



Spook's

POSSESSION

ROYAL BASTARDS MC



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Spook's POSSESSION



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AUTHOR'S NOTE

Spook's Possession is the story of prospect Spook in the Royal Bastards MC. As with all my books, please heed the CWs. There's dark content, reference to SA and human trafficking, torture, and violence. Please know your limits and read with care.

This book is a Royal Bastards MC/Royal Harlots MC crossover combining Spook, Georgia, and Heather's stories.

Mammoth's story releases February 2024 with *Infinitely Mine*.

There's much more to come for Grim and his Reapers.

Hell on Wheels, Maddog's story, kicks off the Las Vegas Chapter and crosses over Tonopah. It's now available. *Manic Mayhem* is next for the Vegas Bastards releasing December 1st, 2023. And finally, *Twisted Iron* (previously titled *Justified*) re-releases in early 2024, an expanded book crossing over the Tonopah and Las Vegas chapters of the RBMC and the Reaper's Vale MC. Two new motorcycle clubs will release in this supernatural world of bikers including the Feral Rebels MC starting with *Claimed by the Bikers*, and the Death Striders MC, beginning with *Rebel Road*. Watch for more in 2024.

If you love crossover stories, check out the Devil's Murder MC. The Tonopah Royal Bastards are close allies. The series begins with *Crow*.



ROYAL BASTARDS CODE



PROTECT: The club and your brothers come before anything else, and must be protected at all costs. **CLUB** is **FAMILY**.

RESPECT: Earn it & Give it. Respect club law. Respect the patch. Respect your brothers. Disrespect a member and there will be hell to pay.

HONOR: Being patched in is an honor, not a right. Your colors are sacred, not to be left alone, and **NEVER** let them touch the ground.

OL' LADIES: Never disrespect a member's or brother's Ol' Lady.

PERIOD.

CHURCH is **MANDATORY**.

LOYALTY: Takes precedence over all, including well-being.

HONESTY: Never **LIE**, **CHEAT**, or **STEAL** from another member or the club.

TERRITORY: You are to respect your brother's property and follow their Chapter's club rules.

TRUST: Years to earn it...seconds to lose it.

NEVER RIDE OFF: Brothers do not abandon their family.

COMMON TERMS

R **BMC** Royal Bastards Motorcycle Club. One-percenter outlaw MC. Founded in Tonopah, NV 1985. Founded in Las Vegas, NV 2023.
Devil's Ride A deadly motorcycle ride into the Nevada desert and initiation into the club.

Reaper Demonic entity sharing the body of every Royal Bastard club member in the Tonopah chapter. A collector of souls at time of death.

Crossroads Bar & clubhouse owned by the RBMC Tonopah, NV chapter.

Pres President of the club. His word is law.

Brotherhood Unbreakable bond/kinship that transcends all other interpersonal relationships.

One-percenter Outlaw biker/club.

Ol' lady A member's woman, protected wife status.

Cut Leather vest worn by club members, adorned with patches and club colors, sacred to members.

Reaping Slang, killing those marked for death.

Church An official club meeting, led by president.

Chapel The location for church meetings in the clubhouse.

Prospect Probationary member sponsored by a ranking officer, banned from church until a full patch.

Full Patch A new member approved for membership.

Hog Motorcycle

Cage Vehicle

Muffler bunny Club girl, also called sweet butt, cut slut.

BSMC Bloody Scorpions MC, rival club to the RBMC.

Spook's POSSESSION PLAYLIST

Enemy – Oxymorrons
This Is Halloween (feat. Cody Jamison, Ryan Ridley, Christian Koo & RandAlive) – Izzy Reign
Nothing Ever After – ILLENIUUM & Motionless In White
If I Would Have Known – Kyle Hume
You, Me, And Whiskey – Justin Moore & Priscilla Block
Save Me (with Lainey Wilson) – Jelly Roll
Devil in Her Eyes – Bryce Savage
FAFO (feat. Charlie Farley, OG Caden & Austin Tolliver) – Bryan Martin
Gorgeous Nightmare – Escape the Fate
Nobody – Avenged Sevenfold
Monsters (feat. Blackbear) – All Time Low
Surrogates – Red
Never Be Like You – Kingdom Collapse
Unstoppable – Eva Under Fire
Scars – I Prevail
Darker Still – Parkway Drive
MORE – The Warning
Thriller – Michael Jackson



You can listen here: [Spook's Possession Playlist on Spotify](#)

Spook's POSSESSION

Royal Bastards MC
Tonopah, NV Chapter



A Royal Bastards MC / Royal Harlots Crossover

Spook:

She was the right girl at the right time.
Heather showed up at the lowest point in my life.
She saved me from ruin.
As a boy, I grew obsessed. As a man, I'm downright possessive.
Until she breaks up with me and disappears.
My heart refuses to recover.
Georgia, a Royal Harlot, aches as badly as I do.
We find a way to ease each other's burden until Heather shows up again.
But the choice isn't simple. The devil likes to play tricks.
I'm a Royal Bastards MC prospect not a pawn in his game.
This Halloween, I'll prove I have what it takes to ride with the Reaper.
Then I'll reclaim my beautiful, hostile treat and Heather will be mine.

Heather:

I was the right girl at the wrong time.
The story of my life.
Taken as a small child, I faced evil. My world shattered.
Rescued by a gang of bikers, it forever changed.
I became an MC princess who hid a dark secret.
When I met the new boy with a nervous tick and soulful eyes,
I knew he was the only one who could make me whole again.
But when the past returns and I'm forced to face my demons,

Can Spook save me from myself?



Chapter 1 SPOOK

Halloween, nine years later—
My feet pounded the concrete slab of pavement beneath my cowboy boots, slipping along the smooth surface as I wobbled before regaining my balance.

Behind me, I heard the shouts of my tormentors.

“Look at him run!”

“Did you see his clothes? What a scrub!”

“He almost fell!”

Roaring laughter grew louder as I slowed, turning a corner at the end of the street and straight into an alley. No outlet.

Shit!

If I didn't have bad luck, I wouldn't have any at all.

Story of my fucking life.

Moving to Tonopah, NV, was my first mistake.

Attending high school in this desert dump was a close second.

I slowed and spun around, taking a fighting stance. Yeah, I didn't expect it would intimidate the assholes hell-bent on kicking my ass, but at least I didn't look like a pussy.

I hope.

“You gonna fight us?”

The thought did cross my mind.

One of the fuckers snickered. I couldn't see his face because he wore a mask to hide his features. They all did.

One werewolf with a chomping mouth. He had actual claws on his hands, and they appeared sharp.

Ghostface in a black robe holding a bloodied knife. Looked real, too. Doubt he carried a prop with the way the blade caught the moonlight and reflected off the steel.

And then dipshit number three, who took a step in my direction. Pennywise, the clown from It. Also the ringleader of this fun little trio.

Fucking Halloween. Why the hell did I think it was a good idea to walk around town alone during Trick or Treat?

Oh yeah, because I wasn't a little kid anymore.

Snorting without humor, I shook my head.

“You think you can take us, cowboy?”

“Did mommy dress you up tonight?”

No, Ghostface, she’s fucking dead. I didn’t bother to answer their stupid questions. It wasn’t like they wanted to learn the truth. This was about intimidation.

“You a mute? Don’t have a tongue or something?”

With a sigh, I beckoned them forward with one hand. *Come on. Let’s do this.*

Even if the costumed bullies in front of me hid their faces, I had my suspicions about who chased me. It wasn’t hard to figure out. Since I arrived nearly a month ago, I was targeted.

Two football players and a pot-smoking loser who always wore designer labels like he had so much money he could wipe his ass with it. They didn’t like me from the first day I set foot on campus.

Why? Hell if I knew.

Was it the way I always wore hoodies? Hiding in the shadows because I didn’t find anyone my age interesting? Or because I refused to kiss their asses like most of the high school students? Maybe they didn’t like my southern accent or the cowboy boots.

Couldn’t be my hat. Shit. I had a black Skyline with the traditional cattleman crown and Texas-style brim.

Who didn’t like a well-worn Stetson?

I didn’t give a fuck enough to explore the reason they disliked me. Didn’t matter. They found a new punching bag and decided I was fresh meat to fuck with. Big mistake.

I could hold my own in a fight. Hell, I used to take a beating every damn day at the home they tossed me in after my mother lost custody. Using my fists to get my point across became routine. I wasn’t afraid of getting bloody.

They had no fucking idea.

I lifted my chin higher, unable to stop the resulting squint—a hard one. I blinked twice.

All three erupted into laughter. Again.

I guess it was fucking funny to watch my anxiety kick in and my twitching start. The squints first. Then, the double blinking. My body would spasm. The worst? My fucking stutter.

“You should kneel now before we make you.”

Not happening.

The Wolfman clicked his masked teeth together. "I vote we make him."
Ghostface waved his knife around in the air. "I don't mind drawing a little blood first."

"I definitely want to see him bleed," the clown added.

"F-fuck you," I snarled.

And yeah, I fucking stuttered. *Sigh.*

All three went into hysterics, guffawing as they bumped into one another, stumbling with humor.

Assholes.

Pennywise had to adjust his mask after it got knocked askew. The clown marched toward me, and I stood my ground. He stopped a few inches short of ramming his body into mine. His head tilted to the side. "Do I scare you, Georgie?"

The other two howled with fresh laughter.

"No," I growled, frustrated with this bullshit.

"Where's your chaps, cowboy?" Ghostface taunted.

"You take it up the ass, Brokeback?"

"I bet you d-do," I countered, keeping an eye on the clown.

Even with the mask, I could see his grin that widened with my words.

"Get him!" Wolfman shouted, and the other two bolted forward as Pennywise lifted his arm, forming a fist.

I ducked while he swung and lifted my boot to kick him in the chest. The clown flew backward, crashing into the werewolf.

Ghostface reached me as I straightened, swiping the blade across my stomach as I gasped, unable to comprehend he'd cut me until I saw the blood soaking into my gray t-shirt.

Motherfucker!

I barely noticed the burning sensation along my midsection that followed as my fist connected with his face, landing a perfect right hook to his jaw. He landed flat on his ass, shaking his head before he scrambled to his feet.

I faced the triad of bullies, cracking my knuckles.

As if one mind, they converged.

Fighting off one bully? Easy. Two? A little more challenging. Three? A goddamn nightmare.

Ghostface drew blood a few more times with that fucking knife before I finally managed to snatch it from him. He held onto his left side, where I

knew he nursed a cracked rib or two.

The Wolfman slashed with his claws, but they weren't as sharp as I initially believed. He scratched me, but that was it. I busted his mask as my fist collided with the mouth, and the teeth were broken out, revealing his features.

Dade Carmichael. The rich boy. His two best friends, the jocks, never left his side at school. I learned they were all stepbrothers last week, but each carried the Carmichael last name since their parents married when they were in eighth grade.

Dade, Samuel, and Oliver. My new enemies.

Dade sneered through his split lip. "You aren't kneeling yet, cowboy."

Ghostface snickered. "He will."

I couldn't tell if Samuel or Oliver wore that mask. Didn't care.

Above our heads, thunder rumbled in the cloudy night sky. A quick flash of lightning heralded the incoming storm. Static crackled in the air as I remained on my feet, zipping across the surface of my skin. The Nevada heat hadn't let up with sundown, and sweat clung to my skin.

I always enjoyed a good hard rain. Something about standing in the middle of a downpour felt cleansing. Like all the bad shit done to me in my life had a chance of being washed away.

Wishful thinking? Probably.

The sins of the past never released their cruel grip.

Pennywise thought he had the upper hand and lunged in my direction as I swiped the stolen blade in my hand in a wide arc, slashing across his arm and through the It costume. Blood rose to the surface of his skin as he glanced down.

"I'll n-never kneel," I spat.

I saw his body stiffen with rage, and then he rammed into me, tackling my body to the ground. The knife flew out of my hand and across the asphalt as I landed on my back. My head bounced off the hard, unforgiving pavement.

A groan passed through my lips. Fuck!

The clown straddled my waist as the first drops of rain began to fall. I felt his fist connect with my face but hardly felt any pain. Staring up at the sky, I caught another bolt of lightning.

A heavy rumble followed as if the gods above disapproved of my beating.

"Quick! Get the knife!"

“I can’t find it!”

“It was just here!”

Blinking, I tried to shove the heavy fucker off my chest as he pressed his weight on me.

“Looking for this?”

The four of us ceased all movement, turning our heads to stare at the raven-haired beauty holding onto the blade. Her calm expression was downright scary as her lips curled in a smile.

My gaze traveled the length of her body, taking in the costume she wore. Somehow, it suited her. Her long hair had been parted with two braids that each rested over her shoulders. The hem of a black dress rested above her knees, and I couldn’t tear my eyes away from her long legs or the black socks stretched over her calves. An oversized white collar and cuffs completed the ensemble.

A perfect Wednesday Addams.

I kinda hoped she wasn’t alone, and a hand would appear, galloping across the road to follow her and wreak havoc. Who didn’t love Thing?

My gaze slowly rose as it traveled over her curves and locked on her face, specifically the sapphire blue eyes that burned a hole into my soul. Damn.

She broke the connection to stare at the three twats still holding me down. “Let him go.”

Dade scoffed. “Why? We’re just having a bit of fun, Heather.”

“You heard me.”

Pennywise and Ghostface backed off, grumbling under their breath about her getting in the way of a good time.

Dade didn’t move.

“I’m not asking, Dade.”

His brows drew together in a frown as he blinked, ripping off the Wolfman mask. Rain began to soak into his light brown hair as the storm intensified and the rain dumped on us, unleashing its fury.

A loud crack of thunder rumbled above our heads while lightning lit up a cloud, dousing us in a brief white glow.

Dade slowly stood, stalking his way over to her as I pushed off the ground, swaying a bit before finding my balance. No way would I let him hurt her. I had to scoop up my hat since it fell off when I hit the ground, but I was ready if Heather needed help.

She didn’t appear afraid.

He stopped about a foot from where she stood, and I could tell he wanted to intimidate this girl but never got the chance.

Heather pulled back her arm and clocked him hard as he gaped at her in shock. She had him on the ground, the blade to his throat before I could more than blink.

“Mess with him again, and we have a problem.”

“I don’t care who your daddy is, Sturges. You’ll regret this.”

“My daddy?” She smirked. “You mean one of the big bikers from the Royal Bastards MC?”

Dade swallowed so loudly I heard him above the storm.

Wind whipped the cold rain around our bodies as I took a step in Heather’s direction.

“Walk away, and we don’t have a problem.”

“That’s the thing with you, isn’t it, Dade? Always picking on anyone weaker than you. You’d think you would have learned your lesson by now.”

He lifted a hand to her knee, squeezing it. “Go with me to Homecoming.”

I snorted, shaking my head. *What a fool.*

“Leave the new kid alone.”

She pressed the blade closer to his neck.

“Or else.”

His hand traveled up her thigh, and she grabbed his wrist, pinning it to the ground with her knee. The knife hovered above one of his fingers.

“Stop pissing me off, Dade.”

He smiled at her like he got off on the whole interaction. “I like it.”

“That’s because you’re bored and sick of playing with your daddy’s money.”

That earned her a scowl.

Samuel and Oliver laughed. I suspected they knew that statement was true.

Heather released him and stood, still brandishing the knife. “Get out of here.” She didn’t bother to wipe the rain from her face, watching as the three costumed cunts finally ran off, leaving us alone.

Slowly, her body turned as she stared up at me. “You okay?”

Now that I didn’t have to fight, I felt weak. My feet stumbled as I nodded, nearly collapsing from the sharp shooting pain in my head.

Wincing, I couldn’t help the stutter that followed. “S-sure.”

She didn't react to my fumble. "Let's get you cleaned up and dry. You're bleeding all over the road."

Looking down, I noticed the streaks of red down the t-shirt plastered to my skin and my soaked jeans. "Well, damn," I muttered. "I think my b-boots are r-r-ruined." Fuck. I hated getting my boots wet.

An amused smile teased her lips. "They'll dry." She wrapped a dainty hand around my bicep. "Come on, Country."

Country. A nickname for a country boy.

Coming from her? Badass.

There was something downright addicting about this curvy, sassy girl. I didn't care that she stepped in and saved me. Or that she bossed me or those douchebags around.

I fucking lost my heart to her the minute she picked up that knife and threatened those bullies, taking a stand in my defense.

No one, not a single soul in my life up to this point, ever stood up for me before today.

I'm in love.

Chapter 2 HEATHER

“So, Country, what brought you here to Tonopah?” I asked, leading him down the street toward my house. He wobbled, and I held his arm tighter, hoping he didn’t lose his balance.

He didn’t answer.

Hmmm. Maybe he didn’t want to talk about his family. That was fine. I changed the subject.

“What’s your name?”

“Spook.”

“Spook?” I stopped, staring up at light brown eyes that held an intensity and maturity far beyond most teens I knew. “Is that a nickname?”

He shook his head.

“Do you want me to call you Spook or something else?”

He gave me a half smile, but it looked sort of deranged with the blood on his face, swollen left eye, and the bruise forming on his chin. “I like C-Country.”

With a nod, I resumed our walk, closing in on my street. “Country sounds good to me.”

Any guy who could brawl three against one and managed to keep his cowboy hat on his head the entire time earned the right to be called Country. He only lost the hat when he hit the ground, not before, and he acted pissed when he picked it up and dusted the brim off. Plus, I loved his boots.

I felt terrible I didn’t intervene sooner when I stumbled upon Dade and his stepbrothers, but the country boy seemed like he had it under control until Dade and his brothers ganged up on him.

Country didn’t say another word, limping by the time we reached my front door. The porch light was on, and I flipped the switch so we wouldn’t have trick-or-treaters showing up. The neighborhood had gotten quiet without the rumble of motorcycles or the kids playing after dark. Maybe the rain chased everyone indoors.

My gaze swept the dark house across the street as we entered my yard. My best friend Abby wasn’t home. This was her weekend with her dad, and her mom was probably already in bed. Damn. I really wish she would have

been home tonight. We could have crashed one of the Halloween parties happening tonight.

Luckily, no one was home at my place. I unlocked the door and brought the new guy inside. My father went out with my Uncle Hale and my cousin Micah. I had the house to myself. They probably wouldn't be home until noon tomorrow since The Crossroads tended to get a little rowdy when they partied. And that happened often. Like every day that ended in 'y'.

Under normal circumstances, I'd never bring a guy I just met into my house. It was risky for the club. But this was different. Country wouldn't hurt me.

Besides, I knew the club would have a prospect watching the house. They never left me unprotected. I didn't see anyone outside, but that didn't mean Will or Bear wasn't watching from a distance. Anything I did would be reported back to my father. I knew he'd have a fit when he learned I brought a guy into the house he had never met.

Better to apologize later than ask for permission now.

And anyway, what the hell was I supposed to do all weekend? Hang out alone while my best friend was stuck in Las Vegas without me?

"N-nice place," Country observed, following me into the kitchen as I pointed to one of the stools in front of the island.

"Thanks. Sit. I'm getting the first aid kit."

He didn't argue as I left him to pick up the supplies I needed, returning to place them on the granite countertop. When I glanced his way, I caught him staring, specifically at my face. He didn't ogle me in that sexualized way filled with lust I got from Dade. Country openly checked me out when he first saw me, but that was it. His current expression reminded me of someone mulling over a puzzle and trying to figure out how the pieces are interconnected.

I guess I was a bit of an anomaly.

Walking to the fridge, I pulled out a bag of frozen peas. He winced when I pressed it against his swollen eye.

"Fuck," he cursed.

"It's gonna be a shiner," I responded as his lips pursed. "Let's take a look at your stomach."

I knew he'd gotten cut; I just didn't know how deeply.

Country frowned, peeling the wet material away from his skin.

On the way over, I noticed how the t-shirt had clung to the hard lines of his body, revealing every toned inch of muscle. Trying hard not to think about how big and tall he was, with shoulders as broad as my father's. A corn-fed farm boy physique that made me want to lick my lips at the sight.

"You should take it off."

He grunted as I reached out to assist him with the shirt, helping lift the soggy cotton over his head. Neither of us voiced the obvious innuendo my comment invoked.

The young man in front of me grimaced when I stared at the numerous scars carving a pathway across his torso, up his chest, and over his left shoulder. Round burn marks dotted the entire section of his abdomen. That wasn't all. Jagged cuts from old wounds. Puckered skin in multiple places.

In horror, I lifted my gaze, meeting his unswollen brown eye. In the depths, I witnessed a tumultuous rage simmering below the surface. His anger didn't bother me. It was the abuse so clearly mapped out on his body that caused my fingers to tremble with my disgust, furious that someone would do such despicable things to another human being.

"Who?" I asked, pressing my fingertips to his chest, lightly placing my palm over a patch of skin disfigured from the hot end of a cigarette.

"Heather."

"Tell me. Who. Did. This. To. You." I wasn't joking around.

"It's in the p-p-past."

"Bullshit."

His hand closed over mine. "I'm b-bleeding onto your floor."

The warmth of his fingers held mine as I tore my gaze away, noticing the red droplets on the smooth hardwood floor. "Shit!"

Country smirked as I set to work, cleaning up his wounds. The slashes on his abdomen didn't penetrate far beneath his skin. Only one seemed deep enough for stitches.

"Uh, I think you need this one sewn up."

"Go for it."

With a nod, I dug around in the first aid kit, finding the needle, thread, and supplies I needed.

My cousin Micah, Uncle Hale, and father were accident-prone. I'd stitched them up plenty of times from motorcycle injuries.

"You're good at this." Country frowned. "Why do you have so much experience?"

“My cousin, mostly. Micah likes to live on the wild side.”

“He lives with you?”

“Yep. My father and Uncle Hale, too.”

“That’s good. Lots of protection.”

A snorted. “I’m never alone.” Yeah, I hated and loved it at the same time. Only once did a Royal Bastard fail to protect me when I needed them. A day that lived on in my memories and haunted my dreams.

“It’s not so bad to have family or people who care about you,” he replied in a hushed tone.

“I know.”

Country reached for my hand, staring at the damage inflicted by the punch I gave Dade. “Your knuckles are all busted up.”

“Eh, nothing I haven’t

Country shook his head. “Don’t like to see you b-bleedin’. Ain’t right.”

Aw. He was sweet.

Outside, multiple engines rumbled as they entered my street and heralded the arrival of numerous Harleys.

“I think that’s my dad and uncle.”

Country released my hand, turning his head toward the front door. “I should leave.”

“You don’t need to do that,” I assured him, walking to the kitchen window and peering outside. “It’s okay. It’s my dad, Micah, and one of the prospects.”

When I didn’t hear a response, I spun around.

The empty stool greeted me. No beaten boy or wet, bloodstained t-shirt. Only a few droplets of his blood on the floor.

Like a spook, Country had disappeared.



“WHY ARE YOU ALWAYS brawlin’, sweet pea?” My father shook his head, pressing the cotton swab soaked in hydrogen peroxide to the cuts on my knuckles.

With a wince, I shrugged.

“I know you can get meaner than a hornet when someone insults the club. Is that what happened this time?”

I sighed. “No.”

“Then tell me why I’m cleanin’ blood off my little girl.”

That comment made me snort. I was sixteen. Almost seventeen years old. I hadn’t been little since ... well, it’s best not to think about the details.

“Carmichael boys were beatin’ on the new kid. I don’t like bullies.”

My dad smirked. “I can’t fault you that one.”

I didn’t think he would.

“Tell me about this new kid.”

“He’s different,” I began, thinking about Country. “He has a nervous twitch—old clothes. I don’t think he cares about style,” I observed. “He’s quiet and thoughtful. I’ve seen him around school. He doesn’t say much, but his blue eyes don’t seem to miss a thing going on around him.”

My father placed a bandage over the deepest cut and dipped his chin, dropping a quick kiss on my forehead. He backed away, putting the supplies back in the bin we kept under the bathroom sink for easy access.

The members of this family had a frequent need for it.

He leaned against the bathroom wall, staring at me with one of his parental brow arches that meant he could see between all the lines and wasn’t fooled by my lack of detail.

“What’s his name?”

“Spook. Well, I call him Country because of his accent, cowboy hat, and boots.”

“Spook?” He frowned. “Where does he live?”

“I don’t know, dad. Somewhere within two miles of the school. He doesn’t ride the bus or drive.”

“And you said he was here? You brought him into the house?”

There was the look of disapproval I knew was coming.

“Dad. He was hurt. They slashed his stomach with a knife and beat the shit out of him. I thought he was going to pass out when his head slammed against the ground.”

“Well, shit.” My father sighed. “Don’t like knowing this kid has been in my home and I haven’t met him. Need to see into his eyes and get a feel for him.”

“Yeah. I know. The eyes never lie.”

I thought of Country's brown eyes and how they showed a wide range of emotions in the short time I spent with him. The depths held mystery, sadness, and resilience—an intriguing mixture.

"They don't," my father agreed. "Bring him around. I want to see this Spook."

"I don't know if I'll ever talk to him again." Really. He disappeared so fast it was almost eerie.

My father snorted. "You will."

The next afternoon, I curled up on my bed, watching Sabrina on Netflix. The show had the best Halloween vibes. I wasn't a horror or gore fan, but I enjoyed spooky and thrillers.

My cousin Micah appeared in the doorway, waved, and when I ignored him for the kissing scene on my show, the stubborn ass stood in front of my TV.

"Micah!" I shouted, scrambling from the bed to give him a shove.

"There's some dude in a cowboy hat on the front porch. He hasn't rang the doorbell yet. Looks shady as fuck."

"Country isn't shady."

"Then you know him?"

Micah still didn't budge even after I kept shoving against him. Damn. A solid wall of muscle.

"For once, can you not be the most annoying person on the planet?"

He mimicked me in a high-pitched voice. "Micah. Stop being so annoying. I like to be in danger."

"Oh, shut up." I smacked him, remembered Country was downstairs, and rushed from the room. I took the stairs two at a time, flinging open the door.

"Hey, Country."

His eyes widened as his gaze traveled the length of my body.

Oh shit. I only wore black leggings and a purple bra. It got hot in my room sometimes, too hot to wear layers of clothing.

"Uh, hey, Heather." He scratched the back of his neck. "Just wanted to say sorry for taking off last night."

I leaned against the open doorway. "Why did you run off without a word?"

"Didn't feel like twenty questions with a stranger."

I could understand that. "Makes sense."

“Who the fuck are you?” Micah’s voice boomed as he appeared behind me.

Country flinched. “S-Spook.”

“You fucking with me?”

Country shook his head. “No.” He must have been nervous because his body twitched, and he blinked hard.

Micah stared, folding his arms across his chest. “Why are you here?”

“Isn’t that obvious?”

Micah narrowed his eyes.

“To see Heather,” Country added, blinking hard two more times.

“Why the fuck do you blink your eyes like that?”

I elbowed my cousin in the gut.

“Because I’m a f-f-fucking psycho,” he spat.

They stared one another down.

Silence.

And then ... both burst into laughter.

What the hell?

“I fucking st-stutter too,” Spook added.

“So?”

“I f-f-fucking hate it.”

“Carmichaels bully him,” I blurted. “The assholes.”

Micah frowned. “Tell me if it happens again.”

“No.” Country shook his head. “M-my fight.”

“Yeah, I know. Doesn’t hurt to have someone watching your back.”

Country appeared shocked, like no one had ever said that to him before. Maybe they hadn’t. Made me angry to think about it.

He finally replied, “Okay.”

“Fuck with my cousin, and I’ll kick your ass.”

“Not gonna hurt her,” Country promised.

“Good. I’m Micah. If you run into trouble, tell me. I don’t like Dade Carmichael. He fucks with you, I want to know.”

Country shrugged. “If I can’t handle it.”

Micah grinned. “Fair enough.” The smile vanished. “Keep your hands to yourself.”

I rolled my eyes. “Seriously?”

Micah ignored my comment and went inside, shutting the door.

“Well, now you’ve met one of the three overprotective bikers in my life.
Just wait until the other two show up.”

Country groaned.

I couldn’t help but giggle in response.

Chapter 3 SPOOK

Rain fell in a steady drizzle as I stood in the shadows, hovering in the darkness as I watched for any sign of life in Heather's upstairs window. I heard a few neighbors saying that Tonopah didn't usually receive this much rain in October.

How lucky for me, the unusually wet weather decided to coincide with my arrival. *Insert sarcasm here.*

At least the hood helped keep my face dry. I skipped wearing my hat and boots, choosing a pair of black boots and a thick hoodie. The temperature had dropped to sixty-five degrees.

My gaze flicked around the neighbors, noting the absence of movement. The hour had grown late. Midnight. Most of the houses were dark inside. All but one on this street.

Two windows showed lamps turned on behind cream-colored blinds. Neither belonged to Heather.

Why did I watch her house like some stalker? The answer was simple. She intrigued me. No. It was more than that.

I'd grown obsessed with her wicked sense of humor and compassion. She didn't treat me like someone to be pitied or poke fun at my stutter. And she didn't laugh at the way I grew anxious and overblinked.

I almost left when I noticed the front door open, and Heather snuck out, quietly shutting it behind her. She crept across the lawn, heading to the house across the street.

It abruptly ceased as if the rain spotted her, and couldn't stand the idea of drenching the beautiful, winged creature creeping through the night. I shook out my hoodie, following close behind Heather, smirking when I saw a blonde wearing a witch costume join her.

Up until this moment, the moon had been heavily shrouded and blocked by thick clouds that drifted away, revealing a clear onyx sky heavily populated with crisp, bright stars. The moon's silvery white surface hung low and full, showing the crater-laden surface.

The light brightened the street when combined with the sporadic porch lights, and I sucked in a breath, catching the raven costume Heather wore. If she was beautiful before, she was a raven goddess now. Wings adorned her

back with silken onyx feathers. Black boots hugged each calf and ended below the knee. A black skirt hung low on her narrow waist and resembled a ballerina tutu that stretched slightly lower than her thighs. My gaze swept over her black tank top that exposed most of her flat stomach and back, revealing the ink on her body. Multiple tattoos I wanted to trace with my fingertips until I memorized every inch of space they adorned her body.

Black Roses. Skulls. A grave with a date and a phrase in bold script tangled in dark vines that didn't make sense to me.

Not all who breathe live.

What did that mean?

Heather appeared a dark vigilante in the night, ready to avenge any soul who needed aid—a comic book hero who resembled a villain.

My heart stuttered. I'd never seen anything more stunning in my life.

Curious about where the two girls were headed, I followed at a distance, careful not to betray my presence. I never let my focus stray, ensuring they arrived wherever they went unharmed. I had to hide a chuckle when I heard the loud music thumping from inside the large house we approached and the multiple teens already standing around in costumes on the front lawn.

My raven was a naughty girl. She snuck out to a Halloween party.

I smiled when I realized I was already wearing my costume. I dressed in all black, even my jeans, but it was the Phantom mask I wore, placing it on when I left the shithole I lived in that seemed like the perfect twist of fate. I'd snatched it to help conceal my identity in case someone saw me stalking my favorite wild raven.

And now it provided an easy reason to follow the girls inside.

I barely noticed the massive cobwebs and enormous black spiders covering the front exterior of the house, along with jack-o-lanterns placed on the steps and close to the front door. A strobe light flickered with a rapid frequency as I entered behind Heather and her friend. The room and everyone in it seemed unstable underneath the regular flash.

I moved with stealth and purpose, not pausing to interact with a single soul. We passed through the gyrating bodies dancing in the living room and through a hallway that led to a pair of sliding glass doors. The music thumped my chest with a heavy bass as we joined the group, mingling in the backyard.

Heather spun, facing me as a smile curved her deep red lips. She didn't seem surprised to see me. "We're sneaking out and doing bad things. Want to join us?"

The blonde laughed. I couldn't focus on her. Not when Heather stood in front of me.

Her hand lifted as her fingertips grazed the side of my jaw, sweeping upward over the pale mask hiding half my face and the black eye I received from Dade.

“Phantom of the Opera. It suits you.”

Fuck. I couldn't resist leaning into her touch.

“Aren't you going to talk?”

I shook my head. No. I would only stutter.

“I don't care what anyone else thinks,” she announced low enough, only I caught her words during a brief lull in the music.

A new song began, and the crowd let out cheers, swaying to the popular beat. My chest expanded as I drew in a breath, mesmerized by the young woman who captivated every free thought in my head.

She made me want to be wild and free. To live in the moment and enjoy every second. This feeling I had whenever she was near began to overtake me. I didn't want it to go away.

Everything about her pulled me in, sucked me into a dark void I didn't want to escape. The way that she talked without a filter or a fuck. The way she laughed that made my heart race. How she seemed as in tune to me as I did with her, like two magnets that couldn't resist the force drawing them together.

Heather began to move with the beat. Sensual. Graceful. A smile tugged on her lips as our eyes met and locked. She didn't break the connection, holding me captive.

With every sway of her hips, as she danced, I began to resurrect and come back to life. Like the black hole I'd been living in couldn't contain her and spit us both out. Energy zipped through the air. An electric current flowing back and forth between us fed on the connection.

I feel so fucking alive.

Death and darkness didn't own me in that moment.

When her eyes darkened with emotion, I closed the tiny distance that remained, closing the gap.

I had to touch her.

My arm slid around her waist, tugging her closer. With the other hand, I grasped her chin, tilting it up so I could reach her mouth. The party faded. The intense feeling coiled my body tight as my chin dipped.

Heather danced slower, pressing closer to me. The way she felt against my body was as addicting as any drug. As seductive as a high that I couldn't quite reach. The heat of her skin brushed against mine, and I had to force myself to breathe. Fuck. Her hips moved to the base as the music drowned out the others around us.

"Wild raven," I whispered. "My avenging specter."

She must have been able to tell what I said even if she couldn't hear it. "Phantom. Stalker. New kid," she teased.

I wasn't sure if she could see my smirk behind the mask.

That first impression when we met was etched into my mind. It wouldn't stop popping into my thoughts. That fucking black dress and her braids. The knife she wasn't afraid to use. The badass way she took control.

Her mouth fused to mine before I could finish the train my thoughts had been on. They derailed as her warm lips pressed to mine, and her tongue teased the seam. I opened for her and let her tongue duel with mine, fisting her hair as I groaned.

More. I needed more of her. I didn't think I could ever get enough.

Maybe it was the way she kissed. Fuck. Like she wanted to devour me. Or maybe it was how she tasted that fogged up my brain. My cock hardened, and I knew she could feel how she turned me on. My brain and dick buzzed with lust, need, and a selfish, possessive vow to make her mine.

None would have her but me. Not after tonight.

I pulled slightly on her hair, separating us an inch as my lips moved against hers when I spoke. "I'm so fucking addicted to you."

"I feel the same."

She did? I wasn't expecting that, but I sure loved the idea that she couldn't get enough of me, either. Were we young and running on fuel spurred by lust, hormones, and the loss of our inhibitions? Sure. But just because we were teens didn't mean we both didn't understand what connecting to another human like this meant. To feel the need buzz along your spine and groin. To ache with want.

Maybe that all-consuming drive to fuck each other until only the pleasure remained and forced the darkness away rode us both hard. I couldn't say for certain, but I knew I needed Heather like oxygen for my lungs.

She grabbed my hand and waved to her friend, who shook her head with amusement. Heather led us away from the party, heading out into the desert. The wild howl of a coyote echoed across the brush covered flat ahead of us.

Heather didn't stop until we reached an area that formed a small crater, providing a sparse amount of privacy from a wall of cacti. She didn't say a word, reaching for the hem of my sweatshirt. We removed it together before I tossed it to the ground.

Her fingers fumbled with my belt before sliding it open, popping the button on my jeans. I think I grew harder from that one action alone. The zipper lowered, and her hand slipped beneath the waistband of my underwear, grasping my erection.

"Fuck," I blurted, tilting my hips as she gave me a couple of hard strokes while pushing down my jeans.

"You're so thick. I can't wait to feel you inside me."

She released my dick, reaching around to untie her skirt and dropping it to the ground. Her black lace panties followed.

My knees almost buckled as I stared at her perfect pussy.

"Lay down."

I didn't hesitate to plant my ass on my sweatshirt, grinning at her when she straddled my waist. My fist pumped up and down my shaft, as I watched two of her slim fingers dip between her legs, gathering up a little of the slick moisture of her arousal and swirling it around her clit.

"I need you, Spook."

She didn't call me Country. I wondered why but didn't have a chance to explore the thought any further because my brain short-circuited the second her pussy began to lower over my cock. The fit was so fucking tight. So snug. But she slowly worked me inside her until I bottomed out.

"F-fuck."

"Good?" she asked, panting as I grasped her hips.

"So fucking p-p-perfect," I exhaled.

Heather's lips twitched with amusement as she began to move, slowly tilting her pelvis as she moved back and forth, riding me like the naughty dark angel she was.

My fingertips slid around to grip her ass as I began to thrust upward, our bodies finding a rhythm we both liked. I rocked up into her while using my feet for leverage, noticing we ended up on a slight incline. Gravity naturally pushed her onto my cock, and I watched her hips roll with every one of my thrusts.

"P-play with your clit," I ordered, wanting to watch her fall apart as she came. I slid one hand up her stomach, lightly teasing a nipple through the

black fabric. "Take that off."

She nodded and removed the top, almost removing the wings.

"Not the wings. They're f-fucking sexy."

Heather swiveled her hips, leaning back as I pumped upward, going deep as her pelvis tilted. I couldn't resist teasing and pinching her nipples, growling as I felt my orgasm approach.

Not fucking yet. Too soon.

Heather grew wetter, writhing as we rutted like wild animals.

It occurred to me that my girl wasn't a virgin. There had been no pain. No barrier to breach. I didn't ask, and I didn't judge.

Who she was with before me didn't matter. It was only after me that I cared about.

Moonlight silhouetted her curvy figure as she continued to ride me. The black wings fluttered behind her back as her long, dark hair blew around her slim shoulders in the wind. The sounds she made, the moans, whispering my name, drove my lust to uncontrollable levels. Her fingers circled her clit, moving over the sensitive bundle of nerves as her hips bucked and she bit her bottom lip.

I pistoned my hips harder, faster, driving into her until I felt her squeeze my dick so hard that I almost came too. I felt her channel spasm and tighten around my cock, and then the sticky fluid as her release rocketed through her.

So. Fucking. Beautiful.

I needed to get deeper.

Without a word, I lifted her off me and lay her back against the sweatshirt, making sure her ass wasn't in the dirt. Grabbing her legs, I threw them up over my shoulders and rammed back inside her as she gasped, gripping my forearms with her nails.

"Spook. Country."

Ah, I got both that time.

"Fill me," she begged. "Fill me up so I don't feel so empty."

I should have explored those words and what they meant, but I wasn't capable at that moment. Lost to the will of my body and my wet dick, I kept plunging, fucking Heather until I couldn't last a second longer. My spine tingled before I erupted, filling her as full as she requested. I came so much and so fucking hard that it leaked out while I was still inside her, and I watched with satisfaction as I continued to lightly thrust, pumping every drop into her eager pussy until I was empty.

“Fuck, babe.”

She gave me a lazy smile. “That was exactly what I needed.”

“Me too.”

“Good. Because you’re going to give it to me again tomorrow.”

“That sounds like an order,” I laughed.

“Oh, it is. A dick like yours? I won’t be able to get enough.”

What a way to stroke my ego.

My body lowered as I stayed within the cradle of hers, resting on my elbows as my dick stayed lodged inside the girl that I knew would change my life forever.

“I just need one promise from you.”

She blinked. “What is it?”

“If we’re doing this, it’s exclusive. No dick but mine.”

Yeah, I was possessive. So what?

“I can do that, Country.”

I didn’t answer verbally. Instead, my lips met hers, slowly moving as I savored the taste of her mouth and the cinnamon flavor. Did she spit out gum when I wasn’t looking? Didn’t matter. I loved it.

There wasn’t a single thing about her that I didn’t want to devour and protect.

My dick stirred, still hard, as she began to roll her hips into mine. The slick, cum-soaked movement had me ready to go again that fast. I slowly began to pump, watching her eyes as they glazed over with lust again.

“Fuck me from behind.”

Hell yeah.

I had her on her knees as I pounded into her in only a few seconds. With every stroke, I lost my heart to Heather a little more. It wasn’t usual for me to trust this easily or let my emotions rule my common sense.

With her, I couldn’t seem to help it.

“Harder, Country. I want to drip all over you when I come again.”

And boy, did she ever.

I fell asleep hours later, smelling her on me, and smiled.

Chapter 4 HEATHER

“Come sit beside me. I promise I won’t bite.”

A large hand patted the mattress as I shook my head.
“Daddy said not to trust strangers.” I held my bear tighter against my chest. “I want to go home.”

“Not yet. We’re going to play a game.”

“What kind of game?”

“It’s fun. You’ll like it.”

“Is it a board game?” I asked, taking a step closer.

“No, much better than that. You’ll see.”

I woke up with a scream still lingering on my lips. A cold sweat clung to my skin as my heart thundered, beating out an anxious, terrified rhythm as I heaved air into my lungs.

“Shit,” I whispered, throwing off my covers.

Eleven years marked the time since my kidnapping, and I still couldn’t seem to escape my tormentor. He lived on in my nightmares, taking hold of my thoughts and memories and bending them to his will. He still terrified me after all this time. A phantasm I could never hope to run from.

Walking to the bathroom, I tore off my damp shirt and tossed it into my laundry basket. My underwear followed. Inside, I turned on the water, desperate to cleanse my body of the past. If only it were that simple. Once the shower was hot, I stepped inside, refusing to let my thoughts linger on a man who liked to touch children and ruin their lives.

My mind drifted to Country, and a breathy sigh left my lips. That big—and I mean big *all over*—boy had ruined me for other guys. I’d had enough variety in the dick department to compare notes, and none of the others I’d been with measured up in stamina or size. All men were enthusiastic, but some just didn’t perform as well as others. My spooky cowboy? Oh, he was talented and dedicated to my pleasure. Add in that girth and length, and *damn*, I was satisfied. What more could a girl ask for?

Maybe I began having sex too young. I’d be the first to admit it was probably true. But after what I endured as a child and the heavy secret that had become a monumental burden, I sought pleasure and happiness where I could get it. Anytime I wanted. I was smart. I used protection.

Well, shit. Not with Country. He was the first.

Knock. Knock.

I startled at the noise. “Yeah?”

“Tell me, beautiful. Are you d-daydreaming about m-m-me?”

With a wicked smile, I opened the glass door to my shower. Crooking a finger, I gestured for him to come in.

He smiled a lopsided grin and began to strip, leaving everything on my bathroom floor before joining me inside the shower.

His palm cupped my cheek before he leaned in for a kiss.

I tried to deepen it using my tongue, but he pulled back.

“Tell me about your nightmare.”

Pouting, I shook my head.

He gently pushed me to the wall, sliding his hand between my thighs. A single finger parted my folds, lightly tracing my pussy and lingering on the sensitive flesh.

“Tell me.”

“Country.”

“Heather.”

“Spook,” I gasped as he inserted a finger, gliding in and out of me as my knees almost buckled. “You’re not playing fair.”

“Tell me, my sweet raven.”

His raven. Why did I like those words so much?

“I will,” I promised. “Not in here. After we both come.”

He nodded, withdrawing his finger and lining up his cock. “You ready?”

“Yes.” The fact that he paused to ask for consent when his erection bobbed in the air between us meant everything to me.

He entered me with a swift thrust, wrapping my legs around his waist as he found an angle that nearly made me fall apart in less than two minutes. His hands grabbed my ass and moved me up and down on his cock, the muscles of his arms bulging with every stroke.

“Fuck. S-so good, babe.” He panted, driving into me harder. “So fucking good.”

“Yes,” I agreed, reaching one hand between us to swirl over my clit. I felt that familiar sensation begin to build, hoping the upcoming release would be a big one.

I didn’t need to worry.

My eyes shut tight when my pussy clenched hard, spasming as I rode his dick, practically impaling my pussy on his rigid shaft.

It didn't get much better than this, feeling him plunder my pussy for the treasure that awaited.

Country grunted, spilling into me as I took every brutal thrust, holding on as he filled me like he did last night. This boy could come like a porn star. It was impressive. Not just a couple of small spurts. No, he ejaculated a good seven or eight times, and they were deep thrusts that shook his toned body as he growled my name. I freaking loved it.

Country trembled, brushing hair out of my eyes. "I could get used to this."

"Me too," I whispered, actually meaning those words.

He pulled out as we both groaned. "Let's clean you up."

The shampoo was in his hand before I realized what he intended. This was the first time in my life anyone wanted to wash my hair other than my dad when I was a little girl. I had vague memories of my mother, but they were too fuzzy to count.

Country massaged my scalp as I moaned, leaning into his touch. A light laugh bubbled up from his chest.

We dressed, sitting on my bed when we were both clean and dry. He faced me, still bare-chested. He'd thrown on his underwear and jeans but didn't bother hiding his scars from me after we entered my room. I knew it took a lot for him to feel comfortable and not try to cover up.

If my scars were on the outside, I wouldn't expose any skin at all.

His hand rested over mine as he scooted closer. "Your nightmare?"

The prompt didn't make me want to share more than I did in the shower.

"It's a memory from my past."

"And it haunts you," he whispered knowingly. "I understand."

"You do?"

"Yeah."

Of course, he did. My gaze slid over the scars on his upper body, noting every inch of the suffering he endured as a child.

"Who did that to you?"

"One of my m-mother's boyfriends."

"Shit."

He shrugged, but I knew it wasn't that simple. "Who h-h-hurt you, Heather?"

My fists clenched. I didn't want to say.

"It's okay. I won't pry it from you. If you don't want to discuss it, I won't pressure you."

Really?

"But I need to know a little so I can be there for you."

"I was five years old. A baby," I whispered. "Why does he still scare me so much if I was so little when it happened?"

Country tugged me closer, wrapping an arm around my shoulders. "I don't know. I was s-s-seven when I was hunted."

I jolted at those words. "Hunted?"

"John h-hunted me like an animal. For sport."

"Oh my God."

"He used me as a p-personal ashtray. Actually, my m-mother did it a few times, too, when h-h-he ordered her to do it. She was too afraid to r-refuse."

I threw my arms around his neck, a sob shook loose as I hugged him. "I'm sorry."

"Then you know how I feel about you. I'm worried. Tell me what happened. Don't hold onto that secret anymore. It doesn't help you to keep it behind locked doors."

How correct that statement was. My father never spoke of that day or the registered sex offender who moved into the neighborhood and took three little girls in the first week.

I was the last one.

Uncle Hale and my father found me before I ended up in a dumpster in Las Vegas like the other two.

My body shook as I thought about that man's vile intentions. He was on a spree, knowing it would catch up to him. Vinny Miller never anticipated the Royal Bastards MC would find him with the daughter of a member and what they would do when they saw that little girl naked and bleeding on his bed.

Five hours and twenty-seven minutes. That was how long he had me in his house. He didn't waste one minute.

My dad never told me what happened to that man, but I knew from the news that he disappeared. The police never found a body. The day after I returned home, I saw the dusty motorcycles parked outside my house like they had taken a long, hard ride into the desert. No one had to tell me the RBMC got justice for me and the other two little girls that day.

The problem was I still lived with Vinny's ghost.

“Heather?”

Country held me as I refused to look at his face. I stared at the wall across the room, blurting out what happened as I began trembling.

“A stranger picked me up and took me to his house. He shoved a sucker in my mouth that tasted funny, and it made me sleepy.”

Country squeezed once to let me know he listened.

“He told me we were going to play a game, and I would like it.”

“Shit,” he cursed.

“When he tried to shove,” I faltered, “I was too small, Spook. He used a finger and ruined me as a little girl.”

Country stood as I began to weep, holding onto me as if he could take away every ounce of pain I carried.

My arms and legs wrapped around him tight as the sobs shook my body so hard my teeth rattled.

I heard a slight noise and lifted my head, tears streaming down my cheeks as I saw Micah on his knees in my doorway, horror etched into his features.

“Heath,” he choked.

Country released me as I ran to my cousin, hating that he learned that information about me when I had been able to hide it for so long.

Micah caught me, holding my head against his chest as he stood and gulped air into his lungs. “Fuck. FUCK!”

“It’s okay, Micah.” I couldn’t help hiccupping and sniffing.

“The fuck it is,” he growled.

Country cleared his throat. “I should give you some p-privacy.”

I pulled away from my cousin. “No. I want you here. Please. Stay.”

“Anything you want.”

I grabbed Micah’s hand and pulled the door shut. He must have popped in to say hi and stumbled upon our conversation. What a rotten time to check-in.

I led Micah to my bed and sat down, holding out my hand for Country. He took it without hesitation.

“I’m not a statistic. I’ll get through this.”

“You’re a fucking Sturges. We get through it together,” Micah promised.

“I’m not going anywhere,” Country added.

The funny thing about trauma? It resurrected without notice as a vicious, bloodthirsty beast threatening to consume you whole.

I didn’t have a clue how to put this monster down for good.

Chapter 5 SPOOK

After that night, I stalked Heather with regularity.
Micah noticed.

He pulled out a cigarette and lit up next to me, appearing out of nowhere as I nearly jumped. “Hey, stalker boy.”

“I’m not going to s-stop so don’t ask.”

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” He took a long drag and flicked ash onto the dirt beneath his boots. “I like that you’re so protective of her. It’s good to have extra eyes on our girl.”

He didn’t mean that statement in a pervy way. Heather was a biker princess. A girl loved and cherished by the RBMC and the men who had watched her grow into the young woman they all adored.

“She’s not over the k-k-kidnapping.”

“No,” Micah agreed. “We all know it too.”

“And it physically hurts,” I added, “r-right here,” as I gestured to my chest over my heart. “I get it.”

“That’s why you’re allowed to stick around, Spook.”

He didn’t call me Country. No one did other than Heather.

“Got another cigarette?” I asked, needing something to do besides stare up at her dark window at two in the morning.

“Yeah.” He tapped one loose from the pack in his hand, and I picked it up, leaning in as he flipped open the lighter.

Once I had a decent cherry, I nodded my thanks, pulling the nicotine into my body.

Micah nodded. “Not your first.”

Nope. “Tried a bunch of my mother’s shit when I was six. I wanted to know why she loved it more than me.”

“Damn, Spook.”

“I didn’t like the d-drugs,” I added with a laugh.

“You’re not a pussy, man. I’ll give you that.”

We smoked in silence for a couple of minutes.

“What h-happened to the man who t-t-took Heather?”

He knew I would ask.

“My dad and Uncle Macon rode out with a few of the other members in the club and took that pedophile with them. The guy ended up missing on the news, but I think we both know he stopped breathing after a hell of a session of rehab.”

Rehab. Yeah, I hoped that asshole suffered. “Good.” I finished the smoke and stomped out the cinders as I tossed the butt to the ground. “She’s fighting a lot of demons.”

Micah smirked. “So are you.”

“That’s why we’re g-g-good for one another.”

“I can see that,” Micah admitted. He cleared his throat. “My uncle needs to meet you. Can’t hide forever, man.”

“I know. Let’s go.”

“Now?”

“Why the h-hell not?”

Micah laughed. “Get ready to get your balls busted.”

I guess it wouldn’t be a great time to tell him Heather loved my balls and everything attached to them.

Hale and Macon Sturges were shooting pool downstairs in their man cave. The basement was the only place Heather didn’t clean, and refused to set foot down there because of the mess. The guys enjoyed their space and the privacy it gave them. Micah filled me in as we descended, slapping me on the back when I entered the lion’s den.

“Pops. This is Spook. Uncle Macon, this is the kid dating Heather.”

Thanks, fucker.

“H-hello, Mr. Sturges and Mr. S-Sturges.”

They both stared, neither one cracking a smile.

“You fucking my daughter?”

Wow. Two hard blinks followed as my anxiety kicked in. “You’d have to ask her about that, sir. I’m happy to provide whatever assistance she requires.” No shit. That was the truth. Orgasms. Protection. Conversation. More orgasms.

“Shit,” Hale laughed, shaking his head. “You got balls of steel saying that shit to my brother.”

My gaze swept over his leather vest and the patches on the front. VICE. ENFORCER.

I hated to think what would happen if I pissed him off.

Macon didn't wear a leather vest. Maybe he wasn't actually a member of the Royal Bastards. Not that it mattered when his brother was an officer. At least he seemed like he had a position of authority. Either way, I'd be respectful.

Macon folded his arms across his chest. "You don't fuck around on Heather. Break her heart, and I will. Hunt. You. Down. Capiche?"

"I don't plan on it."

"Don't plan on it or won't, kid? Which one?" he growled.

"I won't," I assured him.

Micah snickered, and I itched to flip him off.

The throaty rumble of motorcycles suggested company had arrived. I heard the engines rumbling as the bikes pulled onto the driveway, and a trickle of sweat dripped down my back.

"Get him out of here," Hale gestured to Micah. "Make sure he understands the rules."

"Got it, pres."

Pres? Short for president?

Micah pushed me toward the stairs as bikers stomped toward us, hardly sparing me a glance. They ticked their chins at Micah in greeting.

I noticed his leather vest and the patch that read PROSPECT.

On the way out, I stopped at the kitchen, staring at the stairs. I wanted to check on Heather and ensure no nightmares robbed her of sleep tonight.

"Go," Micah laughed, "but hold on a minute. Got something to say."

"Okay."

"My pops accepted you into his home and in his brother's home. That means you got to earn our trust, but we're giving you a chance. One fucking chance. Don't cock it up."

"Yeah, okay. I get it. I won't."

"Don't fuck this, or you'll be on the shit list for the RBMC. That's something you don't want."

"I'm not stupid, Micah."

He snorted. "I know. Got to say it anyway."

I understood.

"Keep her safe, Spook."

"I will."



HEATHER

I SKIPPED DOWN THE stairs, pausing in the kitchen to pop a kiss on my father's whiskered cheek. "I'm going out, but I won't be too late. Abby wants to see a movie, but she's got an early test, so we won't be out too late."

Dad's eyes widened when he took in my appearance. "Damn, Sweet Pea. When did you dye your hair purple?"

"Today. Isn't it fabulous?"

"Of course," he swallowed, glancing at Micah, who coughed to cover his laugh.

I sent my cousin a glare. "You coming with us, Micah?"

He would join us at some point. We both knew it.

Micah shrugged. "Maybe."

"Liar."

Uncle Hale chuckled.

Everyone in this house knew my cousin was in love with Abby, no matter how much he tried to convince himself it wasn't true. He thought being older meant he couldn't be with her, but that didn't matter to my best friend. She fell in love with him as a kid and swore she would marry him one day.

I believed her.

Women understood this so much better than men.

Uncle Hale approached, dipping his chin so I could give him a kiss, too. "You remember?"

I got asked this at least once a day most of my life.

"Family comes first," I replied without hesitation.

"And?"

"Family is blood and the club."

"That's right. You and Abby are family." Uncle Hale ticked his chin toward Micah. "Go with them."

Micah appeared bored but nodded, hiding his enthusiasm.

I snickered as I headed outside, knowing Micah was thrilled for the excuse to spend extra time with Abby.

“We need to pick up Country.”

“Isn’t he meeting us there?”

“No. He has to walk, and it’s far. Stop at the gas station on Fifth. He said he’d be there.”

Micah frowned as we piled into his car. My uncle had given Micah his ’69 Dodge Charger as a graduation present a couple of years ago. The sleek black paint shined in the Nevada sunshine on our driveway.

Abby waved as she crossed the street. She wore a yellow summer dress with brown boots and a denim jacket. Her blonde hair bounced in a high ponytail. The girl was gorgeous, and I told her so.

“As pretty as you, bestie.”

We picked up Country and arrived at the movie theater with only a few minutes to spare. The action flick was boring, and I rested my head on Country’s shoulder, yawning as he slipped his arm around me. I dozed off and woke as he kissed my forehead.

“Hey, sexy. M-movie’s over.”

Micah reached for Abby’s hand, tugging her close to his side, when he noticed a group of guys checking her out. He sent a glare in their direction and snarled when one of them stood, walking in our direction.

“Oh, shit,” I mumbled, rushing to my feet.

Country pushed ahead of me, placing his body in front of mine in case anything went down.

The guy approached Abby and smiled. “Hey, don’t we have English together?”

Abby pretended to think about it. “I didn’t notice.”

His friends laughed as the guy shrugged. “You got a date for Homecoming?”

Micah answered for her in a growl. “She does.”

The guy looked him over, noticing the cut he wore. “Damn. Okay, bro.”

“She’s *my* girl. You understand?”

“Yeah. Okay. Shit.” He backed away, joining his friends.

Micah picked up Abby, carrying her out of the theater as she giggled. My cousin was a total caveman.

“You want me to pick you up, Raven?”

I turned back to Country, and his brown eyes filled with warmth and affection. “No, but there’s something I’d like to do.”

“Yeah?”

“You ever see the world from the seat of a Harley?” I asked huskily.

He shook his head. “Can’t say that I have.”

“Then you haven’t seen shit.”

He smirked.

“I’ll give you one hell of a ride if you join me.”

His brown eyes darkened. “Then let’s move, Wildfire.”

Wildfire. I *really* liked that nickname even more than Raven.

Micah didn’t have a problem dropping us off at home and joining Abby, walking her inside her house to ensure she arrived home safely. *Uh-huh*. Amused, I watched them disappear inside the house across the street, hoping they figured out their shit because they were the real deal. I saw the love they had for one another every single day.

My focus turned to Country, noticing the soft smile on his face. He never hid his emotions from me. If I didn’t know better, I’d say he loved me. Impossible, right?

“Let’s go. I’m taking the purple dragon.”

He groaned. “You have a purple motorcycle?”

“Of course. It even glitters.” No lie. It fucking glittered in the sun, and it was *breathtaking*.

I pulled out two helmets inside the garage and handed one over to Country. “You know how to ride?”

“I got the basic idea.”

“Watch the turns. Lean with me.”

“I can figure it out, babe. Let’s get out of here. I got plans on that bike seat,” he rumbled with a sexy, deep timbre.

I rode for the first time at age three and never stopped. Motorcycles were an addiction, and it wasn’t just the RBMC members in my family who loved them.

Country held onto my waist, leaning forward to grip the handlebars with me on part of the ride. Being with him and sharing one of my favorite things in the world settled something empty inside me. I felt whole and happy.

We stopped at Willow Creek, parking my bike before walking toward the water and watching the stars reflect off the glassy surface. Desert sand

stretched for miles ahead of us, and small bushes, tumbleweeds, and large rocks populated the shore.

“You come here often?”

“Sometimes, especially when I want space to think without all the testosterone.”

Country smiled. “Yeah, I can see that. It’s pretty.”

“It is,” I agreed.

“I come here when I want to remember my mother, too,” I confessed.

He nodded, picking up a flat, smooth rock, good for skipping. I watched as he bent his wrist backward, flicking it as the rock spun, bouncing off the water’s surface several times.

“Nice.”

“Thanks.”

He skipped a few more rocks, never rushing me to finish my thoughts or the conversation. I never met a guy like him who seemed to have endless patience. It made me think of my parents and the love they shared before my mother died. How the people in our family seemed cursed to find love and hold onto it.

“What are you thinking about so hard, Wildfire?”

“Something my father said once. That loving people is a tragedy in our family. We can’t seem to make it stick.”

“I’m sure that’s not true.”

I laughed without humor. “You don’t know shit.” I tossed a rock he handed me across the lake, watching as it skipped four times. Not bad.

“Then tell me.”

“Micah’s mom left when he was fourteen. My aunt just walked out one day and never looked back.”

“Damn.”

“And my mom? She died when I was five. Not cancer or illness. Drugs. An overdose. We lied and said it was an accident.” My bitter voice seemed to echo across the dark water. “The truth is she couldn’t handle the life my dad lived. He was in too tight with his brother and the Royal Bastards. Got too risky. She got involved with the product they used to move and died.”

“Fuck. I’m so sorry.”

“My dad refused to patch into the club and demanded Uncle Hale got the club clean. Best decision they ever made, but it came way too late.”

“That sucks.” Country dropped the rocks in his hand and joined me, lifting a hand to brush the hair out of my face, blowing around in the light breeze.

“It does. Like I said, love is a tragedy in this family.”

“That doesn’t mean it will be that way for you or Micah.”

“We have our doubts.”

“Or you hold back.”

Blinking, I stared at him, wondering if that was true.

“No judgment, but if you never take a chance, you can never reap the reward if you win.”

Hmmm. That was a good point.

“Can I get my ride now?” he asked, swooping in for a kiss.

My hand molded over his crotch, feeling the generous bulge. “I’d say you’re *rock* hard, babe.”

“You should do something about it.”

I didn’t have to be told twice.

Thank you for reading!

If you enjoyed the beginning of Spook and Heather's story, please consider leaving a review.

There's more to come in 2024.

The next book in the Tonopah Chapter releases in February. Click here:

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To read about Micah and Abby, click here: [Jigsaw's Blayde](#)

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Lords of Wrath MC

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- #4 [Devil's Ride](#)
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- #8 [The Biker's Wish](#)
- #9 [Eternally Mine](#)
- #10 [Twisted Devil](#)
- #11 [Violent Bones](#)
- #12 [Haunting Chaos](#)
- #13 [Santa Biker](#)
- #14 [Viciously Mine](#)
- #15 [Jigsaw's Blayde](#)
- #16 [Spook and Specter](#)
- #17 [Infinitely Mine](#)
- #18 [Grim Justice](#)
- #19 TBD

TONOPAH, NV CHAPTER

Pres/Founder – Grim Reaper
VP/Founder – Mammoth
SGT at Arms – Azrael, Angel of Death “Rael”
Enforcer/Founder – Exorcist
Enforcer – Jigsaw
Secretary – Wraith
Treasurer – Hannibal
Road Captain – Patriot
Tail Gunner – Chaos
Founder – Papa
Member – Chrome
Member – Bodie
Member – Bones
Member/Cleaner – Diablo
Member/Tech – Xenon
Member – Shadow
Member – Toad
Prospect – Spook
Prospect – Zane



THE OL' LADIES

Trish, property of Grim
Sasha, property of Bodie
Nylah, property of Rael
Mimi, property of Patriot
Tawni, property of Wraith
Bess, property of Papa
Stefanie, property of Shadow
Laramie, property of Toad
Skyla, property of Chaos
Davina, property of Bones
Gina, property of Diablo
Cameron, property of Chrome
Abby, property of Jigsaw
Heather, property of Spook



Royal Bastards MC Las Vegas, NV

#1 [Hell on Wheels](#)

#2 [Reckless Mayhem](#)

#3 [Jeepers Creepers](#)

#4 Rattlin' Bones

#5 TBD

Royal Bastards MC Crossover

[Manic Mayhem](#)

[Twisted Iron](#)

LAS VEGAS, NV CHAPTER

Pres – Maddog
V.P. – Skeletor
SGT at Arms – Manic
Enforcer – Creature
Nomad/Enforcer – Darius “The Jackal”
Secretary – Crusher
Treasurer – Dice
Road Captain – Hex
Tail Gunner – Slash
Member/Cleaner – Tombstone
Member/Tech – Snapshot
Chaplain – Testament
Prospect – Red



One Hell of a ride!

Royal Bastards MC Facebook Group -

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/royalbastardsmc/>

Website- <https://www.royalbastardsmc.com/>

SNEAK PEEK ^{Hell} ON WHEELS

Patriot lit a cigar and puffed away, his eyes briefly closing as he inhaled. “Damn. Wraith’s Cuban cigars are no joke. Pure fuckin’ pleasure.” Wraith would be pissed when he saw Patriot smoking his expensive tobacco.

I snorted, grabbing a beer from the fridge. We found a private room with a pool table, minibar, and a few dartboards. Tables and chairs were scattered around the area, proving this clubhouse used all the rooms frequently. I popped the top and took a long pull from my bottle. Setting it aside, I picked up a dart, throwing it without aiming and hitting just slightly off-center.

“I’m too sober for this,” I announced, giving him a smirk over my shoulder. Two more landed even farther from the bullseye.

“Fuck. I never see you miss.” Patriot inhaled, closing his eyes briefly to savor the exotic taste and aroma. “This is almost heaven.”

I shook my head. “Never thought I’d hear you say anything was closer to heaven than a nice pair of tits and a sexy ass.”

Patriot’s chuckle was as familiar as home. He sounded far too much like David. One of my best friends, and the scream I heard minutes before he died. The thought was sobering.

“Got a special girl worth taking my time and building something. She’s it for me, man. My ol’ lady is fucking fearless.” I didn’t miss the way his voice seemed to catch. “I miss David too.”

My thoughts must have been obvious. “That’s not why I’m here, though.”

“Didn’t think so.” Patriot blew a cloud of smoke from his lungs, and it rose upward, hovering in the air above our heads. “My guess is it’s something to do with that pretty little brunette you brought here with you.”

It was hard to look Patriot in the eye for long. It was just like staring down his dead nephew, conjuring up images and memories I didn’t want to haunt the rest of my evening.

“It does. I need a place to lay low. Not sure how long.”

“Done. Before I take it to Grim, I need a little more info to go on.”

“When I left the VA this afternoon, I found a young girl being beaten on the side of the road. Couldn’t let that go, Dale.”

“Shit. That the girl you brought with you?”

“Yeah.”

“Who was beatin’ on her?” Patriot looked pissed. I knew he hated that shit as much as I did.

“He was oddly familiar. I didn’t realize who I’d shot until I was on my Harley and ridin’ away with her on the back of my bike.”

“Fuck. Tell me.”

“Guy was sticking his boot up her ass,” I fumed. “He kicked her fucking hard,” I seethed. “Should have seen the way he smacked her and how hard she hit the ground. I saw the marks around her throat when he nearly choked her.”

“Who?” Patriot had about as much patience as a rabid dog.

“Angel Mackenzie.”

Patriot whistled low. “Grim isn’t gonna like this.”

“Yeah, I figured that. Not like I meant to start shit with the golden boy of the Guerrero Cartel. What the fuck was he doing in my neighborhood anyway?” I fumed.

“This is gonna stir up a hornet’s nest, Flint. The club has to vote. I can’t say for sure if you can stay here or not. Got to take it to my pres and then church.”

“I understand.” I really did. I’d grown up around several different clubs. It wasn’t a surprise how things worked. The choice had to be a group decision, and every brother had a chance to weigh in. “If I need to leave, I won’t hold it against you.”

Patriot sighed. “That’s just it. You’re like family to me. Whatever the decision of the club, I’m going to have your back. Know that, Flint. You’re a brother whether you wear the patch or not. I don’t say that shit lightly.”

“I know.” I felt the same.

“You almost died trying to save David. Didn’t forget what you lost or the scars that you carry.”

All of the emotion buried deep within threatened to surface.

“What I’m sayin’ is that you won’t be going anywhere alone.”

He wasn’t going to risk his life for me. No fuckin’ way. The more I thought about it, the more I realized I shouldn’t have come here to begin

with. I was placing Patriot, Grim, and the entire club at risk. If anyone noticed I was here, The Crossroads would be in danger.

“I shouldn’t have come.”

Patriot shot me a look. “Don’t pull that shit with me. You’re not leaving until I talk to Grim. Give me the night. That’s all I ask. I’ll let you know the decision in the morning.”

Nodding, I didn’t have any intention of sticking around.

“Fuckin’ say it, Flint. I know you won’t go back on your word if you give it.”

He knew me too well. “Fine, Patriot. I won’t leave before tomorrow.”

“That means midnight, you slick fucker. Don’t even try. I’ll put a prospect on your ass and watch every move you make.”

“Dammit, Dale. I’m not gonna leave. Okay?”

A triumphant smile curved his lips. “Now I know.”

I flipped him off as he laughed and exited the room, the door shutting with a soft click. Kane was perched on his haunches, waiting for any word from me that he could move.

I shook my head. “Guard, Kane.”

His dark eyes focused on me, but his ears perked up, listening for any hint of danger.

Now that I was alone, I could let the stress of the last few hours release. Picking up a glass from the bar, I filled it with whiskey and tossed the contents back. Three more followed it. My belly burned with the liquor, and I welcomed the distraction.

My thoughts were so scattered that I hardly noticed when the door opened, and I was no longer alone. A sweet, sexy voice brought me back to the present.

“You’re drinking alone.”

My head whipped in her direction, and I leaned against the bar, ticking my head in Lark’s direction. “You’re observant.”

“Aw. Don’t get all offended on my account.” Lark snatched the glass from my hand, poured a shot, and drank the whiskey in one gulp. She hissed as it went down, catching my humored expression. “What? I have plenty of reasons to drink.”

She sure did. No argument there.

“Pretty reckless to shoot Angel. You’ve got a target on your back now.”

“Even more reckless to become indebted to the asshole,” I fired back.

Having a target on my back wasn't anything new. Shit. Did she forget I was a Marine? Veteran or not, I wasn't afraid of that prick.

"Maybe I was lonely."

Scoffing, I shook my head. "No way. You wanted the attention, or you needed it. Maybe you craved the danger like it was some bad romance novel and hoped he'd take you to his mystery dungeon of toys. I don't get that vibe, though. I'm thinkin' you got roped into something too deep to dig your way out. Maybe for a family member or friend. Either way, you need to stay as far from Angel Mackenzie as you can get."

She refilled the glass and drank again, wiping the back of her hand across her mouth before she hiccupped. "I'm stupid, I guess." There was far too much sincerity in her tone.

No admittance but also no denial.

"Hey," I chided, crooking a finger under her chin to lift her face toward mine. "Don't ever call yourself stupid. I mean it."

For the first time, she let some of the vulnerability she felt rise to the surface. I knew what it meant for her to let me in. Hell, I was the fucking king of pushing people away. Lark didn't have to open up to me, but she did. She tore down a wall she could have kept there, and I would have understood that too. I could feel her insecurity as she stared into my eyes, and I didn't like it. She was too fucking fierce to let this get the best of her.

"He's going to kill me."

"Why would he want to harm you?" I tried to gentle my voice so she felt comfortable enough to confess the truth. Inside, I growled like a beast waiting to rip free and avenge her.

"I might have flushed his stash of meth down the toilet."

Uh-oh. "You messed with the man's drugs?" Incredulous, I couldn't believe she had the guts to get rid of a known drug dealer's product. "How much was it worth?"

She closed her eyes and blurted out her words, wincing at the number. "I flushed about five pounds or so. Angel said it was well over \$100,000 in value."

She was fucking screwed. Angel and his thugs had killed for much less in the past. When I first came home after being discharged, the news had covered his suspected involvement in a drug bust, but nothing could be pinned on him. His daddy bailed him out.

Angel Mackenzie was a thug with an ego, and powerful men provided protection. His uncle Salazar was the muscle behind the Guerrero Cartel who moved meth and cocaine into the U.S. from Venezuela. Luis Guerrero was the old Spanish Don who ruled ruthlessly and without apology. He was also Salazar's father and Angel's grandfather.

What did this mean for the club? Patriot admitted they helped relocate shipments and provided extra muscle for a fee. I didn't think it was wise to do business with criminals like Salazar, but it wasn't my call. All I knew, Grim wanted out and had been trying to find a reason since his son was born.

I had to be careful. Didn't want to piss off Grim or the Royal Bastards, but I wasn't letting Angel get his hands on Lark again either. Fuck. I had less headaches dealing with shit overseas.

"I won't let them hurt you," I responded with conviction.

Bright green eyes shimmered with tears as they opened. "You can't promise that. You don't even know me, Flint. We met today, less than eight hours ago. How do you know I'm not lying? Or using you? Maybe I staged the whole thing."

"You took a beating to ride on the back of my Harley? That's fuckin' wild, little firecracker."

The words left my mouth with a seductive purr, softening the truth.

I'd do what I needed to keep her safe and away from Angel Mackenzie.

"No. I, uh, shit," she cursed, distracted by how I stared at her mouth.

"You don't need to worry about my reasons."

She was too damn feisty. Sexy. Stubborn. A part of me wanted to see if I could tame such a wild little bird.

My head lowered, hovering only a few inches away from the pouty pink softness I remembered touching only an hour ago when we first arrived. That kiss lit a low flame inside me, and I couldn't stop wondering what it would feel like to slide my dick through those same silky lips.

Nothing good could come from this attraction that I felt. I was oddly protective and downright obsessed with the little minx. The idea of any other man taking advantage of her sweetness fired up a rage I hadn't felt since I left the Corps. My entire body tensed and pleaded for release.

She was the only way I'd lose some of this excess energy, and I wanted her warmth wrapped around me when I finally let down my walls for a brief moment. She made me want to feel again. It was fucking dangerous but also intoxicating.

My chin dropped another inch.

I just wanted one little taste. A single night. One chance.

This chemistry between us did wicked things to my brain. My fingers had been itching to touch her since the moment her sweet little ass dropped onto the seat of my bike. She'd been taken advantage of and abused, her trust broken, and for some reason, I wanted to prove to her that not every man would treat her that way. I could be gentle. Tender. Everything she wanted and needed.

The problem was, I knew it would only lead to craving her more. An itch that couldn't be tamed with just a few scratches. I knew this, but I couldn't walk away.

I didn't do relationships and didn't indulge feelings. My heart was untouchable. I locked it away and swore I wouldn't let anyone else in again. It hurt too fucking much.

Didn't change the fact that I wanted balls deep inside her and couldn't wait to hear that sexy voice crying out my name in pleasure.

"One night," I growled low, offering what I could give, as little as it was. "Say yes."

Her eyes locked on mine. She blinked.

"Say yes," I repeated, curling my hand around her neck, letting my palm rest against her throat as my thumb brushed her jaw.

Her body shifted closer to mine.

When her pulse thrummed, and I felt each beat of her heart as it quickened, I knew I had my answer.



Hell on Wheels, Royal Bastards MC is available now! Click here: [Hell on Wheels](#)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Nikki Landis is the USA Today Bestselling & Multi-Award-Winning Author of wickedly fierce romance. Her books feature dirty talkin' bikers, deadly reapers, dark alpha heroes, protective shifters, and seductive vampires, along with the feisty, independent women they love. There's heart-throbbing action on every page. Within her books, you can find suspense, fated mates, instalove, and soul bonds deep enough to fulfill every desire. Like your books on the darker side with plenty of spice? Look no further!

She lives in Ohio with her husband, boys, and a little Yorkie who really runs the whole house.

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