

SNIPER'S
dynamo

GUNNER'S
diamond

AN ARCHANGEL'S WARRIORS MC NOVEL

CIARA ST. JAMES

Sniper's Dynamo & Gunner's
Diamond

*Dublin Falls Archangel's Warriors MC Bk
22*

Ciara St James

Copyright

Copyright 2023 Property of Ciara St James LLC. All rights reserved as this is the property of Ciara St James LLC.

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, Photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher, Ciara St James LLC. In addition, no part of this book may be used to create, feed, or refine artificial intelligence models, for any purpose without written permission of the author.

Printed in the United States of America

Editing by Mary Kern @ Ms. K Edits

Book cover by Tracie Douglas @ Dark Waters Covers

Blurb:

Sniper and Gunner are the last members standing when it comes to being the single ones in their MC, that is. It's not from a lack of desire to find someone, just bad luck, or fate. They've been alert and on the lookout for the right women to cross their paths. Imagine their surprise and good luck when they both meet a woman on the same day. And they're not just any women, they're twin sisters. Scarlet, the feisty sister, instantly gets Sniper's attention while her much quieter twin, Sabrina, captures Gunner's eye.

For Sniper, it's not easy. Scarlet isn't warming up to him. He doesn't know what he has to do to get her attention. For Gunner, it's more of a slow burn for him and Sabrina, since he doesn't want to scare her off. Once their club brothers, Bandit and Coyote's, drama is resolved, they expect their lives will become smoother with the ladies who have their hearts. Only that's not what happens.

Scarlet, Sabrina, and their brother Spencer are hiding big secrets. When Scarlet leaves to take care of the biggest and most dangerous one, the truth comes out. Only there's something Scarlet hasn't told even her siblings. Come along for the conclusion of this generation of Dublin Falls Archangel's Warriors and see how the last two get their happily ever after while eliminating the danger to their women, as only the Warriors and their friends can.

Warning

This book is intended for adult readers 18+. It contains foul language, adult situations, discusses events such as stalkers, assault, torture and murder that may trigger some readers. Sexual situations are graphic. If these kinds of themes aren't what you like to read or you find them upsetting, then this book isn't for you. There is no cheating, no cliffhangers and it has a HEA.

Dedication

I can barely fathom it. This is the end of my very first series. Everything began with Terror's book just over four years ago. I can't believe where it led. My husband, Tony (aka Trident as some of you know him) is totally responsible for me ever trying my hand at this writing thing. It had been a lifelong dream for me, but I never expected it to become a reality.

Some of you have heard the story of how I came to be an author. For those who haven't, here it is. I took a much needed break from my career as an RN working in middle management. After twenty-six years of it, I was burned out and I needed an extended break. However, as usual, if I wasn't kept busy, I got bored quickly. I wasn't ready to return to work, but I was going stir crazy at home. There were only so many talk shows, game shows and soap operas I could stand to watch in between reading books.

I informed Tony I'd have to go back to work even though I wasn't ready before I went crazy. He looked me in the eye and said, "You've been telling me for over twenty years how you'd love to try to write a book. Well, sit your *ss down and do it!"

What did I do? I accepted his challenge. I was determined to show him I could write one, so I did just that and for the next six months, without a day off as I recall, I spent hours daily typing. Day and night sometimes. The poor man wasn't able to sleep much since I tapped away in bed a lot beside him. God love him, he never once complained.

First came Terror's Temptress and after it was written I had another idea. By the time those six months were over, I had the first ten Dublin Falls books written, although they still needed editing. I had no intention of publishing them though. They were for self-accomplishment. Only Tony wouldn't let me leave it at that and after a few months of him prodding me (aka nagging me) and me doing research on how it was done as an independent author, I finally released Terror and terror was the word for what I felt as I hit the last button. I was convinced no one would read it and if they did, they'd hate it.

However, I was committed to releasing what I wrote no matter what. Again, it would be for my enjoyment.

My life then became a whirlwind of learning all the things I should've known before launching my babies into the world, so there was a lot to clean up. Where did it lead me? I have seven series out in the world with many more yet to come. And the last book in my firstborn series, the Dublin Falls Archangel's Warriors MC, is in your hands in the form of Sniper's Dynamo & Gunner's Diamond. With its release there are twenty-two Dublin Falls books and to date, a total of fifty-five books overall in print.

I hope you have fallen in love with the Warriors and all their friends as much as I have. Enjoy the book. I would love it if you would leave a review on Amazon or any other book site to tell others what you thought of it. Happy reading! Ciara

Dublin Falls Members/ Old Ladies:

Declan Moran (Terror) President w/ Harlow (Harley)
Grayson Sumner (savage) Vice President w/ Janessa
Dominic Vaughn (Menace) Enforcer w/ Allannah
Chase Romero (Ranger)- Sergeant at Arms w/ Brielle
Jaxon Quinn (Viper) Treasurer w/ Harper
Slade Devereaux (Blaze) Secretary w/ Teagan
Logan Priest (Steel) Road Captain w/ Regan
Mason Durand (Hammer) w/ Regan
James Johnson (Tiny) w/ Sherry
Talon Adair (Ghost) w/ Wren
Galen Duchene (Smoke) w/ Everly
Dane Michaelson (Hawk) w/ Nyssa
Kade Youngblood (Viking) w/ Trish
Jack Cannon (Devil Dog) w/ Ashlee
Quin Thomas (Torch) w/ Brooklyn
Gage Lambert (Storm) w/ Bryony
Adam Becker (Blade) w/ Cassia
Eric James (Razor) w/ Talia
Finn Rafferty (Sniper) w/ Scarlet
Tyler Bennett (Gunner) w/ Sabrina
Nick Moretti (Capone) w/ Mackenzie
Alexander Brennan (Falcon) w/ Soleil
Torin Everson (Tiger) w/ Neriah & Tanner (Thorn)
Jordan Becker (Voodoo) w/ Nevaeh
Tanner Jamison (Thorn) w/ Neriah & Torin (Tiger)
Maddox Garrett (Bandit) w/ Zahn

Zahn Wolf (Coyote) w/ Maddox

Jake Cane (Law) w/ Tonya

Reading Order

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

Terror's Temptress DFAW 1

Savage's Princess DFAW 2

Steel & Hammer's Hellcat DFAW 3

Menace's Siren DFAW 4

Ranger's Enchantress DFAW 5

Ghost's Beauty DFAW 6

Viper's Vixen DFAW 7

Devil Dog's Precious DFAW 8

Blaze's Spitfire DFAW 9

Smoke's Tigress DFAW 10

Hawk's Huntress DFAW 11

Bull's Duchess HCAW 1

Storm's Flame DFAW 12

Rebel's Firecracker HCAW 2

Ajax's Nymph HCAW 3

Razor's Wildcat DFAW 13

Capone's Wild Thing DFAW 14

Falcon's She Devil DFAW 15

Demon's Hellion HCAW 4

Torch's Tornado DFAW 16

Voodoo's Sorceress DFAW 17

Reaper's Banshee IPMC 1

Bear's Beloved HCAW 5

Outlaw's Jewel HVAW 6
Undertaker's Resurrection DP 1
Agony's Medicine Woman PSCMC 1
Ink's Whirlwind IP 2
Payne's Goddess HCAW 7
Maverick's Kitten HCAW 8
Tiger & Thorn's Tempest DFAW 18
Dare's Doll PSC 2
Maniac's Imp IP 3
Tank's Treasure HCAW 9
Blade's Boo DFAW 19
Law's Valkyrie DFAW 20
Gabriel's Retaliation DP 2
Knight's Bright Eyes PSC 3
Joker's Queen HCAW 10
Bandit & Coyote's Passion DFAW 21
Sniper's Dynamo & Gunner's Diamond DFAW 22
For Ares Infidels MC
Sin's Enticement AIMC 1
Executioner's Enthrallment AIMC 2
Pitbull's Enslavement AIMC 3
Omen's Entrapment AIMC 4
Cuffs' Enchainment AIMC 5
Rampage's Enchantment AIMC 6
Wrecker's Ensnarement AIMC 7
Trident's Enjoyment AIMC 8
Fang's Enlightenment AIMC 9
Talon's Enamorment AIMC 10

Ares Infidels in NY AIMC 11

Phantom's Emblazonment AIMC 12

Saint's Enrapturement AIMC 13

For O'Sheerans Mafia

Darragh's Dilemma

Cian's Complication

Please follow Ciara on Facebook, For information on new releases & to catch up with Ciara, go to www.ciara-st-james.com or www.facebook.com/ciara.stjames.1 or www.facebook.com/groups/tenilloguardians or <https://www.facebook.com/groups/1112302942958940>

Sniper: Prologue 1-Two Months Ago

I was bored. That was the only reason I said yes to Gunner and a few of the others when they asked if I wanted to go to the Fallen Angel with them tonight. I was hoping it might shake me out of this melancholy and boredom that had been pressing down on me more and more over the past six months, maybe longer.

I hadn't admitted it to anyone, not even my friend Bandit, but I was getting tired of being alone. I was happy as hell that Bandit had Coyote, and that they'd come out to the club. I'd told him for years no one would give a shit, but he'd still worried, and hid it. I couldn't go behind his back and expose his secret, although I knew everything would be fine.

Why I held back on telling him how I was feeling lately was because I knew I might not be able to hide the fact I was jealous of him, like I was of the rest of our brothers. He had Coyote, and even though I had no attraction to Coyote, it was their relationship, and the love they had for each other that made me jealous. It was the same with all the couples in our chapter, as well as those of our friends.

How was it they seemed to find their soulmates without even trying? And when they did, it was an instantaneous thing, where they knew at first sight they were the one, and they went after what they wanted without a second thought. I wanted that. I knew I had plenty of time to get it. I was only going to be thirty-one-years-old in a few months, but I felt much older.

Those few years in the Marine Corps had aged me, I think. Going into the service made you either mature fast or do some really stupid shit. Luckily for me, I got mature. Joining the Warriors eight years ago had been a smart move, too. I'd been young and had come looking for camaraderie from a couple of people I served with and had a connection to, Harlow and Devil Dog. They were both older than me, but they never treated me like a dumb kid.

I needed that, since my childhood best friend, Bandit, had stayed in the Marines for longer than me. I had really only joined because he was so adamant he was going to do it, and I thought it wasn't a bad idea to serve my country for a bit. I never intended to be a lifer, although I thought he might. However, he got out a few years later, which surprised me, and came to join me here, which made me very happy.

There had been a lot of things I'd seen and done over the past eight years in the club. I didn't regret any of them. When I joined, I got lucky again, and connected with another prospect, Gunner. Even though he was a few years older than me, we connected over our common military history, love of guns, and our prospecting pain. Bandit would always be one of my closest friends, but Gunner had become my best friend.

I was tempted to talk to Gunner about my discontentment. I thought he'd understand. He was the only member other than me to still be single. He was looking for a special someone. I knew he was. He was thirty-six and ready to settle down. I could see it in his eyes when he looked at the couples. We were the last single men standing, if you didn't count our lone prospect, Lance.

It was this feeling that had me striding into the Angel with Gunner, Viking and his wife, Trish. Tiny and Sherry, along with Hammer, Steel and Regan, plus Devil Dog and Ashlee, had joined our little group. The rest of the club was either at the compound or out doing other things.

Glancing toward the section that was kept reserved for the club since it was our bar, I was momentarily surprised to see Bandit and Coyote sitting there with a group of people. I didn't know they were gonna be here tonight. I recognized a few of the people who Coyote worked with at the club's construction company, AW Construction. They waved to us when they saw us looking at them.

Waving back, we headed over to greet them. Coyote introduced everyone to us, even the ones we knew, like Greg, his foreman. Steel and Hammer knew all of them because they ran AW and were technically their actual bosses. Besides

Greg, there was Chris, Andy, Jose, Cam, Desmond, and a woman named Scarlet.

As Hammer said something, I kind of zoned out on what he was saying. The woman, Scarlet, had captured my attention. I knew they had hired a woman to work on one of their crews. Coyote, Hammer and Steel had mentioned her, and said she was a find. It wasn't often they found a woman who did the kind of work they did. However, the three of them had failed to tell us how damn gorgeous she was. No one looking at her would think she was a woman who worked in the strenuous male-dominated world of construction. She looked too girly and delicate to do something like that.

I wasn't being a chauvinistic dickhead thinking that either. It was just reality. I was all for women working any job they wanted, as long as they were competent and could carry their own weight. Hell, Harlow was my friend, and she had been a Marine sniper, for God's sake. If I was a chauvinist, she would've beaten it out of me years ago. She'd done it enough with some of the guys we'd served alongside who gave her shit about being a sniper and a Marine. They soon learned to eat their ignorant words. More than one had gotten a much-needed ass whipping from her.

Scarlet looked like she might be a few years younger than me. She stood five foot five or so. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail. It was long, down to her mid-back, and straight. The color was a very pale blonde with slightly darker roots. Her pale creamy smooth skin made her piercing light blue eyes surrounded by thick dark lashes stand out. A petite nose, full pink lips, and a slightly pointed chin finished off her gorgeous face. That was on top of her curvy body, showcased to perfection, in my opinion, in jeans and a tank top. She reminded me of a Barbie doll.

I glanced at Gunner. He was checking her out too, and he was smiling at her. I couldn't tell if he was interested or not, but if he was, I'd have to be the one to call dibs first. Whoever did so, his brothers wouldn't violate the claim. My boredom started to lift at the thought of spending some time with her. It

might not turn into anything more than a fun time, but you could never tell.

Vaguely, I heard them talking about another crew member, Yancy, who'd been here, and apparently already left. As I listened, I was pissed to learn he was made to leave because he popped off to Coyote and Bandit when he found out they were together. After assuring Steel and Hammer they'd let them know if they had issues with the guy at work, Coyote finished making the introductions by introducing us to his crew.

I had to smile when Coyote not so subtly said, "And these two are Sniper and Gunner. No one has pinned them down, so they're flying solo right now."

They greeted us, and we all shook hands. Touching Scarlet's made me want to hold onto her for a bit. A fission of awareness, or something, shot up my arm when our palms met. Greg offered to have his group move, but Devil Dog told them it was fine. We weren't expecting the whole club to join us tonight, so there was plenty of room for all of us with room to spare. Scarlet remarked on how big the section was, and asked how many people were in our club. She said she didn't know much about us. She'd only been with the company for four months and was new to town.

I watched her face as Steel explained how many patched members there were, plus the number of old ladies and kids we had. It was a mob. Altogether to date, we were ninety and counting. I listened more intently when he asked her what brought her to Dublin Falls. She glanced away from Steel, then back. She appeared to be a tad reluctant to answer, or at least it appeared that way to me. It was a simple enough question, so why the pause? It didn't last long. She finally answered him.

"Things back home got to be too much, and we needed a change, so we moved here. I'm glad we did. You said there's twenty-two wives. Shouldn't there be twenty-four, not counting Bandit and Coyote since they're together? And I can't believe you have so many kids! I hope I get to see them one day. They would be fun to see and hang out with."

Steel then explained the discrepancy in the old ladies to old men ratio. I always loved to see people's reactions when they found out how some of our couples were made up. I hoped she wouldn't be offended at the throuples we had. If she accepted Bandit and Coyote, then it was hopeful she'd accept Steel, Hammer and Regan's unusual relationship and Tiger, Thorn and Neriah's even more unusual one. After he explained them to her, he expressed his delight that she'd moved here and came to work for them.

She didn't stop smiling after she heard what he said. She said she was glad she'd moved, then explained she'd worked in a daycare, and could handle the ton of kids we had. She then asked him, "Now, please tell me if I'm being too forward, but what do you mean when you say you share Regan, and Neriah is with two guys? Damn, forget I asked. I'm nosy. My brother tells me all the time not to ask stuff like that," she chuckled.

Hammer explained further. We all knew it was to gauge not only her reaction, but the others. I was surprised when she told him our club didn't cover the gamut of possible couplings.

"No, you haven't. There's no reverse harem yet," Scarlet said, giving him a smirk.

"Reverse harem? What the hell is that?" Viking asked. I was wondering the same damn thing.

The ladies all giggled, which told us they knew. Scarlet explained. Suffice it to say, I had no idea there was such a thing as reverse harems, or the fact there were books out there about them. I wasn't a big reader, but maybe I should check those out, and see what else I could learn. Although I wanted it to be clear, I'd never be a guy who could be in a throuple or harem, when she looked at me and Gunner and teased us.

"You two need to find another guy. Maybe there's someone out there who the three of you can share to get the club closer to covering all the bases." There was amusement written all over her face when she said it.

“Darlin’, I’m all for people making themselves happy, but there’s no damn way I’m becoming part of a harem. No offense to Steel, Hammer, Tiger, or Thorn, but I wouldn’t be a man who could share his woman,” I grunted.

“Me either,” Gunner popped in to tell her.

Our responses made her laugh. She was going to say something back, and I couldn’t wait to hear what it was, but she was interrupted by someone walking up to the table. Focusing on who it was, I was stunned. Standing there, smiling tentatively, was Scarlet’s double. There was no way they weren’t twins. The only difference I could see upon quick perusal was this woman had darker blond hair, and her eyes were a darker blue.

Scarlet quickly introduced the new arrival. “Oh, good, you’re here. Everyone, this is my twin sister, Sabrina. She and our younger brother, Spencer, moved here with me. She’s a vet tech. Sabrina, this is the Warriors and the guys I work with.”

I noticed as she introduced us to Sabrina, Gunner was staring at Sabrina more intently than he had Scarlet. I was hoping this meant he was interested in her and would leave the way clear to Scarlet for me.

Sabrina shyly smiled at us. “It’s wonderful to meet all of you. I hope I’m not intruding. Scarlet said I had to come tonight to meet you. It’s good to put faces to the names of those of you she works with. Although it seems one is missing,” she gave her sister a questioning look. I guess she knew the names of the people Scarlet worked with and was wondering why one was missing. Scarlet rolled her eyes and told her what we’d been told.

“He turned into a raging asshole, and they threw him out. I’ll tell you about it later. Come on, sit, and let’s get you a drink. Later, you and I have a date on the dance floor.”

Sabrina shook her head and said, “No, I’m not dancing tonight. I’ll watch, and you can dance for both of us. I’d love a drink, though.”

Scarlet was shaking her head at her sister, like she wasn't going to let her out of dancing with her, and the old ladies joined her in trying to entice Sabrina to dance with them. Knowing them, they'd get her up on the floor eventually. I settled in to see where the night would lead, and to get to know Scarlet. I sat down close to her, and I saw Gunner motion to Sabrina to take a seat. When she did, he sat down beside her. Hmm, it seemed like I was right. Good. I'd hate to have to compete for Scarlet's attention with a brother.

In the past, it had never been a big deal. There had been women we both had been attracted to, and whenever it happened, we'd either both flirt and see where it got us, or one of us would back off. Since it had always been about sex, we never cared if the woman in question wanted both of us or not. We'd gone with the flow. Sometimes she would hook up with one of us and then end up with the other. A few times, I admit, we'd both shared one together. My statement to Scarlet about not sharing didn't apply then, because the women in question weren't mine. The same went for Gunner. However, my gut was telling me there was no way I'd share her with Gunner, either separately or together. Nope, she was the kind of woman you had to keep all to yourself.

Gunner: Prologue 2-Two Months Ago

I watched Scarlet as she was introduced and started talking to the group. I had to admit, she was a beautiful woman. One I wouldn't mind getting to know, but from the way Sniper was checking her out, I thought he might have a bigger attraction to her than I did.

That was fine. I could go with the flow right now. Sure, I was hoping I might meet someone special, but if it didn't happen, then I'd have to keep searching. I felt the urge to find someone like my brothers had, but it wasn't killing me yet. Give me a couple more years, and I might sing a different tune. Tonight, I'd be fine with finding someone to spend a couple of hours with. Sex was always fun, but conversation was welcome, too.

I was listening to her telling them about herself, and then she ended up teasing Sniper, and me about finding at least one more guy, so we could be part of a reverse harem. That was something I hadn't heard of before. After she explained what it was, Sniper was quick to say he wasn't a man to share.

In the sense of a permanent relationship versus just sex, I agreed with him, so I told her I wasn't either. She laughed and was about to say more when another woman walked up. I knew immediately she had to be her sister. They looked so much alike it was eerie. Other than her hair being a darker shade and her eyes being darker, she could've been Scarlet. When she said they were twins, I wasn't surprised.

What did surprise me was, for some reason, she captured my attention a load more than Scarlet. Whereas I would've been fine to talk to Scarlet and see if she might want to hook up later, with Sabrina I had a different response. I still wouldn't mind getting her in bed, but she drew me to her in a way I hadn't ever experienced. I wanted to learn as much as I could about her and let her learn about me. Sitting beside her, her arm brushed mine, and it made me want to shiver.

She was more soft-spoken than Scarlet, and she appeared to me to be a bit shy. She didn't laugh as loud or talk as much either. Finding out she was a vet tech gave me a way to get her to talk. As the others chatted and laughed, I leaned closer to her so she could hear me over the noise. It was getting late, and the place was almost full. The band would start playing at any time.

“So you're a vet tech. Tell me what that entails, and how you got into it, and how your sister got into welding? Aren't twins supposed to be alike? Or is that a stupid thing to think?”

She gave me a sweet smile. “It's not stupid. We're alike in a lot of ways, but no, it's not that unusual to be different too. Or at least I don't think it is. We're not identical, although we look like we could be. We're two individuals. We seemed to gravitate to certain things from a young age. She's much more into physical things like welding, martial arts, and stuff like that. We both love kids, and even though she likes animals, I was the one who was always bringing one home that was hurt or needed a home. Our parents used to despair, wondering what I'd drag home next. What about you? Do you have any brothers or sisters? And if you do, are you alike? What do you do for a living?”

“No, I don't have any siblings. I grew up and wasn't really close to my family, other than my younger cousin, Trish.” I pointed to her sitting with Viking. She saw me and winked at me. “She's how I got introduced to the club after I got out of the Army. She got me a job with them at their shooting range as a gunsmith. From there, I decided to prospect, and was eventually patched in. I am a range safety officer when I'm not working on guns.”

She asked me questions about what a range safety officer and gunsmith did. The conversation easily flowed as the night progressed. I was more than happy with the night, even though when it ended, I went back to the compound without finding a bed partner. I didn't regret it at all. Sabrina had intrigued me. I wanted to learn more. Based on the way he

acted, I thought Sniper was thinking the same thing about Scarlet.

Scarlet: Chapter 1

What in the world had I been thinking? To allow the Warriors to talk us into moving to their compound, so they could ensure our safety was most likely the smart thing to do, for the sake of Spencer, especially. After he and Bandit got jumped a few days ago, I knew the threat to him was likely not over.

Why people had to be so hateful and ugly in this world, I had no idea, but I was over it. We had experienced more than our share of it in our short lives. If we never did again for the rest of our existences, I'd be more than happy. At times, it felt like our lives would always be focused on those kinds of things.

I was less worried I'd made a mistake in one way now that the three of us were being watched for a couple of weeks, and actual danger had presented itself. It must've been whoever was stalking Bandit and Spence that we sensed weeks ago. It made sense. As much as I wanted to stay at our apartment, I would do whatever I had to in order to protect my brother and sister. Which was why I was now living in close proximity to the man who made me crazy, confused me, and made me feel things I never felt before. That was a dangerous situation for me to be in. I couldn't afford to let Sniper get close.

For one thing, I wasn't interested in being a booty call for him, and I was sure it was what he was after. My continued resistance to him was making him see me as a challenge and kept him trying. If I could give in and sleep with him so he'd lose interest, I would, but I couldn't. It wasn't me. I wasn't a prude or a virgin who believed you only had sex after you got married. I wasn't, but I did believe you should have feelings for each other beyond just passing lust. If I was like the former, I'd be all over him. He was seriously one of the hottest men I'd ever seen in my life.

He was a few inches, maybe three, over six feet tall, which against my five foot five made me feel sort of dainty, even if I was considered average height for a woman. His skin

was a few shades darker than my pale skin. I hadn't seen him without a shirt on, but based on how it clung to his body, I knew he was ripped with muscles. You could count them on his chest and abs through his shirt. And based on the tattoos on his arms I could see, I'd bet money he had several on his chest and back. Who knew? He might even have them on his legs.

Men with shaved heads had never interested me either, but it worked for him. You could tell based on his neatly trimmed beard and mustache and the faint shadow of his hair, he had dark brown hair. He didn't appear to be one of those guys trying to disguise he was going bald by shaving it either. He must just like the look or convenience of it. Every time I saw him, the urge to run my hands all over his smooth head was hard to resist. His masculine and chiseled features were further set off by his deep-set dark brown eyes.

His whole being screamed former military to me. I knew from what I'd learned over the last six or so weeks since meeting him that he'd been a Marine and a sniper. He served with Harlow and Devil Dog, although he was several years younger than them. He'd told me he was about to turn thirty-one soon. This made him six years older than me.

I found it interesting he kept trying to pay attention to me, and his best friend, Gunner, seemed to be doing the same to Sabrina. Was it just because they were intrigued by the idea of sleeping with twins, especially ones who looked almost identical? I didn't know if that was the case or not. I never got the vibe off Gunner to indicate he saw me in a sexual way, not like he did Sabrina. And I didn't pick up that interest from Sniper for her. Although, what did I know? I could be totally wrong.

The whole club was beyond sweet to us. They not only insisted we stay here, but they were willing to let us stay in their houses. I drew the line at us inconveniencing them this much. I felt guilty enough staying here, eating their food, and using their resources. I tried to give Coyote and Bandit money to give to the club to cover our costs, and they'd gotten upset and said friends didn't charge friends. When this failed, I tried

to see if I could get Harlow to take it and give it to Terror. I got the same lecture from her.

The clubhouse was an interesting place to stay. We had our own private bedrooms with our own bathroom, which was nice. The rooms weren't huge or fancy, but they were nice. I wasn't sure whose rooms we'd been given. No one would confess who they used to belong to. The setup of the compound and the clubhouse, in particular, intrigued me. The common room was the social gathering place. It became the party place late at night, and during the weekend, was what I heard. Tonight would be the first time witnessing it for myself. It was Saturday night. Coyote had warned me it would get loud, and things might get a bit risqué, although nothing like it had in the past. With just Sniper, Gunner, and Lance being single, he assured me we wouldn't see naked women running around the clubhouse. He did say we might see a few couples getting a bit naughty, but nothing full exposure.

It made me wonder what kind of women used to come here and still did. What was it about them that made the women want to come here and hook up for fun? Did they honestly like sex that much? As for the guys, I could see the appeal. You could have just about any woman you wanted, more than one, at any time. It was most men's dream, from what I understood.

I wasn't sure I was going to be able to stand to see Sniper partying with, and then going off with any women who came here, but it wasn't my place to say anything. When the party got started in full swing, I'd excuse myself to my room, and stay there until tomorrow morning. Hopefully by then his bed partner would be gone, and I'd never need to know what she looked like.

A light knock on my bedroom door had me pushing those depressing thoughts away. I went to it. "Who is it?" I asked before answering the door.

Old habits die hard, even in a safe environment like this. I might not know much about bikers and this life, but I knew instinctively no one here was out to physically harm us.

Emotionally, harm was a whole different story. Jesus, I had to stop this! Sniper wasn't for me, and he never would be.

"It's me, sis. Can I come in?" Sabrina asked softly through the door. I opened it and waved her inside.

"Sure you can, get in here," I said with a smile.

She walked in and over to sit on my bed. I shut my door, then went to sit beside her. She was looking a bit stressed. Instantly, my hackles went up. Who'd upset her? I grabbed her fidgeting hand on her lap and gave it a squeeze. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know if I want to go to the common room tonight. It's Saturday, and I think they plan to party. There could be women from town there, and I don't want to hang with them. Do you think we could hang in here or my room, and watch TV, or a movie? Or do you wanna go party with them?" she asked hesitantly.

In many ways we were alike, however Sabrina was a quieter and gentler soul than me. I was the loud and aggressive one, while she was who I considered the nice, loving one. People tended to like her more and find me abrasive. I didn't believe in keeping my mouth shut, which had landed our lives in mess after mess. I'd tried to change this over the past few years, but it wasn't always possible.

"Honestly, I was just thinking about it. I don't want to hang either. I say we can go be sociable early on. The old ladies, and some of the kids I think will be there. I don't see the men letting things get crazy around their wives and kids. Once they start to head home, we'll do the same. We can watch whatever you want. We can grab some snacks and hole up in here. We should ask Spencer if he wants to join us or stay out there with them."

She relaxed a bit when I said that. "Let's ask him. Of course, if he wants to stay with them, it's fine. He hasn't gotten many chances to have fun. He won't have anyone there to grab his fancy, I expect, but he can have a few drinks and relax. It has to be boring for him to always be stuck with his boring older sisters."

I laughed. “You’re right. We don’t give him much entertainment, do we? I agree. We’ll ask him. Do you know where he is? It’s almost five o’clock. I was gonna change, and then go see what was happening. I can hear the noise level has picked up.”

“Let me text him. You get changed, although you look great in what you have on.”

I looked down at myself. I didn’t tend to wear much makeup, especially if I wasn’t going out, so my face was bare. My hair was brushed and lying freely down my back. That was unusual, too. I kept it up and out of the way when I worked. You’d more often than not see it in a braid, a bun or in a ponytail. Sabrina was the same. Working with animals was a dirty job. I had on a pair of old jeans with holes in the knees, and a basic dark pink t-shirt. It had no design or writing on the front.

Even though I wasn’t planning to try and get Sniper’s attention, I did have some female pride. I wouldn’t be seen out there looking like this. The old ladies were always so beautiful and even sexy, although their clothes were far from revealing or slutty. I didn’t want to look drab next to them. So a pair of nice, non-hole jeans and a pretty top were what I planned to change into.

Sabrina was dressed in a nice pair of jeans which molded her hips and ass. Those hips and ass were a tad smaller than mine. Our chests, on the other hand, were identical in size. She’d put on some colored lip gloss and had her hair in a long braid. I could tell she had put on a faint touch of mascara, too. Maybe I should do the same. She liked to wear more than I did, but only because she said working all day with animals, she didn’t get to look like a woman, and she liked to when she got the chance.

She had on a cute top. It was longer, sort of like a tunic top, but it ended just below her ass. It cinched in at the waist and had three-quarter sleeves and buttons a third of the way down. It was a pretty medium blue color, edged in a thin black satin edging around the neckline where the buttons were. She

had on a pair of ankle boots. She'd paired her outfit with a pair of hoop earrings.

I knew this wasn't just because she liked to feel feminine. It was because of Gunner. She might not like to admit it, but I knew she was into him. I only wished I could be sure he was interested in her for more than sex. If he was, I'd support his interest in her. I knew he was intrigued with her in some way, because he seemed to stick to her whenever he could. It would be beyond nice if she found someone to have a relationship with. She deserved it, just like Spencer deserved someone.

I wasn't sure if Gunner and Sniper were typical men for bikers or not. In the looks department, all the men in the club were very attractive. I wondered if it was some kind of prerequisite. From what I'd seen so far from the other guys who were all married, they seemed to adore their wives and kids. I never saw them look at anyone else, and I didn't think they'd be ones to cheat. Had they been different from Sniper and Gunner from the start? If so, why?

While she sent out the text to Spence, and waited to hear back, I got changed. Deciding to make a bit more of an effort, I did put on a lip stain along with a bit of mascara. The top I chose was one she'd gotten me. It was sexier than I usually wore. It was a tunic as well, but it unzipped partway down. It had long sleeves, but toward the top, the sleeves were cut into thick bands, exposing part of my arms and the top of my shoulders. It was a turquoise color which got darker the further down you went, kind of like an ombre effect. I didn't bother with earrings. I slipped on a pair of wedges.

"Are you ready? Spencer said he'll think about it. He's already in the common room and says it's filling up fast. They're just chatting, and some are playing pool and darts right now. He said to hurry up and come have a drink. You need to relax," she told me with a grin.

"I need to relax, do I? How can I when we have some psycho out there beating him and Bandit up?"

“When don’t we have a psycho out there after one of us?” she asked softly. The pain that flashed across her face made me feel terrible.

I wrapped her in my arms and gave her a hug. “I’m sorry. I know. You don’t know how much I wish I could change it.”

She hugged me back just as hard. “I know that, and you don’t have anything to apologize for. You know you don’t. We’re together, and that’s what matters. Come on, before you have me crying. Let’s go see how crazy bikers can get.”

I smiled and let her lead me out of the room. I could put on a happy face for a while. When we opened the door, you could hear the noise. As we walked toward the common room, it grew louder and louder. It was mainly adult voices, and those were interspersed with the voices and laughter of children. Walking into the main room, I saw it was full, and everyone was getting into the spirit of the night.

Another thing which amazed me about the Warriors and this compound were the children. Not only the number they had, but what all they’d done to accommodate them into compound life, and how they treated them. I expected their parents to be loving and watchful. That’s what decent parents did. However, in the club’s case, they went way beyond this. Everyone seemed to care about all the kids and looked out for them.

The men truly surprised me the most. You could find them holding a kid who wasn’t theirs. They’d smile and talk to them. Sometimes, they’d give them words of caution if they needed it. They would correct their behavior if it was getting out of hand. The thing which really blew me away was I saw Gunner, Sniper and their prospect, Lance, treating the kids the same way. On top of that, they were affectionate with the old ladies. You could tell they really liked them, and the ladies liked them in return.

Looking around the room, I tried to spot Spencer. I saw Coyote and Bandit together by the pool tables first. They were laughing and talking to Torch and Storm. As I kept scanning,

my eyes landed on Sniper. He was with Gunner, which I expected. They seemed to be attached at the hip. If I didn't know better, I'd wonder if they were like Bandit and Coyote. I quickly jumped past them. I didn't want to gain Sniper's attention. He was looking particularly yummy tonight.

Scanning toward the bar, I finally spotted Spencer. He was standing at it, talking to Lance. They were laughing about something. I took Sabrina's arm and tugged her to come with me as I headed toward them. Spence looked up right before we got to them, and his smile widened. He held out his arms.

"There are my beautiful sisters. Come have a drink with me."

"Oh lord, he's already drunk," I teased.

"Why would you say that?" he asked, pretending to stumble.

"Because you're calling us beautiful. How many have you let him have, Lance? He's a lightweight," I said.

Lance laughed and shook his head. "He's only had two beers, and he's not even close to drunk. What can I get you ladies? And by the way, him complimenting you doesn't mean he's drunk. You're both beautiful." He winked as he said it.

"You're so sweet. I don't want anything alcoholic, at least not yet. I'll take a Coke if you've got it," I told him.

"I'll take the same, and thank you for the compliment," Sabrina added.

He winked at us, then he got the sodas out of the fridge underneath the bar. I leaned across the bar to keep joking with him. He was funny, and I liked talking to him. He was flirty, but in a casual way that wasn't creepy, or made me feel pressured.

"So, have you always been a charmer of the ladies, or is it just something that rubbed off on you by hanging with the club?"

He grinned and handed us the sodas after he opened them. "I've always been a lady's man since I was three years

old, according to my mom. I was slaying them by the time I was ten. You should watch out. You'll be falling in love with me any second now."

"Well, be still my heart," I told him, as I dramatically clutched my chest, and pretended to swoon as I laughed.

This got him and my siblings laughing too. A snarling sound behind me disrupted our fun. I whipped around to face Sniper. He was standing there with Gunner. Gunner didn't look too upset, but Sniper sure did. He was glaring at Lance. "You need to stick to your work, prospect. Coming onto our guests isn't allowed."

"Who said so?" Lance asked right back.

"I did. Get me another beer and make it quick."

I frowned at Sniper. He had no right to act like that toward Lance. I knew as a prospect he had to do whatever a patched member told him. Coyote had explained this to me, however I hadn't seen anyone treating him harshly until now. I didn't like it.

"What's your problem, Sniper? We're just having a little fun. I thought fun was the whole idea of hanging out here tonight. Lance isn't doing anything wrong."

"I don't have a problem, and Lance knows what he's doing. He doesn't need you to defend him. Let him do it himself, like a real man," he snapped.

Fury shot through me. He was being an asshole. Typically, I'd let it rip and tell whoever was acting like him what I thought, and then tell him to go to hell. Since I was their guest, and I didn't want to be a terrible one, I swallowed my anger, and turned my back on him. I looked at Lance who was watching us. He had a calculating look on his face.

"Thanks for the drink, Lance. We'll talk later," I told him.

Picking up my soda, I walked off. I didn't bother to look at Sniper again. Sabrina and Spencer came with me. As I looked for a place to get us out of the way, I heard boots stomping behind us. I pretended like I didn't. Maybe it would

be better if I just went back to my room. If Sniper kept it up, I wouldn't be able to keep my mouth shut. Who the hell was he to tell anyone what to do? What if Lance was serious with his flirting? We were both single and could do whatever we wanted. Although I knew he wasn't serious, and neither was I. Changing direction, I headed away from the tables, and toward the hallway which led to our rooms. I didn't get far. A hand came down on my arm, and I was quickly turned around to face Sniper.

“Where the hell are you going?” he asked gruffly.

“I'm going to my room, not that it's any of your business. And don't ever grab me again, or I'll break your hand. You're not my boss, and you're not my dad. I can say or do anything I want. If I want to flirt with Lance, then I will. We weren't disrupting his work. Why don't you go have another beer and wait for your entertainment to get here? You need to get laid. It might improve your attitude. Believe me, I plan to improve mine,” I said with a smirk, not meaning it the way he would possibly take it.

His face grew red, and he stepped closer although he did let go of my arm. “Where is this coming from? Since when are you interested in Lance? Were you two seeing each other before you moved here? He's not serious, Scarlet. He'll end up hurting you if you keep going. And what the fuck do you mean I need to get laid to improve my attitude?”

“Who said I was looking for anything serious? My feelings about him, or anyone else, are my business. And I meant what I said. I believe as a biker and single guy you have your pick of the ladies who come here gagging for a chance to screw a biker, don't you? I was just saying to go make one of their nights when they get here. It might sweeten your attitude. A good lay will do that for a person.”

As I finished saying it, I turned again, and took off. He yelled after me, but I ignored him. I was no longer in the mood to play whatever game he was into. I'd go to my room and read, or something, if Sabrina and Spencer wanted to remain out here. I could hear Sniper arguing with Gunner, but it was too loud in there to hear what was being said. Others were

checking us out curiously. I was almost to my door when Spencer's words registered. "Scarlet, for God's sake, slow down. What's going on?"

I stopped outside my door and glanced at him. He looked puzzled, and Sabrina looked upset. "Nothing. I'm not in the mood to party after all. You guys go have fun. I'm gonna relax and read a book or something."

"Sis, please, don't. Don't you know why he's acting like he is?" Spencer asked.

"Yeah, I do. He's an asshole who can't stand the fact any woman would pick another man over him. He's into easy conquests, and I refuse to be one. I'm not sleeping with him, and the sooner he figures it out and accepts it, the better. We're guests here. How comfortable do you think it'll be if he and I sleep together or start fighting? I shouldn't have said anything, but I won't let anyone tell me what to do, you know that. I can't."

Against my will, tears began to gather in my eyes. I tried not to blink, so they wouldn't fall. He gathered me in his arms and kissed my cheek. "I know that, and I know why. I'm sorry he upset you, however I don't think he's out to just sleep with you, Scarlet. I think he really likes you."

"If he does, then you know what it means about him. It makes it even more imperative I stay away. Nothing good ever comes from a guy liking me, you know that. You both do," I whispered.

"Don't do that. You're wrong," Sabrina said softly. The worry and sympathy in her eyes was too much. I yanked myself out of Spencer's arms and opened the door.

"I'll see you tomorrow. Go have fun."

I shut the door, locked it, then went to the bathroom. A hot shower was in order. If I'd been smart, I should've asked for some alcohol. It might be able to shut down the thoughts that were rising inside of me. I wouldn't be able to fight them tonight. All my regrets and mistakes would be visiting me with a vengeance. Sabrina and Spencer called out through the door,

begging me to let them in, and we'd spend tonight together. I ignored them. They didn't need to see me like this again.

Sabrina: Chapter 2

Things still hadn't gone back to normal. It had been three days since the argument Scarlet had had with Sniper about Lance. She refused to stay near him. Every time he came into the room, she'd find a reason to leave. For his part, I saw it was tearing Sniper up. I truly believed he had real feelings for her, but she couldn't, or maybe the better word was she wouldn't admit it was more than lust, and the fact she was a challenge.

I tried to get her to see it, but she wouldn't. Gunner tried to get me to talk to her and tell her she was wrong about his friend. He asked me what her problem was. As much as I was attracted to Gunner and liked him, I wasn't going to betray my sister. This was all on top of my own dilemma.

My dilemma was the fact I was crazy attracted to Gunner and was trying not to read more into it than friendship. I hadn't been into a guy since high school, which made me sound like a loser, but it was the truth. I wasn't like my sister. I wasn't as outgoing as her, and it took a lot to get me at ease around people, especially men. Well, men I was attracted to. If I wasn't, then I could talk to one fine. Case in point, even though he was attractive, I had no desire for Lance, so he was easy for me to talk to.

It was this difficulty which made me love animals even more. You didn't have to talk, and they still soaked up, and gave affection. I guess I was more like our mom than our dad. Scarlet took after him in personality, and I was more introverted like Mom was. Spencer was somewhere in the middle. He was the perfect mix of them both. He liked to tease us that it took them a second try to get it right. Whenever he told us this, we'd tell him it wasn't true because he was an alien they found in the woods.

God, if only Gunner felt for me the way I was feeling about him. Although, if he did, it would present issues of its own too. I wasn't sure we could afford to settle down too deeply here and make roots. If we did, and then had to pull up stakes and move, it would kill me. Gunner affected me in ways

no man ever had. I was fighting a losing battle I thought. It would only take one misstep for me to hand him my heart. That would be disastrous for all of us.

He'd captured my attention the moment I met him in the Fallen Angel. I'd almost not gone to meet Scarlet, but I knew she'd be disappointed if I didn't go meet the people she worked with. She really liked them and wanted me to get to know them. In doing so, I met him.

He was older than us. I thought he was maybe a couple years older than Sniper, but through our talks, I found out he was thirty-six compared to my twenty-four. There was no doubt he was a mature man. All you had to do was look at him to see he was one hundred percent man. He was six foot two by my guess. His hair was a dark brown, almost the same color as Sniper's. His skin was a bit lighter than his best friend's. He didn't sport a full beard or mustache either. It was a faint dark goatee, the kind that was more than scruff, and he took care to keep the rest shaved. What hair he had, was kept in what I recognized as a military haircut. The sides were shaved close to the skin, and the top was a bit longer, although not too much. Spencer said he had a high and tight haircut. His green eyes were set off by his dark hair. He had muscles that were plain to see, even through his clothes and, like the other guys, he had tattoos on his arms.

We'd had several long talks over the past couple of months, and I knew he'd been in the Army for ten years. He was Trish's cousin. He had been a gunsmith in the military, and it was part of what he did now at the club's shooting range, along with being a range safety officer. When he talked about it, you could tell he really loved his job.

Every moment spent with him made me want more. He was always kind, acted like a gentleman, and made me feel safe. That was something I hadn't truly felt in years. Spencer liked him, and this said a lot. Also he liked Sniper, which I tried to point out to Scarlet meant he was a good guy too. She kept denying it.

I knew why, and I couldn't totally blame her. What happened to her would spook any woman. It made me wary of

men, but not the Warriors, and especially not of Gunner. What I wouldn't give to have him act like Sniper did when he thought another man was interested in my sister. His lashing out the other night was because he wanted her for himself. I was almost certain it wasn't just for sex, like she thought.

She'd been working all her days at the construction site, then she'd come back to the compound, and spend her nights in her room. The others were taking notice, and a few had asked if she was alright. I lied and said she was simply tired.

As if the whole men thing wasn't enough, we were both stressed about Spencer. After his beating, we hated to let him out of our sight. Yeah, he was an adult, and stood bigger than us, but he was still our little brother. It was our job to worry about him. That would never change. We couldn't rest until he was back behind the walls of the compound at the end of every day.

Tonight, I'd had enough, and told Scarlet we were going to spend time, all three of us, out in the common room. I wasn't going to take no for an answer. She'd grudgingly agreed, which was what led to us sitting together talking to a few of the old ladies now. Spencer was chatting to someone, I wasn't sure who, since my view was blocked. I was trying to listen to what the old ladies were saying, while checking out the new arrivals.

Terror had brought in a few guys from another club. The Ruthless Marauders were friends to the Warriors, and when he mentioned the Warriors thought they needed more bodies to keep an eye on us along with Bandit and Coyote, their president sent four men. The ladies told us their names, and we were waiting to be officially introduced. Like the men here, they had unusual road names. Animal, King, Sinner, and Thrasher appeared to be like Gunner and his brothers from the bit we'd observed so far.

Besides the new arrivals, the topic on all our minds was the fact that the club had heard about other attacks which had happened around the area on men who were either gay or

were thought to be. It had the whole town on edge. It made my anxiety over Spencer's safety worse.

"Uh oh, here comes trouble," Bryony said with a chuckle. I glanced up and around to see what she meant. That's when I saw Gunner and Sniper coming our way. A swift peek at Scarlet told me she saw them, and she was about to run. I placed my hand on her arm. She gave me a look that shouted, *let me go*. I didn't. They stopped next to the table. Sniper was staring hard at Scarlet. She was pretending not to see him.

"Evening, ladies, mind if we join you? You're much better company than the guys in here," Gunner said with a smile.

"Where's Coyote and Bandit?" Bryony asked.

"They went hauling ass out of here. Something about them being needed outside," Gunner told us.

"Sure, have a seat. I thought you'd be over there talking to Animal and the others," Regan added.

"We'll catch up with them later. Right now, they're being mobbed. So, how was work today ladies?" Gunner asked.

Sniper still hadn't said a word. He was eyeing Scarlet. She was looking at Gunner. I saw the amused looks of the ladies as they saw them. He pulled a chair away from the table closest to us and sat it behind and slightly to the side of Scarlet's chair. Gunner did the same, but next to me.

Regan, Bryony, and Trish quickly told them what they'd been up to. When they were done, we got an expectant look. Knowing Scarlet wasn't likely to say anything first, I did.

"It was busy. We had two emergency surgeries today, which made things get backed up, but thankfully both dogs ended up being fine. One got in a fight with a bigger dog, and the other had fallen down in a deep hole in the woods. One broke his leg, and the other had some suturing and stuff to fix him up," I told them. Everyone winced in sympathy.

“What about you, Scarlet? How was your day?” Sniper suddenly asked. She did look at him, but only for a moment, then she went back to staring across the room.

“It was fine. We were busy, and the build is still ahead of schedule. We should be done in a few weeks.”

“Good. That means you’ll be starting soon on our houses,” he said.

“Yeah, I guess, unless they decide to have another team do it. Or they might have me work with one of them and have someone else help here. I told Greg, I’m flexible,” she answered back.

“You can’t do that. You’re staying here to make sure you and your brother and sister are safe. It would make it harder to protect you if you work outside these walls for more than the next couple of weeks,” Sniper protested.

“You’re assuming we’re going to still be here in a couple of weeks. I don’t think we will. I’ll go where it’s best for Steel and Hammer to have me. If it means I go outside of Dublin Falls, then I’ll do it.”

“Like hell it will! There’s no way they’ll do that, and you’re not leaving here until we know without a shadow of a doubt you’re safe. Bandit and Spencer could’ve died. There’s no guarantee whoever those men were that they won’t come back and try it again. What if they kill him? Or come after you and Sabrina?” he asked heatedly.

I knew he was only concerned, but Scarlet was so off keel because of him, she might turn this into a full-blown fight. Someone needed to head that off, so I jumped in. This was the first time in days she’d come out and spent time out here. I didn’t want her retreating back to her room.

“We won’t go anywhere unless we know the threat is over. None of us will allow ourselves to be a target and do nothing. It’s not us.” I gave my siblings the look that said, *chill the hell out*. They knew exactly what I meant, even if no one else at the table knew. As much as I liked everyone here, and the fact it was beginning to feel like we’d found real friends

for the first time in years, I wasn't going to say something I shouldn't.

“Sabrina is right. I won't let my sisters get hurt. We'll play it by ear and see what it looks like in a few weeks. The way you guys are working on things, I don't see how whoever was behind jumping us can stay anonymous and hidden for long,” Spencer added.

Nothing more was said on the subject, because we got distracted by something else. The door opened, and in came Coyote, Bandit, Ghost, and a fourth guy we didn't recognize. He looked Native American like Ghost and Coyote, which made me think he might be a relative of theirs. Although I hadn't heard any talk about someone visiting. They didn't stop to make introductions, but they did nod before heading up to their apartment.

As they disappeared, I saw Lance talking to some of the guys. It wasn't long before we knew the man was named Elan, and he was their cousin from Arizona. That's when we found out Coyote was estranged from his family. This fed our talk for a good while, until they came down over an hour later, and made introductions. It was after eleven before we went to our rooms for the night. I noticed Sniper stayed with us until the end along with Gunner. He kept trying to get Scarlet to look at him and talk, but he didn't have much success.



I was so glad to see the end of this week. It had been an unusually busy week at the office. There were more seriously injured pets and surgeries than we typically did in a month. Our typical visits were updated shots, spaying or neutering, stomach problems, various infections, sprains, and wounds. We'd been run off our feet and even had to work over a few nights to see all the animals we could.

Dr. Turner, the vet I worked for, was the only veterinarian at his practice. He worked Monday through Friday except once a month, he'd open up on a Saturday. He made a good living it seemed. The luxury car he drove attested to this, as did the nice clothes he wore. As a vet, he did a really great job. I enjoyed watching him work, and how he interacted

with the animals. On a personal level, he wasn't my cup of tea, however there weren't a lot of jobs for vet techs in town, and so unless I wanted to drive further to and from home, he was my only option right now.

Dr. Turner, or Tucker as he tried to get me to call him, was something of a ladies' man. Or at least he thought he was. He was in his mid-thirties, single, and had a successful business. He had a nice car, and I assumed his house was nice too, and he wasn't ugly by any means. A lot of the women who came into the office would smile and flirt with him, even the married ones. I didn't know if he ever went out with or slept with any of them, and I didn't want to know. I kept my personal business to myself and did my job. Only this wasn't what he wanted me to do.

I hadn't mentioned it to anyone, not even Scarlet, but he'd grown more insistent the past two months when asking me to call him Tucker, and to go out to dinner with him. At first, I pretended it was a joke, and treated it like one. I'd laugh and tell him it wasn't necessary. He started right after I began working for him. It was infrequent at first, but it was now several times a week. And he was no longer smiling when I would turn him down or come up with a reason why I couldn't. I'd even gone the route of being blunt and told him I would never date someone I worked with.

He hadn't gone as far as to touch me inappropriately, although there had been a few times I wondered if he would. He would stand closer than I thought he should, and he liked to touch my hand when I was helping him with an animal, although he acted like it was part of the procedure. Every other woman I worked with there kept urging me to go out with him. They didn't see why I wasn't jumping at the chance. Or I should say the married ones were. The few single ones seemed to be upset and had been giving me the cold shoulder.

I didn't want to lose my job, but it might come to that if I couldn't figure out a way to make him stop. Technically, it was sexual harassment, but I couldn't make a stink about it. There could be too many ramifications if I did. I couldn't draw unwanted attention. Which was why I'd begun to look online

for possible openings. I figured finding one in Dublin Falls at the other vet's clinic wasn't going to happen, so I was perusing ads for nearby smaller towns, and even Knoxville. I'd have to stick with this job until the danger was over, and the club didn't feel they had to guard us. I wasn't going to make any of those poor men have to ride all the way to Knoxville and back every day to keep an eye on me. I could see the club doing it even if I thought it wasn't necessary.

The clock said it was almost five. We closed at five on Fridays. Since there were only two dogs with appointments after four, which was unusual for this week, Dr. Turner had sent everyone home but me, and the front desk receptionist, Alanis. I wished it was someone else. Anyone but her. She was around my age, single, and one of the ones who was giving me the cold vibes. She practically followed him around with her tongue hanging out. I found it pathetic. He was never more than polite to her. I often wondered if they'd hooked up before, and now that he was done with her, she hadn't gotten the message. I totally could see him as the kind of guy to sleep with a woman, then ignore her afterward.

The last dog finally left, and I was tidying up the exam room, and making sure everything was restocked, so we would be ready for business on Monday morning. I hated to come in, and find we had to hunt for things when we were in the middle of our exams. The other rooms had already been done. Ten minutes more, and I could leave.

I was bent over cleaning up a spot on the floor where a dog had taken a shit, when I heard the door behind me open and close. I stood up and swung around. There was Dr. Turner. I wasn't thrilled with the look I saw on his face. He was smiling, but to me, it reminded me of a shark. I pretended not to notice.

"I'm almost done. I just need to refill the supplies in here, and everything is set for Monday. I have a key, there's no need for you to hang around until I'm done. Why don't you and Alanis leave? I'll make sure everything is turned off, the security alarm is set, and locked up."

I walked out of my way to get to the trash can behind him. I was trying to get to the door, and out before he asked me out again. He shifted and put himself even more solidly between me and the door. Warning bells started to go off. Shifting my body, so I presented a smaller target, I kept my distance. I might not be up to Scarlet's level when it came to self-defense, but I thought I could handle him. She'd been fanatical about all of us learning everything we could over the past three years. As far as I knew, he wasn't a black belt or master of any kind of martial arts. If he was, he would've bragged about it, or had pictures up or something. He liked to crow about his other accomplishments.

"I already sent Alanis home. I'm staying until you're done."

"Well, that's nice but totally unnecessary. Excuse me, I need to get this done. I have to get home," I gestured to the door. Surprisingly, he moved, and let me open it. I pitched the shit in the trash and then pulled the bag out to throw in the dumpster in the back. As I hurried down the hall to the back door, I kept him in sight using my peripheral vision. He followed me outside.

"What's the rush? You and I need to go to dinner, Sabrina. I've been asking you for months, and you keep saying no. It's time to stop that."

"Dr. Turner, I told you, I don't date people I work with. I'm not interested in going to dinner or for drinks or anything else."

I threw the trash away and then skated around him and back inside. He shut the door behind us when he came back inside. I rushed toward the locker area where the staff kept their personal belongings. The restocking could wait. I'd come in a few minutes early on Monday and do it before we started seeing animals.

"I told you, call me Tucker. Come on, there's no need to play this game anymore. I know you're interested. You know I want to get to know you much better. There's nothing wrong with you and I seeing each other and having fun. We're

both adults and single.” He gave me a smile I knew made other women melt around him. It left me cold.

Deciding being nice hadn’t gotten me anywhere, I went for a more direct, and less pleasant approach. I whirled around with my purse in my hand. He was too close, so I sidestepped, and put a few feet between us.

“Listen, I’ve been nice and professional about this, but enough is enough. I’m not interested in you. I have no desire to have any kind of personal anything with you. You’re my boss, that’s it. I prefer to call you Dr. Turner. I’m sure there are plenty of women who would love to have you ask them out, Alanis for one. Please, ask them, and don’t do this again.”

I left him standing there staring at me with a disbelieving look on his face. I must’ve stunned him, because he didn’t say anything else, and I was able to get to the front door and outside. Since he was there, I left him to lock up, and got in my car as fast as I could. As I got into the car, I remembered I had an escort outside waiting for me. Glancing around, I caught sight of Lance on his bike. He was staring at me with a frown on his face. I flashed him a smile and gave a tiny wave then started my car.

As we pulled away, I looked back to see Dr. Turner in the doorway watching us leave. He didn’t look happy, and I saw Lance glance back at him. Oh God, I hoped he didn’t suspect anything. I didn’t want the club or my siblings to get involved. I could handle this on my own. The whole way home, I prayed Lance wouldn’t ask me about it, and he wouldn’t mention anything to anyone.

Parking in front of the compound in what had become my designated spot, I hurried inside when we got there. Though it was still rather early, a lot of the guys and ladies were in the common room. There was a buzz in the air, and it was tense. Seeing Scarlet, I went to find out what was going on. That’s when she told me about the run-in Bandit had in town with his dad. Between her and what the others were saying, on top of what I found out when Bandit came in later, I discovered it was a really bad thing. There was no love lost there, and it raised a question. Was his dad one of the men

who'd attacked him and Spence? If so, what did it mean for them and us? When I went to bed later that night, I had a hard time sleeping. Between worry for my brother and Bandit, and my issues with Dr. Turner, things didn't seem to be getting better, they were getting worse.

The only good thing was I'd lucked out, and Lance appeared not to have said anything to anyone, and he hadn't asked me, although he did give me a few looks which made me think he was contemplating what he saw. I hoped he'd think he only imagined something was amiss. Meanwhile, I'd increase my efforts to find a new place to work. I wasn't looking forward to Monday.

Sniper: Chapter 3

Racing to the worksite where Scarlet was still working with Coyote and their crew, my heart was pounding out of my chest. I'd gotten the message that was sent out from Smoke. It warned us there might be a bomb at the site and the police and Bandit were on their way there to get everyone to safety, and to see if it was a hoax or not.

I was worried about my brothers, and the employees, but I was terrified for Scarlet. We were still dancing around each other, and I hadn't gotten anywhere with my plan to befriend her then tell her that I wanted us to be more than friends. I knew there was something holding her back and I wanted to know what it was. It wasn't because she wasn't attracted to me. I saw glimpses of it at times before she could hide it.

By the time I got there, they had everyone off the worksite, and standing across the street, well away from a possible blast area, and they were getting people out of the surrounding businesses to a safe distance to be safe. I zeroed in on Scarlet. She was standing with her crew, and she was wringing her hands and looking scared. Nodding at some of my brothers, I went straight to her. I didn't say a word, I just pulled her into my arms, and hugged her against me. For a couple of moments, she held herself stiffly, and I expected her to pull away, but then she relaxed, and wrapped her arms around me.

"Are you alright?" I asked her.

"I'm fine. Greg, Torch, and Tiny got us all out of there quickly, once they heard. Do you think there's really a bomb in there?"

"I don't know, but it's better to act as if there is than to take chances."

We stood quietly, watching as the police and firemen organized their men to do a search of the site. I listened to Bandit argue with Captain Hoffman, Law's boss. Bandit was insisting those of us who had military experience be allowed

to help with the search. He was right. We'd all had experience in one way or the other searching for bombs. We might not be able to defuse one, but we could safely look. When Hoffman finally gave in, and we got the nod, I let go of Scarlet.

“Where are you going?”

“I'm gonna help them search for the bomb. I'll be back. You heard what Bandit told them, they need more manpower, and we can help.”

“But you don't know how to defuse one, do you?” she asked anxiously.

“No, but I've been involved in more searches than I'd like to remember. We'll be fine. I know better than to touch something. Stay here, and I'll be back as soon as I can. Who knows, it might just be someone's idea of a sick joke.”

I could tell she didn't want me to go, which made me feel kinda good. She wouldn't be doing that if she didn't care. Leaving her with the rest of the club who wouldn't be a part of the search team, I joined those who were, and we started our search. I admit, it was scary to be walking around not knowing if something could go boom and kill you in an instant or not. I kept a stream of silent prayers going to the man upstairs, asking him not to allow any of us to die. It was almost two hours into the search before we heard it yelled that someone had found something.

After conferring and having Law and his fellow bomb tech guy get involved, it led to another debate. Captain Hoffman wasn't going to risk his men, and insisted either the robot they had or using something they called the TCV would handle it or they'd wait for someone else to get there from a larger team. As we watched, I rejoined Scarlet. She went right back into my arms. Bandit was holding onto Coyote, and the cops were having to keep yelling at bystanders to stay back. I was interrupted from scowling at those idiots by Scarlet tugging on my arm. I allowed her to lead me over to Coyote and Bandit.

“Who do you think did this?” she asked them.

“I don’t know. It could’ve been a few people. It was aimed at me and Coyote I imagine, since it was a picture of him, and it was sent to me at my office.”

“Do you think it could’ve been Yancy or was it your dad?” she asked next. I admit, I was surprised when she asked him that.

“What makes you think it might have been Yancy?” Terror asked. He’d come over to join us.

“He was here yesterday to pick up some tools he left behind. Maybe he planted it while we weren’t looking. We checked his toolbox before he left to be sure he wasn’t taking anything that wasn’t his, but we didn’t watch him every second nor did we check the toolbox when he brought it into the worksite,” Coyote explained to us.

“You didn’t mention he was here,” Bandit stated. I could tell he was angry that he was just now hearing about it. I wondered why we hadn’t last night.

“Honestly, I forgot. You and I had other things on our minds last night, and he didn’t cause a fuss or anything. He apologized and said he’s got a new job up around Oneida and gave Greg the name and number of his new boss so we could check it out. He was perfectly calm and polite. He said he’s seeing a therapist to deal with his issues with being aggressive toward women, and how he was toward us.”

This led to Terror yelling for Greg, Hammer, and Steel to join us. When they did, he asked them about Yancy being there, and if any of them had called and spoken to his supposedly new boss about him. Greg was the one to say he made the call, and it had been verified that Yancy was working for the man, and he was due to start next week. Also, he reiterated that Yancy hadn’t given them any trouble yesterday. He wanted to know if Terror and the rest of us thought he’d done it.

“It’s possible. We can’t rule him out. And we haven’t seen Rufus since he got out of jail. It might have been him, or one of the guys we think he’s running with,” Bandit said.

After that, they decided to wait for the larger department to come with their bomb squad. When they arrived, they used the containment vessel to enclose the bomb to protect us from the blast if it went off. We were told they'd take it out of town to a safe location, and it would be remotely detonated there. It was the safest way to handle it. There was a chance the blast would destroy any evidence that might lead us to the bomb maker, but they had to do what wasn't going to get anyone killed.

After they finished up, and we swept the remainder of the worksite to make sure there wasn't more, I went back to Scarlet again. She was looking less frightened, but she still stepped close to me. "Come on, that's it for today. Let's get you back to the compound. We're all tired, and there's gonna be more to do."

"Okay, let me go see if Coyote's ready. I rode with him, remember."

"Well, I doubt he's gonna go anywhere without Bandit, and he's got to get the box that was sent to Salvation for the police. It'll be awhile. I'll take you home. They'll join us as soon as they can."

She looked like she might argue, but in the end she didn't. We told Coyote and the others the plan, and then I was able to get her on my bike. I took out the extra helmet I now carried with me just for her in the hope that one day I'd get her on my bike. The ride home was the best part of the day, because I got to ride with her snuggled up against me. It made me wish the ride was longer.

Sabrina and Spencer were so upset when we got there, it took Scarlet and I over an hour to calm them down. The women had been kept at the compound. Spencer had been at work, and when he was told about it, the threat had been taken care of, so he came home to the compound to wait. It was a very tired group who sat around the common room later after the last of us got back. We were eating the fine meal the women and Ms. Marie had made to feed us all, knowing no one would be wanting to worry about individually making dinner, and we'd all want to be together.

Law was able to confirm the bomb was set to explode and had been detonated safely. The techs were working now to identify anything used in the device which might lead us to the bomb maker. Most makers had signatures, and if they'd done it before, they possibly could be found or at least tied to others. Officers had been dispatched to talk to Yancy to see if they could find out if he had anything to do with it. Several thought it likely, but I could see skepticism on the faces of others. I was on the fence. It would be stupid of him to do it, but stupid people get caught all the time.

I stayed up until Scarlet went to bed then I went to mine. I was keyed up still, and it was still a while before I could go to sleep. Today illustrated to me how short life could be. I didn't know how much longer I could stand this back and forth that Scarlet and I were in. If Bandit hadn't opened the box right away, he and I might've lost her, and Coyote. The thought of it made me sick.



It wasn't until the next day that we got more answers. It was crazy how much information Smoke and Law had gotten overnight. Both of them looked exhausted. Law informed us it didn't look like Yancy was our man, but they were still not clearing him yet totally. They'd tied some of the bomb's components to a bomb maker named Silas Stern. He was put in prison seven years prior for making bombs, so he was out of the running as our guy, but Smoke had found out he had a nephew, Teddy, and he thought it was possible he was the maker. They were from North Carolina, and Silas was a known hater of anyone not white, straight or not exactly like him.

Smoke was thinking it was possible, since they were from a town close to Asheville, where Bandit's dad lived, that Teddy might be tied to Rufus, and was one of the men who'd attacked him and Spencer. Smoke and the other hackers in our affiliated clubs were going to do more digging to see if Teddy was like his uncle in a hater way too. An officer was going to the prison to speak to Silas, although they doubted he'd tell them anything.

Terror made it clear there would be no more going to work for some of us. “That means we have to insist that Coyote and Bandit stay at the compound, no more going to work. Guards weren’t enough to ensure you wouldn’t be hurt.”

Coyote asked about Spencer. Terror explained he hoped it was just a case of him being in the wrong place at the wrong time the first time, but since we didn’t know that for sure, and he’d been seen with them more than a few times, he couldn’t be left unguarded. They wanted to get him to agree to take a few days off work. I had to speak up then.

“He’s not gonna like that, but I think I can talk him into it. If not, his sisters will. They’re terrified, and yesterday has only made it worse. I don’t want Scarlet to be going to the worksite for the next two days either. Next week, they’re gonna be here where it’s safe, so it’s not a big deal to miss two days, I don’t think, as long as she knows she’s not hurting the company. Can you finish off the build without her and Coyote?” I asked Steel and Hammer.

“Sure, if we need to, we’ll bring in someone from one of the other crews to finish up. She and Coyote were doing finish work, not her usual welding, or his more custom woodwork and stuff,” Steel answered while Hammer nodded.

It took a bit more talk before we all broke up and went our own ways for the day. Gunner and I were off to talk to Scarlet, Sabrina and Spencer about what we needed them to do. Bandit and Coyote offered to come along. I figured Scarlet would be all for her sister and brother staying at the compound, but not herself. Well, I had news for her, she was going to do what we said even if I had to sit on her and lock her ass down. We found them sitting in the common room. They looked tired and were drinking coffee. The four of us each grabbed a cup then joined them.

“How did it go? Any news?” Scarlet asked as soon as we joined them.

“There’s been some. We want to talk to you about what they’ve found out so far,” I told her.

Getting a nod from all three of them, we started to explain. The four of us worked together to tell them the things the cops and Smoke and a few others had found out so far, and what was still in the works. When we were done, they looked more satisfied, although not completely happy.

“So, where does that leave you guys?” Sabrina asked.

“Coyote and Bandit will be staying here at the compound and not going to work. We need the three of you to do the same. Spencer has already been targeted once, and we feel he’s still at risk. The fact you’re his only known family puts you at risk too. We don’t know what these people are capable of. Haters are too unpredictable,” I stated boldly. Instantly, Scarlet was frowning.

“I agree that the three of them should stay out of sight. As for Sabrina, she works in an office, so I think the risk to her is less. There’s always people around her. As for me, I can’t hide here. We have a job to finish, and without Coyote they need me.”

“No, they don’t. We already asked Hammer and Steel. There’s only two days left, and then your crew is starting to work here on the compound next week. They assured us they have it covered. You’re gonna stay here too. Hopefully Spencer, it’s only going to be a couple of days,” Coyote replied.

I let him argue with her for a few minutes. I wanted to give him a chance to convince her before I laid it down. It would likely go better if she came to the right decision on her own. I wasn’t trying to boss her around for the sake of bossing her. I didn’t need to do that to feel like I was a man or anything. I was trying to protect her, and she was stubborn. I didn’t understand why she was fine with making her siblings stay where they could be protected, but was so dismissive of her own safety. It was like she thought she had something to prove.

She wasn’t backing down, and I was about to jump in and piss her off by telling her she was doing it or else, when

Sabrina grabbed her arm. “Sis, come over here. I need to talk to you for a minute. We’ll be right back.”

They got up and walked off to stand a good distance away. They put their heads together, and you could tell they were passionately talking. There were frowns and angry looks and a lot of head shaking. They were talking too low for us to hear them. I looked at Spencer. “What do you think Sabrina’s telling her?”

“It’s hard to tell. You’ll find that Scarlet can sometimes be made to see reason, but it’s never certain in which instance that’ll happen. My sisters are strong women, they’ve had to be, but Scarlet is the strongest. Life made her that way. If anyone can get her to see reason, it’s Sabrina.”

“What do you mean, life made her that way?” I pounced.

He got a funny look on his face. One that shouted guilty, then his expression smoothed out. “Nothing, just you know, life can throw unexpected things at you, and you have to roll with it. She’s always seen herself as the big sister, even if she’s only five minutes older than Sabrina. She takes it very seriously.”

I knew he wasn’t telling me the truth. It made my desire to find out everything about her grow. As soon as this shit with Bandit and Coyote was over with, I’d be going after answers. It was a couple more minutes before they rejoined us. When they did, I got the shock of my life.

“Okay, I’ll stay here for the next few days and we’ll see what happens, but if this doesn’t get resolved soon, I make no guarantees I’m not going to leave the compound,” Scarlet warned us.

I didn’t argue. There would be time for arguing if the need came up. For now, I’d take this as a minor win, and go with it. We spent a little longer with them, then Gunner and I had to leave to go to work. I would’ve rather stayed there with her, but duty called. He looked like he’d rather be there too. He and I needed to talk again and change up our plans for the beautiful Morgan sisters.

Gunner:

We'd gotten the twins and their brother to stay secure at the compound for the past few days. It had allowed more information to be dug up, but it raised even more questions. We now knew Silas Stern was a liar. He denied to the cops that he taught anyone to build his bombs, especially his nephew. No one believed him. Smoke and some of the other hackers had discovered Teddy was part of an online hate group, and he regularly chatted there with three other people. They were working to find out who the last two men were. They already had one name, Elwood Orem, and he was in the wind. He lived in Asheville as well.

We were going with the assumption Teddy, Rufus, and Elwood were three of the men, and our computer geniuses were trying to find leads to them through their bank statements, credit cards, email, you name it. Smoke was keen to find property we didn't know about, which might lead us to where they were hiding. We had no doubt they were nearby and hadn't given up. The venom Rufus had spewed when he accosted Bandit on the street told us that much. He wouldn't give up, and just go away.

I was glad to see the weekend had come. Everyone was at the compound where it was safe and they could be themselves, well most of us were. Sabrina had to work a half day at the vet's office, so Mad Dog and I had gone to work with her. It was close to time for us to leave. I was outside in the back of the clinic, and Mad Dog was inside the lobby. We'd traded off a bit ago. It kept us sharp, not that I thought we had much to worry about. My phone dinging made me take it out to see what message I'd gotten. I was surprised to see it was from Sabrina. As I read it, I got angry, and took off for the office.

Sabrina: We need you. There's a guy in here who isn't listening to us.

I raced around the building and came rushing through the front door after nearly jerking it off its hinges. Standing in the middle of the waiting area was Mad Dog, Sabrina, a man I

didn't know, and the receptionist. I think Sabrina said her name was Alanis. She was watching the other three with wide eyes.

“What the hell's going on in here?” I snapped, as I came over and stood in front of Sabrina. The unknown guy was giving them fuming mad looks.

“Sorry, Gun, I thought he was just a customer. A lot of them come in and ask for her by name, so when this guy did, I didn't think anything of going to get her. As soon as she got out here and he started talking, I knew I fucked up. Man, this guy has a screw loose or something. He's in here jumping Sabrina's ass about Coyote and talking about his sister. Something about Coyote did her wrong, and he's not gonna put up with it, and he's convinced Sabrina is Coyote's latest piece of ass, and warned her he uses women,” Mad Dog told me. I heard the remorse in his tone. He hated that he'd exposed her to this. I couldn't say I wouldn't have thought the same thing.

I stepped closer to the unknown man. I gave him credit, he didn't back away. “Listen, I don't know who you are or who your sister is, but you need to get the hell out of here. This is a place of business. Sabrina has nothing to do with whatever you think happened to your sister.”

“Like hell she's not. She's staying at that biker commune with him and the rest of you. I've seen her coming and going. Coyote is a dirtbag and I need to talk to him. My name is Shawn, and he played with my sister Sedona's heart and broke it. He made her promises, then didn't keep them,” he said angrily.

“Like hell he did. I know your sister. Let me tell you about her. There was no relationship between her and Coyote. They had sex a few times, that's it. It was consensual, and just fun. He never told her it was going to be anything more,” I informed him.

“Fuck if he didn't,” he snapped.

“Fuck if he did. It's been over a year since the two of them hooked up, man. If what she told you was true, why wait

this long to tell you? He's in a committed relationship now with a guy. She came around not long ago and made a scene when she found out he wasn't interested in sleeping with her again, and she confronted his man in the cell phone store, for God's sake. She got arrested, and while she was in jail, she tried to kill herself. I'm sorry she's having such a tough time, but it's not my brother's fault. Your sister needs help, man. What you need to do is get her mental health help and keep her away from him and our club."

"That's not what she told me. She said they've been seeing each other until very recently, and then all of a sudden he was denying they were together, and told her he was with someone else. He found a way to get her arrested, and she got hurt in her cell. She accidentally cut her arm on a sharp piece of metal on the bed. She didn't try to kill herself. Someone needs to teach your so-called brother not to use people. Fucking bikers, you think you can do anything you want and the rest of us have to take it. Well, I'm not afraid of any of you. Don't worry, after I make sure your motherfucking friend learns never to mess with a good woman like my sister again, the biker whores can have him," he sneered.

"Your sister is full of delusional shit. Take this warning, it's the only one you'll get. Stay away from the Warriors, our families and our friends. If you touch anyone in our club or associated with us, you won't have to worry about your sister. Oh, and forget you ever saw Sabrina. Don't ever come near her again or I'll make sure you can't do it again."

"Don't threaten me, asshole!" he snarled as he took a step closer to me.

I was ready to hand him an ass whipping when out of the back came another man. Based on his lab coat, I assumed he had to be Sabrina's boss. Shit, this was the last thing we wanted. I didn't want her to lose her job over something like this. Thankfully, there were no customers in there at the moment, only staff. I saw through the open door to the back, a few others were gathered watching, and listening. Alanis was eagerly taking it all in with what looked like a smirk on her

face. When the boss came out, she looked even happier. *What the hell?*

“Who are you people, and what’s going on out here.? I can hear you in the back. Sabrina, what’s the meaning of this?” He asked as he came up and stood next to her. She twisted to look at him, which also moved her away from him.

“Dr. Turner, I’m sorry. This man came in here asking for me. I’ve never met him before. He’s under the impression a friend of mine did his sister wrong. He didn’t, and we were trying to explain that. He’s upset. He’s just leaving,” she said in a hurry.

“I don’t care who he is. I won’t have my business invaded like this. I’ve been meaning to ask you what’s up with all these people hanging around the past few days. We’ll get to that in a minute,” he said before he looked at us. I could tell by the curl of his top lip and the look on his face, he found us beneath him, not that I gave a shit. All I cared about was not getting her in trouble.

“I have to ask you three to leave. If you don’t, I’ll call the cops and have you arrested.”

Shawn didn’t look like he was gonna do it, but finally he swore under his breath then whirled around and stormed out. I was watching Sabrina. She looked upset, and it was more than what was said by Shawn. I hated to leave her to explain this to her boss. Besides, I might leave the building, but I wouldn’t go far.

“Dr. Turner, we’re sorry for this. He started in on Sabrina, and we couldn’t let him do that. She did nothing to deserve it. If you’d allow me, I can explain more about him, and why she’s been having escorts.” I gave him what I hoped was a friendly smile.

“No, Sabrina can tell me. I need you to leave, and I don’t want you or any other of your biker friends hanging around here.”

“I’ll leave, but as long as we stay off your property, there’s nothing you can do about us being around here.

Sabrina, text when you're ready to leave for home. We'll be waiting."

She gave me a nod. Before leaving, I leaned toward her, and gave her a kiss. I'd done it a few times, but always on the cheek. This time, I brushed her lips. I felt her startle. I wanted to press for more, but this wasn't the time or place. Smiling at her, then giving her irritated boss a stern stare, I waved to Mad Dog, and we left. It wouldn't be long until they were done for the day. I couldn't wait to get her home, and for us to tell Coyote and the others what happened. Even more than that, I wanted to know what her boss said to her. If he fired her over this, he and I would be having a talk he wouldn't like.

Sabrina: Chapter 4

God, this was the very last thing I needed. As if I wasn't stressed enough with what was going on in our personal lives, and trying to avoid my boss every day, now I had to be behind closed doors with him. It was so unfortunate that Shawn guy had chosen to confront me here. Who did stuff like that? From everything I'd heard, his sister was a whack job. Him coming into my work and acting like he just did, might indicate he was one too.

I reluctantly took a seat in front of Dr. Turner's desk. I hoped he'd make it fast. If he fired me, I'd have to step up my efforts to find a new job. Although in all honesty, I wouldn't exactly be broken-hearted if he did. Tiptoeing around him since our little discussion was tiring. He hadn't tried to get me alone again, but he watched me all the time, and he would make sure to brush against me every chance he got. It was more than touching my hands during procedures now. He was sliding against my arms, backside and even my chest. He was making me very uncomfortable. If he didn't stop, and he didn't fire me, then I'd have to make a choice, and fast. No one should have to put up with this, and it could get so much worse.

Instead of him sitting in his chair behind his desk, he sat down in the one next to me. It put him too close. He still looked somewhat upset, but there was something else there too. His eyes looked excited. Which was odd. It made me even more uneasy. He leaned toward me. I shifted so I was pressed against the back of my chair.

“Tell me what's going on?”

“It's like we said, that man's sister—”

He cut me off from saying more. “I don't mean the man. I mean, what's going on with you hanging with a bunch of bikers, and calling them your friends? Surely, you know men like them aren't your friends. They're unworthy of a woman like you. Tell me you're not involved with any of them.” I heard the distaste in his voice. It upset me.

For one thing, it was none of his business who I was friends with. Two, he had no right to comment about who I may or may not be involved with, or who was worthy to be my friends. Three, I was tired of this, and wanted to shut him down for good. In a flash, I decided to stand up for myself and tell him something which would hopefully make my short remaining time here bearable. I would prefer to not quit or get fired before I had a new job, but I'd take my chances.

“With all respect, you don't have any right to tell me who should or shouldn't be my friends, or to pass judgment on people you don't know a thing about. Yes, the Warriors are bikers, and some of the best people I've ever known. I'm proud and lucky to call them my friends. As to whether I'm involved with one of them or not, that's none of your business. Who I choose to have a relationship with is my business. You're my boss, not my father. If you don't want me to explain about the man out there, then I should go finish up. It's almost time to go home.” I went to stand up. He put his hand on my knee. I automatically shoved it off. He scowled when I did it, then I shoved my chair back to put distance between us.

“Don't touch me,” I warned him.

“I don't get you. I've been nothing but nice to you. I've asked you a hundred times to have a drink or to go to dinner with me, and you won't give me a chance. Yet I see you with those bikers you seem to like so much and now, you more or less tell me you're with one of them. I saw the way he kissed you. He's the one you're sleeping with, isn't he? He's why you won't go out with me. I have the right to keep my business safe and free of drama. You have a decision to make, Sabrina. You can stop all this nonsense and stay here, or you can keep doing things like you did today and I'll have no other recourse but to fire you,” he said with a smirk.

He was being careful not to actually say if I didn't go out with him he'd fire me for not giving into him, but it sure was implied. I gave him my best glare. The hell with this shit, I was over this.

“And I've been nothing more than nice when I've turned you down for those drinks and dinners countless times.

I tried to nicely show you I'm not interested, Now, this is me being blunt. I'm never going to go out with you for any reason. You don't interest me, and in fact, your attitude turns me off. If you feel you have to fire me, then do it. However, if you don't, there had better not be one more touch, look or remark out of you. You don't like my friends, well, I don't give a rat's ass. As for Gunner, it's my business whether I'm sleeping with him or not. So, do I go clean out my locker, or are we done here?"

It took a lot to make me lose my temper, unlike my sister, but it was about to explode. His face turned dark red. I thought I could see a vein pulsating in his temple. He narrowed his eyes on me. I rose up out of the chair. This time he didn't touch me.

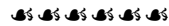
"Get out of here. And I meant what I said, I don't want any of those people in here or on my property. If they are, I'll have them arrested. You'll come begging me to take you out when Gunner is done with you. I just don't know if I'll give you another chance. There are thousands of women out there who would die to have a man like me interested in them," he said acidly.

I gave him my best smile. "Well then, I suggest you go find one of them and ask her out because it's never gonna happen with me, even if I do get dumped." I didn't wait to see if he had more to say. I walked out, shutting the door behind me. As I walked away, I shivered when I heard something crash in his office. Yeah, the sooner I got out of here the better. Dr. Turner couldn't be trusted.

If it wasn't for everything else going on, I'd tell Scarlet and Spencer, so they could help me figure out where to go. We had some money saved, but it wouldn't last forever. I needed a new job fast. It took everything I had to force him to the back of my mind. I didn't want to give away to anyone, especially Gunner, that I was having trouble with my boss. I'd have to lie about what we spoke about, or at least most of it.

A half hour later, the day was done, and I could leave. I practically ran out the door. Gunner and Mad Dog were waiting for me. They parked out front on the street rather than

in the parking lot, since it belonged to the clinic. I felt Turner's eyes on me as I got in my car after waving to the guys. They gave me chin lifts and started their bikes. The whole ride back to the compound, I concentrated on telling the others about what happened with Shawn, and how I could avoid being cornered by Gunner about what Turner said after he left.



We'd been back from work for hours. After telling Coyote and the others about the run-in with Shawn, he ended up showing up at the compound. I wasn't sure what all was said, since the ladies stayed inside while the guys went to talk to him at the gate. All I knew was they gave him some papers and a video and sent him away. I hoped it would satisfy him that they were telling the truth.

I'd made up the excuse I had some stuff to do and escaped to my room after that. Gunner gave me a puzzled look as I left. I knew he wanted to talk, but I wasn't ready. I didn't think I could lie successfully, and the club didn't need more things to worry about. That was four hours ago. It was now late evening, and I was debating on what to get to eat which wouldn't require me going into the common room. Scarlet and Spencer had both stopped by earlier and asked if I was alright. I told them I was a little tired and was gonna take a nap.

A soft rap on the door made me jump. Turning down the volume on the television, I got off the bed, and went to answer it. It had to be them wanting me to get dinner with them. They said they'd stop by later, and we'd figure out something together. Smiling, I swung the door open.

"About time you..." I froze.

There stood Gunner. By the expression on his face, I knew my time to hide had ended. He was here to insist I tell him what went on with Dr. Turner. How I wish I'd pretended to be asleep, or these doors had peepholes in them.

"Oh, hi, Gunner. I thought you were Spencer and Scarlet. They should be here any second. We're gonna order dinner and have a family night," I babbled.

“That sounds like fun, but first, you and I have some unfinished business from earlier. Can I come in?”

I thought about telling him no, but that would make him more suspicious so instead, I pasted a bigger smile on my face, and stood back as I waved for him to come inside. He stepped forward and took the doorknob out of my hand. The feel of his fingers caressing mine made me want to shiver. It was the total opposite of what I felt whenever Turner touched me. My body flushed warm, and I bit my lip, so I wouldn't moan aloud. Not knowing what else to do, I walked back to the bed, and sat down on the edge of it. He closed the door.

I watched as he approached me. It was like watching a controlled animal stalking toward me. I wouldn't be shocked if he exploded into a pounce at any moment. The only difference was with him, I secretly wished he would pounce. I hadn't forgotten the brief kiss he gave me earlier today. I knew it was for my boss's benefit, but it still made me yearn for more. It was getting harder and harder to hide how he affected me. I was half in love with him, and although he spent a lot of time with me and we talked and had fun, he never made me think it was more than friendship, and I couldn't blame him. A man like him would look for someone exciting and adventurous. I wasn't either of those things.

When he reached me, he took a moment to look me over before he sat down next to me. The brush of his thigh against mine made me ache. I took a deep breath and dove into the conversation. The sooner we got this done, the sooner I could get him out of here. Having him in my room alone wasn't smart. This was the first time he'd ever come in here.

“I know what you want to talk about. Sorry I didn't tell you after we got back, but I had things I had to do, and then I took a nap. Today was a little exhausting for some reason. I'm glad it seems things got cleared up with that Shawn guy. Hopefully, he'll stay away from Coyote and the rest of us,” I babbled.

“I hope he will too, but it's not him I want to talk about. It's about your boss, Turner. What did he say to you when he took you back to his office? I hated letting you go

with him alone. Did he threaten your job because of what happened?" He had a frown on his face as he asked.

"You did the right thing by leaving. He would've called the cops. Yes, he was upset, and told me he didn't want any of you around anymore. I think if anyone were to challenge him, he'd fire me, but as long as you stay off his property, there's nothing he can do about it."

"Other than making your life unbearable. Tell me exactly what he said."

"Gunner, I don't remember his exact words. We talked, and I told him my friends wouldn't be in the office again. He seemed satisfied with that, and I went back to work. He didn't seem to care why Shawn was there," I lied.

"Bullshit, yes, you do. He said more than just that. I'm not a fool, Brina. I saw his face. He wasn't just upset about the commotion in his waiting area. He was upset that we knew you. When I kissed you, he glared daggers through me. Tell me what's going on. I'm not leaving until you do." He crossed his arms over that big chest of his.

I tried to think of something to say which would convince him he was wrong, but I drew a blank. Instead, I tried to mislead him. "He seems not to like bikers, that's all. He couldn't imagine why I'd be friends with any. I think he's afraid if people see bikers hanging around, it'll scare off his customers."

He didn't say anything, he just continued to stare at me. It was his intense look that made me squirm involuntarily. He spotted it immediately. "I knew it. He said a helluva lot more than that. And don't lie and tell me he's not into you. I can tell. He wants you for himself. Has he been bothering you? Or are you interested in him, and afraid we spoiled your chances?"

This took me by surprise so much that I blurted out the first thing to pop into my head. "No! God, I'd never date him. He's repugnant to me. I want nothing to do with him other than to work for him."

“What has he said and done? Tell me, or I’ll have Smoke find his home address, and I’ll go over there, and ask him myself. I can promise you, he’ll tell me one way or the other,” he growled.

“Please, Gunner, no, don’t do that. Just leave it be. I’m not gonna be there for much longer. I can ignore him, and you should too,” I pleaded.

“What do you mean? Goddamn it, tell me now, Brina,” he almost shouted.

“Fine, you’re right. He has been asking me to go out with him. I’ve been telling him no and doing it nicely. He doesn’t take a hint. Today, he was mad over the idea I would be with one of you and not him. He thinks he’s a catch. I told him point blank it was never happening, and that he needed to behave. If he wants to fire me, so be it. I didn’t tell him, but I’ve already been looking for a new job.”

He exploded. I gasped as he grabbed my upper arms and pulled me against him. I cried out. He didn’t hurt me, it just startled me. He wrapped his arms around me and held me tight. “Did he threaten to fire you? Or make any other threats? Has he touched you?” he asked urgently.

I knew I had to come clean. He wouldn’t leave it be, and half-truths he seemed able to see through. Which wasn’t something I liked knowing. What else might he discover one day? His eyes were boring into mine when I glanced up at him.

“You have to promise me whatever I tell you, you won’t go off half-cocked after him, and you can’t tell my sister or brother.”

“Sabrina, I can’t promise that.”

“Then I can’t tell you.”

We stared each other down for a minute or so until he finally sighed. “Fine, I promise not to tell your brother and sister. As for staying away from him, I promise not to do anything unless he continues. How’s that?”

I couldn't tell if he was telling the truth or not, but I decided to risk it. "You're right, he did threaten to fire me, although he didn't specifically say it was because I wouldn't go out with him. He mentioned asking me out many times, and I keep telling him no. I got angry and told him he's repugnant to me and it's never happening. I also told him when he accused me of having something going with you, it was none of his business. I told him to fire me or let me get back to work."

"Has he touched you?"

"Not like you're thinking, no. Until recently, he's touched my hands unnecessarily with his when I help him with procedures."

"What changed recently and how is he touching you now?"

"He cornered me in one of the exam rooms at the end of the workday a few days back and got a bit more forward. I told him I didn't date anyone I work with, and I wasn't interested. He didn't want to hear it. Since then, he seems to find ways to brush up against me when there's plenty of room for him to get around me. I told him he should ask out the other single ladies who work there, or even those who come in with their pets. There's several I can tell would jump at the opportunity to be with him. He said today that after you dump me, he's not sure if he'll give me another chance with him."

"That motherfucker, I'm gonna break his hands," he snarled.

"Don't. You promised me. All this means is I have to put more work into finding a new job. I didn't lie earlier. I did have stuff to do. The main thing was to go online to look for a job. It's not gonna be around Dublin Falls, but I think I can find something in Knoxville. It's not that far of a drive. I applied to a couple of places in fact."

"I'm not gonna let him run you out of town to get a job. It's not your fault he wants you and can't have you."

“He’s established here, and the main veterinarian. The other one doesn’t have any openings, I checked. Knoxville isn’t that far, really.”

“Why didn’t you tell us? Or at least tell Scarlet and Spencer? Has this been going on since you started there?”

“It started as soon as I did, yes. Although not as obviously or as frequently as he’s doing it now. It was subtle, and he couched it as getting to know his new employee when he asked me out to have a drink. As for why I didn’t tell anyone, you know Scarlet. She’d have gone over there and beat his ass. I don’t want my sister to get arrested for a piece of crap like him. Spencer is calmer, but even he might have done it. As for why I didn’t tell you or anyone else in the club, it isn’t your problem, and you’re already doing enough for us. This is nothing compared to finding whoever hurt Bandit and Spence or planted the bomb. Heck, you even helped us out when we thought we were being watched,” I reminded him.

“Like hell we’ve done enough! Yeah, I can kind of see why you might want to control your sister. However, if you’d told all of us this, we could’ve come up with a plan to handle him before it got this far. It’s not less important, and we’re not doing too much for you. It’ll never be too much for me. Don’t you get it? Has it been that hard to see?”

“Get what? See what? Yes, I know you’re my friend, and I think the rest of the club is too, or I hope they think of me as one. I see them that way. However, there’s a limit to friendship. I don’t like using people who’re important to me.”

“Is that all I am, a friend?”

His question stunned me. The way he was looking at me, and his tone made me for the first time consider I was wrong about him. Did he see me as more than a friend? Scared to ask but knowing I had to know now, I did. “Do you want to be more than my friend? Do you see me as more than one?”

“Jesus, you really have no clue. Of course I want you to see me as more than a friend. I’ve been taking shit slow and trying to get you comfortable with me so I could tell you what I want. I want so much more than you and me to be friends,

Brina. I want you and I to be together. I want us to have friendship too, but it's so much more than that. It's been killing me not knowing for sure if you would want to or not."

I was speechless for several moments as what he said started to sink in. As it did, my heart sped up and I felt lightheaded. "You want us together? What does that exactly mean?" I whispered, not daring to hope we were on the same wavelength.

He lowered his head and placed a kiss next to my mouth then switched to the other side. "It means I want you and me in a real relationship. If you want to call it dating, then we'll call it that, only it will be exclusive. No other men for you or women for me. We get to know each other and build on our friendship. If this goes the way I'm thinking and praying it will, I'll go before my club and claim you as my old lady. I'm ready for the next phase in life. I'm thirty-six years old, Sabrina. I'm ready to settle down."

I tried to pull away. The way he said it made me worry. When he wouldn't let me do it, I made it clear to him. "Gunner, if you're merely ready to settle, and you're choosing me because I'm convenient, then this isn't going to work. We'll end up hating each other and breaking up. I'm not willing to be someone's convenience or 'settle for' option."

His answer was to kiss me, and it was more than the light press of the lips he gave me at the office. It was a hungry, passionate kiss. His lips pressed against mine over and over while he nipped at them with his teeth. I gasped, which gave him the chance to slip his tongue inside my mouth. Our tongues twined together as our lips pressed harder. I don't know how long we did that before he lifted his head, but when he did, I was breathing hard and my body was in a meltdown.

His eyes burned into mine, "Does that feel like it's convenient or settling to you? Yeah, I want what my brothers here have, but I would never settle. If I can't have what they have, then I'll stay single. The thing is, I know I have that with you or I can. It probably seems too fast to you, but believe me, in this group, we're going slow. I've known you for two

months. By now, if we were like the rest, we'd be engaged, and you would be pregnant," he said with a grin.

I laughed. I couldn't help it. His boyish grin, and the way he made me feel by confessing this stuff was making me so happy. I knew if he was laying all this out on the table to me, I could do no less. Well, at least what I felt about him.

I eased away as far as he'd let me, which wasn't far at all. "That is crazy, but I've heard their stories, so I know you're not joking. I admit, for it being two months, I feel so much for you, and it amazes and scares me. I honestly didn't think you saw me this way, Gunner. I've been trying so hard to only think of you as a friend. You'll have to give me a minute or two to switch gears to thinking of us as a possible couple."

"I understand, and as long as you're willing to do it, I'll try my damndest not to push harder than you can handle."

"I'd like that. Although don't be afraid of giving me more kisses like the last one. It was pure heaven," I confessed.

His grin turned into a sexy smirk then he was back at it. I let myself get lost in it, and tried to give as good as I received, but he was far more experienced than I was. Which was something we needed to talk about. After several more minutes of kissing, I reluctantly pulled away from him. His mouth chased mine. I had to put my hand over his lips to get him to stop. He sat back, but still kept his arm around me and held me close.

"What's wrong?" he asked, looking concerned.

I hoped this wouldn't make him reconsider, but he'd find out anyway. "Nothing's wrong, I just need to tell you something. I hope it won't make a difference, but you need to know if we're gonna get to know each other and everything about each other. This is something I think you should know up front. When it comes to men, I don't have experience like you have with women. I know you've been with a lot of them."

He opened his mouth, and I could tell by the way he looked, he was about to protest. I cut him off. "Don't say

anything. I'm not stupid, and the way you kiss would tell me that on its own, but I have eyes. You're gorgeous Gunner, and I've seen the way women look at you when they're around. You're thirty-six you said. I know you're obviously not a virgin and I'm not saying that to make you feel like I'm judging you, because I'm not. Sex for most men is vastly different than for some women. We tend to need emotion attached to it before we sleep with men. Obviously, not all women are like that, but some are."

This time he did interrupt since I'd moved my hand away. "You're right, I have been with what some would consider a lot of women. I'm not saying thousands, but I enjoyed myself, and there were no feelings involved. As for the women, I think most were the same. They wanted a good time. I was clear from the beginning with them all what it was and wasn't. I don't care if you're less experienced than me, Brina. Does it bother you that I'm more experienced than you?"

"It does from the standpoint if this ends up going the way we want, I'm afraid I'll end up disappointing you. If that happens, it'll kill me. Which is why I wanted to talk about it now."

"There's no if about it. This is going to end up the way we want. And I know I could never be disappointed when it comes to us. Whatever you don't know, I'm more than willing to teach you, baby," he said as he grinned.

"Even if you have to teach me everything?"

"Everything? What do you mean, everything?"

He wasn't getting it. God, this was embarrassing especially for a woman my age. Taking a deep breath and praying for courage, I told him one of my biggest secrets. The other would have to wait. "I mean everything. I've kissed a few guys, but that's the extent of it. I've never slept with any of them."

The astonished look on his face would've been comical in any other circumstance. However, in this one I wanted to know what was running through his mind. I could tell a lot

was by the way his eyes flickered. Oh shit, I'd blown it. Maybe I should've kept my mouth shut. I heard some men couldn't tell if a woman was a virgin or not when the time came.

"Y-you mean you're a virgin?" he asked hoarsely after several agonizing moments of silence.

Slowly, I nodded my head.

"How is that even possible? I mean, sure you had to have feelings for a guy first, but there had to have been dozens and dozens of men coming after you over the years. Not a single one made you want to sleep with them, to have a relationship?" His astonishment hadn't lessened.

"There haven't been that many, but thanks for the compliment. There have been a few, but I never had any feelings for them. If I went on dates with them, it was only a few times. I wouldn't keep going out with someone I didn't find I had an attraction to, sexual or not."

He didn't say anything. He was sitting there as if he was frozen and didn't know what to say. Misery filled me. He was trying to figure out how to backtrack out of this now, I knew it. Not able to stand it a second longer, I popped to my feet. He didn't try to stop me. I went to the bedroom door and opened it.

"I'm going for a walk. Have a good night," I said before I practically ran for it. Tears started to flow. I knew where I wanted to go. Right then, I needed my sister. Her room was down the hall from mine. I ran to it.

Scarlet: Chapter 5

I'd just opened my bedroom door to go get Spencer and Sabrina to see what we were going to do for dinner, when I was stopped by this rush of pain which hit me. I gasped and hunched over. The pain wasn't a physical one, it was emotional. As I stood there trying to get it under control, I was almost bowled over by Sabrina plowing into me. As I steadied us, I realized she was crying. Instantly, my hackles went up, and I was in protector mode. I swung her around, and into my room before slamming and locking the door. Whoever hurt her was dead. I maneuvered her to sit on my bed. She was crying so hard, she couldn't see where she was going.

“Rina, honey, what's wrong? Did someone hurt you?” I asked urgently.

She kept crying. Knowing I wouldn't get anything out of her until she stopped, I took her in my arms, and rocked her as she sobbed against my shoulder. Her pain and shame were swamping me and pulling me under. I fought it. People might think all the talk about twins feeling each other's pain and stuff was a myth, but in our case, it wasn't. It had been that way since we were toddlers. If either of us had a super strong emotion or got hurt physically, the other always felt it.

As she started to calm down, I opened my mouth to ask her again what happened. I was interrupted by a loud, insistent pounding on my door. Her eyes widened, and she shook her head no. She knew who it was. Jumping to my feet, I evaded her grasping hands, and went to the door. I flung it open, ready to go to battle.

Standing there, looking sick and worried to death was Gunner. I should've known. Only he could do this to her. I knew she was head over heels for the guy. She didn't have to tell me, I had eyes, and I could feel her emotions. So he'd hurt her, which meant I'd have to kill him. I slammed my hands against his chest and shoved hard. He rocked back. I followed him into the hallway, slamming my door closed.

“What the fuck did you do to her?” I yelled.

“Please, I need to talk to her, Scarlet. There’s been a misunderstanding,” he pleaded.

“I think it’s more than a misunderstanding looking at her. Go away, Gunner. I’ll deal with you later. Right now, my sister needs me, but make no mistake, you and I will be having a conversation you’re not gonna like,” I snarled.

We were so busy staring at each other, neither of us knew my door opened until I heard Sabrina’s soft, tear-filled voice. “Scarlet, leave him alone. Come back in here, please.”

Instantly, Gunner darted around me, and was at my door. He reached for her, but she stepped back. “Brina, baby, please. You don’t understand. Come back to your room so we can talk. There’s no reason for you to be crying like this.”

I crowded him, squeezing between him and her. “Get out, now,” I growled. I’d fight to the death for those I loved. He was a second away from me beating his ass.

“Stop it, Scarlet, I’m not leaving her here like this. It’s between us what’s going on. I’m not fucking going to hurt her. We need to talk. She misunderstood,” he snapped.

“It sure looks like it was more than a misunderstanding. Her fucking pain right now is making me sick. Get the fuck away from her. I need to talk to her.”

“What the hell is going on here?” I heard, boomed out.

I spied Sniper over Gunner’s shoulder. He was standing behind his buddy frowning at us. Great, now I had two to deal with. “This doesn’t concern you, Sniper. Take Gunner and go. He’s upsetting my sister.”

“I’m not going anywhere until she comes with me,” Gunner shouted.

“Stop, please,” Sabrina pleaded.

“Like hell I’m going anywhere. What the fuck is happening here? I could hear you all the way to my room,” Sniper snapped.

“I’ll tell you what’s happening. My sister came running to my room in tears. She’s hurting like hell, and your buddy is

the reason. She's not going anywhere with him, and if he doesn't get out of here, I'm gonna fuck him up. If you get in my way, I'll do the same to you," I snapped.

"Are you fucking serious right now? You think you can take on the two of us and win? As for Gunner, I'm sure whatever upset her, he can explain. He'd never hurt her," Sniper argued.

"He already did! Aren't you listening?" I yelled.

"Brina, baby, I'm sorry. Please, let me explain. It's not what you think. You just surprised me, that's all," Gunner told her. She was still standing behind me. She tried to get past me, but I wouldn't let her. My full defender gene had kicked in. My fight or flight was in full gear, and I was preparing to fight. Flight hadn't ever been my response except a few rare times in my life.

"Scarlet, maybe I should talk to him," she whispered to me. I shook my head no. Not until I knew what happened. The sickness in my gut had eased a bit, but it was still there.

"No, not until we talk," I whispered back.

Gunner pushed forward as Sniper stepped closer. They were crowding us, and I didn't like it. I shoved Gunner hard. The bastard this time barely rocked on his feet. I drew back my fist. Sabrina cried out. Before I let it fly, another voice joined in.

"Scar, Rina, what the fuck is all this screaming?" Our brother asked as he walked up.

"They need to leave, Spence. Rina is upset, and it's Gunner's fault. Sniper is sticking his nose into this, and it's none of his business. Make them leave or else."

"Like hell I'm leaving. I need to talk to my woman," Gunner snapped.

"Your woman? Since when is she yours?" I snapped back. I knew she was in love with him, but as far as I knew, they were just friends.

“Since about ten minutes ago. This is personal. Come on, we need to talk somewhere quiet. I can clear this all up,” he cajoled her as he held out his hand to her.

I went to slap it down, but I was stopped by Sniper grabbing my hand. I gave him an incredulous look.

“Don’t. Let them talk, then if she wants to talk to you, she can,” he said.

“You’re not my goddamn boss, Sniper. I’m not allowing her to go off with him. I don’t know what he might do to her.”

“He’s sure as fuck not gonna harm her. This is personal business between them. Stay out of it,” he growled.

I was about to punch him in the face. My brother knew it, and that was why he squeezed between us. He faced the two upset men in the hall. “Let me talk to them. I promise I’ll get you some time with Sabrina, Gunner. Stay here,” he said, as he stepped back, which made her and I move back into the room further. To my surprise, they let him close the door on them. For good measure he locked it, then turned to look at us.

“Mind filling me in on why I just risked my life with two alpha men who could kill me with one hand tied behind their backs?”

“They wouldn’t have gotten the chance. Rina came running in here sobbing. She’s in pain, and it’s his fault. I was about to find out what happened when Gunner came knocking on the door. We got into it and then Sniper stuck his nose into it.”

“Sit down and tell me what brought this on. Rina, tell us. Did I just leave two men in the hall when I should’ve been beating one of their asses?”

This made our sister smile. She’d stopped crying, thank goodness. I took her hand and led her to the bed. We sat down on it. Spencer hiked his hip up to sit on the edge of the low dresser across from us.

Taking a moment to compose herself, she launched into her tale. By the time she was done, we knew what set her

off and why. As a woman, I understood it better than probably our brother. I wouldn't call our brother a slut, but he didn't have the same requirements we had when it came to sleeping with someone. Sabrina was the most reserved among us followed by me then him. Even if he was younger than us, he had had more sexual partners. He was shaking his head.

“Jesus, what am I to do with you two? Christ, you probably shocked the fuck out of him, and he was trying to come to terms with what you told him. The guy out there isn't looking to back away just because he found out you're a virgin. You need to talk to him. Why would you jump to that conclusion anyway?”

“You don't understand. You're a guy. Guys can't wait to get rid of their virginity and then have sex with as many people as they can. They go around bragging about it. We're not like that. And what man in his right mind wants to have to teach someone everything about sex? He can go out and get plenty of experienced women who'll know how to give him pleasure,” she said sadly.

“I swear, you two are pushing me to become a drinker. I thought Scarlet was messed up about men, but now I find out you both are. Sure, there are men like you described, but it's not every man. I don't fuck everything that walks. I can tell you if I met someone, and he didn't have any sexual experience, I'd take things slower and make sure he was ready for us to become sexually involved, but if I cared for him, it wouldn't mean a damn thing if he was a virgin. In fact, it's kinda hot. I could show and teach him everything.”

“So you think she should talk to him?”

“I do. Then afterward, if she needs to talk to you or us she can. It's between them, Scar. I know that goes against your mama bear mentality, but you have to let them work this out on their own. If she decides she doesn't want anything to do with him afterward, then we'll figure it out.”

I hated to admit he was being logical and reasonable. Damn. “Since when did you become so wise, little brother?” I teased him.

He puffed out his chest and smirked. “I was born wise, you just took this long to figure it out. Now, I’m gonna take Sabrina out there to Gunner so they can talk. You’re gonna sit here and behave. I can’t trust you not to go after him or Sniper. Stay.”

I grudgingly sat there, as he took her hand and led her to the door. He took her out and shut the door. I could hear murmuring but not the exact words. A couple minutes went by then it got quiet. Damn, I thought he’d come back. Knowing we’d have to wait until later to get dinner, I laid back on my bed. A quick knock had me calling out for Spencer to come in. I guess he hadn’t left after all.

I sat up in surprise when the door opened and in strolled Sniper. I wasn’t in the mood to talk to him. “You need to leave.”

He shut the door, and stood there with his back leaning against it, and his arms crossed over his chest. I was distracted by how much bigger this pose made his already big arms look. His tattoos were distracting too. I tore my gaze away from them so I could give him my best glare. The bastard just smirked at me.

“I’m not leaving until we talk. You can try and throw my ass out, but I don’t think you can.”

“I wouldn’t bet on it if I were you. What do we have to talk about?”

“Why were you being such a bitch, and not letting Gunner talk to your sister? Hell, you should know he’d never hurt her on purpose. In case you haven’t gotten the memo, the guy is crazy for her. He was stunned, that’s all, and she took it the wrong way.”

“He told you what they were discussing?” I asked in outrage.

“Of course he did. I’m his best friend. Your sister told you and Spencer. Why wouldn’t Gun tell me?”

“Because it’s personal to her! We’re her family.”

“And I’m his family. He’s not going around telling everyone. I’m not gonna say anything. What I want to know is why’re you so damn quick to defend every tiny thing? You’ve done it before.”

“It’s none of your business why I do what I do. Suffice it to say, I have my reasons. Now, I’d like for you to leave.” I got up off the bed and walked toward him. I was over this. No way was I letting him know what drove me to be this way.

Like a shot, his hands came out, and he caught a hold of my upper arms. I couldn’t help it, I reacted without thinking. I dropped to break his hold then grabbed his arm and snapped back up. He grunted in pain as I brought his wrist to the point of almost snapping it.

“Don’t ever grab me again,” I told him.

“I wasn’t about to hurt you, Scar, but you proved what I was thinking.”

“And what is that?”

“That you’ve been hurt badly, and it’s scarred you. Keep your secrets, Dynamo. One day soon, I plan on you realizing you have nothing to fear from me or any of the Warriors. We’re not your enemies, far from it. For now, I’ll leave you alone, but we’re gonna talk soon. Later.”

I let go of him, and he moved so he could open the door. The last look I got was of him giving me a look I couldn’t really fathom. It held heat and something more. It scared the hell out of me. What was he up to? What did he mean about us talking? What did he want to talk about? If he thought I’d spill secrets, he was mistaken. I couldn’t. If I did, people could get hurt, maybe even killed. I’d never let that happen.

Sinking down on my bed, I let the past overtake me. I laid there for a long time as the tears and anguish poured out of me and into my pillow. If only I could go back and change the past. Our lives would be so different right now. If it wasn’t for me, my sister and brother wouldn’t be forced to live this life with me. They’d be free to settle down and have families.

Instead, if they tried that now, it could backfire, and they'd have to leave them behind and live with a broken heart. If I thought staying alone would allow them happiness, I'd do it. Since it looked like they were settling here, maybe it was time to do that. I could keep them safe by staying out of their lives. Before they refused to do it, but now, maybe they'd listen to me. All I wanted was for them to be happy, loved, and safe.

Sniper:

That woman was gonna be the death of me. If she wasn't pushing me away she was trying to fight someone. Today, Gunner became her target. I admit, if my sister came crying to me, assuming I had one, I'd protect her. However, Scarlet wouldn't back down even when outnumbered. If it had been someone outside our club, she could've been hurt.

While Spence talked to them, I got Gunner to tell me what was going on. I admit, I was a bit surprised to find out Sabrina was a virgin. I wasn't expecting it. He was torn up with how he handled the news, and all he wanted to do was talk to Sabrina to explain.

As for me, it got me wondering if Scarlet was like her sister. Did she not know when a guy was into her? Did she not have experience with men? Honestly, I didn't give a damn if she was experienced or not. The only thing if she wasn't a virgin was I would likely want to kill anyone who'd been with her before me. Logical, no, but that was me.

She made me burn for her. I could barely think straight when she was close, and even when she was away from me, I thought about her way more than I probably should. These past couple of months had taken a toll on my restraint. I wanted to stop pussyfooting around and tell her what I felt and what I wanted. If she had doubts, I'd work to resolve all of them.

I knew without a doubt, she was the woman I wanted, and it wasn't for a short romp, then done. I'd found what the others in my club had, the woman born to be mine. I wanted her in my bed, in my life, and in my house, as soon as it was built.

My efforts to take it slow weren't doing it. I had to tell her. The only thing holding me back was this shit with Bandit, and the haters we thought were behind the attack on him and Spencer. I thought it should be over in a matter of days. As soon as it was, I was gonna tell her how I felt, and start moving us toward what it seemed Gunner was doing with

Sabrina. He confessed she'd told him she had feelings for him before the virgin bomb happened. I was happy for him, but jealous too. I needed to have Scarlet feel the same way about me. I was in love with the damn woman, and she seemed to be oblivious.

Warring with myself not to go back to her room and lay it all out, I distracted myself by going to the common room. Maybe a drink, and some talk with the guys would help me settle down. I knew if I went at her again right now, she'd shut down, and wouldn't listen to me. I went to the bar and got a drink, then found a seat at an empty table. I'd sit back for a few before starting a conversation.

I was halfway through my drink when Spencer came over and took a seat. I raised my eyebrows at him and waited to see what he had to say. I figured he was here to tell me off for fighting with his sister. I had news for him, it wouldn't do him any good. He blew me away when he spoke.

“So, when are you planning to get off your ass, and tell my sister you love her, and want her to be yours? Or are you waiting for the damn apocalypse first? If you are, don't hold your breath. Things might seem screwed all to hell, but it's not the end of the world yet.”

His words, and the look on his face made me laugh, then I sobered up fast when he didn't smile. “What makes you think I love your sister? And if I do, why do you think she doesn't know it?”

“I can tell by the way you watch her, and how you're rarely far away from her. And I know she doesn't, because if she did, she'd either finally get a clue that life was meant to be lived, and you'd be together, and we'd all know it, or she would've run already.”

“Why would she run?”

“You'd be opening a door she's kept closed too long. My sister has issues, and no, I'm not telling you what those are. That's her tale to tell. Just know, if you want her in your life, you'll have to fight for her. That includes most likely fighting her. She has her reasons for being the way she is.

Deep down, she's a protector, and she's too hard on herself when she makes what she considers mistakes. Things from the past are dictating now. Don't make me regret telling you this, or for believing you want more than a fun time with her."

"Spencer, I can promise you one hundred percent this isn't about a fun time. You're right, I do love her. I wanted to tell her before I told anyone else, but since you said this, I'll tell you that much. If you won't tell me why she's like this, I'll have to accept it. Just tell me, will I have to kill someone when I find out?"

He was silent for several heartbeats before he slowly nodded his head. "Yeah, I expect you'll wanna kill more than one person. Believe me, if I could, there would've been bodies buried already. This has hung over us for too long. It's time to do something about it."

His answer alarmed me. I sat up. "Is she in danger?"

He wouldn't answer me, which told me she was. I tried for a good half hour to get him to spill, and tell me what the danger was, and from whom, but he was stubborn, and only shook his head. In the end, he got up and left me to think. Not seeing her I got up and went to find Smoke. It was time I asked him to help me. I hated to do it this way, but I couldn't let this go. I'd wait until we had Rufus and the others out of the way for him to start working on it, but I'd give him a heads up. I found him with Everly, and their two kids, Adan and Audriana. Everly smiled at me.

"Hey stranger, why don't you join us?"

I bent down and gave her a kiss on the cheek. I grinned at Smoke when he narrowed his eyes on me. He gave me the finger.

"Thank you sweetheart, I will. Before I do, can I borrow your old man for a couple of minutes?"

"Sure, take him."

Smoke got up and followed me outside. I didn't want anyone overhearing what I was about to say. Looking around to make sure we were truly alone, I began. "I need a favor. It

doesn't need to be done until after we get this whole crazy mess with Bandit and his dad settled, but after it is, would you be able to help me?"

"It depends. What do you need help with?"

"I need you to dig into Scarlet, and her family. I need to know their background."

He frowned. "Why the hell do you want me to do that? I mean, I did a background check on her when she began working at AW Construction. Nothing flagged. Do you think I missed something? Is there a danger to the club?"

"No, no it's not like that. Sorry, I should've explained first. I'm into her, and I'm hoping like hell she feels the same. Gunner is head over heels for Sabrina. Scarlet is too guarded and I can't seem to break through. I just talked to Spencer. He indicated she had reason to be, and that she might run when she finds out I want her for more than just sex. He said she's in protector mode. I asked if I'd have to kill anyone when she told me why as a joke, but he said probably more than one. He wouldn't tell me more. I think she's in trouble, hell maybe they all are and I need to know from whom, so I can protect them. No one's gonna take her away from me. Her days of running are over."

He whistled low and long. "Damn, that sounds ominous. I'll admit, I didn't do a deep dive. Unless I find a reason to, I don't do it for employees. Of course, when it comes to prospects, old ladies and members, I go much deeper. Shit, I hate this. I like them, and I hope like hell there's nothing they're hiding which may ruin what you want between you and her, and what Gunner wants with her sister. I'll get started as soon as I can. If I can get this shit done with Bandit sooner than expected, then that would be good. You've got me curious. I hate the idea of them being in danger or being a possible danger to us."

"I don't think they're a danger to us like you're thinking. It's more directed at them. That's the vibe I got off Spence. I appreciate it. I don't want to confess how I feel until I know more."

“No problem, thanks for coming to me. I’ll do what I can. For now, I suppose you want to keep this between us?”

“I do. If it turns out to be something the others need to know, we can tell them together. Does that work for you?”

“It does. Okay, let’s get back in there and you can help entertain my kids, so me and my old lady can watch them terrorize their uncle Sniper,” he said with a big grin.

“Terrorize is right. Has Adan hacked into the NSA yet?” His three-year-old son was a computer genius like his mom and dad. Their sixteen-month-old daughter was already doing things beyond her age. They were some scary ass kids.

He laughed and as we walked back inside he quipped, “Not yet, but any day now, brother.”

I followed him inside, and I spent time with them, but my mind wouldn’t stop thinking about Scarlet, and the secrets she was keeping.

Sniper: Chapter 6

I watched as everyone celebrated the fact that the weeks and weeks of unease and worry were over. We'd finally handled the threat coming at Bandit, Coyote and the Morgan siblings. Rufus and his so-called friends would be spending a long time in prison, if we had anything to say about it and based on the evidence Smoke and the other hackers had led the police to when they searched their homes, it would be a long time before they got out. In some cases, maybe they wouldn't ever make it out. None of us would cry if that happened. Hateful people like them didn't deserve to be around good people.

While I was pleased and relieved for them, I was tense. Why? Because this meant Smoke would now be free to look into what I asked him about a week ago. I didn't know how long it would take him to find what Scarlet was hiding, but I wanted to know now. She was still upset about the other day when Gunner and Sabrina had their misunderstanding. From what I could tell looking at them, and from talking to him, they'd smoothed it all out, and were on the same page. They were always smiling, and he had his hand on her any time she was near. I was happy for him but envious too. I wanted to be able to do the same with Scarlet.

I scanned the common room looking for her. She'd been here not long ago, then I lost track of her when Hawk came up to talk to me. My gaze stopped when I found her by herself. She was over in the shadows watching the others. She had a pensive look on her face. There was no damn way I would leave her like that, and my time of tiptoeing around her was done. Starting this minute, Mission Win Dynamo was in full force. Dynamo was the nickname I gave her. She was one. I hadn't told her that was her official nickname.

By the time she noticed my approach, it was too late for her to run and hide. I saw what looked like panic flash across her face, then her face relaxed into a blank look. *You're not fooling me, Dynamo. I know you're worried and I want to know why*, I thought. I came to a standstill in front of her,

essentially boxing her in. She looked up at me and raised her eyebrows.

“Is there something I can do for you, Sniper? Or are you just pretending to be a wall?”

She took a sip of her drink as she said it. I thought it was telling that she was drinking alcohol. She rarely did that. I wasn't sure why. I had a beer in my hand. I didn't drink all the time, but I think this was only the second time I'd seen her do it. The first was the night I met her at the Fallen Angel.

“I'm not trying to be a wall. I wanted to talk to you. Why're you all the way over here all alone? You should be laughing and talking with the others. Aren't you relieved the threat has been neutralized? No more need for guards and escorts. You, your sister, and brother don't need to be watched all the time.”

“I was just enjoying watching the others. Of course I'm relieved, and not just for us. Your club deserves a break too. Shouldn't you be with Bandit? He's your oldest friend. I thought you'd be celebrating with him and Coyote.”

“I was but he and Coyote are winding things down. I think they have a private celebration in mind. They don't need me there for that, and I don't want to see it,” I told her with a wink.

That made her smile and chuckle. “Okay, I guess I can see that. I'm really happy for them. Coyote has been worried to death, I know.”

“You have too. I know you've been worrying about Spencer ever since they got jumped. Getting more haters off the streets is a good thing.”

“It is. I never understood how some people can hate others for a stupid reason like they had. They weren't being hurt by them. It would be different if Bandit and the other men they went after had tried to hurt them or their friends, and family personally, then I could see it, maybe. People who enjoy inflicting pain and sowing discord just for the hell of it make me sick.”

Her tone told me that she was thinking of someone specific. I called her on it. “Who did that to you?”

Surprise swept across her face then it was quickly gone. “No one, why would you ask me that?”

“Don’t lie. I know someone has done something to you, Scarlet.”

“You don’t know shit about me, Sniper,” was her immediate response. Tension was filling her body. I could tell by the way she was holding herself now.

“I know enough. Why don’t you tell me what I don’t know? We need to get to know each other better.”

“Why would we need to do that?”

I wasn’t ready to drop the bomb on her that she was mine, and I was going to make her my old lady. She’d deny it, possibly deck me, and would clam up tighter. Instead I gave her another answer.

“Well, since it appears your sister and my best friend are together, and I don’t see that changing in the next sixty or so years, we’re gonna be together a lot. I want to know everything I can about you. It’s not one-sided either. I’ll tell you anything and everything about myself too. What do you want to know? Go ahead, ask away.” Maybe if I got her comfortable asking me questions, and I shared with her openly, she’d loosen up. I was dying to know everything I could about her. At this point, her favorite color and food was something.

“I’m not asking you anything. I don’t need to know more about you. I know enough.”

“Oh, what do you think you know about me?”

“I know you’re a typical alpha man who’s tough and you like to control things around you. You were in the Marines as a sniper. You grew up with Bandit. You’ve been a part of this club for the past eight years or so. You work at the shooting range.”

“Babe, that’s just the surface. There’s so much more to me and it’s not superficial like that stuff. My favorite color is red. My favorite food is anything Mexican. I hate cold, wet weather. I love animals. I lost my virginity at sixteen. I can keep going. What about you?” I asked as I grinned at her.

I thought for sure she wouldn’t answer me, but she shocked me when she started talking. “My favorite color is purple, like the kind you get in a perfect night sky sometimes. My favorite food is ice cream. I hate when it’s so cold you can’t get warm, no matter what you do or how many clothes you wear. I love animals too, but not as much as Sabrina does.”

“And you lost your virginity when?”

She raised her eyebrow. I waited for her to tell me to go to hell. Instead she answered me. “I was seventeen.”

Well, I now knew she wasn’t a virgin, unless she was lying to me. Next, I’d have to find out how many men out there I had to kill.

“I haven’t been in a relationship since high school. I dated my high school girlfriend for two years. It’s time I got on with real adult life.”

“Is that why you’re building a house, even though you’re single?”

“It’s part of it. I plan to settle down and fill it with laughter and a few kids.” We were coming closer and closer to me being able to broach the subject of us, I hoped.

She didn’t say anything for a minute or so. I hated that she was shutting down on me already. I was trying to think what I could say next to stop it from happening.

“Funny. Coyote mentioned today he thought you were building it for your future family. I guess he was right.”

“And that surprises you, I can tell. Why?”

“Don’t take this the wrong way, but you don’t strike me as the settling down type and even if you are, wouldn’t you want to wait until you knew for sure you found the right

person and it was a done deal, before you built a whole house? I see you more as the free lovin' biker who loves to be with a different woman every night."

I immediately jumped in to defend myself, and to knock that fucking notion out of her head. "I've enjoyed the biker life, but I'm not looking to live that way forever. I want to be with someone special. I'm ready."

"Okay, then shouldn't you at least wait to be sure you've found her?"

"Who said I haven't?"

She looked around us then back to me. "I don't see you with anyone. If you have, why're you hiding her from your friends? Shouldn't she be here with you?" she goaded me.

"What would you say if I told you she was? She's standing right in front of me, and we're talking," I stated, throwing caution in the wind.

"Good one. I thought we were having a serious conversation, not making fun of me. Never mind, I think I'm ready for bed. Have a good night." She tried to walk past me, but I grasped her arm. She tried to shake me loose, but I held onto her. This made her shoot me a scowl.

"Let go, Sniper. This isn't funny. I wanna go to bed."

"I'm not being funny. Come with me," I started to walk off, but she didn't come with me. The hell with it, this conversation wasn't going to end this way. I put down my empty bottle, then reached over and took the bottle out of her hand and sat it on the nearest table. Once those were safely out of the way, I wrapped my arms around her, and pulled her toward me.

"You and I need to talk. Now, we can do it here, where the whole club can hear us, or we can do it somewhere private and quiet. Which is it going to be?"

"What if I say hell no, and then punch you?"

"You can try, but one way or another, you and I are talking. Make up your mind where we do it."

“You know what, I think it is time we talk, and get everything out in the open. Let’s go.” Her sudden acceptance startled me, but I didn’t wait. Holding onto her with one hand on her arm, I led her through the common room, and down the hallway which led to the rooms. Mine was before hers, so I stopped outside it, and opened my door. She hesitated for a moment before walking inside. I shut the door, then quietly locked it.

She was looking around. I could tell by the way she held herself, she wasn’t comfortable. I waved to my bed. Thankfully, I was in the habit of making it every morning. “Have a seat.”

She kept her eyes on me as she sat down. I took a seat beside her. She slightly shifted to put more room between us. I jumped right in. “Tell me why you think I’m making fun of you?”

“Because I know you’re not seeing me as some kind of permanent mate. If you’re even telling the truth about wanting one. I know why you’ve been acting the way you have these past few months. I’m not stupid.”

“I never thought you were stupid, but this is news to me that I’m not serious. Tell me why I’ve been hanging around you, talking to you every chance I get, and trying to get you to open up to me?” I challenged her.

“Simple. For the first time probably in your life, a woman hasn’t fallen in bed with you as soon as you open your mouth. You’re not used to it and it’s caused you to see me as a challenge. You may want to sleep with me, but if I was stupid enough to do it, I know you’d lose all interest in me. If I was that kind of woman, I wouldn’t care and I would’ve slept with you right after we met and this conversation wouldn’t be happening. Hell, you probably wouldn’t even talk to me even though my sister is dating your best friend. I know you haven’t been forgoing female companionship, although I give you points for not letting me see you with them around here. Well it’s time you heard it from me. I’m not into meaningless sex, and that means I’m not sleeping with you to scratch the itch you have.”

Her inability to see me as more than a walking fuck machine pissed me off. Her inability to tell I was all into her hurt. Maybe if it hadn't, I would've done the next thing differently. Instead of telling her calmly she was wrong and then how I felt, I got angry.

“Well thank you so much for telling me I've been delusional. Thanks. Good thing the house is barely started. I can tell the guys to forget building me one, since the woman I wanted living in it with me sees me as nothing but a playboy who fucks anything with a pussy. If the guys you've been with in the past are such good guys, why aren't you with one of them? Did they want too much, or were you as much of a bitch to them as you're being to me? What's a guy gotta do to get your interest? Kill someone for you?” I snapped.

A look of utter horror came over her. She went so pale, I thought she was about to pass out. She swayed. Regretting my outburst immediately, I scrambled to make it right. “Fuck, Scarlet, I'm sorry. I didn't...”

She shot to her feet and ran for the door. I tried to grab her, but she eluded my hand. As I got to my feet, she was unlocking it, and yanking it open. I heard her sob, then she was gone. I ran after her. As I shoved my way through the common room, which was the way she went, I berated myself for being a goddamn dumbass. She didn't deserve that. I let my frustration and hurt feelings take over, which wasn't like me. The room was full, and I tried to see her, but it was hard with so many tall guys around. I weaved through them and kept scanning. Had she gone to find her brother or sister?

I saw a flash of blue off to the left. She'd been wearing a blue shirt. I darted in that direction. As I pushed through more people, I found my blue. Only it wasn't her. It was Talia. I swung around to look again. As I headed toward the opposite side of the room, I saw Spencer. When his eyes met mine, I knew he was pissed. She must've run to him. I hurried over to explain, and to find out where she went. She should still be with him.

As I got to him, he tore into me. “Are you the fucking reason my sister ran out of here crying?”

“I am. Listen, I’ll explain later, and you can kick my ass, but first, I need to talk to her. Where is she?”

“She said she needed to be alone. I assume she went for a walk. She wouldn’t let me go with her. I decided to see if you did something to her. You’re gonna tell me now what you did, or so help me, I’ll beat your goddamn ass right here and now. I can’t remember the last time I saw her like that,” he snarled.

“Spence, I’m sorry. I really am. Let me go find her, then we’ll talk. If you still want to beat my ass then, I’ll let you.” I tried to get past him, and to the front door, but he blocked me. We were now attracting attention from the others. Great, just what I needed. Everyone to be aware of what an absolute bastard I’d been to Scarlet.

“Like hell you’re going after her, not until we talk.”

Seeing I either would have to hit him to get past, or stay, and quickly bring him up-to-date, I decided to do the latter. She wouldn’t forgive me for hitting her brother. I nodded. Pointing to the front door, he led the way. Outside, it was dark and cold. Instantly, I was worried about her being out in this. She’d get sick. She didn’t have a coat on when she ran. Spencer began pacing the gravel in front of the clubhouse. We were next to the bikes parked there.

“Tell me what you did,” he ordered.

As quickly as possible and giving the broad strokes of it, I told him what happened, and what I said. When I was done the look on his face told me I’d fucked up way worse than I even knew. He looked sick and horrified.

“Sonofabitch! What the fuck were you thinking? If you like her, those were terrible things to say to her. You have no idea what you just did, Sniper. No goddamn idea.” As he said it, he surprised me with the swing he leveled at me. It took me in the mouth. The next thing I knew he was going wild on me, and I had to defend myself. I refused to hit him back. All I did was try to evade his swings.

“Jesus Christ, calm down! I’m sorry. I know I was an asshole. I didn’t mean it. I fucking love your sister. I got frustrated with her not seeing that. She thinks all I want is sex,” I shouted in between his punches, and my evasive moves.

Unbeknownst to us, others had either seen us leave and were curious, or they heard the yelling, because suddenly we were surrounded by a mob. Spence lunged at me again. Tired of this, and thinking he’d gotten enough revenge on me, I got him in a hold he couldn’t get out of.

As he swore at me and struggled, I heard Terror yell. “What the hell is wrong with you two?”

“He just hurt my sister,” Spence snapped. I heard grumbles of disbelief.

“Sniper would never hurt a woman, and especially not Scarlet,” Razor I think told him.

“Well, he did. She ran out of here crying. What he said to her was the worst thing he could’ve done.”

“What did he say?” This came from a soft voice.

I cringed. It was Sabrina. She was standing with Gunner. He had his arms around her, and was looking at me like, *what the hell did you do?* Knowing I might as well confess and get it all over with, because Spencer would tell them if I didn’t, I blabbed the truth.

“We were talking, and she told me she thought I only was showing interest in her because she wouldn’t sleep with me. That I was basically a manwhore in her eyes. I got mad, and said I’d tell the guys to stop building my house which was for her, and stay a playboy, fucking everything that walks. Then I said if the guys she’d been with in the past were so great, why wasn’t she still with them? Did they want too much or was she a bitch to them like she was to me? Finally, I asked her what a guy had to do to get her interest, kill for her? That’s when she got this look on her face and ran off crying. I didn’t fucking mean any of it. I was lashing out,” I pleaded.

“Oh God, no. Spencer, where did she go? We have to find her right now!” Sabrina cried in desperation. She tore herself away from Gunner. She looked terrified, and sick too. Hell, glancing down at Spencer, he didn’t look much better. What the hell didn’t I know?

“Let go of me,” he snarled.

I did. He stepped away and headed out into the parking lot. I followed along with the others. I watched him glancing around. I caught a clue and did the same. That’s when I saw her car was gone. He took off running for his bike, which was parked at the end of the long row of bikes.

“Where are you going?” I shouted. As if I didn’t know.

“To find my sister before she does something terrible. You really know how to fuck things up, Sniper. If she gets hurt because of you, I’ll kill you.”

Giving up trying to get anything out of him, I ran to my bike. As I got on my helmet and started it, I saw Sabrina arguing with Gunner. A few of the guys, those who hadn’t drunk too much to be safe, were getting on their bikes. As Spence took off for the gate, I was on his tail. More bikes were behind me.

We tore out of the compound and headed toward town. He must think she went to their apartment. It made sense to me. She could go there to be alone and lick her wounds. The wounds I’d caused. I didn’t know what I would do to get her to forgive me, but I’d find a way. I couldn’t let my unruly tongue and temper lose the best thing to ever happen to me. I felt sick as I rode.

Getting into town, he headed straight to their apartment complex. When we got there, I knew we were out of luck. Her car wasn’t there. Spence parked and left his bike to run up to their apartment. Maybe he thought she parked their car elsewhere. I was right behind him.

“Stay the fuck back. If she’s here, you can’t see her,” he snapped.

“I’m not leaving it like this. I don’t know why you and Sabrina are acting so horrified. I know she’s upset, and I caused it. I hurt her, but it’s not like she’s gonna hurt herself.”

“You have no idea what she’s gonna do,” he said.

That brought me up short. Surely I was misunderstanding him. There was no way she’d hurt herself, would she? Terror filled me at the thought. What if she was in there dying because of me? Images of finding her dead on the floor with blood everywhere filled me. He got the door unlocked and opened. As he charged inside, yelling her name, I went after him. We raced through the small apartment and found it empty. It didn’t look like anyone had been here either. He was grabbing his head and pulling on his hair.

“Fuck! Where is she? I swear to God, if she goes there, I’ll kill you.”

“Goes where?”

“To find him, you fucker.”

“Who?” I shouted back.

“The man we’ve been running from for the past three goddamn years. The man who might just kill her or at least make her wish she was dead,” he screamed.

As his words sank in, I couldn’t breathe. What man? As my horror mounted, my vision started to blur. I heard more voices and noise, but I couldn’t seem to make sense of them. She’d been in danger, and I’d just pushed her to go confront it.

Hands grabbed me and dragged me out of the apartment. I was drowning. I heard the guys saying something, but the words were garbled. Spencer was being hauled outside too. In the parking lot, I saw more of my brothers had arrived. Gunner was with them along with Sabrina. They came in one of the club’s SUVs. With them was Terror. He came up to me.

“We need to get you two back to the compound. She’s not here. Instead of running all over creation, let’s sit down and figure this out. There seems to be some things we need to know about the Morgans.” He glanced at Sabrina and her

brother. They were hugging each other and looking scared to death.

“I did this. If she gets hurt or dies, it’s my fault. I did this. I did this, Pres. Why didn’t I keep my mouth shut?” I muttered.

“We’re not gonna let anything happen to her. Smoke will find a way to track her down. Let’s go. You can make it up to her when we find her.”

It took every ounce of strength I had to get on my bike and go back. I could tell the guys riding with us were keeping an eye on me and Spence to be sure we weren’t too fucked up to ride. Honestly, I don’t know how I made it back without laying down my bike. I literally shook the whole time. I didn’t waste time parking my bike, and heading inside when we got there, and neither did anyone else.

Since we left, the place had cleared out. The women and kids were gone. Which left just us. I was shoved into a seat. Spence in one across from me. Sabrina sat next to him and Gunner was next to her. Terror eyed us.

“Obviously, we don’t know some shit. Someone go get Bandit and Coyote. They should hear this. The shit we don’t know seems to me like it might just get your sister hurt or worse. I want you to tell me what that is as soon as the other two get here.”

“Don’t disturb Coyote and Bandit. You know they’re celebrating. They can get updated tomorrow,” I argued. No way did I want to interrupt their night.

“I don’t think we should. If we do that, Bandit will be pissed and so will Coyote. They’ll want to know this,” Terror argued back.

In the end, the president’s word carried more weight than mine, and Ghost was dispatched to get them. While we waited, Smoke had somehow gotten his hands on one of his laptops. He sat down and was typing away. There was something about his face which worried me. It wasn’t long before Ghost came back with my two brothers. They looked

worried too. He must've explained what they missed. Bandit gave me a sympathetic look. I didn't deserve his sympathy.

"Now that we're all here, tell us what we don't know. We can't help if you don't let us in," Terror told Spencer and Sabrina. They exchanged terrified looks, then Spencer was the one to speak.

"What do you know about Witness Protection? Because this involves them, and a whole shitstorm you have no clue about. For us, this started five years ago, and has been a nightmare. If we don't find her before she finds him, we might never see her again. He's fucking crazy. He's worse than the ones we used to be afraid of," he said.

I grew more and more rigid, as he poured out the story with a tiny bit of help from Sabrina. He was right, it was horrible.

Scarlet: Chapter 7

Fear and shame swamped me. I had to get out of here before I blurted out something I shouldn't. Racing through the common room, I got a few looks, but no one tried to stop me until I ran almost over top of my brother. Shit, just my luck. He saw the tears the others didn't.

"Scarlet, what's wrong? What happened?" he asked urgently, trying to take me into his arms. I evaded them. I couldn't take his sympathy right now, or I'd completely fall apart. The past was too close.

"Nothing. I can't talk right now. I need to get outside," I lied as I tried to get around him. He shifted to block me again.

"Let me go with you, We can talk."

"No, please, Spence, I need to be alone," I sobbed. I could tell he was fighting not to try and force me to tell him about what had me crying. I gave him my most beseeching look. He intently stared at me for several moments then nodded.

"Okay, but we're talking once you calm down. I want to know what happened. You don't cry like this. Did Sniper do something?"

Shaking my head no, I pushed past him, and went outside. Lucky for me, he allowed me to do it. Looking around, I was trying to decide which way to go. There was a lot of property to walk around on this compound. When my eyes landed on my car, I immediately knew what I had to do. I had to get off the compound. I wasn't able to tolerate people asking too many questions or forcing me back inside. Thankfully, I always kept my keys in the ignition, in case one of my siblings needed to use it. It was a pain to have to hunt who had the keys all the time. We had two vehicles between the three of us. Spencer used one for his work sometimes when his bike wouldn't do, so it left me and Sabrina sharing the other one. Running to it, I jerked the driver's door open,

and got inside. In no time I was outside the gate and racing off into the night.

At first, I thought I'd go to town to our apartment. Now that Rufus and his friends had been arrested, there was no danger in me staying there. I could be alone and think. Let the memories work themselves out, hopefully by morning. However, the closer I got to town, the more I knew it wasn't what I wanted. It was too close. I could be found and questioned. This was what had me bypass stopping altogether. I kept going, and drove through town, and out the other side.

It was hard to see the road through the tears that kept gathering, then spilling over, despite my best efforts to stop them. Crying didn't do you any good. Wishing didn't either. If either of those did, my life would be drastically different. I might even have someone special and be happy. The further I drove, and the more I thought of how unfair it was we had to pay the price we did, turned my tears into rage. That rage grew and grew until I knew I'd had enough. It was time to stop running from the past and face it. If I ever wanted to have even an iota of a chance at a future and happiness, it was time to fight back, again. This would end either in my absolution or my death.

I had no idea how long I drove before I pulled into a hotel. I could barely focus on the road, I was so exhausted. Parking the car, I reached up under the dash, and pulled down the secret compartment we had there. Inside was cash, and other things, essentials for us. You never knew when you might have to leave everything behind in a hurry and start over. There were other cleverly hidden spots in our cars, and Spencer's bike which hid more. Plus places around us that we'd hidden more things when we moved to the area. Taking out enough money to cover a room, I shut off the car, and got out.

Shivering in the cold, I ran to the office door. I'd get some sleep and then start planning tomorrow. Before leaving Dublin Falls, I'd had the presence of mind to shut off my phone. From the conversations I'd heard at the Warriors'

compound, I knew Smoke and Everly had the ability to track me using my phone. I couldn't have that.

The clerk behind the desk looked bored to death. She barely looked at me as she got me a room. I wasn't worried they could find me using the name I used to get the room. I had that covered with this ID. Taking the keycard, I nodded to the clerk and headed upstairs.

In my room, I locked the door, and then went to the bed. I didn't have a change of clothes. I'd have to remedy that in the morning. I did have one thing. Something else I'd taken out of the car along with the money and ID. I laid my gun on the bed. Leaving it there, I went to the bathroom and turned on the shower. A hot shower would help relax me a bit. I needed to sleep then in the morning, after getting some supplies, I'd sit down and begin to plan. I had to entice a monster to show his face. That might take time.

Stripping off my clothes, I laid them on the bathroom counter, then stepped into the shower. Thank God all hotels gave you those tiny bottles of shampoo, conditioner and shower gel or soap. I lathered up all over as I let the hot water work on my tense muscles. I tried to shut my brain down so I could sleep after this, but it wouldn't stop. I kept going over the scene with Sniper.

It hurt to know he thought that of me. I might act all tough, and like nothing bothered me, but it was a lie. I could be hurt just like anyone else. I tried to build defenses to armor myself against it and I'd been successful at it until now. Meeting the Warriors and Sniper had put chinks in my armor. I wanted so badly to let them all the way inside, but to do so would bring them misery and possibly death. I'd let myself forget that for a while. It was nice. However, now it was back to being isolated, except this time I was truly alone. Spencer and Sabrina wouldn't be along for the ride.

It was fitting they weren't with me. They hadn't brought this on us. I had. It was my own stupidity which led to them being dragged all over the place with me. They deserved a break, and a chance at a real life. This was it for them. If I was lucky, maybe I'd be able to see them again one day, free

of this, but I wasn't holding my breath. This would most likely end in bloodshed and death. The possibility I'd die too was high, but I swore to God, I'd do everything in my power to take the monster with me and free my sister and brother.

Eventually, I had to get out. The water was turning my skin pruny. Slathering on the small amount of body lotion in the bottle they provided once I was dried off, I set out to wash my underwear in the sink. At least they would be sort of clean. Nothing I hated more than to wear a dirty pair. I hung them over the shower rod to dry. If they weren't dry by morning, the hair dryer would finish them off. This wasn't the first time I had to do this.

Pulling back the covers on the bed, I slid in. Sleeping naked was fine by me. I did the same at home. I made sure my gun was tucked underneath my pillow. I could get to it quickly if I had to. Shutting off the light, I tried to sleep. It wasn't going well. All I could do was think of Sniper. God, that man had occupied my brain since the night I met him. He'd appeared in more of my dreams and sexual fantasies than all the movie stars and other celebrity men I'd thought were hot over the years. None of them compared to him.

I wasn't sure what made him so fascinating and alluring to me. He was good-looking and had sexy muscles and tattoos that attracted me. He was confident, even arrogant to a degree, but he was also caring and protective. He would go the distance to protect his friends, family and those he thought deserved to be protected.

I was a strong woman, but there were times I wanted to lay down my burden and have someone hold me and tell me it was going to be alright. To take up the task just for a few hours, so I could rest. I was looking for what I thought was a unicorn. A tough, powerful, confident man who could let me be a strong, confident woman without dictating my life. He would be able to be my partner and let me be soft when I needed it, however he had to be the same. Being an alpha man all the time was a turn off. I wanted a warrior with a soft inner core. See, a unicorn.

The problem was there were signs that Sniper might just be the unicorn I was searching for. Which killed me since there was no way we could be together. Even if he was willing to give up his womanizing ways, I couldn't let him in. If he or his club got hurt because of me, it would destroy me. I was hanging on by a thin thread. If one more person I loved got seriously hurt or killed because of my mistakes, I'd eat a bullet. I couldn't handle any more innocent blood on my hands.

Eventually I fell into a fitful sleep. In between my nightmares I dreamed of Sniper. I dreamed we were in bed together, and he was making love to me. The images were so explicit and hot I grew aroused. Moaning, I surfaced partially. I knew this next part well. I'd masturbated to dreams and thoughts like this for months. I spread my legs and slid my hand between them. I was soaking wet. The first touch of my fingers on my clit made me moan louder.

My clit was so engorged and sensitive I shuddered at the first touch. Darts of pleasure shot through my whole body. My nipples were hard nubs, and I used my other hand to tease them. I couldn't help but moan. As the images in my mind changed, Sniper began thrusting in and out of me hard and fast. My fingers flew, strumming my clit and teasing my folds as I thrust my fingers in and out of my pussy. Pretending it was his cock inside of me, I sped up and tugged harder on my distended nipples, twisting them harder. When I came, it was in a whole-body writhing mess. I cried out, not caring if the people around me in their rooms could hear me or not. I coated my fingers in my own cream. It took a little while for me to settle completely down and stop orgasming. When I was done. I sighed as my body relaxed. My brain shut off, and I floated away into actual sleep.

Sniper:

As Spencer talked. I couldn't believe my ears. It was nothing near what I expected to hear. We sat around listening to him with looks of disbelief and astonishment on our faces.

"We're not who you think we are. Scarlet, Sabrina and Spencer Morgan don't really exist. They're not our real names. They're not even our first aliases. The Morgans came to be three years ago," he said wearily.

"What the hell do you mean? Why would you need aliases? Are you undercover? What does WitSec have to do with it?" Terror asked.

Instantly, my head went to them being undercover agents for one of the alphabet agencies. Although we didn't truly run an outlaw organization, those agencies might not believe it, and were looking to bust us for something. RICO cases had taken down more than one MC over the years. We didn't need to worry about those, but we did need to worry about being taken in for murder. More than one body had been buried, or otherwise disposed of by this club, and our friends. If those were to be discovered, we'd all go to prison for the rest of our lives. Nausea filled me at the thought. We might help out some of those agencies, and they turned a blind eye at times since Smoke and Everly helped them so much, but they'd never be able to look away from this. I tried to recall if the three of them had seen or heard anything they could use against us.

Spencer scowled and Sabrina was shaking her head no to the undercover question. Gunner had eased away from her when Spencer said they were using aliases. I saw what looked like hurt, then acceptance on her face. Jesus Christ, had he and I fallen for undercover agents?

"Hell no, we're not fucking undercover, not like you think. We don't work for any kind of government agency. We don't trust them anymore than you probably do," Spencer snapped.

“Then what do you mean? Why use different names and you’ve admitted these aren’t your first ones,” I interjected.

“Scarlet is gonna kill me, but what the hell. I’m tired of hiding. We all are. Our real surname is Antonov.” He paused after telling us that. Automatically, like most of the guys, my mind went straight to the Russian mafia, the Bratva.

“You’re part of the Russian mafia,” Smoke said quietly.

“Not really. Yes, our father’s family was in the Bratva back home in Russia. However, he didn’t want to live that way, and somehow he was able to get free of that life when he grew up. He was a legit businessman, a lawyer, if you can believe it. He believed in fighting for the innocent and putting the bad guys away. His family left him alone to do it. Our mom was a stay-at-home mom. We grew up in the best home you could imagine. It was filled with love and happiness. We had the American dream people talk about,” his voice got hoarse as he said it.

“So what happened, the Bratva came calling one day, and he had to go to work for them? What?” I asked impatiently.

“Just listen. This isn’t exactly easy to tell. And no, it wasn’t the Bratva who came to call. It was nothing like that. I, Alexei, was sixteen and Sabrina, or Alina as she was born, and Scarlet, aka Anya, were nineteen. I was still in high school, and they were in college. One day Scarlet brought home this guy she’d been seeing. They’d been dating for a couple of months on the sly. Our dad was upset. He wanted to know why she would hide him.”

“Why did she?” I asked. I couldn’t seem to keep quiet.

“Our dad was very overprotective of all of us, but especially his girls. He didn’t trust any guy who showed interest in us. Trying to date in high school was hell. He chased off almost every guy who was interested. I knew Scarlet was hiding the guy, and I kept her secret. I understood why,” Sabrina said softly.

“Most dads are protective of their daughters. What happened?” Gunner asked.

“At first, nothing. Dad tried to get her to stop seeing him, but he had no reason for it other than he said he didn’t trust the guy. We’d heard him say that about a lot of guys. Scarlet refused. Dad tried threatening to stop paying for her college if she didn’t, and she promptly quit. He was furious. She moved out, and in with a friend. She kept seeing the guy,” Spencer said.

“It blew up in her face, big time,” Smoke said softly. He’d been typing on his computer while Spencer talked. Spence looked at him then gave him a chin lift.

“You found it, I assume?”

Smoke nodded. “I did. Jesus, I’m so fucking sorry, Spence, Sabrina.”

“Found what?” Terror asked.

“Do you want me to tell them? Then you can explain what isn’t public knowledge.” Smoke asked Spence, who nodded his head yes. I could see how hard it was for them.

“It appears a well-known and liked lawyer named Aleksander Antonov and his wife, Vida, were murdered in what was staged to look like a home invasion. However, it was actually a hit, retaliation. A young man in a local criminal group had been making a name for himself until he messed up. He got himself seen killing someone. The witness went to the cops, and the guy was staked out. The cops wanted to get his operation, not just him. They wanted whoever he was working for.

“It took them a bit to determine he wasn’t working for anyone. He was the head of it, and they slipped up. He found out the witness had gone to the cops, and he was about to be arrested. In order to scare the witness into not testifying, he killed your parents,” Smoke paused after saying it. A sick feeling filled my stomach.

“The guy who killed your parents was the one Scarlet was dating,” I said.

“He was. The witness was our sister. She’d thought he was cheating on her. He was being all cagey and sneaking out. She followed him one night and saw him kill the man. She went straight to our dad, who took her to the authorities. The authorities wanted her to stay involved with him so they had time to gather intel and then take down the whole group. She hated it but she wanted to see him pay, so she did it despite our dad trying to talk her out of it. They didn’t offer us protection or anything because they were afraid he’d discover it, and it would tip him off. Because they didn’t, when he found out, he went after our family. It was pure luck that the three of us weren’t home that night. We’d gone outta town for a weekend together. We hadn’t told anyone we were going other than our parents.

“We were woken up by someone pounding on the door of the rental we were staying in at the beach. Somehow the cops had tracked us down. They told us our parents were dead, and they were sure it was him. We were now marked, especially Scarlet. They couldn’t prove he killed them, but we all knew it was him. Now they had to keep her alive until she could testify about the murder and the other stuff she’d found out about him,” Spencer added.

“What other stuff?” Ghost asked.

“She’d spent those few months after the first murder spying and gathering more evidence on him. She found proof he was smuggling in drugs and dealing. There were connections she found and she gave it all to the cops. They loved it. She told them he was the head guy, but they kept saying he was too young to be the one. They insisted she had to stay in and find more. Their refusal to believe her got our parents murdered and almost us. Within twenty-four hours we were whisked away and quickly given new identities and put in WitSec,” Sabrina said.

“He was brought to justice and his whole organization was taken down according to what I’m reading. You said this isn’t your first name change. What happened after that?” Smoke asked. He was still busy on his laptop.

“Eventually, they arrested him, and we waited for his trial to arrive. We stayed hidden and in WitSec. It was almost a year before the trial began and Scarlet gave her testimony. We’d moved twice in that time period. It was her eyewitness testimony and the other evidence she gathered that won them the case. If it wasn’t for her, they would’ve only had minor things and unsubstantiated testimony about what he’d done. They pushed and in the end they were able to prove he was the one who killed our parents. He did the job himself.

“During the trial, he would stare at her with such hate in his eyes. It was frightening. She never wavered. She sat up there and she told everything. In the end, he went crazy, screaming threats in the courtroom at Scarlet. He told her how he was going to kill her, and us. How she’d pay. He did it as they dragged him out of the courtroom after sentencing him to life without parole. His lesser guys got time and were taken down with him,” Spence informed us.

“That’s why you’re still in WitSec. He had ties to other criminals, and they’re after you,” Savage said.

“No, that’s not it at all. We’re technically in WitSec. There’s more. The cops still thought he had connections to bigger organizations even though they didn’t find proof of it. They thought those people would come after us, so they insisted we stay in the program. We were moved again. By then I was almost eighteen and the girls were almost twenty-one. We started to think of the rest of our lives. We knew we would likely never be able to be the Antonovs again, but that was okay. We knew who we were.”

“Only that didn’t happen,” Smoke said.

“Nope. See when you’re in WitSec you’re assigned to a Marshall who oversees your safety and gets you where you need to be and what you need to be safe and successful. We had one, and we thought he was the best. When the trial was over, he advised us to stay in the program. We listened. Only he wasn’t doing it for our safety. He had an agenda of his own,” he said with a sneer.

“What kind of agenda?” I asked.

“The kind where he wanted our sister, and he’d do anything to have her. He was obsessed and we had no clue,” Sabrina whispered.

“A US Marshal went after Scarlet?” I asked incredulously.

“He did, and no one would believe us at the Marshal’s office. They said we were imagining it, and there was no proof of it. They wouldn’t protect us from him. He was doing crazy stuff trying to see her, to get her alone. He tried to coax her to go away with him. She knew by then he was nuts and kept avoiding him. When the Marshals said we had no proof, we knew we were on our own. Those couple of years had taught us a lot, and we learned the art of disappearing. Unbeknownst to them, we found ways to get what we needed to create whole new identities yet again, and once we had things in place, we disappeared. That was almost three years ago. We’ve been on the run ever since, and we’ve moved every six months. We’ve been here six and it’s time to move again, but we don’t want to. We’re tired. We want a life,” Spencer admitted.

“What does this have to do with Scarlet and me tonight?”

“You accused her of using men basically. It’s a trigger. She’s never shown interest in a man since the arrest of her college boyfriend except for liking the Marshal as a friend. Then he turns out to be a bad guy too, just in a different way. She already blames herself for getting our parents killed, and us ripped away from a normal life because of her taste in men. We have a psycho Marshal who wants her and will do anything to have her. She’s toxic in her mind, and only brings death and danger to anyone she cares about. You calling her names probably only reinforced it. I’m fucking scared.” Spencer admitted.

“Scared of what?” Gunner asked, because I wasn’t able to. He’d come back over to stand beside Sabrina. I saw he tried to put his arm around her, but she edged away from him.

“That she’s tired of running. She’s been on edge before and wanted to go after the Marshal. I’m afraid you might just

have pushed her over the edge, and she's out there going after him. She told us in the past that one day it would come down to him or her. He's the monster in our lives, and the one she has to kill in order to have a life, although she doesn't think she deserves one. We do, but she doesn't. She's gonna find him and when she does, she's gonna end this. I'm positive she's gone on a hunting trip. She's in the wind, and I don't know how to find her," he said in despair.

As his words sank in, I wanted to scream and destroy something. Had I really lit the match that would cause her to get herself killed? The thought I might have made me want to puke and tear up the world to find her before she got hurt.

Gunner: Chapter 8

Everything we'd heard made me want to wrap Sabrina up in a protective bubble where no one and nothing could touch her. They'd been running and hiding for five years. I could only try and imagine what that had been like. To be unable to even use the name you were born with and to live with the fact your parents were killed, because someone who should've been trustworthy hadn't been. No wonder Scarlet was the way she was.

I could tell her sister and brother didn't blame her. How was she supposed to know the guy she was dating was a crazy man involved in illegal shit? Or that he'd kill people? After Spencer got done telling us their story, with a bit of help from Sabrina and Smoke, we all grew silent. I had put an arm around Sabrina. She hadn't completely relaxed, and that was my fault. I hurt her when I moved away at the beginning of the tale. She felt rejected by me. I'd have to make it up to her.

It had been a little while since their story was finished. Smoke was at work trying to find Scarlet. She needed to come back here and let us help her. If she truly was going after the Marshal who became obsessed with her, then we could help.

"What's the name of the Marshal who you're hiding from?" Smoke asked out of the blue.

"His name is Anthony Winsor, why?" Spencer asked.

"I need to get some of my contacts to help me look into him, and what he's up to these days."

"If we're lucky, someone killed the bastard, but the last time we checked using our limited sleuthing abilities, he was still alive. We wouldn't get that lucky," Spencer grumbled darkly.

"How did you find out he was obsessed with her? Did he do or say something to tip you off?" Sniper asked. He'd been sitting there lost in thought. I could tell by his face he was feeling terrible for setting her off, and he was worried. He didn't need to come out to any of us and say he cared about

her. I was pretty sure he was in love with her like I was in love with Sabrina.

Suddenly, I had to know something. “We’re gonna find a way to get you all clear of this fucker, and you can stop pretending to be someone else. In preparation for that, I have a question. Do you want us to start calling you by your original names or your latest ones?”

They didn’t answer me right away. I could tell they were mulling it over. Finally, Sabrina answered first. “I don’t know what Spencer or Scarlet wants, but as for me, I prefer to stay as Sabrina. My old life is gone, and there’s so much heartache attached to Alina Antonov. I’ve worked hard to only think of myself as Sabrina Morgan. If I tried to change it, I would be hard pressed to answer as Alina again. You have no idea how hard it is to train yourself to do that.”

“I can imagine. I’ve used a few names over the years and it was only online or for short undercover things. It takes a whole mental rewiring to do it and not blow it,” Smoke said.

“I agree with Rina. I prefer to stick to Spencer. Professionally, I’d hate to see what I’d have to do to change it on my nursing license and it would raise too many questions.”

“We’re thankful you want to help, we are, but we can’t ask you to do anything more than help us find Scarlet before it’s too late. From there, we’ll see what our next steps are as a family,” Spence added.

“Like hell you will. There’s no such thing as just the three of you anymore against the world. You’re part of our family, and Warriors don’t leave family out there to deal with shit alone. We’ll find Scarlet, and we’ll figure out the best way to eliminate the threat that Marshal Winsor poses,” Terror told them firmly.

He gave Sniper and I a hard look. Yeah, he knew like the rest of our brothers we were gonna go after this guy with or without their help. It was personal for us. The women we loved were never gonna be free until that man was taken care of. We’d have to see how to accomplish it. What Smoke was able to uncover about him would determine if he was sent

away somehow never to see daylight as a free man again, or if he would disappear in an unmarked grave.

“Terror, we appreciate you being willing to help us and for saying we’re family, but we can’t. There’s no doubt in my mind that Winsor is insane enough to hurt anyone he thinks stands between him and Scarlet. You didn’t see how he was acting. He began at first trying to suggest she not go to certain places or hang with certain people. By the time we left, he was monitoring her calls and online activity. He would pop up unexpectedly at her work or outside the house at all hours. He followed her. She tried to go on a date with a guy, and the guy ended up beaten almost to death. He said he was mugged, and his attacker had on a mask, but we knew it was Winsor,” Spencer informed us.

“He was talking about the family he and Scarlet would have once she married him. He scared us to death,” Sabrina said.

“Damn it,” Smoke muttered. He was still at it on his computer. We were all gathered in the common room like we had been since getting back from searching the apartment in town. It was after midnight now.

“What’s wrong?” Blaze asked.

“I figured she might stop for the night. She can’t drive forever. She left here with no plan in place. She strikes me as someone who plans. She’d want to hunker down and get intel and a plan in place.”

“You’re right, she will. I should’ve mentioned this sooner. Sorry, it’s been a long night. She won’t be using her name or credit cards to check into a hotel. She’ll use cash and an assumed identity,” her brother told us.

“Where would she get that? I can see if there was cash at the apartment or she took it with her, but her purse is still here,” Menace said. He’d searched her room earlier.

“There’s money and papers hidden in the car and we have a few other places where we’ve stashed stuff in case we

ever had to run again and we couldn't take time to get to our things. She'll be using one of those," he explained.

"Do you know which names she has access to?" Smoke asked excitedly.

"We do, and we can tell you where she might go to get more," Spence said.

"Tell me," Smoke ordered.

The next several minutes were taken up with Spence and Sabrina telling him the various aliases they had. They even told us the ones Sabrina would've used. They were twins and looked so much alike that either ID could pass for hers. I was surprised by the number of places they'd stashed their emergency bug out stuff. They'd learned how to do it the right way and from pros. Hopefully, armed with this info, we'd get a hit on where she might be. If we didn't get one soon, we might need to knock Sniper out. He was up pacing and didn't look like he was gonna stop any time soon.

I was lucky my woman was still here. Although, it appeared I'd have to have a conversation with her in order to smooth over how I acted earlier. Sniper was sitting next to Smoke watching him work intently. Spencer was on the other side of Smoke, staring off into space. Sabrina was still next to me with my arm around her. She hadn't said a word in several minutes. She looked exhausted.

"Hey, Sabrina needs to lay down and rest. I'm taking her to her room. If you find anything, text me please." I said to the room in general.

I got nods and chin lifts in response. Most of the club had dissipated once they knew it was going to take time to find her. I figured they were telling their old ladies what was happening and holding onto them tight. Every single one had gone through some kind of trauma or danger with their women. They knew what Sniper was feeling. I could empathize but I wasn't in his shoes.

Sabrina tried to object, and insisted she stay and wait for word, but Spencer helped me to convince her to go to bed.

“Rina, there’s nothing you can do. I’m here if Smoke has questions. As soon as we know something, we’ll tell you and Gunner. I have one sister I’m worrying about. Please don’t make it two. You’re so tired you can barely sit up. Go.”

She gave him a tender look, then kissed his cheek. “Okay, I’ll go but the instant you find something, you’d better tell me.”

“I swear, I will.”

She let me walk her away from the table and lead her to her room. Once she was inside, she turned to me. “It’s not necessary for you to stay with me. I’ll be fine.”

“No, you won’t and you’ll lay here dwelling on Scarlet. You need to sleep. I’m staying. I want to apologize for what happened earlier.”

She was rummaging in the drawer as I talked to her. She stopped and half turned to look at me. “Apologize for what?”

“For pulling away from you. It was an automatic response. I shouldn’t have done that. I know it hurt you and that’s the last thing I want.”

“Gunner, do you think being hurt emotionally or otherwise is new to me? Or that I let it stick to me? I’ve learned to let things go. I’m not who you thought I was. I know it changes things between us. I understand. Thank you for worrying about me getting rest, and for escorting me here. Now you’re free to go.”

“What do you mean, it changes things? Changes what? Free to what?”

“You were falling for Sabrina Morgan. You now know she doesn’t really exist. I lied. If you’re gonna be in a relationship with someone, you don’t lie to them. You’re free to go do whatever you want or see whoever you want. I won’t hold you to the things we discussed. I knew it was too good to be true anyway. Once we get Scarlet back, and take care of Marshal Winsor, we’ll be moving on. It’s not right to continue

this knowing that.” Her tone sounded calm, but I could see the pain and sorrow in her eyes.

I stalked over to her and shoved the drawer shut. She gave me a surprised look. I gently grabbed her upper arms and yanked her against me. “Like hell you’re leaving and there’s no fucking way I’m going to go find another woman. I don’t care about your past, only that we stop you from running anymore. I understand why you didn’t tell us, but I hope if you’d been given more time, you would have.”

“Why? Why would you do that? Gunner, you can have any woman you want. I’m not beautiful or exciting. I like living a simple, quiet life.”

“Why? Before I tell you, I want you to do something for me.”

“What?” she asked curiously.

“I want you to call me by my real name, Tyler Bennett.” I’d been dying to hear my actual name on her lips. I loved my road name, and was proud to be called Gunner, but she was special. She should be the one to call me Tyler.

“You want me to call you Tyler. I thought that was a no-no in an MC.”

“It is, except in very special circumstances. You can’t use it when we’re around other people. You still need to call me Gunner, but when we’re alone, it’s what I want and need to hear.”

“Okay, I’ll call you Tyler. Now, tell me why.”

“It’s simple, really. I love you no matter what your name or background is and I’ll never be interested in another woman. You’re the one I want and need,” I whispered right before I kissed her.

She instantly responded. I never tasted anything as sweet as her lips, and I hungrily devoured her mouth. Her response was slightly untutored, but it made me wild. I grew hard. I knew this wasn’t the time or place for it, but God did I want to strip her bare, and lay her down on her bed and make

love to her. I fought to make my cock settle but the little randy bastard wouldn't listen.

She moaned softly, which didn't help. I had no idea how long we kissed before she pulled away. She gazed up at me with a stunned and sultry look. She had no idea how hard I was trying to hold back. Her sultry look was about to break me. I moved away. I saw the look of hurt on her face. I couldn't let her think I was rejecting her.

“Don't look like that. I'm not rejecting you. I'm trying my damndest not to take this too far. If you doubt me, just look at this, Diamond.” I gestured to my cock straining to break free of my jeans. Her eyes grew wide when she saw it. Her face turned red.

“I-I don't...” she muttered.

“You're not ready for that, and I know it. I can't control it. One look, one scent of you does this to me. A kiss is like gas on the fire.”

“G-Tyler, I'm not quite ready for everything, you're right, but it does make me feel good to know I do that to you because you make me feel so many things when I think of you or you're near. I want to say the hell with it and do it. I hate making you wait. Are you sure you're truly alright with who I am? And why did you call me Diamond?”

“It does make me feel better knowing I turn you on too. I'll wait as long as it takes to have you. I'm sure of that more than anything. As for why I called you Diamond, it's simple. To me, a diamond is beautiful, strong and has only grown brighter and more worthwhile from being under pressure for so long. It's practically indestructible. That's what I think of when I think of you. You're my diamond. I'll never trade you for anything,” I confessed. It might sound corny, but I meant every word.

She didn't say a word, she just launched herself into my arms, and began to kiss me ardently. I happily kissed her back even knowing I might die of sexual frustration. It was worth it to taste and touch her.

Sabrina:

Gunner and I spent a long time kissing before he called a halt to it for good. He said he was about to die. I wanted so much to tell him to make love to me, but it didn't seem right. Not when my sister was out there somewhere alone, scared and facing possible death. Once we got her back, I'd give into my feelings for Gunner. I did in between kisses confess back to him that I loved him. The look of joy and awe on his face was something I'd never forget. We ended up lying on the bed together. He held me as we whispered and talked about our pasts. Slowly my eyes got heavy, and I slipped off to sleep. In fact, if it wasn't for him shaking me awake, I'd still be asleep, not awake reliving those moments.

Yawning, I stretched. He was smiling down at me. "Hey, what time is it? I assume they found something?" I asked as I sat up. I knew I must look like a mess, but if his expression was anything to go by, he didn't care. I saw love and hunger in his gaze.

"Sorry, babe, but Sniper texted and said they think they have something. It's eight in the morning. Go freshen up then we'll go see what they found. I'll be back in ten minutes."

He didn't give me time to argue. He got up, gave me a short kiss, then he was out the door. His room was just down the hall from mine. I guess he was going to do some freshening of his own. Not wanting to keep him or the others waiting, I jumped up and hurried to the bathroom. A quick wash of the face, brushing of the teeth, followed by putting on deodorant, and brushing my hair into a ponytail, I threw on some clothes. My timing was perfect because a couple of minutes later there was a knock at the door. I opened it to find Gunner waiting for me. He gave me a smile as he took my hand and led me back to the common room.

I was shocked by how many people were there. It looked like the whole club was gathered, including the old ladies and the kids. I searched the room. I found Smoke, Spencer, and Sniper sitting in the exact same spots as we'd left them earlier. They looked wrecked with exhaustion. Had they

been working this whole time? Gunner took me right to them and pulled out a chair for me. As I sat down. I was surprised by Lance coming up and sitting a bottle of water in front of me then one in front of Gunner. I mouthed, *thank you* to him. He winked and went back to the bar.

Terror, Savage, and the other officers—Menace, Ranger, Viper, and Blaze were gathered around the table. They nodded in greeting. They all looked serious. My heart started to beat hard.

“What’s wrong?” I asked.

“Nothing is wrong, sweetheart. We’re just pissed it took us this long to track her. Smoke, why don’t you tell her what you found?” Terror ordered.

“Sure thing, Pres. It took a while. I had to set alerts and add data in some of my search programs on all the aliases you and Spencer gave us. It took time, but we got a hit. It looks like she stayed the night at a hotel in Hurricane, Tennessee. That’s about a four-hour drive from here off I-40. We’re going to send some guys to go get her and bring her home,” he explained.

“She might not still be there. Knowing her, she could be back on the road.” I warned them. I knew she’d only sleep a little bit then leave. We’d done it enough in the past when we were worried about being followed.

“We know. Spence warned us, but this is our only lead so far. I’ve put out across Tennessee and Arkansas a BOLO, be on the lookout, that police issue. I’m assuming she’ll continue to stay on I-40. If they spot her car, they’ll pull her over and take her in. When they do, they’ll call me,” Law stated.

“What did you say she was wanted for?” I asked curiously.

“I said she was a person of interest in a murder case we’re working on. I made sure to say she wasn’t a suspect, just someone we thought might have information,” he added.

“God, she’s gonna be pissed if they do that. Although, did you think of the possibility she’s not driving our car

anymore? If not, you should. We were trained to ditch our car as soon as possible and get another one,” I warned them.

Sniper’s look of panic told me they hadn’t. I wasn’t sure why Spencer hadn’t told them. Although by the looks of him, he was wrecked and running on one cylinder right now. He’d worked twelve hours before coming home to this and he’d been up all night. I at least got a few hours of sleep.

“Jesus Christ, how the hell did I forget that!? Shit. She’s right. Scarlet has ditched it already guys. I’m sorry. My brain isn’t working too well it seems,” Spencer apologized.

“Fuck,” Sniper swore.

“That’s okay. I knew it was always a possibility. That’s why I’m pulling up car dealerships of all sizes close to Hurricane Mills. We’ll have to find out if any of them sold a car to a woman after midnight, but it’s not likely. They’d be closed at night, and it’s still early for them to have done it this morning. I’ll start calling but they might not tell me over the phone. You’re probably gonna have to stop, and talk to them in person,” Smoke told his brothers.

“Who’s going after her?” I asked.

“I am,” Sniper immediately said, followed by my brother.

“Spencer, you can barely keep your eyes open. You’re in no condition to go. Sniper, you don’t look much better. Why don’t you let someone else do it?” I asked.

“I can’t stay here, Sabrina, I can’t. I have to find her. I’m going nuts wondering where she is and what she’s doing. What if she’s in trouble? I agree, Spence is too tired to go. He needs to stay and rest. I’ll take whoever is willing to go with me. If it’s just me, then that’s fine. I have a direction now. I might not know her destination, but it’s something,” Sniper told me.

“I’m not staying here and letting you do all the work. She’s my sister,” Spencer argued.

“And she’s my woman. You stay here with Sabrina,” Sniper shot back.

Hearing him say my sister was his woman made me smile. We'd all seen how he was with her. I wasn't surprised at all that he was claiming her. I only hoped it was the same way Gunner had laid claim to me. If not, he was in for disappointment. However, that could wait until we got her back to figure it out. I didn't think he was just doing it to sleep with her a few times then walk.

"I'll go. Baby, I hate to leave you, but I need to help Sniper find her," Gunner told me.

"I know and thank you. I'll be fine here with the club. Just find her," I said.

I saw smiles at him calling me baby. My brother even gave us one. I guess our feelings for each other wasn't a secret either. After that, it was a chorus of voices saying they'd go with them. In the end, it was decided six was enough. This was in case Smoke found out something else and needed to dispatch more someplace else. The ones going were Sniper, Gunner, Ranger, Steel, Hammer, and Law. Bandit and Coyote tried to get in on it, but they were told to sit back for now and try to relax. They were barely twelve hours out of their mess. There was no need for them to dive into this one, at least not yet.

With this decided, they were ready to roll out in no time. As they sat on their bikes ready to leave, I couldn't let Gunner go without a kiss. When I gave it to him, it triggered a roar of whistles, laughter and words of encouragement and congrats. I'd followed them outside and told them all to be careful before they did. He wore a big smile as they left. It was going to be hell sitting here for hours waiting to hear from them.

Back in the common room, I saw Everly forcing Smoke to get up. "You go home and get some sleep. I can keep searching and I know your programs. If anything triggers, I'll see it. You can't go without sleep, Smoke. Adan and Audriana are here and there are a ton of hands to help watch them so I can work. The same goes for you, go to bed Spencer or I'm siccing Sabrina on you," she said as she caught my eye and winked.

“She’s right. Go to bed now. I’ll come get you when we know something,” I promised him.

They tried to argue but in the end, Terror ordered Smoke and Spencer to go. My brother respected him too much not to do it. As they walked off, I sat down to wait and worry. I sent up a prayer. *Dear Lord, please let her still be there. If she isn't, then let the guys find a lead to where she is. She needs to be back with her family. She can't do this alone. Keep her and the guys safe. Amen.*

Scarlet: Chapter 9

After a restless sleep, I got up early and checked out of my hotel. Grabbing a quick breakfast at the diner close to the hotel, I then sought out the car dealer nearest to me. I didn't have time to run all over creation looking for others or my preference which was someone local who was selling their car themselves. It would've been the best option, but a quick look on the top sites for posting stuff like that ended up not showing any close by when I used the hotel's computer. If I passed one on my way to the dealership, that would be a miracle and I'd stop to investigate.

I needed to get on the road. Although, where I was headed, I wasn't sure if it would help me or not. In between catnapping last night, I thought about where I should begin. I had no idea where Winsor was, or how to find him. All I could think to do was go back to where it all started, our hometown of Stillwater, Oklahoma. I drove four hours yesterday. Stillwater was another nine hours driving. Once I got there, I'd see about making my presence known. Something told me Winsor hadn't just walked away and forgotten about Stillwater. He probably kept hoping we'd break down and come back.

I'd hated the man for the past three years and some change. As if our lives hadn't been ugly enough, and filled with danger, he had to add to it. He was supposed to be a protector. When I realized what he was doing and why, I tried to speak to his superiors only to have them blow me off. They said there was no proof to back up my claims, and that he was a decorated Marshal. Not having them to help us, we found a way to do it ourselves.

Leaving, and assuming other identities had sucked, but we did it. Although we'd moved several times over the last few years, it had been quiet. We stayed off the radar, and he hadn't found us. Although, when the feeling of being watched had hit us several weeks ago, my first thought was he'd found us, and I wanted to run. The things that kept me from doing it immediately was the wonderful town of Dublin Falls, the

Warriors and Sniper. Even if I couldn't have him, I still wanted to be around him. I didn't know why. Okay, I did know why. It was futile to wish for it to be more than it was, but I did anyway. Deep down where no one could see it.

I'd gone and done something so stupid. I was now the sensible one, the one to be cautious, so to throw it away was out of character for the new me. I threw it away by falling for Sniper. I was in love with a man I had no hope of getting and keeping. It broke my heart, and that was why I resisted when I didn't want to. I knew one time in his bed would make me addicted to him, and when he left me, it would destroy me.

I had shit luck when it came to men. I didn't get to date much in high school because of my dad, although I did lose my virginity. It wasn't until I met Camden Long in college that I thought I had found my forever guy. I thought we were in love and would get married one day. It was because of those feelings I slept with him. Those first six months together had been great. When it blew up in my face and I witnessed him kill someone, and the rest about him started to come out, I thought I would die. My heart was broken, or at least I thought it was.

Looking back now, I knew it was puppy love, a first crush kind of thing with Camden. What terrified me now was what I felt for Sniper. I was ninety-nine percent sure I loved the man. God, when would I learn? At least he wasn't evil like Camden or Winsor. Thinking of Winsor, I shivered. When he started to change from the protective, caring Marshal we owed our lives to, to the obsessive monster he became, I couldn't believe it. I thought at first I was imagining it, then Sabrina and Spencer told me they were worried.

When those attempts to speak to his superiors happened, we'd already started to get new identities lined up, just in case. It was a good thing we did. Winsor was furious when he heard I went to his bosses, and he showed up at the house. He threatened me if I did anything like that again. I lied and swore I wouldn't. That it had been a mistake. He told me he was getting tired of my games, and that we'd soon be

together. He just needed to finish getting our home ready. I pretended to agree.

It was two weeks later that we had our new identities in hand, and we left in the middle of the night. All we took was a few pieces of luggage with us. The rest we left behind. Luckily for us, our parents had been planners. They weren't rich by far, but my dad being a successful lawyer ensured they had life insurance policies and money saved. After they died, we got it all along with the money from selling the house. I didn't trust putting it all in the bank or at least in one place. This helped with us setting up stash places for it in case we needed money in a hurry. That lesson had never changed. It allowed us to get away and set up a new life. We didn't live large and we all worked. We kept most of the money for emergency usage.

Pulling into a small dealership in Hurricane Mills, I inanely thought if I had time, I would've loved to explore the area. It was where Loretta Lynn had her ranch and museum. My mom would've loved this place. She had been a country music fan, and Loretta was one of her favorites. Dad had been the rock 'n roll and heavy metal lover, which would've shocked his clients. He'd appeared to be such a straitlaced guy. They had no idea. Him rocking out at home had been a common thing. We'd joined him, so the three of us grew up loving all kinds of music.

I found a few places off I-70 that had cars. I stopped to check out the first one. A quick look told me there wasn't anything here I wanted to trade for, but I could sell mine. I'd take whatever I got here and use it toward getting another car at a different place. It would help prevent anyone from easily tracking me.

I wasn't sure if the Warriors would find me or not. I heard over and over Smoke and Everly could find anything or anyone. If I didn't want them stopping me before I could accomplish this, then I had to do what I could. Also, there was the chance, although very, very slim, that Winsor might find me. He'd have to know my aliases first and there was no way he could know those. In the case of the Warriors, I bet my brother and sister might tell them what they were, if they were

worried enough about me. This was why I had to hurry and get my stuff and go. I'd use hotels from here on out that wouldn't ask for ID if I paid cash. I probably should've done it last night, but I'd been too tired to search for one.

I haggled for a half hour at the first one with the salesman. He was trying to lowball me on the offer for my car and he kept pushing me to buy another one from him. He thought he could do it since I was a woman. I soon showed him how wrong he was. When he kept going, I headed for my car. When he saw that, he soon changed his tune. Within an hour from the time I told him what I wanted, he had the title to my car, and I was issued the money. I refused to have it given to me in a check. I explained I had no bank nearby to cash it. It took some more haggling, but they finally paid me in cash after a run to the bank themselves.

Taking the money, I walked. There were five dealerships within a line, and they weren't very far apart. Skipping the next two, I stopped at the fourth one. That was where I got lucky. They didn't have what I was looking for, but the young guy who waited on me said he had a buddy who was selling his used Jeep Cherokee himself. I asked him if he could get his buddy to meet me with it so I could check it out. I explained I had no way to get to him.

That took a while, but eventually he came, I checked it over and made him an offer. All said and done, I got it for a good price. I threw in a bit more money to both of them to not tell anyone they'd seen me if someone came looking. I made it sound like I was running from an abusive boyfriend. They promised not to tell anyone and wished me luck. It wasn't until almost eleven in the morning before I rode off in my new car.

I couldn't help but think of Sabrina, Spencer and Sniper as I drove. God, why did life have to be so damn hard? Why couldn't I stay there, build a life with Sniper and know that me and my siblings would be safe? I wanted a normal life. All this running, hiding and assuming new identities might look like fun in the movies, but it sucked in real life. You could never truly be one hundred percent yourself.

Hopefully, if I was lucky, after I dealt with Winsor and if I lived through it, I could go back to Dublin Falls and apologize to everyone. I wanted to see Sabrina settled down with Gunner. I knew they were in love with each other. Spencer had a good chance of finding someone too, I thought. As for me, well I had no hopes of that. The one I wanted would forever remain out of reach, despite what Sniper had tried to tell me. I wasn't sure I'd stay in Dublin Falls. It would hurt too much to be near Sniper and to see him out with other women. No, I'd probably settle close enough it wouldn't take much for them to visit me. That was too bad, because I loved my job too.

Shaking off those depressing thoughts, I tried to concentrate on what to do once I got to Stillwater. Going to old haunts was the first thing to do. I had to get out and be seen so people would start to talk. If he was watching it or had someone watching for him, hopefully the news would get back to him quickly. The sooner he showed his face, the sooner I could take him out. I had grave doubts the police would arrest him, and he'd be found guilty of anything. No, he would have to be dealt with the old-fashioned way. I'd have to kill him and get rid of the body.

Over the years, I'd read and researched a lot on successful murderers, and how they avoided getting caught. My search history should've gotten me arrested long ago. Along with those types of searches, I also researched methods of killing. I'd always known one day I might just have to do this. Winsor wouldn't stop if threatened. He was too far gone to do that. He'd have to be stopped permanently. Even if he was behind bars, he had friends and I could see one of them helping him. It was a chance I couldn't take. If it was just me, then I might, but not with Spence and Sabrina. I knew he'd use them in a heartbeat against me. He would hurt or even kill them to get to me.

The hours dragged on as I drove. I planned not to stop for the night until I made it to Stillwater. I kept fighting not to call to check on my sister and brother. I'd shut off my phone when I left. A quick call from it might still be traceable, so I didn't do it. However, it reminded me I needed to buy a

prepaid phone. If I used that, they were supposed to be untraceable. Stopping in Forrest City, Arkansas, which was three hours away from Hurricane Mills, I found a store to get a new phone, and then a place to gas up and grab some food. I needed to stretch and take a break.

The small diner I found was quaint and served what I considered home cooking. It wasn't huge, but there were a lot of customers. This told me the food had to be more than decent. Parking my Jeep, I got out and went inside. Food first then I'd get the phone and top off my gas. A hostess showed me to a table. I took a seat and opened the menu. The selection told me I'd have a hard time deciding on what to eat. I let myself relax as I perused it.

Sniper:

As we rolled into Hurricane Mills, I looked around. It seemed to be a nice area, but I liked Dublin Falls more. Arriving at the hotel where Scarlet had stayed, I wished we'd find her there, but I wasn't holding my breath. The more I'd learned about her in the last twelve hours, the more I knew she was amazing, and more complex than I imagined and along with that, the more infuriating. When I found her, I was gonna spank her ass for running off.

The thoughts of spanking her made me grow hard. I was a man with a healthy sexual appetite and I liked to be rather dominant in bed. I'd played around with women and spanked some, even tied a few up, but I hadn't let myself go with them, not to the point I wanted and needed to go. I was dying to find out if Scarlet could handle the unrestrained me. Even if she didn't want to do those things in bed, I knew she'd more than satisfy me. I might want those things, but I needed her. There was no comparison.

First, I called home to see if Everly or Smoke had found anything after we parked in the hotel's parking lot. They said they were still working on Scarlet and were gathering information on Winsor which they had some success with and would tell us when we got home. Hanging up with them, we went inside the hotel. Unfortunately, we met with no success. She'd already checked out, and the clerk at the desk had no idea where she was going. All she could tell us was she left early. Outside, we conferred, and decided to check out the car dealerships nearby. If Spencer was right, and it was likely he was, she'd get rid of her car.

It wasn't until we went to the second one that we found something. One of the salesmen remembered her and said she'd sold them her car. I think he was more forthcoming since we had Law with us, and he flashed his badge. The salesman disappointed us when he said she hadn't bought a new car from them, since they didn't have what she wanted. He could tell us she walked off, and she was looking for a Jeep Cherokee. Armed with this, we went to the next one. We

struck out there. It wasn't until we got to the fifth one that we found something again.

What we found was one of the guys who worked there was acting all weird. He seemed nervous and tried to avoid our eyes. He walked off when we started questioning one of the other salesmen. Leaving Ranger, Hammer and Steel with him, I motioned for Law and Gunner to follow me. We meandered into the back where the service area was. Our target was back there. His eyes grew huge when he saw us. He tried to make a break for it, but we easily caught him. He was scared to death.

I knew we looked intimidating. Hell, in our leather cuts and boots, riding our big bikes, we looked threatening. Since we were the Dom club in Tennessee, we were still wearing our cuts. Once we left the state, we'd take them off so we wouldn't offend other clubs. However in our home state, Bull made sure we had clearance to wear our cuts in other clubs' territories. They knew us, and that they had nothing to worry about from us. We weren't after their territories. He was pale and shaking.

"Listen, we're not gonna hurt you. We just have a few questions. A woman came through here. She would've bought a Jeep. We need to know if you saw her or talked to her. From the way you're acting, I bet you have," I explained. I held up my phone. It had a picture of Scarlet I'd snapped when she wasn't looking a long time ago. He barely flickered his eyes to it and back.

"Nope, I haven't seen her, and we haven't sold a Jeep Cherokee in months," he said very quickly.

"Who said anything about it being a Cherokee?" I asked.

He gulped and sweat broke out on his forehead. "It was just a guess. It seems to be one most people want."

"You're lying. You don't want to do that with me. It's a matter of life and death that we find her. She's in danger," I growled at him. We didn't have time for stupid games. He didn't say anything back. I stepped closer and crowded him.

A hand on my shoulder had me turning around. It belonged to Law. "Let me do this, brother." At my nod, he came around to face the guy, who by his name tag, I knew was named *Tim*. I eased back and watched. One way or the other, Tim was going to tell us what he knew.

"Tim, my name is Law, but my real name is Jake Cane. I'm a police officer." He flashed his badge at him. I saw confusion settle over Tim's face. "I know, it seems weird, but I'm a cop and I'm also a part of this MC. We're not looking to hurt Scarlet. My brother is telling the truth. She's in danger. We need to find her before she gets hurt or killed. We need your help."

I'm not sure if it was the badge, or the fact Law came across as more approachable, but after a couple of minutes of silence and denial, Tim answered him. "And if I tell you what I know, will you leave? I don't want anyone to get hurt."

"No one will get hurt. Just tell us," I stated.

"Let me see your badge again," he told Law, who was obliging enough to do it. Tim took it and studied it then handed it back. "Okay, here's what I know. She came here looking for a Jeep Cherokee. We didn't have any, but I have a buddy who was trying to sell his. I told her about him, and she asked me to get him to bring it here. He did, and they talked, and when she left, she had his Jeep and he had her money. She said someone might be looking for her, and she asked us not to tell them anything. She gave us money. We thought she was running from an abusive husband or something. We don't want any trouble with an MC or the law."

"I promise you'll have neither. Can you get your buddy to tell us the license plate number on that Jeep or anything he can give us so we can find her?" Law asked him nicely.

"Let me call him," Tim said. He took out his phone and placed the call. I listened as he argued with his friend for several minutes. When he finally hung up, I was ready to go find his buddy and kick his ass.

"It's a two thousand and five Cherokee. It's white and the license plate number is Tennessee D37-93K. Is that what

you need?" Tim asked after telling us what he had. I left Law to tell him thank you, and to smooth things over while I called Smoke. He answered on the second ring.

"What did you find?" he asked without saying hello. That was fine by me.

"We've got a description. She's driving a two thousand and five white Jeep Cherokee with a Tennessee plate number of D37-93K," I told him without any preamble.

"Good, I can work with this. Let me see what I can find. So she was definitely in Hurricane Mills. I've been working to get CCTV surveillance in that town. Now that I have this, I'll see what I can find. Hang tight, and I'll get back to you as soon as I can."

"Thanks, Smoke."

"No problem. Later," he said before he hung up.

I rejoined Law and Gunner. I told Tim thank you, then we let him go. We went to find the others. Gathered back outside by our rides, we filled them in, and I told them what Smoke said. Ranger had a suggestion while we waited.

"We can either stay and wait, or we can stay on I-40 assuming she will too and we can keep going. Hopefully, when Smoke gets back to us, we won't have blown by her, but if we do, that's alright. We'll still be closer, I think. It's up to you on what you want to do, Sniper. She's your woman."

"Damn right she is, and when I get her home, she's gonna be in no doubt of it. As much as I hate the thought of losing her or blowing past her, I'd rather keep going. If you guys wanna stop and rest and get a bite to eat, then do it and you can catch up to me later."

They all shook their heads no. "We're not splitting up. We won't starve. I'll keep going with you," Gunner insisted. The others chimed in saying the same thing.

This was how ten minutes later, after filling up our gas tanks, and gulping down a bottle of water, and using the bathroom, we got back on the road headed west. As we rode along, I prayed Smoke would get back to us soon with good

news. Where the hell was she headed? Did she have a destination in mind, or was she still just running?

Riding down I-40, I tried to think positive. We'd find her soon, and she'd see the wisdom in coming back with us and letting the club help with Winsor. After the little I'd heard about him, I knew I wanted to end the fucker. I understood how he could've fallen for her. She had me tied in knots, however, in my case, if she didn't truly want me, I wouldn't try to force myself on her or to threaten my way into her life. I knew no meant no.

As the miles sped by, I began to be almost hypnotized by the road flashing by underneath my front wheel. The cool air on my face kept me alert. I was bundled up in a hoodie and my cut. It was keeping me plenty warm. Checking out my brothers, I saw they were doing fine. We could ride for hours before we had to stop and take a significant rest. I wasn't planning to do that until I found her.

It was over an hour later when my phone rang, chiming on my Bluetooth earpiece. I reached up and pressed the button on it. Thankfully, my helmet didn't cover my whole ear like some did. "Yeah," I barked.

"It's Smoke. I found her. She's headed west and staying on I-40. She passed through Round City, Arkansas. I spoke to Sabrina and Spencer. They mentioned they grew up and are from Stillwater, Oklahoma. I think it's a good possibility she's headed there. Where else would she find the trail to Winsor? She doesn't have our contacts to track him. She has to think he still has eyes and ears in her hometown, just in case they try to return. I know it's not much, but I'm now working ahead of her and trying to spot her in any of the towns along I-40. I'll call you back if I find more."

"Thanks, Smoke. That's something. We'll keep going. I'll tell the others."

"Sure thing. Talk to you later."

Hanging up, I circled my hand in the air. The others knew that meant to pull over, and we needed to talk. We pulled

off the next exit, and into the parking lot of a strip mall. I was starting to feel a tiny bit more hopeful.

Scarlet: Chapter 10

I enjoyed my meal in Forrest City. I wished I could've stayed longer, but I couldn't. If I was going to reach Stillwater before it was really late, I needed to be on my way. A quick stop at the gas station ended up getting me the gas I needed, however, not the phone. I ended up finding another store in town where I could get one of those. Sitting in my car afterward, I turned it on and then made my call. I figured I'd try Spencer first then call Sabrina, if she wasn't with him.

"Hello?" Was the cautious response I got when he answered.

"Hi Spence, it's me?" I said. I was already almost crying in anticipation of what he'd say to me. I didn't have to wait long to find out.

"Scarlet, what the fuck are you thinking?! How could you take off like that and worry us to death? Get your goddamn ass back here, now!" he roared into the phone.

I flinched. Yeah, he was pissed. I'd never heard him shout or swear like this. I hurried to reassure him. Maybe if I did, he'd calm down so we could talk.

"Spence, I'm fine. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to worry you. I just had to get out of there. I realized we've been hostages to Winsor and his bullshit for too long. It's time to put an end to it. That way, you and Sabrina can stay in Dublin Falls. You won't have to move again. Please, don't be mad at me. I have to do this," I half pleaded.

"Well, you did worry us, all of us. You're right, this shit with Winsor has gone on too long, but the answer isn't you running off by yourself to save the day. He's crazy, or did you forget? And what's this shit about me and Sabrina staying in Dublin Falls? Where are you planning to stay when this is over, assuming he doesn't kill you?" he snapped.

"I hate that I worried you. It wasn't my intention. And I haven't forgotten he's crazy. It's because I know he is that I

don't want you and her or anyone else involved in this. If I survive this, then I'll live nearby, just not in Dublin Falls."

"Why wouldn't you stay in Dublin Falls like us?" I could hear Sabrina in the background begging him to let her talk to me.

"I just can't. Let me talk to Sabrina. What did the club say about me leaving? Are they mad? You didn't tell them why, did you?"

"You can talk to Sabrina in a minute. I have you on speaker. The club is pissed too. They're worried about you. Sniper is worried and damn angry at the same time. However, if you come home now, they'll forget all about being upset. And yes, I told them everything. They know who we really are, and what our pasts are. It didn't make a difference to them, sis. All they wondered is why we didn't tell them sooner and why you're going off like Rambo to handle this on your own. I told them you have this bad habit of trying to protect us, and to blame yourself for stuff that's not your fault."

I groaned. "Please tell me, you didn't tell them about the IDs and stuff." I hated the club knowing I'd been a fool not once but twice about a man. Surely after hearing this, Sniper would stop chasing me. He'd know what kind of woman I was. As long as Gunner didn't hold it against Sabrina, I would be fine.

"Of course we did. Scarlet, please, come home. We need you here, not out there trying to find Winsor. Smoke and the club has ways to find him that we don't. They promised to help us," Sabrina said. Her voice broke on a sob.

I'd been trying to ignore the sick feeling in my gut, which I knew was me feeling what she was. It had been there since I left town. "Sissy, I wish I could, but I can't ask this of them. Please tell me Gunner isn't mad at you. I don't want this to spoil what you two have together. I know you're in love with him and he loves you."

"It hasn't ruined anything between us and you're right, we do love each other," she reassured me.

“Thank God. Tell the club I’ll be fine. I know where to start and what to do. Tell Steel and Hammer I’m sorry I left them without a welder,” I begged.

“You can tell them yourself, once you and they get back here,” replied a gruff male voice. I instantly recognized it was Terror. My heart sank. The censure I heard in his tone made me feel awful.

“Terror, I can’t come back, not until this is over. If my brother and sister told you about us, then you know this is what has to happen. A man like Winsor can’t remain out there. I should’ve taken care of him long ago. If he ends up hurting someone because of me, I’ll never be able to live with it. That’s why I don’t want you, the club or Spence and Sabrina being anywhere near me.”

“And do you think Sniper is gonna let you do this alone, even if the rest of the club backs off?”

“He’ll have to. If you tell him no, then he’ll listen to you. You’re his president. He has to listen to you.”

He snorted. “Like hell he will. In regular circumstances, he’ll do as I say, but this isn’t a regular circumstance. He’ll defy me and everyone in this damn club.”

“Why would he do that? He’d never risk being kicked out. He loves being a part of the Warriors,” I told him, mystified why he’d think Sniper would defy him.

“Why? Try the fact he’s in love with you, and you’re his old lady, even if he hasn’t officially claimed you. He’ll defy me all day long if it means protecting you and I don’t blame him. I’d do the same if it was Harlow.”

Suffice it to say, hearing him say Sniper loved me shocked me as well as made me want to cry. I wished it were true. “Terror, he doesn’t love me or see me like that. Sniper is only intrigued with me because he sees me as a challenge. He’ll listen to you. Please, tell your guys to stay out of this. Watch over Sabrina and Spencer. If something happens to me, promise to take care of them for me.” I heard Sabrina burst out crying when I said that. Spencer swore, but he wasn’t the only

one. This alerted me to the fact several people were listening to the conversation. This call wasn't getting us anywhere. It was time to cut it short. Tears were threatening to fall from my eyes.

"I've gotta go. Love you guys. Take care of each other."

"Don't you dare hang up!" Spencer yelled at the same time I heard Terror snarl.

"We're not letting you do this—." Terror was cut off when I hit the end button. Quickly, before they had a chance to call back, I shut off my phone, and shoved it in my purse. Tears leaked out, and I dashed them away. I took a couple of minutes to calm myself down, then I started the car. I'd wasted enough time. It was time to get back on the road. One more stop to get gas before I got to Stillwater was all I had planned. Pulling out of the parking lot, I headed to the highway on-ramp. It was now after one in the afternoon.

As the miles ticked off, I tried to stay alert, and not get lost in my head as I thought about what they said. The big thing was Terror's remark about Sniper loving me. I wished it was so. I'd love nothing more than to be his and have him love me and remain faithful until our dying breath. However, I didn't see that happening. I wasn't sure if monogamy was something he believed in, and if he did, he could find a woman better than me.

I was driving along, making good time when out of nowhere traffic came to a standstill. I couldn't see what was up ahead of us, but I assumed it was a wreck. I sat in my lane inching forward and cursing under my breath. If this didn't break quickly, it would be way past dark when I got to Stillwater. I was still almost five hours away.

After almost an hour, where I hadn't moved more than maybe a quarter of a mile, I turned on the radio to see if I might hear what was going on. I groaned when I heard the local report that the westbound side of I-40 was shut down due to a tractor trailer accident which blocked the road and had resulted in a fatality. Checking my phone, I saw the next exit

was over a mile ahead. Damnit, I started seeing if there was a back way around the interstate if I got off on the next off ramp, whenever I made it there.

I was so busy trying to find a way around the roadblock that I didn't look up until the sound was really loud. I knew that sound. It was more than a couple motorcycles together. I wonder who they were. Glancing in my rearview mirror to see them, my mouth fell open when I did. Riding in the front of the group, even with a helmet and sunglasses on, was a man I'd know anywhere. It was Sniper. Beside him was Gunner, and then behind them were four others.

Panic flitted through me. How did they find me? I watched as they came up behind me. Maybe they'd pass me. They had no idea I was in this Jeep. I hunkered down and turned my head to the left as they came up the berm on the right. With luck, they'd blow right by me. As the bikes came to a stop next to me, I knew I had run out of luck.

Taking a deep fortifying breath, I turned my head slightly, and looked out of the corner of my eye. Sitting right by the passenger window, his gaze boring into me was Sniper. He had his sunglasses lowered, and the fire I saw in his eyes told me I was in so much trouble. He pointed at me and made a rolling motion. I knew he wanted me to lower my window. For a second, I considered ignoring him, but then common sense prevailed. If I didn't do it, he'd probably smash in the damn thing. Hitting the button, the window lowered halfway.

"Dynamo, would you like to explain what the fuck you're doing in Arkansas, and why I had to chase your ass here?" he growled.

"What are you doing here, Sniper?" I tried to divert him.

"I'm chasing your fine ass all over creation, that's what. I swear, you've almost driven me to the looney bin, woman. Follow us up the road along the berm to the next exit. We need to talk."

"I can't. We're not allowed to do that. If the cops see us, they'll give us a ticket," I said inanely.

“No, they won’t. Law is with us. He can talk us out of one if it happens, which I doubt it will. They have more to worry about than that right now. I mean it, follow us. If I have to come back to get you, you won’t like it.”

A part of me wanted to defy him, to taunt him, and ask what he would do if I didn’t, but the smart part of my brain said not to do it. The look on his face showed me he was about to blow. I’d never seen him this angry. As tough as I was, I didn’t want to risk it, especially when he had five other men with him to back him up. I was good, but not that good. I nodded, then rolled up the window. They took off. I eased out onto the side of the road and slowly followed them. The exit turned out to be exactly where I thought it would be. I exited, and at the end of the off ramp, turned right. Not even a half mile down the road, they pulled into a gas station which had a small fast-food place attached to it. I did the same.

I barely stopped the car, put it in park, and shut off the engine, before he was at my door yanking it open. He leaned over me, and tore off my seatbelt, then he hauled me out of it. I opened my mouth to ask him what the hell, but he silenced me by slamming his mouth down on mine. He roughly kissed me as he pressed my back against the side of my car. His hands buried themselves in my hair, and he pressed himself against me. I thought about fighting, but his kiss was melting my brain. All I could do was kiss him back.

I don’t know how long we kissed before he tore himself away from me. We were both panting. His pupils were dilated. He let go of the back of my hair and used one hand to grip my chin. You would’ve thought it would be hurtful, but his touch was gentle.

“How did you find me?” I whispered hoarsely.

“It wasn’t easy. We tracked you to Hurricane Mills and then had to find out what vehicle you got after selling yours. Thank God Spencer and Sabrina told us your aliases, and that you’d get rid of the car as soon as possible. I should paddle your ass for running off like this. It was stupid and suicidal, Scarlet,” he snarled.

“It’s none of your business what I do. You’re not the boss of me, Sniper. I can do, and go anywhere I want, and I don’t need your goddamn permission,” I snapped.

He crowded back against me, pressing me back against the car again. As he did, I felt his hard, erect cock pushing into me. I gasped. “Oh, really, you think not? Well, baby, I have news for you. You will never go off like this without me knowing about it again. Why the hell do you think you have to do this the hard way? The club would’ve helped in a heartbeat. Surely, you didn’t think they wouldn’t? And if they didn’t, you have to know Gunner and I wouldn’t let you do this alone.”

“Why would you do it if your club didn’t? I can see Gunner might, since I know he’s in love with my sister, but it’s not your problem. Besides, I have no intention of getting any of you hurt because of this. It’s my problem, not yours.”

“Yeah, he is in love with Sabrina. As for why I’d help, can you honestly stand there and tell me you don’t know why I would?” He looked incredulous. For a second, what Terror said on the phone came to mind along with what Sniper had said before he tore into me at the clubhouse, but I pushed those thoughts away. I shook my head no. I waited to see what he said.

Sniper:

I swear to God this woman was gonna make me lose my mind. It was a good thing I didn't have any damn hair to pull. As she looked at me like she didn't have a clue, I thought the hell with waiting for a romantic spot to tell her how I felt. I could do something later. Right now, she had to know what she meant to me. I was done waiting and wasting time. Life was too damn short for it. None of us were guaranteed a certain number of days in this life.

"I came after you and plan to take care of this bastard Winsor because I love you, and no one's gonna hurt you, not as long as I live. There's no way I could let you do this, Scarlet."

Her stunned look would've been comical in any other instance, but not when I'd just confessed I loved her. I was almost shaking in fear that she'd tell me she didn't care for me and would never love me. If she did, I didn't know what I'd do. She didn't say anything. Gunner and the others had stayed with the bikes, giving me time to talk to her alone. I had no idea how long this talk would last.

"Say something," I almost pleaded with her.

"I don't know what to say. Did I hear you right? Did you just say you love me? I think I must be having a stroke or something," she mumbled.

"Baby, you heard me right, and you're not having a stroke. I love you. I hope to God you at least like me back, because if you don't, I might just cry like a fucking baby in front of my brothers, and they'll never let me live it down. Only I won't have to live it down, because I'll have to go kill myself if I can't move you from not liking me to loving me. Tell me I have a chance, Scarlet." I pleaded.

Some might think it made me less of a man to be vulnerable to her like this, and to beg, but I didn't give a shit. My future happiness and family was on the line here. I needed to know where I stood with her.

“Sniper, you can’t love me. You don’t know me. I’ve lied to you and your whole club since the moment we met. My damn name isn’t even my own. And even if you are telling the truth, my life is a mess. You don’t deserve to be dragged down into this shitstorm with me.”

“Like hell, I don’t. You can’t tell me how I feel. And I know the important stuff, like what kind of person you are underneath it all. That hasn’t changed no matter what your damn name is. You look out for everyone around you, especially your siblings. You’re willing to sacrifice yourself to help and protect others. What is there not to love about that? The rest I can learn. I deserve to be with you, no matter where that is, even in the middle of a shitstorm. You can’t expect me or those who care about you to let you do this alone. It’s not happening,” I told her sternly.

“Do you hear yourself? This is crazy, Sniper. Please, go back and watch over Spencer and Sabrina. Make sure they’re safe and happy. That’s what you can do for me. The rest will work out how it’s meant to. I’m not dragging you or anyone else into this,” she argued.

I was done arguing in the middle of a parking lot. It was late afternoon. If we headed back home right now, it would take us eight hours or more. I hadn’t slept since she left, and I was beyond exhausted. My brothers weren’t in much better shape. We all needed sleep and food.

“Stay here. I’ll be right back,” I told her. Not waiting for an answer, I walked over to the guys.

“Is she ready to come home?” Gunner asked.

“Nope, she’s still thinking she’s gonna go face this guy alone. I need more time to talk to her. We’re all so damn tired we can’t see straight, including her. I’m gonna find a hotel and stay the night with her. You’re welcome to join us or if you wanna head back, you can.”

“What if you can’t convince her to come back with you?” Steel asked.

“Cover your ears,” I told Law. He grinned but didn’t do it. Glancing back at Steel I said, “then I’ll resort to something drastic, like I’ll kidnap her ass, and hire someone to drive her car and her back, while I ride. Or I’ll pay someone to store my bike until I can get it and I’ll drive her back. All I know is one way or the other, that stubborn ass woman is coming home where she belongs. There’s no way in hell I’m allowing her to run around the country trying to track down or lure out an obsessive Marshal who wants her. That’ll happen over my dead body.”

They all burst out laughing. “Good luck with that one, Sniper,” Law teased.

“Good luck my ass. I’ll need full body armor but it’ll be worth it. I can’t let her get hurt.”

“We get it. We’d be the same, and I know Gunner is thinking the same thing about keeping Sabrina safe. We’ll all stay. Honestly, I’m too tired to be safely riding back. Let me see what’s close by that’s decent,” Ranger said. He took out his phone and started tapping away on it. The rest all nodded their heads in agreement.

I kept an eye on her, in case she got the wild idea to make a break for it. She was leaning against her car watching us. It only took Ranger a couple of minutes to find something. “Let’s head right down this main road, and about a mile or so down is a hotel. Let’s get some rooms, then we can grab something to eat later, after you have a chance to talk to her, and maybe take a nap. I need at least a catnap before I do anything else, even eat,” he said right before yawning.

“Works for me. Let me tell her to follow us. You know what, instead of her following us, Ranger, will you take the lead, and the rest of us will follow her. I wouldn’t put it past her to try and make a break for it.”

“Yeah, smart idea. Knowing her, she would,” Gunner agreed with a grin.

Leaving them there chuckling, I went back to her. I saw her stiffen as I got closer. I hated that. I’d have to show

her she had nothing to be afraid of when it came to me or my club. I'd protect her with my last dying breath.

"We're going to head down the road just a tad and get rooms for the night. We've all been awake for well over twenty-four hours. We're tired, and I know you have to be too."

"I'm fine. You guys go ahead and do that. I have several more hours of driving to do."

"Dynamo, if you think for one second we'll let you do that, then you're more tired than I thought. None of us are heading anywhere other than to the hotel. You can try to run, but it's six against one. I don't like those odds, not even for you. Now, get in the car and follow Ranger. He's taking the lead. The rest of us will hang back with you."

"Oh really, and what if I say screw you guys and I scream for help? Do you think people will just let you hold me against my will?"

"They will once Law flashes his badge and assures them you're my wife, and you're mad at me, and we're having a lover's quarrel. Go ahead, give it a try if you think they won't back the hell off," I said with a smirk. I wasn't one hundred percent sure everyone would back off, but I sure acted like I was. She studied me for several long moments then she swore.

"Fuck it. I'll rest for a bit, but I'm not changing my mind, Sniper."

"Wanna bet? Let's go," I ordered her. To soften that it was an order and not a request, I gave her a quick kiss then opened her car door. She got inside the Jeep acting like she was sort of in a daze. I secured her seatbelt before closing the door and ambling over to my bike. The guys were already on theirs. We all started them and were off. As planned, Ranger took the lead, and we hung back until Scarlet fell in behind him. In a few blinks, we were pulling into the parking lot of a decent hotel.

We parked together. I kept an eye on her. She was sitting in her car. “Go ahead and get the rooms. Make sure I share with her,” I told Ranger.

“What if she doesn’t wanna share?” he asked with a grin.

“Too bad. I’m not leaving her alone so we have to sit up all night outside her room guarding against her running off. Hey Law, did you bring a set of cuffs by any chance? I might need them.”

“I always have cuffs with me, you deviant bastard,” he replied with a grin and wink.

“I’m not above playing around, but I was thinking more about keeping her from running while I sleep, not getting kinky, you deviant,” I smirked back. This made them laugh. As Ranger went inside with Steel, the others stayed outside by the bikes. I went over and opened her door.

“Time to get out, Scarlet. Let’s go. You have to be ready to drop. I know I am. Do you have anything, any luggage?”

“I stopped and got a few things this morning. They’re in the backseat,” was her quiet response.

I held out my hand, and she eventually took it and allowed me to assist her out. After she was standing, I closed the door, and opened the back door to get to the small duffle bag she had laying on the seat. Shutting the door, I waited until she locked it, then with a hand on her low back, I steered her toward the guys, who were close to the front door.

Walking into the lobby, we only had to wait a few minutes for Ranger and Steel to finish getting our rooms. As we waited, I glanced around. There were a few people in the lobby. They gave us wary looks. I knew it was the leather cuts mostly, but then again, how often do you see a single woman with six bikers. God knows what they were imagining was happening, especially since Scarlet didn’t have a happy look on her face. I leaned down to whisper in her ear.

“Baby, those poor people over there are thinking you’re here as part of one of those reverse harems you talked about. You should give them a show,” I teased.

I hoped it would put a smile on her face or something. What I didn’t expect was what she did. She quickly whipped around to face me and reached up to grab the back of my neck, then she laid her mouth on mine and kissed the hell out of me. It wasn’t just lips, she threw in some tongue along with teeth. Instantly, I was lost, and I responded by kissing her back just as passionately as she was kissing me.

Our tongues mated, and when they weren’t, our teeth nibbled on each other’s lips and tongues. The taste of her exploded in my mouth, and I couldn’t seem to get enough. I tasted the faint spearmint from either candy or gum she’d had. I plastered her to the front of me. I knew she could feel my cock getting hard again. She squirmed a little, which pressed it harder into her stomach. I moaned.

“Hey, save some for the rest of us,” Gunner joked.

When I lifted my head, he had a shit-eating grin on his face and he winked. Scarlet’s face was flushed, and she was breathing a bit hard like I was. The others were all grinning at us. Steel and Ranger had joined us, and I hadn’t even noticed. That was how far gone I was. It would be dangerous to have her around if I ever had to fight.

“Your woman is waiting at home. I know she looks a lot like this one, but this isn’t her,” I joked back. I knew he was having fun and probably recalled our introduction to Scarlet when she suggested he and I get at least one more guy together so the club would also have a reverse harem in it.

“Now, boys, there’s plenty of me to go around. Is our room ready?” she asked in a sultry voice. She said it loudly so the people closest to us heard her. The looks on their faces made me want to howl with laughter. I fought to keep a straight face. She surprised me by playing along with us.

“Of course it is, sweetheart. Although we’ll have to push both king beds together to have any hope for all of us to

have a spot,” Steel said with a grin. He’d been there that night too.

Gasps of outrage burst from the two women nearby, they looked scandalized. They grabbed their men’s arms, and marched off, throwing ugly looks back at us. Further on, I saw one guy who was looking way too interested in us. The desk clerk was standing there with her mouth hanging open, and if I wasn’t mistaken, a look of envy on her face. Wrapping an arm around Scarlet, I steered her toward where the sign said the elevators were. We all held in our laughter until the door closed, then we let go.

As the laughter died down, Hammer was the first to say something. “God, we just either made their day, or destroyed it. That was funny as hell. Wait until I tell Regan what happened.” Steel was nodding in agreement.

“I hope your wives won’t get mad at me. It was just too good to pass up, and besides, it’s Sniper’s fault. He started it,” she said with a faint grin.

“Hey, I might’ve started it, but you kept it going. We’re both guilty.”

“Tonya will get a kick out of it, I’m sure,” Law added.

“So will Brielle,” Ranger said with a nod. I glanced at Gunner.

“Hey, she’s her sister, what do you think?” He stated right as the door opened, and we spilled out of the elevator.

“Which rooms do we have?” I asked Ranger, since he held the keys and had pressed the button for the fourth floor.

He handed me one, then pointed to the left. “We’re all down here.” We followed him. He handed a key to Gunner. He kept one for himself, and I saw Steel already had one. Someone would get a room to himself. I wasn’t sure who. All I cared about was I’d be sharing with Scarlet.

Spotting our door, I went to it, and waved the keycard in front of the sensor on the door. It beeped and turned green. As I opened the door, Scarlet looked around. The others were

going into their rooms, which were on either side of us and directly across from us. She then looked at me.

“I can see myself in, Sniper. Thank you for carrying my bag. You can go join Gunner.”

“He’s not staying with me, honey,” Gunner said before shutting his door. The others had ducked inside their rooms and shut the doors.

“What did he mean? I saw Steel and Hammer go in that one and Law and Ranger in that one. Did you get another key I didn’t see?” she asked. Gently pushing on her back, she moved inside the room. I followed her then shut the door behind us. She was watching me.

“No, they didn’t get another room. I’m staying here with you.”

Immediately she began to shake her head no. She backed up as she did it and held up her hands as if to ward me off. I dropped her bag on the foot of the king-sized bed and stalked toward her. There was no way I was leaving her alone. Not only was I worried she might try to run, but the bigger thing was I couldn’t stop myself from being close to her. The time for games or whatever we’d been playing was over. I was determined to make her acknowledge once and for all we were meant to be together. After that kiss downstairs, there was no way she could tell me she felt nothing for me.

“You’re not staying with me, Sniper. No way. Go stay with Gunner.”

“I’m not staying with him. You and I need to talk.”

“Talk about what?”

“You know what, us. We’ve been dancing around this for months, Scarlet. Plus, we need to talk about what Spencer and Sabrina told us.”

“Sniper, there can’t be an us. As for what they told you, why? If they told you, then you know everything. There’s no need to rehash it.”

“Like hell there’s not going to be an us. I only heard their side, not yours. Sit and get comfortable.” I pointed out the bed.

She got a mutinous expression on her face. Before she could tell me to go to hell or yell at me, I went on the offensive. Darting toward her, I wrapped her up in my arms then took her down on the bed. I made sure not to put my full weight on her. I didn’t want to crush her. Her eyes widened in surprise. Almost as soon as her back hit the mattress, she started to struggle. I captured her wrists in one hand and held them over her head and pressed into her harder.

“Let go of me, Sniper! I mean it. This isn’t funny,” she partially yelled.

“I’m not being funny. And let’s get one thing straight right now. It’s something that’s been bugging me.”

“Oh really, what might that be?” she snapped. Seeing that fire in her eyes made me want her even more. I knew if she channeled that during our lovemaking, we’d burn the bed down. My cock stiffened more.

“I want you to call me Finn. My name is Finn Rafferty and I want you to call me by my real name.”

She froze. “You want me to call you what? Why? I thought you had to go by your nickname when you’re in a motorcycle club.”

“You do whenever other people are around, even if they’re not in the club. However, do you think the old ladies always call the other guys by their road names? They don’t. I guarantee you when they’re alone, they use their real names. If you ask Sabrina, I bet money she calls Gunner Tyler when they’re alone.” I wanted more than anything to hear my name fall from her lips over and over. If she called me Finn, then I was just one step closer to making her mine.

She got a slightly uncomfortable look on her face. I was about to ask what was wrong when she spoke up. “I can’t do that. It sounds like it’s reserved for special people or circumstances. Who else calls you that?”

“No one calls me that, and you’re right, it’s reserved for special people. We typically only allow our old lady or old man, in cases like Bandit and Coyote or Thorn and Tiger, to call us by our first names. I guess I need to spell it out for you again. You’re special to me, Scarlet. There’s no one else I want using my name other than you.” I stopped myself from telling her that I loved her again at that moment. It would probably spook her away.

Her breath increased. I could see what looked like a bit of panic along with what I prayed was hope flare to life on her face.

She shook her head. “You can’t mean that. You’re tired and need to get some sleep.”

“Like hell I do. I know exactly what I’m saying. Do it. Let me hear you say my name. We’re not gonna move until you do.”

She remained quiet for so long, I thought she wouldn’t do it, but then she opened her mouth, and the sweetest word came out of it. “Finn,” she said in a breathy voice.

Groaning in happiness and arousal, I lowered my head, and I kissed her. It was like the kiss in the lobby, only this time, as we kissed and both got lost in it, I let go of her wrists, and ran my hands down her body. I fought not to cup her breasts or shove my hand down into her pants to tease her pussy, but God did I want to. Instead, I caressed her face, neck and down her sides. She squirmed but didn’t stop kissing me back. I had no idea how long we were lost in that kiss before we came up for air. When we did, we were flushed, panting and she had a hungry look on her face I knew matched the one on mine.

“Thank you. Now, I need to know, do you prefer to be called Scarlet or Anya?”

She stiffened. I put a stop to it. “Don’t do that. I want to know. I don’t give a fuck what your name is. I only care about you. I want to use the name you identify with the most. Your brother and sister told us they prefer to stick with their current names.”

She sighed and her body relaxed a little. “Honestly, I think it would be hard to go back to answering to Anya. I worked so hard not to respond to that name. It would be awkward. I’ll stick with Scarlet. I love it actually.”

“Did you like it because of *Gone with the Wind*?”

She nodded. “Yeah, I loved the movie, and I watched it all the time...” her voice trailed off.

“With your mom?” I guessed.

“Yes, with her.”

“Baby, don’t be afraid to share your memories with me, the good, bad and ugly ones. I want to know everything about you, and I plan for you to know everything about me. I won’t lie, and say I’m not upset and hurt that you didn’t think you could tell me and the club about who you really are. Surely, you knew we’d want to help you.” I prompted her. There would be time for more kissing later. Now that we’d started talking about her past, I wanted to stick to it and get it out of the way.

She wiggled herself into a semi-sitting position with her back to the headboard. I did the same. I took her hand in mine and held it as I stared at her. “Talk to me,” I let the pleading in my voice be apparent.

“What do you want me to say? Spencer and Sabrina told you about our family and what happened to them? They told you about Marshal Winsor, right?”

“Yes, they did, but it was from their viewpoint, not yours.”

“Why does that matter? Do you want me to tell you I know that I was a fool not once but twice? That I have shit taste and I’m never gonna allow another man into my life. I can’t trust myself. Even if he was a good guy, I’d end up ruining him somehow. Surely you can see there’s nothing possible between us. I’d ruin you and even if I didn’t, I still couldn’t be with you.”

“Why not?”

“Because I need more than you could give me. If I took a chance on you, it’ll only end in heartbreak and disaster.”

“What makes you so sure of that?” I was trying to understand how her mind worked, and how she was coming to this conclusion.

“I’d give into this, and you, and when you got what you wanted, you’ll be gone and onto the next woman. You just think you love me. I don’t do casual sex just for fun, and I might have esteem issues, but I know I deserve to be more than one of your many conquests. Even if you continued to be with me, I can’t and won’t share you with other women. You’re used to being with whomever you please whenever you want. I can’t do that.”

“Jesus, you have no goddamn clue, do you? You’ve known me for months now. You’ve been living at the compound. Have you seen me once with another woman?”

“No, but I’m not around all the time. You keep that behind closed doors, I assume. Either they sneak into your room late at night or you’re staying at their place.”

I laughed. When I did, she gave me an outraged look and went to get up off the bed. I captured her around the middle and pulled her back to plaster her against me. She fought me. “Calm down, Dynamo. I’m not laughing at you. I’m laughing at how you think I’ve been sneaking off to have sex for months. Baby, I have news for you. I haven’t had sex since before I met you for the first time.”

She gave me a disbelieving look. “I don’t believe that. You have too much sexual energy for it to be true. I know what you’ve been like in the past. It’s written all over you. You don’t stick to one woman, you don’t go without sex. Why should you? You can have any woman you want at a snap of your fingers. Do you think I’m dumb? I know why you’ve been flirting with me. You see me as a challenge. I didn’t drop into bed with you as soon as I saw you, and you’re not used to that, so now you’ve convinced yourself that you love me. If I stripped right now and gave myself to you, I guarantee you, you’ll be running to the next woman within days if not by

tomorrow. It's not your fault. You love sex and you're single. I'm not judging you. I'm just not like you. Feelings would be involved and those can get hurt. I've had enough of that to last a lifetime, thank you." I saw the pain on her face, and I couldn't let it remain for a second longer.

Scarlet: Chapter 11

Why I was telling him all this, I had no idea. Maybe it was because he asked me to call him Finn. Maybe it was because I was tired of hiding it and wanted this to be over with. Maybe it was because his kisses had warped my brain. Whatever the reason, I knew it was too late to shut up or to leave this unresolved. I expected him to get angry at me or to laugh and admit I had his number, but instead, he lowered his head and rested his forehead against mine. His eyes were closed.

“Oh baby, you have no idea. You’re right, I’ve never had to chase a woman in my life. They always came to me and I could have any that I chose. I’d sleep with one, maybe I’d do it a few times, but it was always sex and I never got serious. I’d move on.” Hearing him bluntly admit it made me uncomfortable. I tried to move away but he held me fast.

“No, don’t move. Let me finish. I never slept with any woman without making sure they understood we weren’t going to have any kind of relationship. We weren’t dating. It was for sex and to scratch a mutual itch. If they didn’t want that, then we didn’t have sex. I’ve never lied or used a woman and I’m not gonna start now.

“My whole life changed a few months ago when I walked into the Fallen Angel and laid eyes on the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen in my life. I was knocked on my ass. I’ve spent the last few months since that meeting trying every way I know how to get you to let me in. To let me get to know you and for you to get to know me. Only you’re scared and I now realize you have a good reason to be leery. However, I can tell you without an ounce of doubt, you have nothing to worry about, Scarlet.

“I’m not here to get you in bed because you’re a challenge then walk. I’m here to get you to feel for me what I feel for you. I’m here trying to fight for the life I know I can have with you. One filled with excitement, happiness, family, and love. I’m here because I’ve fallen head over heels in love with you. And I can be and will be a one-woman man, for you.

I have no desire to touch another woman. That's why I've been celibate. Hell, the meaningless sex had gotten old before you came along and I wasn't doing it much. I found I was jealous of my club brothers, and I wanted what they have."

I knew I wore a look of astonishment tinged with a healthy dose of disbelief. He kept pushing. I didn't know what to say. Deep down, I'd secretly wished he would fall in love with me and here he was telling me he had and sounding even more convincing than earlier. How could I trust it? But then again, how could I forget he just said it?

"You have no reason to trust men, I get it. What I'm asking you to do is the hardest thing in the world for you, but I'm just as at risk as you are. If you decide you want nothing to do with me and walk away, you'll tear my heart out. I'll never be the same again and I know for damn sure I'll never love another woman."

The pleading tone of his voice, the look of pain and hope on his face and the desire I felt strumming through his body made me want to give in. I dreamed every night what it would be like to lie in his arms and have him kiss and make love to me. I'd enjoyed sex in the past, until my world ended, but it wouldn't even compare to what I could have with Sniper. I knew it without a doubt.

"Sniper, I..." he shook his head. I realized I had used his road name. I started over. "Finn, I wish to God I could believe you. I do. You make me feel things I've never felt, but you've never even had a girlfriend, have you?"

"No, I haven't, not since high school. I did date her for a while. She was my first."

"See. How do you know you'll be able to be faithful? Or that you really love me? You're used to variety, and I expect, very experienced women. I'm not a virgin, but I don't have much experience."

"I don't give a damn if you have any or not. Hell, if I had my way, you'd be a virgin because that would mean no man has touched what's mine. Sexist? Yeah, but it's true. I have a lot of experience, and I can use every ounce of it to

bring you pleasure and teaching you what you don't know will only make me want you more. I won't cheat and I don't lie. I swear on my life and club."

I ached to believe him, but before I made the decision on whether to say yes to being with him or not, I had to be sure he knew everything. As painful as it was, and as much as I usually tried to forget it, I owed it to both of us to do this. "Listen, before we say anything else that we might not be able to take back or forget, I think we need to talk about my past and what's out there. I need to make sure you know who I really am."

"I know who you are but go ahead. Why don't we start with what I know?"

It sounded like a good idea, so I nodded. He quickly and concisely told me what he knew about Camden and then about Winsor. When he was done, I was startled at how much he did know. My sister and brother hadn't held anything back, other than what I hadn't told them. Most of it was how it made me feel, but not all of it. It was time to confess my darkest secrets. Ones which made it impossible for me to keep hiding. It was time to come out of hiding and to hunt and kill my personal demon, Anthony Winsor. Hopefully, when I was done, Sniper would understand why I had to do this.

"They told you most of it. What they didn't tell you is why I can't let Winsor continue to roam free. I'm ashamed that I let him this long. I guess I let my worry for Sabrina and Spencer hold me back. He wouldn't hesitate to hurt them, even kill them, if he thought it would get me and cause me pain. He's a heartless bastard who needs to die."

"So tell me, why? Not that he doesn't deserve punishment for stalking you and getting him arrested will be iffy at best. If we can prove he's guilty, not sure how long he'll serve."

"He's not going to prison. He'd get out and we'd never be safe. I refuse to live the rest of my life waiting for him to find us and destroy our worlds. Nope. You need to know this

and accept it. When I find him, he's dying and it won't be pretty."

"Then tell me why it has to be like this. I'm not saying you shouldn't. I just need to understand."

"You have to promise me you won't tell Sabrina, Spencer or anyone else this, not even Gunner."

"Why?"

"Are you going to promise or not?"

He took a couple of moments to think about it before he finally nodded. "Yeah, I promise. What is it they don't know?"

"The reason I want him dead is I know he'll stop at nothing to get and keep me. They told you how he got obsessive, and we had to get new identities and run. That's all true, but something else happened right before that which sealed the deal for me."

"What happened?"

I felt sick as I told him. "About a week before we ran off, we'd already put in the order for our fake paperwork with the guy we knew. We are just waiting for him to get them to us. I was coming home from work when I was run off the road. It was Winsor. It was an isolated area, He pulled me out of the car at gunpoint."

Sniper grew rigid and anger began to radiate off him. He was staring hard into my eyes. "Tell me what the fuck he did," he growled.

"H-he dragged me inside an abandoned building nearby. He kept talking about how I was his, and he wasn't going to let me play this game anymore. He knew I wanted him too. We were gonna get married and have a family. He was talking crazy." Tears gathered in my eyes.

"Jesus Christ, please tell me he didn't rape you. Please," he muttered.

I didn't say anything. I couldn't. His roar of rage made me jump. His hand tightened on my arms in a bruising grip. I

knew he wasn't aware he was doing it.

“Fuck, fuck, I'm gonna kill that motherfucker! When I get my hands on him, he's dead,” he snarled.

I reached up and touched his cheek. “Finn, there's more. Please, if I don't finish this, I might never. After he was done raping me, he acted like nothing happened. He was all happy and talking about getting us a house and moving into it. He even offered to allow Sabrina and Spencer to stay with us. I was in shock, but I knew in order to get away from him, I had to lie, so I did. I played along like I was going to marry him and we'd get a house together. He let me go and said he'd see me soon. That he had to go to a conference in a couple of days and he had a bunch of work to do, but he'd try to come see me before he left. He wanted to make love to me again, he said.”

Remembering that horrible night and what came afterward was too much. I pushed urgently at Sniper's chest. He didn't let go until I mumbled, “Bathroom.” When he let go, I was off the bed and running to the bathroom where I threw up. Tears streamed down my face. He was right beside me, holding back my hair and rubbing my back.

“Baby, oh God, I'm so fucking sorry you had to live through that.”

“That wasn't the worst of it,” I whispered after I threw up again.

“What else did he do? Did he do it again?”

“No, we actually got away before he had the chance. It was about a month after he raped me that I found out I was pregnant. I was horrified. I hadn't told Spencer and Sabrina what he did and I was trying to figure out how to explain a baby.”

“How did you? Obviously, you didn't keep it. Who did you say it belonged to?”

“I didn't tell them anything. I waited and right before the three-month mark I suffered a miscarriage. God, it'll sound crazy, but I wanted my baby. It couldn't help who its father

was. It was innocent. When I began to bleed, I knew there was nothing to be done. It was too early and I was bleeding too much. I bawled my eyes out. I suffered through my miscarriage and they never knew. They thought I had a bad case of the flu and had to stay in bed for a few days. In reality, I was bleeding so much I thought I was gonna die. That's why he needs to suffer long and hard before he meets his end. He took my life away for a second time then cut out my heart," I was sobbing so hard, I knew he was having a hard time understanding me.

Sniper helped me to my feet and over to the sink. "Stay right here," he ordered. I held onto it as he left the room. He was back in no time with my toothbrush and toothpaste. He prepared the toothbrush, then handed it to me. I brushed my teeth, then rinsed my mouth automatically. Once I was done, he swept me up in his arms and carried me to the bed. He sat down with me on his lap. He held me close as he rocked me.

"Dynamo, God I can't tell you how sorry I am that you lost your baby and how angry I am that he did such a horrible thing to you. I can promise you, when I find him, he'll suffer, baby. I'll make him bleed and beg for mercy, but he won't find any. I wanted to hurt him before but there's no way he'll live now," he snarled. The emotions rolling off him told me he was serious. Having someone care like this weakened my resolve even more. I was on the brink of accepting whatever he gave me.

"It's not your fight. I have to be the one to end him, Finn. He deserves to die by my hand, not yours or someone else's in the club. I'm just ashamed I waited this long to go after him."

"Why are you ashamed? You protected your family and yourself. There's no shame in it and you had no way to prove anything, did you?"

"No, I didn't. Early on, after I realized he was obsessed, I went to his superiors, but they didn't believe me. They said I was imagining it when they found out I had no proof. I'm ashamed that he's been running around free for three years and lord knows who he might have raped like he

did me. I should've waited and when he came around again killed him then. A prison sentence would've been worth protecting others and Sabrina. I was terrified he'd turn his attention to her since we look so much alike."

"Don't you dare think like that. You did nothing wrong. As for you being the one to end him, I can't let you do that."

"You can't stop me," I snapped back as I struggled to get up. As expected he held me down.

"Settle. I didn't mean you can't watch him die. I mean you're not hunting him alone and when the time comes to take him down, I'll be the one to bring him to us. If you want to watch him be tortured, then so be it. Hell, if you wanna help torture him, then you do it, but you'll never do it alone or take the risk. That's my fucking job," he muttered darkly.

"Why is it your job?"

"Did you forget I just told you I love you? I mean it, and as the man who loves you, it's my responsibility and privilege to protect you. I'll die if anything happens to you, Scarlet," he said hoarsely.

Those words and the expression on his face snapped my last bit of control and made me realize he truly meant it. I reached back and hooked my hand behind his neck, so I could pull his head down to kiss him. I put every ounce of passion and love into it. I could no longer deny I was in love with this man, even if it was too soon and crazy. I eagerly consumed his mouth, using my lips, teeth and tongue to mate with his. He groaned as he kissed me back.

He rolled me over onto the mattress and came down on top of me. He kept all his weight from crushing me by holding himself up with an arm. I rubbed myself against him like a cat. I could feel the rigid bulge in his jeans. He was hard and I couldn't resist. I ran a hand down his body and cupped him through his jeans. He moaned in my mouth and bucked his hips, driving his cock harder into my hand.

I squeezed and kneaded him. God, he felt so damn huge. It made me wonder how big he was. I'd dreamed about it but this felt like it was way better than any old dream. I let go, and he muttered a protesting sound. I quickly wrapped my legs around his waist and ground my denim-covered pussy on his cock. Even through our clothes the sensation of him rubbing against my aching clit made me cry out and my body became even hotter. My nipples were tingling, hard peaks. I could feel the wetness between my legs.

He groaned, then his hand grasped my breast. I needed skin contact. Easing back enough to break contact with his mouth I told him what I wanted. "I need your hand on my bare breast, Finn. Touch me." My voice sounded hoarse with need.

His eyes flared and his pupils dilated. In a flash he eased back. I cried out at the loss of contact with his cock but then I shut up as he lifted my upper body up and somehow got my shirt off followed by my bra. As soon as I was bare, he lay me back down, and he remained on his knees, gazing down at me.

He looked hungry. His hands came up and he cupped both breasts. His hands were big but my breasts still overflowed them. I was a big girl when it came to my breasts. I had curves, and those were a part of them. When I was young, I'd despaired of them. They were all boys paid attention to. Now, I was proud of them. His thumb strummed over both nipples causing me to jerk and whimper as tingles of pure pleasure shot through my body and directly to my pussy. More wetness was released into my panties.

"Jesus Christ, you're so damn beautiful, Scarlet. These are the loveliest breasts I've ever seen. I gotta taste them," he said right before he leaned down and sucked the left one into his mouth. His hand remained on the right one, teasing my nipple. His hot mouth surrounded the other one, and his tongue lashed my hard nub before he bit down. I cried out and my hips came up off the bed. He sucked hard as he kneaded both breasts.

I never knew having a man give attention to my breasts the way he was would turn me into a puddle, but it did. I could

feel an orgasm growing. God, could he get me to come just by playing with my breasts? He heard my hiss of pleasure and he increased the suction, kneading and nibbling. It wasn't long before I arched my back and opened my mouth and cried out as an intense orgasm washed through me. I felt the release of my cream and I moaned as I writhed on the bed. He didn't stop sucking and teasing until I collapsed boneless on the bed. When I did, he eased back.

His lips were wet and swollen. He had a flush of color across his cheekbones and his eyes looked feverish. Glancing down, I saw his erection was still as fierce as it was. I knew I couldn't leave him like this and I wanted to experience more. He hadn't even been inside of me, and he gave me the most intense orgasm of my life. I wanted more. No, I needed more. I reached up and grabbed his belt. I started to undo it. He laid his hands on mine. "Baby, what're you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing? I'm undoing your pants. I want to see you. I want to be skin to skin with you, all of you," I panted.

"Shit, are you sure? Don't do this just because you think I want you to. I'll survive," he muttered.

"You might, but I won't. Show me your cock, Finn," I said lustfully.

He must've seen I was serious, because he got off the bed and was the one to take over undoing his belt, button and eased down his zipper. He shoved his jeans down. That's when I found out he didn't wear underwear. He was a commando type guy. His cock bobbed into sight and I gasped. I was trying to form words as he took his pants the rest of the way down. He had to work a minute to get off his boots then his jeans and socks were next. He stood back up, and I admired his masculine beauty.

His cock was big and it was beautiful. It was long and thick with a flared head which begged me to taste him. His whole body was sculpted with muscles. They were covered in tattoos and dark hair covered his chest and ran in a thin line

down his stomach to the hair surrounding his cock. It was certainly a happy trail.

He was only the fourth guy I'd seen naked in person although I'd seen guys in pornos. So sue me, I'd been curious and so Sabrina and I had watched a few to see what it was all about. The pornos had been cheesy, but we sure got to see naked men. None of them came close to what Sniper looked like. He kept himself in tiptop shape. I didn't know how he did it, but he was making me drool and my panties were now soaking wet. God, I couldn't believe what I was about to do, but I was tired of fighting these insane feelings I had for him.

"If you want us skin to skin, then we need to get the rest of your clothes off too, Dynamo."

"Why do you call me that?"

"Because you just give off this incredible energy, like you can do anything. It's just what popped into my head not long after I met you. Do you not like it?"

"No, no, I do like it. I was just curious. And I agree, I need to get rid of the rest of my clothes."

I got off the bed and undid my pants. I toed off my tennis shoes then worked my pants down and off. While I was bent over, I got rid of my socks. All I had left was my panties. Suddenly, I was shy about taking them off. I started to think about what Sniper would think of my body. Would he like it? I wasn't a rail thin woman. I had curves and meat on my bones. My stomach wasn't flat like a washboard, like his. I had muscles, but they weren't ripped like his. I had thighs and my ass jiggled when I walked. As insecurities hit me, I dove into the bed, and yanked up the covers.

This caused him to frown then he walked on the edge of the bed. "Babe, what's wrong? Did you change your mind?"

I was distracted at having his cock so close that I reached out and ran my finger down his length before I even thought about what I was doing. It jumped in reaction, and he let out a soft groan. I jerked my hand back before I wrapped my fist around him and really touched him. "I'm sorry," I said.

“You have nothing to be sorry about. Did you change your mind?”

“Not exactly, no.”

“Then what made you hide under the sheet?”

“It’s my body. I’m not skinny, Finn. I have meat and things jiggle. My belly isn’t flat. What if you don’t like what I look like? I bet the women you’ve been with are much smaller and have hard bodies.”

A growl erupted out of him, and the next thing I knew. He’d ripped the sheet out of my hands and tossed it to the foot of the bed. He grabbed me and pressed me flat to the bed then he climbed on the mattress to hover over top of me. My arms went up to cover my breast, but he grabbed them in one of his and pinned them to the bed over my head. I gulped at the expression on his face. He looked mad.

“Don’t ever talk bad about this body or compare yourself to other women. Those women don’t exist anymore and I don’t remember what any of them looked like. All I remember is this body. It’s burned into my brain. As for me not liking it, you’re crazy, baby. I fucking love it. That meat you speak of makes me itch to touch every inch of this delectable body. I love your curves. I don’t want you hard. I want you soft. And as for you jiggling, well I can watch that all damn day. I look at you and I see beauty and I know whatever we decide to do you’ll be able to handle me. I’m a vigorous lover, Scarlet.”

My whole body tingled at the expression of fierce desire on his face and his vigorous lover comment. I swear more of my cream spilled out of me. My nipples were tight beads. My desire to touch him and taste his cock spiked.

“Let me touch you, Finn,” I begged, as I tugged on my wrists to get him to let me go.

“Are you gonna stop this ridiculous thinking and let me touch you too?”

“Yes, I’ll stop.”

“Good,” he grunted as he let go of my wrists. I automatically put them both on his chest and explored his chest and shoulders. They were broad and so hard and defined. I traced the contours and his tattoos. When I grazed across his nipple he hissed.

“Do you like that?” I asked.

“Hell yeah. I wanna feel your nails. As long as you don’t draw blood, I’m good. Use your hands, your mouth, I don’t care, just hurry. I don’t know how long I can hold back from touching you and when I do, I won’t stop.”

I accepted his invitation. Raising up a bit, I latched onto his nipple with my mouth and teased the other one with my fingers. He shuddered. As I laved and nibbled on his nipples, I used the other hand to trace his skin. I worked my way from his chest to his stomach until eventually I made it to the object of my ultimate attention. I grasped his cock firmly at the base and pumped up and down. A groan was torn from him and his hips flexed, driving his cock into my hand more. I pumped it several times then dropped the hand I had on his nipple to join the other one. It fondled his balls. It wasn’t long before he was issuing orders.

“I can’t take it. I need to feel your mouth surrounding my cock, Scar. Suck me now or I’m taking over.”

I wiggled down in the bed until I was face to face with his cock. It beckoned me. Flicking out my tongue, I tasted the precum oozing from his slit. I moaned at his taste. It was salty and a bit musky with a slight tanginess. It wasn’t bitter. I knew from an article I read a few years ago men could change the way their cum tasted by eating certain foods like oranges, papaya, pineapple and cinnamon. I hadn’t been a fan of oral sex in the past because of taste, but Sniper made me want more. I sucked the head of his cock into my mouth and teased the head with my tongue then I nibbled on the head. He moaned again, only this one was louder.

“Jesus, you keep doing that and I’ll be shoving my cock down your throat. That feels so damn good,” he muttered.

My response to his supposed threat was to suck him deeper and tighten the suction on him. I increased the caresses to his balls with one hand as I scored his inner thigh with my nails on the other. I was curious to see if he liked it a little painful or not. I'd secretly been wondering for years what it would be like to let go in bed and do a lot of things. Things that would likely scare a sexual partner.

He groaned and began to thrust in and out of my mouth. He picked up speed, and I had to work to take him. As I gagged, I thought he'd pull back only he didn't. Instead he started to talk to me.

“That’s it, baby. Take me deeper. Fuck, that feels amazing. Can you swallow me, Scarlet? Can you take my cock deeper? Grab my balls and twist them a little. Don’t crush ‘em but make me feel it. I love your nails. More,” he growled. He was now hunched over me and his hand was on my throat. He wasn’t squeezing it, just resting there. I glanced up to find his hot gaze boring into me.

Holding his gaze, I sucked him harder and deeper, letting myself gag, then keep pressing as I squeezed his balls. I tugged on them and scored my nails lightly down his sac. He swore then went wild. I had to work to keep up, but I loved the fact I was making him react like he was. He was barely in control. The gagging had decreased to almost nothing. I used my tongue and teeth too, as I let him basically fuck my mouth.

His balls were lightly slapping my chin. The scent of him overwhelmed me. My desire was at the highest it had ever been. I wanted to make him come in my mouth and I wanted to swallow every drop of his cum, which wasn’t like me. Not wanting him to stop, I took one hand and reached around to grab one of his ass cheeks. I sank my nails in a bit and pulled him toward me. He slipped a tad deeper down my throat and I swallowed. He threw back his head and cried out.

“Goddamnit, I’m gonna come. Let go,” he shouted hoarsely.

I ignored him. When I didn’t stop, he glanced down at me. He must’ve seen my acceptance because he thrust a

couple more times, then let loose. As his cum filled my mouth, and I struggled to swallow it fast enough, the hand he had on my throat tightened. He didn't cut off my air completely, just made me work to get in some oxygen.

I don't know what it was about him doing that but I swear my body tripped over into a level of arousal I'd never experienced before. It triggered me to have a spontaneous orgasm right along with him. I tried to yell, but I had a mouthful of cock. I squirmed and bucked my hips off the mattress as I came and kept swallowing his release. I have no idea how I did it. I felt mindless.

Slowly as he stopped coming, he let up on my neck and slowed his thrusts down to leisurely ones. My orgasm subsided, and I let go of his ass. He was giving me a tender look as he glided in and out. Reluctantly it appeared he eased out of my mouth. I hated to lose him, but my jaw was aching. He had stretched it to max capacity. As I closed it, he slid down and placed a passionate kiss on my mouth. He didn't seem to care that he could taste his release still on my lips. He took his time kissing me which only riled my body up. Surely, I couldn't come again?

He lifted away from me. My mouth chased his. He smiled and chuckled. "Hold on, I'll come back to that delicious mouth of yours later. Right now, I need to get you off in the same spectacular way you just did me, Dynamo. I'm gonna eat you like you're dessert."

I didn't even get a chance to respond before he was down the bed, had my legs spread wide and was staring down at me. I wiggled in embarrassment. Would he think my pussy was pretty? Were they considered pretty? Did it look like other pussies he'd seen? All these inane thoughts ran through my mind and I couldn't stop them.

I kept myself trimmed down there. I'd toyed with the idea of shaving or waxing it, but I hadn't done it. Having someone else wax me made me feel weird and the idea of doing it myself or shaving that delicate area scared me. He lowered himself between my legs and blew warm air on my exposed folds. I shivered.

“God, your pussy is the most fucking gorgeous thing I’ve seen, Scarlet. Look at you. All pink and juicy. Is all this honey for me?” He glanced up at me. I couldn’t talk so I nodded my head yes. He flashed me a wicked-looking grin.

“Well then, I’d better worship it like it deserves. You smell so good too.” he said that right before he lowered his head and swiped his tongue from my ass to my clit. When he got to my clit, he paused and sucked it hard into his mouth. I cried out as electricity raced through my body. He moaned then set out to drive me insane.

He licked and sucked and nibbled all over my folds and clit. I was getting closer and closer to an orgasm when he took me by surprise. He thrust a finger inside of me. I moaned, and he finger fucked me for several thrusts before he added another one then a third. It stung and there was a bite to it, since his fingers were thick and I’d only had a slim dildo in there over the past few years. He thrust faster, and then he touched a spot in there that literally had me screaming and raising my hips off the bed.

He growled, which vibrated through my pussy. He fluttered his tongue on my folds then latched onto my clit and hummed as he increased the tempo of his thrusts right over that spot which had my toes curling and my whole body shaking.

“Oh God, Finn, I’m gonna come if you don’t stop and I don’t know if I can stand it,” I moaned.

His wicked look up at me told me that was the point. He rubbed across what had to be my G-spot and sucked hard on my clit as his tongue fluttered over it. That was it. I went over the edge into a full-blown detonation. I screamed as I literally gushed wetness all over his mouth and down my thighs. I was too caught up in the intense pleasure rushing through me to care. He was growling as he eagerly lapped it up.

When I eventually eased off my orgasm, he wasn’t done with me. He gently lapped up all the sticky wetness I’d gotten on my thighs. I laid there with my eyes closed, floating

in bliss. That was hands down the best oral sex I'd ever had or dreamed of. Camden had never been one for much foreplay and oral sex on me wasn't his favorite either. He'd been more of a "let's get to the point" man. If I was lucky, I'd orgasm. If I didn't, he'd been nice enough to finger me to completion, but it wasn't the same. And even when he did get me off during oral or even full-on sex, it had never been as intense as this one. My high school boyfriend had even less patience. I felt Sniper move. When I opened my eyes, he was lying next to me with a smile on his face.

"How did you like that, babe?" he asked.

"How do you think I liked it? I think I died, Finn. I've never felt anything like it. Thank you."

"Scarlet, you never have to thank me for bringing you pleasure. It's my privilege and my duty as your man. I always want to make you happy and to feel more than good. Just like you made me feel, baby." he uttered right before he kissed me.

I could smell and taste myself on him, but it didn't bother me. When he was done, I sighed. As good as it had been, my body was already starting to awaken for more. I leaned into him and nuzzled his neck, running my tongue up the vein there. He groaned. I took a deep breath and prepared to take the final step.

"Shit, don't do that. I'm holding on by a thin thread here, Scarlet. If you keep it up, I'll take it too far. I'll be inside your pussy pounding away until we both scream and come. Let me hold you," he uttered.

"What if I don't want you to hold me? What if I want your control to snap and for you to take me? Finn, I want you inside of me. I need to feel your cock inside of me," I whispered back.

He moved my head back so he could see my face. He studied me for a tense several moments before he said anything. "Baby, are you sure? I don't want you to do something in the heat of the moment that you'll regret tomorrow. I couldn't stand it if that happened. We can just stop with what we already did and hold each other."

“You don’t want me?” I asked as I eased back more. His grip tightened on my hips and he yanked me closer again.

“Of course I fucking want you! I want you so bad, I can barely think or hold on to my control. Nothing would make me happier than to be inside of you, but I don’t wanna risk you having second thoughts afterward. I’ve waited so long for you. I can’t lose you, Dynamo. I can’t.”

I could see the worry on his face and hear it in his voice. I gave him a tender smile and caressed his cheek. “Finn, baby, I could never regret being with you. I’m sure. I want you as much as you want me. Make love to me. I wanna feel the man who loves me and who I love inside of me. Please,” I whispered. I waited to see what his reaction to me confessing my love for him was. I didn’t have to wait long.

Instantly, he was sitting up. I happened to glance down and saw his cock was stiffening rapidly. He fisted it and pumped it up and down. “You love me?”

“Yes, I do, as crazy as it is.”

“Thank God. I haven’t dared to hope that you love me too. I hoped you’d get there one day. I was willing to wait as long as it takes,” he said hoarsely.

“You had me falling in love with you the same night I met you. Does this mean you’ll do it?”

“Oh yeah, I’ll do it. But first we have one little thing to discuss.”

“What?” I didn’t want to waste time talking.

“Are you on birth control?” he said, surprising me. I hadn’t even thought about it. That’s how crazy he made me.

“Yes, I am, so you have nothing to worry about. We’ll be doubly protected with that and condoms.”

He shook his head. “I don’t wanna wear a condom. I want to feel your bare pussy around me. I gotta know what it feels like. Before you say anything, yes, I’ve been tested and I’m clean. I haven’t been with anyone since I had myself checked.”

“Well, I’m clean too. It’s been years, but I got tested after you know who. I’ve never had sex bare.”

“Do you not want to do it bare? If you don’t, then I’ll wear one. I’ve never gone without a glove before that’s all. I hear it’s more intense that way.”

“It is? God, I don’t know if I can stand that. You might really kill me. I’m game if you are, although I’m curious about something.”

“What’s that?”

“What if I told you I wasn’t on birth control and you had to use one? Would I have ruined the mood?”

“Nothing you do will ruin the mood. As for you not being protected, honestly, I couldn’t care less if you were or not. If you’d been willing, I’d have taken you bare, and we’d probably be parents in nine months.”

My mouth fell open in shock. “Are you serious?”

Sniper: Chapter 12

I watched the shock overtake her at my declaration that I'd have taken her without anything gladly. I wasn't afraid to be a father, as long as she was the mother. I found the idea of my seed taking root and us creating a baby together exciting as hell. A part of me was disappointed she was on birth control. I didn't want anything between us, not even a pill.

“Are you serious?” she finally asked.

“Dead serious. You're it for me, Scarlet. I want it all with you. You living with me, us having children together, claiming you as my old lady and eventually you being my wife. The order of it doesn't mean shit to me. However, I'm willing to wait until you're ready. All I ask is you tell me what you want and when.”

She let out a moan then she was on me, toppling me back onto the mattress. I chuckled as she kissed all over my face before kissing my mouth. I gripped the back of her head and held her in place as I devoured her mouth. Our tongues dueled. My cock was back to being fully erect, and I was ready to go. As we kissed, she wiggled around and straddled me. Her wetness slid across my aching cock. The way it was feeling, you'd think it had been months since I'd gotten off, not minutes. I tore away from her mouth to moan.

“I need inside of you now. Lift up,” I growled as I gripped her hips and lifted her.

She helped me, then reached down to grasp my cock. As she held it erect, she notched it at her entrance and slowly began to sink down on me. I had to fight not to jerk her down on me in one fell swoop. Just the feel of her hot, wet pussy around the head of my cock made me want to scream. However, it had been awhile for her, and I didn't want to hurt her. I wasn't a small guy. I gritted my teeth to let her go at her pace. She moaned long and breathlessly as she sank lower. God, I had no idea it would feel this good to be bare inside of her. She was not only wet and hot but so goddamn tight.

“God woman, you’re so damn tight. You don’t know how good you feel,” I told her hoarsely.

“Oh, I think I know. You feel incredible, Finn. You’re stretching me so good. It burns but it feels wonderful. I can’t wait.”

“Can’t wait for...” before I could finish she dropped the rest of the way down on me. I groaned as she cried out. I was encased totally, and it was heaven. “Fuck, are you alright?” I panted.

She raised up and dropped herself down on me again. I saw stars. Seeing the utter bliss on her face, I took that as her answer and I let myself go some. Gripping her hips, I raised her up then jerked her down on me. She moaned. As she rode me, I watched her lush breasts bouncing up and down. I placed my hands on her back and lowered her to me, so I could suck on them. As I did, I pushed my heels into the mattress so I could push up and sink into her.

I can’t describe how good she felt and what it was doing to me. All I knew was this first time, I wouldn’t be able to last. Not wanting to come before her, I let go of her breast and rolled her onto her back. Sitting up on my heels, I raised her ass off the bed and started to pound her pussy. She gripped the sheets with her fists and cried out. Seeing her joy, I increased the pace and took her harder. She was loving every second of it and encouraging me to do more. Jesus, I just might have found the woman who would be my equal in bed and do all the things I wanted. To test my theory more, I took a hold of her throat again. Her eyes widened, but not in fear.

“That’s it, squeeze your man’s cock. I’m gonna make you come so many times, you won’t be able to walk in the morning without feeling me. I can go all night, baby. In this pussy, I can stay forever. That’s it. I wanna hear you beg,” I ground out.

“Please, Finn, harder. Make me come until I can’t do it anymore. Fuck me, oh God, yes, like that,” she said hoarsely as I hammered her into the bed.

The headboard was hitting the wall, but I didn't give a damn. It was Steel and Hammer on that side anyway. My hand tightened on her throat. She threw back her head and moaned. As I pounded into her and choked her, I used my other hand to slap her breasts. She jerked and gave me a shocked look but she didn't tell me to stop. Instead, she reached up and pinched her other nipple hard. A flush swept up her body.

“Do you like that? Do you want it rough? Do you want me to be your master in the bedroom? To use you however I want and make you beg me for more? I can make you my personal sex toy.”

Her eyes rolled back in her head as she cried out and came. “Yessss, oh God, yes, do whatever you want with me. Fuuuck!” she screamed as she almost squeezed my cock in half and gushed all over the bed and us. The sound of our wet skin slapping together, the tightness of her orgasming pussy and the utter excitement and pleasure I was feeling broke the last thread of my control. I went wild. I fucked her so hard she was pushing off the headboard with her hands to keep from hitting into it. I pinched and lightly slapped her breasts while the other hand gripped her throat.

She finally stopped coming and went boneless underneath me. Through dazed eyes, she watched me fuck her. As the cum boiled up in my balls, I let go of her throat and lifted her up until she was straddling my thighs. I held her to me as I kissed her and came. It felt like my guts were pouring out. I saw flashes of light and my vision got dark around the edges as I pumped her full of my cum. As I did, I sent up a mindless prayer that she'd conceive my baby tonight. I knew it wasn't possible, but I still wanted it. There was no way I'd ever let her go now. She was mine, and I'd do everything I could to keep her, make her safe and happy. She'd been officially and thoroughly claimed.

It took what seemed like forever for me to stop floating. I laid her down and reluctantly slipped out of her. I curled up around her. Now that it was over, I was afraid I had gone too far or been too rough. “Baby, talk to me. Was that too much? Was I too rough? I never want to hurt you, Scarlet. Tell

me if something is too much or you don't like it. I never want you to just bear it."

She rolled onto her back and looked up at me. She had a tender, loving look on her face. "Finn, it was beyond anything I ever imagined. I loved every second of it. You weren't too rough and I promise if you are or I don't like it, I'll tell you. I never imagined doing those things you did, but they were amazing."

"Good. Now, give me a kiss and then we'll go get cleaned up. The next round should be coming soon," I said with a grin. She laughed and kissed me. Everything might be crazy right now, but this wasn't, and I would take it and hold on to it with everything in me. Scarlet was mine, and I was going to get rid of the devil in her life.



The following morning, it took everything in me to wake up. If we didn't need to head home and it was hours away, I would've stayed in bed with her. She was still sound asleep. Deciding to let her rest longer, I got up and went to the bathroom. Closing the door, I turned on the shower. I would've loved to shower with her, but it would've led to sex and we didn't have time for that. Besides, she had to be sore. We made love three times last night. We'd both been insatiable.

As I washed, I remembered what it felt like to be inside of her and how beautifully she responded. She let me do anything I wanted which was a huge turn on. The last time we made love, I'd pinned her to the wall and had her wrap her legs around me as I pounded her hard and deep. I knew we were keeping our neighbors awake, but I didn't care. They were my brothers, and they knew what it was like to be crazy for your woman.

My cock got hard remembering. I couldn't help but grip it hard and start to jerk. I'd have to shoot this load down the drain. We had to get going. Cold air hitting my backside had me swinging around. There she stood in all her naked glory. She was watching me handle my cock. She stepped

inside the shower and sank instantly to her knees. She pushed my hand away.

“This is my job,” she whispered, then engulfed me. I forgot my reasons for not doing this and let her go. In no time she had me emptying my load down her throat. After I was done, I slumped against the wall. She stood up licking her lips and looking satisfied with herself. I reached out and slid my fingers between her wet pussy lips. She was drenched and it wasn't from the water.

“My turn,” I said softly.

“We don't have time,” she said.

“I'm not letting you hurt. Let me at least finger you off.”

She gave in and I worked her with my hand although I would've preferred my mouth or cock. It only took a few minutes to have her coming hard. Once she was done and weakly leaning against the shower tiles, I washed us both. By the time we were finished, dried, and ready to face the day, an hour had gone by. It was eight o'clock. Time to go get the guys and get on the road after we had breakfast. Gathering our stuff back in our bags, we left the room, and I tapped on Ranger and Law's door. It swung open after the second knock.

“Get the hell in here,” Ranger growled. Walking in, I saw Hammer, Gunner and Steel were in there with them.

“What's up?” I asked.

“Us, all night listening to the two of you go at it,” Steel said. He was trying not to grin. Glancing at Scarlet, I saw she was turning red.

“Don't embarrass her. And don't listen to them, baby. They would've been the same with their old ladies. In fact, I recall seeing all of them being tired and wrung out numerous times.”

Hammer laughed. “That's true. We're just messing with you, Scarlet. We're happy you finally put this fucker out of his misery. If you hadn't, we would've had to put him down soon, I think. He's been gone on you from the start.”

“Really, you knew it?”

“Hell yeah. We know the signs. We’ve seen it enough over the years as each of us fell. Didn’t he tell you he loves you?” Steel asked.

Her blush reddened more, but she did answer him. “Yes, he did.”

“And do you love him?” Gunner asked.

“I do. Although we must be crazy to be like this after only a couple of months.”

Law shook his head. “No, you’re not. This is how it goes for all of us. Welcome officially to the family. I take it you guys settled everything and we’re going home. You’re going to let us handle this dick Winsor, right?”

She glanced at me and raised her brow. They saw it. “What’s going on?” Ranger asked.

“She’s coming home, and has agreed to let us find him, but when the time comes, she wants to be there when we take care of him,” I informed them. Instantly I could feel their tension.

“Sweetheart, that might not be such a good idea. Even if all we do is beat the hell out of him, and have his ass thrown in jail, it’ll be ugly,” Gunner told her.

“He’s not going to jail. He’s dying, and it’s going to be a hard death for him,” I snarled, as I recalled her telling me about what he did to her. She reached out and took my hand, giving it a squeeze. How like her. She was the one hurt by him but she was comforting me.

“Why? What don’t we know?” Law asked.

“It’s not something we can talk about, just know he deserves it,” I told them.

“Tell them, Sniper. They should know. I know I told you not to say anything to my sister and brother and I ask that the rest of you keep quiet. I’ll tell them when the time is right.”

“Are you sure, babe?” I asked in concern. It had taken a lot for her to confess what happened to her to me. I didn’t want her to be pushed into it.

“I’m sure. They should know why they’re being asked to end a life even if it’s you and I who end up doing it.”

Five sets of eyes were staring at me. Taking a breath to steady myself, since the rage was moving through me, I told them. “She didn’t tell Spencer and Sabrina this, but it seems Winsor has more to answer for than we knew. Before they ran off, he ambushed her and raped her.” As soon as I said it, they all started to swear. The looks of anger were apparent on their faces. I continued.

“That wasn’t all. Because of the rape she ended up pregnant. She lost her baby before she had to tell her brother and sister. They had no idea what she went through. There will be no prison for that cocksucker. He’s a dead man.”

Suddenly, she was tugged away from me, and into Gunner’s arms. He murmured to her and hugged her before kissing her cheek and handing her off to Law. She was passed around and given love and reassurance by all five of them before she was returned to me. I hugged her. I loved my brothers before this, but seeing how they comforted her and vowed to bring her monster to justice made me love them more. She was crying.

“Don’t cry, baby.”

“It’s alright. They’re happy tears. You don’t know how much it means to me to have all of you. This is the first time in years I’ve felt safe and that I’m part of a much bigger family. Thank you. Gunner, I know it’ll be hard for you not to tell Sabrina, but I appreciate you not doing it. I promise, I’ll tell them soon.”

“I understand and I won’t say a word, but do it soon. They deserve to know and they’ll want to be there even more for you. I promise, no matter what we have to do, we’ll find the bastard, and he’ll pay for what he did to you,” he growled darkly.

After that, it was only a matter of minutes before we checked out and hit the road. We went down the road a couple of miles and had breakfast at a place the clerk at the hotel recommended. He was right. They did make a great breakfast. Full of food, we gassed up and hit the road for the long haul. It was over seven hours back to the compound. I wanted to get there and get her settled and fill in the rest of the club on what happened. She had told me to tell them but to swear them to secrecy from telling their wives until she spoke to her siblings. As the miles sped by my fury increased. I pictured the ways I'd make that bastard pay.

Gunner:

We'd been back a few hours. Scarlet had been reunited with her brother and sister. They'd given her hell for leaving. I wondered how long she'd wait before telling them what Winsor had done to her. I knew they'd be furious and want his blood.

I looked around the table. We were all gathered in an emergency church Sniper asked Terror to call. Terror had done it willingly and when we came in, he'd turned the floor over to Sniper. He told them what had happened to Scarlet and that the plan was to find Winsor and eliminate him in the most painful way possible and how she wanted to participate. By their expressions, I knew they were stunned and angry. There was a lot of swearing and vows of justice for her. Once those died down the concern and questions came.

"Are you sure we should allow her to witness that? I know she's tough, but still," Savage asked.

"I agree, I wouldn't want this for a lot of the old ladies, but then again, Scarlet isn't like them. They could stand to allow you to handle things for them, which is great. I wish she would let me do the same, but she can't. I believe if she doesn't see he's been hurt at least, she won't be able to rest. I'm not sure if she'll want to be there when he ultimately dies, but if she wants to be, I'm gonna give it to her. Hell, we know Harlow and a few others would be there too if it was them," Sniper told them.

I couldn't disagree with him. The Warrior ladies were strong women. Some were made to watch and even participate. Those who weren't were no less strong, they were just strong in different ways. Terror turned to me. "What do you think, Gunner? This involves your woman too, although not like it does Scarlet, thank God. How do you think she'll take this news and the fact her sister wants to participate?"

"I don't know how she'll react to Scarlet being there. As for how she'll take the fact he raped and got her sister pregnant, she's gonna be devastated Scarlet went through it

alone and didn't let them support her. She'll be mad, but she'll get over it. If you're asking if Sabrina will want to watch or participate, I don't think she will, but we should be prepared for Spencer to want to. He's going to be pissed beyond belief. He'll insist we kill the bastard slowly."

"Oh, we intend to. Rapists are one of the lowest life forms and should be exterminated if you ask me," Ghost snapped. He had to be recalling what happened to Brielle and how she had Rowan. More than one of the old ladies had suffered rape. It was an ugly thing, but the world was full of people who were evil and ugly. Being able to say one less was out there might not seem like much to most people, but it was for us.

"Well, since it seems we all agree she deserves her shot and so does Spence, let's see what you've discovered Smoke," Terror quickly said.

The fact Smoke had something was news to me. I saw Sniper lean forward like I did. All eyes were on our computer expert. Smoke calmly opened his laptop and tapped on the keys. He wasn't projecting anything on the wall. I waited impatiently. Finally, he spoke.

"I don't know where the bastard is, but I can tell you, he's no longer with the Marshal Service," he said with a smirk of satisfaction.

"Why not? What happened? How long has he been gone?" Came the questions from around the table.

"From what I can tell without asking someone there directly, which I haven't yet since we want to keep a low profile as much as possible. He left them a few months after Scarlet and the others ran away. I was able to get into their system. They really should get better firewalls and shit to keep people out. Anyway, I digress. In his file, it was noted the allegations Scarlet made against him weren't totally discounted. At least one higher up was checking into it quietly. After she disappeared, Winsor went off the rails about it and kept shouting they had to find her. He was acting nuts and they noticed."

“What did they do?” I asked.

“They told him it was in his best interest to resign. If he didn’t, they’d be forced to investigate her allegations and if they were found to be true, he’d more than lose his job. They’d prosecute him and all the past cases he worked on would be re-investigated to see if there were any other victims out there. According to the notes, he came back the next day and put in his resignation. He denied any wrongdoing, but he said he realized he wanted to do something else. They were so relieved to avoid a scandal and a lawsuit, they didn’t pursue it after he left.”

“That’s bullshit. So they let a rapist and stalker go. They should’ve still investigated him even after he left. Do you know where he went after he quit?” Hawk asked indignantly.

“Well, for a few months he seemed to be going all over running down leads. He was trying to find her. When he didn’t, he up and sold his house and took off. After that is where things get sketchy. He would pop up here and there for a while then it was like he fell off the face of the earth,” Smoke said.

“That’s it? Is he dead?” Sniper asked.

“I don’t think so. Remember, he was in WitSec. He knew people who could give him a whole new identity, and he knew how to stay off the radar. I think he’s still out there waiting and hoping he’ll find her one day. As obsessed as he sounded, there’s no way he could just let go. He might have bided his time and did some stalking of other women, but I don’t know if he went to the extreme he did with her.”

“It’s one of her fears. That he did this to other women and raped them. She feels guilty she didn’t go after him sooner. She’s carrying around a lot of guilt, shame and pain,” Sniper added.

“She has nothing to be ashamed or guilty about. As for her pain, you’ll just have to work to take it away. It takes time, but eventually, it will be a distant memory,” Ghost promised me.

“I know she doesn’t, but I know it’ll take time. Gunner, be prepared for when she tells Sabrina,” Sniper warned me.

“I am. I know it’ll hit her hard. That bastard Winsor has a shit load to answer for. They’ve hidden for years because of him. Smoke, tell us you have your people out there searching and that you are working your magic,” I said.

“I am on both fronts. We’ll find him. I put in a word to Anderson since this involves a prior government employee. He’s not pleased and says he’ll get his people and the Dark Patriots working to find him. He can hide but he won’t get away with this. The only problem is we have no idea how long it’ll take to find him. Be prepared for it to possibly take months, although we hope not,” he warned us.

“As badly as I want him now, I know it may and we’ll wait. The one good thing is he has no idea we’re looking for him. That allows us to hunt without worrying about him catching onto us. They did a great job staying hidden from him for this long,” Sniper added.

We talked a while longer about it, but since it didn’t include any new information or ways to find him, I kind of listened with only half an ear. I was anxious to get back to Sabrina. We were gone no more than a day and it was too long for me. When we got back, I had kissed the hell out of her and promised when we were done with church, we’d spend time together. It was early yet, so I figured we’d spend time with her sister and brother and the rest of the club then retire for the evening.

Things had been progressing with us since the talk about our feelings. I was taking things slow with her. Although I will admit, after last night and hearing Sniper and Scarlet carrying on, I was jealous. I wish Sabrina and I were at that point, but I wasn’t going to rush her. The last thing I wanted to do was scare her or make her feel pressured. I wouldn’t die but I might be rubbed raw from too many hand jobs. Jesus, I went to bed every night and dreamed about her and all the things I wanted to do to her and have her do to me. I was acting like a teenager again.

I hadn't gotten Sniper alone yet to ask him what he and Scarlet had talked about and how he got her to go from running away to sleeping with him and coming home without a fight? Whatever it was, I wanted to know his secret. He deserved it. He'd been after her for months and unlike me, he had no encouragement. Everyone standing up pulled me away from my thoughts. I got up too. As they filed out, I caught up to Sniper. I hooked his arm. He gave me an expectant look.

"Do you have a couple of minutes before we rejoin the ladies?"

"Sure, wanna talk here or somewhere else?"

"Here is fine."

Terror gave me a chin lift from the doorway and closed the door behind him. We sat down. "What's up?" Sniper asked.

"I wanted to ask you how you finally got Scarlet to listen to you and to accept you wanted more than sex? She's been resisting you for so long, I was starting to worry about you ever getting her."

He chuckled. "Me too. I don't know. We got to talking, and I ended up telling her that I wasn't allowing her to go this alone and I loved her. I had to repeat it several times. Finally, she opened up about what that fucker did to her. I promised her we'd get him and she could help. She had this crazy idea I wouldn't want to settle for just one woman. I told her I would only do it if it was her."

"Did you claim her as your old lady?"

"I told her I plan to do it. Damn, I should've asked the guys to vote on it. Now we'll have to wait almost a whole week until church again. Shit. I also told her I wanted a family and to marry her too."

I whistled. "Damn, you laid it all out. What did she say?"

"She didn't say no. Hell, if she wasn't on birth control, I'd almost swear I got her pregnant last night. I wished for it anyway. It was out of this world, man. What about you and

Sabrina? You've been spending a lot of time together. She seems cozy with you and I've seen you kissing her," he said with a wink.

"It's good. Like you and Scarlet, we've confessed our feelings for each other. She knows what I want, and she seems to agree with it. I wish like hell our houses were done so she could move in with me. I was waiting until after the whole thing with Bandit and Coyote to be over before hitting her with marrying me."

"I hear ya. What about in the sex department? Are you two sleeping together?"

He was my best friend. I knew he wouldn't speak out of turn. "No, we're not. We've done some heavier making out, but there's something about her you didn't have with Scarlet."

"What's that?"

"Sabrina has never been with a man before like I told you. Since she's a virgin, I'm taking it slow. I don't want to scare or turn her off. She'll let me know when she's ready."

"I get it. Scarlet isn't much more experienced. As far as I know, she's only been with her high school boyfriend, the asshole who got this whole nightmare started for them, and then what Winsor did to her. You know she was gonna keep the baby even though it was the result of rape. When she lost it, she mourned. We haven't talked about it yet, but I plan to give her as many children as she wants."

"That's heartbreaking. How many kids do you want?"

"As many as she'll give me."

I grinned. I loved the idea of me and Sabrina having a houseful of them. As he and I chuckled I had a thought pop into my head. It wouldn't be totally ideal, but it would be better than what we currently had.

"Hey, I just had a thought. It's not perfect but it might work. I mentioned wishing my house was ready. I know you have to wish the same. Law and Tonya have moved into their house. Bandit and Coyote will stay in the apartment until their house is ready. What if you and I moved into the guesthouse

with Scarlet and Sabrina? It would give us more privacy than the clubhouse. Spencer could stay in his room here. I know he wouldn't mind. Do you think they'd go for that? Or would it be weird being in the house knowing your sister is having sex down the hall? Of course, that would mean you and Scar will have to work on keeping the noise down when you do," I teased him.

He punched me lightly in the arm. "We're not that loud," he protested. I gave him an incredulous look at his remark. He laughed. The smart ass knew they were. Last night, I worried someone else would hear them and call the front desk on them. Once he got his laughter under control, he continued.

"Hell, I don't know what they'll think but I think it's a great idea. We can get them to agree, I bet. The bedrooms in the guesthouse have soundproofing unlike the rooms in the hotel. We'd just have to remember not to get carried away in the living room or kitchen, so we don't get caught with our pants down literally. Come on, let's go see if they'll do it. If they say no, we'll work on them. I want to have her sleeping in my arms and the beds at the house are much bigger than what we have in our rooms in the clubhouse."

He bounced to his feet enthusiastically. I did the same. The idea of us doing this excited me. Hell, even if I had to wait to actually have sex with her, there was no reason why we couldn't share a bed. I wanted her in my arms. So far, I'd held off on asking her to either let me sleep with her or for her to stay in my room with me. Following him out to the common room, I sent out a wish they'd say yes.

Sabrina: Chapter 13

While the guys were in church, Spencer and I finished catching up with Scarlet. Part of our time was spent giving her more hell about taking off like she did and for deciding to go after Winsor on her own. Yeah, he'd targeted her specifically, but he'd ruined all of our lives and forced us to live under aliases, even though now we were used to them.

She tried to explain why she did it and I sort of understood, but I thought there was more to it than what she was telling us. I'd keep after her. In time she'd tell me. Seeing her walk through the door with Sniper and smiling at him as he held her close had stunned me. I knew how he felt about her, but it appeared he'd finally found a way to convince her of his feelings. He didn't look anything like a guy who was only after sex. He loved her and the soft, loving expression she wore on her face told me she loved him back.

When the guys came out of church, I searched for Gunner but I didn't see him. As a matter of fact, I didn't see Sniper either. Scarlet and I exchanged worried looks. Terror must've seen us do it because he came striding over with a smile on his face.

"Don't worry. They hung back to talk about something. They should be out in a few minutes. You doing alright? It's good to have you back. No more running off like that. I'm not sure we could scrape Sniper off the ceiling again. Besides, we're a family. We do things together," he told her gruffly, although not unkindly.

"I hear you and thank you. I promise I won't do anything like that again. All I want now is to find Winsor and get him out of our lives. Sniper explained everything, right?" The expression on her face made me wonder what else Sniper had told them. She looked uneasy.

His smile slipped away as he nodded. "Yeah, he did. Believe me, he won't get away with it. Sniper will tell you what we decided. Okay, if you ladies are good, I'm gonna go over there and instigate my woman," he said loudly. Harlow

wasn't far away so she heard him. She gave him a mock stern look and held up her fist like she was about to fight him. His laughter boomed out as he started toward her. We couldn't help but laugh like those around us who heard what he said.

"They're crazy but fun. I want us to be like them," I told Scarlet and Spencer.

"Us? You mean you and Gunner or us as in the three of us?" Spencer asked.

"I mean as a couple, me and Gunner. They've been together for nine years and you can still see how much they love each other."

"I don't think you two have anything to worry about. Same goes for Scar and Sniper. Tell me sis, did he spank your ass for making him chase you halfway to Stillwater?" Spencer asked with a smirk.

She chuckled. "No he didn't spank me although I think he wanted to. We had a really long talk. He told me how he feels and I told him how I feel. We cleared the air."

"And would that air clearing also include the two of you sleeping together? He sure had a big smile on his face when he walked through the door and so did you," he asked as he wiggled his eyebrows suggestively at her. She turned pink then she shoved him.

"Get out of here. I'm not telling my baby brother whether I had sex or not. Does he ask you this stuff, Sabrina?"

"I don't ask her, at least not yet. She's about to crack and give into Gunner though. When he walks in here grinning like he won the lottery, we'll know they finally did the dirty deed. Damn it, I need to get hot finding someone. I can't have my sisters doing the dirty deed and me being celibate. That sucks! Of course, I should beat their asses for even thinking of touching my sisters," he grumbled.

"Keep dreaming, Spence, but I have news for you, it's not gonna happen," a deep voice behind us made me whirl around. I knew that voice. It belonged to my Gunner. He smiled at me as he opened his arms. I went right to him and

snuggled against his chest. Sniper was with him. He opened his arms and Scarlet did the same. We heard a retching sound. It was Spencer.

“God, all this sweetness and love is making me sick. Come on, give a dude a break. The only way you’re allowed to be all lovey-dovey is if you hook me up with someone,” he protested. For good measure, he popped out his bottom lip into a pout. This made all four of us laugh.

“Hey, you wanna meet someone, we’ll make you a profile on one of those dating websites. We’ll fill it out so we can be sure it only attracts the right kind of men,” Sniper told him. There was a mischievous twinkle in his eye when he said it. The grin on Gunner’s face didn’t look any safer.

Spencer backed away with his hands in the air. “Oh hell to the no. You’re not doing any such thing. I can’t imagine what you’d put in the profile, but my luck I’d end up with a psycho who wants to kidnap me and keep me locked in a cave at the North Pole or something. This body doesn’t do the cold. And I’m too damn handsome to be wasted where no one sees me. I need civilization. I need coffee shops and malls, thank you very much.”

“Shit, you’re a pantywaist, Spence,” Gunner told him.

“No, I’m just an exotic hothouse flower who needs the perfect conditions to flourish. I’m like a fine bottle of champagne. You only come across someone like me once in a lifetime,” he preened.

“Exotic my ass. You’re more like a fungus you can’t get rid of,” Scarlet threw back at him. That launched us into an insulting fest. By the time we were done, most of the club had joined us and we were laughing so hard, I almost peed myself. Spencer ended it by pretending to stalk off, but in reality he was just going to the bar to get something to drink.

“Hey, we wanna talk to you ladies about something. Will you take a walk outside with us for a few minutes?” Sniper asked.

“Is everything alright?” my sister asked.

“Everything is great, baby. It’s not anything bad, I swear. It’s something Gunner and I wanna run by you and Sabrina.”

“Sure, let’s go,” I told them. We ducked questions about where we were off to, as we made our way to the door. Once we were outside, they led us to the playground. None of the kids were out there right now. They led us over to the swings and had us take a seat on them. As soon as we were seated, they gave us a gentle push. My feet left the ground. It had been ages since I’d been on a swing like this.

As we picked up speed Gunner was the one to start talking. “Sniper and I were talking about us and how we’re officially couples now. We wish our houses were finished so we could spend time in them with you, but they’re months away from being done.”

“We know. It would be nice to be able to have some privacy, but there’s nothing we can do about it,” I agreed.

“Well, that’s not exactly true. Hear us out before you say no. You know Tonya and Law are in their house now. This has left the guesthouse empty. It has three bedrooms and two bathrooms. We’re thinking the four of us can move in there together. It will allow us to have privacy and the beds in those bedrooms are much bigger than those in our rooms at the clubhouse. What do you think of that idea?” Sniper asked.

Scarlet looked at him in shock and what I thought was excitement. Gunner was watching me. My heart pounded at the thought. There was nothing I’d love more than to be able to spend more alone time with him and to sleep with him every night. Since we’d admitted our feelings to each other, I’d been fighting myself not to push him to take things to the ultimate conclusion. Maybe I’d been wrong to wait. Maybe this was the way to make him see I was ready to take the final step.

I was nervous, sure, but not as much as I was anxious to know what it was like to have him make love to me. I wanted to know what it felt like to be claimed fully and in every way by him. I exchanged a look with Scarlet. She stared

back at me. It was as if I could read her mind. She gave me a chin lift. A quick blink from me and I was the one to answer first.

“I think we should talk about it more. I’m not saying no to the idea, but there are things to consider. One, we’d have to be sure Spencer is okay staying here at the compound. It’s not fair for us to force him to stay when he might want to go back to the apartment. If he wants to stay in town and we decide we want to be here, then we have to find him a smaller place. He doesn’t need a three-bedroom apartment and he can’t afford one on his own. If he wants to stay here long term, is that an option? We can’t just think of ourselves. It’s not how our family works.”

“She’s right, we can’t. Now that the danger to us is over with, it isn’t a reason to stay on the compound. Have you thought of that?” Scarlet threw out there.

“You’re right it isn’t a reason to stay, but that isn’t why we’re asking you. Regardless of danger, we want you with us. As for Spencer, we know Terror and the others won’t have an issue with him staying at the clubhouse. Hell, he can even stay with one of them. I don’t think he should stay in the guesthouse with us. The quarters are a bit close. Not sure he wants to sleep right next to two rooms where his sisters are possibly engaging in other activities. Now, when our houses are done, he’s more than welcome to live with us if he wants,” Sniper said.

“The same with us,” Gunner added.

I was stunned both men would extend that offer. “Wouldn’t that be the same as him staying in the guesthouse with us?” I asked.

They both grinned and Gunner was the one who answered. “No baby girl, it wouldn’t. We’ll just put him in the bedroom farthest away from ours. Although, I can’t promise he might not walk in and see us sometimes. I can be a really spontaneous man.”

As I gasped, he and Sniper laughed. Scarlet rolled her eyes. “Yeah, and if our brother ever sees us naked having sex,

we'll kill you."

"Well, I guess that offer is off the table. We'll just have to build him his own place next to our houses."

Both Scarlet and I were taken back, I could tell by her face. "Y-you can't be serious. Don't you have to be part of the club to live on the compound?"

"Typically, but there are exceptions like Ms. Marie and Waylon. Spencer is family because of you. He'll always be welcome here," Sniper said.

"What if he finds someone and settles down?" Was her next question. I was still too stunned by their offer to say anything yet.

"We'd accept whoever he loves into our home too. All we'd do was make sure the man was worthy of him and had nothing nefarious in his background. Anyone trying to use him or could bring harm to Spence won't last long around us," Gunner growled.

I couldn't contain myself. I jumped off the swinging swing. As I landed on my feet, I whipped around and ran to Gunner. He looked surprised but he did open his arms. Which was a good thing, since I threw myself into them and kissed him. It wasn't a simple peck on the mouth and done either. It was a "full lip-lock and devour him" kind of kiss.

Vaguely, I was aware that Scarlet was off her swing kissing Sniper much the way I was Gunner. It was a few minutes before we were able to tear ourselves away. When we did, all four of us were panting and I bet money, horny as hell. My nipples were hard points and the crotch of my panties were getting wetter by the second. I could feel Gunner was just as aroused. The big hard bulge pushing out against his zipper told me he was. I didn't look to see if Sniper was the same. That would've been too weird.

"Is that a yes?" Gunner asked hoarsely.

"For me, it's a yes as long as Spencer is taken care of. We need to talk to him," I said.

“Does this mean you’re in, if he says he’s fine with whatever arrangement we come up with?” Sniper asked my sister.

He was staring at her with such a heated look on his face, I was embarrassed to see it. He looked like he could ravish her on the spot. Looking back to Gunner, I realized he had the same look on his face. Damn it all, that was it. Tonight, I was gonna get him to come to my room or get him to invite me to his and I was taking this to the final level.

“Yes, that’s what I mean,” she told him. He gave a loud whooping sound and squeezed her tight.

“And what about you, Sabrina? You’re sure you’ll do it too?” Gunner asked me.

I pressed hard against him again, trapping his erection between us. I subtly rubbed back and forth. “What does this feel like my answer is?” I whispered softly. He let out a growl and kissed me. Finally, when we all settled down, it was decided we’d go find Spencer and talk to him. As we walked back toward the front door, a thought struck me and I stopped.

“Have you asked Terror or whoever you have to ask if we can use it? What if they say no?”

“They won’t say no. There’s no one needing it, and if we have guests, we’ll either set them up in someone’s house, the clubhouse or in a hotel in town. There’s no way Terror or the others will say no. Most of them have used the house or apartment since they were built. Come on, I don’t wanna miss Spence,” Sniper said.

Taking it as gospel that they’d know, we continued inside. The common room was just as busy as when we left. Smiles and greetings flew at us. Some were asking where we’d disappeared to. I followed Gunner, since he was taller and more likely to spot our brother in this crowd rather than me or Scarlet. He and Sniper seemed to know where they were headed. Within a minute or so, we stopped in front of Spence. He was talking to Lance. He smiled when he saw us. “What’re those looks for?” he asked,

“Do you have a few minutes? There’s something we need to talk to you about,” Gunner asked.

“Sure, let’s go sit down. Lance, I’ll talk to you later, alright?”

“Sure, we can talk whenever. Do you guys need anything to drink? I can bring them to the table.”

We nodded and quickly rattled off what we wanted. He gave a nod then headed back to the bar. We let Spencer lead us over to a nearby table which was empty and we all sat down. Immediately, Gunner took my hand and held it in his. I glanced over to find Sniper was doing the same to my sister. Spencer was grinning mischievously.

“I take it all’s right with the four of you. What did you want to talk about? If it’s whether you can have my sisters, the answer is yes, please take them, I beg you. As long as you know, there’s no giving them back. You take ‘em they’re yours for eternity. I don’t give refunds on defective models,” he joked.

Scarlet was closer to him than I was, so she was the one to punch him in the arm. It wasn’t a light love tap. “Shut it, before we drown you. As if they’d ever want to give us back or get a refund. We’re awesome. We can’t help that you’re not,” she teased.

“Like hell you are! Don’t be fooled guys. They’re evil, although Sabrina is slightly less so than Scarlet. Are you sure you thought this through?” he asked with a smirk. Scarlet bared her teeth and growled at him. I flipped him the middle finger. This made him and the guys laugh.

“We’re sure. You’re right we do wanna talk about your sisters, but not to give them back or ask permission. We want your sisters to live with us. It’ll be months until our houses are done as you know. We don’t want to wait, so we asked if they’d be willing to move into the guesthouse with us. We’d live there until our houses are ready. What do you think of the idea? We don’t have much privacy in the clubhouse and to be honest, the beds aren’t large enough,” Gunner told him.

“Well shit, I think it’s a great idea. When is moving day? What about the apartment? It’s too big for me to keep it for long on my own, but I can swing it until I find something smaller. I assume there’s no reason to keep it, right? Is this weekend soon enough to pack it up and get their stuff here?”

“Whoa, take a breath. Don’t you even want to threaten them for wanting to live in sin with your sisters? You know what this means if we live with them. The whole bigger bed comment should’ve clued you in,” I said.

“I’m not stupid, I know. You’ll be having sex in those beds. I say go for it. As for living in sin, you need to get a little sinful, I think. Life is too short. Enjoy it.”

“Thanks man, that means a lot, however this raises another point. We’ll gladly help you find a smaller place and to cover the current one until you do, if it’s what you want. Or you can let it go and just live here permanently,” Sniper told him.

This made Spencer pause. He looked a bit taken aback, and it took him a few moments to say anything. “Wow, do you mean I could live here forever? What would that look like? Is the rest of the club okay with it? What do I have to do? What about in the future? I hope to meet someone and settle down. Would I move then? Can someone not part of the club live here?” he rattled off in a rush.

“Slow down, one question at a time. You sound just like your sisters. Yes, it means you’re welcome to live here forever or for as long as you want. The club shouldn’t have a problem with it since you’re family now. You don’t have to do anything other than make a decision then help us to carry it out. What it looks like right now is up to you. You can stay in your room here at the clubhouse or stay in the guesthouse with us, but I don’t think you’d like the last option,” Gunner told him.

The look of distaste on Spencer’s face said it all. He wouldn’t do it. “Hell no, I don’t need to hear my sisters having sex. And if I’m allowed to bring someone home with me, I don’t want them hearing me.”

“Okay, we figured as much. Once the houses are done, you could move into the guesthouse or the apartment, live with one of us, or we could build you your own place, like Ms. Marie and Waylon have. She and Waylon aren’t technically in the club, but they live here. If you find someone you want to make a life with, we’d investigate them like we do everyone and as long as they check out and aren’t out to harm you or use you, they can live here with you. Did we cover everything?” Sniper asked as he finished off where Gunner started.

“I think so. Wow, it’s a lot to think about. First, I appreciate you all thinking of me. Thank you. I know I don’t want to live with any of you, no offense. I do want to remain close. When you start giving me nieces and nephews I have to be close enough to be in their lives and see them every day. I’d rather not go back to the apartment. I’m fine to stay in the room I’m in now. After your houses are done, we can revisit if I want to move into one of those two places you offered or build something of my own, although I don’t think I’ll want to live with any of you. I think eventually it would be something of my own since I do intend to do my best to find someone and have a family. Shit, how soon do you need to know everything?”

“Right now, you’ve given us more than enough answers. If you’re sure, we’ll make it official with the members, which shouldn’t be a problem. Once that’s done, we can see about getting you all packed up and moved out of the apartment. Anything you can’t use right now, we’ll put in storage. We’d like to get your sisters moved into the guesthouse with us, even if it’s only with what they have now, ASAP,” Sniper informed him.

Spencer looked at us. “You two have been awfully quiet. Are you on board with all this? Do you want to live with them? If you don’t, just tell me now and I’ll get your asses out of here.”

“Spence, we’re all on board with them. We just want to be sure you’re okay with it and that you’ll be taken care of. We

don't want you to think your happiness and wishes aren't being taken into consideration," I told him.

He glanced at Scarlet. She nodded. "I'm doing the same. I do want to be with Sniper."

"Well, it's about damn time. I thought you'd never put these two guys out of their misery. Anyone looking at them could see they're head over heels for you and you feel the same way about them. God, I thought I might have to do something drastic soon if you didn't admit it or catch a clue. Although, hear this, Sniper and Gunner. If you ever mistreat them, break their hearts or anything else like that, I will make you pay for it and you won't fucking like it. They're my sisters and I love them and won't let anyone hurt them again," he said as he got deadly serious in a blink of an eye. You could tell by his expression, body language and his tone he meant every word.

Gunner and Sniper grew just as serious. "I know that and I'd never hurt Scarlet. I love her and I want her to be my old lady and to have a family with me," Sniper told him.

"I feel the same damn way about Sabrina. I'd cut off my own arm and cut out my heart before I'd hurt Sabrina. I love her and want a family with her too," Gunner told him.

"Then I think we have work to do. Where's Lance with our drinks?" Spencer called out. Like magic, Lance popped up beside us.

"I was waiting for you to get all this heartfelt shit over with. Congratulations," he told us as he passed out the drinks.

Thanking him, we all raised our drinks and made a toast. That seemed to be the signal for the rest of the club to descend on us and ask what we were celebrating. When we explained there was a roar of approval and they were quick to say they'd love to have all three of us stay here. For the next couple of hours we celebrated, fielded questions and talked about our plans. When it was time to retire for the night, my nerves kicked in. How was I supposed to get him to invite me to his room or get enough nerve to ask him to mine?

Lucky for me, Gunner took it out of my hands. “Baby, I’d love it if you’d stay with me tonight. I’m good with us staying in either room. I just need to be able to hold you.”

“I want that too. I think I’d rather stay in your room. Do you mind? All I need to do is grab a few things from mine and then I can meet you in yours.”

“Sounds good to me. Let’s go.” We waved to the others and said quick goodnights to some as we headed toward the hallway where our rooms were. I was shaking with excitement and terror by the time we got to my room. He tried to insist on waiting for me, but I told him I needed some time. Reluctantly, he left. Racing inside, I hurried to the bathroom. I had some work to do.

Gunner: Chapter 14

While I waited for Sabrina to join me, I took a shower. I hoped it would help me to calm down. I was excited she'd be staying in my bed all night. I was nervous the temptation would be too much, and I'd push her too fast toward moving our relationship to the next step. I was scared I would jump on her like a sex starved beast. In order to prevent that, I took a shower and rubbed one out. I had to get my cock under control. The bastard kept rising up and demanding attention.

When I was finished, I straightened up my room and changed the sheets on the bed. No one but me had been on them, but I wanted them to be clean for her. I slipped on a pair of gray lounge pants and a t-shirt. I paced as I waited. It had been a half hour, and I was getting worried she'd backed out. I was about to go see if that was the case when there was a soft knock at the door. I rushed over and yanked it open.

The sight standing there took my breath away. Her hair was gathered in a messy bun on the top of her head. She had on no makeup but she was still stunningly gorgeous. She was wearing a short robe. Her long sexy legs were showcased. She was holding a small bag. I reached out and gently tugged her inside. I slammed the door behind her and locked it. I took the bag and dropped it on my dresser.

“Jesus, what a sight. Although, showing off your legs where anyone else might see them I don't think I like.”

She giggled. “There's no one to see me other than taken men. Your brothers wouldn't pay attention to my legs, Tyler.”

“They might not, but what about Lance? He's a red-blooded heterosexual man.”

“He's at the bar. Are you gonna grumble all night or can I relax?”

“Sorry, please relax. My room is your room. Get comfortable.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m positive,” I assured her.

Facing me, I saw her swallow and then she reached up and undid the belt around her waist. As it fell open, I got a glimpse of what she wore underneath. My mouth went dry. She opened the sides wider and slipped it off her shoulders, letting it fall to her feet. She was wearing a short, satin number which had thin straps holding up a shiny slip of a nightgown. It hit right below her hips. It was a peach color. The front was cut into a deep V, showcasing the swells of her breasts. All my work to get my cock under control was wasted. I felt myself start to grow hard. And in these pants, there was no way to hide it. I groaned.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m gonna die, that’s what. You come in here dressed like that which is every man’s wet dream and expect me not to get turned on? I have a hard enough time keeping my hands off you when you’re fully dressed. How am I supposed to stop at a few kisses, baby? Fuck, you’re gonna be the death of me,” I muttered.

“Who said anything about you keeping your hands off me? I want your hands on me, Tyler. I need them and a whole lot more,” she said breathily.

I froze. I didn’t dare let myself hope she meant what I hoped she did. Was she saying she wanted to do more than kiss and fondle each other? As I stood there staring, she began to look embarrassed. She leaned down to grab her robe. As she began to slip her arms into the sleeves, I came out of my stupor.

“What’re you doing?”

“I’m getting dressed. This was a bad idea. Sorry. Maybe I should stay in my room tonight,” she mumbled.

“Like hell you are. You’re staying with me.” I went to her and stopped her from tying it. I slipped my hands under the fabric and pushed it back off. “I was just surprised. I don’t want to do anything that’ll make you feel uncomfortable or

pushed. You took me by surprise, babe. Believe me, I want you here. I just need you to be clear about what you want.”

She nibbled on her bottom lip, which made me want to do the same. Thinking the hell with it, I leaned down and did it. She moaned and her hands came up to grip my shoulders. Bringing her body against mine, I felt her body through the thin fabric. Her nipples were hard. I slid a hand up and over to cup one through the satin slip. I ran my thumb over it. She shuddered and gasped as it hardened even more.

“Tell me what you want, Sabrina. Tell me how far I can go,” I growled softly.

“However far you want to take it, Tyler,” she whispered.

“And if I want to take it to the ultimate ending. The one where I have you naked on my bed, begging me to take you harder and me buried in your pussy making love to you until we both scream and come. Would you be alright with that? Because if not, then tell me the line I can go to before I tear this thing off and start feasting on you,” I snarled. I was fast losing control, and I hadn’t even seen her naked, nor touched or tasted her.

“All of the above. I want you. I need you. If you don’t make love to me tonight, I think I’ll die, Tyler. I want you to touch me all over and I want to do the same to you. I want your cock inside of me. Make me yours,” she moaned.

I didn’t wait to hear more. I lifted her with both hands on her ass cheeks. I squeezed and kneaded them as she wrapped her legs around my waist and gripped my shoulders. Taking her mouth in a greedy kiss, I walked her to the bed. When my knees bumped the edge, I bent and laid her down on it then I stood back up to tear off my shirt, but I left on my pants.

Her eyes widened as she ran them all over my chest. I knew I was fit and my muscles and tattoos pleased women. All I cared about was them pleasing her. By the expression on her face and the heat in her eyes, they did. Bending down, I crawled onto the bed with her. I straddled her and gave her a

kiss. She eagerly kissed me back, using her teeth and tongue to play with mine. I gave as much as I got.

When we parted, we were panting. She reached over and tugged on one of my hands which was on the mattress by her head. I lifted it up. She took it and brought it to her breast. I gently squeezed. Hearing her gasps of pleasure, I kneaded harder then strummed her nipple. She arched her back. Before I knew what she was doing, she grabbed the top of her nightie or slip or whatever the fuck it was and lowered it. Her ripe, full breasts spilled out. I moaned at the sight. She had full breasts topped with the pinkest, most perfect nipples I'd ever seen. I couldn't stop myself from sucking one into my mouth.

She cupped the back of my head and pressed me closer. As I laved it with my tongue and teased it with my teeth, tugging on it between my teeth, I played with the other one, strumming and tweaking it. She was moaning loudly and writhing on the bed. Jesus, she was so damn responsive. I switched sides. When I had them both rock hard and rosy, I raised up. "I want to take off this nightie. Can I?"

"Yes, take it off," she muttered. She helped me by sitting up enough I could get it up then off. As I threw it to the foot of the bed, I couldn't look away. She was breathtaking. She had curves for days. Her skin was so pale and creamy smooth. As I touched her skin, I couldn't believe how soft it was. Her large breasts tapered down to a tucked in waist then flared out wider to show off those hips of hers. She wasn't a size two, and I was happy as hell about that.

Running my eyes down further, I saw her pussy was covered in a fine covering of hair which matched the hair on her head. I ran a finger across the top of her mound. She shivered. It was soft too. Moving myself around, I shifted my legs so I could move hers apart. I spread her legs and got my first glimpse of her pussy.

Her spicy aroma hit my nose and I inhaled deeper. She had pink lips that matched her nipples. Her folds were slick with her cream. A hard clit was peeking out of its hood. Groaning and unable to stop, I laid down on my belly. The firm mattress pressing against my swollen cock made me

moan, but I didn't care. I had to taste her this instant or else. Lowering my head, I swiped from her entrance to her clit. There I sucked on it hard and nibbled with my teeth.

She cried out loudly and her hips bucked up off the mattress. Chuckling, I did it again then pushed her hips apart as wide as I could, exposing her fully to me. I attacked her with my tongue then my teeth. Soon I had my fingers in the mix. After I teased her folds for a couple of minutes, I slowly thrust a finger into her pussy. She moaned. She was so damn tight, I couldn't believe it. I'd have to open her up a lot more if she was gonna take my cock. Even with doing that, it would hurt. I wanted to make this the least painful as possible.

She whimpered. "Am I hurting you, baby?" I asked anxiously.

"It's a little uncomfortable, but not painful. It feels good. Don't stop," she begged.

"Tell me if it becomes too much. I don't want you hurting."

"I will. God, please do it again. It feels so good, Tyler."

Grinning, I went back to eating her pussy. I couldn't seem to get enough. The more I lapped up her cream, the more I wanted and the more she gave me. I finger fucked her tight hole and when she relaxed, I added another finger. It was while I was thrusting two fingers in and out and sucking on her clit that she erupted. She tightened around my fingers. Her hands gripped my hair and she screamed as her hips came up off the mattress. I hungrily ate and swallowed every drop of her cream I could get. She shook and sobbed for a long time before she came down.

When she relaxed back down, I added a third finger and kept going. "Oh God, I can't stand it," she cried out.

"Yes, you can. If you're taking my cock, you need to be ready. I want you as slick as I can get you," I growled.

As much as I'd love to have her hands and mouth on my cock, I knew that wasn't going to happen, at least not this first round. I wanted her too much. As it was, my cock wanted

to explode and blow my load all over the bed. I wasn't gonna let it happen. When she came again, I gentled my thrusts and sucking to bring her down slowly. As she relaxed, I sat up. She looked dazed.

Shifting around, I worked off my pants. I didn't have any underwear on. As my cock sprang into view, her eyes widened and she licked her lips. I gripped it at the base and stroked up and down which made me moan. The head was swollen and dark red, almost purple. Precum coated the head and was running down my length. She reached out and ran a finger over the tip. I hissed.

“Fuck, don't or I'll blow. Sabrina, tell me now and I'll stop. If you don't, then I'm gonna be inside of you in a couple of seconds. I want to feel your hot, wet, tight pussy surrounding my cock. I know you'll fit like a glove. Tell me what you want to do,” I muttered as I gritted my teeth and let go of my cock. If she backed out now, I wouldn't push her, but I might die.

She beckoned to me with her hand. “Come here and put that beautiful thing inside of me, Tyler. I don't want you to stop. Take me and don't stop until we both come,” she said sultrily.

It was like I was in a trance. I knew there was something I should say or do, but I couldn't recall what it was. I grasped her hips and lifted her ass up then I lined my cock up with her entrance and slowly pressed inside. I got the head in and had to stop to take a few deep breaths and rest a few moments as I fought for control. When I felt like I was okay, I continued to press inward. She opened excruciatingly slowly as I worked myself deeper and deeper. I'd push then retreat over and over. Each time I pushed inward, I'd slip a bit deeper.

She was moaning and shaking her head from side to side. Her nails were biting into the back of my arms. Her eyes were staring into mine. I saw discomfort there but mostly pleasure, so I kept going. I had no idea how long I was at it before I came to an obstruction. She flinched when I hit it. I stopped.

“Are you ready? It’ll only hurt for a few moments.” I hoped that was true. It was what all the articles I read said. I’d tried to prepare for taking her virginity. This was new territory for me.

“I’m ready,” she whispered.

Giving her an intense kiss, I waited until she got lost in it, then I drew back and snapped my hips forward. She stiffened and cried out. I didn’t stop until I was fully inside. When I was, I halted to let her adjust. I raised my head. I was gritting my teeth to keep from moving.

She smiled up at me. “Keep going. Don’t stop. It’s already getting better. Make love to me, Tyler.”

Easing back until only the head was still inside, I slowly sank back into her. The stranglehold she had on my cock slowly eased. As it did, I picked up the pace. The louder she moaned and the more she urged me on with her touch and words, the faster I got and the harder I snapped my hips. I meant to take it slow and easy the whole time, but her response, the begging and how good she felt wiped that away. Soon I was pounding her pussy chasing the orgasm of my life. I was determined to make her come with me. Grinding down on her clit with my thumb, I circled it over and over as I drove into her.

Just when I thought I wasn’t gonna get her there, she stiffened, clenching around me like a fist and screamed. Her pussy milked my cock which threw me into my orgasm. I grunted and swore as I jerked and filled her with my cum. I went on for a long time before I was drained and I stopped thrusting. I slumped down, half lying on her as I panted. She was moaning and panting too.

“Are you alright?” I asked hoarsely.

“I’m more than alright. God, that was amazing, Tyler. I never knew sex was like this.”

“It isn’t. This was more than just sex, it was making love and I’ve never gotten close to anything like this. This here is proof we’re meant to be together and that we love each

other,” I whispered before I kissed her. Instantly the passion in me ignited again. To my amazement, my cock began stiffening again inside of her. Her face showed her astonishment.

“Are you ready for round two, baby? Tell me now,” I ordered her.

“I’m ready and yours to do with as you wish.”

Images of all the things I wanted to do to her flashed through my mind. However, for now, I’d take it easy on her. There was plenty of time to see what she might like. I raised myself up then rolled, taking her with me. I heard her gasp when we ended up with me on my back and her sitting astride me. Her hands were gripping my pecs.

“I think this time, you should be in control, although I make no guarantees how long that’ll last. Ride me, my beautiful Diamond. I wanna see how long it takes for you to get me to come,” I challenged her.

She sat there for a few moments. I thought she wasn’t going to do it. I might be pushing it for her first night with me. I was about to take over when she gave me a sultry look and lifted up until only the head was still inside her. As she gazed into my eyes, she sank back down. The sensations I was experiencing just from being inside her were wonderful. However, when she pressed down, she circled her hips and did something to make her inner pussy muscles grip me over and over like a hand squeezing, I couldn’t hold back my groan.

Before I could tell her how good it felt, she raised up again. This time she came down fast and hard. The slap of her flesh on mine was loud and only fueled my desire. I grabbed her hips in both hands and lifted her up then slammed her down on me. We both cried out.

“That’s it, baby. Ride me. You fucking own me, Sabrina. Every single part of me is yours. You can do whatever you want. God, I love you,” I said hoarsely.

“I. Love. You. Too,” she said, punctuating each word with her descent on my cock.

She kept throwing in those hip circles and flexing her inner muscles, which was pushing me fast to another orgasm. Reaching up, I teased her nipples. I pulled hard on them to make them distend more and to see what she would do with me being a bit rougher. She threw back her head and moaned.

The next pass I tweaked them by twisting them. She released more cream all over my cock. Ah, my baby liked that. Sliding a hand behind her, I urged her to lean down to me. When she got close enough, I sucked one breast into my mouth as I continued to play with the other. I bit down on the one in my mouth. She cried out again and shuddered, but she didn't tell me to stop. I lashed it with my tongue then would suck or bite it. She was going wild riding me and I was sweating that she'd make me come before she did. Using my other hand, I moved it down to play with her clit as I made love to her nipple. The buildup ramped up ten times as much. It was no more than a minute or so before she moaned out to me.

“God, Tyler, I'm coming.”

“Let go,” I urged.

On the next downward thrust, she stiffened and started to shake as her pussy strangled my cock and coated it in her release. I shuddered and swore as my cum shot out of me like a volcano. She jerked on top of me while I hammered my cock in and out. I wanted to prolong it for as long as possible. This time when we were both done, she rolled to her side on the bed next to me. I went with her since I wasn't ready to lose our connection. She panted as she stared at me.

“Anything wrong?” I asked.

“No, it's still great. Wow, it was even better the second time. If it keeps getting better every time, I'll die, Tyler.”

“Me too, babe. Being inside of you is indescribable for me. I can live with us doing this for the next seventy years.”

She laughed, “So can I.”

“You know what this means, don't you?”

“What?” She got a puzzled look on her gorgeous face. I gave her a quick kiss. This was too important to get caught up in another mind-boggling kiss.

“It means you’re officially my old lady. I’ll have the club vote on it at the next meeting. You can’t escape me now. You’re mine.”

She smiled and snuggled closer. “I love being yours, and I’m proud to be your old lady.”

“Thank you, baby,” I whispered to her. We laid there a few minutes more until I knew I had to move. I’d gone totally soft. I eased out of her. Moving so I could see, I watched as my cum slipped out of her. The sight of it made me want to crow. Also, it made me realize what it was I wanted to say at the start of this. Damn, I hoped she wouldn’t be upset.

“Um babe, we need to talk about something.”

“What’s wrong? Why’re you looking at me like that?” she asked nervously.

“Look,” I pointed to her pussy. She looked down then back at me.

“What about...” she abruptly stopped, looked again, then raised her wide eyes to mine. I saw shock and worry there. She hastily moved further away and sat up. She wrapped her arms around her legs after she bent them up to her chest.

“Oh my God, we forgot a condom! What’re we gonna do? I could be pregnant right now. How often do women get pregnant the first time they have sex?” she muttered one after the other. I let her get it all out before I answered her.

“We did forget. You make me forget everything but being with you. I’m sorry. I should’ve protected you. Yes, you could be on your way to being pregnant right now. And despite many people’s belief, you can get pregnant your first time. We’ve done it twice. I think the chances are at least fifty-fifty. What do you want to do?”

I realized as I waited for her to answer, I didn’t want her to say she wanted to take one of those morning-after pills, and I didn’t want to use condoms going forward. If she wanted

to prevent a pregnancy, she'd have to take some kind of birth control. However, deep down I didn't want her to do that either. I wanted to let nature take its course and see what happened. A baby with her was something to celebrate and want. I wasn't getting any younger. I wanted kids and if they came sooner rather than later, then so be it.

"You're thinking so hard over there, I can see the wheels moving. What are you thinking, Tyler?" she asked softly.

"I want to hear what you think first."

"No, I want to hear your thoughts. I know you. You might change your answer after hearing mine. Tell me."

"But I don't want to make you doubt your choice because you hear mine."

"Well, one of us has to go. Please, I need to know what is going through your head. I'm sorry too. I should've been an adult and thought of this."

"Babe, there's nothing to be sorry about. It's not like you did it on purpose."

"So, you don't want kids. Is that right now or ever?" There was what I thought was disappointment on her face when she asked.

"No, I mean yes, I want kids and if the first one comes in nine months, I won't be unhappy about it at all. Shit Sabrina, I love you and having kids with you is just an extension of our love in my mind. I've never been with a woman bare and the sensations are out of this world. I don't think I can have a barrier between us, so condoms are out. Which leaves you taking something. I hate you doing that, however if you're not ready for a baby, then I guess we could get the morning-after pill. It works as long as you take it within the first two days, I think."

She stayed quiet for a long minute. I was ready to jump out of my skin by the time she answered me. "I don't want the pill. Either to prevent pregnancy or to get rid of a potential baby we made tonight. This is crazy and we should've planned

this, but here we are. I want to let things be. If I get pregnant, then it was meant to be. My only concern is we should get checked before we do this again.”

“There’s no need for that. I already did it. Meeting you, I knew I wanted you and I made sure I got checked right away. I’m clean,” I assured her.

“Thank you for doing that, but what about since then? You may have caught something even if you did use a condom.”

There was hurt in her tone as she said it. She thought I’d been sleeping with other women while courting her? Oh hell no. “I haven’t touched anyone since before I met you, Sabrina. I knew you were mine the moment I set eyes on you and I wasn’t going to have sex just to get fleeting relief. It was and is only you I desire. I’m not going to use a substitute other than my own damn hand,” I told her gruffly.

“Really? You haven’t been with anyone?”

“Really and so there’s no need to do that. I’m one hundred percent onboard with your idea. The thought of us having a baby thrills me. If you can’t tell, having babies is what we Warriors do and we do it well,” I teased.

This got a laugh out of her. “You do that for sure. Okay, we have our answer. Let’s see what happens. Now, would it spoil the mood if I said I need to go get cleaned up? I’m a sticky mess.”

I grinned as I rolled to the side of the bed then got up. I held out my hand. “Your shower awaits my lady. May I escort you?”

She put her hand in mine and got off the bed. “You may, sir. And you can even join me if you’d like. It’s hard to reach certain places and I think you’ll be perfect to reach them.” Her tone was seductive. My heart jumped and my cock began to twitch. Goddamn, it looked like round three wasn’t far off. I could live with that.

Scarlet: Chapter 15

Two weeks. It seemed like it had been longer than that since I was brought back to Dublin Falls and Sniper and Gunner talked Sabrina and me into moving into the guesthouse with them. I figured we'd take that long to get our things packed at our apartments, move it here and then clean the place so we'd get our deposit back. On top of all this, we'd have to clean the guesthouse before moving in. Wrong. I didn't take into account the Warriors and their ladies.

Brielle had her cleaning company clean the guesthouse top to bottom, not that it was dirty. Tonya had kept it very clean. The guys got together to help us pack up our apartment and move it to the compound. What I thought would take days took one. There were so many people trying to help we had to send some home just to be able to move around. Those who remained at the compound unpacked boxes for us when they arrived. Some things they put away and others they left for us to decide what to put where and what to send to storage. The kitchen was fully equipped, so there were only a few things we tagged to go in the house and the others we marked to go to storage.

I wasn't too keen on having the men touching my underclothing but the ladies assured me and Sabrina they'd do that part. They said the guys would be weirded out to do it and they knew Gunner and Sniper would kick their asses for seeing let alone touching our underwear and bras. Harlow had been the one to tell us this and the growls out of our guys said she was correct. We teased them that we thought Lance could do it or their two new prospects, Johnny and Vince, until we were thrown over their shoulders and taken to our rooms. It was a rather enjoyable spanking I got, so I wasn't sure it was much of a deterrent for me to behave. The way Sabrina came out smiling later, I didn't think it was for her either.

The biggest part of the whole process was going to see our landlord to tell her we were moving out and wanted our deposit back. Recalling that visit made me smile. The guys

insisted they come with me and Sabrina to see Ms. Arlene. Spencer was lucky and got to miss it because he had to work.

Ms. Arlene lived in the same apartment complex as we did. She had a large apartment on the first floor. Although, why she had one of the biggest when it was only her and as far as we knew, she had no family or visitors, I had no clue. I wished the guys would've stayed behind due to how I knew she'd act.

She was what many would call a middle-aged cougar who was on the prowl all the time for a man. It didn't matter how old he was, as long as he was younger than her mid-fifties, if I had to guess her age. The one good thing was she didn't go after anyone under eighteen, but I'd seen her flirt with an eighteen-year-old boy before and watched him run for his life.

I found it rather pitiful, however Ms. Arlene didn't seem to notice. She thought she was a sexy goddess all the men wanted. She was in decent shape for her age. Her skin hadn't been protected from the sun, so she had more lines than I thought she should have on her face. She had a constant tan going. She liked to dress in short dresses and skimpy shorts and halter tops. Her breasts had to be fake. There was no way they could be that perky and be real. I worried they'd fall out of her tops and dresses due to how low she wore them.

She always wore sky high heels or wedges. She plastered on her makeup with a trowel and wore fake eyelashes which looked like tentacles on her eyes. She accessorized with tons of jewelry and a cloud of perfume that could choke you. The final pieces to her glorious self, her words not mine, was the bright carrot red hair she colored once a month then wore teased into a cloud all over her head and the dark red fake nails she wore. Recalling the visit made me cringe a bit.

Sabrina and I made one last attempt to get the guys to go back to the compound to help with the unloading of the last boxes. They said it was handled. I prayed Ms. Arlene wouldn't be home as I rang the doorbell and sent Sabrina a beseeching

look. She grimaced back. As luck would have it, we had no luck and the door came swinging open.

Standing there as if she was ready for a night on the town, trolling the bars for drunks too liquored up to see straight was Ms. Arlene. Her frown turned into delight as she saw Sniper and Gunner standing behind us. Without saying a word to us, she pushed us out of the way and swooped in on them. She stopped in front of them and stared up at them from her five-foot-three height without heels for once. Sabrina and I moved ourselves so we could see her face and intervene if it got too ugly. We knew we'd have to let her get some of it out of her system or she wouldn't listen to why we were there. Maybe we should've warned them but then again, this could be fun to watch. Yes, I was evil.

"Well, who do we have here? It must be Christmas and Santa knows I've been a very good girl this year. He's brought me two handsome hunks to play with. What're your names, hunkalicious one and hunkalicious two?" she cooed then licked her blood-red lips.

I choked back my laugh at the look of stunned horror which came over Sniper's face. Glancing at Gunner, I saw he wore the same look. I bit my bottom lip to hold in my giggle. Sabrina clutched my arm and squeezed. She looked ready to pop. Her eyes were dancing with mirth.

"Uh, we-we're with Scarlet and Sabrina. Babe, tell her what we're here for," Sniper stumbled out.

"Come now, there's no need for that. Come on in so we can get comfortable and get to know each other. I'm Arlene, but you can call me anything you want—babe, sweetheart, beautiful, sex slave, my queen. The list is endless as far as what I'll answer to, for two gorgeous men like you," she purred.

As she said this, she reached out to place her clawed hands on their chests. That was too much for me. I might let her flirt and make them squirm, but she wasn't going to touch my man. I pushed between them while Sabrina did the same

between her and Gunner. This forced Ms. Arlene to pay attention to us. Her flirty look changed to one of annoyance.

“Well, that’s just rude. I’m trying to get to know these two gentlemen. What’re you doing here? Rent isn’t due,” she snapped.

“We came to inform you we’ve moved everything out of the apartment and it will be clean by tomorrow. Since we only signed a six-month lease, then went to a month-to-month one, we know we have to give you a month’s notice. This is it, however, we paid you two months down at the beginning. We want the other one back, please. Of course, it also has to be in writing, so here it is,” I pulled an envelope out of my purse and handed it to her. She reluctantly took it.

“Come inside. I don’t need the world hearing our business,” she said as she turned her back on us. As she walked back into her apartment, she swung her hips exaggeratedly from side to side and glanced over her shoulder to send coy looks at the guys. When she turned back around, Sniper leaned down to whisper in my ear.

“What the fuck is her problem? And why didn’t you warn us?”

“Don’t worry, I know you can handle her,” I whispered back with a smirk.

“I don’t want to handle her. God knows what I might catch. You’re gonna pay for this, Dynamo. Prepare for your punishment when we get home,” he growled. That sent shivers of sexual anticipation through me, not fear.

Gunner was whispering something to Sabrina and the way she was looking, it was likely similar to what Sniper was saying. We hurried to catch up with our hostess. Gunner shut the door, but I noticed he didn’t lock it.

They stood there stunned only this time it wasn’t due to Ms. Arlene herself. It was her decor. It was red everywhere and looked like a bordello or strip club would look like, or so I assumed. Red pieces of cloth were draped over the lamps. The walls were painted red and the carpet was black. Her furniture

was black leather. Scattered around were accents of gold. I knew the whole place was like this since she insisted we take a tour when we moved in. Only it had gotten worse by the looks of this room.

She swung around to face us and pointed to the couches. "Have a seat. Can I get you something to drink? Wine, whiskey, maybe a screaming orgasm," she said with a wink at the guys. I had to turn my face away to hold in my laughter. They had looks of utter nausea on their faces.

"Ma'am, we're not able to stay. Like Scarlet said, they're here to give you notice that they're moving out, and the apartment is yours again. They need to arrange to get half their deposit back," Gunner repeated what I already said.

"Please, don't ma'am me. I'm way too young for that. Surely you have time for one drink. There's no need to rush off."

"Actually, there is. Our club is waiting for us. We only have a couple of minutes. Let's conclude this business," Sniper added gruffly.

"Your club, ooh, my you're part of a biker gang. I didn't notice your vests until now. That has to be so exciting. How in the world do you know Scarlet and Sabrina? They're not your type of women at all. You strike me as the type of men who go for exciting, beautiful women who're ready to do anything and wanna have fun. I'm much more your type. They're rather boring," she said with a smile.

I'd had enough of her. What started out as a funny joke on the guys had changed. I didn't like how she was eye-fucking my man. I swear she was licking her lips and running her hands over her own body. Gunner wasn't faring any better and Sabrina had narrowed her eyes on her.

"Ms. Arlene, we really do have to go. I'll call you tomorrow to set up a time to do the walk through with you, so you can see we've left it as clean and unmarred as we received it. I'd appreciate it if you'd have the one-month refund with you when we do it," I told her.

“Why the rush? And where are you all moving to? I can’t believe you’ve found anywhere with three bedrooms that’s cheaper than mine.” I could hear the disbelief in her tone.

“The rush is due to us. We can’t wait to have them all to ourselves. They’re not renting another apartment. They’re moving to our compound and living with us until our houses are built then they’ll move into those. That’s how it usually happens when a man meets the woman of his dreams and claims her. There’s no way I can live separate from Scarlet and Gunner feels the same way about Sabrina,” Sniper told her with a smile as he tugged me against him.

Her mouth fell open and she looked incredulous. It took her a few moments to say something. “What about their brother, Spencer? Surely, he needs a place to live. I can put him in a one bedroom here. He doesn’t need to leave and go to another complex. Or he could move in here with me,” she said suggestively. Even after telling her multiple times he was gay, she still would try with Spencer. He usually went in the opposite direction when he saw her coming.

“That’s not necessary. He’s moving to the compound too. We want all of our family to be together,” Gunner said. He was holding onto Sabrina like Sniper was holding me.

“Are you sure you should do that? Do you not know?” she asked.

“Why not?” Gunner asked.

“Know what?” was Sniper’s response.

“He’s a... you know, one of those gay men. Surely, your gang won’t want a man like him around. Of course Spencer will think he’s died and gone to heaven being surrounded by a bunch of hot sexy men. I guess they didn’t tell you that,” she said with satisfaction. Instantly, I was ready to beat the fake lashes right off her face.

I let out a growl and shrugged off Sniper’s hold. I stepped toward her. She stepped back. “Listen you old pathetic cow. Our brother is the sweetest guy in the world. His

sexuality isn't a problem except with bigoted people like you. I'll have you know the Warriors know all about Spencer and they don't care. He'd never hit on a straight guy or one who was taken, which is almost everyone in the club. And for your information, it's a motorcycle club not a gang. I've heard enough. We're going and I'll be in contact about the other stuff. And before you think you can withhold the money you owe me, or say we wrecked the place, I took pictures of it which show the date. If there's one mark on that apartment when we walk through, it's your ass I'm gonna leave marks on, hear me?"

Her gasp of outrage combined with fear filled me with happiness. I couldn't stand people like her. Turning my back on her, I stormed out of her apartment. The others were right behind me. It took Sniper a while to get me back in a good mood. Lucky for me, sex was involved.

It took a week to get her to answer my calls, but eventually we did the walk through, and I got our money back. She did have two hulking men do it with her. I thought it was hilarious especially when they saw our men and turned pale. Good riddance was my thought. I pitied whoever else moved in there and had to put up with her. Maybe I should be a good Samaritan and post online warning men they should avoid her complex at all costs. It still pissed me off when I thought about her.

However, today was all about good thoughts and having fun. The club had decided to have a huge party. They invited people from all their allied clubs and their chapter in Hunters Creek. This would be the first time the three of us would be meeting the majority of them. The party was a two-fold celebration. It was to present Sabrina and I as Gunner and Sniper's old ladies, and Spencer as part of the Warrior family, as well as to present their two newest prospects and the club's newly patched member, Lance. The club had officially patched him in last weekend and given him his cut. His road name was Rocker.

I was having a hard time remembering to call him that, but I wasn't the only one. It would take a bit of time for it to

seem natural. I asked how they came up with his road name. Sniper explained Terror was the one to typically come up with a new member's name and in this case, he thought Rucker was appropriate since Lance was always blasting rock 'n roll all the time. He loved it. I thought it was as good of a name as any.

The ladies had all come together to make the ton of food it would take to feed all our guests plus they'd ordered some from town too. There were a couple hundred people expected when you included us along with the kids. Not every member of the clubs would be able to make it, but a majority would it looked like from the talk we overheard and the numbers we were given to expect.

Personally, I could use a good time. There had been no news about Winsor over the last few weeks. Wherever he was, he was staying well hidden. Smoke was pissed that he and his considerable resources hadn't found him yet. I hated to see him upset. I knew he was doing more than his fair share to find the bastard. I wanted him found and out of our lives. As long as he was out there, I'd never be able to fully relax and enjoy this wonderful new life I had.

The guys were out making sure they had enough tables and chairs set up for the event. Since it was for so many, they'd rented and erected tents, large space heaters, tables and chairs outside so everyone would have a place to sit. It was the beginning of December and the weather was chillier, like you'd expect for this time of year. Thankfully, there was no call for snow or extremely cold temps. The high during the day was in the mid-fifties then dropping to the low forties.

Sabrina gave me a nervous glance as we walked toward the clubhouse from the guesthouse. We'd been there for over an hour working on getting ready for the day. Sniper and Gunner had tried to tell us we didn't have to do anything to ourselves, just come as we were. Spencer had laughed his ass off then took them to task to explain why you never said that to a woman unless you wanted to die or be hurt. Remembering it made me smile and relax.

“Listen dudes, those words are a guaranteed way to have your head ripped off, your manhood torn to shreds or getting yourself in the doghouse without lovin’ for a long time. Didn’t anyone ever teach you not to tell a woman she looks fine? Fine is the same as telling her she looks like shit and you’re embarrassed to be seen with her and you’re looking for a prettier, sexier and more intelligent woman to replace her with. Minimum.” Both their mouths dropped open. They looked at him like he was nuts then looked at us. We stood there with our arms crossed over our chests, not smiling and nodding our heads in agreement.

“What the fuck? You’re messing with us, aren’t you?” Gunner asked the three of us.

“No, we’re not. I’m telling you. I learned this early on and I’ve never made the mistake of doing it again. They almost killed me when I was ten and told them the dresses they had on looked fine. I still carry the physical and emotional scars,” Spencer said.

“Babe, stop teasing us. He’s lying, right?” Sniper asked as he gave me one of his loving smiles.

“Babe, he’s not. In woman-speak using the word fine is an insult. We want to hear you say things like we look beautiful, gorgeous or amazing. If we don’t, please don’t lie either. Tell us. Sure, we’ll likely get upset, but it won’t last long and in the long run we’ll love that you thought enough about how we’d be perceived in public to tell us when our outfit doesn’t look good or our ass looks big in something or it’s not flattering on our body. Fine is a word that should be stricken from your vocabulary if you want to live in harmony and happily with us,” I informed him.

“She’s right. There’s nothing I hate more than to be told I look fine. Or that the meal I just cooked tasted fine. I can remember our dad telling our mom one time dinner was fine. He slept on the couch for a week. He had to beg and swear never to use the word again in order to be allowed back in their bed,” Sabrina told them.

That memory brought a smile to my face. They grilled us a tad longer on what else wasn't allowed in our relationships. They looked anxious when we were done. It wasn't until they went off to leave us to get ready that we dissolved into tears of laughter.

I thought we were looking rather hot and sexy if I did say so myself. I was hoping Sniper would think the same. The last thing I wanted to do was embarrass him in front of so many friends. Sabrina had confessed it was her worry too while we got ready. Because it was winter, we'd left the shorts and dresses in the closets. We wore our favorite jeans.

Mine were a bit worn and faded, but they fit like a glove and were comfortable. I could sit and bend in them without feeling like I couldn't breathe. I paired them with a pair of camel-colored suede boots which came up just below my knees. They zipped up the side and had a buckle across the top of the foot, around the ankle then double buckles below the calf and again right before they ended at the knee. They had a three-inch heel on them. I loved how they made my legs look.

I had on a long-sleeved top of the same color. It had a mock turtleneck to it, but in the front, there was a cut-out section which displayed my upper chest and just a hint of cleavage. My makeup was done in tones of browns, gold and other neutral colors. Just a hint of color on my cheeks and my lips were lined and coated in a bronze-colored lipstick. To go along with the look I had on gold jewelry and I wore my hair down in loose curls.

Sabrina had the same boots on as I did except hers were black. She paired them with her favorite jeans and a different top. Her top was in the style of a dolman sweater and it hung down on her shoulders creating a cold shoulder look. To prevent it from falling down, there were wide lace straps to hold it up. There was a decent amount of cleavage visible without being over the top. It was in a burgundy color. Her makeup was neutral as well and she had a burgundy lip to go with it and silver jewelry. We might be twins and look almost

identical but we rarely dressed exactly alike. She had pulled her hair back into a low ponytail of loose curls.

As we were dolling ourselves up, we heard the roar of motorcycles after motorcycles entering the compound. By the sound of them, there had to be a thousand out there. If there were any missing, it couldn't be many of them. As we got closer to the clubhouse, we caught the attention of the people outside. There were a few Warriors' cuts, although not many that we recognized, so they had to be from Hunters Creek. The rest were a sea of several others. It was ninety-five percent men. I grew self-conscious. Maybe we should've texted the guys to come meet us. They had said to let them know when we were ready. Whistles and hellos rang out. I felt my face get warm. Sabrina was turning pink.

I stuttered to a stop when a group of guys broke away and came toward us. I wanted to run but the fighter in me said to stay. I braced myself. As they got close, I noticed they were all from the same club, the Ruthless Marauders. From my talks with Sniper and the four who'd been helping us until recently, I knew this club was the closest distance-wise. They were from Knoxville. The four of them halted in front of us. They were giving us appreciative looks, but not ones that made me feel dirty.

“Well, there's no doubt who you two beautiful women are. You have to be Gunner and Sniper's old ladies. Where are your property cuts? You shouldn't be running around without one. If you do, we'll be tempted to steal you away,” the one in front said.

Glancing at his cut, I saw the words *Jinx* and *President* on it. Oh Lord, he was the head of the club. We'd come to know some of his men—Animal, Sinner, Thrasher, Mad Dog, and King when they came to help out with the Bandit and Coyote issue. I opened my mouth to tell him that we could look out for ourselves but I was cut off by a voice I did know. Turning around I smiled at Animal.

“Hi Animal,” I told him. He smiled at us then looked at his club brothers.

“I’d think again about trying to run off with them if I were you. Sniper and Gunner have their road names for a reason. As for why these two aren’t wearing their property cuts, I do want to know that.”

I blushed because I hated to admit the reason, but the expectant looks we were getting told me we weren’t going to be able to avoid answering them. “We don’t have property cuts.”

Their looks of astonishment were comical. Animal didn’t say another word, he just walked off. What was that about? He wasn’t usually rude, or he hadn’t been. My attention was brought back to the ones in front of us.

“While we wait for Animal to get back, let me introduce the rest of my crew and myself. I’m Jinx and as you can see, I’m the president of the Ruthless Marauders. This is Styx, Beast, and Sarge. Now, tell us which is which. My guys said you were almost identical and they weren’t kidding,” he said with an engaging smile. He was a good-looking guy. They all were, but they didn’t compare to Sniper in my mind. I held out my hand first.

“I’m Scarlet. Nice to meet you.” I expected my hand to be shaken, but instead it was taken and kissed by each of them. As they did that, Sabrina introduced herself and got the same treatment. Whew, they were a potent lot. By the time they were done I noticed Animal returning with Gunner and Sniper right behind him. They didn’t look happy. My heart sank. What was wrong? What did Animal tell them? As they reached us, they both wrapped an arm around us and brought us tight against their sides.

“I thought you were gonna text when you were ready, and we’d come get you,” Sniper said gruffly.

“I thought about it, but it didn’t make sense. We can walk to the clubhouse on our own, Sniper.”

“Obviously you can’t. You didn’t make it without attracting this lot’s attention,” he said. He sounded annoyed.

“So? They were nice enough to greet us, and we made introductions. Isn’t that what today is all about? Meeting and getting to know your friends?”

“Yeah, that’s part of it, but I don’t want you wandering around unescorted, not yet,” was his comeback.

I was starting to get pissed off. What was his problem? He was acting like he was upset with me when I hadn’t done anything wrong. Gunner appeared to be upset too, and Sabrina was giving him worried looks. I was about to move away from him when Animal cut in.

“I think you should explain yourselves before Scarlet goes ballistic on your ass. She’s about to blow, it looks like,” he said with a wink at me.

Sniper gave me a surprised look then his expression changed to one of remorse. “Shit, baby, I don’t mean it like that. I’m not mad at you and you didn’t do anything wrong. I’m upset with myself. You shouldn’t be out running around without a property cut. There are too many horny devils like this bunch just waiting to snatch you up and run.”

“He’s right. We’re the ones to blame, not you. Come with us. There’s something we need to do before we feel alright letting you wander around. Not that you have to worry about any of the guys doing anything to hurt you, but if you want to minimize the flirting, then we need to get this done now,” Gunner said.

Mystified, Sabrina and I followed them to the clubhouse. Jinx and his guys followed us. Inside, it was practically wall to wall people and kids. Why did we need to be here? He led us to the bar where he surprised me by climbing up on it. Those nearby quieted down and watched him expectantly. Gunner got up next to him. They both gave ear splitting whistles which had heads turning and everyone getting quiet too.

“Can we have everyone’s attention? We planned to have this done already, but things got backed up then wires got crossed. Thank you, Animal, for coming to get us,” Sniper shouted as he nodded at Animal, who nodded back.

“As you all know, we have a lot to celebrate today and that’s why we invited you all here to do it with us. One of the things we wanted you here to celebrate is Sniper and I finally found our soulmates. A few of you have met them, but most haven’t. Sabrina, Scarlet, come up here,” Gunner said.

Before I could think of how to get up there, I was lifted by the waist and sat on the top of the bar. I glanced back to find Hawk standing there grinning. Looking to my right, I saw Animal had lifted Sabrina up. Our guys took our hands and drew us close.

“Is this really necessary?” I hissed softly to Sniper.

He grinned and nodded his head. “Just wait. Yes, it is.” He went back to addressing the crowd. “This is my Scarlet.” As soon as he said it, he kissed me. There was a swell of cheers and catcalls.

Vaguely I heard Gunner say, “And this is my Sabrina.”

When the cheering died down and the kisses ended, I was ready to get down, but Sniper wouldn’t let me. “We intended to do this before any of you got here, but things were late and then the ladies came out here without us. Suffice it to say, I thought I was gonna have to kick Jinx and his guys’ asses because we didn’t,” Sniper said, with a smirk thrown at Jinx, who just smiled and nodded. “Well, we’re gonna fix that. Viper, do you have those bags for us?” he hollered.

I saw Viper pushing his way through the crowd and in his hands were two gift bags. He handed the purple one to Gunner and the teal one to Sniper. The guys then turned to us and handed them to me and Sabrina. Reaching inside, I felt something cool and slick. Lifting it out, I gasped as it registered what it was. Here was the property cut Jinx had mentioned. Dropping the bag, I held it open. Across the back were the words *Property of Sniper* and the club name, *Archangels Warriors*.

Sniper took it out of my hands and held it open so I could slip my arms into the armholes. Its weight settled around me like a security blanket. Looking down at the front, I caught the word *Dynamo* stitched over my heart. A quick look at my

right, and I saw that Sabrina had hers on too. Peering closer, I read *Diamond* on her chest. That was the nickname Gunner liked to call her. More shouts raised the rafters, and the others began to chant, “kiss ‘em, kiss ‘em.” Gunner and Sniper didn’t need to be told twice. This kiss was much longer and more passionate than the last one.

I was dazed when we were done and helped back down on the floor. “Baby, I’m sorry I came across like an asshole. It wasn’t your fault these were delayed, and I didn’t tell you that you had to wait for us to come get you. I hoped to do this before today,” Sniper whispered in my ear.

“That’s okay. This partially makes up for it. Later, I expect you to make up for it in a much more personal way,” I whispered back.

“Oh, you can count on it. I promise you I will.”

From that point onward, I was taken on a whirlwind of introductions. Thank God the men all wore cuts with their road names on them, or I’d never remember even a quarter of them. The women had road names like us, so it was harder to remember their actual names while the kids were a complete no go.

It was during the successive hours I learned who was and wasn’t settled down. About half of the Hunters Creek crew was. Bull, Harlow’s dad, was a surprise. I knew he was remarried and had small kids. He was a salt-and-pepper hunk of a man and looked nowhere near his age. His wife, Jocelyn, was gorgeous and so sweet. In fact, all the old ladies, regardless of their club, were beyond sweet and welcoming.

The Pagan Souls from Cherokee were headed up by Agony. Only Agony, Dare, and Knight had old ladies. The rest of the club was single. The whole chapter of the Pagans from Lake Oconee were single except for their retired president, Rage. He was with Betty. They were hilariously funny to listen to. His son, Wrath, was the current president of their chapter.

Along with the Souls and other Warriors, we got to meet the Horsemen of Wrath. Brooklyn’s dad, Diablo, was another silver fox and I couldn’t believe he didn’t have an old

lady. That whole club was single too. What was wrong with them or the women in their area? The Iron Punishers, headed up by Harper's brother Reaper, had some of the guys settled. The last group was the Dark Patriots. They were the odd ones out. They weren't an MC, rather an organization that worked for the government, and others doing God knows what. They were the ones I'd heard were helping to track down Winsor. Only Sean, Mark, and Gabe were married. I heard Mark's story and was blown away that he'd given up five years of his life to bring down the biggest outlaw MC in the country. Most people called him by his old SEAL slash MC name, Undertaker.

I was happy to see not only were Sabrina and I welcomed with open arms, but so was Spencer. We'd grown wary of people especially when they found out he was gay. Like the Warriors, no one seemed to care one bit. From the expression on his face, I knew he was having a great time.

Later in the day, Terror got up and introduced their newest member, Rocker, and the two new prospects, who were not working today since it was a celebration for them too. Everyone was serving themselves and jumping in wherever they were needed. Rocker joked how he was glad he didn't have to clean the place up after this party.

After everyone ate, and things settled into a rowdier evening, the kids and babies were put to bed. A lot were in the large room at the clubhouse made specifically for them with hired sitters. Those who weren't there were in groups being watched by others. I wasn't surprised to see Ms. Marie and Waylon volunteer to help watch them. I was surprised when Betty and Rage did too.

It was dark and a bunch of us were gathered outside around firepits. That was when I took Sniper's hand and led him away. When he saw we were headed for the house, he sped up then gave a whoop as he swung me up in his arms and ran for it. Laughter followed us.

Sniper: Chapter 16

Our weekend of celebration was over and it was back to work. I loved my job at the gun range, but I wouldn't have minded if we could've had a few more days with our friends. It was always a blast when we got together. Over the years, those gatherings had decreased as more of us settled down. At first, since our club was the one to start acquiring old ladies initially, the others made the trip to see us most of the time. As more of us began to settle down, the number of trips to other places and for those clubs to come to party with us were less.

I was alright with it because the tradeoff was more than worth it. Having Scarlet in my life was the best thing ever. The only thing that would make it even better was to claim her as my wife and to start on our own family. If it was up to me, I'd do it now, but I knew she wouldn't be able to focus on a wedding and children until Winsor was out of the way.

I hated the fact we couldn't seem to find him. He was too well versed in hiding or possibly protected for us to find him. I had no doubts Smoke and the others would eventually track him down, but it was hell waiting. Smoke took it personally that he hadn't found him and kept apologizing. I finally told him if he did it again, I'd kick his ass. It wasn't his fault.

As wasteful as it would be, a part of me wanted to just be out there on the road looking for him, despite the fact it wouldn't find him. He had the whole country to hide in. For all we knew, he might not even be in the States at all. I knew Gunner was almost as anxious and eager to find him as I was. Winsor might want my woman, but he'd ruined Sabrina's life too. We had no doubt he'd target her to get to Scarlet, just like he would use Spencer if he could.

To get my mind off Winsor, I worked the range as a safety officer for most of the morning. Gunner was in his shop doing gunsmith work on a couple of guns a customer had brought in. I'd just traded off as the safety officer to work with a new group of shooters who were here to get instruction on how to safely handle guns and then hopefully qualify to get

their concealed carry permits. We were holding the class portion today and then they'd be back tomorrow to do the hands-on stuff on the actual range. There were five of them in this class. A lot of places wouldn't hold a class with less than fifteen people, but I hated to make people who wanted to learn wait until we got more signed up.

Entering the room we used for classes, I noted all five were here. There were four men and one woman. Now, ordinarily I didn't care one way or the other if I taught men or women. All I cared about was they paid attention and learned to handle a gun safely for everyone's benefit and protection. However, there were times I could take a look at someone and know right off the bat they were going to test my patience. I knew as soon as I saw the young woman and the man with her they were gonna test me.

My first clue was her. She was dressed like she was going out on the town to party in a club, not to take a serious class. She was wearing skintight clothes. Her top was cut into a deep V and it was cropped so her belly showed and it had short sleeves. If she wore something like that tomorrow, assuming she made it to the shooting portion, the hot brass of the spent shell casings would burn the hell out of her. On her feet she was wearing open-toed, strappy heels. Her hair was done all up and her makeup was heavy. The second clue was how she was giggling and preening as she spoke to the other men in the group. She was there to be seen. I highly doubted she had a serious bone in her body.

The guy with her was dressed more like I would expect, but he was acting like he was an authority on guns and talking big to the other guys and boasting to the three of them about how much experience he had with guns. God, this was the last thing I wanted to do today. Assuming they made it through the class portion and the written exam, I'd have to put up with them again tomorrow.

The others were so into what those two were saying no one noticed I'd entered the room. Reaching my desk at the front, I slammed my hand down on it, making them all jump and swing around in alarm. When they saw me, the three

ordinary guys quickly took a seat and shut up. The boastful one gave me a smirk and took his time to get to his seat. The woman gave me a flirty look and checked me out as she sashayed to hers. She sat down then leaned forward, crossing her arms so they pressed her breasts up higher, almost making them spill out of her top.

“My name is Sniper. I’ll be your instructor. Before you go around the room and introduce yourselves I want to go over some ground rules. One, no talking while I’m talking. I have a lot to teach you and if you’re talking, you won’t hear me and might keep others from hearing what I have to say. Two, this is serious and I expect everyone to participate and you will be given a written test at the end in which you will have to get a passing score in order to do the shooting portion tomorrow. Three, there is no silliness or horsing around in this class. I’m here to prepare you to safely operate a gun. There are other rules, but I’ll cover those as we go. Let’s start here and go around the room. Tell me your name and if you have any experience with firearms,” I pointed to the left side of the room. This left the two irritating ones for last.

“My name is Tommy and I’ve shot a few times growing up,” the first guy said.

“My name is Jack and I’ve never handled a gun before,” said the second guy.

The third one chimed in, “I’m Neo and I have shot handguns before but never rifles or shotguns. I want to learn to be safe so I can carry in public.”

This brought us to the fourth guy. He gave the others a condescending look. “My name is Tor. I’m an expert shot and have been handling guns since I was three. I’m here because my girl wanted me to come with her.”

His girl giggled then said in a sultry voice, “My name is Oaklyn and I’ve never shot before but Tor bought me the prettiest pink gun and I want to be able to tell my girlfriends I took a badass class.”

It was all I could do to hold in my groan of disgust. Why me? Why couldn’t it have been Ranger or Gunner who

got these two? Although they wouldn't have liked it any more than I did. At least they might have a better chance of not killing them before we were done.

“Good, now that we've all been introduced, we can get started. Regardless of your knowledge level I go over everything. You would be surprised at how many experienced shooters have no idea they've been doing something wrong or didn't know something. In front of you is the booklet that will be yours after we're done. Take notes and ask questions. We'll start on page three.”

As the three men opened their booklets, Oaklyn's hand went up in the air. I wanted to ignore her, but I couldn't. I nodded in her direction. I made sure I had a bland expression on my face. “Yes, Oaklyn, you have a question?”

“I do. Where did you get the name Sniper? That's such a hot name. I just love it,” she simpered.

I wanted to ignore her but I didn't. Instead, I answered her. “As you can see, I'm with the Warriors MC. We own this range. It's the road name they gave me and they decided on it because I was a Marine sniper before I joined. So you can probably guess, I have a lot of experience with guns and that's why I'm an instructor here. Now, page three.”

“Oooh, you were a Marine, that's so cool. Are the other bikers who work here Marines too? If I wanted to take private classes, would you be the one to give me instruction?”

She was a simpering airhead. Why did women think men wanted someone like her? No real men that I knew did. I decided to shut her down. “We have a lot to get through. If it doesn't directly pertain to what I'm teaching then save your questions.”

She gave me a sulky look but shut up. As time passed, I saw the three other guys overall were attentive when not being distracted by her. On the other hand, Oaklyn was a ditz and tried to get every guy's attention constantly. Tor acted like he already knew everything and boasted about his knowledge. I got immense pleasure out of pointing out everything he didn't know or had been doing wrong. He grew more and

more sullen as the class passed while his girlfriend grew more and more desperate to get me or the other guys to pay attention to her. By the time we were done with the instruction and the written test, I was more than ready to go home and have a few drinks.

They had to hang around to find out if they got a passing grade or not so they would know whether to come back tomorrow or not. Tommy, Jack, and Neo passed along with Tor. Oaklyn wasn't so lucky. She scored a forty on the test. How the hell was that even possible? You'd have to be asleep and have no common sense to do that badly. Sending the first three on their way with instructions to meet me back here at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon, I faced my troublemakers.

"Tor, you passed and I'll see you tomorrow at two. Oaklyn, I'm sorry to say but you didn't pass. You can't take the shooting portion of the class."

"What? Why not? Can't I take the test again?" she cried out.

"You can, but you'll have to sign up and take this portion over again then retake the test."

"That's bullshit man. You just flunked her so she'd have to come back and pay you again. Give me that test. I wanna see the answers," Tor huffed as he went to snatch the paper away from me. I moved it out of his reach. Normally, I'd be more than happy to go over the test with someone to teach them why they missed the correct answers, however not in his case. If she wanted me to review it with her, I would.

"If Oaklyn would like me to go over what she missed, then she can stay and I'll do that, but it doesn't change the fact she'll have to come back and take this portion again. If you wait outside for her, we'll get this done as quickly as possible."

"Like hell I will! You're just using this as an excuse to get her alone so you can hit on her. I'm not letting some biker trash do that to my woman," he snapped.

My patience was almost at an end. Right then, I didn't give a shit about what I said or if it pissed them off and they never came back. I stood up which made me tower over his short ass. I leaned across the desk toward him. He took a step back then stopped. She was watching us with wide eyes.

"I have zero interest in her other than as a student. I have a beautiful, amazing woman at home, thank you very much. The only reason you can't stay in here is because you distract her and she can't learn while you're constantly running your mouth. You didn't allow me to say that if she comes back, she'll only have to pay half price for the classroom portion and the shooting portion will be forwarded to cover her doing it then. If you read the fine print, there are no refunds unless at the discretion of the instructor," I growled.

"Fuck this, fuck you and fuck this place. I'm telling all my friends about this bullshit. You'll be out of business in no time when I'm done with you," he said as he puffed out his chest.

I laughed. He looked uncertain when I did. "Do you honestly expect me to think a moron like you has many or any friends? And those you do have, I doubt we'd want here if they're as ignorant and pompous as you. There's no way we'd go out of business with them not coming here. And if you go around slandering this establishment, our lawyer will bury your ass. Now, Oaklyn, you can stay or leave. It's your decision, but your boyfriend here has to wait in the parking lot. I don't want him inside."

He sputtered and made threats but shut up when I came around the desk. Oaklyn shook her head no then they hurried out the door. I walked behind them and followed them into the parking lot to make sure they left. As they peeled out of the lot, he gave me the middle finger. I waved at him with a big grin on my face. That ending made me feel a little better about the afternoon. Walking back inside I ran into Ranger.

"Wanna tell me what that was about, or should I not ask?"

I quickly told him what happened from the beginning to the end of the class. When I was done, he shook his head. “Good riddance. I think it’s time for you to head home. You’ve done your time and there’s nothing left today I need you to handle.”

Clapping him on the back with my hand I thanked him then went to find Gunner. If he was close to being done, I’d wait to ride home with him. I found him in the shop area. “Are you about ready to go?”

“Give me about ten minutes then I’m good. How did your afternoon class go? How many did you have?” he asked. I filled him in like I had Ranger.

He groaned when I was done. “God, I hate when we get ones like them. My last one was a couple of months ago. I wanted to plant my fist in his face. Jesus, why do people like that have to suck up our precious oxygen?” he asked.

“Because they’ve used it all up at home, and near anyone else they call family and friends. Maybe we should come up with a pretest they have to take to help us weed out people like him and her. If they can’t pass it, they can’t come here to take a class or shoot,” I suggested.

This started him joking with me about what kind of questions we’d put on the test. It helped to dispel the rest of my bad mood. I helped him clean up, and he locked away the gun he’d finished fixing. Cleaning our hands, we headed out. Waving goodbye to Ranger and the others still working, we went out and got on our bikes. It was dark and traffic was heavy since it was the beginning of our rush hour. It was nothing like what you experienced in Knoxville or Nashville, but it was our rendition of heavy.

Making our way through town toward our end of it, I kept checking the perimeter. It was a habit I’d gotten into while in the military, and it was a smart one to keep any time, but especially if you rode. Gunner and the other guys in the club were the same way, even if they hadn’t served. Most accidents happened due to the inattentiveness of other drivers or road conditions. It was this habit that saved my life.

We were sitting at a traffic light waiting for it to change from red to green. We were the first ones in our lane at the light. When it changed, I looked both ways then pulled away. I scanned again to my left as we began to move, and I saw a truck coming right at us from the opposite direction's turn lane. Gunning my engine, I swerved to the right which made Gunner automatically swerve and gun it too. That's what saved us from being hit. The truck didn't slow down. It just kept going through the light and roared off into the night. Other cars and trucks were honking their horns, and I heard some people shouting in shock. I shakily made my way to a safe spot then pulled over. Gunner did the same. We shut off our bikes.

"What the fuck was that? Did you recognize the truck?" he shouted.

"No, I didn't. I don't know what that was. Maybe someone not paying attention to the fact they didn't have the right of way."

"Like hell it was. Did you see the driver? I tried but it was too dark."

"Naw, I didn't see who it was either. I swear people around here need to learn to drive."

"What was shithead Tor driving earlier? Was he in a truck?"

"No, he was in a Charger. It wasn't him coming back to do me in, Gun. He wouldn't be that stupid."

"How do you know he isn't? Maybe he changed cars and came back to wait for you. Some people are nuts like that. You should know that by now. Are you alright to finish the ride home or do you wanna wait?"

"I'm fine to go home. It just shook me for a minute. Let's go."

"When we get there, let's see if Smoke can pick the truck up on a camera. Maybe he'll be able to get a license plate number and Law can run it."

Not arguing with him, because I thought it was a good idea, I nodded, then started my bike again. His bike came to life a second later, then we got back on the road to home again. This time I was twice as vigilant as usual. I had too much to live for to let something stupid like an inattentive or vengeful driver take me out. He had his head on a swivel too. Fortunately, there were no more incidents. We made it home in one piece.

Instead of going to the guesthouse like we usually did, we stopped outside the clubhouse and left our bikes in our designated spots there. Inside, it was almost five thirty and several of our brothers were home already from work. Some were chatting with each other while others had their families with them. I looked around to see if I could spot Smoke. A common room scan showed he wasn't here.

“Let me go see if he's in his office here at the clubhouse. If not, I'll go to his house,” I told Gunner.

“I'm coming with you,” he said.

I didn't protest. I knew he was concerned and wouldn't rest until he knew whether the driver was that shithead Tor or someone else. I was thinking it was a fifty-fifty chance it was the little shit stain. If it was, I'd find him, and beat the stupid out of him if it was possible. Although there were some people it went all the way through and you couldn't beat it out of them.

Reaching Smoke's office, I saw the door was closed. I knocked on it. He kept it closed when he was working on something big or when he wasn't here. A loud, “come in,” answered the question about which it was today. Opening the door, we strolled in. He was behind his massive L-shaped desk working away. Monitors were everywhere, not just on his desk but on the walls too. How he kept shit straight was a mystery to me. Two would drive me bonkers. He smiled at us then grimaced.

“Hey, what brings you to my cave? If it's checking on that asshole Winsor, I don't have anything new other than a

few unsubstantiated sightings. I get those every damn day. This fucker is gonna drive me to drink,” he growled.

“No, it’s not him this time, although I know how you feel. We wondered if you or someone else in your MC network of hacking maniacs could look to see if you can find a shot of the truck that almost smeared us on the road in town?” I asked.

“What the hell!? When did it happen? Are you alright?” He half stood up from his seat, scanning me from head to toe then Gunner. I held up my hand.

“I’m fine. Luckily, I saw him in time to avoid a collision and Gunner swerved too. It was about fifteen minutes ago at the intersection of Grant Avenue and Porter Street. It was a light gray truck. It happened so fast, I didn’t pay attention to the make or model. Sorry.”

“Sit down. Let me look. You’re in luck, I have a camera in that area I can hack into. Do you think it was anything but an accident?” He asked, as he retook his seat and began typing on his keyboard.

“It might’ve been some asshole he had to put in his place at the range today,” Gunner told him.

“No shit. Tell me what happened,” Smoke said as he kept working. I gave him a concise retelling of the whole Tor and Oaklyn situation.

He rolled his eyes. “Jesus, I swear some people should’ve been swallowed by their mothers. They should’ve never taken seriously what was poked at them in fun,” he grumbled.

This made me and Gunner burst out laughing. Smoke grinned. The grin slid off his face. “Here it is. I found it.” He said as he pointed to one of the monitors on the wall.

We looked at it to find the footage of the end of the day traffic. He moved it backward until he hit on the moment we were almost made road paste. The camera didn’t get a shot of the driver’s face. Other than dark glasses and a hoodie over the head, I couldn’t even tell if it was a man or a woman. Although wearing sunglasses when it was dark was suspicious.

Smoke slowly moved frame by frame through it. He stopped on one of them. It gave us a clear shot at the license number. He typed something on his keyboard then scanned the rest of the frames. When he was done, he looked at us.

“Damn, that was a close call. I’ve put it into the Tennessee DMV system. It’ll pull up in a second.”

Just as he finished saying that, I heard a ping sound. He looked at the screen in front of him and swore. “Goddamn, it’s stolen. It was reported stolen two days ago in Chattanooga, so unless this Tor guy knew he was gonna need a vehicle for something nefarious, I doubt it’s him. However, jot down his full name and I’ll check into him, just in case.” He pushed a piece of paper toward me.

I could recall just about everything I saw written, so I was able to not only give him Tor’s full name but his address too. Handing it to Smoke, I shrugged. “I doubt he was the one. It must’ve been a really inattentive car thief. Wonder what the thief is doing in Dublin Falls?” I asked.

“Hard to tell. Oh, I forgot to tell you. Last week I reached out to a few people in the Marshal Service who might be able to tell me more about Winsor. They would’ve been his supervisors or those likely to hear something, such as if he had a place off the grid he liked to go. It’ll probably end up getting us nothing, but it was worth a shot,” Smoke added.

“Smoke, anything you and the rest of the hacking gurus think of, I’m game. We all just want it to be over with. Scarlet is trying to act like she’s not stressed but she is.”

“So is Sabrina, although I think it’s different from Scarlet’s stress for obvious reasons,” Gunner stated.

“You know she hasn’t told them she was raped yet. I don’t know what to do. She keeps saying they have enough to deal with and it can wait, but I don’t think it can. It’s eating at me. I can only imagine how bad it is for her after three years. She needs support and so do I. I avoid talking about it with her because I don’t want her reliving it more than she already does. I want to suggest she get counseling, but that’ll raise questions if she does. What the hell do I do?” I asked them.

“You sit her down and tell her it’s time and that she’s doing herself and them more harm by not telling them. Tell her it’s hurting you too and you need to be able to talk to everyone in the club about it, not just your brothers if you need to. Damn, I wish you’d told us. We’ve been so caught up in finding him we ignored the fact it was still a secret to her brother and sister as well as the old ladies. They can support the hell out of her,” Smoke said.

Knowing he was right and I’d avoided it long enough, I nodded. “Okay, that’s what I’ll do. Tonight we’ll have Spencer come to dinner then we’ll talk it out,” I told Gunner.

“We can do that. We need to go find them and tell them the plan for dinner. Are you telling her about the close call?” Gunner asked.

“I don’t want to, but if I don’t, how is it any different from her keeping secrets from her siblings? I have to lead by example, don’t I?”

“Yeah, you do. If you need us, just give me a ring and Everly and I’ll come over. We’re all here to help. Don’t keep this bottled up,” Smoke said.

I gave him a manly hug, then Gunner and I left to go find our women and Spencer. It was time to come clean. God, I prayed this wouldn’t blow up in my face.

Sabrina: Chapter 17

Gunner, Sniper, me, Spencer, and Scarlet had dinner together. It was something we'd been doing most nights, but not every night. Sometimes Spencer had to work or decided to hang out with some of the guys at the clubhouse and grab a bite with them. He seemed to be the closest with Johnny, Rocker and Vince. Maybe it was because they were all single. If it was for another reason, he hadn't shared that with us. I was secretly hoping it was because he liked one of them and whoever it was, liked him too. We knew the club wouldn't have an issue with it. Or at least I didn't think they would. Could it be since he wasn't a prospect or patched member they might not like it? They didn't strike me as being picky like that.

After dinner was over and we'd put the leftovers away and put the dirty dishes in the dishwasher to wash, we sat down in the living room with a drink. Spencer suggested we might want to watch a movie. I was about to suggest we could do it, since we'd caught up on what our workdays had been like, when Sniper shook his head.

"No, there are a few things we need to talk about as a family."

"What kind of things?" Scarlet asked before I could.

Spencer looked interested and Gunner looked resolved. That told me whatever it was, he already knew. He was holding my hand. When he saw me looking at him, he squeezed it gently and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. "It's gonna be okay," he whispered to me. My anxiety kicked in when he said it. Oh God, what had happened now?

"First, remember I told you about the asshole and his girlfriend in my class?" Sniper reminded us.

"Of course, who could forget them? I hope they never come back to the range," Scarlet said.

"Well, there was something Gun and I didn't tell you. On our way home tonight, we were stopped at the light at

Grant Avenue and Porter Street. It changed and we were the first ones to go. Out of nowhere, a truck which didn't have the right of way shot through the intersection. I barely avoided it hitting me. I swerved toward Gunner to get away from it and to get him to move. He had to swerve too."

"What?!" all three of us shrieked. I clutched Gunner's hand hard as he gave me a reassuring look. Scarlet was doing the same with Sniper. Spencer was sitting forward in his chair giving both of them worried looks.

"We're fine. The truck missed us. We didn't lay down our bikes or anything. We don't have a scratch on us," Sniper was quick to reassure us.

"Why didn't you tell us this earlier? Who was it? Did you call the cops?" Came our flurry of questions.

"Hold on, we'll tell you what we know. We wanted to wait until after dinner to talk about this kind of stuff. It's not the thing to discuss while you're eating," Gunner told us.

"Fine," Scarlet said moodily.

"Baby, I'm good. As for your questions about who it was and if we called the cops, the answers are we have no idea who and therefore, no we didn't call them. We didn't see the driver's face or a license plate number," Sniper said.

"So that's it? Some maniac is driving around almost killing people. Could it have been that asshole Tor?" Spencer asked.

"We thought of him so when we got back here we went to see Smoke. We asked him to check for a camera feed around there," Gunner added.

"And was there one? Was it him?" Scarlet asked before I could. They were taking too damn long to tell this story. That meant it was bad news.

"There was a camera and it did catch the license number. However, when Smoke ran it, he found out the truck had been stolen from Chattanooga two days ago. The person driving was wearing sunglasses and had a hoodie up over his or her head. There's no way to tell if it was Tor or even a man.

Smoke is checking into it, but I don't think it was Tor. The likelihood he stole it days ago only to have need of it today is highly improbable," Sniper continued to explain.

"So you just continue about your day not knowing if it was him and he'll come after you again or it might be a random crazy driver who happens to also be a car thief?" Spencer asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, that's pretty much it. Smoke is checking to see if he can find anything else about the truck. Who knows, he might luck out and find it on a camera somewhere else around town and it'll show the driver's face. Until then, we'll be extra careful and alter the route we take to and from work. If Tor or his girlfriend come back to the range, we'll have a talk," Sniper growled.

"Oh my God, when will stuff stop happening around here? You guys, promise you'll be extra careful. You're vulnerable riding your bikes. The same goes for you, Spence," I ordered them. All three nodded their heads. "Speaking of Smoke, did he say anything about finding a new clue that might lead us to finding Winsor?" I asked, although I figured if he had, they would've told us as soon as we came together. I saw Gunner and Sniper exchange a speaking glance.

"What is it? You know something. I can tell. Spit it out," I ordered them. I had stiffened and dropped Gunner's hand. Since when did he withhold information from me, especially information pertaining to our nemesis? He tried to capture my hand again, but I kept it fisted. He sighed.

"Baby, it's time," Sniper said softly to my sister. I watched as her face lost all color and her eyes widened. A look of fear filled her face. What the hell? She shook her head no.

"Don't," she hissed at him.

"Don't what? What the fuck is going on around here? More secrets? What does Sniper mean it's time? No more goddamn lies, secrets or half-truths. Fucking tell us," Spencer snapped. He'd come to his feet and had his fists clenched. I swore he was shaking. I didn't feel much better.

“What don’t we know?” I added to back up my brother. “What was that look you and Sniper just exchanged, Gunner?” I asked him.

“Honey, calm down,” he pleaded.

“I’m not calming down! I need to know. Are there more people out there after us, after you?” I practically shouted as I stood up.

“Everyone just calm down and take a seat. We’re gonna talk about this calmly,” Sniper said as he continued to watch my sister. I saw her wilt and then she lowered her eyes. I sank back on the couch. Spencer sat down in his chair. I twisted my hands together.

“Baby, don’t be mad. It’s time. They need to know. You need to get this weight lifted off you. It’s killing you and, honestly, it’s killing me not being able to talk about it except with the guys. Please, tell them. If you can’t then I can do it for you, but before tonight is done, they’ll know,” Sniper stated firmly to her. I saw pain and rage fighting for a place on his face. He wasn’t going to take no for an answer. Scarlet raised her eyes to him and they were snapping with fire.

“You want this all out in the open, then fine I’ll tell them, but I don’t appreciate you pushing me into a corner like this. I told you I’d tell them when I thought the time was right. We have too much shit happening right now for them to have to know this,” she snarled at him.

He grabbed her chin and held her still when she tried to turn away from him. “All that shit has to do with this. You’ve waited long enough. Do it. Purge the poison.”

“Scarlet, tell us what he’s talking about. What poison?” Spencer asked. You could hear the pleading in his tone.

“Do you remember right before we left and assumed our identities as the Morgans how I came home one night upset and I said I almost got into a car accident?” she asked woodenly. That was the last thing I thought she’d say. We both nodded our heads yes.

“Well, I lied. No car almost hit mine. A car ran me off the road and I was forced out of it at gunpoint,” she mumbles softly. It was hard to hear her.

As she explained what happened and the aftermath, I sat there growing more enraged and sicker to my stomach. By the time she’d confessed the whole thing, I couldn’t hold it in. I burst into tears and got up to vent my rage on something. Spencer was going nuts—swearing and vowing to kill Winsor with his bare hands. Sniper was trying to comfort her, but she kept pushing him away. Gunner got up and tried to place his arms around me but I rounded on him.

“You knew! You knew and you didn’t tell me,” I yelled, shoving his seeking hands away.

“I did, but it wasn’t my secret to tell.”

“Sniper told you but you couldn’t tell me? That’s bullshit, Gunner.”

“He told all the patched members. He needed to explain why Scarlet wanted to be involved in Winsor’s take down and stuff. She wanted time to tell you and we swore to give it to her, but that was weeks ago. It needed to come out. It’s killing them both to keep it locked inside,” he said calmly.

“Of course it’s killing them. What I don’t understand is why not tell us? Why wait years to do it? Why?” I shouted at my sister.

It felt like my insides were being torn out and I knew it had to be a hundred times worse for her. Thinking back, I recalled how I’d been sick inside for months. It coincided with when she said the rape occurred. In fact, I recalled before she came home that evening I’d had such a terrible flash of panic and terror, I hadn’t been able to walk. I tried to call her but it went to voicemail. When she came in later appearing to be unhurt, I’d chalked it up to just being off due to the stress we were under, the near accident and didn’t mention it. Oh my God, he raped my sister. I’d felt her pain and fear, and I hadn’t asked what was wrong! If I had, she might’ve told us this years ago and not carried the burden on her own.

Shoving Gunner away from me, I ran to the kitchen and barely made it to the sink before I threw up dinner. There was shouting in the background and frantic hands grabbing at me, but I couldn't focus on them. All I could do was remember what it felt like to me. The twin thing wasn't like I got visions of what was happening, just felt intense emotions and they weren't always clear what they were. *I failed her*, kept running through my head. I'd failed my sister. She'd been walking around carrying this pain and horror for years because I was a shitty sister. Instead of giving her strength, she'd been protecting us like she always did.

"Baby, shh, calm down. It's alright. I've got you," Gunner said as he rubbed my back and tried to hold me at the same time. I was staring through a veil of tears at the bottom of the sink. The water came on and washed the vomit down the drain. I could hear Scarlet sobbing. Sniper was talking to her. It was a nightmare.

Somehow, at some point, I was given a cup with mouthwash in it to rinse my mouth. I did it on autopilot. Once I was done, I was picked up and carried back to the living room. Gunner sat down with me on his lap. Spencer was sitting down again and deathly pale. Scarlet was huddled on Sniper's lap. He was rubbing her back and whispering to her. He glanced up.

"Are you alright now, Sabrina? I shouldn't have sprung it on you like that. I'm sorry. Scarlet was right. This should've waited." He looked ravaged.

"No, it shouldn't have. It should've never waited. Why didn't you tell us?" I asked her.

"I couldn't. It was too horrible, and I didn't want you to have to live with it like I did. When I found out about the baby, I knew I had to tell you. I waited, trying to figure out when and how to tell you then I lost it. After that all I wanted to do was forget," she said weakly. Her face was wrecked by tears.

"You're our sister and we love you. We had the right to be there for you, no matter what was going on with us. That

man is a monster. We just didn't have a clue how big of a one. And I did have to live with it, Scarlet. I just didn't know what was the cause," I confessed.

Horror filled her eyes, and she struggled to get loose from Sniper. He eventually let her go, and she came rushing over to me then dropped to her knees at my feet. She wrapped her arms around me.

"Oh dear God, I didn't think. I didn't think. You had to live through it," she sobbed.

"What the hell does that mean?" Gunner growled.

"They're twins. They know things and they feel each other's strong emotions like fear, panic, dread and such. What she means is she felt all that when Scarlet was raped and then the months afterward until she lost the baby and Sabrina had no idea what was causing it," Spencer said woodenly.

The looks of shock and disbelief would've been comical in another circumstance. Scarlet and I held each other and cried. I have no idea how long it lasted before we calmed down and got back to the conversation at hand.

"We could stay here all night asking why and how. We could argue and be pissed off at each other for telling, not telling and a whole bunch of shit, but life is too short for that. It's out in the open now. You can start to heal. Baby, you need to talk to Brielle and some of the other old ladies. They've been in your shoes. They can help. I think it would be a good idea if you all went to therapy, but especially Scarlet and Sabrina. Sabrina, I didn't know you could feel stuff, not that way. You need it too sweetheart," Sniper said as he crouched next to Scarlet. He rubbed a soothing hand on my leg.

"I can't think about that right now. I don't disagree with you, but first we need to talk, just the three of us. After that, we'll talk to you and Gunner and we'll decide where things go from here. Regardless of what we decide to do, the plan remains finding Winsor and putting him in the ground after he's been made to pay for what he did. And Scarlet isn't the only one who wants time with that motherfucker," I hissed.

Wisely, no one argued or asked me to explain. With great reluctance, Gunner and Sniper got up. They refused to leave and go to the clubhouse like Spencer suggested, but they did go outside to wait on the back porch. Spencer, Scarlet and I sat down to talk. I was emotionally drained already, but this couldn't wait.

At first, all we could do was stare at each other. I didn't know where to start and neither did they. Suddenly, Spence was the one to say something. "There's no need for recriminations or fighting about why you didn't tell us, Scarlet. Or why you didn't mention how you were feeling, Sabrina. It was so damn stressful that we all made mistakes. What's important now is we move on, get healthy and finish this once and for all. Scar, don't be mad at Sniper for pushing you to tell us. He's hurting and he needs help to deal with it. It's his woman who was raped, and who lost a baby. He's filled with emotions just like you are, although yours is much deeper than ours.

"Brina, don't stay mad at Gunner because he knew and didn't tell you. He was keeping a secret that wasn't his. I know if he could've, he would've told you. You need to take their advice about talking to someone professional as well as the old ladies just like Scarlet does. I know you can heal and with men like yours, you'll have happy lives filled with love. I don't know if you've talked about babies with Sniper or not, but one day, I can see you having several. They won't replace the one you lost but you can have more."

"How did you get so smart, little brother? And what about your pain? You can't forget to get help too. You've been living in hell with us all these years," Scarlet told him.

"I've always been smart, you just like to think I'm not so you think you can tell me what to do. News flash, that stopped being the case when I was twelve," he said with a grin. Then he sobered up. "As for me getting help, I'll do it if you both will."

The little shit knew we wouldn't say no if it was the only way to get him to do it. For the next half hour or more we sat there talking and crying. When we were done, I was

exhausted and only wanted to go to bed. Spencer went to get the guys. They almost ran through the door and over to us. We were hauled into their arms and kissed passionately as they murmured their apologies and words of love. Eventually, Spencer was the one to call a halt to it.

“You four need to get some sleep. Go to bed, nurse’s orders. I’m going to the clubhouse and having a drink, then my ass is hitting the bed too. We can talk more about this tomorrow or whenever we feel up to it. Tonight has been draining enough. Good night and take care of each other,” he said as he gave me and Scarlet a kiss and each of the guys a back slapping hug. He shut the door softly behind him.

“Come on, let’s go to bed. I need to hold you,” Gunner said.

“I’d like that,” I told him.

Sniper had locked the door behind Spencer then took Scarlet into his arms. He gave us a chin lift. “We’re headed to bed too. See you in the morning.”

“Good night,” we said. As they disappeared into their room and us into ours, I knew what I needed. I needed Gunner to make love to me. I needed to feel safe in his arms.

As the door shut behind us, I swung around and pushed him against it. He got a surprised look on his face. “Diamond, I’m sorry, I swear, if...”

I cut him off. “I don’t wanna talk about that. All I want to do is strip you naked and have us do hot, sexy things to each other. Are you game?” I asked as I pushed his shirt up exposing his rock-hard stomach.

He moaned. “Am I game? Hell yeah, I’m fucking game. I hope you’re ready because tonight I need you more than I’ve ever needed you, which is saying something.” His hands came up to grab the bottom of my top.

I shook my head no. “Oh no, there’s none of that yet. I’m stripping you first and once I’ve had enough of a taste of you, then you can get me naked and do whatever you want. If I

let you go first, then I'll never get my hands and mouth on you in all the places and ways I want."

The hunger on his face grew with those words. He let go and raised his hands over his head. I lifted his shirt as high as I could go then he took it the rest of the way off. I didn't let him move away from the wall. The thought of him being held there by me made me hot and achy. After he tossed his shirt to the ground, I got on my toes and kissed him. Before it got too out of hand or he could take over, I left his mouth and kissed across his jaw.

As I kissed, I nibbled and licked like a cat. I worked myself from his jaw down his neck to his chest. My hands were busy too. I was feeling him all over his naked upper body. He moaned as I reached his nipples and I sucked them into my mouth where I teased them with my teeth and sucked on them hard, bringing them to hard peaks. When I got them there, I tweaked them with my fingers.

"Shit, that feels good, baby. More," he moaned.

"Oh, I have more for you, Tyler. I hope you can take it," I whispered as I let go of his nipples and worked my way down to his stomach. I traced his defined muscles with the tip of my tongue. After I'd done that to each muscle then I kissed my way down his happy trail to his belt buckle. Looking up at him, I saw him watching me through slitted eyelids. I smiled at him and licked my lips before beginning to undo his belt. He groaned.

Working as fast as I could, since I was burning up and didn't know how long I could stand to play, I got his belt and jeans open then I lowered his jeans to mid-thigh. His cock jumped into view. It was hard and weeping precum all over the head. The veins running his length were distended. I ran my tongue up and down each vein, making his cock jump and him weep more cum. His hands came down and he gripped the back of my head. I shook my head. "Uh-uh, not yet," I whispered as I went to my knees and sucked his balls into my mouth. He lifted his hands away.

“Jesus Christ,” he swore, and I heard his head thump back against the door as he flung it back after closing his eyes.

I laved them with my tongue as I kneaded them with my fingers. When I thought he'd been tortured enough. I gripped the base of his cock and brought it to my lips. I ran it all over my mouth, coating my lips in his cum. Glancing up, I saw he was watching me again. I licked my lips, then flicked his knob with the tip of my tongue before I slowly sucked the head into my mouth. A guttural sound erupted from him. This time, when his hands came to grip the back of my head, I let him have control. He pushed me down on his cock and I took him inside inch by inch.

When he touched the back of my throat, he let up but I didn't. I pushed further and gagged a bit but I took him deeper. This set him off. “Goddamn it, Sabrina, if you don't back off, I'm gonna fuck your mouth and shoot my load down your throat,” he snarled.

To answer him, I took him deeper. He got my meaning and that's when he let loose. I blissed out as he fucked my mouth like a demon and I loved every second of taking my man as deep as I could while I worked him with my hands and mouth. It wasn't long before he was warning me he was ready to go.

“I'm gonna come. Suck harder,” he grunted out. I sucked harder. His fingers bit into my scalp as he shouted and shot his load of salty cum down my throat. I struggled to swallow it fast enough, but somehow I did. By the time he was done coming and I let go, he slid down the door and sat on his ass. He was breathing a little hard.

“Fuck, you're amazing, babe. Give me a second to recover then it's your turn. I hope you're ready for what I have planned for you,” he said with a devilish smirk. It was my turn to moan.

Gunner: Chapter 18

I knew after the emotional evening we'd had that we all needed to escape, however, I was surprised when Sabrina took the lead as soon as we got to our room. I loved it when she would step up and do things like that. She wasn't a timid woman, but rather a shy one. I had no doubt that if it came to it, she could be as fierce as Scarlet, but I liked the fact she was more gentle in some ways. She suited me like Scarlet suited Sniper. Lying here recovering from the best blow job of my life, I wasn't kidding about giving myself a second to recover. As shaky as I was and as much as she drained me, my lust was beginning to rebuild.

She was now sitting next to me on the floor. Turning toward her, I crawled to her on my hands and knees. She gave me a startled look. Her startled look got bigger when I growled like an animal. "Now it's time for me to eat you up, Diamond. Although I want us to be where it's comfortable for you. Let's go," I told her as I pulled my jeans up, got into a crouch then stood up, gathering her in my arms as I did. She was easy to carry to the bed. Laying her down in the center of it, I stood and admired her first.

It never got old looking at her body. Every part of her excited me. She'd made disparaging remarks about her body to me more than a couple of times. When she did, I told her she wasn't to talk like that about the woman I loved, and I proceeded to make love to her to show her I was telling the truth. The hangups a lot of women had about their looks and bodies made no sense to me, especially hers. I knew plenty of men who would kill to see her naked and to be able to make love to her. It wouldn't matter if she gained weight or not. A woman's body was meant to be explored, no matter how much or little there was.

I licked my lips which made her whimper since she was watching me. Leaning down, I spread her legs wide open then lay down between them. Her scent grew stronger and I moaned. Her beautiful pussy was soaking wet and glistening for me, beckoning me to have a taste of heaven. Like the rest

of her, her taste was unique to her. When I went down on her, I couldn't get enough.

Lowering my head, I flicked her hard clit with the tip of my tongue. She moaned and jerked. Wanting to tease her. I lightly flicked it here and there on her folds and around her entrance. I didn't lick her from top to bottom like she wanted, hell like I wanted. She wiggled around on the bed, trying to press closer to my tongue. I grabbed her hips and held her in place.

"Please Tyler, don't tease me. I need you too much. I'm burning up here. Hurry, help me before I die," she pleaded so prettily.

I chuckled. "Oh baby, I know you can stand a lot more than this. You might feel hot but you have a long way to go before you burn up. I wanna see how long it takes," I muttered. She moaned pitifully, but I didn't give in.

Over and over I flicked and nibbled all over her sweet pussy. No matter how much she begged or threatened, I didn't give her what she wanted. I wanted her mindless because as soon as she came, I'd need to be inside of her. Our playing had rejuvenated my cock. It was hard and dripping. Only this time, I had plans if she'd go along with them. If not, it would still be amazing.

Finally, after I didn't know how long, I couldn't hold back. She was a sobbing mess on the bed. I wanted her mindlessly hot, not in pain. My first full swipe from her asshole to her throbbing clit and back made her scream in pleasure. Hungrily I devoured her pussy, taking all that delicious cream of hers inside me. As I ate her, I finger fucked her pussy and teased the rim of her ass. It was slick from the amount of her cum which had slid down the crack of her ass. Coating my pinkie finger in it, I sucked hard on her clit as I pressed my finger inside her tight asshole. Her scream got louder as she went rigid and gushed her release down her thighs and into my mouth.

I lapped it up fast and eagerly as she kept coming. While she did, I kept fucking both her holes. We'd been

playing with her ass using my fingers, so it wasn't new, but she'd been reluctant at first to allow me to try it. Soon after our first time, she started to request it sometimes herself. We hadn't gone to the toys stage yet, but that was what I hoped might happen tonight.

When she stopped coming, I stood up. She looked dazed and hungry still. Her eyes landed on my cock, and she moaned as she reached toward me. Knowing I didn't have much time after I entered her, I got rid of my pants, then rummaged in my nightstand drawer and came out with lube and a small butt plug. Her face registered shock, but it was edged with curiosity. Oh yeah, my Diamond was going to let me play. I held it up.

"I want to fuck your ass with this, Sabrina. Will you let me? I want to see how hard I can make you come just by fucking your ass, no clit or breast stimulation. Will you play with me? If you hate it or it hurts too much, I'll stop, I swear, but the way you come from having my finger in your sweet ass, I don't think we have to worry about that."

Although she looked a tiny bit wary, she did nod as she agreed. "I trust you, Tyler. Just go slow and easy. That's bigger than your finger."

"Thank you, baby. You know what this means, don't you?" She gave a short nod. I kept going anyway. I wanted no misunderstandings with where I hoped this would go one day, just not tonight. "If you love this, then hopefully one day you'll let me have your ass with my cock. God, the thought of being inside of you like that makes me even wilder."

She drew in a shaky breath. "I know you want that. I can tell the way you look when you finger me. Do it. Let's find out."

She watched as I prepped the plug and lubed her ass up nice and slick. I didn't want this to hurt her more than it had to. I had her roll onto her stomach. When she did, I tucked a pillow underneath her to push her ass in the air. Spreading her legs, I began to give her instructions, since I could see how tense she was.

“Spread those beautiful cheeks for me. Use both hands.”

She reached back and did it. Her tiny, puckered hole beckoned me. Running my slick finger around the rim, I eased it inside, and slowly worked it in and out. I felt her relax. She was used to this. “Ahh, baby, you have the tightest ass. Fuck, that’s it, squeeze the hell out of my finger,” I whispered.

She squeezed, making me groan as I imagined her around my cock. Continuing to finger fuck her, I sped up. When she began to thrust back to meet my thrusts, I knew it was time. Slipping my finger out, I quickly pressed the head of the plug to her hole. She tensed, but I nipped her shoulder, distracting her. As she forgot the plug, I pressed inward. I took it slow and easy. Working it back and forth as I eased it into her. Her cries told me it hurt but not terribly. “Are you okay? Is it too much? Do you want me to stop or keep going?” I whispered.

“Don’t stop, I can stand it,” she whispered.

“Don’t endure it just for me,” I cautioned her.

“I’m not.”

I got lost in watching the plug go deeper and listening to her cries of discomfort lessen and then the cries of pleasure start. By then, she was thrusting her ass back. I sped up. It wasn’t more than a couple of minutes before she stiffened, thrashed on the bed and came. Her cries of ecstasy triggered me. Growling, I held on long enough for her to stop coming then I pulled the plug out of her ass, yanked her to her knees and slid my cock into her hot, soaking wet tight as sin pussy. She moaned and bucked against me.

Holding her hips, I pounded in and out of her. I knew I was going at her harder than I ever had, but I couldn’t seem to stop. Still, I had enough sense left to check to be sure I wasn’t hurting her, even though her moans sounded like pleasurable ones. “Am I doing it too hard?” I gritted out through my clenched teeth. Truth be told, I wanted to pound her harder.

She thrust back hard against me and shook her head. “No, it feels so good, oh God, I need it harder. Jesus, fuck me harder, Tyler. I bet you wish that was my tight ass, don’t you? Do you like that? Getting naughty and sinking your cock into a tight ass? How bad do you want mine?”

Her dirty talk took me by surprise but it pushed me to take her like we both wanted. I sped up, fucking her so fast and deep she was scooting up the bed. She threw back her head and wailed. I decided to tell her all the dirty thoughts I was having.

“Oh yeah. I’d kill to be in your ass, but only after I’m done with your pussy. No one has ever felt like you. If I could, I’d make love to you, and never eat or sleep. I’ve enjoyed anal, but I know it’s gonna be out of this world if I ever get to take your ass, baby. I want yours so much, I can’t stand it.” I said as I punctuated my words with hard slams. My cum was rising and I knew it wouldn’t be long before I came, except she beat me to it. As soon as I was done talking, she stiffened, squeezed my cock like a vice and came. I fought not to come. I wanted it to last longer.

As she jerked and squeezed, I kept plowing in and out of her. Her slickness increased. As she slowly relaxed around me, I prepared to push myself to the finish line. Before I could, she brought me to a halt. “Then why don’t you take my ass and find out,” she whispered brokenly. I froze.

“Sabrina, baby, you don’t know what you’re saying. You’re not ready for me to do that. We need to build up to it. If you still want it after we do, I’ll work to get you to that point, but we need to talk about this when you’re not crazy from coming.” I hated to pass up the chance, but it was her I was looking out for.

“Nooo, I don’t. I wanna feel you in my ass. Please,” she whimpered.

“I can’t. I’m sorry. I want to, believe me, but I’m not going to risk hurting you like that.” I told her as I began to thrust again. It wasn’t like I’d been doing it before, but it still felt good.

“Then if you won’t do it, I want something else,” she said as she looked over her shoulder at me.

“Anything, as long as it doesn’t involve hurting you.”

“Well, in the end it will but that can’t be changed. I want to have your baby, Tyler. I know we haven’t been using contraception, but I need you to fill me with your seed. Flood me with it, so I hopefully conceive your baby tonight. Please, I want you to get me pregnant,” she cried out.

That was the last thing I expected her to say, and it turned me into a mindless beast who only had one thought, to breed my woman, and watch her swell with my baby. Growling, I went back to hammering her pussy. She moaned, whimpered, and begged as I fucked her up and around the bed. The sheets came loose but I kept going.

Soon she was gripping the pillow under her and screaming into it as she came. She squeezed me so damn tightly that I saw stars then I was coming too. I roared. There was no way Sniper and Scarlet didn’t hear me and I couldn’t give a fuck. As I released load after load of my cum into her pussy, which was milking me for every drop, I sent up a prayer. *Dear God, let this take.*

When we were done coming, I collapsed beside her, spent. She curled up in the fetal position. I couldn’t say anything. All I could do was shudder and rub her back. Jesus, another session like that would kill me. That was my last thought before I slipped off to sleep.

Scarlet:

I wanted to stay mad at Sniper and Gunner for forcing me to tell Sabrina and Spencer what happened with Winsor, but I couldn't. Once it was over with, it was such a relief, cathartic in fact, that I felt exhausted yet lighter than I had in years. I knew they did it for me, so I could begin to heal and put it behind me. I wasn't stupid. I knew it would take more than this to do it, so I would have to talk to someone about it. Whether it was a professional or one of the old ladies, I wasn't sure yet.

Retiring to our room, he gently stripped me as he ran water in the tub. He put in my favorite bath salts. When it was filling nicely, he stripped himself then picked me up, sinking into the hot water with me held in front of him. He tucked me between his legs. I leaned back against his broad chest. I sighed.

“Babe, are you alright? I know this was a lot and I hate the way it happened, but I still think it was time to tell them. Do you hate me for it?”

I twisted so I could look him in the eyes. He had a worried expression on his handsome face. I lifted my hand and ran it down his cheek. “Finn, honey, I don't hate you. I don't think I could unless you cheated on me or killed my family. I know I've been sitting on this for too long. I kept telling myself to wait until we found Winsor then to tell them, but who knows how long that might take or if we'll ever find him. It needed to be done.”

He gave a huge sigh of relief. “Thank God. I couldn't take it if you hated me, Dynamo. I truly think this will allow you to heal and for them to do so. He did the worst thing to you, but they have scars too. As for never finding him, that's not gonna happen. Smoke and his kind are like bluetick hounds. Winsor can run and hide, but they'll find his ass and when they do, he's gonna pay for what he did,” he snarled.

“I pray it's soon. I want to get on with the rest of my life with you. Having him hanging over us like a ghost or evil

portent is driving me nuts. I want us to have a family but I can't do it if he's still out there. If we had a baby, he's fucked up enough to take it. He'd use one against me."

"Like hell he will. I'm not going to let him stay out there that long. I'll do everything in my power to keep you safe."

"I know you will, but nothing and no one is infallible. We can't stay behind these walls and even if we do, he could find a way inside."

He was quiet for several moments then he nodded. "You're right, so there's something I want to ask you to do. And I want your brother and sister to do it too. Hear me out. I don't think you know this, but all the adults and the older children in our club and over in Hunters Creek all have trackers. We started with them years ago when Terror found Harlow. It was done as a precaution only, but it's come in handy several times."

"Are you meaning something you put in your shoe or phone or on your car? That kind of tracker? What if I don't have my phone on or my shoes or didn't drive my car?"

"Good questions and that's why this one isn't one that can get lost, thrown away or forgotten. You know we've talked about Smoke and Everly having government ties and how they sometimes still do work for them although it's hush-hush?"

"I heard that, but I wasn't sure how much was true. Why? Do they have a way to track us that's different?"

"They do. Back when we had Harlow do it, it was still in a testing phase. Somehow, Smoke convinced the ones who developed it to allow him to have some and to use us as beta testers. In return for us doing those and helping them perfect it, if needed, they promised to continue to supply them to us whenever we needed them and to allow Smoke and a couple others to have access to the program which monitors them."

"So the government is watching everything you do?" I asked in horror. It sounded too much like big brother

conspiracy stuff to me. I never got into it, but I wasn't naïve enough to think they didn't do it to some extent.

“Not exactly. I mean yeah, I guess they could use it to find us or track our movements if they wanted, but they don't have a reason to do it. This club and the others who are our friends do too much to help people for them to target us. We might not always follow the law of the land, but we don't hurt the innocent and we eliminate people the government wants out of the picture sometimes. It's injectable, Scarlet. It goes underneath your skin and a satellite is able to be used to track someone who has one. The program accesses the satellite. It's probably more complex than that, but I don't know the ins and outs and I don't care to. All I care about is it has kept many of our loved ones safe. I want you to get it too.”

“Wow, that sounds like something out of sci-fi, babe. It really works?”

“It does.”

“I'm not crazy about handing the government a way to track me, but if you have it and so does everyone else around here and it can help recover someone in case they're taken or lost, then I don't think I can say no. I definitely want Spence and Sabrina to get it too. How soon can we get them? Do we have to go to a doctor to get it placed or what?”

He grinned. “Nope, it's really as easy as getting a shot. Regan, Janessa or even Ghost can give it to you. I'll double check to see if Smoke has any on hand. If not, we might need to wait until he can get more. This would ease my mind so much, baby. Thank you and yes, we'll convince your brother and sister to get them too. I don't see Gunner letting Sabrina run around unprotected. We should've done it as soon as we knew you were hiding and why.”

Twisting the rest of the way around so I was straddling him, I kissed him. Like usual with us, we ignited immediately. Our kissing grew hungry then frantic. As we kissed our hands were busy feeling each other's bodies. I wiggled when I felt his cock growing hard between us. When he was fully hard, I broke the kiss and raised myself up, grasping him under the

water then I slowly sank down on him. We both moaned at the wonderful feeling.

I didn't pause to adjust to him. As soon as he was in to the hilt, I raised up and sank back down. He grabbed my hips and held on tight then he helped me to lift up. Over and over, he jerked me up then slammed me down hard on him. My body went wild, and I rode him hard and fast, taking him as deep as I could inside me. I circled my hips and teased him more by flexing my inner muscles over and over. In no time, we were panting and so close to coming. Suddenly, he tapped my hip. "Get up and lean over, grab the edge of the tub. I need to go harder and deeper," he said hoarsely.

On shaky legs. I got up with his help then stood with my back to him, ass thrust toward him, holding onto the rim of the tub. He stood up then grabbed my hips, yanking me back onto his steely hard cock. I moaned loudly. From there, he became a machine and jerked me on and off his cock like I was a fuck toy. I loved it and I helped as much as he'd allow. Knowing I was close and desperate to come, I reached between my legs and rubbed my clit. I shuddered. A slap on my hip made me jerk then turn to look back at him.

His face was dark and his expression was almost feral. "That's it, play with your sweet little clit. Come for me, Dynamo. Coat my cock in your cum and make me give you mine. I want you to wring me dry. Fuck! You feel so goddamn good," he snarled. Somehow he increased his speed.

Frantically rubbing my clit, I let go and in a blinding flash, I came. I shook and screamed as I milked him, trying to get to his seed. He grunted and pounded in and out a few more times, then he froze and came. He jerked and swore gutturally as he filled me full of his cum. By the time I was done coming, he was too and my legs were so weak, I started to collapse. Somehow, he found the strength to hold me and sink back into the water, gently lowering me with him. Falling back against his chest, I floated in my cloud of bliss. He hummed as he kissed my shoulders and neck. I smiled.

"I love you, Finn," I told him softly.

“Baby, I love you too, so much. Come on, let’s get you cleaned up then go to bed. I think we need to repeat this, only when we’re both dry. I don’t want you to catch a cold,” he growled. I laughed and nodded. God, he filled my life with happiness and fun.

Sniper: Chapter 19

I was looking forward to getting home tonight. Hell, I looked forward to it every damn day. The weekends were the best, since I could stay home and spend more time with Scarlet. As much as I might want to keep her all to myself, I knew it wasn't healthy for either of us. She spent time with her siblings and the old ladies. She was becoming close with them and she adored the kids and babies. She explained last night she'd always loved them and when she was younger, she'd worked in a daycare.

"I've always been into kids even as a young teenager. I used to babysit whenever I could for several families in our neighborhood and then when I got older, I started to work in a daycare on weekends. It was a way to do something I loved while making my spending money. Our parents weren't rich, but they were very comfortable. They never believed in spoiling us or giving us everything we wanted. We had to earn it. I kept doing it even after I started college."

"What were you studying in college?" I asked her.

"It was elementary education. I thought with the way I love kids that I would like to be a teacher."

"Did you like it?"

"I liked what I was learning, of course I didn't get far enough to do any student teaching to find out for sure with all the stuff that happened."

"Why don't you go back and do it now? When this is all over, you can go back. If you love it, then do it. You have to know I'll support whatever you want to do, baby."

She came over and gave me a hug. "I know you will and I appreciate the offer, I do, but I don't think I want to do that now. I'll always love kids and teaching them new things, but honestly, I have more than enough kids around here to get that need satisfied. I started doing the welding out of necessity, but I really love it and I like being outdoors."

“Whatever makes you happy makes me happy. As for having enough kids here to teach, that’s for sure and don’t forget, we’ll be adding some of our own and then there’s Gunner and your sister. Spence I can see him having children one day too.”

“Oh you do, do you? And when do you think the first one is coming?”

“Well,” I gave her a smirk, “I’m ready to start now on ours. I bet Gunner is doing his best to get your sister pregnant, the bastard. He’s trying to beat us to the punch. We should go get naked and work on beating him to it, baby.” She laughed hysterically, but she didn’t say no nor did she object to me leading her to bed.

Thinking about it again today, I knew I was gonna ask her soon to stop using her birth control. I knew it wasn’t pills, since I never saw her taking any. It had to be the shot or that IUD thing. Whatever the case, I wanted it gone. I was still young in most people’s minds, but I knew I was ready. If she wasn’t, then I’d have to wait, but I didn’t think she wasn’t ready. As for Gunner and Sabrina, I had no doubt he was trying.

Finishing up the stocking I was doing at the range’s store, I went back out front to see if they needed me to do anything else. I liked to stay busy, so nothing was beneath me to do, unlike some people who would bitch if asked to put away stock or clean up. A few of the cashiers argued it wasn’t their job. Those people didn’t last long. Seeing Ranger over by the front door, I went over to him. He was intently staring out the window.

“Do you recognize that car out there? It’s been sitting there idling for a while but no one has gotten out of it. I saw it on the camera in the office. I’m about to go ask what the fuck whoever is in it, is doing,” he muttered as I joined him.

Looking out the window, I followed the direction of his gaze. Instantly, I recognized it. “It looks like the same Charger that asshole Tor drove to class the other day. Let me go see if it is and run his ass off,” I growled.

“No, we’ll go together. I don’t like it and if he’s got a gun or something, you don’t want to approach him alone. I’ll take the driver’s side and you take the passenger.”

“Ranger, I can take the driver’s side. If it is him and he’s armed, I don’t want you getting killed. You have a wife and kids,” I argued.

“And you have Scarlet. We’ll do it smart. Go see if Gunner is available. The three of us will do it. He’s less likely to do something stupid if there’s more of us. I don’t want any of the other employees going with us.”

Nodding, I went to find Gun. I knew Ranger didn’t mean our lives were less important than our employees. He meant we were better equipped to handle it and had experience. All three of us had been in the military and knew how to approach someone dangerous. I found Gunner in his shop. “Hey, you got a minute. Ranger and I think that Tor guy is outside and we’re gonna approach his car. The more of us the better.”

“Hell yeah, let’s go,” he said immediately, starting toward me.

Out in the main retail area we quickly devised our plan. Before we went outside, we told the cashier to lock the door and not to open it unless we told him to. If he heard gunshots, he was to call the cops. He looked scared but he said he’d do it. He was young and new. Hopefully this wouldn’t scare him off. I liked him and thought he was a good addition.

Edging out the door, we divided up and came at the car. I took the driver’s side, while Ranger took the passenger. Gunner came up behind the car in a crouch. As I got near the door, I saw the face of the driver in the side mirror. It was Tor. I had my gun in my hand just like Gunner and Ranger.

Hugging the car, I shouted at him when I was close enough. “Tor, put both hands out the window nice and slow. If you have a gun, you’d better drop it. You have three guns on you and we’ll drop you before you get it up and aim,” I shouted. I saw him jump. The idiot hadn’t been paying

attention to his surroundings. His eyes widened after he checked the mirrors. His hands came creeping out the window.

“Now, use your right hand to open the door from the outside. Keep your left hand where it is,” Ranger told him. He was crouched down with his gun pointed at the other door. Tor did as he was told. Once his door was open, I grabbed him and yanked his ass out and shoved him up against the side of the car. He was shaking with fear.

“Mind telling us why your ass is sitting out here with the engine running?” I asked.

“I see a gun. It’s on the passenger front seat. Watch him, Sniper. Gunner, call Law,” Ranger told him. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Gunner take out his cell phone.

“Listen, I wasn’t doing anything. I was just sitting here,” Tor protested shakily.

“With a gun on your seat? Don’t lie, you were waiting for Sniper to come out so you could shoot him,” Ranger snapped. He’d come around to my side. I kept my gun on Tor while Ranger patted him down. He took a knife and another gun off Tor and threw them on the ground away from us.

“Hey, those are mine. Don’t throw ‘em. If you damage them, you’ll pay for new ones,” Tor said like a moron.

“Mister, you have other things to worry about, other than if I scratch your knife or cheap ass gun,” Ranger snapped at him.

Tor mumbled under his breath. With him disarmed, we put our guns away. I shook my head at him. “What did you say, stupid?”

“Don’t call me stupid. I’m not stupid,” he snapped back at me.

“Like hell you’re not. First, you come here to begin with after what happened the other day. That’s stupid. The fact you came with a gun is even more stupid. And the biggest stupid thing is coming here and thinking you’d get a drop on me. I was a damn Marine, you know that. Ranger was a Delta guy and Gunner was in the Army. Any of our club brothers

could've been here and several of them served as well and the rest aren't idiots. One of our members, Law, is a damn cop. Shit for brains doesn't even begin to describe you."

Gunner and Ranger laughed at my remarks. I could see it was pissing Tor off. Good, we wanted him nice and out of control when the cops came. Maybe he'd add resisting arrest to the charges I knew Law could throw at him. In the distance, I heard the wail of a siren. He heard it too. He gave us a scared look. "Hey man, I didn't mean no harm. What do you say we forget this and I leave? I promise I'll stay away from here and you."

"No one's forgetting anything. Why don't you tell us about the truck that was stolen in Chattanooga last week that then tried to run over my brothers here?" Ranger asked him gruffly.

By the confused look on his face. I knew Tor hadn't been the driver, not that we thought he was. We'd pretty much eliminated him as the suspect last week, although this final confirmation meant we still had no clue who it had been. "I don't know nothin' about no truck or running these two over. You can't pin that shit on me!" Tor said anxiously.

His anxiety didn't lessen when the squad car pulled into the parking lot. I smiled. It was Law. When Gunner was told to call, I didn't know if he was on duty or not. He was down to his last couple of weeks of working. He'd given the department plenty of notice and even trained his replacement. Officer Hutchinson-Tyler was now out on his own. Law was back to riding solo. He got out and came over to us. His grim expression and the way he carried himself was intimidating enough without him resting his hand on the butt of his gun and the uniform. He scanned Tor from head to toe before he looked at us.

"Gunner said you had someone trespassing and lying in wait for you, Sniper. I assume that's his knife and gun on the ground," Law said as he lifted his chin toward where they lay on the pavement.

“They are and he’s got a gun on the front passenger seat. I didn’t touch it, but I bet it’s loaded. He’s been out here in his car for over a half hour with the engine running. That’s what brought us out to investigate. He had a run-in with Sniper last week. You recall that,” Ranger said. As the technical manager of Warriors Range, it made sense for him to do most of the talking unless it pertained to the actual argument last week.

“I do. Keep an eye on him,” Law said before he opened the car door and got inside. He came out with the gun in his gloved hand. He dropped the magazine out then pulled back the slide to eject the bullet in the chamber. He caught it in his hand. Not saying a word, he walked to his squad car and got a couple of evidence bags. He dropped the gun, magazine and bullet inside one of them then went to pick up the gun and knife on the ground. He unloaded it and dropped all those items in the other bag. The whole time he stayed silent and gave Tor warning looks. Tor was shaking. I fought not to smile or laugh at him. When Law was done, he placed them in his police car then came back to us.

“Sir, mind telling us what you’re doing here?” he asked Tor.

“I wasn’t doing nothin’ wrong. I was waiting for Sniper. I knew he was working, and I wanted to talk to him about last week. He flunked my girlfriend out of the classroom part of a shooting class. I wanted him to reconsider making her do it again or at least not to make her pay again. I wasn’t gonna hurt him. I wasn’t sure what time he got off, so I’d been here for a bit.”

“And if that were true, why not just go inside and talk to him? If you meant no harm, why wait out here? And from what he told me before, he made it clear last week she’d have to pay for the written portion again but not the shooting half. That would be credited over,” Law calmly said.

“It’s bullshit! He’s just trying to rip people off. It was his shitty teaching that made her flunk in the first place,” Tor snapped.

“Did you or anyone else fail the written test?” Ranger asked him.

He hesitated then shook his head. “No, but we’re men. It’s harder for women to learn this stuff. It doesn’t come naturally to them like it does men.”

I burst out laughing. “Dude, that’s a crock of shit. I know plenty of women who have had no trouble learning and passing this kind of training. Hell, all three of their women have. Our club president’s wife was a damned Marine sniper with me. She’s a better shot than me. Women are just as able to learn and do this as men, in some cases, they’re better. Oaklyn didn’t pass because she didn’t pay attention to my instruction. Hell, I told you as I went along what stuff to make sure to remember for the test. Short of letting you have the test ahead of time so you could mark the answers as we went, it should’ve been a breeze.”

“You can’t arrest me! I wasn’t doing anything wrong and besides, he’s in your club. You’ll lie for him,” he told Law.

“You’re right, we are in the same club, but I don’t have to lie for him. The camera over there will show you’ve been waiting like Ranger said and he has the right to say who may or may not be on this property. The loaded weapons and the fact one was openly lying on the seat within reach says a lot. Now, I suggest you shut up and make this easy.”

Law took out his cuffs. “Okay, I’ll have to see if he has any outstanding warrants or criminal background. I know you want to press charges for trespassing. I’ll have to see what else I can charge him with,” he told us. Then he turned to Tor and as he cuffed him, he started talking to him. “Sir, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law.” As he continued to Mirandize him, Tor kept sputtering and yelling about how he couldn’t do this. When Law was done reading him his rights, he marched him over to his car and put him in the backseat. Closing the door, he came back to us.

“I doubt there’s much I can get him on other than trespassing. The rest is circumstantial, but I’ll see what the

magistrate lets me put on the paperwork. Unless he comes back with warrants or as a felon, then he'll be out in a couple of hours. I'll let you know what happens. If he gets out, I don't need to tell you to watch your back. If he was willing to come here with a gun over a stupid class, imagine how angry he's gonna be over you having him arrested."

"Thanks brother, do what you can. I won't let my guard down. Thanks. I hate we had to call you for something like this, but we thought it was better than just sending him on his way," I told him.

"You did the right thing. I was bored, so this at least gave me something to do. Okay, I'm outta here. See you all later. Stay frosty," he said as he walked off.

"Watch your six, Law," I said at the same time as Gunner and Ranger said the same. Law threw up his hand to acknowledge us then got in his car. As he drove off, we walked back inside. I had an hour to go then it would be time to head home. Maybe I'd be able to duck out early if there wasn't anything else to do.

I was lucky. I got to leave about a half hour early. I needed to get home so I could take Scarlet out to dinner. I wanted to take her out and show her off. A woman as beautiful as her deserved to be wined and dined. With that in mind, I made a reservation at the best steakhouse in town, Nero's, a couple of days ago. I was lucky it was a weeknight and they had a cancellation. Usually you had to make a reservation weeks in advance to get in there.

Gunner was riding back with me. He was done for the day too. I think it was more he was worried about me riding alone, but with Tor still at the police station in lock up, I didn't think he had anything to worry about. The truck had been an inattentive asshole. Parking outside the guesthouse when we got home, I went inside to see what Scarlet was doing. I needed to take a shower and get dressed to go out. Gunner parked at the clubhouse, since Sabrina wasn't due home for another hour from work. Spencer's bike wasn't anywhere in sight, which meant he was still working.

Walking into the house then to our room, which happened to be the master bedroom which had the en suite bathroom, I found her putting on her makeup. She was standing in nothing but a bath towel. That made me want to strip it off and make love to her right then and there. She saw the expression on my face and held up her fingers in a cross as she backed away from me.

“I swear, Finn Rafferty, if you mess up my makeup or make us late for our reservation, I’ll kick your ass. You promised me a nice night out and I need it. There’s plenty of time afterward for what I see you’re thinking. Believe me, I’d love to get in the shower with you and play, but we can’t. Get moving,” she ordered me.

“Baby, you know if I really want to say the hell with the reservation, there’s nothing you can do to persuade me not to make love to you, ass kicking or not.”

“I know, but please, I want to go out with you so much,” she pleaded, giving me these puppy dog eyes. I couldn’t disappoint her. Besides, I had a few things planned for dinner.

I pretended to consider before I sighed deeply. “Fine, but you owe me. Try not to be so damn distracting, woman. I’m only so strong,” I grumbled.

She laughed as I turned on the shower to heat up then began to strip off my clothes. I’d taken my boots off already and laid my cut on the bed before coming in here. She went back to her makeup. Before stepping into the shower, I smacked her ass. She jumped then lashed out to place a hard one on my ass cheek.

“Watch it. I believe in paybacks, babe,” I warned her.

She smirked at me. “I know. That’s what I’m counting on later, stud.”

Groaning as I fought not to grow fully erect, I stepped into the shower. Maybe I should take a cold one. The way she was acting, I’d need all the help I could get. As I washed, I

told her about my day. She damn near screamed the house down when I told her what happened with Tor.

“What? He came to your work and you didn’t call me and tell me this! Finn, I need to know things like this immediately.”

“Babe, there was no need. I wasn’t hurt and he’s in jail right now. I was planning to tell you when I got home, which I’ve just done.”

“Like hell you wait! And there was a need. I need to go down to the station to see this clown and kick his ass. Law will find a way to give me a few minutes alone with him,” she snarled.

“Damn, you’re so goddamn sexy when you get all snarly and want to kick ass. Stop, my cock can’t handle it,” I told her.

She rolled her eyes. “Of course it would make you hard. Everything does, Finn. A good stiff wind does.”

“Not my fault. It’s all you. I used to have self-control until I met you. Now, the damn thing has a mind of its own. I thought of you today while waiting on a customer and popped a boner. Thank God I was standing behind the counter. I don’t think the guy would’ve liked it and he was a big fucker. I would’ve either had him bending me over the counter or beating my ass. Neither option would’ve amused me, Ranger or the other customers.”

This caused her to laugh until she had tears in her eyes. She shook her head as she dabbed them away before they could mess up her eye makeup. “I swear, there’s something wrong with you, but I love you, so whatever. Just promise, if something like this happens again, you’ll call me right away.”

“I promise. Are you about done?” I asked as I got out of the shower and dried off. I saw her checking me out. I proudly showed off my body. There was hunger in her gaze. Good, she could be all horny during dinner like me.

“I just need to finish my hair and get dressed. Give me twenty.”

“Okay, sounds good.” I slung a towel around my waist and stepped up to the sink which had become mine. Thankfully, there were two in this bathroom. I shaved my head, trimmed a few stray hairs in my beard and shaved the areas where I didn’t want my beard growing. Then I brushed my teeth, put on deodorant and a bit of cologne. She buried her face in my neck and inhaled.

“Mmm, I love that smell. You should wear it every day.”

“If you want, I will. Although I don’t think the guys at work will care to smell me.”

“On second thought, don’t. If anyone, male or female, came onto you more than they already do, I’ll turn into a serial killer. Get out of here. I can’t concentrate on finishing my hair.”

Grinning, I wiggled my ass as I walked to the door and out. She made a moaning sound, which I loved. I didn’t waste time getting dressed. For me it was simple enough. A nice button-down shirt with a collar and long sleeves, which I rolled up to my mid-forearms, a newer pair of dark wash jeans and my dress boots. We’d be going in her car tonight, not on the bike. I topped it off with my cut. I always wore it unless we were in an area where we couldn’t ride through wearing it or if it was a special occasion like one of the crew getting married, and we had to dress up for it.

I went out to the living room while she finished up. I placed a couple of calls to make sure everything was set then I sat down to wait. I flipped on the television to see if there was anything on. I found a bike building show, so I began watching it. A few minutes later, the door opened, and in strolled Gunner and Sabrina. He had his arm around her. I could tell by her ruffled appearance he’d kissed the hell out of her. I grinned at them.

“Hi Brina, how was work?”

“It was good. Gunner told me about your day. Did you peel Scarlet off the ceiling when you told her?”

I chuckled. “Yeah, almost had to. I was thoroughly chastised for not calling her after it happened.”

“That’s my sister,” she said with a giggle. Gunner was grinning.

“Is she still getting ready?” she asked. When I nodded my head, she headed down the hallway. “I’ll go see if she needs help.”

“Lord, if they both get caught up in what to wear, you might not get to eat tonight,” Gunner said as he dropped down next to me on the couch.

“Naw, she warned me if we missed it, there’d be hell to pay.”

“So you wanted sex, and she put you on hold,” he said.

“Yep. I was promised a reward if I waited.”

He laughed. “God, what did we do to deserve them? My life was good but having Sabrina has made it fantastic.”

“Same here. I can’t wait to expand it to include others.”

“You two talking about having kids?”

“We are. You?”

“Yeah, you could say that. Maybe sooner rather than later since we haven’t used anything to prevent pregnancy since we moved to that stage.”

“Damn, TMI, man. Well, since we’re sharing everything, I plan to ask her to stop using her birth control. I want kids and I want them soon,” I confessed.

“Hot damn, we might get to be dads at the same time. That would be awesome,” he said excitedly.

“It would, wouldn’t it? Hopefully, she’s ready. If not, I’ll wait until she is.”

“Until she’s what?” came Scarlet’s voice.

Twisting around to see her, my mouth dropped open. She was always gorgeous. However, this was the first time I’d

seen her in a dress and high heels. She had on a black dress that showed her legs in the front. The hem was above her knees in the front but at her ankles in the back. The upper part sort of wrapped around her and had a collar piece which went clear around her throat with an opening below it to show off the top of her cleavage. Her shoulders were bare. She had on silver jewelry with a wide cuff on her wrist. Her shoes were a pair of strappy black heels. She had a small black purse and some kind of wrap thing in her hand. She'd pulled her hair up in a bundle of curls on the top of her head with wisps around her face.

I stood up and walked over to her. She was giving me a nervous look. "Do I look alright?"

"Dynamo, you look more than alright. You look stunning. I love you in a dress, You have to wear them more often, along with those fuck me shoes," I growled right before I pulled her against me and gave her a kiss. She melted against me and returned it.

We were kept from getting too out of control by Sabrina and Gunner both clearing their throats and telling us to save it for later. I reluctantly moved away from her. The next few minutes were a haze as we said goodbye, I helped her to put on her wrap and then to get into the car. Her question was forgotten. I wanted us alone when we discussed it, so it worked for me. Driving away from the compound, I couldn't wait for this evening to begin and then be over. I had so many plans.

Scarlet: Chapter 20

When I walked into Nero's on Sniper's arm, it made me feel like the center of attention. All around people stared at us. I felt amazing and like I truly belonged here with him. He got as many looks, if not more than I did. Some of them were from the same sex for both of us.

We'd been seated at a table which was more secluded and dimly lit by candles. On the table was a huge bouquet of the most beautiful flowers I'd ever seen. I looked around at the other tables and saw none of them had flowers. "Honey, why does our table have these flowers? None of the others do."

"That's because they were bought for you, by me. I haven't given you flowers yet. I want you to start receiving the things I feel the woman I love should expect and get. Some will be a little cliché, but I never heard of a woman who didn't like flowers. Do you like them?"

"Finn, you shouldn't have, but I love them. I've never gotten flowers before, and they are so gorgeous." Leaning toward them, I took a deep breath. "And they smell divine. Thank you, baby."

"You're welcome, my love."

He was kept from saying more by the arrival of our waitress. She introduced herself, handed us menus and told us the specials then promised to return shortly. As we looked over the menu items my mouth watered. There were so many delicious things to choose from. She came back before I could decide on what I wanted. She surprised me with an ice bucket holding a bottle of champagne. She opened it and presented the first sip to Sniper. He sipped and nodded his head. She poured us both a glass and asked if we wanted anything else to drink. When we said no, she left to let us look at the menu more.

I took a sip of the champagne. I'd tasted it years ago. The bubbles burst on my tongue, and I loved the taste. It had a hint of peach to it. "Mmm, this tastes good. Something else you thought I needed?"

“It is. Although I will admit, I do like the taste of some wines and most champagnes. Don’t tell anyone though, it’ll ruin my biker image.”

“I won’t. You’re full of surprises tonight. What do you think we should order?” This led to us debating the dinners we thought sounded the best. In the end, we both agreed to have the filet mignon cooked medium with asparagus wrapped in crisp prosciutto, and Parisian potatoes. Our waitress brought fresh baked bread and butter to the table. I couldn’t resist a piece. I moaned when the honey butter taste hit my taste buds.

“Oh God, this is so good. Finn, you shouldn’t have brought me here. You’ll have to roll me out of here when we’re done. I have news for you, I plan to have dessert. That café latte turtle cake was talking to me. Who can say no to three layers of chocolate cake with chocolate frosting and creamy caramel sauce?”

“Baby, you have whatever you want and if you can’t walk, I’ll carry you out of here. I saw a dessert that was talking to me too. The salted almond truffle tart sounds amazing. We might need to call the prospects to come carry us both to the car,” he joked.

“I’d love to see their faces if we did that,” I said. He grinned.

From there we spent the rest of the time talking then waiting for our food. Eating it had been heavenly. We’d just finished with our desserts and I knew I couldn’t eat another bite. I leaned back in my chair. “I can’t move. You really may have to carry me to the car.”

“Well, if that’s the case, let’s get all the weight added that we can,” he said. I gave him a puzzled look. I couldn’t eat another bite. What was he talking about? Suddenly, he was out of his chair and coming around the table to me. He kneeled down. Seeing he had one knee on the ground, my heart started to pound. Surely this wasn’t what it looked like. If it was, I might die. He picked up my left hand and kissed it, then looked into my eyes.

“This might be another one of those cliché things, but I wanted to do it after pampering you a little. I love you Scarlet and there’s nothing more I want than to have you as my wife as well as my old lady. It’s not too soon. It’s just right. Say yes and make me the happiest damn man on the planet.”

Leaning toward him, right before I kissed him I whispered, “Finn Rafferty, I’d love nothing more than to be your wife, so my answer is yes.”

He grabbed the back of my neck and held me as he deepened the kiss. We were shaken back to the present by loud applause. Breaking apart we looked around. People all over Nero’s were smiling and clapping for us. Sniper winked at me, then took a ring box out of his cut. He opened it, took a ring out and slid it on my finger.

I sat there admiring it. It was dazzling and so intricate it was hard to describe exactly what it was shaped like. All I knew was it was beyond beautiful and had numerous small diamonds around a central one and along the band. It had to have cost a fortune. “Baby, I love it, but you didn’t need to spend this much on a ring. I hate to think what this cost you. We’re building a house.”

“We are building a house, but don’t worry about the cost. I can more than afford this, and when I saw it, it screamed your name to me. If it’s nothing other than the cost you don’t like, then I’m not taking it back. It fits perfectly.”

“Did Sabrina tell you my ring size? Did she help you pick it out?”

“She did tell me whenever I was ready to ask you to marry me what size to get, but she had no idea that’s what I had planned for tonight. I did this all on my own.”

“Well, baby, you did so damn good. I love it. I love you. What do you say to us getting out of here and going home, so I can show you how much I love it, you, and this whole evening?”

The smile my words brought to his face told me everything I needed to know. In no time, we’d paid the bill,

accepted congratulations from our waitress, and were in the car heading for home. I could barely sit still. I was so aroused and wanted to make love with him so badly. It was the longest twenty-minute ride of my life.

We were halfway home when out of nowhere, we were blinded by headlights coming at us from the other direction. Sniper slowed down and got closer to the berm. As the truck got up to us, it abruptly swerved into our lane. He swore and tried to jerk the car out of the way, but there was no room due to the trees so he slammed on the brakes. We came to a jarring stop.

“Are you okay?” he asked after we came to a halt. I nodded yes. My heart was beating out of my chest. He swore then threw off his seatbelt and flung his door open. As he stepped out of the car, my world shattered. A gunshot rang out, and I watched in horror and disbelief as he fell to the ground. I screamed.

As upset as I was, I still had enough self-preservation to reach over to slam his door shut and lock it. It would buy me time. Fumbling in my purse, I got out my phone, and found Gunner’s number. I hit the call button. I could see a figure approaching the car. Due to the size of my purse, I hadn’t brought my gun with me tonight. Goddamnit!

“Hey, aren’t you on your date?” Gunner asked as he answered.

“Gunner, Sniper’s been shot. We’re about five miles away from the clubhouse. A truck came at us head on. Hurry. I don’t have my gun and whoever it is, is coming for me.”

“What?!?” he shouted. I didn’t hear what else he said because there was a tapping on the window. I couldn’t see a face but based on height and size I knew it was a man.

“Go away. I’ve called for help. They’ll be here any second,” I shouted, hoping it would scare whoever it was away. We were outside the town limits, so the only chance of someone helping was if another car came along.

“Get your ass out of the car, Anya. I’m not going to hurt you but I will put another bullet in the man with you. He might not be dead yet, but one to the head will make sure of it,” came the hated voice I never wanted to hear again.

Before I opened the door, I whispered so Gunner could hear me if he was still on. “It’s Winsor. He’s taking me. I have to go or he’ll shoot Sniper in the head. Hurry and save him. Tell him I love him.”

As I got out, I prayed Sniper wasn’t dead. If he was, I’d die. As Winsor grabbed me and yanked me toward the truck, I tried to see Sniper. He was on the ground not moving. Terror filled me as I was shoved into the truck. Winsor kept the gun on me as he got inside then took off. He was headed back toward Dublin Falls. God, I hoped the club would save Sniper. If it had to be only one of us, it had to be him.

Gunner:

As I tried to process what Scarlet was saying, I was running toward the clubhouse. Several of the guys would be there. I needed their help. Sabrina was running behind me, sobbing. She'd heard the whole conversation with Scarlet since I'd put it on speaker when I answered. Rage and hatred filled me as I ran. Motherfucking Winsor had found her. How? When? He shouldn't know where she was. Was Sniper dead? All these things and more ran through my mind. When I burst into the common room, Scarlet was no longer on the phone. He'd taken her. Heads turned to look at me. I didn't waste time.

"Scarlet just called. They've been run off the road. I need guys to come with me. Someone needs to call an ambulance. Sniper was shot, and she was taken by Winsor. I don't know what direction he's headed."

There was one thing about my club, they knew how to handle dangerous situations and came up with plans at the drop of a hat. There were no time-consuming questions asked. As I turned to run outside to ride off to help Sniper, Sabrina grabbed me, gave me a kiss, and said, "Be careful, help Sniper and find my sister. I love you."

"I love you too." I told her as Spencer took her into his arms. He looked scared too.

When I tore out of the parking lot, there was half the club with me. I wasn't sure who was calling the police and an ambulance. Someone would. There were several old ladies in there. I prayed as we raced toward Dublin Falls. We weren't far outside the limits when we saw Scarlet's car off to the side of the road and a body on the ground. I came to a sliding stop, got off my bike, and ran over. Sniper wasn't moving and his eyes were shut. I kneeled down and shook him. "Sniper, open your eyes, buddy. Talk to me."

Slowly, his eyelids fluttered open. I stared into his pain and panic-filled eyes. He weakly grabbed my arm. "Find her. He took her. Save her."

“We will, but first, we have to save you,” Ghost said as he came to crouch beside me. Next, to my shock, was Regan. I hadn’t noticed she’d come with us. She had a large bag with her. I got back so they could work on him. I could hear sirens coming.

It was a whirl of movement as the paramedics and police arrived. More of our brothers came, and we gave statements on what we knew. The ambulance didn’t waste time getting Sniper loaded and tearing off to Dublin Falls General. Regan followed them. A few of the guys went after her and a few went back to the compound. They’d be helping to locate and make the plan to get Scarlet back. I stayed and gave my statement to the cops. Law wasn’t on duty, but he stayed with me.

As soon as the cops said they had enough and would put out a missing person on her, since we knew she’d been kidnapped, the remainder of us went back to the compound. In the common room, it had been cleared of everyone but members. Terror when he saw the rest of us come in pointed down the hall. We followed him into church and closed the doors.

“What do we know about Sniper?” were his first words.

“It doesn’t look good. He lost a lot of blood and they don’t know what all was torn up inside. It’s gonna be touch and go,” Ghost told him.

“Fuck!” he shouted. It took him a minute to get himself under control. The rest of us weren’t much better. When he did, he went to work.

“Okay, we’ll leave Steel, Viper and Blade, who went to the hospital with Regan, there. He’ll need protection. I want Tiny, Razor, Blaze, Torch and Capone to stay here and the rest will come with me. We’re going after Scarlet. Lucky for her, she got the tracker yesterday. Smoke says it’s on the move. He has a general direction. We’re gonna head that way. He’ll stay here to keep monitoring and updating us. We’re going in loaded and we’re bringing her back. That bastard Winsor is

gonna die but try not to kill him yet. I doubt he has reinforcements, but in case he does, we go in silent and smart. Smoke, send the tracker map to our phones. Let's go. Grab your guns and ammo. We leave in five minutes."

He didn't bother to end church. We ran for our guns. No one wanted to be left behind. We all made it back to our rides within the allotted five minutes. As we took off, I noticed Rucker was driving a club SUV. It was for Scarlet. As we followed Terror and Savage who were in the lead, I sent up prayers that God would save Sniper's life and Scarlet's. I had to bring her back because if I didn't and he lived, it would kill him and her siblings.

Scarlet:

As Winsor drove, he was careful to keep his gun out of my reach but trained on me. I had no idea where he was taking me or how long it would take to get there. He hadn't said a word since he forced me into his truck. If it was a good distance away, then he'd get tired of holding the gun eventually and would relax. When he did, I was going to make my move. If he didn't, then I'd wait until we stopped. I was determined to find a way to get free of him and back to Sniper. Thinking of Sniper brought the tears which I let run freely down my face. Oh God, he'd been so still. Was he dead? *Please God, don't let me lose him. I don't know how I'll go on.*

“What're you crying about over there? This is a happy reunion for us, Anya. I can't believe you left, and didn't tell me where you were going,” he said angrily.

Was this fucker for real? I mean honestly, was he so delusional he thought I wanted him and we'd be happy together? My automatic response was to tear into him verbally and tell him what I really thought of him and to order him to stop calling me Anya. However, another thought popped into my head. If he was truly delusional, could I convince him I wanted to be with him and that running had been a mistake? If I could, he might let his guard down or make a mistake. I was likely being tracked by the club with the fancy tracker they implanted, but in case I wasn't, I had to get free.

I tried to put on a convincing face which didn't scream *I hate you and want you dead, asshole*. Hopefully whatever was showing worked. “I'm just surprised and overwhelmed, Anthony. I didn't know who you were at first and seeing someone shot in front of you is shocking. That's why I fought you about getting in the truck. My brain couldn't catch up to who you were.”

“Why the hell did you leave? I've been looking for three years. I came back after our wonderful night together, and you were gone. I gave up my job to look for you.”

Bullshit, you gave up your job, motherfucker. They fired you even if they wouldn't help me, I thought.

“I let my insecurities get the better of me. I knew I wasn't good enough for a man like you. I couldn't stay and have you realize it and leave me.” How I said it without puking, I had no idea. Maybe I should consider becoming an actress.

“Why did you change your name?”

“I was worried. Even though he was in prison, I was still concerned Camden would have someone come after us if we resumed our old names and I got a weird note which made me think he had found out our new names. I couldn't risk my brother and sister, so we ran and found someone to give us a new identity. How did you find me?”

“It wasn't easy. I had no clue what your names were. For the first few months, I looked for any sign of you under your real name and your alias. When nothing came up, I figured you were using a different one. It wasn't until a few weeks ago that I got a break. Someone reached out to the Marshal Service asking about you. It got back to one of the guys there who I'm still friendly with. He called me and told me what he found out. He did some snooping after he heard your name,” he said with a satisfied smirk on his face.

Whoever sold me out, I wanted his name. If I got out of this, he was going to find his ass kicked out of the Service if I had anything to do with it. Winsor might not think I knew he'd been fired, but that idiot had and still told him. “Who was it? Do I know him? I remember meeting a few of the people at your office.”

“You might've. It was Ford Nixon. He's still there although he wants to retire in a few years.”

I remembered him. I hadn't liked him and thought his parents had been pretentious giving him the name that reminded you of two US presidents. “Oh, yeah, I remember him.”

“Yeah, he gave me the name of the motorcycle club you were hanging around. I thought he was wrong when he told me you were seen with one. What the hell were you thinking, to take up with a bunch of bikers?” I could hear the disgust and fury in his voice. I had to tread carefully. I didn’t know if he knew I was in a serious relationship with Sniper or not. Although looking at the dress I had on, I didn’t know how he could miss it.

“It was because of my work. It was the only job I could find, and the place happened to be owned by the club.”

“And the reason you’re sleeping with the bastard I shot?” he snapped.

“Anthony, I got lonely. I knew he wasn’t someone to settle down with, but I thought you were too good for me and there was no hope for us. It was just something to do,” I said lamely.

To my shock, he seemed to buy it. His body relaxed. The gun in his hand dropped. It was still pointed at me but not at chest level. Maybe I could get him to put it down altogether. Steeling myself and working to put a quiver in my voice, I went for it.

“Is that why you’re still holding a gun on me? Because you hate me for being with him? I swear, he never had my heart. I could never give it to him. It belongs to you. I’m so sorry. If I’d known you were truly in love with me, I would’ve never left or been with someone like him.” I squeezed out a few crocodile tears and let them roll down my cheeks. I made sure to face him as I said it.

He glanced at me a couple of times before he sighed. “I know, sweetheart. I should’ve been clearer with you and instead of telling you I would be back, I should’ve taken you with me. I had the ring. I should’ve given it to you that night we were together. I haven’t forgotten it or how wonderful it was. I’ve missed you. Here, let me put this away.”

He glanced to the left and lowered his hand. There was an open slot in the door. He put his gun into it. As soon as his hand came back up it took the wheel so he could hold the

opposite one out to me. As much as it made my skin crawl, I took it. I gave him a smile then glanced back at the road. Now to find my opportunity. I wasn't going to let him take me further away from Sniper and my family. We'd been driving for a half hour already.

Up ahead I saw a bend in the road. There were woods off to the left which sat lower than the road indicating there was a depression or something there. With my right hand, I tugged on my seatbelt to make sure it was tight. As we came up to the curve, I let go of his hand. I reached over and grabbed the steering wheel with both hands and yanked it as hard as I could toward me. When he figured out what I was doing, he beat on my arms, but I held tight. He slammed on the brakes, which caused the back end of the truck to fishtail. Holding onto the wheel with a death grip with one hand, I scratched his face. He howled in pain and let go of the wheel with one hand to grab his face.

The next thing I knew the truck was tilting then rolling down the decline. We rolled over and over. It was much steeper than it looked. I was thrown all over the cab. He was swearing and I was screaming. There was a bone-jarring jolt when we stopped. Hazily I saw we'd come to rest against the trees. I shook my head to clear it. *Move! Don't give him a chance to recover,* I screamed to myself.

I undid my belt and moved closer to him. He was more dazed than I was. His head had hit the window and he was scrunched down, since he was taller and the ceiling had mashed in on us. He was shaking his head like he was trying to clear it. Crawling onto him, I jabbed him in the crotch hard with my elbow. He roared and hit me on the head with his fist, but I kept going. I had to get the gun before he did. If he got to it, my life was going to be very short-lived. We fought for it, but by some miracle, I was able to get it and I shoved myself as far away as I could get back to my side of the truck. I leveled it at him.

“Keep your hands where I can see them. You move and I'll shoot you,” I snapped.

He was glaring at me. “What the hell is wrong with you, Anya?”

“My goddamn name is Scarlet, not Anya. That woman died when her parents did. What’s wrong with me is a goddamn sick rapist thinks he loves me and that I could love him. You make me want to puke. I hate your fucking guts,” I spat at him.

“You don’t mean it. It’s that biker. He’s confused you.”

“That biker opened my eyes and has shown me nothing but love. Now shut up. I’m done talking to you. We’re gonna wait for my friends to come. When they do, don’t expect them to be gentle with you.”

“What friends? No one knows where you are,” he said with a satisfied smirk on his face.

“Oh, yes they do. You left my phone behind, but I have a tracker inside of me. Sit still. You’re gonna find out what it feels like to be the prey.”

Sabrina:

I sat in the waiting room at the hospital with a bunch of the Warriors. I didn't know what else to do. Staying at the clubhouse would have driven me crazier, pacing and waiting to hear if the guys had found my sister. I was constantly praying she was unharmed and they'd bring her home safely. When I wasn't praying for her and the Warriors who went after her, I was praying for Sniper.

He was in surgery and from what Regan and Janessa said, he was in very serious condition. They'd lost him twice on the way to the hospital in the ambulance. God, if he died it would destroy Scarlet. She loved him with her whole heart. For the first time in years she was happy. She had plans for the future. Surely, fate wouldn't be so cruel as to take him and their dreams away from her.

"Sis, you're breaking my fingers," Spencer whispered. I eased up my grip. He was holding my hand.

"Sorry, I didn't notice I was doing it. Spence, what if he doesn't make it? What if they don't find Scarlet?"

"I don't want to hear such shit. He's gonna make it. He has too many people praying for him not to and they'll find her. We all got those trackers. You heard Smoke. It's working and they're following her. It's just a matter of catching up to them. Hopefully, they'll stop for the night soon and they'll catch up to them. I can't wait until they bring Winsor back here. The sick bastard deserves everything he has coming and then some," he snarled.

"Do you plan to be there when they work him over?"

"Not only do I plan to be there, but I plan to do some of the work."

"Do you think I should be there?"

"Not unless you really want to be. No one expects you to witness or do anything. We know Scarlet probably will, but that's her."

“I’ll think about it. Lord, it seems like he’s been in there forever, but it’s not even been two hours.”

“Regan said it’ll take at least four hours or more. Do you want me to go get you something from the cafeteria?”

“No, I’m okay.”

A phone ringing made us all come to attention. Viper took out his phone. We all tensed up. He and Steel were the club officers left behind. They remained at the hospital with Blade to stand guard and to get updates. There were several of the old ladies here. The others were at the compound with the kids. As much as everyone wanted to be here, it wasn’t feasible. Viper nodded and made one-word responses which told us nothing. When he finally hung up, I was ready to pounce. He looked around the room at all of our anxious faces.

“They caught up. She’s safe and they’re coming home. They’re bringing a guest,” he said with a satisfied smile on his face. The cheer that went up was deafening, but we didn’t care. Now, all we had to do was get the good news that Sniper was in the clear and we all could breathe again. I went back to praying.

Gunner:

Pulling up to the spot where the tracker said Scarlet was stopped, had been eye opening to say the least. It took us a minute to realize she was over an embankment. Hearts pounding we ran to the edge of the road. It was dark as hell, but a voice called out from below.

“I’m down here. I’m fine. Is Sniper alright?” her anxious voice called out. Shining a flashlight down there, I saw her sitting outside a wrecked truck. Winsor was nowhere in sight.

“He’s in surgery. We don’t know anything else yet. Where’s Winsor? Did he run?”

“Help, she’s crazy,” a weak male voice called out.

“Shut the fuck up or I’ll shoot you again, asshole. He’s tied to a tree. I was tired of holding the gun on him.”

“You shot him?” I asked snickering. I wasn’t too surprised to hear it.

“Yep, he tried to take his gun away from me after I went to all the trouble of getting it and I had warned him. He’s whining like a pussy. It’s just a through and through hole in his leg. I didn’t hit anything vital. That would’ve let him off too easily. This fucker is getting on my nerves. Help me get him out of here. I need to get home to Sniper.”

Vince handed us a rope he had in the SUV. We tied it off to the trailer hitch then used it to get down the decline. I took the gun out of her hand, then hugged her as a couple of the others went to get her prisoner. I laughed when I saw him hobbling around the truck. He had a piece of bloody cloth tied around his upper leg. He was dirty, disheveled and had cuts and bruises on his face. Scarlet lunged at him and he flinched.

“See, he’s nothing but a damn bully. I should’ve done this years ago. Help me up this hill. I’m sore,” she said calmly.

While the guys got Winsor up the embankment, whining the whole way, then secured in the rear of the SUV, I

helped her up and into the front passenger seat. “Are you sure you’re alright?”

“Other than some bruises and sore muscles, I’m fine. I just need to see Sniper. Please, take me home.” Tears gathered in her eyes.

I kissed her on the forehead. “Roger that. We just need to call home and let them know we have you and you’re alright. Give us a couple of minutes.” Nodding her head, she laid it back and closed her eyes. I looked at Vince. “You drive like your life depends on it, which it does.”

“I will.”

A few minutes later, after I got back on my bike we turned around to head for home. Now to make sure my brother and best friend was alive and able to live the life he deserved with the woman he loved. I went back to praying for him.

Scarlet: Chapter 21

Staring down at an unmoving Sniper who wouldn't open his eyes or respond to my touch or voice made me burst into tears. I'd been doing it on and off since I arrived back in Dublin Falls twelve hours ago. I was exhausted, but there was no way I could go back to the compound to sleep. I had to be here when he woke up, if he woke up. This thought I tried to push out of my mind, but I couldn't ignore what was a very real possibility.

The doctor had come out to talk to us after he was out of surgery. It had been touch and go, he explained. They had lost him on the operating table once. That made three times since he was shot. His doctor was too cautious to give us false hope. There was a possibility he would come out of the coma he was in, but it was a slim one. And if he did, there was no way to know what condition he would be in. He might be totally fine or have residual deficits in his memory, speech and motor coordination.

The bullet had torn its way into his chest piercing the pericardium, the membrane around the heart, and nicked the pericardial artery which supplied it with blood. The blood then filled the sac causing something called cardiac tamponade. Regan explained it to us. Basically the blood after it filled up the sac made it so his heart had no room to expand and it couldn't fill effectively. It got so bad it caused him to have a heart attack.

When the doctor said they had him on a ventilator to see if he could heal and come out of the coma or not, I lost it. I prided myself on being a tough woman but being faced with him never coming back to me, of him dying made me crumble. I sank to my knees in the middle of the waiting room and sobbed. It took Terror, Bandit, Coyote, Spencer, and Sabrina to calm me down enough to get up. Eventually, they convinced the doctor to let me see him. He only wanted family, but Sniper didn't have any real family. When he realized I was his fiancée, he relented, but warned me if I couldn't control

myself, then I'd have to leave. It was this threat which kept me crying silent tears only.

The guys and their ladies were taking turns to come sit in the waiting room and to check in with me to see if I needed anything. Winsor had been pushed to the back of my mind. All I told Terror was I didn't want them to do anything life threatening to him until I had a chance to say my bit and get my pound of flesh. He was gracious enough to promise it. He said after all, I was the party most hurt by him other than Sniper. As far as I was concerned, they could keep him alive for months until Sniper's condition was resolved.

Spencer bullied me into eating a sandwich he brought me and to drink some water. The sandwich was one I usually loved—a crispy chicken with bacon and cheese. This one tasted like sawdust to me. I ate it on autopilot. They allowed two at a time in his room in the Intensive Care Unit. At times it was one of my siblings. At other times, it was Bandit or someone else from the club. Devil Dog and Harlow were there more than once. They looked rough. I realized then how much they cared for him and recalled he'd served with them. He was their comrade-in-arms.

As the hours ticked by, the nurses and even the doctor were in and out. They'd check on him, ask if he'd moved or anything. He had monitors constantly beeping and that machine making noise as it breathed for him. IVs were in both hands. He was receiving some blood to help replace what he lost. He looked deathly pale. I'd never seen him this still, not even in his sleep.

Around noon the next day, I couldn't hold out any longer and I drifted off to sleep in the chair next to his bed. Gunner was sitting with me. The last thing I recalled was holding Sniper's hand and staring at his face, praying he'd open his eyes.

Yelling along with the beeping of the machines getting faster forced me from my sleep. Groggily, I cracked my eyes open to see what was happening. I was disoriented for a second. Once my head cleared, I opened them the rest of the way and glanced at Sniper. Gunner was standing over him on

the other side of the bed, screaming for help. The door crashed open and in ran several people in scrubs. They were talking fast and pushing a cart. They ordered us out. That's when it registered Sniper was arresting. I tried to stay but Gunner lifted me up and carried me out of the room kicking and screaming for Sniper.

We had to stand outside the room and watch through the glass windows they had in the door as they worked on him. They gave him chest compressions then shots and finally the defibrillator. I buried my face in Gunner's chest. "If he dies, I can't do this, Gunner. I can't live without him," I sobbed.

He rubbed my back and talked urgently in my ear. "Babe, he's gonna pull through this. If he doesn't, I'll go to heaven or hell, whichever place he ends up, and bring him back myself. I don't want to hear you talk like that. Do you think we could live if we lost both of you? Hell no. Now, let's pray."

Holding each other, we started saying prayers aloud. It seemed like the staff was in there forever, but later I found out it was only five minutes or so. When they came out, I was shaking in terror. His doctor gave us a tired smile. "He's back. You can go back in, just keep conversation to whispers. I'll go let the others know what happened. Do you want someone to come and switch out with one or both of you?"

"Ask them to send in Sabrina, her sister. I'll go out and sit with the others," Gunner told him. The doctor nodded and walked off. It wasn't more than a couple of minutes until Sabrina came in. She was in tears. She hugged me and Gunner. He gave her a kiss then gave me a hug before he left. She and I sat there staring at Sniper. I'd fallen asleep, and he'd almost slipped away. I had to stay vigilant.



It was day three of Sniper's coma. I was so tired I could barely function. The club and my siblings were threatening that if I didn't go home and get real sleep, they'd drag me out and force me. I bared my teeth and told them to fucking try it. Sneaky Regan tried to slip a sleeping pill in my coffee the day after he went into cardiac arrest again, but I saw

her do it in the mirror. After that, I wouldn't drink anything they brought unless it was sealed. The same for food, which left me eating junk food.

I knew it wasn't healthy but I couldn't leave him. It killed me to take a quick shower in his bathroom and leave one of the others to watch him. I was beyond terrified he'd have another cardiac arrest even though he'd been stable since the last one. His vitals were normal and his bloodwork was almost back to normal levels. The only thing was he wouldn't wake up.

I was snoozing in my chair when a gentle tugging sensation on my hand aroused me. Looking around, my gaze landed on Sniper first, like it always did. Only this time, there were two brown eyes gazing back at me. I blinked to clear my eyes since I thought I was hallucinating. He had a confused look on his face and was trying to talk around the tube in his mouth and down his throat. I jumped to my feet with a gasp, which made a snoozing Bandit come to his feet. Sniper reached up and tried to tug on the ventilator tubing. I grabbed his hand.

“Baby, don't. It's helping you to breathe. Oh my God, you don't know how good it is to see you awake. Bandit, go get the nurse, please.”

Bandit didn't waste time. He was out the door like a shot. I held onto Sniper's hand as I leaned down to place kisses on both of his cheeks. I couldn't kiss his mouth like I wanted. He tried to speak but couldn't.

“Hold on. Let the doctors check you out and hopefully, they'll be able to remove this machine.”

The sound of multiple feet running down the hall got my attention right before his room was invaded by medical staff. They started doing a bunch of stuff and checking him out. They asked us what happened. After they heard, they asked us to step outside. I refused to do it. Finally, they just told me to step back and to stay out of their way.

Over the next hour they slowly oriented him to where he was and what the date was. They explained how they were

going to take him off the ventilator, since it was not needed to breathe for him. I glanced at the glass window into the hallway and saw some of the club out there. They were ignoring the two-people rule. When they finally pulled the tube and he was able to breathe totally on his own and only was left on oxygen, I wanted to dance. The staff went away and I was left alone with him. I was thankful the club was giving me time with him. I knew they wanted to talk to him too.

He held out his hand and I took it. “How long have I been here? What happened?” His voice was rusty and a bit hoarse.

Slowly, I filled him in on everything that happened from the point Winsor shot him to the point where he woke up. By the time I was done, I was crying. I swear, I couldn’t control my emotions.

“Shh, baby, stop. I’m fine. You heard the doctors. I’m on the mend and so far it looks like I have no deficits. Jesus, I hate that you went through all that alone with him. Are you sure he didn’t hurt you?”

“I’m sure. He didn’t get the chance.”

“And the club has him?”

“They do. They promised me they’d keep him on ice until you woke up and I kept praying you were going to be okay. Once I get done with him, then they can take out his remains.”

“I know I said you could see him and do whatever you thought you needed to do, but that was when I thought I’d be with you. I won’t be able to do it for a while. You can’t do it without me. Either the club will handle him, although I hate not getting to be there for it, or they keep him until I can do it myself.”

“We can talk about this later. Right now, there’s a whole club waiting to see you for themselves and I need a kiss before they get in here.”

“Then come give your man a kiss,” he said. I did exactly that, and I didn’t stop until his heart rate was too fast

and I was afraid the nurses would run me off. I didn't bother going to get anyone. I just sent a text to Gunner and he could handle who got to come first.



Sniper:

Over a week I laid in that hospital bed. As soon as I woke up, I was ready to leave, but the doctors had other plans. They ran every test under the sun on me then got me up and moving. They even had me doing light physical therapy. My wound was healing. I was on my way to being one hundred percent. They estimated if I kept going like I was, I'd be fully recovered in all ways within another four-and-a-half weeks. They said I beat the odds. I was so damn happy I couldn't wait. All those prayers everyone told me they said had worked.

It was hard to get Scarlet to go home and get rest at least every other night, but I managed it. I was never left completely alone. When she wasn't around, I asked my brothers what was happening with Winsor. All they would tell me was he was being entertained and kept on ice for me.

It was only a few days until Christmas and I wanted this whole nightmare to be behind us. Which was why I was walking into the Hole under the watchful eyes of my brothers, my woman and her brother. Sabrina had elected not to come in the end. I wouldn't be able to mete out a physical beating or anything on him, but I'd be there to see it happen. I'd tried one last time to get Scarlet to stay behind, but she refused and I knew not to push it.

It was crowded with all of us there. He was strung up for display in the middle of the room like a side of beef. His wrists were chained, and he was suspended from a hook in the ceiling with his toes barely touching the ground. He was covered in bruises, knife cuts, burns and lacerations. The only clothing he had on was a soiled pair of underwear. When he saw us, he sneered until he saw Scarlet.

“Anya, baby, I'm sorry. I know you're upset, but we can fix this. Tell them to let me down. You and I can go somewhere private and talk. I know if you just hear me out, you'll see we're meant to be together.”

I snorted, which caused him to glance at me. “You really are fucking crazy, aren’t you? She’s not going anywhere with you. You can’t fix it and the only place you’re going is to hell after you get your share of pain. I wish I could be the one to do it, but as you can see, I have plenty of surrogates to do it for me. I’ll get to at least watch. However, before they do, there’s something I want to tell you.”

He sneered. “Oh yeah, what would that be, scum?”

“I’m the man who Scarlet decided was worthy of her love. I’ll work every day of my existence to make sure I continue to deserve it and that I make her happy. I’m the man who she shares her bed and body with willingly and passionately. She’s engaged to marry me and we’ll marry soon. We will start a family together and she’ll be the mother of my children. You’ll be nothing more than a very distant distasteful memory. I will make sure you pay for what you did to her. We all know you raped her, you bastard.”

“No, I didn’t! It was consensual. Anya, tell him. I love you,” he cried out.

She stepped up to get right in his face. There was such fire in her eyes it was scary. “You don’t know what love is, you fucking monster. You raped me and then stole more years of our lives. I hate your guts, and I hope you burn in hell.”

He struggled, and tried to get loose and to her, but he couldn’t. His face was filled with desperation. “No! No, it’s not true. You and I are meant to be together and have a family.”

“Kids! As if I’d ever have yours after what you did to me. Do you know what, you almost got your wish though. After the rape I found out I was pregnant. Thank God that baby was never born to see what its father is.”

His shock at finding out she’d been pregnant gave way to fury. “You killed my baby!? You whore. You’ll be the one to burn in hell, not me. Why would you kill your own baby?” he screamed as he attempted to kick her. He missed.

“I didn’t kill it. I lost it. All I can think is God didn’t want my poor baby to grow up knowing its sperm donor was a raping monster.”

Hearing this, he started to wail and gnash his teeth like an animal. He kicked and thrashed around and damn near foamed at the mouth. His expression was demonic. I’d seen and heard enough. It was time to get this over with. A part of me wished we could torture him for days, but Scarlet was on the brink of breaking. I could see it, but I knew she’d never leave until he drew his last breath. From the looks of him, the guys had been making him hurt and suffer for days. They’d saved the best for last. I pulled her to me and held her tight.

“Babe, how do you want this done?”

“Wait, I haven’t gotten to say my piece yet,” Spencer said. I waved him toward his target. He walked over to Winsor dodging his kicks. He didn’t say a word. He just started to pound the hell out of the bastard. He went berserk on him. We let him go until it looked like he wouldn’t stop. That’s when Ranger and Menace got a hold of him and tugged him back. He fought to get away, but they held him.

“Spencer, that’s enough. You’ve done your part. Now it’s up to me and Sniper. Babe, how do you want to do this?” she asked me.

“You’re sure you want to make him hurt personally?”

“I am.”

“Then you do what you need to do and I’ll finish him. I think he’ll look perfect with a slit throat,” I said, sending him an evil smirk. He was babbling incoherently at this point. His mind was almost gone, which was a shame. I hoped he retained enough to know what we were doing to him.

Reaching into her jeans, she took out a knife. When she opened it, I saw the blade was five inches long and razor sharp. We moved until we were standing in front of him. She looked him in the face and uttered, “Rot in hell and know that I’m here living with the man I love. You lose, motherfucker.”

As she finished saying those words, she lashed out and sank the knife into his gut. She didn't just thrust in and pull it out, she sawed back and forth until it opened his gut enough to allow his intestines to begin to spill out. When she removed the knife, her fist was covered in blood. She made a swipe across the front of his underwear. He screamed in agony, the fabric parted and we saw his cock was partially severed. I'll be honest, I flinched as she handed the knife to me.

Taking it, I told him, "Say hello to the devil. He knows me. I've sent several pieces of filth like you to him." Ready to have this over with, I drew the blade across his throat slowly. He gurgled and gasped as he tried to breathe. I stepped back, and I held her and watched him in silence as he died. Even with all the club had done to him and these last things, I felt he'd gotten off easy.

When it was over, which didn't take more than a few minutes, we left him to be disposed of by some of the guys. It took me and Spencer to get Scarlet out of there. She collapsed into tears at the end. As we rode back to the clubhouse, I prayed she would never regret this, and that there were no more unwelcome surprises for us. It was time to start really living our life together.

Sniper: Epilogue-Three Years Later

I watched as my two-year-old son, Cash, ran around playing with his cousin, Koda. They were three months apart in age, with Koda, Gunner and Sabrina's son, being the oldest. It was hard to believe this was my life now. Or how incredible it was. We might have begun with struggles and danger, and the road had been scary at the end, but we made it. I had the woman I adored, a son I loved, a baby girl on the way in a couple of months and my club. Life didn't get any better than this.

I smiled when I saw Spencer grab his baby niece, two-month-old Kenia, away from her mom, Sabrina. He loved his nieces and nephews to death, which included the whole club's spawn. I laughed when his husband, Gavin, swooped in and stole Kenia away from him then took off at a fast walk. I expected they would either adopt or have a baby soon via surrogacy. They'd been together two years and married for one. It was time. We all saw they had baby fever.

They'd met on the job only Gavin wasn't another nurse or therapist. Rather, he'd been the son of one of Spencer's former patients. When they met, it was love at first sight, and they never looked back or slowed down. Although we'd tried to get Spencer to join the club, he'd passed. He said while he loved to ride and he loved the club, he'd rather be a family member only.

Gavin had never been on a motorcycle until he met Spencer. It had been fun to watch him become a bike lover. He had even gotten his own bike a few months ago. They'd often join us on biker rides if they could. Gavin was a pediatrician with a busy practice and Spencer still worked home health. Hell, a bulk of Gavin's patients were Warrior kids. He liked to joke he only married Spence to ensure he'd always have a stream of patients since we never seemed to stop popping them out.

Looking over at the picnic tables, I sighed. There she was, my beautiful, insanely wonderful wife. She was talking to Coyote, who was holding his and Bandit's daughter, Lyra. She

was born seven months ago. They'd taken Nevaeh up on her offer to have a baby for them. They were crazy about her and I could see them having another one in a few years. I couldn't wait to see if Lyra and our daughter would grow up to be the best of friends with Kenia or not.

There had been changes in the club these past few years. A major change was the club had decided to cut off the membership in this chapter to remain at thirty. Those who wanted to join could either go over to Hunters Creek or our chapters in Gastonia and Louisville or the newest one, which had started last year in Black Mountain, North Carolina. It was just over two hours away from us, which placed them close if either of us needed help and for those interested in still living close to family here if they went there to join them.

Things we thought might be issues turned out to be nothing or easy to handle. Tor after his arrest was too damn scared to come around us or our businesses anymore. We didn't have any more trouble with his dumb ass, and Oaklyn never came back to finish the class. Upon occasion, I'd catch a glimpse of them in town. If they saw me, they went the other way. Scarlet thought it was funny.

A less funny although much more satisfying thing was what happened with Ford Nixon, the dickhead at the Marshal Service who told Winsor where Scarlet and her siblings were. As much as I wanted to torture his ass, the club talked me out of it. Instead, with help from the Dark Patriots and Anderson, he was ruined and fired. He would never be able to do law enforcement again. I ended up satisfied since it ruined his life, and he got screwed out of his retirement.

For Gunner, he was happy once Sabrina left her job with the asshole who wanted her and went to work with the other vet in town. He was happily married and loved Sabrina as an employee only. She was learning so much from him and he was relying on her more and more. He flexed her hours so she had home and work balance, and he loved the kids like they were his grandkids. He had never had any children of his own.

On a totally positive note, once Gunner asked Sabrina to marry him, which was right after we dispatched Winsor, and I got Scarlet to stop using birth control, we kicked off another wave of births. Cash and Koda hadn't been the only ones added to this crazy family of ours. Storm and Bryony added a daughter, Rylie. Falcon and Soleil had twins, a daughter they named Luna and a son they named Lear. Torch and Brooklyn rounded out that year with their second son, Jai.

Last year Capone and Mackenzie had their son, Alejandro. This year, in addition to Kenia from Gunner and Sabrina, we added two more. Torch and Brooklyn had a daughter, Eden. Diablo loved all his grandkids, but you could tell his only granddaughter had him wrapped around her finger. The three top women in his life were her, her momma and Diablo's old lady. Boy was their story something else. Tiger, Thorn and Neriah's son, Taj, joined his older brother, Tripp. Next year, besides our daughter who was due in February, the following month, Blade and Cassia were welcoming their second daughter. There would likely be a few more before we were all done, but at present we had fifty-six kids with two on the way.

Catching me watching her, Scarlet smiled and said something to Coyote then came walking over to me. I held out my hand and gently pulled her down to sit on my lap. She curled her arm around my neck and gave me a kiss. Even after more than three years together, she could get me hard with a kiss or a thought. I hungrily kissed her until she pushed away.

"None of that. It's family day. You can't lure me to your bed in the middle of this."

"Why not? You think none of the others aren't gonna sneak off for some fun? It's not like we can't find someone to watch Cash. Besides, I have to stock up. In a few months I'll have to rely on my hand and your mouth to give me relief until you heal from having the baby," I told her as I leered at her.

She burst out laughing. "Yeah, right. Did we wait the full six weeks after our son? No, we didn't and I don't think you can store it up."

“Well then, I guess we need to go practice so we won’t forget how to do it over however many weeks we wait. You know what it does to me to see you all pregnant with one of my babies.”

“Yeah, the same thing it does when I’m not. You’re a sex fiend, Finn,” she whispered in my ear.

“Only for you and aren’t I lucky as hell you’re a sex fiend too. Now, what do you say? We’ll leave Uncle Gavin and Uncle Spencer to watch Cash and we’ll go grab an hour to ourselves.”

She only kept me hanging for about thirty seconds before she nodded and tried to stand. I helped her to her feet and we went in search of the uncles. It was time to make love to my Dynamo.

Gunner: Epilogue- Six Years Later

Lying in bed with my gorgeous wife, I thanked God again for a countless time, for bringing her into my life. Without Sabrina, I had no idea where I would be other than in my club and lonely as hell. We had two beautiful children, our five-year-old son Koda and our three-year-old daughter Kenia. We decided after two to call it quits. They were enough for us. We had one of each.

Sniper and Scarlet had stopped at two as well. They had five-year-old Cash and almost three-year-old Cassandra. All four of the kids were joined by their twin cousins, one-and-a-half-year-old McClain and Major, Spencer and Gavin's sons. They'd opted to go the surrogate route and both implanted eggs took the first time. We thought they were done, but who knew? They might try for a girl.

The club had added over the last three years not only those three but also Tinsley last year. She was Thorn, Neveah and Tiger's. This year Bandit and Coyote got their son, Baylor. Neveah told them after that if they wanted more, they'd have to find another woman. They said they were fine with two. Lyra was fathered by Bandit and Baylor by Coyote. They had the same egg donor, who had nothing to do with them. That was her choice. That brought the kids to a total of sixty. Thankfully, a lot of them were older and moving into their teens or older. Although that brought challenges and headaches of its own. I wasn't looking forward to it when our time came.

"Honey, what're you thinking about?" Sabrina asked. We'd made love not long ago and had been snuggled together.

"As odd as it might sound, I was thinking of the club and how we've grown since you came into my life. The number of kids we have is unbelievable. I'm so damn thankful every damn day that I found you and you were willing to take a chance on a damn biker like me."

"Tyler, you have given me such an amazing life and I'm the one who's more than thankful for you and this whole

big, crazy family you gave me.”

“Hey, you knew crazy before you met me. Remember, Spencer and Scarlet are your siblings. Damn, now that I think about it, you should be thanking me for taking on your crazy family,” I teased her.

Gasping in mock outrage, she reared up and attacked me. She went for my ribs since she knew I was ticklish as hell. I tried to get away, but she was on me too fast. As we wrestled and laughed, it turned from fun to desire, like it often did with us. As my cock stiffened, I dragged her down on top of me and pressed my cock into her pussy. She moaned.

“I think we should forget about wrestling and deciding which family is crazier and have round two. What do you think?”

She reached between us and squeezed my cock making me groan. “I think you’re the most amazing man. I love that idea. There’s something I bought the other day I’ve been meaning for us to try. Stay here. Oh and by the way, anal is definitely on the menu,” she said with a wink and a smirk. Yeah, my woman had allowed me to have her ass years ago, and she loved it almost as much as I did. As she got up and went to the closet to get whatever she bought, I knew two things. One was whatever the thing was she bought I would enjoy the hell out of it and two, I was more in love with my Diamond than ever.

Scarlet: Epilogue- Ten Years Later

Today's celebration was a bittersweet one for all of us, but especially for Harlow and Terror. Today, their eighteen-year-old son Hunter received his Warriors' patch. He was now officially a member of the club. He'd started his prospecting at sixteen, although the club did shield him from some things since he was underage. To no one's surprise, he'd been great at it. How could he not with Terror as his dad and Bull as his grandfather? He was a legacy. That was the sweet part.

The bitter part was in a few days we'd all have to say goodbye to him as he went off to join the Army. He wanted to follow in his father and grandfather's footsteps and the footsteps of his many uncles and serve his country. In celebration of both things, we had invited all the families and members from our vast group of friends. We had Bull's chapter and the Black Mountain Warriors chapter here along with the Ruthless Marauders, both chapters of the Pagan Souls, the Iron Punishers, the Horsemen of Wrath, and the Dark Patriots.

It was a zoo. The majority of all those clubs had settled down, except for their newest members. They had done their part too to populate the MC world. Everyone was congratulating Hunter. I knew when he was done with his four years or so in the military, he'd be back and when the time was right, Terror would step down to let his son take his place as president of the Dublin Falls chapter. Terror said it was almost time for the younger guys to take over. He was now in his mid-fifties and looking to slow shit down.

We were lucky the older kids helped to keep an eye on the younger ones. The oldest was Rowan at twenty and the youngest was two. It amused me to death that the people around town didn't know what to do when they saw a horde of us coming. The fathers were trying to hide their daughters from our older sons, and their sons from our girls, since they thought ours were all wild. They might not be angels, but they sure weren't close to the worst ones around. Ours had

manners, showed respect and knew that life came with sacrifices. The world's entitled shits were clueless.

I prayed when my kids were old enough to date, then marry, they'd find someone I could like. If not, there might be some bodies being added to the soil, and God knows where else the club and their friends had disposed of bodies over the years.

It still didn't bother me the way they meted out vigilante justice. It was never without a majority vote, a complete background check and never without thought. There were just some people in the world you couldn't do anything else but wipe them out to make the world a better place. That included men like Winsor. I rarely thought of him these days, except at moments like this. When I did, I didn't have a single regret that Sniper and I had ended his life. My family and children were safe. It was what mattered.

Sabrina laughing caught my attention. I had to smile. She was teasing Gunner, and he had her over his shoulder stalking off with her. I was so damn happy she and Spencer had found their own happiness as well. I would never wish our past on anyone, but God had given us a second chance.

Sabrina:

As my crazy husband carried me off over his shoulder, I couldn't help but laugh and be thankful. I'd been blessed with him and our family and our extended one. They may not be everyone's cup of tea, but they were mine. Our kids were growing up safe and strong. They'd always have people at their backs no matter what life threw at them. The whole Warriors chapter was blessed, and I saw it going on for generations to come.

I would be proud of Koda no matter whether he joined the club or not, although he was a mini-Gunner, so the odds he wouldn't were slim. Kenia was quieter like me, but she had glimpses of her aunt Scarlet in her. No one would walk all over her or take advantage. If they did, they'd have to deal with her brother, her parents, all her cousins, and their parents. Some might think we lived in a cult, but it was really a big family. It was the kind of family others should be so lucky to have. I was looking forward to seeing what the next generation brought to the mix. Knowing them, it was going to be full of excitement, love, danger and sex. God help us all!

This is the end of the Archangel's Warriors of Dublin Falls, but don't worry. You'll see more of them in the Pagan Souls, Iron Punishers, other Warriors chapters, the Ruthless Marauders, Horsemen of Wrath and Dark Patriots books. And when the time is right, you'll see them in their own second-generation books.