed the nursery. I turn my head and see Doc, and I quickly flag him down; he furrows his brows, and I raise my phone, mouthing, 'the nursery' and he nods, heading to my next patient's room while I head into the staff room quickly and answer the phone.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Ms. Campbell, I'm just calling because Emily stated that Lilah's grandparents picked her up an hour ago. Lilah didn't know who they were, and they weren't on the pickup list. Emily realized her mistake and just came to me about it."

My heart rate picks up. "You allowed my daughter to be taken without calling me first!"

She clears her throat. “Emily stated the familiarities with your parents...”

I scream, “YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED ME, NOT ALLOWED SOMEONE TO KIDNAP MY CHILD.”

She sucks in a breath, “they-they were your parents, Emily said...”

I don’t let her finish. “I don’t give a shit what Emily said. My parents belong to a cult where they allow 42-year-old males to marry 4-year-olds. She should have called me instantly to confirm; that’s what’s in your contracts, but she didn’t; it seems a bit fishy, don’t you think?” She gasps, but I’m not done. “You better hope and pray I find my girl and she’s not been harmed; otherwise, you can kiss your license goodbye!”

I hang up seething, pain shooting through me.

Oh God, my parents have my daughter. Oh, please, no.

I quickly unlock my phone and bring up Noah’s number.

He answers on the second ring.

Hearing his voice brings out my emotions, which I’m trying so hard to contain.

“Hey Wildcat, I was just about to leave to pick up our girl. You fancy pizza for tea tonight?”

I sniffle, trying to keep a hold of my emotions, but a wail escapes me, my breathing coming out fast as fear for my daughter grows.

“SHE’S GONE, SOMEONE TOOK HER FROM NURSERY, NOAH, MY BABY’S GONE.”

I hear someone gasp as someone starts to shout in the background as he rasps, “OK, baby, I need you to breathe for me. Okay, breathe for me.”

But I can’t; someone took my baby; no, my parents took her. They stole her. My breathing comes out choppy.

“I can’t, I-I can’t. My-my baby...”

“Yes, you can. I need you to get in your car and come to the clubhouse, Wildcat, now.”

He’s trying to sound calm to get me to do what he’s asking, but I can’t; I need to follow her.

“But-but Lilah.”

“I will find our daughter; do you hear me? I will find her and kill whoever took her. Get in your car and come to the clubhouse, baby. Now.”

The clubhouse, where Noah’s house is built; where his armory is, including the revolver he was teaching me to shoot with.

I know what I need to do, so I whisper one broken word, “OK,” before I hang up.

I plop my phone in my pocket when the staffroom door opens and Doc rushes in. He wraps an arm around me before guiding me out of the room, towards the exit, where Mel is already waiting with tears running down her face. She places a kiss on my cheek, wrapping her arm where Doc’s was while he rushes to his bike. Mel takes my keys before helping me into my crappy car, then drives us to the clubhouse. Cal opens the gates, worry-etching his features while Dagger, Axel, and my man stand near the front door of the clubhouse, arms crossed over their chests.

As soon as the car comes to a stop, Noah rushes to the passenger door while I just stare ahead, getting my bearings and my consciousness in order.

I have to do this; I have to, for Lilah.

They won’t stop otherwise.

“Wildcat?”

Noah rasps, but I don’t speak; I can’t. I need to get my head around what I’m willing to do for my girl, including going against my oath as a doctor.

Noah grips my hand and helps me out of the car, my body doing as instructed and working for me while my mind runs through everything to make sure I know what I’m about to do.

She has her daddy now, so she'll be safe and happy.

He guides me into the clubhouse, sitting me on one of the brown chairs near the back door.

They really need to lighten this place up. Full of dark browns everywhere, it's kind of depressing but also states, 'Man Cave.'

Noah moves my hair out of my face that's fallen out of the side bun I had it in. "We're going to go into church, baby, and look at the security footage. I'll find out who took our girl; I'll bring her home, I promise."

I nod.

Now would have been the perfect time to let him know it was my parents, but I didn't speak; I just kept my mind clear, ready to finally fight them.

For Lilah.

Noah gently kisses my lips before rubbing his nose against mine.

Mel squeezes his hand. "I'll go make her a sandwich, then I'll sit with her and go find my niece."

Noah nods before kissing her head, then he gives me one last look before all the brothers try to fit in the tiny room.

I take a deep breath as Mel disappears into the kitchen, then I look around. The sweet butts are talking to each other without paying any attention to me, so as quietly as I can, I get up and go out the backdoor before legging it towards Noah's house. I let myself in and went to his office to pull the Pride and Prejudice book out slightly before the bookcase moved.

I shake my head.

Did the man seriously think I wouldn't notice the oddball book?

When the doors open, knives, rifles, and shotguns hung up on the wall come into my vision and I quickly grab the revolver and the silencer sitting next to it, twisting it on the gun.

Who knew movies would come in handy?

I quickly put the gun in the back of my scrub pants, then pushed the book back, causing the bookcase to move. I only knew about this because I accidentally or well purposely snooped like girlfriends do when he left me here with Lilah the other morning.

I rush back out of his house, towards my car.

I see Cal on gate duty still, and I know he won't open it, so I take a deep breath after getting into my car.

I turn to look at the gate behind me.

“Fuck it,” I mumble, and I start my car.

I know Noah has bought me a new one, which I wasn't going to accept, but I guess I'm going to have to now. I put my car in reverse before revving the engine, then I wheel spun backward towards the gate. Cal's eyes widened as I smashed through them, metal crunching echoes through the car, but I ignored it, spinning around, the wheels spinning forward away from the clubhouse.

I don't stop; I drive the full four hours to Wincher, where I didn't think I'd come back to again thinking of my plan.

Maybe I should pop into George's diner on the way home and see how the old man is doing before slapping Cindy—god knows she earned one after the shit she caused out of fucking jealousy.

I shake my head. I need to get through this first.

I turn left down a familiar road before going to the house right near the end.

My mother hated that the Alberto's put them at the end of the row; it's why they've been trying to basically sell me and now my daughter.

Greed for a bigger house and better cars.

Bastards, the lot of them.

I pull up outside my parents' house right next to the Alberto's cars, and I grin perfectly.

I turn and grab the gun from the passenger seat when I hear a wail.

Lilah!

Chapter 23

Meghan

I quickly grab a hold of the gun and rush up the pathway toward my parent's house while my daughter cries her heart out, which sounds like my old room. I don't bother knocking; I walk straight in to see my parents bent over their dull cream dining table with the Alberto's looking at some paperwork that is spread all over it, and I know instantly what it's for.

"If need be, we'll just forge her signature, and then she'll be legally ours; Meghan won't be able to do anything."

I tilt my head as Abram smirks, "Good, we don't want anything getting in the way."

My mother smiles gently at him, like she isn't trying to take my daughter away, and my rage starts to take over as I lift the gun and click the safety off. Everybody freezes at hearing the sound before slowly looking towards me.

I give them a smile as they all go white.

"Mother dearest, didn't I tell you I'd be your worst nightmare if you went near my daughter?"

The men stay frozen while she clears her throat. "Now, darling..."

She stops her sentence when I place the gun at her head, her eyes widening.

"Did you really think I'd allow you disgusting people to take my daughter?"

She swallows again. "It's her birthright, Meghan, as it was yours. You rebelled; we're not going to let you bring her up anyway than our way. We allowed you to keep her..."

"YOU DIDN'T ALLOW SHIT; I WAS 22 YEARS OLD. MY BODY, MY RIGHTS." I shout.

She jumps before swallowing again.

“Tell me, mother, how did you expect to overcome her father’s signature on those papers?”

She furrows her brows while my father snaps out of his stupor. “Her father is not on the birth certificate. Cindy has ensured you both couldn’t find each other, and as payment, she became my mistress.”

I gag; I can’t help it. I mean, I’m not surprised, but still, I can’t help the gag.

My father narrows his eyes while I put my hand up. “That is probably the grossest thing I’ve ever heard. I mean, you fucking her is absolutely disgusting, but not completely surprising, but knowing you’ve got the clap.”

I shudder while my mother tilts her head.

“What are you talking about?”

I gag again, “I’m talking about everyone knowing Cindy had Chlamydia. She had it before I left. Her one-night stand nearly choked her for giving it to him at the back of the diner. “He’s actually a really nice guy, though; he’s the VP for the Rebels around here.”

My father’s face pales, while my mother looks like she’s about to be sick, making me grin because, well, Karma is a bitch.

Mr. Alberto snaps out of it and says, “Right, listen here, young lady; the contract is already drawn up; we have a copy of her birth certificate here from public records. Now you can either sign them yourself or your mother will. No one will believe you when you try to make claims against us. You know this.”

I just smirked and said, “Again, it doesn’t answer my question about her father, considering you don’t even know his signature.”

My father’s brows furrow. “Your lying isn’t going to get you out of this; you owe Abram after you got yourself pregnant like a slut.”

I just grin wider and say, “Check the certificate, Father.”

They all look and instantly start to curse while I move the gun to my father's shin before I sneer, "For your information, Father, I've only ever had one man touch me, so I don't see how I can be a slut, unlike the men in this cult."

Then I shoot him in the shin, causing my mother to scream as my father collapses on the floor, blood pouring from him while he gasps in pain.

I turn my head to Abram next, who instantly flinches at the coldness in my eyes.

This filthy mother fucker wanted my daughter.

My four-year-old daughter

I don't think so.

I point the gun at him next, making him take a step back before my mother's wails catch my attention. She's lovingly stroking my father's face all while he scowls at me, and I tilt my head again.

"Tell me, mother, when you were forced to become his wife, did you love him instantly or did you learn to put up with the lifestyle chosen for you?"

She sneers at me, hatred in her eyes. "I wanted him before he even chose me, you little bitch. We should have sold you when you were five, like I wanted, instead of listening to my mother."

I nod my head before shooting her in the leg, and she screams, clutching the wound with panic and disbelief in her eyes.

"You thought I would just stand by and let you try to sell my daughter? I mean if you were forced, then I may have had some sympathy for you, but you clearly weren't, which means you were just as sick as them."

Her nostrils flare while Mr. Alberto clears his throat.

"Meghan, you need to stop this nonsense now; your parents have signed a contract; you now belong to me. You'll be my mistress, while Abram will take Lilah home with him. He'll train her the right way to become a dutiful wife. They will wed when she is 10."

I nod my head like I agree before pointing the gun at him, making his eyes go wide.

This man is completely off his rocker.

“I am a grown-ass adult who is not for sale; my man can attest to that. Now you touch my daughter, and I will shoot you; I don’t give a crap who you are in this town!”

He takes a step back as several men rush into the house. I don’t turn around because I know who it is. I can feel him as soon as he enters, just like I always can; he’s a part of me, like I’m part of him.

He clears his throat.

“Gunner, go down the hallway and get Lilah; make sure her head is covered; and take her out to the club’s Jeep.”

He nods and rushes to a screaming Lilah while Abram points his finger and says, “You will not touch my fiancé!”

Red hazes through my eyes, and I point the gun at his dick, pulling the trigger. I feel the men in the room wince as Abram falls to the floors, cupping himself and crying out in pain while his father stands back in shock that I just did that: “She is not your fiancé, you sick bastard, SHE’S MY CHILD.”

He looks up at me, his eyes bloodshot, and he sneers at me, “You’re going to regret this; I’m-I’m g-going to take everything f-from you, then I’ll make sure you r-rot away in prison, receiving video after video of me ripping your daughter in two while I-I fuck her.”

I feel the men tense and step forward while I just smirk and point the gun at his head, making his eyes widen.

“You’ve got to be alive to do that.”

His face pales even more, which, as a doctor, I didn’t think was possible. “You won’t k-kill me; I’m too much of an i-important figure around here, and you know it, you’ll serve life; maybe even get the d-death sentence.”

I nod while Noah walks closer to me. “You’re right, I will, but I know my daughter will be safe with her daddy, and the only

way to ensure it stays that way is to take out the reasons for her being unsafe.”

His eyes widen some more before my man rasps.

“Wildcat, you don’t want to do this; you don’t want a life on your conscious; it’ll eat you alive. Please, hand me the gun and let us brothers sort this instead; please, baby, I can’t lose you.”

I look towards him, looking into his hazel eyes. “For Lilah,” it’s all I rasp before I turn back to the vile man and pull the trigger. Mr. Alberto cries out as my mother screams while Abram’s blood splatters against her bland furniture. I watch shock register on his face before his body falls to the floor, blood dripping down his head. His father drops next to him, clutching him, while I continue to stare into his eyes as his father cries for his son, but I feel nothing. My feelings have closed off. I’m not stupid, and I know that it’ll hit at some point, but right now, I just feel nothing.

He was a vile man who preyed on children; he needed to be removed from this earth, and I’ll always stand by that.

I hear some men curse in the background, and I’m pretty sure I heard Dagger mutter, “Fucking shit, remind me not to get on her bad side,” but I could be wrong. I tilt my head towards my parents, who are looking at Abram in shock, before I point the gun at Mr. Alberto. He doesn’t notice, but my mother does because she gasps very dramatically, making my father and Mr. Alberto look at me; they both suck in a breath while the men behind me curse some more. Someone who sounds like Stone mutters, “Fuck, she’s not going to leave any for us,” but again, I could be wrong.

I only spoke to the Rebel’s VP once, but I heard he continued to help me look for Noah, so that gave him some brownie points.

I don’t take my eyes off the bastard even when I feel Noah’s arm go around my waist.

“Wildcat, please hand me the gun.”

I just shake my head, placing my finger on the trigger as everyone freezes around me.

For Lilah.

Chapter 24

Slicer

I stand with my hands on my hips, trying to keep my anger in control while staring at the CCTV footage from the nursery. Flame was on a video call explaining how my girl's parents went in and got our daughter.

The fucking caseworker didn't even call to ensure it was all ok; she just smiled and fucking waved while my daughter was crying, and that was after Meghan's father handed her a stack of cash.

I look directly at Flame, and he nods. "A full investigation is being put together; that bitch's job is done; they may also find funds from the nursery in her accounts too, so she'll be doing time."

I nod, hoping I don't grab a fucking chair and throw it against the wall.

All of the brothers are in here today; we barely fit in.

"Alright brothers, the Rebels are currently en route to scope the place out before they meet up with the brothers at the crossing point into Wincher. Steel's men are working on getting these fuckers shut down with their connections. I want Gunner, Ink, Hawk, and Slicer on their bikes; prospects Shane and Trevor will follow behind in the club's Jeep. Dagger, I need you to stay behind, and I'll go with them."

Dagger shakes his head. "You need to stay because of Annabel; I'll go."

Axel sighs, running a hand through his hair, but nods his head in agreement. He hasn't left his daughter and old lady yet since the beauty was born.

"Jizz and Bomber, you'll both go as well."

They both nod with determination while I squeeze my hands into fists, my fingers itching to grab my knife. These mother fuckers took my baby girl to sell her. They're fucking dead. Axel goes to speak again when we hear a crash from out front, and we all look at the door before rushing out of it, squeezing through to see what's happened.

I look towards the table where I sat Meghan and tense instantly before the door to the clubhouse slams open.

Cal rushes in, looking panicked.

"Meghan, she-she just backed through the gate and drove off."

He's breathing heavily, trying to catch his breath, and I quickly rush into church, cursing under my breath for not putting a brother on her.

"Flame, check the cameras."

He furrows his brows but nods while the brothers all gather around me, waiting.

Please be wrong, fucking please, but in my gut, I know.

I just know.

Flame slowly closes his eyes, sighing, and I drop my head as he puts the footage of my study up. Meghan goes up to the one book that's there for show and gently moves it before getting into my armory and leaving with my revolver.

Fuck.

I look towards Axel, and he nods. He knows my request—not to fucking wait around for formation. I rush from church, hearing several feet following me while Mel looks confused with a sandwich in her hands. Axel stands by her and explains.

As we get to the door, we hear her sob.

I quickly get on my bike before skidding out of the clubhouse, heading for Hudson Bridge, and starting the four-hour journey to Wincher. We're not that far behind her, so hopefully we get to her before she does something that will haunt her for the rest of her life.

Meghan isn't like us; she's a doctor, and she wants to help people, not take them from this world like us.

When we get near the crossing for his town, the Rebel's VP Stone along with several of his brothers join us as we ride to the house where the fuckers are keeping my daughter, and most likely where my woman is. I notice her car instantly and speed ahead, the brothers following, and as soon as I pull up next to her Buick, I hear the gunshot. It's not as loud, which means she's got a silencer on.

I quickly rush towards the house as another shot is fired before we all rush in.

I sucked in a breath, seeing my girl in her navy scrubs with a gun pointed at some snobby fucker in a suit.

I cleared my throat,

“Gunner, go down the hallway and get Lilah; make sure her head is covered; and take her out to the club's Jeep.”

He nods and rushes to get my baby girl while the fucker points his finger. “You will not touch my fiancé!”

Anger rushes through me.

My four-year-old, my fucking four-year-old, and this ugly motherfucker with a bad comb-over is calling her his fiancé.

I go to take a step forward before Meg shoots him in the dick.

The men wince as he screams out, cupping himself, and I smirk while my girl sneers before shouting the last bit, “She is not your fiancé, you sick bastard, SHE'S MY CHILD.”

He looks at her, his eyes bloodshot as he sneers, while an older version of him stands back in shock, “Y-you're going to regret this; I'm-I'm g-going to take everything f-from you, then I'll make sure you r-rot away in prison, receiving video after video of me ripping your daughter in two while I-I fuck her.”

I tense but soon my breathing picks up as Meghan lifts her hand towards his head, the gun loaded.

Fuck no baby.

“You've got to be alive to do that.”

His face pales even more, not from blood loss, “Y-you won’t k-kill me; I’m too much of an i-important figure around here, and you know it; you’ll serve life, m-maybe even get the d-death sentence.”

She nods like she’s already thought it through.

I look towards Dagger and Stone; they stand ridged while my girl speaks, “Your right, I will, but I know my daughter will be safe with her daddy, and the only way to ensure she stays that way is to take out the reasons for her being unsafe.”

No, no, no.

I ignore the fucker and step closer to my girl. “Wildcat, you don’t want to do this; you don’t want a life on your conscious; it’ll eat you alive. Please, hand me the gun and let us brothers sort this instead; please, baby, I can’t lose you.”

I can’t keep the fear out of my voice; this will kill her slowly.

She turns her head towards me; love for me and our daughter shines through her troubled blue eyes. “For Lilah,” is all she rasps before she pulls the trigger. The man falls down in shock, his eyes wide as life drains from them, while his older lookalike cries out in pain, dropping to the floor and clutching the dead body.

I swallow, seeing no emotion on Meg’s face while Dagger mutters, “Fucking shit, remind me not to get on her bad side.”

She points the gun at the older man, and I shake my head. One death is bad enough, but not two. I take another step towards her as Stone mutters, “Fuck, she’s not going to leave any for us,” but I ignore him and wrap my arm around my girl’s small waist, pulling her to me a little, “Wildcat, please hand me the gun.” She shakes her head as the old man freezes in terror. I see Gunner from my side eye rushing Lilah outside, and I gently guide my hand down her right arm towards the gun, where she’s got her finger on the trigger. “Wildcat, you got your revenge; please give me the gun.”

She shakes her head again. “They sold me to him.”

I look at the fucker and sneer as he goes white while a wet spot shows on the front of his trousers.

This fucker is dead.

Nodding my head, I place my cheek against hers. “Then he needs to suffer. You are mine. Mine to hold, Mine to love, Mine to cherish, Mine.” She moves her head towards me, her eyes closing as she takes in my words, “Baby, I’m not called Slicer for fun and games. Please let me take this death for you; don’t put another one on your conscious.”

She sniffles. “But my parents, they’ll continue to do what they’re doing; more kids will grow up brainwashed and abused.”

I nod, “which is why Steel is currently getting this fucked up place shut down. Please, wildcat, give me the gun, then go outside to our girl; she needs you. Please.”

She blinks a couple of times, and finally, fucking finally, she slowly lets go of the gun, and I take it, putting it in the back of my jeans after putting the safety on before wrapping my arms around her, and she sinks her back into me while her mother sobs, “Thank you-you.”

I look down on her as Dagger speaks up, “Don’t thank him; you’re going away for a very long fucking time.”

Her eyes widen, and she goes to protest when I speak up, “You don’t recognize me, do you?” She looks at me and swallows hard. A little bit of guilt shines through her eyes. “Ah, yes, you do. So your daughter died at 18, huh?” She looks down in shame, and I gently kiss the back of my girl’s head. Her body is starting to shake. “Hawk, I need you to take my girl to the Jeep, please, so she’s with our daughter before she crashes.”

He nods before walking over to us.

He gently kisses her head, then picks her up bridal style, taking her out of the house before her father speaks.

“If you let-let us go, we-we won’t say anything.”

I just snort when Stone steps forward. “Really?” Meghan’s father nods his head frantically, and Stone smirks, “Well, unfortunately for you, it won’t matter what you say; who is going to believe a molester over a group of bikers who have spent the past decade raising money for sick children?”

His face pales while I grin as I walk over to him as Ink watches the old fucker, who hasn't taken his eyes off what I'm assuming is his son's body. I kneel down before sticking the tip of my knife into his bullet wound. He cries out while his wife sobs, "I've lost out on four years of my daughter's life because of you fuckers and that bitch Cindy." Their eyes widen. "Yeah, our tech guru managed to hack into her phone. Did you know you knocked her up?" His breathing gets heavier from the pain. "But your wife wasn't happy with that; no, she slipped her a pill." He swallows while his wife cries harder, and I smirk, "But of course, you knew that, didn't you? She's not from your cult; she wasn't willing to do what you wanted quietly, so why not teach her a lesson?" I huff, "You'll make a good bitch boy in prison, that is, if they haven't killed you within the first few days, not a lot of inmates like Kiddy fiddlers."

I twist the knife, making him scream, before looking at the fucker who thought he could buy my girl.

His breathing picks up as Ink and Bomber grab a hold of him, and I smirk an evil smirk.

"Are you ready for your punishment, fucker?"

He instantly starts to scream, but Dagger walks over to him, gagging him as I slowly take myself over to him, ready to dish out some of this rage.

Chapter 25

Meghan

I blink.

How did I get to the clubhouse? Where's Lilah?

"I-I want m-my momma."

She's crying; she needs me, but my body doesn't want to work.

I blink again.

"Meghan baby?"

Noah.

He sounds worried.

I want to touch him to look into his beautiful hazel eyes, but I can't; I can't speak; I can't move.

I killed a man.

His lifeless brown eyes flashed over and over in my mind, staring at me.

He deserved it; I know this; everyone knows this; he wanted my daughter, my four-year-old daughter.

I killed a man.

I took his life.

"Doc, seriously, what the fuck is wrong with her? It's been nine hours, and she hasn't fucking spoken or even moved!"

Noah sounds pissed. Where am I? I don't recognize the room.

I want to speak up and ask, but I can't.

I killed a man.

"She's in a shocked state, Slicer. Her body has shut down through the trauma of taking a life; she just needs time."

I hear Noah sigh.

I can feel him press his nose into my hair, but I can't make myself move.

I killed someone.

"I love you, momma."

My girl, my angel

I blink my eyes. I don't see Lilah, though; I see Abram. He's looking at me, blood dripping from his head, his cold eyes piercing through me as he smirks at me. Does his hand have something in it—a gun?

My breathing picks up.

"DADDY...."

I hear Lilah scream; there's a commotion, but all I see is Abram. He's laughing, ready to shoot, when Noah steps into my view, his big, tattooed hands cupping my face.

"Breathe for me, wildcat; your ok, breathe for me."

I feel my eyes get droopy; I'm tired.

"Doc, it's been three days, and the only sign of life was two days ago when she had a panic attack. I mean, fuck, you've had to put an IV in."

I can hear the worry in his voice and the pain.

My eyes are still closed, and I feel dirty, like my body is full of Abram's blood.

"We'll give her another few hours; if she hasn't made any progress, then we're going to have to admit her, Slicer."

Doc sounds defeated; I can hear it in his voice; he doesn't want to admit me, and I know I should speak.

I can feel myself coming back, but I don't. I feel dirty; I need to clean myself; I can't have anyone tainted by the blood.

"FUCK!"

Noah shouts before I hear a scuffle, then the door closes.

I open my eyes and see I'm in a room that looks like a hospital ward, but the window sees out to the clubhouse gardens. I slowly get up, and my stomach grumbles. I unhook my IV before looking around. There are several beds and hospital equipment around the room with two doors. One is to leave the room, and the other, I'm hoping, is a shower. I'm still in my scrubs, and I look down.

Blood.

I'm covered in blood; it's all I can see.

I rush into the room that I think is a bathroom and breathe a sigh of relief when I see it. I turn on the shower and climb in, fully clothed, walking under the spray.

I hear a noise and quickly turn around.

Abram.

He's full of blood too; he's grinning at me, a gun in his hand, his cold, dead eyes relishing in my fear. I slowly slide down the shower wall, keeping my body under the hot spray, hoping to become clean. I place my head in my hands, wishing for Abram to leave me alone. He was a child molester; he didn't deserve to live after buying my daughter. He laughs manically, mocking me and my fear.

"Please, please, go away, please," I repeat over and over, hoping he listens.

Chapter 26

Slicer

I sigh and rub my hand over my head, ignoring the man bun I've got in place. Doc had to drag me away from the medical room where my girl was.

three days, and she hasn't said a word. She'll blink or she'll sleep, but she isn't there; her eyes are vacant; she's not with us.

The guilt is eating her alive.

That's the difference between my girl and me; she feels the guilt while I relished slicing that bastard up for wanting to buy my family for his, and I'll do it again and again if I have to.

Just the memory of his fear gives me satisfaction.

I grin wide, seeing the fear on this guy's face as I put the tip of my blade to his forehead.

"P-please, y-you took my son; p-please have m-mercy. I-I have a w-wife."

I just chuckled, "And yet you wanted MY woman as your mistress; your son wanted MY four-year-old daughter as his wife."

He swallows hard, sweat dripping down his face. "We were-were going to-to wait until she-she was ten."

Wrong mother fucking thing to say.

My anger takes hold before he cries out as I dig the tip of the knife in, slowly dragging it across his forehead, going down his temple, then veering off, slicing his ear off. He screams louder before I place the gag back into his mouth that Ink took out. I tilt my head at him and grin wider, seeing the fear, before Stone walks over with, well, a sharp stone in his hand and rams it into the guy's eye.

His screams are muffled by the gag.

Each brother has a go at torture ensuring to leave him alive for me. He's dripping with blood, most of it pouring from his gut when Dagger stabbed him after Ink tattooed Molester on his chest. I look at him and just smile as he sleeps after passing out. I hold my hand out, and Jizz grins, placing salt in my palm, which I slap onto the fucker's torn and sliced skin, making him groan and jolt awake.

"wakey-wakey sunshine."

He flinches at the sound of my voice when Stone steps up next to me. "We have an hour to complete this and clean up before the feds come and get those two fuckers. Steel said they'll be spending life behind bars as well as the rest of their 'community.' A raid is on the way."

I look to my left to see Meghan's parents watching on in horror.

I give them a wink, and they both flinch, making the men chuckle before I look back at the old bastard when he tries to speak.

"P-please, ha-have mercy."

I nod before I stab my knife into his neck. He starts to choke on his own blood as his eyes widen in shock while I rasp, "You don't deserve mercy when you tried to buy my girls. You deserve to suffer, and what better way of choking on your own blood?"

He coughs, blood comes out of his mouth, and I don't break eye contact. I watch the light dim from his eyes as he dies slowly before me, all while Meghan's parents sob, and I just smile, happy to get the revenge for my girl that she deserves.

I sigh, rubbing a hand down my face.

When I got to the Jeep, Lilah was clinging to her momma while her momma sat in the backseat, back straight, her eyes vacant, which is how she's been since except for when she had a panic attack.

Fuck, I want my girl back. I fucking miss her, and it's only been a few days.

Sighing again, I take a sip of my beer when Ginger slides up beside me and clears her throat.

“Do you, uh, know when Flame will be back from club business? I have a computer problem unless you can tell me where he is?”

I hold in my snort, but my eyes still roll. Computer problems, my ass; she's been making that shit up for months just to get him in her room. Before Star ran, Flame would give in and fuck her, but now he takes a look at her computer and then leaves her room, leaving her fuming.

Shaking my head, I take another sip of my beer and say, “Nah, sorry, Ginger.”

She huffs and stomps away while I smile.

I'm probably not the first brother she's asked, and I won't be the last. Only us officers know where Flame is, and that's how it's going to stay until he can convince our club princess to return to us.

Fucking stubborn woman.

I'm about to take another sip of my drink when Ginger comes back, and I sigh when she starts to wince. “Look, I know you know where he is; I really need to talk to him; it's personnel.”

I just chuckled and said, “Ginger, if you're trying to make a false claim about being pregnant, then you can go pack your fucking bags. We all know Flame hasn't touched you since Star left nearly a year ago.

She swallows hard and nods before turning around again and leaving.

I shake my head and get my phone out, sending a mass message to the officers.

Me- Ginger tried to make out she had a ‘personnel’ thing to talk with Flame about after asking me if I knew where he was and when he was coming home.

I place my phone down before it starts lightening up with texts, starting with our Pres.

Axel – fuck, which brothers have fucked her recently that could have knocked her up?

I snort before noticing her downing shot after shot out of the corner of my eye, and I message back,

Me—definitely not pregnant; she just downed a few shots.

More texts come in,

Gunner – bitch, is trying to trap him.

Hawk – we need to look into trying to get rid of her; she’s trouble waiting to happen.

I nod at Hawk’s message because it’s true—she’s obsessed with Flame. It didn’t help; she was his main girl, a bit like Clitter with me.

We brothers are fucking stupid.

Dagger – Is it bad that I laughed at this?

I chuckle and shake my head, but full-blown laugh at the next message,

Ink—oh no, I laughed so hard I had coffee come out of my nose.

The last text, though, yeah,

Flame – you fuckers are assholes.

Flame – and I haven’t fucked her in a year, so fuck you fuckers.

Laughter bursts free from my chest, and I shake my head before I take a deep breath. I look at the time; it’s been twenty minutes since Doc forced me away from Meghan, telling me I had to give her an hour’s peace.

I nod. Yep, that’s long enough. I’ll just tell Doc I waited the full hour; he’ll never know.

I get up and walk to the medical room, but come to a stop, seeing her bed empty and her IV sitting on it.

Shit,

I hear a shower running, and I swallow.

Is she finally back?

I quickly rush over to the door and open it to hear her mumbling over and over.

“Please, please, go away, please.”

Realization hits; she can see his ghost; it’s haunting her. That’s how I felt after my first kill; fuck, I should have realized she’d be seeing him everywhere.

I rush over to the shower stall and climb in, clothes and all, including my cut, before I gently lift her up.

She starts to struggle: “No, please, please. I’m dirty, I’m full of blood, and I need to be clean. Please, please.”

Fuck.

I quickly sit her on the counter and cup her face as Mel and Doc rush in, their eyes wide.

I lean forward and gently rub my nose against hers as she squeezes her eyes shut.

“Look at me, Wildcat.”

She shakes her head, and I move my right hand, cupping the back of her neck while my left cups her chin, my thumb stroking her neck.

“Open your eyes, Meghan.”

She does, and we make eye contact.

Guilt shines through hers as well as happiness for ending her demons, and she can’t deal with that emotion; that’s why she shuts down. I move forward and gently kiss her lips before I rasp, “You’re not dirty. You don’t have any blood on you, and being happy for protecting our daughter is nothing to feel guilty about.”

Her tears start to fall fast as she sniffles, “I-I killed a man.”

I nod.

“You did—a man who was going to marry our daughter at the grand old age of ten after he spent six years grooming her. If you hadn’t pulled the trigger, I would have—remember that, baby. His life had already expired before you decided to take it.

She lets out a sob, and finally, fucking finally, after feeling like I was losing her bit by bit, she falls apart, letting her emotions out.

I wrap my arms around her as Mel sobs in the background.

Meghan holds onto me tighter, sobbing.

I smoothed the back of her hair while whispering that I had her and that I loved her.

We’ll get her through this because, like hell, am I losing her because of those fuckers who tried to ruin her.

She’s mine.

Chapter 27

Meghan – two weeks later

“How was today?”

It’s the same question she asks me at the start of each session.

For the past two weeks, I have been seeing Dr. Hall, a brother’s old lady who also helped Sophie, and she still sees her twice a month to deal with her momma’s death.

“Better in a way. I woke up to my girl’s giggles again; she hasn’t done that since they took her.”

Dr. Hall smiles. “And I see her pranking days are back.”

I can’t help but smile back.

Lilah went into a shell when we got her back. She was only with them for a few hours, but it was long enough for them to make a difference. They had hit her; they split her lip, and she told Dr. Hall Abram to touch her privates while my father held her down. We had to get her medically checked out, which she was sedated for. Thankfully, the tests showed they didn’t penetrate her. Stone, the Rebel’s VP, had gone through all their paperwork last week. It turned out he was not allowed to penetrate until the money was transferred and the contracts had been signed. Stone had found her contract, along with my one with Mr. Alberto, as well as one that was drawn up when I was two.

The reason why my parents had listened to my grandmother over the years was because she had legal custody of me. I’m not sure how she managed it, but she convinced a judge that I was better in her care, but I’d still be with my parents because she lived with them, and the judge agreed.

That’s why they waited until she had passed in order to sell me.

I blink my eyes, my gorgeous girl coming back to mind. Lilah had barely spoken until this morning when she was making horse pancakes with her daddy, and I had woken up to glitter in my hair, which I didn't think I'd miss so much.

“And how is your guilt?”

Another question she always asks

I've struggled with it, but it's not guilt in the fact I pulled the trigger; it's guilt in the fact I was happy I had killed him and that I had gone against my beliefs as a doctor.

“Not as deep after finding out about the terms in the contract yesterday.”

She nods, fury shining in her eyes.

One of the terms in Lilah's contract was that she was to have a baby by eleven years old to give the sick pervert a legitimate heir.

We spend the next hour talking about how I'm feeling and going through my emotions about taking a life.

Just before the end of the session, I finally made a confession.

“I think I now understand why I'm struggling with the guilt so much.”

She sits up straight.

For the past two weeks, she has questioned why I feel guilty, and I haven't been able to tell her. I couldn't form the words, but now I can. I clear my throat. “It's the happiness I feel that he's gone, that I pulled the trigger.”

She nods and smiles. “And that is a completely normal reaction after feeling happy, Meghan. You're a resident doctor; you took an oath to heal and save lives, and you went against that in order to protect your daughter, to protect yourself. I'm happy that you've figured it out because that means you're on the next step.” I tilt my head at her, and she just smiles wider and says, “Acceptance.” I smile back at her. “You accepting that you went against your oath for Lilah; you accepting that you had to be the one to pull the trigger in order to move

forward.” She closes her book. “I think we can now cut your sessions down from five a week to three; what do you say?”

I nod. “I say that sounds amazing.”

She grins and stands. “Alright, I will see you in two days.”

I stand and give her a hug before wiping the fallen tear as she whispers, “Perfect breakthrough, Meg.”

Taking a deep breath, I leave her house, where we agreed to do the sessions. She only lives one row up in the little housing estate the brothers have built. I had found leaving Lilah a struggle, and when Noah tried to take me out last week, I ended up having a panic attack.

Just as I descend the steps, I look up to see Noah sitting on his Harley, the yellow tank glaring in the sun. His hair is in its usual man bun, but the short back and sides have been shaved back a little bit more. I give him a smile, loving having him meet me after my appointment before I tense and realize who isn't with him.

I start to look around for our daughter before he removes his sunglasses, his hazel eyes watching my every move, making sure I don't have another panic attack, which I feel is coming.

My chest is tightening, and my breathing has quickened.

“Meghan.”

I look towards Noah, his tone strong, snapping me back to him. “Our daughter is safe and sound at home with my parents as well as Mel and Dagger. You and I are going for a ride.” I start to shake my head, and he just smirks, “I'm not taking no for an answer, baby. Get your sweet ass on the bike.” I swallow hard, and his eyes soften. “We need to get you off Club Grounds Wildcat in order to bring you back bit by bit. I promise you, our daughter is safe. I have a system in place. Everything is okay.”

I shake my shaking hands, taking a deep breath. I know he's right; I know we have to do this; I have to do this. Nodding my head with determination, I walk over to him. He grins at me before kissing my lips slightly and then placing a pink and black helmet on my head. I climb on behind him, ensuring my

dress is under my ass, and wrap my arms tightly around his waist.

He revs the bike before roaring down the road and out of the open gates.

We spend an hour riding around the back roads, where my muscles loosen and I start to relax. Noah was right; I needed this, and I should have realized that our daughter was safe with his brothers. I squeeze his waist tighter, laying my head on his shoulder blades as he drives through the bendy roads before pulling up at Hudson Lake.

The sun is setting, and it looks perfect.

Noah helps me off the bike before taking my helmet off, then brings both his legs around, standing me between them so I'm leaning against his chest with my back. We watch the sunset well after it's gone and the stars come out. Noah's phone has gone off every hour with one ring, which he explained is his father's way of telling him all is well; it's what helped me relax so much.

Sighing in contentment Noah tightens his arms around my waist, his nose running along the side of my neck, going up to my jaw, where he starts to lightly kiss and nip. My clit starts to throb, and I move my legs, hoping for some friction.

We haven't made love since those who shall no longer be named took our daughter.

I turn my head towards his, our mouths catching each other's as our kiss starts off slow but soon gets more desperate, our tongues tangling. He turns me in his arms, not once breaking the kiss before lifting me up, then spinning us so my ass is on the seat of his bike.

I cupped his cheeks as one of his hands cupped the back of my neck while his other went down between us. He finds my wet lace panties, wrapping his fingers around them while groaning at the soaked fabric.

He tears them from my body, making me gasp before the kiss heats up even more. He runs his fingers through my slit, feeling how wet I am, before he unzips his jeans, pulls his hard

member out, and places the head at my entrance. He thrusts in, hard, in one thrust. I gasped, my head going back and breaking the kiss.

I feel full—so damn full.

Noah places his head in the crook of my neck, groaning, while he starts to rub hard circles around my clit while putting pressure on the back of my neck to get me to look at him. As soon as we make eye contact, he moves his hips back before thrusting forward.

Over and over, he thrusts, and I meet each one, my orgasm building while keeping eye contact.

I can feel myself tightening around him as he tilts his hips, hitting my G-spot while his thumb goes faster on my clit. My stomach tightens, and just when I think I'm about to cum, Noah pulls out, making me growl, and he chuckles as he bends down, placing his whole mouth over my mound, taking in my juices. I moan and groan as she shoves his tongue inside me over and over while his fingers keep me on edge, slowly moving his fingers and rubbing my clit. He prolongs my orgasm, playing with me before he sucks my clit into his mouth, and I see stars.

I'm mid-orgasm; I can feel the juices leak from my body when he suddenly stands and slams into me hard, his hips going faster and faster before he pinches my clit. Wetness squirts out of me, making him groan as blackness enters my vision, my whole body shaking from the intense orgasm, both of us cumming together. He continues to move his hips until the effects of my orgasm have slowed down before gently pulling out and kneeling again, his whole mouth going back over my mound, where he groans, tasting both of us together.

Oh wow.

“Noah!” I gasp.

He shoves his tongue into my entrance, making me gasp while he gathers our releases before he stands and shoves his tongue that's full of both our cums into my mouth. Our tongues tangle together, tasting both of us as he thrusts his semi-hard member

back inside me, pushing right to the hilt, staying there as we make out like a couple of teenagers until he slows the kiss before giving me a few pecks, then rubs his nose against mine.

“I love you, Wildcat.”

I grin at him.

“I love you too.”

He smiles, moving my hair that’s down out of my face. “You have glitter in your hair again.”

I hum because I do: “I think she’s finally coming back out of her shell.”

He nods and raises an eyebrow.

“Custard.”

I furrow my brows in confusion,

“That’s what she put in my shaving foam.”

I snort, then burst out in laughter, causing us both to groan as I tighten around his member that’s still inside me, and he kisses me again. When the thought comes to me, I pull back a little bit and tilt my head. “Have you, by any chance, I don’t know, moved me into your home because, over the past few weeks, I have found most of my belongings?” He smirks, and I sigh with a smile on my face. “And I’m guessing you let the lease go for my flat.”

His smirk grows wider, and I chuckle at him, kissing his lips before he rasps against mine. “I thought I’d take a page out of a few of my brother’s books.”

I hum, “And what’s that?”

He grins wide. “Moving my girls in so they don’t have to stress about packing.”

I laugh again at his excuse before kissing him again.

“I love you,” I rasp against his lips, causing him to smile against mine, then move his hips back before thrusting forward hard, making me gasp while he grunts out, “Not as

much as I love you, Wildcat,” before he then proceeds to spend the next two hours inside me, and it was heavenly.

This man basically saved me all those years ago, and I don't think he'd ever realize that.

I'm never going to let him go.

He's mine, just like I'm his.

Chapter 28

Slicer – one month later

I'm at the bar doing paperwork, and I smile looking at the photo on my desk. Lilah, Meghan, and I are grinning at the camera, faces full of face paint, while my baby girl has a tiara on her head, saying birthday girl. She turned five last week. We had a big blowout with the club. The Huntsmen and the Rebels came down for Lilah's special day as well; they all see themselves as honorary uncles after trying to help Meghan find me. The brothers had gone all out; after her princess party had gone so well, they decided to do another, but this time with a few more bouncy houses as well as a real-life Cinderella.

Lilah cried; she loved it so much.

Things are finally looking good, and my girl is stronger than ever.

My phone rings, and I look down before grinning when I see it's Flame.

I quickly answered it,

"Is she still being stubborn, brother?"

Star is still refusing to come home, and I can understand why. She was raped because of us because we killed someone who had sent many of our dancers to the hospital by giving them laced cocaine. Unfortunately, someone's cousin, who had been causing a lot of problems for us over the years, wanted revenge. Star was the collateral damage in this scenario.

He clears his throat. "I may have fucked up."

My eyes widen, and I sit up straighter. "What did you do?"

He clears his throat again. "I slipped her a sedative."

My mouth drops open for a second while I process what he just said, "I'm-I'm sorry, but I'm pretty sure you just admitted

to slipping her a sedative, but clearly I'm hearing things; there's no way you would go that far, right?"

I can practically hear his wince from here: "I, fuck, I didn't know what else to do. She's being stubborn and refusing to come home. It's been two months, brother; I want to come fucking home, and I can see she isn't actually fucking happy here, and I have her mother and sister blowing up my phone, asking if I've found her, which of course she fucking saw, thinking I was fucking her sister again because I'm the biggest fucking idiot on the planet and went there in the first place. I had to do something."

I sigh and rub my hand along my chin. "Brother, you and I both know they only want her because she's their cash cow, so to speak."

He curses, "I know, believe me, I know, but I need her home, Slicer. I can't keep living through you brothers, who she decided she would speak to. I need her, and I need her safe. Hairy is still around, following her. She's not safe, and I can't fucking risk you coming here to track the fucker in case he makes his fucking move."

I sigh, "Alright, brother. But be prepared; she's going to fucking hate you when she wakes."

"She already hates me, brother."

I just smiled a little and said, "Nah, she doesn't; she's in love with you. She's just struggling with the pain you put her through."

He sighs again, ignoring my words.

He'll always blame himself for what she went through, and rightly so; he never should have left her; it's just something he's got to try and forgive himself for, and he hopes she forgives him too. "We'll be home tomorrow; we'll have to put the clubhouse on lockdown or she will bolt. How's Meghan doing?"

I sigh, "better. Her guilt has dimmed in her eyes, and she's finally gone back to work. Doc's been with her every day, which has helped her anxiety."

“That’s good, brother; that’s really fucking good.”

I hear groaning in the background, “Fuck, she’s waking up.”

I chuckle. “I’m guessing you only gave her a little sedative?”

He clears his throat again. Oh shit.

“Nah brother, I uh, I’m driving back in her car towing my bike behind us, which is why I won’t be back until tomorrow.

That’s the second sedative I gave her after she woke up screaming at me and tried to run, which was after she kneeled me in the balls and gave me a bloody nose. Tell me again why we taught her to defend herself.”

I burst out in laughter as Star’s voice echoes through the phone: “I’m go-going to-to kill you, Flame!”

“It’s Zayne, and you fucking know it!”

With that, the phone goes dead and my laughter bursts free again before I shake my head. I look down and sigh at the paperwork, but start to make a dent through it. One of the downsides of being a treasurer

A few hours later, I’ve done three-quarters of the paperwork. When my office door opens, I look up and grin at seeing my two girls coming in. Meghan grins at me, her blue eyes finally sparkling, just like her black hair that is down and full of glitter, matching her blue maxi dress that’s also full of glitter.

Fucking Lilah and her pranks.

Last week, I’d gone to my bike only for a cloud of flour to come out of the exhaust. She had also gone into the sweet butts’ rooms and poured green hair dye into all their bottles, which were fucking bad. I’ve never seen so many pissed-off women; I think that’s one prank Meghan found hilarious.

The girl is a beautiful menace.

Lilah rushes over to me, her dress matching her momma’s swishes as she jumps onto me, and I catch her, placing her on my lap before kissing her head.

“And to what do I owe this perfect visit?”

Meghan smiles. “I thought we could take Lilah to the seaside that’s two hours away to celebrate.”

I raise a brow. “And what are we celebrating, Wildcat?”

“My parents getting life with no parole with Cindy; nice adding her to all their paperwork, by the way, and the nursery being shut down.”

I grin wide and nod my head. “Then a trip to the seaside sounds perfect. You in the club’s Jeep?”

She narrows her eyes at me, and I just smirk. “You know full well I’m in the blue Mitsubishi you bought me.”

I chuckle and shrug, hiding my sigh of relief. “It’s not my fault your car wouldn’t start in Wincher.”

Her eyes turn into slits. I’m not fooling her; she knows I had Stone fuck with the engine so it wouldn’t start.

I stand, placing Lilah on my hip, before walking over to my girl. I bend down a little and kiss her lips, making her clutch my t-shirt before I rasp against her lips, “I love you.”

She smiles and instantly melts; her Buick is well and truly forgotten. “I love you too.”

I kiss her again before guiding her out of my office, where I lock the door, and then we head out into the bar. Leah is here today acting as manager, and I give her a wave. She waves back, then blows a kiss to Lilah, who catches it, making her giggle, while Silver stares at my girl with lust, making her walk faster out of the bar.

I point at Silver, but she just smirks while I shake my head.

“Will she ever give up?”

Meg asks as she climbs into the passenger seat while I put Lilah in her car seat, clicking her in.

“Probably not.”

She sighs and shakes her head, making me chuckle. I lean forward, kissing Lilah’s forehead, before subtly making sure the white box is still in the footwell of the back seat and

smiling when I see it. Nerves set in, but I shake them off before climbing into the driver's seat.

I put the car into drive and then placed my right hand on my girl's leg before driving to Hudson.

Lilah falls asleep on the way there but soon wakes up when we pull up, making Meghan and I grin before we get out.

We spent the next few hours looking through the shops and going on some rides on the pier before heading to the beach. Lilah plays in the sea before we make sandcastles; it was fucking perfect.

The sun starts to set, Meghan starts to clear up, and I swallow hard.

I wasn't planning on doing this here or today, but it just seems perfect. I take a deep breath and quickly run to the car, grabbing the box from the backseat footwell, then head back to the beach. I see Meghan chasing Lilah, and I grin, quickly taking a picture before Lilah notices me again and rushes over to me. I catch her with one arm while Meghan looks at the box with a furrowed brow, and I just smile, handing her the box.

"Can you open that for me, Wildcat?"

She nods and opens the box, but freezes, seeing what's inside. Her eyes come up to mine, tears filling them, and I shrug.

"Did you really think I wouldn't make you my old lady when you are my world?"

She snuffles, wiping away a tear.

"Did you really think I wouldn't want you to wear my ring and become my wife when there is no one else for me?"

I walk towards her, wiping the tears from her cheeks with my thumb while Lilah places her head on my shoulder.

"Did you really think I wouldn't tether you to me in every way possible so I would never lose you again?"

I wrap my arm around her waist, pulling her closer to me.

"Did you really think I would let you go?"

She lets out another snuffle before I rub my nose against hers, my love for her taking over me.

“Marry me, Wildcat, marry me, and tether yourself to me always.”

Chapter 29

Meghan

I stare into the beautiful eyes of the man I've loved for years. Tears fill mine as a sob comes out of my mouth before I rasp, "Y-yes, yes, yes, yes, yes."

He grins at me while cupping the back of my neck and kisses me passionately while Lilah wraps her arms around us, both giggling.

Love fills me completely; this man has saved me in so many ways since the first day we met, and he has no idea. He slows the kiss before pecking my lips a couple of times, then rubs his nose along mine and says, "I love you, Wildcat."

I sniffle. "I love you too."

He pulls back, then grabs the absolutely beautiful princess-cut ring that sparkles, placing it on my ring finger before grabbing the black cut. It has the club's logo on the back with the words, 'property of Slicer' underneath it, which he helps me put on. He grins wide before kissing me again.

"Come on, Wildcat, let's go tell the brothers."

I nod and grin before he wraps his arm around me while keeping our daughter in his arms, walking us back to the car.

A few hours later we're pulling into the bar parking lot. It's completely packed. I go to get out and go to the driver's side, thinking he's just picking up his bike, until he smiles wide at me and says, "Come on, Wildcat, let's go." I raise my brows at him and look at Lilah, who grins widely, and I shake my head before getting out while he grabs our daughter. We walk hand in hand inside the bar and stop seeing most of the brothers here, and Noah grins widely.

I chuckle, knowing what he's about to do, and brace myself as he whistles loudly, getting everyone's attention and making

them all look toward us.

“Brothers, old ladies, club family, and patrons,” I shake my head while Lilah giggles at her daddy’s posh speech while the brothers chuckle but look on in confusion. “I believe you all know the mother of my child, the woman I had been trying to find for five years.” The brothers look at him like he’s lost the plot, but Leah is jumping on her toes, already noticing my cut, and I grin at her. “But I know her as my OLD LADY AND SOON TO BE WIFE.”

He lifts my left hand up that he’s holding onto, showing my ring, before spinning me, showing everyone the cut.

The whole room echoes with cheers while Lilah giggles as Rose rushes over to us, grabbing all three of us into a hug and making everyone chuckle. Brick takes hold of me, pulling me from his wife’s huddle and hugging me into his arms, making me grin before Noah’s sister Mazie takes me from him, hugging me too. We’ve all become quite close, especially me and Mazie.

She admits to her faults and is doing her hardest to change.

Everyone can see it.

She pulls back and says, “Alright, let’s see it.” I grin and hold out my hand, and she nods while mumbling, “Good work, Slicer.” I chuckle before she hugs her brother while Rose hugs me again, tighter. I faintly hear Mazie in the background though: “I’m so proud of you, little brother.” Rose and I pull apart in time to see Noah hug his sister tighter, and I grin as Brick tries but fails to sneak away with Lilah. “DAD BRING ME BACK, MY NIECE.” Brick runs, making Lilah giggle as Mazie chases after them, and I chuckle, going back into Noah’s arms, where I belong, as his brothers come up to us next, patting his back and kissing my cheek.

We walk over to the bar once everyone has congratulated us, and Leah grins and says, “Champagne to celebrate?”

I just chuckle and shake my head. “Soda, please.” She nods, knowing I’m not a big drinker. Noah wraps his arm around my

waist, placing his head into the crook of my neck. “We’ve lost our daughter, baby.”

I turn to see her being fawned over by her auntie Mazie, and I grin.

“I love how close they’ve become, although I know Mel isn’t happy about it.”

I feel Noah nod as he chuckles. “Mel’s a sweetheart, and she understands. Mazie’s been a different person since meeting Lilah. I think our daughter may have saved her auntie when we all just about gave up on her.”

I smiled, hearing the pride in his voice, before leaning back against him, loving the feeling of his arms around me. This is my happy place: being in his arms, surrounded by family, while our daughter is being loved on.

I smile. “You saved me.”

He puts his fingers under my chin, making me turn my head so I can see him. “What do you mean, Wildcat?”

I just smiled wider. “Just what I said. You saved me. When I met you, my parents had written my destiny in the sand, and you washed it away. You made me feel alive for the first time in my life; you gave me our daughter, who helped me fight every day; you gave me your heart and never gave up on us when I felt like our daughter needed you more than I did. You saved me, and you continue to save me every single day. I couldn’t be more grateful to have finally found you again and to have you in my life because you are my whole world, and I know I’m yours. I know everyone knows you as Slicer, but to our daughter, you’re her hero, her daddy, and to me, you’re my Noah Carter, my everything, and I love you so much.”

His eyes have turned glossy, and he leans down, kissing me in a passionate kiss, showing me with his actions how he feels about my statement of love. I grip his top, not wanting to let go, but knowing we’re in a public place and Silver is probably watching, I really don’t want to be propositioned again, so I slowly break the kiss before he pecks me a couple of times.

“You saved me too, Wildcat; remember that.”

I smile at him and kiss him again before turning in his arms, placing my nose in the crook of his neck as his arms wrap around me, keeping me safe and protected in his warmth.

About an hour later, Noah is climbing into bed in nothing but a towel, and instead of lying next to me, he climbs over me, making me grin as my legs part to make room for his hips. He places a kiss on my lips, then goes down to my jaw, then towards my neck, where he rasps, "Our girl is flat out asleep after a busy day, and now I'm hungry." My stomach clenches and my clit pulses at his words as he kisses down my body: "I love that you wear my same top from all those years ago for bed, but it has to go."

He leans back slightly and removes the top, my bare breasts coming into view and making him groan as he dips down, taking a nipple into his mouth. I gasp at the sensation as he gently bites the bud, then sucks hard as his other hand gently twists the other one, pulling on it. I start to wiggle underneath him, trying to get some friction on my clit and he chuckles. "You need more Wildcat?"

I nod frantically, and he smirks before kissing down my body and tearing my panties making me scowl at him. They're the fifth pair this week that he has torn. He looks up at me and shrugs. "You should know not to wear them to bed, Meg."

I narrow my eyes. "And what about yesterday in your office?"

He shrugs again. "Maybe you should just go commando." I gasp as his lips wrap around my clit and I stutter, "Yeah, you- your probably right, so what if the dress I wear can blow up in the wind, give-giving your b-brothers a s-show."

The suction stops, and he glares at me. "I'll just keep buying you more panties."

I start to laugh, but it turns into a moan when he sucks on my clit again making it throb as two fingers thrust through my entrance, curling them to find my g-spot, and embarrassingly, my orgasm hits me quickly, making him chuckle.

"Cocky bastard,"

I mumble, and he just grins wide before licking up my juices. He shoves his tongue inside my entrance while his wet fingers go to my back hole. I don't tense as he slowly moves his fingers over it, wetting it up before gently pushing two of them in. His lips suck around my clit again as he thrusts his fingers inside me, causing me to arch my back in pleasure.

He sucks hard as his fingers move, another orgasm approaching.

Just before I hit my peak, he quickly lets go of my clit and removes his fingers from my back entrance. He removes his towel and places his hard member there instead, while his fingers go to my clit, strumming it hard and fast as he pushes inside me while his mouth finds mine in a passionate kiss. He thrusts his hips hard before shoving two fingers inside my entrance, curling them to find my g-spot as his thumb strums my clit. The sensation of being completely full takes over; my body shakes and my stomach clenches as my orgasm takes over. I can feel myself squirting onto him as my eyes go dark. Noah groans, his hips moving faster before he quickly removes himself from my back entrance and thrusts into my front entrance, filling me to the brim with his cum as his thumbs come up to my nipples, gently stroking over them to prolong my orgasm.

As soon as our orgasms fade, he slows the kiss before rubbing his nose against mine, his arms bracketing my face, holding him up, and I smile at him while he grins, kissing me one more time before he rasps, "Well, if that didn't make a baby, then I don't know what will."

I snort and shake my head. "You've literally just proposed, and I'm still doing my residency. Why on earth would you want a baby now?"

He just grins, "to tether you to me even more so you'll never be able to leave me."

I just smile and say, "I'd never want to leave you, Noah; you're my world."

He nods and kisses me. "I know Wildcat, and you're mine. You and Lilah."

I give him another kiss: “Me, Lilah, and our baby.”

He furrows his brows, and I look at him lovingly before his eyes widen in shock. “Are you pregnant?”

I nodded. “My contraceptive failed. I’m two months along.”

He grins wide before kissing me again before pulling his member out of me.

He goes down to my stomach, kissing it, making my eyes tear up.

This is what I missed out on with Lilah, but now I can have it, with him and our daughter bringing the new baby into the world and growing our family.

I’ve finally got my happily ever after.

Epilogue

Slicer – Seven Months Later

I smile as I shut the front door. I've just gotten home from work. The bar has been packed lately, and to be honest, it's all thanks to my sister and her amazing work. We've gotten closer these past several months; she's stopped taking drugs, stopped flirting with the brothers, and stopped asking for money.

Fuck, she even has a decent boyfriend, Andy.

Todd, the owner of the bank in town and also a club friend, introduced them. He's a man whom Sophie 'dated' before she and Ink got together in order to convince his dad he was good enough to take over the bank. His dad was very old-school, and Todd is, well, gay. He and his now-husband have a child and are extremely happy; his dad has even come around, but anyway, he introduced them four months ago, and they've been inseparable ever since. It's fucking nice seeing her finally getting her act together and finally being happy with her life.

I crick my neck as I walk through the living area to see where my girls are when I fall on my fucking ass. I land with a thump, wetness soaking through my clothes, wondering why the fuck there's water on the floor before a thought hits me and I instantly freeze.

The baby's coming.

FUCK.

I quickly scramble up, trying to ignore the fact that I've got amniotic fluid on me and rush up the stairs, slipping a couple of times. I quickly open Lilah's door, but I see she's not here. Okay, good.

Meghan has already sent her to my mother's.

I quickly leave her room and go to mine and Meg's. I completely ignore her sitting on the bed, reading peacefully,

not fully registering her there or the situation, and rush into the walk-in wardrobe.

“Uh, Noah, what are you doing?”

I quickly grab her bag and say, “I’m grabbing your bag; we need to go, baby; you’re in labor.”

I rush out, throwing her bag near the door, while I grab the baby’s bag from the attached room that we built on the side of the house, like an annex that we can use for each child we will have, before throwing that with the other bag.

I quickly look to Meg, feeling frantic: “Fuck baby, why are you still sitting there? Come on, you’re in labor; let’s go.”

She gives me a once-over, looking at me like I’m crazy before noticing the wet patches on my ass and bursts out in laughter, and it hits me, fucks sake. I place my hands on my hips and drop my chin to my chest. “Where’s our daughter?”

Still laughing, Meghan stutters, “At Mel’s h-house f-for a-a sleepover. S-she left f-five minutes a-ago.”

I shake my head before lying on the bed flat on my back, my head near her very large stomach that looks ready to pop soon. “We’re raising a hooligan Wildcat; only yesterday Axel found a snake sitting on his chair in church, and it wasn’t even fucking fake, and last month your friend helped her dye Clitter’s hair bright green after your friend wasn’t happy that you allowed her back into the clubhouse despite Clitter only coming for gatherings now.”

Clitter managed to speak to Meghan not long after we got engaged; she apologized, and Meghan lifted the ban, but Clitter chose to keep her independence. Now they’re not BBFs or anything, but I think Clitter wants to be.

My girl just isn’t ready yet.

They speak so baby steps.

She laughs again before rubbing her fingers through my hair after letting it loosen from the bun. The cold metal of her wedding band and engagement ring feels nice against my forehead, and I sigh, loving the feel of her fingers on me. We

had gotten married about a month after I proposed. She didn't want a wedding; she just wanted me, so we agreed with just our daughter, my parents, and my sister, much to everyone's dismay, including Mel, who was pissed for a while over it but in the end understood.

"I told you we needed to ban that series in the house."

Meg speaks, bringing me back from our wedding, where she just wore a simple white maxi dress and me in my usual black jeans and a button-down black shirt, cut over it, grinning wide at each other as we said our vows with our daughter standing in the middle of our bodies.

I nod my head because she's right; our girl is learning too much.

"Or maybe we just hide her from my sister for a while, and Mel, those two are bad influences."

She chuckles, "Good luck with that."

I hum, knowing it's pointless too, before sighing. Fuck, I'm tired.

"Long day, baby?"

I nod. "Helen is becoming a fucking nuisance. She fucked up five delivery orders so far, leaving us without half the alcohol we actually needed and the other half of what we're full up with, causing my sister to put a deal on, and then tonight she decided to make a pass at Hawk again." She winces, and I nod. "She now has a broken nose and has been fired."

She chuckles, "Maybe, and don't bite my head off, but maybe you should consider your sister for the manager role again; she's really proved herself."

I smiled at her; last time, I must admit, I did bite her head off. I still didn't trust Mazie, but now she's come such a long way, and I'm so proud of her. "I already did, and she accepted; she'll be attending college two days a week for a degree in management to help her."

Meghan grins wide. "That's awesome, baby."

I grin before closing my eyes, loving just being here with my girl. Just the thought of ever losing her makes me feel sick; she's my everything, and I always look forward to these moments.

I'm nearly asleep when I hear her gasp making me pop my eyes open, "you ok?" I swallow hard, waiting for her answer before sighing in relief, "Yeah, your kid likes my kidneys."

I close my eyes again, enjoying our peace, until a few moments later she breaks the silence.

"Uh Noah, I've either pissed myself, or our boy is coming."

Our boy, fuck.

I love that we're getting a boy who can watch over his sister.

Our boy.

Her words finally sink in, and I shoot up in a panic.

I grab her bag and the baby's and quickly run down the stairs, heading to the car.

Fuck, our boy is coming.

I throw the bags in before getting into the driver's seat and speeding down to the clubhouse house gates.

Alvin, a prospect who started three months ago, looks at me in shock.

"COME ON, ALVIN, MY WOMAN'S IN LABOR," I shout out the window.

His eyes widen before he squints his eyes, looking confused.

"Where is she?"

I look to the passenger side, and my eyes widen. "Fuck."

I quickly put the car in reverse and wheelspin backward, doing a donut before spinning back to my house, knowing she's going to be fucking pissed. When I get there, though, Meghan is standing on the porch with my mother and father, and they're all pissing themselves laughing.

Dammit, that's worse than her being angry; I'm never going to live this down.

I shake my head before getting out. "I'm sorry, Wildcat."

She tries to speak but can't due to her laughter, which I must admit I love to fucking see. She doesn't do it much since killing that fucker, but she's healing slowly and still sees Dr. Hall twice a month. Soon enough, though, her laughter dies, and absolute pain crosses her face. I rush over to her and pick her up bridal style, then place her in the passenger seat before I shout to my parents, "LILAH'S AT MEL'S," making them both nod and grin.

They'll go pick her up and come to the hospital with half the brotherhood, where they'll wait to meet another next generation.

I spin back to the gates, which are already open.

The brothers are all standing there now, laughing and clearly hearing about me leaving my woman, who's in fucking labor at home, and forgetting her.

Fucks sake.

I shake my head and speed out the gates, heading towards the hospital, while Meghan clutches my thigh. Her contractions are close together. Fuck.

When we get to the hospital, Doc is already waiting, grinning widely. He helps her out and into a wheelchair as I rush around to follow them.

Nine hours.

That is how long it took for our boy to come into the world.

At 6 lb 4 oz, he has a head full of brown hair and a spitting image of me and his sister, and he is perfect. He came into the world screaming before settling when they placed him on his momma's chest. She did so fucking well, and it kills me knowing she went through this with Lilah on her own with no help from anyone.

My girl is fucking strong and so fucking amazing.

We're currently sitting on her bed, half of her back leaning against my chest, as we watch our boy before the doors open. We look up in time to see a shy-looking Lilah slowly walks in with Doc closing the door behind her, and I grin at her. I move my arms and hold them out to her, and she rushes into them, letting me pick her up so she can see her baby brother.

She lets out a sob, causing me and Meghan to look at her quickly in worry.

"He-he's so pretty."

We grin, and I kiss her head before she gently takes his hand, her finger being squeezed by his, and another sob releases from her throat, "I'm-I'm going t-to love y-you forever."

I hold her tightly to me, smiling with love filling my heart, while my other arm is around my girl's shoulder, my boy's hand still holding my finger while he squeezes his sister with his other hand.

This is my life, and it's fucking perfect.

Dear reader

Thank you so much for reading the fifth book of my second series! I hope you consider leaving a review to let others know what you thought of this book. I thoroughly enjoyed every second of writing it, creating Slicer's story and his struggles to win his girl over. This story is based on fictional places.

Book 6 Flame's story next.

If you haven't yet, please check out my first series, Bound Mafia Series which is made up of three books that can be read individually but better reading altogether.

About the author

C L McGinlay is a full-time mum to two boys, but also a full-time carer for her youngest who was born with a medical condition and requires more care than the average child and had to leave her job in order to care for him.

Writing is something that she's always wanted to do but never had the courage to pull through with it, she loves to read and creating stories is a passion. With much self-doubt she didn't think she could do it but with the support and encouragement from her husband and her family she decided to try and write to see what she can come up with, and the bound series was born and before long more stories flowed out. When she's not taking care of her family or spending quality time with them then she's reading, then writing in the evenings, hopeful a career might be born with her stories and people can fall in love with the characters and laugh and cry with them just like she does when she reads books.

Untamed Hell fire's MC

Axel: An MC Romance (Untamed Hell Fire's MC Book 1)

Axel

I'm the president of our club, making my father proud every day.

I love my life of freedom, booze, girls, brothers, and family. Nothing else mattered to me.

But then she walks into my world.

She takes my breath away and she's all I see.

But she's in danger and I'll do anything to save her.

Even take a life if I have too.

Because she's mine. And I protect what is mine.

Annalise

I haven't had an easy start to life.

But with help of the people who love me, I managed to get to where I want to be.

I live for baking and had opened my own bakery.

I didn't want a relationship or the hassle of heartbreak I'd rather just settle.

I didn't count on him though or how he makes me feel.

I fall for him without realizing.

He's all I want; all I think about.

But then I'm in danger and I can't let him get hurt because of me.

I try to push him away, but it doesn't work.

Because he's mine as much as I'm his.

This can be read as a standalone, it is book 1 of 7 of Untamed Hell's fire MC series, with a HEA. Due to mature content and themes this book is recommended for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.

Dagger: An MC Romance (Untamed Hell Fire's MC Book 2)

Dagger

Growing up in a clubhouse is supposed to be fun and I guess
with my friends it has been,
But with my family, not so much.
My father's been basically absent while there for my blood
brother.
And his wife has made my life hell.
I made sure to grow strong to stop the abuse, I made sure to
grow in the club as a screw you and succeeded,
I'm now the Vice President,
I'm stronger than I was when I was a kid,
And I refuse to be vulnerable again,
Until I meet HER.
She makes me want to be vulnerable and show her a different
side to me,
She makes me feel period.
But I messed up and she doesn't want to know,
She thinks I'm a player, not knowing my demons.
But she has some demons of her own,
And come heaven or hell,
I'll make sure we face them together.

Melanie

I can't remember the last time I felt happy,
Maybe before my father left when I was only four,
Or maybe when my momma overdosed, and I had to stay
somewhere else for a few months until she was better?
Life hasn't been nice to me growing up and I've been living
through the motions,
Concentrating on school,
I refuse to be vulnerable to anyone,
People always disappoint, people always leave,
And I prefer being alone dealing with the shadows,
Until I meet HIM.
He's a player but I can see the same pain in his eyes that I have
in my own,

I want to help him, but I don't want to get hurt,
He'll be the end of me, I just know it,
But he's persistent despite my turning him away over and
over,
He wants to fight our demons together, to burn them,
But how do I let myself fall into the flames with him when
I've been burning inside from the memories of my past?

This can be read as a standalone, it is book 2 of 7 of Untamed Hell's fire MC series, with a HEA. Due to mature content and themes this book is recommended for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.

[Ink: An MC Romance \(Untamed Hell Fire's MC Book 3\)](#)

Ink

I grew up spoiled,
Always got what I wanted,
I was arrogant, cocky,
And I didn't give a damn about anyone but myself,
Until I met her,
She blinded me with the pain in her eyes,
I wanted to tear the world apart to rid her of her demons,
She became my everything,
Until I screwed up,
Until I realised the pain my brother was put through while I
lived it up.
I took it out on her and she pushed me away not realising I
was still holding on tightly,
Because I wasn't giving up, never letting her go,
She was mine as I was hers,
It's just a shame I was blinded by those closest to me,
Blinded by someone who wanted to tear us apart.
But the question is, would they succeed or would our love pull
through?

Sophie

My family was my world,
They put me first, made me follow my dreams,

Life was perfect,
Until it wasn't,
I lost my way when I lost part of my family,
Living day by day trying to survive,
Then he came along,
He made me feel, made me alive,
He became my new world, my new family,
But someone wasn't happy about it,
Someone wanted to tear us apart,
And the question is,
Can we get through it, fighting together and come out on the
other side?
Or are we done before we even got started?

This can be read as a standalone, it is book 3 of 7 of Untamed Hell fire's MC series, with a HEA. Due to mature content and themes this book is recommended for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.

[Gunner: An MC Romance \(Untamed Hell Fire's MC Book 4\)](#)

Gunner

I wanted her as soon as I saw her,
But she was taken at the time,
By someone who's worked for us for years then became a
brother,
He's family,
And I couldn't handle it,
So I started sleeping around, but by the time they broke up,
We were already friends, I couldn't ruin that for us,
And I couldn't ruin my oath to my brother,
Until I had found out nothing was as it seemed, that she had
always loved me,
Had always been mine,
But now she doesn't want anything to do with me,
Won't even let me touch her,
But I'm nothing but determined,
She will be mine, especially when I realize there's more than
our hearts involved now.

And I will kill anyone who will get in my way,
Because they don't call me Gunner for kicks.

Leah

The first day I made eye contact with him I knew he was the one,
He was supposed to be mine and I his,
But he was seeing someone else,
Throwing their relationship in my face every day,
All while I went through a trauma right under his nose,
But I don't have time to fall apart,
I'm working full time trying to get myself through school,
To make my family proud,
But then we finally end up in bed together,
Only he doesn't remember and goes back to his girl,
He breaks me,
Then I find out I'm pregnant and suddenly he wants to be involved, he wants me,
But I can't go there, not anymore, not knowing he'll always go back to her.
I just didn't count for his determination,
Or for the pain his lover tries to cause me.
Can I give him a chance or will his past bury us?

This can be read as a standalone but is better if books are read in order to get an understanding of other characters. This is book 4 of 7 of Untamed Hell fire's MC series, with a HEA. Due to mature content and themes this book is recommended for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.

[Flame: An MC Best Friends-Lovers Romance \(Untamed Hell Fire's MC Book 6\)](#)

Flame

We've been best friends for as long as I can remember, grown up together.
But I've been in love with her since she was sixteen,
The problem; there's eight years between us,

And she deserves a better life than what I can give her,
One without the MC.
I push her away, throwing women in her face, including her
own sister hoping she'll hate me,
But It was all a mistake and I realised too late,
She gets hurt because of the MC, because of me,
She blames me and leaves me without a trace.
Until I finally find her.
She's in danger but she's stubborn.
I want her home, in my life, in my arms where she belongs.
I know I screwed up but I'm willing to do anything to have her
back,
Including kidnapping her.
Because whether she likes it or not, she's mine.
Always has been, always will be.
And ready or not Star, I'm coming for you.

Star

I've been in love with my best friend for as long as I can
remember.
He was my hero, my heart.
But he kept pushing me away, throwing women in my face
whenever he could.
Including my own sister who uses me whenever she can as her
piggy bank.
I try to just be his friend but it's hard,
He hurts me every day thinking I'm better without this life,
without him,
But he forgets, I was born into it, born to be his.
I'm the club princess while he's always been my biker prince.
And I wanted him, he just didn't want me enough back to
fight.
Then I get hurt because of him, because of the club,
And I know I can't stay; I have to leave.
Leave him.
I decide to give him a part of me no one ever has before
leaving for good,
Finding my own path without my demons,
Without my mother and sister taking everything from me,
Without the man who I loved more anything but treated me

like crap in return.
Without my family.
I guess I didn't think he'd try to find me,
But I'm not their Starfish anymore, or his Firefly.
He may come after me and try to bring me home but I won't
make it easy for him.
I won't fall at his knees anymore, I won't let his touch ignite
me,
Instead I'm going to watch him burn from the fire for what he
put me through.
Come and get me Flame, I dare you.

This can be read as a standalone but is better if books are read
in order to get an understanding of other characters. This is
book 6 of 7 of Untamed Hell fire's MC series, with a HEA.
Due to mature content and themes this book is recommended
for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.

Books By This Author

Bound To You: Friends-Lovers-Enemies-Lovers (Bound Mafia Series Book 1)

Sofia

I met him when I was eight years old.

I thought he was my best friend.

I thought he loved me, it is why I agreed to marry him.

He was my everything.

Until he was not

It was all a lie, an agreement between his family and mine

I cannot stay.

I must save myself and our unborn child that he doesn't know about from my fate.

Leaving him was the only option.

But what happens when he finds me again?

Damian

It was all an arrangement from when I was twelve.

One I did not want.

I had to woo her, make her fall for me.

She was more than I realise.

I fell for her without realising soon enough.

I lost her.

She left me on our wedding day.

I hurt her, lied to her but I need her.

I am trying to find her.

But what do I do now that I have found her.

She is not alone.

I must fight for her, but she doesn't trust me.

I can't let her go a second time.

It is not just about us this time.

This can be read as a standalone, it is book 1 of 3, bound mafia series, with a HEA. Due to mature content and themes this book is recommended for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.

Bound By You: Enemies-Lovers (Bound Mafia Series Book 2)

Phoebe

I had always been quiet and shy.

Until I wasn't, I had to hide my true self behind a shield.

Doing what my family requests without complaint even if I didn't want too.

He was supposed to be an arrangement.

Married in name only.

An alliance between the Greek Mafia and the Bratva

I was not meant to fall in love with him.

But I did and he didn't feel the same.

He's having a child with someone else.

He broke the terms of our contract.

It is now void.

And I do the only thing that makes sense to heal my broken heart and get away from my father.

Run and finally become the person I was always meant to be.

Alexandr

It was an arranged marriage.

To strengthen our Bratva.

I had no problem filling the terms of the contract.

For Family and my younger brother who got stuck as a leader when it was supposed to be my job.

It was the least I could do.

But I wasn't expecting my bride to be the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

She made my cold heart beat.

I thought we had a connection.

I wasn't expecting her to disappear.

I wanted to find her to punish her.

But then I realised it was all my fault, now I want forgiveness, to have my love back.

When in the end getting forgiveness is no easy feat when I am the one being punished for my sins.

This can be read as a standalone, it is book 2 of 3, bound mafia series, with a HEA. Due to mature content and themes this

book is recommended for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.

Bound For You: Mafia Romance (Bound Mafia Series Book 3)

Avery

I don't have any family.

Everyone who was supposed to love me left.

Until he walked in on my shift.

He made my heart race, my body tingle.

I fell hard for him, and he became my world.

I was bound for him, but he wasn't bound for me.

He grew distant, then I found out he isn't who he said he was, his whole demeanor changed instantly.

He's a killer, an underboss for the Bratva Pakhan that I didn't even know existed outside of movies.

He didn't give me a chance to come to terms with it, instead he threw me away, just like everyone else.

He broke me after I spent years putting myself back together.

I try to move on from him, concentrate on my upcoming residency.

But then I find out I'm pregnant with his child.

Sergi

She was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

She was pure, not from our world, had suffered a lot from life.

But I was selfish, my whole body tingled just being near her, she was mine.

Then I lose myself, I push her away, and she finds out who I really am.

She runs without looking back, destroying me.

I make mistakes I can't take back and hurt her even more.

She gives up on us, on me.

But I can't let her go, I can't give up.

I will win her back, whether she likes it or not.

She's bound for me.

This can be read as a standalone, it is book 3 of 3, bound mafia series, with a HEA. Due to mature content and themes this

book is recommended for readers aged 18+, this novel may contain triggers.