



# THROTTLE

SATAN'S DISCIPLES BOOK 2

ELYSE KELLY

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BOOK 2**

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*He promised he'd never let anyone hurt me, but I can't hide out with Throttle forever...*

I was well on my way to the top as one of Nevada's fastest-rising defense attorneys. That is, until I caught a high-profile case with a client known for... *neutralizing* his enemies.

My firm asked me to do the impossible, a task I was sure to fail from the beginning. But that misstep would lead to deadly consequences.

I somehow managed to escape my client's clutches, but only to end up with an unlikely savior; a sexy biker with the city's most lethal motorcycle club. A dangerous man who lets no one stand in his way.

I want nothing to do with Throttle or his club. But no matter how hard I push him away, he's determined to protect me at all costs.

Even if it costs us both our lives.

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# AUTHOR'S NOTE

Welcome to my world of Smutlandia!

Please remember this is just a book, not a dick.

So, don't take it so hard.

Now, relax and enjoy the smut!

XO, Elyse ☐

*If you're reading an unauthorized copy of this book, congrats  
on being a thief and enjoying stolen goods.*

*I hope you step on a lego and run out of toilet paper.*

“Objection!” the prosecutor barks in the middle of my statement. I’m not surprised, as this is the tenth time he’s done so.

“Sustained,” Judge Michaels drones, his pinched expression revealing his struggle to contain his annoyance with these proceedings.

I snap my head in the prosecutor’s direction, my jaw tight while I shoot daggers with my eyes at him.

I’m losing this case. I don’t have any more evidence to secure the upper hand, and they’ve completely backed me into a corner. After using all legal precedents and loopholes I could think of, I’m stuck. I don’t want to sound full of myself, but this has never happened to me before.

I knew taking on this case was going to be difficult, considering my client is Tony Bertelli. His record is far from clean. The man is responsible for killing countless innocents, including women and children, but no one’s ever been able to make the charges stick. That fact alone ensures no one will view him as a man *wrongfully accused*, but it’s not my job to judge him, at least not publicly.

It *is* my job to win this case. However, with the way things are going, the odds are not in my favor. I’ve never lost a case before, and if I’m being honest, I don’t think I’m built for this.

Heat burns the side of my face, and I turn to find my client glaring at me with disdain in his eyes. He’s a terrifying man,



and I hate to imagine what he would do to me if he weren't heavily guarded right now.

We continue for a few more hours until I finally wrap up my closing arguments. After all is said and done, we've made the best possible case we can before we're dismissed late for lunch. I nearly jump out of my skin when Judge Michaels slams his gavel down on the podium.

The jury files out as a myriad of thoughts floods my brain. Tony's two guards come to remove him, bringing him to our private room for debriefing. I know I have to talk to him, but every fiber of my being is telling me to run.

*Stand your ground, Sienna. We don't back down from a challenge.*

The quiet voice in the back of my mind belongs to my father, and it brings a steady peace to my jittery nerves. Filling my lungs with stale courtroom air, I slowly exhale and release the tension in my neck before gathering my belongings to exit the room.

*No more stalling, Sienna. It's time to meet with the devil.*

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THE SILENCE IS MADDENING.

Tony Bertelli sits across from me at a long metal table, his hands free from their cuffs. A guard stands outside, just in case anything were to happen, but I'm still unnerved. My client is a ruthless member of a notorious crime family. One guard stationed outside isn't going to strike fear in the heart of someone like Tony.

I sit up straight in my chair, my face masked from all the emotions spiraling inside. The purpose of this meeting is to prepare my client for the potential outcome of the trial; however, anyone with eyes can see which way the verdict is leaning. Tony will be found guilty and, as such, will remain in custody until sentencing.

*I'm in deep shit right now.*

A few minutes tick off the clock before an officer brings us food—a tray of sandwiches and a couple of coffees are placed between us on the table. I snag a cup and lift the hot beverage to my lips, not bothering with my lunch. I'm wound so tight I don't think I can swallow anything solid right now without choking.

Tony hasn't touched his food yet. He just sits in the worn, wooden chair, silently observing the walls. They're nothing to look at, some chipped drywall that needs to be patched and repainted. While he's seemingly distracted, I let my gaze roam over him, still trying to wrap my head around how anyone could hurt people so carelessly as he has.

If I'm honest, he isn't an unattractive man. But the menacing darkness that's forever present in his eyes makes people think twice about approaching him. His black hair is ruffled and disheveled, a stark contrast to his perfectly tailored suit. He may be dressed in the finest attire, but everyone knows the truth—he's nothing but a snake.

A wolf in sheep's clothing.

I'm no stranger to men like Tony Bertelli. My whole life, I was raised to defend criminals like him. The part of me that feels guilt or shame for doing this job died years ago. All so I could defend men I know without a doubt should be locked up behind bars.

It was my late father who made me this way. He taught me everything I know. He was one of the best criminal defense attorneys in the state and well-respected by his peers and opponents alike. Dad loved the law and truly believed everyone was innocent until proven guilty. Not once did I ever see him pass judgment against one of his clients. But his crusade to help those who possibly couldn't help themselves put him in bed with all manner of less-than-savory individuals. And it only got worse the more successful he became. I suppose I should feel honored that a legend such as my father passed his torch on to me. But that isn't how I feel at all.

And today, I feel like I let my father down. Because I'm losing this case, even with everything Dad taught me. Tony is

going to jail for a long time, and by the way he's glaring at me right now, it's clear he knows it too.

I tighten my grip on my coffee cup before taking another sip, needing the distraction from my client's sinister gaze. "Counselor... how do *you* think the trial is going?" Tony's raspy, baritone voice finally breaks the silence.

*It's a complete failure.*

"There's still time to—"

He cuts me off, emphasizing that his question was rhetorical. "When I hired Robert Jones's daughter to represent me, it was because I heard she was the best of the best—a replica of the greatest defense lawyer to ever grace this town," Tony says coldly. "Rumor was she could wipe the devil's slate clean. So what. The fuck. Was *that*?" His fists clench on the tabletop as he punctuates his words through gritted teeth.

I flinch but quickly recover. Tony grows angrier by the second, and if I don't calm him down, he might do something to add to the list of charges against him. My gaze trails to the door behind him as I guesstimate how long it would take for the guard to enter... should the worst actually occur.

"Aw, are you afraid, Little Miss Lawyer?" Tony cocks his head, a wildness now forming in his eyes. He looks unhinged, as if, at any moment, he might push back from the table and strangle me.

"No," I force out, trying to mask my quivering voice. The truth is I'm absolutely terrified, but any form of weakness would only encourage his scare tactics.

"Then you must be stupid," he snarls.

"Mr. Bertelli—"

"Here's the thing." Tony reclines in his chair, surveying the room before settling his villainous stare on me once more. "If by some stroke of luck, you end up winning this case, well then... good for you. I guess. You walk away a free woman."

My icy hands tremble around my cup, seeking warmth from the hot beverage. I'm quickly losing the reins on my

composure, and it's starting to show.

"But, if I end up in prison, little girl... it won't be my ass that's done for. It'll be yours."

I swallow the thick lump forming in my throat. "Are you—"

"My men remain loyal, no matter where I am. You think my empire will fall because I'm locked up?" Tony scoffs and shakes his head. "Like anyone else I employ, if you prove to be worthless... well, my men have very special plans for you, Little Miss Lawyer." The taunting nickname echoes in my head. "Am I making myself clear?" Tony lifts a brow as he edges forward in my direction, glowering at me.

*I'm so fucked.*

I can confidently say I utilized every tactic I know to sway the verdict in our favor. But it's as though the universe itself wants this man behind bars. And if that happens, I'm a dead woman. Once the court gives Tony Bertelli his verdict, they'll be giving me mine as well.

I nod my understanding. "Crystal."

"Good," he sneers at me before finally reaching for his coffee. He finishes it off in one go, then throws the empty cup at me, barely missing my face. Remnants of the dark amber liquid splash on my blouse, immediately bleeding into the fabric.

*Asshole.*

"You better pray for a fucking miracle, Little Miss Lawyer. Not for my sake, but for yours."

---

MY PULSE RACES AS I HOLD MY BREATH WHILE STANDING NEXT to my client behind the defendant's table. But years of practice allow me to remain poised under pressure as we await the verdict.

Judge Michaels addresses the jurors, specifically the foreman of the group. "On the four counts of murder in the first degree, how do you find?"

“We, the jury, find the defendant, Anthony Thomas Bertelli, guilty of murder in the first degree on all four counts.” The foreman never looks in Tony’s direction, handing over the verdict sheet to the bailiff before taking his seat.

It’s a good thing I’m so familiar with trial proceedings because suddenly, the only sound I’m aware of is the whooshing of blood thundering in my ears. I’m dazed, as if I’m moving in slow motion while watching everyone else act in real time. Judge Michaels slams down his gavel on the podium, and thankfully it brings me back to my senses. My eyelids flutter, the muffled sounds of the court growing louder as the jury is excused. Tony’s guards move behind him, roughly pulling him from his place at the defendant’s table to lead him from the courtroom.

I feel the venomous flames of his scowl, as I’m positive he’s envisioning my mangled body buried deep underground. I turn to watch him leave and suck in a sharp breath.

“You’re dead,” he mouths before disappearing through the doors.

*Fuck.*

I t's always a good idea to end the night with a nice, cold beer. And that's exactly what I'm going to do.

I plant my ass down at the bar. I need a fucking drink. Tapping once on the mahogany wood, I signal for the bartender. His hand disappears beneath the counter and retrieves a chilled bottle—he already knows what I like. After he sets it in front of me, I wave him off as I pull my phone from my back pocket. My texts are blowing up, and I'm already guessing what it's about. Today was the verdict reading for Tony Bertelli.

Clicking on the link sent by one of my brothers, I'm transferred to an online article about the trial.

***WELL-KNOWN GALLO FAMILY CRIME ASSOCIATE, TONY Bertelli, found guilty on all charges.***

SERVES THAT MOTHERFUCKER RIGHT.

I'd never call myself a saint, but with the amount of shit Tony and his men have done, he needs to be taken down. They don't care who they hurt to get what they want. And that's the difference between them and the Satan's Disciples MC.

Tony and his men will kill anyone—men, women, children, *your fucking dog*—without batting an eye. But that's not who the Disciples are. We don't believe in that shit. Innocents don't belong in the middle of business amongst men and bloodshed. Violence like that is reserved for the bastards who choose to deal with the devil. Leave the women and kids out of your bullshit. Fuckers like that deserve to be locked up

like the fucking animals they are. Or put in the ground, whichever comes first.

I tuck my phone away, clearing my head of all thoughts of Tony Bertelli, while I take in the main room of the strip club. The Emerald Club belongs to the Disciples, and a lot of the brothers stop in here when they aren't at the clubhouse. The layout resembles a sleek underground lair with vibrant green light reflecting off the walls. There are three platforms down front—a main stage bookended by smaller stages—each one currently occupied by a dancer.

It's crowded tonight. Plenty of drinks are flowing while the thumping bass of the music vibrates in the air. Several patrons are lounging in the back on the plush chairs, receiving lap dances, while others gawk at the women shaking their tits on stage.

This is the kind of scene that would usually turn me on, but I'm not feeling it. Lately, I haven't wanted just anyone to warm my bed, and that's strange as fuck for me. I don't know when it started—maybe around the time Sentinel, our club's Vice President, met his old lady, Emma. He's changed since she came into his life, and it seems for the better. He's always been a man of action, no matter how twisted the deed. You could trust that he would get the job done, even if no one else would do it. But it's as though Emma melts away the cold, hard parts of him when she's around. He's different with her. Lighter, almost. Happier. I'm glad he found himself a good woman. He doesn't deserve to be alone and should have someone like her.

I take another sip of my beer, letting the bittersweet, amber liquid slide down my throat. As happy as I am for Sentinel, a twinge of guilt hits me whenever I think of my brother and his new woman. He wasn't the only one captivated by Emma when she first arrived. She's the kind of girl a man dreams about. But she belongs to my VP. He'd kill me if he knew I thought about her like that, and I'd deserve it too.

But when I met her, I knew my feelings ran deeper than lust. Talking to her made me consider what kind of life I could have if only I had a woman like Emma, how it would all play

out if I stopped taking easy women to bed *and* drowning myself in liquor.

They may be faint, but these feelings for Emma still linger. However, never in my motherfucking life would I act on them. Sentinel is my brother, and I respect him too damn much to ever betray him like that. Disciples don't do that kind of shit.

I tip back the rest of my beer before placing the empty bottle down on the counter. When the bartender reaches for another, I shake my head. I'm not planning on staying much longer.

Suddenly, three rapid taps on my shoulder get my attention. Val stands in front of me, and I take in her half-naked body. It was only a couple of months ago that I fucked her in one of the Emerald's private rooms. She was a nice distraction at the time, and maybe that's what I need tonight.

It's obvious Val has shaped and altered her body to please the male gaze. When she dances on stage, you can't deny the attention she receives from every man in the room. Her blond hair trails down her back in waves, the tips curling over her shoulders against her exposed, perfectly round tits. Her glittered body shimmers under the green lights, mirroring the shine of her glossy lips. Determination is evident in her expression as she stares at me with lust in her eyes.

She leans closer until her mouth is pressed to my ear. "Want me to dance for you, baby?"

I stare at her momentarily before shrugging and pulling out some cash. *I'm already here, so why the hell not?*

I tuck the bills into the string of her neon-pink thong. Then she takes my hand and leads me to an oversized chair at the back of the room—to a secluded, dimly lit corner where I'm sure she has plans for more than a dance. Val pushes me back into the seat and seductively sways her curvy hips to the beat of the music. She climbs on my lap, straddling me as her hands stroke and tease my chest. But I stare blankly at her, watching the way she licks her lips as though she can already taste me.



I fight back a sound of disgust at the sight. Something about her—about all of this—*isn't* working tonight. I know the moment she realizes it too, because hurt flashes behind her eyes.

“You know you can touch me if you want. Throttle, you can touch me... anywhere.” She pushes her tits together and shoves them in my face while grinding her pussy against me.

*Nope, today, that shit just isn't sexy.*

I close my eyes and sigh before tapping her ass. “Off.”

“What—” she starts to question, frozen in place after my terse command.

“Ain't feeling it, sweetheart. Go find someone else.” My tone is dismissive as I watch her expression morph from confusion, to hurt, to anger.

“Fuck you, Throttle. There're plenty of other big dicks around here. I certainly don't need yours.”

I snicker at her fiery words as she climbs off my lap and storms away.

Several heads turn in her direction, all wanting a glimpse of her juicy ass. I'm sure she won't be angry for too long. One of those bastards will be all too happy to throw some cash her way and cheer her up.

After checking in with Gamble, our brother who runs the Emerald, I leave the club, headed straight for my bike. I ride around Carnage with no real destination in mind, needing to ride and feel the night air on my face. There's a restlessness inside me that I can't decipher right now, and I have no idea where the fuck it's coming from.

Val would have been the perfect distraction from the mess in my head, and she was damn sure willing to help. But I wasn't interested in the slightest, no matter how much I wanted to be. I don't want meaningless sex, and I don't want to drink my problems away. I need something else. *Crave* something else. I just wish I knew what the fuck it was.

As the city lights flash by me, I think about Emma and how adoringly she looks at Sentinel. *Is that what I want? Is that what's leaving a hollowed-out space in my chest?*

I'm tired of fucking thinking about this. I'm turning into a fucking old man.

I arrive back at the clubhouse shortly after midnight, exhausted out of my mind. Walking past the common area, I lift my hand in greeting but carry on to my room. Once inside, I immediately crash on top of the bed, not bothering to get undressed besides toeing off my boots.

That restlessness is still there, even after my night ride, but at least it's more settled now. Finally, my eyes drift closed, and the room falls into a hazy darkness before everything goes black.

**Y**ou lose one case, and suddenly, you're a liability.

Poised, with my hands clasped gently behind my lower back and my head held high, I stand before the partners at Jones and Hodges Law Firm, PLLC. Disappointment is evident on all their faces, but I hold my tongue against saying something I shouldn't.

"It might have been best to have someone else represent Bertelli," Lewis chides. The bastard's older than dirt and has never truly believed I could handle myself in a courtroom.

"Your father would have never let this happen."

I know Martin only said this to get under my skin, but I refuse to give the pompous jerk the satisfaction.

*Never show your emotions to your opponent, Sienna. Then they'll know your weaknesses.*

I remember my father's words as barely contained anger teases my lips. The partners wanted a debriefing late this afternoon, as if the verdict today was some kind of surprise. As if they were shocked the monster they agreed we'd represent was found guilty of murdering a man and his family. I know they're furious because we lost a high-profile case.

Truth be told, I'm more furious with myself than they could ever be with me. I've never backed away from a challenge, and I've always come out on top. So, losing a case—even one that was impossible to win—has me spiraling in a way I'm not prepared to handle.

My father was a judiciary genius in the courtroom. He could do the impossible and convince anyone of anything. And he knew the law inside and out. For years, I've worked my ass off to be like him, and I'd dreamed that maybe someday I could surpass his greatness. But as proud as I am to be his daughter, it's been a difficult road living in his shadow.

We go over the months of work I put into this case ad nauseam until my voice grows tired. It's only when I assure them we have grounds for an appeal—not that I really believe I can make that kind of miracle happen—that the partners let me leave the conference room. When I'm finally outside, I take what feels like my first breath in hours.

I hear a comforting, familiar voice coming from my right, and I close my eyes. "How'd you do in there, kiddo?" It's Lucien, Dad's best friend and my honorary uncle.

Turning to him, I take one of the two cups of coffee he holds in his hands. He's dressed in a Carolina-blue button-down with navy slacks, but his matching suit jacket and tie are long gone, considering the late hour. Scruff lightly shadows his chin and jawline, which I know were freshly shaved this morning, and the faint darkness beneath his mischievous green eyes hints at the weariness of the day. He may be maturing and graying at his temples, but Lucien is a handsome man. All the women in the office fawn over him and beg for his attention. I've never understood why he remains single, but I'm seeing now that perhaps he's always been married to his job.

He wraps an arm around my shoulders, and I smile. Dad may not be here, but at least I have Lucien.

"Thank you." I raise my coffee to take a sip. "I don't have much ass left from the chewing I received. They're pretty pissed at me right now."

"Those old bastards are always pissed off about something. Don't let them get to you. You're an amazing attorney, and no one could've done a better job than you. Not even me."

I lift a brow and side-eye him. "You're only saying that because you're like a father to me."

It's true. Lucien has been a part of my life since the day I was born. My mother passed away when I was a baby, so I don't remember her. And when Dad died, his best friend stepped in and took care of me as if I were his own, knowing I had no one left. He's all I have in this world now, and I don't know what I'd do without him.

"That's fair, but I still mean it." Lucien kisses the top of my head and gives me a squeeze. "Go home. Take the rest of the night off and relax. You've earned at least as much."

"Relax? How the hell am I supposed to do that?" My brows furrow while I doubt the tension in my body will dissipate anytime soon.

Because the other cloud looming over my head at this moment is the threat Tony made on my life. I've seen several defendants make idle threats in the courtroom over the years, and I've never put much stock into their words. But I know what my client and his men are capable of. And I'm sure that was no threat Tony made today. That was a promise.

Lucien stands in front of me and lifts my chin. "Go home, kiddo. I'll send over dinner, and you'll take a hot bath and have a glass of wine. Text me before you go to bed so I know you're okay."

I see the worry in his eyes, and I cave. "Fine. I'll try." I put on a brave face and give him a genuine smile.

He escorts me to my office to gather my belongings from my desk. "See you soon."

Pressing a kiss to his cheek, I'm reminded of how thankful I am to have Lucien in my life.

---

THE DRIVE HOME IS QUIET, BUT MY THOUGHTS ARE SO LOUD they drown out the radio. With my head in a daze, I pull into the parking lot of my condo, turning the key to kill the engine. Forget relaxing; I need to figure out what the hell I'm going to do about this Bertelli case.

As I make my way to the door, my heels click against the smooth pavement, and just as I reach for the knob, I hear the muted thuds of footsteps echoing in the night behind me. I glance over my shoulder but find no one there. My heart hammers in my chest as I scan the parking lot, seeing nothing except a few cars that seem to have been there a while. I think about Tony's threat, and my stomach clenches into a knot.

*You're being paranoid, Sienna. Get inside, and you'll be fine.*

I exhale a loud breath, trying to calm my nerves, while I insert the key. I'm going to take Lucien's advice and draw myself a scalding-hot bubble bath while I drink some wine.

*Yeah, that sounds like a good plan.*

That's my last thought as I unlock the door and a steamy breath warms the side of my neck. Then I'm grabbed from behind. Before I can scream for help, my head is rammed forward against the door, the force pushing it open. Almost unconscious, I fall to the ground, my shoulder taking most of the impact with a hard thud. A dark figure steps inside, shoving my crumpled body through the threshold with his foot, then closes the door behind him. He bends down in front of me, but I remain still as his face comes into focus through my blurred vision. His wild gaze scans along my body while I attempt to memorize his facial features.

"Who are—" My words are cut short when his hand smacks down on my face as I lie on the floor. My ears are ringing from the blow to the head, and now a sharp sting spreads across my cheek.

"Shut up, cunt," he sneers. "Don't you fucking make a sound."

Anger radiates from him as he glares at me. He grits his teeth before jerking me up from the floor by my silky white blouse. I scramble to my feet to make a run for the door, but the man holds me tighter, tugging me towards him. I know exactly why he's here—his presence proves my client *was* serious about killing me.

He forces me to my tiptoes, inching closer until he's a hair's breadth from my face. "The boss should have been a free man tonight. He should be home with us, drinking and fucking until sunrise." Something hard and cold wedges painfully against my rib cage, and I bite down a cry. "But you fucked up. I told him not to trust no bitch lawyer. Bitches are good for fucking, not speaking in a courtroom."

*If I don't do something soon, I'm going to die.*

For as long as I can remember, I've been surrounded by bad men. It's par for the course when it comes to my line of work. Having personally represented some of them, my father and Lucien made sure I could take care of myself. They enrolled me in self-defense classes, and I added kickboxing lessons in case a situation like this were to ever happen.

Thinking back on the tactics I learned years ago, I recall my instructor teaching us about dropping your weight and letting gravity help you. And I'm no featherweight. I've got plenty of curves for gravity to work with.

Pushing down the painful throbbing in my head and shoulder and focusing on my escape plan, I quickly sink into a fast squat. My attacker loses his grip on me, and I use the opportunity to shield myself from his weapon with a side-swipe of my forearm. A slight shuffle to the side, then I aim for his balls as I drive my fist forward with my weight behind the blow.

He doubles over with a loud grunt, just as I expected. So I grab his ears and force his head into my knee as I lift it to bash him in the face. Then, I land a swift kick to his kneecap that yields a satisfying *pop* followed by a bellowing cry. But there's no time to spare celebrating his injuries, because I know he won't be down for long. Without wasting a second, I scurry to the door and throw it open, yanking my keys from the lock and scooping up my dropped purse as I dart from the condo.

Relief washes over me when I glance back and realize he's yet to give chase. But my reprieve is short-lived when I reach my car and spot two or three men emerging from their hiding

places, all sharing the same scornful expression. I rip open the driver's side door and jump inside, watching Tony's men stalk closer to my vehicle. My heart threatens to explode as I press the ignition button with a trembling hand, sparking the car to life. The men run at me full speed with guns drawn while they shout hateful obscenities.

*Get the fuck outta here, Sienna. Just dri—*

“Ahhhhh!” My scream echoes in the enclosed space when a thunderous thump snatches my attention.

I almost jump out of my skin, my head snapping to the left, where I see a menacing face staring at me through my window. He grins wickedly at me, cruelty shadowing his dark eyes. I clutch my steering wheel and stomp on the gas, driving the hell out of there and away from Tony's men. From the rearview mirror, I watch them pile into two cars, their headlights glowing to life as they take off from the parking lot.

And now, the real chase begins.



I race down the streets of Carnage, maneuvering around cars, desperately trying to escape my attackers. Thank God it's nighttime, and there aren't many people on the road whose safety I have to worry about. But it also means there isn't much out here to put between me and this band of psychos right on my tail. It doesn't take a genius to guess what their plans are when they get their hands on me. They'll desecrate my body before dumping it where no one will find me. My heart aches at the thought of Lucien never knowing what happened.

*Fuck you, Tony Bertelli. I wish I never met you.*

I'm jarred from my thoughts when my car jerks forward after being rammed. A glance in the mirror reveals a muscled thug with a sinister scowl behind the wheel—the bastard gives me a mocking two-finger salute.

*Shit, shit, shit.*

Another slam to my rear bumper, and my face almost hits the steering wheel from the impact. We're close to the outskirts of town. There's nowhere to go, but I can't drive forever. I have to get off these streets. I stomp on the gas, looking for somewhere to turn, but the car behind me rams my back corner, making me swerve off the road.

I fishtail through a field just beyond a new, unoccupied subdivision, trying to regain control of the vehicle, but it's no use. By the time I spot the tree line of woods, I hit the brakes too late, and my car slams into the trunk of a thick pine. My

face stings, and burning smoke fills my lungs after the airbags deploy. There's broken glass everywhere, and I feel like I've been cut in two from the seat belt that I have no doubt saved me from being ejected. Shock and adrenaline flood my aching muscles while a constant ringing in my ears blocks all other noise.

In the distance, I see dust clouds forming from tires moving over dirt. Though I'm gasping for air while my hands visibly shake, I know I can't stay here in this car.

*Think, Sienna! You can get out of this. Just think.*

I refuse to focus on the pain, knowing it's a matter of seconds until these monsters find me. I grab my purse from the passenger floorboard, clutching it for dear life, and climb into the back. I don't want them to see me open the door to exit the vehicle, so I pull the seat back, crawl into the trunk, and then use the shoulder belt to pull the rest upright into its original place.

*Thank god I'm vertically challenged and can fit my pint-sized, chunky ass in this trunk!*

Curling into a ball, I close a hand over my mouth to keep from crying out as multiple sets of footsteps approach me. The ringing in my head has somewhat subsided, and I can hear them checking my car to see where I might be hiding.

*Please, don't look in the trunk. Please, don't look in the trunk.*

"Fucking shit!" an angry voice belts out.

"Where the fuck is she?" another questions.

Then I hear the distinct raspy voice of the man who attacked me at my condo. "Search the fucking woods. The little cunt can't have gotten far."

Their running footsteps fade in the distance, but I cautiously wait a few more minutes before making my move. Tears, blood, smeared makeup, and sweat coat my face, so I use my dirty blouse to wipe my eyes and allow me to see. I need to get out of here—wherever the fuck *here* is—and call for help before they come back and find me.

Reaching inside my purse, I retrieve my phone to find I have no service. *You gotta be kidding me!*

I feel around the trunk, my fingers grazing along the roof until I reach the plastic release handle and tug it hard. The unmistakable click of the trunk opening sends waves of relief through my body. Peeking out into the night, I determine the area is clear and climb down from the car, remaining low to the ground. Maybe I'll get cell service by the main road, but I need to stay hidden.

Moving as quickly as I can, I keep to the edge of the field, remembering I saw a gas station maybe a mile back. Pain radiates through me and threatens to stop me in my tracks. But I refuse to die here, not at the hands of Tony Bertelli's thugs. Spotting the gas station up ahead, I rush toward it as I begin to shake from my sobs. I hide behind a filthy dumpster, ensuring my location is concealed before I pull my phone from my purse. I send up a silent prayer of gratitude when I see I finally have cell service.

Lucien picks up on the second ring. "Hey, kiddo, you could've just—"

My voice is frantic, and I'm practically wailing now. "Please, please! I need you! You have to come!" Everything I've been forcing down and pushing out of my mind comes rushing back, and it's almost too much. Panic begins to set in.

"Sienna, what's wrong? Where are you?" Lucien sounds as terrified as I am, and I love him a bit more because of it.

My gaze darts around the empty parking lot as I explain what I see. He's lived here his whole life, and it doesn't take long for him to recognize the location I describe.

"Don't you move, honey. I'm on my way. Just hang on for me, kiddo. Hang on." He's distraught as he disconnects the call, but I know it's for the best, so I can keep hiding until he finds me.

It feels like an eternity, but I'm sure it's only been ten minutes or so. Then, I see approaching headlights, and I crouch lower to the ground, listening for the car to pull up so I

can confirm its owner. Lucien hisses my name, and I emerge from behind the dumpster, running straight into his open arms. He tugs me into a tight hug that hurts from my injuries, but I don't care as I let his familiar embrace soothe me. He pulls back, looking me over to assess my condition, and his face twists with anguish.

“Are you alright? What—” His words halt when he sees my battered face.

He's hot and seething, with rage swirling in his eyes. Without another word, he escorts me to the passenger side of his car and carefully helps me into the seat. Walking around the front, he joins me inside, then quietly puts on his seat belt and speeds off.

We ride in silence, the pounding in my head the only thing to keep me company. Where am I supposed to go now? With Tony's men after me? There's no way I can return home, and I'd never stay at Lucien's, putting him at risk too. Worry consumes me as exhaustion begins to take over.

Lucien pulls out his phone, selecting a contact from his favorites list, before raising the device to his ear. “Venom,” he greets the person on the other end of the line.

*Venom? Is that a real name? Who calls their child Venom?*

“I'm on my way with a special guest. A *very* special guest. I'll tell you everything once we arrive.” He listens for a few moments, showing no emotion on his face. “Fine. I'll see you soon.” Then Lucien disconnects the call and places his phone back into his pocket.

I look at him curiously. “What was that about? Who was that?” There's a dull ache on the side of my face from the attack and the crash. But I do my best to ignore it while I seek some answers.

“A good friend of mine... and someone who can protect you from criminals like Tony Bertelli.”

We drive a few more miles, turning down back roads, until we come across a large brick building with a tall gate. The place reminds me of a warehouse, but it's updated and

modern-looking. A crowd of men stands out front, huddled amongst each other. They're all dressed similarly in black leather vests, well-worn jeans, and black boots. When Lucien and I approach the main entrance, and I'm close enough to one of the men at the gate, I catch a glimpse of the emblem embroidered on his back.

*Satan's Disciples MC.*

I gasp, and my head whips in Lucien's direction. This man, who's like a father to me, has brought me to the clubhouse of Carnage's most notorious motorcycle club.

*What the hell was he thinking?*

“Get your ass up.” Country slaps my arm, but I don’t move.

*What time is it?*

I groan into the pillow, groggy from sleep. “For what?”

“Venom has a job for you.”

That’s all I need to hear before I get my ass moving. With what I do for the club, it isn’t unusual for me to be woken up in the dead of night to handle messy situations. My job is protection and security. Along with Crusher and Maverick, I keep the club, its members, and all known associates safe.

But sometimes, the job can get rough. I might need to do some creative persuading if an individual refuses to give us pertinent information. That’s my favorite part, although the real fun is had by Crusher. He’s an expert at extracting details from reluctant informants.

I sit up in bed, wiping away the sleep from my face before getting to my feet. Reaching for the shirt I threw on the floor at some point in the night, I pull it on, followed by my cut, before leaving my room and shuffling down the hallway. I know this route like the back of my hand and could walk it with my eyes closed, which is basically what I’m doing right now. I’m headed straight for the Prez’s office to see what assignment Venom has waiting for me.

Stopping in front of a large steel door, I knock once before I enter. Venom sits at his desk, his elbows planted on top with

his fingers laced together. His only acknowledgment that I've entered the room is the flick of his eyes toward me before they settle back on the two people in front of him. I give him a subtle nod and turn my gaze on our guests.

The man standing in the middle of the room looks out of place in his navy suit. But he appears somewhat relaxed with the two buttons of his collar undone and his hair ruffled, as if he's raked his hands through it a million times tonight. He stands protectively behind the woman he accompanies, blocking her from my view. I scan what I can see of her: torn clothing, tendrils of hair escaping her messy bun, dirty shoes. She's a fucking mess.

"I understand your situation, honey. He'll be assigned to your protection until we can... handle this further," Venom explains.

My eyes twitch at the vague implication. If by *handling*, he means finding these bastards who did this and killing them, then, yes, we'll definitely *handle* the situation.

The woman turns to look at the man behind her, but her captivating green eyes lock on mine and I freeze.

*Fuck, she's beautiful... and badly injured.*

Smearred black mascara runs down her tear-stained cheeks, and her bottom lip has a spot of dried blood where it's busted open. The purple bruise forming at the corner of her eye makes me want to find who did this to her and murder them with my bare hands. It takes a special kind of asshole to hurt a woman or a child. The kind who deserves to be put in the ground.

She trembles with her arms wrapped tightly around herself as if she's barely holding the pieces together. I'm sure she's scared out of her fucking mind, but I can't stop staring at her—she's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. And I can tell she's not some little mouse as she assesses me with hard eyes. There's a question in her gaze, but it's shrouded by shock and fear. Whoever did this to her better be long gone, because when I find them, I'm going to fucking enjoy killing them.

I step closer to Venom's desk. The woman's eyes land on my patch, then lift to my face. As I hold her gaze, I realize I like her looking at me. Almost as if she can see all of me, not just what's on the surface. Her unwavering stare sends a shiver down my spine, and I have to force myself to look away.

Venom introduces our guests and his voice breaks me from my trance. "This here is an old friend of mine, Lucien Toussaint." Our Prez motions to the well-dressed man before gesturing to the woman. "And this is Sienna Jones."

"Sienna." I roll her name around on my tongue, loving how it fucking sounds. I notice the way she flinches, her eyes darker now.

Venom lifts his chin in my direction. "Sit down so we can begin."

"Nah, I'm good right here." I lean back against the wall, crossing my arms over my chest. I want to stay where I can keep my eyes on the beauty in front of me.

"Have it your way then." Venom flicks a dismissive hand in my direction and turns back to his guests. "Why don't you tell us what happened? From the beginning."

"Take your time, kiddo." The man, Lucien, reassures the girl. His voice is gentle, like a father calming a crying baby.

"I represented a man named Tony Bertelli in a recent trial..." Sienna begins. I pause at this news, my eyes narrowing at what she just said.

Venom looks to Lucien with barely contained surprise on his face. "*She* represented Toni Bertelli?"

But Sienna responds before Lucien can answer. "Yes, *she* did."

I watch from my position off to the side as Sienna gives Venom a slight glare. He dips his chin apologetically, causing me to smile internally at her display of backbone.

"Probably would've been better if I didn't, though, because the trial didn't go the way he wanted. Now, he's facing life in prison." She sighs, lowering her head. "And he



let me know just what he thought about that too, by threatening me. Telling me that if he ended up behind bars, then his men would make sure this was my last case. Ever.”

Lucien places a hand on her shoulder for encouragement, and she stiffens slightly. Not in fear of him, but in response to events that occurred earlier tonight. I don't know this woman, but I don't like seeing her this way. I can tell she's a fighter. And watching her carry around this fear on her shoulders, knowing it doesn't belong there, makes me irrationally angry.

She continues explaining. “When I left the office this evening, I wasn't paying attention because I was so furious with myself about losing this high-profile case. And I'd just had my ass handed to me by the firm's partners. I was in a fog when I got home, and that's when a man came up behind me and bashed my head against my front door.”

So, that's what happened to her pretty face. My hands are itching to get to these guys right now.

“He didn't say much. Just told me that Tony should have been a free man, and then he hit me some more.” Sienna swallows, likely reliving the details from tonight. “Everything hurt and I thought I was gonna die, but I tried my best to focus. Tried to figure out how to get away from him. Then, I remembered my training, and I dropped.”

“You dropped?” Venom raises a curious eyebrow.

“Yeah. I took self-defense classes. Considering the men I represent from time to time, thought it would be a smart idea.”

Well, she wasn't fucking wrong. That's for damn sure.

Lucien chimes in, “We wanted to make sure she could take care of herself if she got into a situation like this. We just never believed it would actually happen.”

“We?” I kick off from the wall, asking the question as I move closer to her.

“Sienna's father, Robert, was like a brother to me. He'd been my best friend since law school. I've been in Sienna's life since the day she was born, and when Robert died, I made

sure she had everything she needed. This is the first time I've failed her." The pained look on his face makes me feel bad for him.

Sienna turns and gives Lucien her attention. "You didn't fail me. This isn't your fault."

"She's right, brother. There's no one to blame here but Tony Bertelli."

Lucien gives Venom a nod of gratitude before encouraging Sienna to go on with her story.

"As I was saying, I remembered this one lesson about quickly dropping my weight to knock an attacker off balance. So I did that and used the opportunity to execute a series of counter strikes, which allowed me to stun my assailant and get away."

Venom's eyebrows lift as he smiles. "Fuck, honey. I'm impressed."

My stomach twists at the thought of some asshole with his hands on her, and I mutter, "That was smart of you, but it could've ended differently."

This woman has balls; I'll give her that. In a terrifying moment, she chose to stay cool and act, instead of lying there and hoping for the best. She's a fighter, alright. And it's fucking hot.

She twists around and narrows her eyes at me. "You're right. It could've ended differently. But I was willing to take my chances."

I lift my chin in understanding, and she returns to addressing Venom.

"When I got to my car, there were more men outside, and they all chased me as I drove off. They eventually caught up and ran me off the road, where I crashed into a tree." Sienna clutches her trembling hands.

Venom's eyes instinctively drop to the gesture—mine do the same—before he lifts his gaze back to her face.

“I hid in the trunk until it was safe to escape, then ran to a nearby gas station and called Lucien.”

“I’m proud of you, kiddo. I don’t know what I’d do if I lost you too.” Lucien pulls her in for a hug, and I watch her wince in pain. But she returns his embrace like any child would with a parent.

My eyes travel along her curvy frame as I watch the two of them. For such a small thing, she packs a powerful will to survive. In situations like these, it’s not uncommon for women to freeze in fear or just give up. Those men chasing after Sienna intended to kill her, and I guarantee it would not have been quick. I know what goes on in minds like theirs. One look at her sinful body, and I know they wanted to relish it because any man with eyes would. But the difference is they want to end her life. And I want to end theirs.

She’s gorgeous, even under the purple bruises on her skin. The more I stare at her wounds, cuts, and welts, the more fury swirls inside me. But I swallow down my anger, letting it simmer until I can find the men who did this. And kill them.

It isn’t long before I realize Sienna is full-on staring at me, and something about her gaze is unnerving. *What the fuck is she thinking right now?*

We continue our stare-off as Lucien asks Venom, “You will be able to keep her safe, right?”

“You have my word.” Venom gestures to me, but I don’t take my eyes off Sienna. “Throttle here will make sure nothing happens to your girl. He’s my best for this. Until we get our answers, she’ll be under his care.”

I note her red-rimmed eyes, swollen cheeks, and messy hair. “Nothing and no one will hurt you while you’re with me. I’ll make sure you’re safe, Sienna. You don’t have to worry about that.” I ignore everyone else in the room as I make this promise to her.

She chews the corner of her lower lip, her brow wrinkled as she looks at me. She doesn’t say anything for several moments, then bobs her head in agreement.

Lucien kisses the top of her head, before taking the few steps to reach me, and extends a hand. “This girl is like a daughter to me. I’m counting on you to keep anything from happening to her.”

“You don’t have to worry about that.” I clasp his palm, shaking it firmly.

Then he drops his chin as darkness churns in his eyes. “And you do whatever you have to do to make them pay for what they’ve done.”

A familiar twinge of depravity spirals inside me, lifting the corners of my mouth. “Oh, you can fucking count on it.”

After a few pleasantries and goodbyes, Lucien reluctantly leaves Sienna in my care, and Venom escorts him out. I gesture for her to follow me out of the office, knowing she must be exhausted, considering the long night she’s had. And after reliving the events with us, I doubt she wants to talk anymore.

Guess I was fucking wrong.

“So... is your plan really to protect me? Or do you just want to fuck me?”

Her blunt question stops me dead in my tracks. I slowly pivot around, staring down at the woman whose hands are on her full, sexy hips as she glares up at me.

“I beg your fucking pardon?”

“You heard me,” she hisses.

“The fuck I did, so I’m gonna need you to repeat yourself.” I hold her gaze as shock washes over me. *Where the fuck is this coming from?* “What are you implying, girl?”

“I’m implying that I saw the way you were staring at me in there. Like I’ll owe you something in exchange for your help. Well, kiss my ass because that’s not happening.”

This woman has lost her fucking mind. She must be in shock or something. That’s the only explanation for her batshit behavior right now.

“Listen, doll—“

“I’ll let you know now, sir. There is no way in hell.” She points her index finger at me with her swollen lips pinched in a tight line. Fuck, she’s cute when she’s mad, like an angry teddy bear. “I was forced to defend men like you throughout my career because of who my father was, but that doesn’t mean I’ll be forced into letting you fuck me.”

*Wow, what a fucking mouth on this one.*

I clench my jaw as my hands ball into fists at my sides. How did she completely shift from the strong yet fearful woman inside Venom’s office to this snotty bitch who couldn’t be more wrong about me?

I glare at her, pissed but still struck by her beauty. “Baby, my dick wouldn’t touch you if yours was the last pussy on earth, and you dropped to your knees begging for my cock.” I lean down, my face close enough to brush her nose with mine. “So don’t fucking flatter yourself.”

She gasps as flames flicker in her eyes, and I pull back to walk away from her, not giving one fuck if she’s behind me or not. I should’ve kept my fucking ass in bed.

**U**gh, *who the hell is this guy?*

I can't believe he has the nerve to talk to me like that after he practically undressed me with his eyes. So what if my body grew hot under the weight of his stare? That's irrelevant. Has he never seen a woman before? As gorgeous as he is, I'd seriously doubt that. He probably flaunts that tight ass of his in order to get women to sleep with him. Though it kills me to admit it, the man *is* sexy.

Judging from his appearance, I'd say he climbed out of bed when we arrived, yet he managed to make himself presentable enough to meet us. His fitted black jeans and tight white t-shirt that's sculpted over his corded arms showcase his muscular physique. And his inky black hair looks as though he ran his fingers through it a few times before coming out here.

But what truly caught my attention were his eyes. He has the most captivating, sable-brown eyes I've ever seen. When I first felt his gaze on me, I couldn't look away. I was trapped, as if he were stripping me bare, seeing the most vulnerable pieces of me. It was unnerving and exhilarating all at the same time.

And this is the person who's going to protect me until the situation with Tony Bertelli is resolved? A man named Throttle. *Great*. Forgive me for not having more confidence in my new bodyguard.

He stalks off, not caring if I keep up with him or not. I'm exhausted and hurt and hungry, but I'll be damned if I let him

see me sweat any more than he already has. I don't know this man, and I'm not sure if I can trust him yet.

He leads me through the building, pointing out things while we walk. But he's moving too fast, and I can barely hear him when he speaks. Or maybe it's the ringing in my ears from the crash that has my head still fuzzy. It doesn't matter. I just want to get to a bed and sleep for the next three days.

This place is nothing like I expected... with its clean, modern, sports bar feel. But the crowd filling the space is not what you'd find on a Friday night in downtown Carnage. These dangerous men are intimidating and massive with huge muscles and miles of tattoos. The wolfish bikers standing by the bar have no concerns as they stare at me with blatant interest, causing me to clutch at a set of imaginary pearls. I want to run as far away as possible, but I know the minute I try to leave, Tony's men will find me and that's not a scenario I'm interested in entertaining.

*Suppose I'll have to get used to the lion's den then.*

Our brief tour concludes at a door at the end of a long hallway. When Throttle pushes inside and starts milling about, I realize this must be his bedroom. He gestures for me to join him but I don't move from my spot, remaining frozen in the hall. Surely, he doesn't think we're sharing a room. With as large as this building is, there has to be an empty bedroom around here somewhere, right?

I can only assume the answer is *no* because he forces the air from his lungs, obviously annoyed as he rolls his eyes. Charging toward me, Throttle gently but firmly grabs my wrist to pull me inside, then closes the door behind us as he nudges me on the ass to scoot me farther into the room.

*You big jerk!*

He toes off his boots, kicking them to the side while I wait a few feet beyond the door. Though I'm not sure what I'm waiting for. Surveying his space, I'm surprised it fits a king-sized bed, along with its matching dresser and nightstand, which currently holds a new-model laptop and interesting

lamp that I'm curious if he picked out himself. Maybe some floozy did it for him.

The closet is decent-sized, according to the amount of clothes I see hanging up, and he has his own bathroom with a full bathtub too. The cherry on the sundae is the tall window overlooking the firepit I see flickering in the back courtyard of the clubhouse and the trees just beyond that. I never would've guessed the living accommodations were anything like this. And I'm a bit ashamed to admit that, as I've never thought of myself as being this judgmental.

I glance at the rumpled sheets of the unmade bed that sits in the middle of the room. Yep, he was definitely asleep when Venom called him into his office.

*Venom*... I make a mental reminder to ask Lucien how he became friends with a man named *Venom*.

Deep in thought, I bite my lower lip and flinch in pain, forgetting that my mouth is still busted. I bring my fingers to the wound, gently grazing it before wincing again.

"Ow," I hiss.

"If you touch it, it's gonna hurt," Throttle scolds.

"Thanks, Dad," I snarl back, but he only grins.

"No problem, sweetheart. Bathroom's over there. Go shower."

My eyes follow the direction of his hiked thumb. "What?"

"You've had a helluva fucking night and I'm sure you've been rolling in mud and dirt and shit. I'm not about to sleep next to someone smelling like outside. Plus, I just changed the sheets."

I momentarily gape at him with wide eyes before finding my tongue. "I'm not sleeping with you."

He shrugs, the gesture so casual it's irritating. "Then I guess you're sleeping on the floor, Princess."

A nightmare. I'm having a nightmare and, any minute now, I'll wake up and this will all be over. That's the only



explanation for everything that's happened in the last eighteen hours. I just need to wake up and all of this will go away, including the gorgeous asshole standing in front of me.

“Wake up, Sienna. Wake up.”

“You talk to yourself often? Exactly how hard did you hit your head?” Throttle cranes his neck to the right as he narrows his gaze at me.

So, it's not a dream and this is in fact my fucked-up reality. I'm a helpless woman who's been threatened by her murdering creep of a client. A dangerous man who sent his homicidal goons to do his dirty work by attacking me in my own home. Yet, by the grace of God, I narrowly escape death, only to find myself hidden inside the city's most formidable motorcycle club. Then, the president of that same club has the bright idea of assigning the most audacious, rudest biker he can find to be my bodyguard for the foreseeable future, even if said biker is sexy as hell.

*I just need this day to be over. I don't think I can take much more.*

I drop my chin to my chest as I pinch the bridge of my nose. “You can't be serious right now.”

“As a heart attack, honey.” Throttle looks me up and down, the sympathy previously evident in his eyes now gone as he strips to his black boxer briefs and climbs into bed.

He turns on his side to face me, his head resting on his knuckles. He pats the empty spot on the mattress, indicating for me to come. When I don't move, he shakes his head and chuckles while I admire his well-defined pecs.

*I wonder what he tastes like...*

“You can wash off the filth from the day—which we both know will make you feel better, but you're being a stubborn mule and don't want to admit it—and get in this big, comfortable bed. Or you can keep being pig-headed and sleep on the floor, because of some stupid idea that you can't sleep in the same bed with me. Is that it? 'Cause I'm not getting out of my own bed, woman.”

That *is* it, but it sounds dumb when he says it out loud. It certainly didn't seem so childish in my head.

“Fine with me, girl. I'm not the one who's gonna wake up in a world of hurt after spending the night on the hard floor. Extra blankets are in there.” He points to the closet.

“Aren't you going to help me set up for the night?” It's not as if I can't figure it out on my own or do it myself, but it's good manners to help out when you have company. And for a gentleman to assist a lady. But this... *biker* is not a gentleman, nor does he have good manners.

So why am I surprised? He's a Satan's Disciple, not a Rockefeller.

“Woman, I offered you the chance to sleep in my bed. Warm and cozy with a fluffy, pillow-top mattress. If you decline, that's your problem.” He smirks as he lies back with his fingers clasped behind his head.

I ball my hands into tight fists, the urge to hit him bubbling to the surface. “Fine,” I grit out as I huff to the bathroom, hearing the cotton sheets ruffle behind me as I go.

“Oh, and when you finish, Princess?” I look over my shoulder, but don't turn to face him. “Make sure you turn off the lights before you go to bed. On the floor. Like a stubborn puppy.”

*I. Am going. To kill. Him.*

I wake with an ache in my back and my bruises painful to the touch. Sleeping on the ground didn't do me any favors after a traumatic evening of evading ruthless killers.

Last night, after I came out of the shower, I borrowed one of Throttle's shirts and pulled it on. Then I made a pallet using the blankets from his closet and a pillow stolen from his bed. He was already sleeping, snoring the night away, but I resisted the urge to smack him so he could suffer as much as I was. Within minutes of resting my head on the pillow, I drifted off to much-needed sleep.

Now, my eyes strain to focus as sunlight blends into the cream-colored walls, the warm rays shining on my face. My tired bones pop when I stretch my arms over my head. Sitting up, I seek out the origin of the sweet, nutty aroma that fills my nose. When I glance toward the desk, I see a miniature coffee pot resting in the center beside a mug and a note. I slowly roll to my feet so I can retrieve it.

*Went to find you a change of clothes.  
Ibuprofen is in the small desk drawer  
under the coffee maker in case you  
need it.*

- T

Guilt washes over me as I think about the man I wanted to strangle last night doing something as thoughtful as this. I may have judged him too quickly and harshly, considering this kind act. It's also possible that I've watched too much TV and didn't give him a fair chance. I'll think about that later though. Right now, I need coffee.

I pour myself a cup and take my first sip, letting the warm liquid soothe me from the inside out. My stiff muscles relax, and I stand here, holding the mug while I roll my head and neck to relieve the ache. After a few more sips, my stomach begins to rumble, telling me it's time to find some breakfast.

I search Throttle's dresser, looking for bottoms to wear with the shirt I borrowed last night. The only thing that has a drawstring is a pair of baggy gym shorts, but they'll have to do. I cinch them up, hoping they stay on my hips, then leave the room. As I navigate the hall, I try to remember where Throttle said the kitchen was. He gave me such a terrible tour I'm concerned I won't find my way back.

After wandering around for what feels like an eternity, I end up in the common area of the clubhouse. There are men and women huddled together, laughing and talking. Once I enter the room, however, the laughter ceases and everyone stares at me with curious expressions on their faces.

Every muscle in my body is telling me to run—I don't like their collective eyes on me—but I hold my ground instead. My gaze peruses the group dressed in jeans and black leather vests with large lettering on the back. I don't know what time it is, but I'm guessing it's still morning. So I'm baffled that they appear wide awake and are currently drinking alcohol.

*Not your concern, Sienna. They can do what they want.*

Just as I pivot to leave, one of the men speaks up. "Are you lost, little girl? Why don't you come sit on Daddy's lap then?"

I roll my eyes and turn to face the asshole. "How does sitting on your lap help me if I'm lost?"

"It doesn't. I just want to know how your body feels resting against mine." His smile grows wide while the men

around him laugh, the women joining in too.

“Keep dreaming because that’s never gonna happen.” I flip him off, earning myself a new bout of laughter from his friends. But instead of getting mad or throwing a man-sized tantrum for embarrassing him, the guy’s smile broadens. “Just tell me where the kitchen is and I’ll be on my way.” My head shakes in disbelief. I’m not even sure why I bother asking this group.

“You hungry, baby? I’ll give you something to eat,” a red-haired biker calls out, gripping his dick through his jeans and giving it a shake.

*It’s too early for this crap.*

I stare pointedly at him. “I’m looking for something that would satisfy me. When I’m in the mood for a cocktail weenie...” I glance down at his dick, then back to his face. “... I’ll let you know.”

There’re *oohs* and *ahs* coming from the group now, followed by some commentary and more laughter.

“Where’d she come from?”

“Who’s bitch is this?”

“She’s hilarious, brother. Let’s keep her.”

“Damn, girl, you got a mouth on you.”

I maintain a stoic expression as they try to settle down. I’ve never been one to take shit from anyone and I won’t be starting today, especially with a rowdy bunch of lewd bikers.

One of the women in the group points to her left. “It’s through there, honey,” she announces, and I give her a grateful smile before heading in that direction.

I walk through the threshold of the kitchen, amazed at how big it is. The wonderment only lasts for a second though as I shuffle toward the fridge. I open the door, and my mouth waters at the sight of the freshly washed grapes sitting on the shelf. I don’t know who these belong to but I make a quiet apology under my breath. Popping one grape at a time into my mouth, I find eggs, bacon, English muffins, and jam. I start

heating up a frying pan, slapping bacon down and making the whole room smell like Sunday morning.

A short while later, Throttle walks in holding a large paper grocery bag. He places it on the counter and moves toward me.

“What’s up? Jerk said I could find *the princess with the smart mouth* in here.” He throws a thumb over his shoulder and gestures to the other room.

“Jerk?” I raise a brow.

“Yeah, the redhead. He goes by Jerk.”

*Well, the name definitely suits him.*

“He and some of the other guys decided to show me just how classy and welcoming they could be, so I might’ve put them in their places.” I shrug, turning off the eye on the stove before arranging food on a plate and passing it to Throttle. “Here.” He stares questioningly at it and I want to roll my eyes. “Don’t worry, I didn’t poison it.”

“Why are you giving me food?”

“Because, like it or not, I’m stuck with you and I want to show you that I... well, maybe I appreciate you helping me.” That tasted bitter on my tongue. I reach for my own plate and begin to walk out of the kitchen. “And because you made me coffee this morning.”

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I DIDN’T EXPECT THROTTLE TO FOLLOW ME BUT THAT’S exactly what he did. Yet, he doesn’t touch his food when we return to his room. He sits on the bed, staring at his meal with odd curiosity as I devour mine. I was starving, which is not surprising considering I didn’t eat anything before going to bed last night.

I notice the way his jaw clenches every time I take a bite, as though he can taste it too. Why does the man have to be so attractive? Aren’t bikers supposed to be burly with beer bellies and long beards? Why did my biker bodyguard have to be a

tall, roguishly handsome sex god who clearly works out every day, judging by his massive muscles?

Even last night, I couldn't tear my eyes away from his biceps as they moved beneath the sleeves of his T-shirt. He looks as though he gets off on trouble and danger. But men like him *are* trouble and danger.

“Why were you Tony Bertelli's lawyer?” His question snaps me out of my sinful thoughts. There wasn't a hint of judgment in it, just general interest.

I shrug. “Because someone had to do it.” I take another bite of my bacon. “And because I'm used to representing men like him.”

“Psychopaths, you mean?”

“Some of them can be, yes.”

When I was younger, I thought my father was a hero for wanting to defend people who weren't given a fair chance in life. I would watch him with such pride, and when he finally taught me the ropes, I was excited to stand up in court alongside him. It wasn't long before I realized representing these men wasn't heroic at all—it was corrupt. *They* were corrupt and used my father's legal genius to continue their lives of crime.

“Do you enjoy it?” Throttle asks and I stare at him warily.

“What are you doing?”

“I'm making conversation.” He shrugs.

“There's no need. Just do your job and I'll do my best to stay out of your way.” *Wow, I sound like a bitch to my own ears, but clearly I'm in self-preservation mode.* “Besides, don't you have something to do? You went to fetch me clothes and you brought them to me. Mission accomplished. So shouldn't you be out—I don't know—working or something?” I almost flinch at how callus my words are, but at this moment, I can't seem to stop myself.

Throttle scoffs, shaking his head before leaping off the bed and pacing the room. “What the fuck is wrong with you, girl?”

he snaps.

I blink rapidly. “What do you mean?”

“*What do I mean?* Here I am, trying to understand you, being fucking civil, and you’re acting like a bitch.”

He’s right, but I immediately become defensive anyway. “Excuse me?” I slam down my empty plate on the bed and stomp toward him. “How dare you call me that? You don’t even know me.”

“And why do you think that is, sweetheart? I’m trying to get to know you, but that stick is so far up your ass you can’t act like a normal fucking human.” I open my mouth to argue with him but he cuts me off. “You think I didn’t notice the way you were staring at this place last night? Yeah, Princess, I saw you clutching your fucking pearls. Is our meager little clubhouse not up to your standards?”

I gasp with disdain as he continues to mock me.

“What? Did you want your pillows fluffed before you slept on my goddamn floor?” Thick cords of muscle tighten in his neck. “It’s clear you don’t want to be here, but I ain’t stopping you from leaving.”

I throw my hands in the air with irritation. “Of course, I don’t want to be here! I want to be home, sleeping in *my* bed instead of on a hard, dirty floor!”

He crosses his beefy arms over his chest and widens his stance. “I offered you a comfy bed. Not my fault you declined,” he dissents, as if that’s my problem.

“I’m not sleeping in a bed with you!” I shout, standing my ground as Throttle edges toward me.

He tosses his head back with a laugh. “Why not? It’s not like I’m gonna fuck you, if that’s what you’re worried about. I don’t fuck prudes.”

*What an asshole.*

“Oh my god. Watch your mouth.”



“Don’t tell me what to fucking do, Princess. And don’t start actin’ like some fucking saint. It doesn’t suit you.” He runs a hand through his thick, dark hair. “Listen, if you wanna take your chances out there, then by all means, be my guest. Like I said, I ain’t keeping you here.” He closes the short distance separating us, stopping only when we’re toe-to-toe. “But the minute you step outside this clubhouse, you’re a dead woman. And we both know it.”

I swallow thickly. Does he think I’m not acutely aware of my precarious situation? If he’s trying to scare me, he’d better try harder. I know what he’s saying is true, but I’ve already come to terms with it—this isn’t the first time I’ve been threatened by a client. Although, it *is* the first time a client has the capabilities and resources to turn that threat into a promise. That doesn’t mean I like having Throttle chastise me though.

“So you’d be just fine if I walked outta here and something happened to me? If those men from last night managed to find me?” I narrow my eyes at him.

A muscle in his jaw twitches as he grinds his teeth. He leans forward, getting in my face, which forces me to step back until I’m trapped between him and the bed. I stumble and ungracefully plop onto the mattress as he follows me down, planting his heavy fists on the outsides of my hips. His gaze bores into me, and I can’t break the spell cast by his chocolate-brown eyes.

“Be careful, Princess. Not a good idea to provoke the animals,” he growls.

But apparently, I don’t know when to quit. “Fuck the animals,” I quietly seethe, flipping him off for good measure.

He responds with a chuckle before glancing at my mouth as his pupils begin to dilate. My body heats from our proximity and the intensity radiating off him. I need to get away. He’s making my head spin and clouding my judgment with lust.

“And you said I should watch *my* mouth.” He *tsks* with a slow shake of his head. He brushes his thumb along my bottom lip, slightly tugging it down before dropping his hand

back to his side. “I’d say that mouth of yours is filthier than mine.”

“I highly doubt it,” I murmur as my gaze flickers to his full lips. This man is dangerous... to my well-being and my panties. But I can’t lose control right now. It’s the one thing keeping me sane after feeling helpless at the hands of a brutal killer. So I scramble to break the thick tension mounting between us. “And just so—”

“Do you ever stop talking, Princess?” Throttle taunts, then crushes his lips to mine.

My brain short-circuits as I desperately try to reconcile this unexpected turn of events. He sharply tugs my silky hair, pulling my head back and forcing my mouth more firmly against his. It’s only then that I register what’s happening; Throttle is kissing me. But this kiss isn’t romantic. It’s not soft or gentle or tender. No, this is raw lust at its finest.

And I want more of it.

We stare at each other, challenge flaring in our gazes while our tongues feverishly move together. I bite down on his lower lip, a sick satisfaction running through me at the taste of his blood. He pulls away just enough to swipe the tip of his tongue over my fresh mark.

“Fuck, Sienna. Daddy likes it rough,” he groans, bringing his hand up to grip my throat.

Before I can protest, his mouth is on me again, that metallic taste slipping past my lips. Needing air, I attempt to turn away, but his grip tightens until I see stars. My arms fall limply at my sides while the room begins to spin, but I’m desperate for everything he’s giving me and wouldn’t dream of stopping him.

*Why does kissing him feel so good?*

“I like how you taste, baby. Must be that smart fucking mouth you got.” Throttle grins, sucking hard on my lower lip.

I moan, my eyes drifting closed but I’m not sure if it’s from reduced oxygen or being lust-drunk. His hand relaxes when he breaks the kiss, then he rests his forehead against

mine. Our breaths are heavy and labored, my full breasts pressing against his warm body with every rise and fall of my chest.

I tilt my head so I can stare into his piercing eyes. They're so intense, his pupils almost black. My body aches for him to touch me, yet I can't explain why, since I don't even know this man. Rationality swirls in the back of my mind, but my thoughts remain on him and his hand caressing my neck while he centers his focus on me. Just as he leans in for another kiss—one I'm all too willing to give—we hear loud, muffled voices coming from the other side of his door. And our ravenous trance is broken.

Throttle and I separate, dissipating the thick sexual tension in the room. Sanity and good sense flood my brain, and I brush his hand away, pushing at his chest.

*What the hell was I thinking?* I cannot get involved with this man.

“You need to keep your hands to yourself,” I warn him.

He smirks, dismissing my change of attitude as he yet again invades my space. “Don't come at me again and I will.”

He slides a palm beneath my shirt and skates the back of his fingers against the smooth skin of my stomach. My nipples pucker from the sensual touch, but I refuse to let him drag me down that rabbit hole again, and steel my expression.

“Clean clothes are in the bag on the bathroom counter. Get dressed.” He casually wipes the corner of his mouth with his thumb, seemingly disregarding this intense moment we shared.

Hurt zips through me, even though I brushed him off first. But I don't utter another word, moving toward the bathroom instead while hoping the clothes he brought will fit. As much as I want to forget about what just happened between us, my mind remains locked on how wet my panties are and how right that kiss felt.

But it was wrong. And I won't let it happen again.

**F**uck me. That kiss was everything.

As soon as Sienna retreats to the bathroom, I sneak out of my room, carrying the plate of food she made me, and find a comfortable spot in the kitchen to sit quietly with my thoughts. The past ten minutes replay in my head like a heavenly nightmare. I can still taste her sweetness on my lips, making me crave more.

The woman is insufferable, like she gets off on arguing with me. But fuck if it doesn't go straight to my cock, urging me to fuck that sass right out of her. Dirty her up and make her beg me to let her come. Maybe I'm a masochist or some shit. I must be if my dick gets rock-hard after dealing with the little brat. When Emma had someone gunning for her life, she never copped an attitude like this. I also never wanted to fuck Emma into my mattress until she screamed and came all over my cock.

I squeeze my fork, bringing a bite of eggs to my mouth. My meal has gone cold, but it's still fucking delicious. *Not bad for such a defiant little girl.* However, that doesn't mean she's earned my praise yet, and at this rate, she never will.

I grit my teeth, standing up and dumping my half-eaten breakfast into the trash before seeking Venom out. He and I need to have some words regarding my new assignment.

When I arrive at his office, I don't bother knocking, an offense that could have him kicking my ass. But I don't give two shits. We need to talk. I push my way inside, finding him

hunched over his desk and sifting through piles of paper. I stand in front of him, silently demanding his attention. When he doesn't look up, I realize he isn't going to acknowledge me, so I take the initiative.

“You gotta find someone else, Prez. That woman is a bitch.”

“Can't do your job?” Venom questions, keeping his head down as he continues to work. “One little girl too much for you to handle?” His voice drips with condescension and I can practically hear him grinning.

“Of course, not. But she's—”

“What? Too pretty for you? Or too smart?” He snorts, a stab of annoyance pricking my chest. “I promised an old friend we'd look after her. Sienna is family to him, which makes her our family. So you need to figure out your shit because she stays with you for as long as I say she does. Now, unless you're giving up your patch, I suggest you get the fuck outta my office and don't come at me with this bullshit again.” The finality in his tone lets me know our brief conversation is over. And he never looked up once.

*Fucking hell.* I clench my jaw and leave without another word.

He had my number before I opened my damn mouth. Probably even knows I kissed the fuck out of her and was this close to fucking her into tomorrow. The man knows everything and it's irritating as shit. But that's why he's our Prez and everyone fears and respects him, whether they're in this MC or not.

Cursing my situation under my breath, I wander aimlessly around the clubhouse before going back to my room. I've given Sienna plenty of time to get dressed and calm that bratty attitude of hers. I'm hoping she's come to her senses and can act civilized, instead of treating me like I'm some dirty biker who's beneath her. If she keeps that shit up, Daddy's going to have to put her in her place.

*Then again, maybe that's just what she needs...*

Thoughts of her curvy body draped over my knee as I spank her plush ass make my cock twitch in my jeans. The graceful features of her angelic face expressing pleasure and pain while she takes her punishment like a good little slut... I can almost smell her arousal, imagine her pussy dripping and coating her delicious thighs. Thighs I want to smother me, while she grips my headboard and rides my face with my tongue deep in her juicy cunt.

*What the fuck did she do to me with that kiss?*

Blinking away my salacious thoughts, I push open my door to find Sienna watching TV from the center of my king-sized bed. Her hair is wet from a recent shower, the ends slightly curling. My eyes trail her body, appreciating how good she looks in the blacked ripped jeans and fitted white tee I picked out for her. I knew she'd look hot, but honestly I wanted to see her in something different from the snooty business suit she wore last night. I just didn't imagine she'd look this good.

Noticing my presence, she turns her head to face me. "So... thanks for the clothes. I guess this is how biker girls dress?" Her cheeks redden as she giggles nervously, which only serves to draw my attention to her pouty mouth again.

"Well, it suits you."

She returns her focus to whatever show she was watching, appearing almost innocent and childlike as she sits with her legs crossed and her hands in her lap. Makes me feel bad for how we left things after that heated kiss, like maybe I need to smooth them over.

"Listen—" I start with a heavy sigh, but the words die off as a shrill ringing blares through the room. I pull out my phone and glance at the screen before my gaze hardens while reading my text.

"Something wrong?" Sienna asks, and I lift my eyes to hers.

"Club shit," I respond tersely.

"I don't know what that means."

“It means I gotta take care of something.” I return my phone to my pocket and move toward the door. “I need to head out. Stay here and wait until I get back.”

Her brow wrinkles and she’s quiet for a moment. “Will I be safe here, while you’re gone?”

The anxiety I hear in her voice hits me in the chest. I pivot around, taking in the way her eyes beg for reassurance. All her sass has evaporated and I have a sudden epiphany. When she arrived last night, looking around the clubhouse and observing my brothers, she wasn’t afraid of or disgusted by the people inside these walls. She was terrified that the monsters outside would find a way to breach them.

I swear those fuckers will never put their hands on her again.

“You’re safe here. And you’re safe with me.”

Sienna stares at me for a long moment before finally nodding. “Then go. I promise I’ll be here when you get back.” Seconds feel like minutes while I commit her beautiful face to my memory, my hand tightening on the doorknob. “Go,” she repeats with a subtle smile, and this time I don’t hesitate.

“I’m holding you to that promise, Princess.” The urge to kiss her again burns through me, but I press it down, forcing myself to leave.

I want to stay and make sure she’s safe, but club business is calling and it won’t be ignored. In less than twenty-four hours, this insolent little sex siren has captured my attention and I feel an inherent need to protect her. This is the first time I’ve ever wanted to dismiss my duty to my brothers—something I’d never actually do. But I’m finding it hard to resist the temptation. Just like I’m finding it hard to resist her.

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*A MOTHERFUCKING SETUP.*

Two of our brothers were arrested last night but no one can figure out why. We may do some illegal shit, but we make sure

to keep our game tight. And it's rare we run into any trouble with the cops. No, this was definitely a setup.

Since Sketch and Boner have been taken into custody, we decide to play it smart and keep low profiles for the time being. But in case the club draws any heat, we quietly move our inventory to our backup location until we can figure this shit out.

I take out my phone and call Alec Drew, a friend from way back who owns the largest waste management company in Carnage. I give him the briefest rundown of the situation, and he swiftly agrees to supply a few trucks for our transport. I don't tell him what we're moving but I don't need to. He knows not to ask questions and how to keep his mouth shut, especially for what we pay him. Alec is loyal as fuck. I've tried to get him to prospect with the Disciples, and he always turns me down but has been there for anything I've ever asked of him.

I spend the next few hours with my brothers loading and unloading our contraband, burying it deep in the back of a warehouse at the landfill Alec owns. When I notice the sun going down, I realize I've been gone all day and left Sienna by herself longer than I wanted. I ride to the clubhouse, exhausted and sweaty from being outside in the sun. When I walk inside my room, I find the smart-mouthed beauty lying on her stomach in the middle of my bed, wearing my sweats and watching TV. Her head swivels toward me when I enter.

"Hey," I say, struck dumb by her pretty face.

"Hi."

I smell like ass, so I don't utter another word before heading straight for the bathroom. I shower, washing away the grime and dirt, then quickly towel off. When I step back into my bedroom, I find a commercial-worthy turkey sandwich with all the trimmings and a cold bottle of beer waiting for me on the desk. I turn to Sienna, a brow raised in silent question.

"You looked hungry." She shrugs but her expression gives nothing away.



I stare at her, surprised by her thoughtfulness after our exchange this morning. This was actually... nice of her. “Did you eat?”

“Yeah, just before you got back.” Her gaze drifts down my body while her cheeks heat with a subtle blush. Lifting her eyes back to mine, she suggests, “Maybe you should get dressed.” She pinches her lips together to suppress a smile.

I blink and glance down at my bare chest, my skin still damp with droplets of water from my shower. My towel hangs loosely around my hips, emphasizing the cut grooves of muscle pointing to the outline of my dick. While I enjoy feeling her eyes on my body, I decide this is not the time for my cock to get hard. I pull open a dresser drawer, snatching up a pair of boxers and fresh jeans. I tug them on before strolling over to the desk to grab the plate.

Plopping down on one side of the bed, I pat the empty space beside me. “Come here. I won’t bite. Unless you ask me to.”

Sienna rolls her eyes but surprises me when she scoots closer, then returns her attention to the TV. I’m starving, seeing as I haven’t eaten since breakfast, so I quietly eat my food while I watch her rest her chin on her hands, her eyes fluttering closed. Being the stubborn woman that she is, Sienna tries to fight sleep, jolting herself awake a few times. I take a chance, hoping she won’t move away, and smooth my hand over her lower back while rubbing small circles. Finally, her head rests on her overlapped hands and her eyes remain closed as she becomes peacefully still.

I wait until she falls into a deeper sleep and I hear her slow, measured breaths before gently gathering her in my arms to tuck her in. I crawl under the covers next to her and watch TV until much-needed sleep takes me too.

Something soft and lightly perfumed tickles my cheek, rousing me awake. I roll my head to the side to find Sienna curled up in my arms, her head resting beneath my chin on my chest. Her freshly shampooed hair rubs against my face with each exhale of air. I close my eyes again, listening to her breathe.

She's beautiful like this—her face devoid of any tension or fear. Peacefully sleeping like she belongs here with me. I can't help myself as I gingerly rake my fingers through her silky strands, pulling them back from her face. When I barely graze her flawless skin, she nuzzles closer like a kitten seeking warmth. I chuckle, unable to take my eyes off her.

I don't know how long I've been staring at her when she blinks her eyes open and her sleepy gaze settles on mine. "Morning, Princess."

"Mmmm... Good morning." I can barely decipher her words through her yawn. "I guess I was more tired than I thought last night."

"You fell asleep at the best part. Kelly and Maddie got into a huge fight at dinner and sent the whole house into an uproar."

Sienna giggles, her head pivoting to the TV that's still on but tuned into a different channel now. "You were actually watching a reality show?"

"Eh, it was on and I didn't feel like hunting for the remote." I shrug as I try to read her face, but she merely stares

at me, her eyes unblinking as if attempting to solve a puzzle.

“You’re so strange, you know that?”

“Yeah? How so?” I don’t mean to, but my eyes drop to her mouth again. I can’t get that kiss out of my head, even after a good night’s sleep.

“You... just are. I don’t know.” Her brows scrunch together as thoughts appear to war inside her mind. She’s overthinking and I need her to get out of her head.

Leaning closer, so my face is only a few inches from hers now, I give her a moment to back away or say *no*, to leave my bed and tell me to *fuck off*. But she stays, her eyes never leaving mine.

Part of me wants to back off, wondering if this is a momentary lapse in judgment for her that she’ll regret. But the devil on my shoulder urges me to take what I want, what I know she’ll enjoy—consequences be damned. I have her consent. She can be pissed at me later.

“Well, when you figure it out, you let me know.” Then I’m kissing her. Sienna welcomes it, pushing into me so there’s no space between us. I settle onto my back, pulling her on top of me. I can feel my hard cock pressing into her. She lets out a moan as I slowly roll my hips, thrusting upward while letting her feel how much she turns me on.

“Throttle...” Her hands press into my chest as her nails dig into my skin. I grip her waist, forcing her to sink down farther.

“I thought about that kiss all day. Your taste. The way you smelled. How good your lips felt against mine.”

She tilts her head back, her mouth slightly parted.

“What the hell did you do to me?” My hand snakes around to her ass, squeezing her tight before grinding my dick against her. I can feel her hot pussy through her sweats, and I’m ready to tear her clothes off to get to it.

“Oh...” she gasps, her eyes wide as she looks at me.

I give her a smug smile before tucking my hands under her knees and flipping her onto her back. Lust flickers in her eyes, and in one swift motion, I pull off her sweats and panties, exposing her bare cunt to the cool air of the room. Her muscles begin to tense when I lift her shirt and kiss down her front, her body flinching with every brush of my lips.

“Relax for me, Princess.”

“Don’t think that’s possible,” she frets, glancing down at me between her thick thighs.

“Tell me now if you want me to stop. Otherwise, I’m licking this sweet pussy until you come on my face.”

A faint smile tips up the corners of her mouth and her eyes close, giving me all the consent I need. I spread her legs wider, my gaze locked on her smooth, glistening lips. She’s dripping and trembling for me, and I can smell her arousal. Her scent makes my cock impossibly harder, and I swear I could pound nails with my dick right now. I lean forward, licking her slit and beaming with pride when she throws her head back into the pillows.

“Yes...” she hisses.

My cock is throbbing at the wanton sounds spilling from her mouth. She isn’t making any sense, the pleasure appearing to be too much as I suck her clit between my lips. Her head rolls from side to side, her hands gripping the sheets so tight her knuckles turn white.

“Oh god... yes... yes! Wait, I can’t... Throttle!” She shouts my name, sending a wave of heat straight to my aching cock.

I push two fingers inside her, scissoring them to stretch her open for me. Her back arches, pulling her hips away, so I press a hand on her stomach to hold her still. She whimpers when I add a third finger, my tongue circling her clit before enclosing my mouth around it and sucking hard. Sienna cries out, her breathing hitched.

“You taste better than I fucking imagined,” I praise, alternating between broadly licking her pretty pink center and

flicking my tongue against her swollen clit.

She's writhing now, trying to move away, but I pull her back, shoving my tongue deep inside her. Her juices drip down my hand when I twist and curl my fingers against her sensitive G-spot.

"Throttle, please—"

"Please, what? What do you want, Princess?"

"I can't... I can't hold... I'm gonna come," she whines, her thighs quivering around my head.

"Then come for me. I wanna feel your pussy gush into my mouth."

She grips my hair, her nails scraping against my scalp, and with one more firm suck of her clit, Sienna tips over the edge, her legs tightening around me. I swallow every drop she gives me like a thirsty man dying in the desert. She's trembling uncontrollably, lost in the pleasure of her orgasm. I keep licking at her until she starts to come down, then pull away and move up her body.

My cock peeks out from beneath the waistband of my boxers, thick and ready to fill her up with my cum. She looks at my dick, at its angry red head spilling precum from the slit, and swallows at the sight.

"Of course your dick is big. That explains a lot." Her attempt at shooting me a glare falls short when she fails to hide her smile.

"That might be the nicest thing you've said to me yet." I bend down, kissing her deeply so she can taste how delicious her pussy is. She returns the kiss, her greedy hands on my back pulling me closer. Her palms glide across my skin. Then she hooks her thumbs into my boxers and pushes them down, freeing my cock. "Impatient, Princess?"

"Shut up and fuck me," she pants.

*Don't have to ask me twice.*

She sucks in a sharp breath when I lazily rub my length between her slippery wet lips, lubing up my cock. I nudge at

her entrance, teasing us both, before completely filling her tight cunt in one smooth motion. I flex my hips forward, and Sienna chokes out a deep moan, her fingers clawing at my biceps.

Her legs squeeze around my waist, but I untangle them and press her thighs apart. Pushing farther inside her, I'm balls-deep with my body flush against hers. She tries to shove at my chest but I grab her wrists and hold them over her head.

She feels so fucking good I think I might explode if I don't give myself a minute. And her clenching pussy tells me she needs a second to accommodate to my size too. I exhale through my nose, trying to think of anything else but her tight cunt coming on my dick.

My eyes flick open with her one-word command. "Move." Her expression is needy and demanding more. "I can't... so you need to move."

"What's that? Are you saying you want me?" I grin down at her, holding completely still.

"No. I just want you to move," she mewls.

"Using me for my dick, huh?"

"Throttle... please?"

"Sounds like you're begging to me, Princess. You want my cock?" I flex inside her and her mouth drops open. "Don't keep Daddy waiting for an answer."

She gives me a bratty smirk. "You're not my daddy."

"We'll see about that." I pull back my hips and slam my aching dick inside her. Sienna tries to free her wrists but I grip them tighter, keeping her in place.

I take my time thrusting into her over and over, letting her feel every inch of me. Her full tits bounce with each drive forward, and her eyes close when her head tilts back. The sounds of her cries, the creaking bed, and our bodies slapping together echo around the room.

"Oh god... yes... yes."

“Daddy’s dick feels good, doesn’t it, Princess?”

She moans incoherently while I trace the side of her neck with my tongue. “Yes, Daddy.”

*Goddamn, she has no idea what those words do to me.*

I release her hands to whip off her shirt, diving in to suck a hard nipple into my mouth. I ravage her tits as they bounce in rhythm with me fucking her wet pussy. When I roll a swollen peak between my fingers, Sienna grips the pillow above her, biting on her bottom lip and shoving her breast farther into my mouth. I growl around her sensitive flesh, then move to claim her bratty mouth, missing the way it tastes.

She wraps her arms around my neck and I move faster, harder, shoving her toward the headboard. *Fuck, her pussy feels amazing.* She clings to me like a life raft, her legs tightening around me like a vise. Her pussy walls quiver, clenching down and trying to milk my dick. My Princess is close, and so is Daddy.

“Better speak up now if you don’t want this tight pussy filled with my cum.”

Her gaze is intense as her hips meet my every thrust. “Do it. I wanna feel you come inside me.”

*Never thought she’d ask.*

My balls tingle and my back tenses up as I really pound into her now. Tears spring from the corners of her eyes as she mumbles brokenly, bliss etched on her face. Her pussy chokes my cock, refusing to let me go, and she looks as lost as I feel when her eyes glaze over with ecstasy. I reach my hand between us and rub her clit, sending her crashing into another orgasm as she screams my name. She claws at my back and I bury myself as deep as I can get, spilling inside her while we both shake from the intensity.

I crash on top of her, careful not to crush her with my weight while pressing soft kisses to her forehead. When my breathing begins to slow, I slide my dick from her hot pussy, ready to climax again at the sight of our combined cum on my cock. Rising from the bed and walking to the bathroom, I

retrieve a warm, wet washcloth so I can clean her up. She appears surprised, rising up on her elbows with a curious expression on her face.

“Just taking care of you, Princess. Now lie back and relax.”

Her body flinches every time the cloth runs over her swollen clit, but she doesn't stop me from washing her up. After wiping myself clean, I climb into bed beside her, pulling her into my arms and kissing the top of her head.

“That was...” She peers at me through her lashes with uncertainty playing across her features.

“Yeah. I wasn't expecting it to be like that either.” I've never in my life experienced such intense sex. It doesn't feel like a one-and-done kinda thing—that's not what I want from her anyway. I want everything. And I'll keep going until she gives it to me. “You done being a brat now?” I tease, lifting her chin so I can see her face.

Sienna stares at me, questions on her lips. “My life is too complicated for casual, Throttle. I know that's what you're used to, but I—”

“Anything about what we just did feel casual to you? Because it doesn't to me.”

“You made me call you *Daddy*.” She raises a well-manicured brow.

“That ain't casual, babe. I meant it. I understand I need to earn that title and I'm willing to put in the work. But as far as I'm concerned, you're already mine.”

“You don't even know me. You don't even *like* me.”

“I don't have to know you to know you're mine. I can feel it, have felt it since I first laid eyes on you. My gut's never led me wrong, and it won't start now. But take as much time as you need. You'll see.” I don't know what we're doing here, but I'll be damned if someone else thinks they can claim Sienna. She's mine, even if she isn't ready to admit it yet. “And it's the sass I don't like. Maybe I need to fuck it out of you so you'll behave.” I lean forward and kiss her forehead.



“Don’t you know I have daddy issues? Maybe I don’t know how to behave.” She blinks at me with feigned innocence.

“Keep it up and Daddy’ll spank your ass.”

She giggles. “You’ll have to explain to me how this all works. I don’t understand anything about your life. Especially the Daddy part.” She looks skeptical.

“You will, Princess. Just you wait.”

A phone chimes, breaking the moment between us. Sienna turns toward the nightstand and grabs her cell. I watch as her expression turns somber while she reads the text.

“What’s wrong?” I ask, concern evident in my tone.

“I have to appear in court for Tony Bertelli’s sentencing in four weeks.”

Something unspoken stretches between us. Sienna was brought here for protection, to hide from her dangerous client. And now she has to come face to face with the man who wants her dead.

“I’ll be with you. It’s my job to protect you, remember?” I try to calm the fear that’s forming on her face. When I place my hand over hers, her shoulders relax, but only marginally as she lets out a breath.

“And I’m not just a job to you?”

“I already told you. What I feel is innate. Don’t ask me to explain it because I can’t. It just is.”

“Don’t have a lot of options, do I?”

“Of course, you do. You can say *no*. I don’t take what isn’t freely given to me. But I’ll still do my job and protect you. I gave Venom my word.”

She nervously fidgets her fingers.

“You’re scared.”

“Thank you, Captain Obvious.”

*That fucking mouth...*

“No, you’re scared of this.” I motion between us. “That’s why your mouth flies off at the handle with so much sass. You push people away.”

She appears offended and I know she’s about to get defensive. “Hey, I don’t—“

“Stop right there, Princess, while the going is good. Let’s table this conversation for another day. I just want you to think about it before you try to run me off with that mouth of yours.”

“Maybe don’t let me run you off, then,” she mutters, but I hear her clearly. And I accept her challenge. “So I guess you’re not going away anytime soon?”

I grin before pressing a chaste kiss to her lips. “No, baby, I’m definitely not going away anytime soon.”

**T**hrottle kisses the side of my head, stirring me awake. He's already dressed, his hair rustled from our tumble in the sheets a few minutes ago. My body is positively spent, dull tingles still whispering on my skin. He smiles at me, a slight feral look in his gaze. If he wants to go another round, he'll have to get himself off—I don't think I can handle much more.

He brushes a few stray strands off my forehead. "Damn. If you keep looking this good, I might just climb back into bed."

"I hope you mean to sleep because I can't go again."

"Not true. I could coax one more orgasm out of you." He's killing me with that devilish grin of his, and my body grows hot under his stare.

"Don't even try it," I protest weakly.

Throttle leans down, slipping his hand beneath the covers to cup my bare pussy. I gasp when his fingers slip inside to find me still wet. "Fuck, I wanna taste you again," he purrs into my skin.

"Throttle..." I moan, biting my lower lip. He presses his mouth to mine, sliding his tongue inside while his fingers tease my pussy.

"I know what you need," he groans, pulling back and resting his forehead against mine. "But I gotta go."

He circles his thumb over my clit, rubbing it gently until I can feel my orgasm rising to the surface. Just before it crests

and I'm about to explode, he removes his hand and pecks me on the nose with a wicked grin.

"You're cruel." I glare at him.

"Nah. Daddy just wants you to have something to look forward to." A few more kisses, then he walks to the door. "I'll see you later. Be good."

"Aren't I always?"

"No," he deadpans with a lift of a single brow. He leaves and I collapse against the pillows.

It's been three weeks since that morning Throttle and I first had sex, and during that time, we've been on each other like animals. I don't know what exactly changed that day, but he's been nothing but nice to me, showering me with kisses, compliments, and the best orgasms I've ever had in my life. He takes care of me, and I've learned to let him.

Maybe it was his comment that I push people away. I wanted to deny the truth in his words, but the more I thought about it, I couldn't. After my dad died so unexpectedly, I can admit I didn't let too many people get close to me. Work has always been my life, so it was an easy crutch when I needed excuses to avoid friends and relationships.

But Throttle saw right through me from the beginning. With Tony's thugs coming after me, I didn't have my job to bail me out. So I acted like a bitch to keep him at arm's length. I guess I didn't get too far with that, now did I? He makes it easy to trust him, and that certainly helps me keep my walls down.

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THE FIRST FEW DAYS AT THE CLUBHOUSE, I GREW BORED without Throttle here, just waiting until he returned from club business, whatever that means, although I have my suspicions. But eventually I found things to do while managing to stay out of the way. I've met a few of the *ol' ladies*, as they call their girlfriends and wives, and really hit it off with Emma. She's sweet but tough, and after everything she's been through, I can see why.

Then today, Lucien called, asking if I'd help him on a case. He explained the details, that a few members of the MC were arrested on unfounded charges. Venom wanted every stone unturned to get his brothers out of trouble and the charges dismissed.

I quickly agreed to help, dying for something to keep me busy before I go stir crazy. I was hoping Throttle would be happy that I'm helping, but that doesn't seem to be the case.

"I don't understand. I want to help. So how does that create a problem?" We're sitting on the bed, his back resting against the headboard while I lean against his chest. He lazily drags his fingertips along my arm, but his body is tense.

"Why can't Lucien handle this on his own? Or get someone else to help?"

"Because, believe it or not, I'm good at what I do." I don't think he's questioning my skills, but I'm defensive anyway.

"I have no doubt that you are, but there are enemies closing in on us right now. Not just the usual rival clubs either. Somebody is up to some bullshit, and we still don't know who it is or why. If they catch wind of some pretty, hotshot lawyer helping us, they're gonna investigate. And who knows how they'll use that information?"

I can hear the concern in his tone and turn to face him, locking my gaze with his. "I can't say that won't happen, because we both know it's a possibility. But I wanna help your friends. And I can bring a new perspective to the case, maybe think of something that Lucien didn't. So I need you to trust me and let me do what I do best."

Throttle takes a moment, his gaze searing deeper into mine before he cups my face, stroking his calloused thumb across my cheek. "Just promise you'll be careful and work from the clubhouse. This is Lucien's case and you're working behind the scenes."

"But I have you to protect me. Why do I need to be careful?"

His expression is stern with an unspoken warning.

“Fine, Daddy. I’ll be careful,” I teasingly comply.

I shriek when Throttle’s powerful arms wrap around me while he buries his head in the crook of my neck, playfully biting at the tender flesh. “Shit, I’m hard.”

I feel his cock pressing into my back and grin. “It’s only been ten minutes.”

“And I’m ready to go again. Be thankful.” He crooks his finger. “Now, C’mere. Your pussy needs another orgasm.”

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I SIT OUTSIDE WITH TEX AND BREAKER TYPING AWAY ON MY laptop while they work on their bikes. They’ve been assigned to babysit me for the last few days while Throttle has been on a run. He made it clear that I’d have 24/7 protection and wasn’t to be left alone. He also left no room for argument either, not that I thought it would do me any good.

I’ve actually grown to like my two new bodyguards, even though they’re complete opposites. Tex is outgoing, always shouting out the first thing that pops in his head while Breaker is more stoic. He’s quiet, so quiet I can hardly hear him when he enters the room and I jump out of my skin every time I turn and find him standing behind me.

“How’s the case going?” Tex asks, wiping down the side of his bike until it glimmers in the sun.

“We’re making good headway. I never take on a case I’m not confident of winning.” I lift my chin with pride at my current progress.

“What about that Tony Bertelli one? It’s the reason you’re here, isn’t it?” He raises a brow and I flush.

“That was an unfortunate circumstance. No one could win that one. And it’s rude of you to bring it up.” My lips purse as I turn up my nose.

“My mistake. I was just saying.” Tex holds up his hands in surrender and chuckles.

“You’ll clear this up for our brothers. I know you will,” Breaker chimes in, not even glancing in my direction. I smile

at his statement with renewed determination washing over me.

My phone dings and I glance down to see I have an incoming text message from Emma. She's Sentinel's ol' lady, and we've become fast friends. Although I don't see her much because that man of hers never lets her out of his sight.

The night I met her, I noticed he never took his eyes off her, even while he spoke with other Disciples. It was as if Sentinel had to make sure Emma was safe and close by. He had hearts in his eyes, like she could do no wrong and the sun rose and set with her. I remember wishing I had someone who'd look at me like that. And then I glanced at Throttle to find he had that same expression while he stared at me as I talked to Emma. That's when I realized maybe I found my someone too.

Emma: Are you busy? Want to hang out?

A smile spreads across my face. I've never really had a girlfriend before because I was always working. But I think if I did, it would feel like this. Emma just barged her way into my life and I'm happy she did.

Me: I'm just looking over some files. I'm down for hanging out. Assuming it's okay with my babysitters.  
□

Emma: Oh, c'mon. Tex and Breaker aren't that bad.

Me: No, they're not. But they're like puppies following me around. One is a golden retriever and the other is a German shepherd.

Emma: That is by far the best description of them.  
☺ I'll be there in five.

“Who's that? Is it Throttle...” Tex singsongs and I feel my cheeks grow hot. Just the thought of Throttle heats my body, and I find myself missing him when he isn't around.

*Wait. Do I really miss him?*

There are moments where my eyes seek him out in a crowd. Or I fidget when he's not close by. I don't know when this started, but as time rolls on, I crave being around him more and more. I've never felt this way about anyone before.

I force my attention back to the guys. "That was Emma. She's coming by."

"That means Sentinel will be over too," Breaker says, showing minimal emotion either way.

"He found himself a good woman, that Emma." Tex stares off into the distance, a pensive look on his face. "I'm glad to see her happy. And to see Sentinel put in his place every now and then." He chuckles quietly.

I don't know who Sentinel was before meeting Emma, but I couldn't imagine him not wearing that love-dazed expression he gets whenever she's around.

I send a short reply to Emma before packing up my things. If we're going to hang out, I better head to the kitchen for some wine. The women keep a few bottles tucked away back there just for the girls and ol' ladies.

"Ah, we're leaving so soon," Tex whines. "I just started my maintenance check."

"We've been outside for two hours. What have you been doing?" I gape at him.

"Sweetheart, it takes time to keep my baby looking good and running at optimal performance." He motions to his motorcycle like a game show host flaunting a new showcase, and I roll my eyes.

Without asking, Breaker is already next to me, helping me load up my files and laptop. I flash him an appreciative smile. "Thank you." An imperceptible nod is the only response I get.

"Such a kiss ass," Tex teases him but moves in to help me as well. Sometimes I have to wonder how I ended up here with men like these.

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AS I WALK INSIDE THE CLUBHOUSE, I NOTICE A SMALL CROWD huddled around the TV. Jerk stands in the back, arms folded over his chest with a deep scowl on his face. I approach him, my attention snapping between his face and all the commotion.

“What’s going on?”

His eyes remain focused on the TV. “This fucker of a new mayor. Now that he has a taste of power, he wants to fuck with something he has no business fucking with.”

My brows pinch in confusion and I turn to see what he’s talking about, my eyes only getting short glimpses of the screen with so many huge bikers crowding around it.

“Glen Prescott, newly elected mayor, has now declared his goals for his term,” a news reporter states before the camera pans to Mayor Prescott’s face.

The man on the screen stares outward, the fierceness in his gaze making it feel as though he’s speaking directly to us. “I’m making a commitment to the people of Carnage to rid this town of all organized crime. No more will we turn a blind eye and let these fearmongers run free, riding through our streets in their reign of terror. No more will you have to worry about the safety of your children or your women going about town. And no more will you have to fear if your family will return home safe and sound. Let it be heard here and now: I am coming for you and I will not rest until all of you ruthless thugs are behind bars. You’re faithful to no one but evil, and the people of Carnage deserve better.”

The air in the room turns cold at his words. This new mayor isn’t pulling any punches. He may not have outright voiced it but everyone knows what he’s really saying.

*I’m coming for you, Satan’s Disciples.*

“Fuck,” Jerk mutters beside me.

He’s right about that. I think we’re all about to be fucked.

A large welcome sign hangs from the front of the bar with bold black lettering. Today, Sketch and Boner are being released from custody, thanks to Lucien and Sienna. She's been at it nonstop, all her focus on getting them home, and the club will always be grateful.

For the past few weeks, I've watched her work tirelessly, loving how lost she gets in her own world. It's so fucking cute when she's deep in thought and scrunches up her nose. But I'd never tell her that or she'd probably slap my face.

*Feisty little thing.*

Mistaken identity, my fucking ass. Funny how the cops have witnesses to a fake crime and said witnesses point the finger at my brothers. And, because of their less-than-spotless records, the judge says they're suddenly flight risks.

*Bullshit. Thanks a lot, Mayor Prescott. You fucking twat.*

I sigh. I don't want to think about the road ahead with the new mayor. I just want to celebrate with my club and Sienna. The thought of her makes me want to hold her right now. Feel her soft curves in my arms. Taste her delicious cunt.

*Damn. I might just have it worse than I thought.*

An hour ago, Emma arrived carrying a dress bag. She disappeared into the back without saying a word, then came out empty-handed. I wanted to ask her what that was about, but the mischievous glint in her eyes told me to wait. She

scans the room, and when her gaze settles on mine, she saunters toward me while suppressing a grin.

“Where’s our girl?”

*Our girl.* I like the sound of that. I don’t know when they became friends, since it seemingly happened so quickly. But now, if Emma isn’t with Sentinel, which is rare, I can usually find her off giggling somewhere with Sienna.

“She’s getting ready in my room.”

“Ooh, perfect. I’ll catch up with you later.” Emma’s voice trails off as she speeds down the hall.

Sienna’s been taking forever to come out of there. *It can’t take that long to get dressed, for fuck’s sake.* I know I’m just missing her, but I let out a grunt anyway and stride to my room to hunt her down. I don’t bother knocking before opening the door, only to stop in my tracks when I look around and find the place empty.

“Sienna?”

“I’ll be right out,” she shouts from the bathroom and I’m relieved. Then she steps out and my entire body freezes. My breath catches in my throat, threatening to suffocate me as I take in the sight of her.

*She’s fucking gorgeous.*

Her heels click against the tile floor while she walks toward me, coming so close she has to tilt her head back to peer up at me. “How do I look?” she asks shyly.

My throat tightens and my mouth waters as my gaze drifts over her body. She’s wearing a fitted black leather dress that pushes her tits damn near to her chin. A slit in the skirt exposes her thick thigh and smooth, buttery-soft skin. Her red-painted toes peek from beneath the straps of her black stilettos. And her matte-red pouty lips demand attention, which my hard cock is eager to give.

“You look like fucking mine,” I growl, and her cheeks flush a pretty shade of pink.

“That the best you can do? I expected more from such a menacing biker.” She offers me a contemptuous smile.

I step closer, my palm grabbing her ass while my free hand grips her throat. Bringing my lips to her ear, I say exactly what I’m thinking, what I know she wants to hear. “You like pushing my buttons, don’t you, Princess? You’re lucky you look so fucking sexy right now that I want to rip this dress off you, bend you over the bed, and fuck you so hard your swollen pussy weeps for me.” I lean back and trace her bottom lip with the tip of my tongue. “Otherwise, I’d punish you for sassing me by making you choke on my thick cock until I come down your throat.” I feel her pulse racing against the pad of my thumb. “And then, with those heels still on, I’d throw your legs over my shoulders and fuck you so deep you come repeatedly, screaming my name, all over my dick. It’d hurt so good, wouldn’t it, baby?”

My hand tightens around her neck and her eyes roll back before closing. Her short breaths quicken and I can smell her sweet cunt dripping for me. I squeeze her juicy ass and rub my hard cock against her, letting her feel how much she turns me on. Her little pink tongue slips out and wets her lips, and I dip my head to steal a taste. Sienna swallows with excitement, but before I make good on my promises, I let her go.

“We should get to the party now, Princess,” I whisper in her ear.

“Wha-what party?” she pants with her eyes still closed.

“The one where I’m gonna show every fucker in the room who you belong to. Let them see how fucking stunning you are, then make sure they know it’s my dick—and only my dick—that you come on every night. Now, let’s go.”

I’d give anything to bury myself deep inside her pussy right now, but it’ll have to wait. Besides, I love it when she’s on edge for Daddy’s cock. I steal one more kiss, then spin her around to face the door. She starts to walk, but her steps falter and I catch her before she falls.

“What’s the matter? Knees a little weak?” I tease and Sienna slaps my chest.

“I’m just fine, thank you.” She lifts her pert nose while smoothing her tight dress. “Let’s go.” She may act unaffected, but her rock-hard nipples tell another story.

*Looks like we’re in for a fun night.*

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THE PARTY IS IN FULL SWING AND THE CLUB IS AS ROWDY AS fucking ever. Everyone is laughing, drinking, enjoying themselves, and forgetting the problems we still need to face. There’s been movement from the Hell’s Outlaws and those bastards are up to no good as usual. And it sure as shit doesn’t help that the mayor has made it his personal mission to be a huge pain in our asses. He’s taking full advantage of his new position of power, keeping watchful eyes on every one of us. It won’t be long before he’s lining pockets with dirty money to make sure his plans of eliminating the Disciples are carried out to his corrupt specifications. Prescott may have it out for us, but his hands aren’t clean. We won’t stop until we find out every seedy detail about him. Then we’ll burn him to the ground and piss on his fucking ashes.

Angelic laughter knocks the bitter thoughts out of my head and I turn to find Sienna smiling at Boner. He’s always got jokes and I’m not surprised to find her amused at something my brother said. She’s completely content sitting beside me at the bar as she chats with my chosen family. This woman, who came here only a few weeks ago with a bratty attitude and preconceived notions of bikers and MCs, has made her way into my inner circle.

Here, she’s relaxed. She’s just Sienna. Not living in the shadow of the great attorney who was her father. Not living with the ghost of someone she thinks she’ll never measure up to. Just Sienna, a sharp-tongued, quick-witted, intelligent woman who remains calm in the face of a storm. The curvaceous, sexy girl I can’t get enough of. I have no idea why she let me in so quickly, but I’ll never let her down or break her trust. She deserves that much and I’m damn sure going to give it to her.

I watch her interact with my brothers for a while before Emma waltzes over and drags Sienna away to the pool tables. My hand itches to pull her back, but I let her go, turning toward the bar for another beer instead. Gunner appears beside me, grinning from ear to ear. Our road captain clinks his bottle with mine and takes a sip of his drink.

“Is that a smile, Throttle? I didn’t think you were capable unless you were making panties drop at the strip club.”

“Haven’t been to the Emerald in a while.”

He lifts a brow. “So I take it Sienna’s off-limits then?”

“Keep your fucking hands off what’s mine,” I sneer with warning written all over my face.

“Just asking, man. Although you’ve made it pretty fucking obvious when you scowl at everyone who talks to the girl.”

“Good. Then I’ve made my message fucking clear. Sienna is mine.” I lift the bottle to my mouth, taking a long sip.

Searching for her in the crowd, I find her bent over the pool table, her delectable ass barely covered by black leather. Her sight is focused on the lineup before she strikes, pocketing two solid-colored balls at the same time. Emma cheers while Sienna’s gaze lifts and instantly meets mine.

I need her.

I need her so badly I feel an ache inside, from my chest to the tip of my cock. Blindly passing Gunner my empty bottle, I hear him chuck it into the trash behind the bar. He walks away, shaking his head and laughing at me, but my attention remains focused on Sienna. Without thinking, I rise from my stool and walk toward her, each step more purposeful than the last.

“You done here?” At my gruff tone, Emma’s head snaps in my direction, but I don’t spare her a glance.

“Why? Is something the matter?” Sienna tilts her head innocently, slowly batting her long, thick lashes at me. She knows what she’s doing, teasing me in this tight-ass dress, flaunting her luscious body that I can’t wait to get my hands

on. The image of her taking my dick, bent over this table while everyone watches, has my cock dripping precum in my jeans.

“Are you done here?” I repeat, my restraint weakening by the second.

Sienna grins like the cat who ate the canary and rises to her tiptoes to whisper in my ear, her full lips brushing against my sensitive skin. “I probably shouldn’t tell you, but...” Her manicured nails graze along my neck. “I’ve been wet since we got here. And I forgot to put on panties. Whoops.” She nips my earlobe, dragging it between her teeth.

Something inside me snaps and I grab her wrist, pulling her in the direction of our room. She chuckles behind me and I hear the murmurs from my brothers, all snickering about the show we’re giving them.

*Fuck ‘em.*

All I want at this moment is to be balls-deep in this woman’s pussy until she can’t tell where she ends and I begin.

**A**s soon as we step inside, we're on each other in an instant. Sienna's arms wrap around my neck while my hands cup her lush ass. I kick the door closed, then pin her against it, trapping her with my muscled body. She drags out a moan, opening up just enough for my tongue to slip inside.

My palms caress her every curve. "I couldn't take my eyes off you all night," I confess between kisses.

"I know. Guess the dress did what I needed it to do." Her lips part in a devilish grin.

"Princess, if you wanted Daddy's attention, you didn't need new clothes to get it. I'm always looking at you." I yank her dress down, her voluptuous tits spilling free as I drag the garment along her curvaceous frame, and help her step out of it.

She rests against the door in nothing but those fucking stilettos, her body made for sin. I glance at her bare pussy and slowly lick my lips before reaching for her legs and lifting her until she sits on my shoulders.

"Throttle!" she shrieks, her calves dangling down my back while her hands brace against the ceiling.

"Relax, baby. I bench over three-hundred pounds. I'm not gonna drop you." I hold her up against the door, slowly swiping my tongue along her glistening slit, savoring her taste and delighting in the way she trembles for me. "I'm gonna eat



your pussy right here. And you're gonna let me." Then I bury my face between her legs, lapping her up like my last meal.

Her body relaxes—she trusts I won't let her fall. She gives in to her pleasure and her hands find purchase in my hair, tugging and twisting the dark strands with each lick of delicate flesh.

*Fuck, I'll never get enough of this taste.*

I could come from eating her pussy alone. But my swelling cock is demanding, and the need to paint her womb with my cum runs deep.

"Throttle..." Sienna moans, and I relish the sound.

"Tell Daddy what you need," I hum into her wetness, her thighs tightening around my neck.

"I need—oh my god, that feels good."

"Keep feeling it, sweetheart. I'm not done yet." I pull back to look into her eyes and she whimpers softly. "I need you stretched and ready for me because I'm not letting up tonight. This is what happens when you tease Daddy. I'm gonna fuck you six ways from Sunday."

"Promise?" Her eyes are hooded with desire as she looks down at me, and I drag my tongue slowly up her pussy once more. She drops her head back against the wall, sucking in a breath.

"Guaranteed." I grin.

I circle my tongue around her swollen clit, sucking it between my teeth as I edge her closer to climax, then back off. If anything, this is as much a punishment for me as it is for her. My cock is painfully hard, pressing against my zipper, needing to be freed. If I don't let her come soon, *I'm* going to pass out from not getting my own release.

I close my lips around her sensitive little button, and with quickening speed, flick my tongue against it. I refuse to stop, keeping my rhythm fast and steady, pressing her body to the wall with my shoulders and plunging my fingers in and out of her soaked cunt. Her nails rake across my scalp until finally

she explodes, filling my mouth with her sweet cum that I happily swallow down. Sienna mumbles an array of curses, her head rolling side to side while her thighs quiver. Within a few moments, she drifts down from her high, her body relaxing with contentment.

*Oh, Princess. We're just getting started.*

Her loud yelp echoes in the room, making me chuckle when I shrug her thighs off my shoulders and drop her down to my waist. I secure her legs around me and savor the sensation of her wet pussy rubbing against my abs.

“Hold on tight,” I command while unbuckling my belt. I flick open the button of my jeans, roughly reaching inside my boxers to pull out my aching cock. I hear Sienna gulp and my eyes lift to hers.

“Your cock is so thick.” Her tone is a mix of trepidation and need.

“This dick has been inside you plenty of times,” I remind her.

“True, but I still wonder how you make it fit.” She giggles nervously.

“Oh, it'll fit. Your pussy devours every inch of this dick, trust me.”

Her breathing hastens with anticipation when I line up the head of my cock with her core. Slowly, so fucking slowly, I glide my length between her puffy lips, lubing myself up. When I ease my way inside, her hands caress the back of my head, my skin tingling from her touch.

“See? Perfect fit. This tight little pussy was made for me.”

I keep pressing forward until my body is flush with hers. She clenches her walls around my cock, holding me inside her until it's almost painful. Then I feel her coming again and stare at her pretty face as she shatters for me.

*So fucking beautiful.*

“Been waiting all night for my cock, Princess?” I whisper in the crook of her neck while nibbling at the delicate flesh I

find there.

“Yes,” she whimpers, grinding against me and taking me deeper.

I scoop my hands beneath her ass, tilting her hips upward toward my cock. Gently, I pull back before thrusting hard inside her, our bodies smacking together. She cries out, her spine arching from pleasure.

“Finally, I get to fuck you in these sinful fucking stilettos.”

Her nails break my skin as she holds on tight to my arms, the tips of her heels scraping along my ass. I let out a guttural moan as they press into my flesh, drawing drops of blood each time I ram my dick into her soft, wet pussy. Pain mixes with pleasure, heightening my need to make us both come.

“Goddamn, you feel so fucking good. I need another one.” I pound into her tight body as she whimpers with bliss. “Come for me again, Princess. Show me how good Daddy’s dick makes you feel.” I lower my head, taking one of her peaked nipples into my mouth. She’s delectable, her skin coated in a fine sheen of sweat as she works to hang on through my brutal pace.

“I can’t... It’s too—”

“Yes, you can. Now, give me another one,” I demand, pressing a hard kiss to her mouth.”

“Please... *please*,” she cries, her gorgeous features twisted with ecstasy.

I thought all those hours in the gym were to stay muscled and ripped, ready for battle any time my club needed it. But I see now I was wrong. I built this body so I can ruthlessly fuck this woman how ever I damn well please. Until all she craves is my cock and I can give it to her anytime and anywhere.

I take a half-step back, resting her upper body against the door so I can lift her legs higher. The undersides of her thighs press against my chest, giving me the perfect angle to push deeper into her warmth. She doesn’t last long, her velvety walls clamping down on me. Flexing my hips at the peak of

each thrust makes her eyes roll back as she moans incoherently.

*I want that next orgasm. And I'm gonna get it.*

“Come, Sienna,” I command and watch as she completely falls apart for me. Her mouth drops open in a silent cry before she sharply inhales and her body convulses.

I give her no time to catch her breath before I walk us over to the large window facing the back of the property. There are a few people milling around by the bonfire and it excites me to think they'd catch us like this, see me fucking the woman who has a hold on me so strong I'll never let her go.

I drop Sienna's legs and spin her around, pressing her tits to the cool glass. I smirk when her lust-drunk gaze focuses and I see her eyes widen in the reflection.

“But they'll see—” she shrieks, but I obliterate her concerns when I forcefully pull her hips back, pop out her ass, and slam my rock-hard dick inside her to the hilt. Her breath catches and her damp palms slap against the window as she braces herself from the force.

“Again,” I snarl with each merciless thrust. I watch the image of the two of us, the moonlight casting down on her dazed expression. Her tits swaying into the glass.

“Oh my god... It's too much,” she mewls.

“But you're taking me so well.” I bite down on her earlobe while one hand snakes around to the front of her neck. “Do you see how fucking beautiful you look taking my cock? This is how we were meant to be, Sienna. You and me and nothing between us.” I squeeze her throat, knowing how much she gets off on it. “Do you want Daddy to make you come again?”

She moans and rests her forehead against the glass.

“You know what I need to hear...” I fuck my dick harder into her swollen, wet pussy.

“Yes...”

*Such a stubborn girl.*

I apply more pressure and Sienna gasps, her eyes falling shut as her head drops to my shoulder. I smack the side of her ass and she jerks upright.

“Eyes forward. I want you to see how beautiful you are when you come on Daddy’s dick.”

She trembles while I pump ferociously into her, taking her to the edge before backing off and slowing my pace. Her brows pinch and her hands curl into tiny fists.

“Say it, Sienna. You know it’s true, whether you admit it or not. Tell me who you want to make you come again.” I squeeze her neck as my free hand finds her clit and pinches it between my fingers. I pound her into the glass for a few beats longer and, finally, she gives me what I need.

“You, Daddy. I want Daddy to make me come again. Please...”

*I fucking love it when she begs.*

Rubbing her clit like she likes, I fuck her wildly, my cock growing harder from the sounds of my balls slapping against her ass. “Watch us in the window,” I rasp in her ear.

Her eyes find mine in the reflection and she holds my gaze for a moment before I feel her core milking my dick as she comes again, then goes limp in my arms.

“You can’t tap out now, Princess,” I tease, pulling her toward the bed and throwing her down on the mattress.

“Daddy, I can’t. I—”

“Face down, ass up,” I demand. “Last one, baby, and I’ll put you to sleep. I promise.” I hungrily suck her nipple into my mouth and she writhes against me, reiterating what I already knew. She still has one more orgasm to give me. I release her with a pop, and she rolls onto her stomach, tucking her knees underneath her and lifting her full, round ass high in the air.

*Damn, she’s perfect.*

“Stay just like that for me.” I hurriedly strip off my clothes and position myself behind her. “Spread your legs wider so I

can see your dripping cunt.”

She doesn't hesitate and my heart soars from her trust. She knows I'll make her feel good, then take care of her afterward, and that'll never change. My eyelids grow heavy with lust at the sight of the slickness glazing her inner thighs.

“Fuck, you're such a good little girl for me.”

Running my thumb up and down her pussy, I coat it in her cum before pushing it inside her. Sienna moans into the sheets, her back arching and lifting her ass higher. I inch up behind her, massaging her ass with one hand and gliding the tip of my cock through her slit with the other.

“Please...” she whimpers.

I notch the fat head of my dick at her entrance. “Just one more,” I promise, then I grip her hips and plunge deep inside her.

*I'll never grow tired of how amazing her pussy feels.*

I stare down at her. Her silky hair fanned out on the bed, muscles taut and flexing as she meets my thrusts. This woman was abso-fucking-lutely made for me. With each moan from her mouth, I'm convinced of it.

I can't explain what happened tonight, but something inside me broke. Was *unleashed* is more like it. This deep need and desire to bind myself to her is unreal. So I do it the only way I know how. I'm fucking her, giving myself over to her...

This is raw and primitive and carnal. At this moment, I'm claiming her as mine. Mine to fuck. Mine to protect. Mine to have.

*Mine.*

“Oh, fuck... Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...” she chants, her breaths choppy each time our bodies come together again.

“Mine, Sienna. This pussy is mine and you're mine. All fucking mine.” I reach forward, grabbing a fistful of her hair and pulling her toward me until her back crashes to my chest.

I tug her soft strands, lifting her chin and exposing her neck where my teeth graze the side of her throat. Sucking hard over her raging pulse, I mark her skin to show everyone she belongs to me.

“You’re mine, Sienna,” I groan in her ear. She shudders, loving the sound of my baritone voice. “Now be a good girl and make Daddy come in this tight pussy.”

I push her back down onto the mattress, roughly holding on to her hips for leverage as I drive my dick into her over and over again. Tears leak from the corners of her eyes before she screams my name and I finally spill my cum inside her. Her orgasm seems endless and so does mine as we both tremble from this soul-altering release.

*Fuck.*

Sienna falls boneless onto the bed and I drop down beside her, breathing heavily. Neither of us moves, nor do we speak for a long while as we catch our breath and drift through a blissful, orgasmic daze.

Tracing imaginary circles on my skin, Sienna breaks our peaceful silence. “What... just happened?”

I snort and turn my head to face her, brushing my fingers against the mark on her neck. “That was me making you my ol’ lady.”

Her eyes comically widen and she props up on her elbows. “Your what? You’re making me what now?”

I can’t tell if she’s happy about this or not.

Deciding I need a better read on her, I roll her over, wedging myself between her legs while being mindful not to crush her with my weight. “You heard me, little girl.” She always blushes when I call her that and I know she likes it. “I know the beginning wasn’t great between us, but you had your reasons. And now you don’t. I promised that first night that I’d take care of you and keep you safe. I meant it. I still mean it.”

She blinks, tears filling her eyes but refusing to fall.

“Only now, I do it because I want to, not because of my responsibilities to my club. I knew you were mine from day one. Took you a while longer to catch on, but you know it’s true.”

She doesn’t look at me, but I know she’s overthinking. “Okay,” she whispers, and I almost don’t hear her.

“What’s that?”

“You’re right. I have been afraid to let people in. My mom died when I was a baby and I lost my dad at a time when I needed him most. The only family I have is Lucien. So I push people away to avoid getting hurt when they leave.”

*Well, that’s the saddest fucking thing I’ve ever heard.*

“You have me now, and I’m not going anywhere. And you have the club too. Don’t miss out on all the good things in life, Sienna, because you’re afraid to love.”

Her gaze snaps to mine when I mention that four-letter word.

“Okay,” she declares confidently and my heart stutters in my chest.

“And another thing. The next time my dick is buried deep inside you, I want you calling out my real name.”

“You mean your parents didn’t actually name you *Throttle*?” She laughs.

“No, smartass.” I nip at the side of her generous tit, which is now jiggling in front of my face.

“Ow.” She rubs at her skin, but I barely grazed her. “Fine, what is it?”

“Ryan. Ryan Davis.” I smile. “If we’re doing this, you should know the man you’re with.”

Sienna cups my cheek, rising up to kiss my lips. “I already know the man I’m with. The name doesn’t matter.”

We gaze at each other for a few moments, the reality of what we’re committing to sinking in. Then I roll off her and



pull her into my arms, her head resting on my chest as we both drift off to sleep.

The day I've been dreading is finally here and I have no idea what to expect. It's been four weeks since I received that message, yet nothing could prepare me for facing the same man who's been haunting my nightmares since that day he sent his thugs to attack me at my condo.

Every muscle in my body is tense and I could throw up at any moment. I'm trying to relax and remain calm, but my blood pressure is through the roof and my heart is beating a mile a minute. I just want to get this over with, so I can stop carrying this dark cloud around with me while constantly looking over my shoulder.

I release a long breath just as Throttle parks his truck near the courthouse. He promised me that his brothers would be on standby if anything were to happen. Several of them are positioned around the building, staying out of plain sight. And a few will be inside with us, just in case Tony's men show up and try something stupid. It helps to know the Disciples are watching out for me, but it doesn't erase the fear of coming face-to-face with my client again. Not after knowing he wants me dead and will stop at nothing to get it.

Tony Bertelli doesn't make idle threats.

My eyes close as I inhale a deep breath. Throttle places his palm over mine and I welcome his touch. "Talk to me," he asks while giving my hand a squeeze.

"I'm nervous." I shrug. "I've been hiding in my own world for the last few weeks and it seems strange to be out in public

like this.”

“It’s not like we’ve been holding you hostage,” he jokes.

“Of course not. But my life has been on hold. I haven’t been to the office or my condo. I haven’t even been to the grocery store.” I pause, thinking about how much has changed for me. “But once I got used to things at the clubhouse and familiar with everyone in the club, I started developing a new normal. So, it’s odd to be back in my regular life, particularly under these circumstances.”

“Hey. Look at me.”

I turn my head to face him, seeing the concern in his eyes.

“*No one* will touch you. Especially not that motherfucker, Tony. I’ll enjoy killing him and anyone else who even thinks about hurting you. And I promise their death will be painful.”

I hold Throttle’s gaze for a moment, then nod. “I have to meet with him before the hearing.”

“And I’ll be right outside the door when you do. I told you you’re stuck with me. Nothing and no one will take you away from me. Not ever.”

There’s something else in his eyes that I can feel but can’t read. Unspoken words that settle me, despite not knowing what they are or mean. His confidence is reassuring, reducing my anxiety to a simmer. And the overwhelming feeling of drowning lessens with the knowledge that he’ll be here to protect me, and I’m grateful he’s by my side.

After a comforting kiss, we exit the vehicle and walk inside the courthouse. The lobby is swarming with press, their flashing cameras practically blinding me as we rush by. At the security checkpoint, Throttle and I are patted down and my bag is scanned before we’re escorted to the elevator that takes us to our designated floor. When we arrive at the holding room where Tony is waiting for me, Throttle promises to wait right outside if I need him, even though guards will be watching too.

With my hand on the knob, I lock down my emotions, steeling myself for whatever waits for me on the other side of

the door. With one last glance at the man who made me forget this life existed, even if only for a while, I push my way inside to meet with a monster.

The room is cold, lacking any character or appeal. *Good*. It's a reminder that nothing about this situation is pleasant or even remotely cordial. I'm here to do a job and nothing more. I wish I'd never been assigned this case, but it's too late now. I need to see it through and put it far behind me.

Tony sits at a dark wooden table with an empty chair across from him, his wrists bound in cuffs. I'm thankful for the restraints even though they'll be removed once we enter the courtroom. At least then I won't be alone if he suddenly decides to kill me himself.

He smiles coolly when he sees me walk in. If he's surprised I'm still alive, his expression doesn't give anything away.

I take a seat, not returning his fake smile. "Mr. Bertelli. Do you have any questions before the hearing?" My tone is devoid of any sentiment and my mask of professionalism is firmly in place. Fear bubbles in my stomach, threatening to creep up my throat. But I bury it deep, refusing to give this man any ammunition.

"No questions... Little Miss Lawyer. But I guess you could say I wasn't expecting you to make it in today." He leans back in his chair, and the sound of his chains scraping against the table echoes around the room. "Seems you weren't the only one who failed their assignment."

"Perhaps it's not my time." I return his sinister stare.

He sucks air between his teeth. "Don't worry. We still have plenty of time to right these wrongs."

Choosing to ignore his statement, I pull a folder from my bag, slapping it onto the table. He doesn't take his eyes off me, refusing to spare the documents a glance.

"We may have found some grounds for an appeal. Despite your efforts to... *end* our professional relationship, I've continued working on your case."

He stares at me for a long while before chuckling, as if he finds me amusing. “Look at you. So pretty, yet so naïve. Such a waste.” He shakes his head, casting me a look of pity. “I warned you what would happen if you let me down. And that’s exactly what you did. So why would you spend your remaining days on earth working on some fucking appeal?” He glances at the folder between us. “Should’ve been getting your affairs in order. Saying goodbye to your loved ones.”

“Are you threatening me right now?” I snap, fighting to keep my emotions in check.

He shrugs. “Nah. Just making a helpful suggestion, counselor.” He glares at me, hate radiating off him as he silently wishes me dead. “I think we’re done here. I’ll see you inside.”

Tony looks away and I don’t wait for him to say anything else. He doesn’t want to file an appeal? That’s fine by me. I only offered to try because I’d do it for any client and the firm’s partners practically demanded I do so. We wouldn’t have gotten it anyway. Besides, according to Tony, I won’t be around much longer, let alone be available to make a filing on his behalf. My time will be much better spent figuring out a solution that doesn’t involve me going into hiding for the rest of my life.

I gather my belongings and leave the room, refusing to acknowledge my client when he calls out my name. I finally found a reason to start living instead of being stuck in a boring routine. Tony and his thugs will not take that away from me. I’m not going down without a fight, and this is one I won’t be losing.

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I SPEND THE REMAINING TIME BEFORE THE HEARING PACING IN front of Throttle as he stands against the wall, his watchful gaze never leaving me. He tries to calm my nerves a few times but I’m too wound up. Eventually, he hands me a bottle of water, since I haven’t had anything to drink in a while. When I finish it, he pulls me into his arms, keeping me still and

making me relax. I melt into him and bury my face in his shirt, inhaling his slightly sweet, woody scent.

*This man and his club will protect me, I remind myself. I'm safe as long as I stay right here.*

But for how long? Will I ever be able to walk freely out in public again? Or do I have to stay hidden away at the Disciples' clubhouse? Will Throttle follow me everywhere like he does now? He may enjoy being with me, but he'll grow tired of being my constant shadow.

*Stop it, Sienna. None of that matters right now.*

A warm palm caresses my lower back and I stop pacing. "It's time to head inside," Throttle announces and I glance at the clock overhead.

We're right on schedule, and for once, I wish we were running late. Exhaling a shaky breath, I smooth out my skirt and brush a hand over my loose curls. He presses a quick kiss to my lips and I smile weakly in return.

"Piece of cake." I can only hope that's true.

"You can do this. I'll be right here the whole time." Throttle cups my face, willing me to believe him, and I almost do.

I'm an excellent attorney, but I'm in uncharted territory here. And everything is complicated by having a deranged client, who's bound and determined to exact his revenge on me as if *I* were the one who killed those people and not him. He's in this mess because of his own doing and that is not my fault. Unfortunately, that doesn't change my situation and my time is up.

*Let's get this shitshow on the road.*

With my shoulders back, I turn and walk inside the courtroom, taking my place at the defendant's table. A moment later, two guards escort Tony down the main aisle, then remove his handcuffs. My client looks as though he's at a dinner party, his eyes scanning the room and winking at various people.

*Sick bastard.*

When he stands next to me, his pupils darken and he shoots me a villainous look. This man despises that I'm still breathing and I have no doubt someone will pay for that mistake. He doesn't say a word as he slouches into the wooden chair, acting as if he can't be bothered to acknowledge my presence. I keep my distance, but I can still feel the anger radiating off him.

*If there is a god in heaven, please expedite this process so I can get the hell out of here.*

Judge Michaels arrives and we begin with oral statements. The victims' families and the prosecutor have their chance to say their peace, using the opportunity to bring up every misdeed Tony has ever done or is suspected of doing. Most of what they mention are allegations and speculation, but no one cares. It doesn't change the fact that this man is as evil as they come.

When it's my turn to speak, I do my damndest to paint Tony in a positive light. But we all know every good deed this man has carried out has only been to benefit him and no one else. He doesn't even bother to take his opportunity to plead for mercy or leniency. He knows what he's done, just as much as the rest of us. And he isn't the least bit remorseful. In fact, I'm sure he'd kill those people all over again if given the chance. The only thing he likely regrets is getting caught. Well, that and having me for an attorney. Although there isn't a lawyer west of the Mississippi who could have gotten him off on this one.

"Anthony Thomas Bertelli, I hereby sentence you to twenty-five years to life for each count, to be served consecutively." Judge Michaels bangs his gavel, and the world falls away as blood rushes through my ears, drowning out all noise.

A shiver runs down my spine as I sense Tony turning his focus to me. His punishment is no surprise to anyone, least of all him. He's just hell-bent on making someone else pay for it.

He leans toward me. “If I go down, you go down with me,” he whispers the threat he gave me a few weeks ago. As if I’d forget the words that have haunted me ever since.

I’m frozen in place until a loud scraping sound causes me to jolt when Tony’s chair legs drag across the floor. I quickly create space between me and my client while court officers move in to take Tony away.

A demented smile plays on his lips as he shuffles across the room in restraints, heading off to spend the rest of his life behind bars, where he belongs. But instead of secretly rejoicing that one less villain will be roaming the streets of Carnage—even if said villain was my client—dread washes over me. Because once I walk out of those doors and hit the outside world, I know Tony’s thugs will be waiting to finish what they started.



I exit the courtroom to find Throttle next to a large window, his arms folded across his chest. His gaze zeros in on me and I saunter over to him. Noticing the tension in my expression, he turns to me and takes my face in his hands.

“You alright?”

“I’m fine.” I nuzzle my cheek against his chest, breathing in his cologne.

“I’d feel a lot better if I had my fucking gun on me. I saw how Tony was eyeing you in there, and I’d be happy to shoot that look off his face.”

I lean back so I can see him, a smile teasing my lips. “I’m pretty sure that’s not allowed in here.”

“It should be,” he snaps, his jaw clenched as he dreams up ways to make Tony suffer.

The conversation with my client replays in my head and my mood turns somber. “He’s going to kill me,” I whisper solemnly.

Throttle’s eyes darken, and the muscle in his neck twitches. “I dare him to fucking try. Him or anybody else, for that fucking matter.”

“He made it clear that it was only a matter of time before his men get to me.” The panic I tried desperately to suppress starts to rise to the surface again. I begin to pace but Throttle halts me, grabbing my shoulders and turning me back to him.

“Listen to me, Princess. Nothing is going to happen to you. Those fucking pussies can try again and again, but they’ll fail every time. You think I’d let some motherfucker take you from me? Not as long as I’m breathing. I’d burn the whole fucking world down if I had to, just to keep you safe.”

I know he means it, and I’m grateful that he does. Pulling Throttle toward me, I kiss his soft lips, relishing the way he tastes like his favorite vanilla mint gum. Right here is where I’m the safest. And I’m not going anywhere.

“I trust you... Daddy.”

A slow grin spreads across his face as he leans forward to kiss me again.

---

THROTTLE GLANCES AROUND ONCE WE’RE OUTSIDE, LOOKING for potential threats. We’re halfway down the front steps of the courthouse when gunshots ring out in the still afternoon air.

“Shit,” he curses. His hand moves to his side but stops when he remembers he’s unarmed. I know he regrets having to leave his gun in the truck, but regrets are a luxury for later, when we’re safe. Right now, we need to get the hell out of here.

Throttle tugs me forward, yelling for me to run while using his body as a shield. He urges me to keep moving while his head swivels in every direction. People scatter around us, crying out in a roar of panic as guilt washes over me. They’re innocent; they’ve done nothing wrong. It’s my fault they’re caught in the crossfire.

Bullets continue to fly through the crowd, and I watch as bodies fall one by one. I don’t know if they’re dead or alive. I just know I see a lot of blood. People clutch their wounds, trying to run away, while others lie still on the ground, either pretending to be dead or perhaps they already are. I can’t turn my eyes away from the horrifying scene but I wish I could, so the images won’t haunt my memories forever.

*This is insane.*

Throttle groans and my head whirls toward him as fear tingles beneath the surface of my skin. “Oh, god! Are you okay?” My words tumble out quickly.

“I’m fine. We need to move faster. Stay low.” He groans again, and I know in my gut that he is definitely not fine. But I don’t say anything because he’s right. We need to go now.

From the corner of my eye, I catch a glimpse of Breaker firing back from behind a parked car. He looks angry, his gaze more serious than I’ve ever seen it. He’s shooting at some unknown target I can’t make out. I breathe a sigh of relief at the sight of him and pray that he gets home unharmed.

We make it to Throttle’s truck, jumping inside quickly as he starts the engine and pulls away from the curb. His foot is heavy on the gas, the vehicle roaring loudly as we speed away. I close my eyes, trying to catch my breath, when I hear his staggered exhale. My heart drops as I turn and see him gripping his left shoulder.

“You’re hurt!”

“I’m fine. Don’t make a big deal out of it.” He wouldn’t be bleeding if he were fine.

*“Don’t make a big deal? When did you get shot?”*

He huffs a laugh. “Doesn’t matter, beautiful. I’ll take thirty bullets if it keeps you alive.”

“This is all my fault.” My voice cracks, and I can see the pain on his face.

Throttle’s eyes flicker from the road to me. “Sienna, it’s okay. This isn’t going to kill me.” His words are strained but he gives me a watery smile anyway.

“Blood loss could kill you,” I remind him, not that he needs me to.

“It’s a bad graze—that’s all. I’ll get patched up at the clubhouse and be fine. You’ll see.”

*Patched up at the clubhouse? He’ll be fine?*

How can he know that? How can he be so calm right now when I'm barely holding on to my sanity? He wouldn't have been shot if I had just let Tony's men take me that night. And none of those decent people would've been hurt either. I don't know that I can live with this on my conscience...

"Sienna!" Throttle barks and I flinch out of my troubling thoughts. "Whatever the fuck you're conjuring up in that head of yours, just stop it. This ain't the first time I've taken a bullet and it won't be the last. This is the life I've chosen and I'm fine with that."

I blink, clearing away the tears filling my eyes faster now.

"I've also chosen you and all the shit you bring with you. And if that means dodging bullets every day for the rest of my life, then so be it."

I love this man. Somewhere along the way, I fell for him and that thought startles me. We've only known each other for a short time but I have no doubt that I love him. I'm in love with Ryan Davis, and whenever we get to safety, I'm going to tell him. I'll tell him—

BOOM.

Tires squeal and glass crackles while the sound of crunching metal fills my ears. The world spins around me as everything goes dark.

For how long? I'm not sure.

In the distance, I hear faint screaming. But the sound is muffled until the spinning stops and I realize the screams are coming from me. Every muscle in my body hurts and my arms dangle like heavy weights.

"Sienna." Someone's calling my name but I can't see them. "Sienna." The sound is familiar and soothing. "Sienna!" the voice bellows, and I wince as I tense up.

Cocking my head to the side, I see Throttle's face, his brows etched with worry. He looks terrified and I want nothing more than to wipe his fears away.

“Talk to me, Princess,” he demands, his gaze scanning every part of me.

I pivot my head and even that small movement hurts. “I’m alright, I think.”

“We gotta get the fuck outta here. Now.” He crawls out from the mangled truck, his movements slow but determined.

When he reaches my side, he helps me climb down, but it hurts to stand, to even breathe at this point. My hand lifts to the side of my head where the throbbing seems to originate. When I pull it back, bright-red liquid coats my fingers and my throat seizes with dread.

*This can't be good.*

I glance at our surroundings. We’re on the old highway that runs through town. There’s nothing for miles except an abandoned warehouse just down the hill. My eyes land on a mangled vehicle off the side of the road, and I assume that’s what caused us to crash. But at least Throttle and I are still breathing. Not sure I can say the same about that vehicle’s occupants. The doors are open, but I only see one body. The driver appears to have tumbled out of the car, landing on the pavement in a heap of limbs with his weapon still drawn. He’s not moving.

*Good. That's what you get when you attempt to murder people with your car.*

“We have to run,” Throttle tells me, reaching for my hand. Ignoring his own injuries, he carefully drags me along and I grimace. The pain is unbearable, and it’s difficult to walk, let alone jog behind him to keep up with his long strides. But I push everything down, and focus on staying close to his side as he leads us to safety.

Sirens wail in the distance, announcing help has arrived at the courthouse and I’m relieved. This madness needs to end, yet I can’t understand why it happened this way to begin with. Seems excessive if it were just me they were after. But the number of injured people I saw tells me Tony had bigger plans than hunting me down.

When we approach the old warehouse, Throttle peeks inside a dusty window. He removes his leather vest, wrapping it around his hand before punching at the glass. Climbing in first, he turns around to help me, but I cry out in pain.

“Fuck, I’m sorry. We’re almost there,” he assures me, but I’m in bad shape.

This is the second crash I’ve been in within the last several weeks, and I’m barely healed from the first one. Except everything hurts this time. Even my hair hurts. We need to get to a hospital and soon. Throttle’s been shot and who knows the extent of my injuries? My head is fuzzy and my sight grows dim, lulling me to sleep.

“Stay with me, Sienna. Look at me,” Throttle demands, and I manage to muster up a smile.

“I’m okay,” I whisper as my eyes fight to remain on him.

His gaze rakes along my body, taking in the shallow cuts from broken glass on my arms and legs. I can’t tell how bad the gash is on my temple, but it must be of some significance as a warm trickle of blood drips down my face. Throttle swipes it away, then pulls open my suit jacket to reveal a deep wound on my abdomen.

“Fuck!” he curses, and I glance down at the damage.

“Guess that explains why it hurts so bad.” I shudder, the sight of the blood seeping through my blouse making me dizzy.

“I’m gonna get you to the hospital, baby. Just give me a minute, okay?”

I nod and raise my hand to the wound on his shoulder. “Are *you* okay?”

“Don’t worry about me.”

*Like I could ever do that.*

He’s intense and filled with energy, and I wonder if he’s experiencing some kind of adrenaline surge. I hope it’s enough for him to get us out of here because I can sense myself fading

fast. I cough into my hand, feeling wetness coat my skin. When I examine my palm, I see speckles of blood.

“Fuck, Sienna!” Throttle clenches his fists in his hair as he struggles to keep it together.

I prop my head back against the wall, rapidly blinking in an attempt to clear my blurry vision. I hope I’m hallucinating as I see two figures enter the building on the other side of the large, open space. It isn’t until they’re closing in that I’m able to distinguish they’re both males I don’t recognize.

My eyes widen with fear. “Throttle!” I shriek, tapping his arm weakly. He notices the distraught expression on my face and immediately spins around.

The men charge at us, their guns aimed in our direction. I’m wondering how Throttle is going to fight them off without a weapon when he grabs two handfuls of loose dirt from the ground. He waits for them to get closer, then slings the sandy grime at their faces. The men halt, coughing as dust fills their lungs.

Throttle capitalizes on their momentary incapacitation and throws a hard punch at the man on the left. His head whips back and Throttle knocks the gun from his hand, where it skates across the ground and stops by my foot. Throttle attacks the men, landing punishing blows as they stumble around disoriented and struggling to see.

I stare down at the weapon, a sick curiosity rushing through me at the thought of how many people have been killed with it. These thugs have no regard for human life.

*Are they proud of what they’ve done? All the people they’ve hurt and lives they’ve ruined?*

They should pay for their crimes and the pain they’ve inflicted on undeserving victims. And I want to see it when it happens.

I glance up to find Throttle still battling both men, his gaze fierce and steady. He’s a different person now, one who’s killed before and is prepared to do it again. He’s aggressive and wild, proving Venom was right to have him protecting me.

I should be afraid of a man like this, a man who can deliver pain to anyone he deems deserving of it. But instead, I'm turned on and fall in love with him a little more.

The men now circling Throttle seem to have forgotten about me, so I slowly back away. But Throttle tracks me from the corner of his eye, and I still my movements, not wanting to distract him. The stockier man approaches him from behind, but Throttle surprises him when his leg shoots back, kicking the man in the gut and making him howl and double over. The taller, skinnier guy is still armed and lunges forward, but Throttle wrestles his weapon away before landing a swift uppercut that sends the man hurtling backward.

Throttle's on him in an instant, throwing blow after blow, his strikes never letting up. The man is staggering across the ground, attempting punches that only connect with air, indicating his vision is still compromised from the dirt. Throttle repeatedly pelts our attacker's sides, his heavy fist almost certainly fracturing a rib and definitely knocking the wind from his lungs. The guy groans as his legs give out and he falls to his knees.

The first man has recovered enough to reach for his partner's gun. But Throttle acts quickly, hefting the bastard up before shifting the guy's lean frame in front of his own body like a shield. The shorter man fires, but it's his partner who takes the bullets when they disappear inside his chest and he lies limp against Throttle. Creating a distraction, Throttle hurls the dead thug at his partner, who flails as he tries to dodge the lifeless body. That's when Throttle charges him, ripping the gun away and knocking the man to the ground as he stumbles over the corpse.

Our attacker's eyes are wild and crazed as his panic soars while Throttle stands over him, gun aimed at his head. My heart hammers in my chest, knowing Throttle is wounded after being shot at, involved in a crash, and fighting off two assailants. It may just be a graze but it's bad; yet the adrenaline pumping through his body has given him superhuman strength, and he stalks around ready to shed more blood.



I can't breathe as I watch, my body turning cold and my vision blurring while blood continues to seep from my wounds. My head grows heavy and my knees buckle when I crumple to the ground, no longer able to stand. Throttle's head whips in my direction and Tony's man seizes the opportunity to tackle him, knocking the gun away and punching at the wound in his shoulder. Throttle roars in pain, and my heart clenches when I see him hurt, wishing I could protect him like he has protected me.

*God, please let us get out of this alive. At least him, if not me.*

Fighting through the pain, Throttle strikes back with a sharp jab to the man's mouth. He spits blood on the ground before wiping his busted lip with the back of his hand. When Throttle attempts another punch, the stocky man squats low, kicking the side of Throttle's knee.

"Fuck!" Throttle yells as he stumbles back. "I'm gonna enjoy it when I fucking kill you. You piece of shit."

"I'm gonna kill you first," the man taunts, a deranged smile on his face when he glances over at me. "And then I'm gonna kill her. But not until I've had some fun. And we both know she's gonna like it." He spits at Throttle, the bloody saliva landing at his feet. "Ain't that right, bitch?"

A shiver runs down my spine at the thought of this man anywhere near me.

Throttle's lips curve into a cruel grin. "I'm not worried about whatever plans you got brewing up in your fucked-up head. You're not making it out of this place alive."

And then, they're at each other again, landing punches, one after the next. Blood splatters and skin splits with each connection of their fists. But neither stops, both having more stamina than I would've imagined. My eyes can't keep up with their movements as my strength continues fading by the second.

*I'm gonna die here, and I didn't get the chance to tell him I love him.*

I hear choked gagging and look up to see Tony's man with his thick arm around Throttle's neck. I gasp and the sharp intake of breath shoots pain through my body. But I push through it, knowing I have to do something, anything to help him.

I search the area, my gaze darting around when I spot one of the guns a few feet away. I crawl toward it, the sensations excruciating as my muscles beg me to be still. When I'm finally within arm's reach, I stretch out my hand, feeling the familiar cold of the steel. I've held a gun before, when I was learning self-defense, but this one is heavier than the one I used. Or maybe I'm just weak, because the weapon feels almost impossible to lift. But I'm running out of time and I have to do something before it's too late.

Tears blur my vision as memories flash in my mind of being with Throttle. Things we did, things he said...

*"That was me making you my ol' lady."*

*"I'm always looking at you."*

*"Ryan. Ryan Davis. If we're doing this, you should know the man you're with."*

If anyone's going to make it out of here, I want it to be him.

Rallying my limited strength, I firmly grip the gun and prepare to take aim. Throttle's gaze finds mine. I nod my intentions, and he reads them clearly. He drops his hands from clawing at the man's arms and elbows him sharply in his side. Tony's guy reaches for his ribs, which are probably broken, and clutches his side when I pull the trigger. I don't stop until the magazine is empty and he falls backward, hitting the ground with a heavy thud.

Everything is silent now, except for the sound of my and Throttle's labored breathing. My last ounce of energy is drained and I slide to the ground, dropping the gun beside me. I should probably be remorseful for taking a life. Instead, I'm relieved and thankful we're safe.

Truth is I'm glad he's dead, especially knowing what he's done.

"Hey! Hey! Look at me, Princess!" Throttle shouts, pulling me into his arms as he kneels down. I try to stare up at him, the outline of his face engulfed by the darkness slowly clouding over my vision. I give him a weak smile, or at least I think I do, before my eyelids slowly close.

"You're gonna be okay now. I'm sorry I caused all this." My voice is thin and I can barely get the words out.

"Stop it, Sienna. If you're gonna talk, don't say some bullshit like that."

"Fine." I swallow, the metallic taste dripping down my throat. "I love you."

Throttle stills, his hand trembling against my body. "Don't say that shit either. I wanna hear it when we're both safe and anywhere but fucking here."

"I love you, Ryan Davis." I place my hand on top of his, my movements weak and my body cold and tired.

"I'm gonna get you to the hospital, Sienna. Just stay with me," he demands, his voice cracking now.

My mind begins to drift as muffled footsteps grow louder upon their approach. Throttle tenses, yet I'm too frail to move. If that's more of Tony's men, then it'll be impossible for either of us to make it out of here. But at least I've said the one thing I needed to say, even if those few words end up being my last.

"Honey, can you hear me? Open your eyes, pretty girl." The voice is familiar, and I peek beneath heavy eyelids to see Venom crouching over me.

"I hear you. You don't have to be so loud, you know." My attempt at teasing him is feeble, but he hears me and chuckles as he checks out Throttle's shoulder. Relief floods through me, but the pain becomes so overwhelming that my body goes numb and I float off into a peaceful darkness.

“Sir, you need to calm down or I’ll have you removed,” the nurse gives me an ultimatum, one arm flung out to hold me back as I struggle to get past her.

“Don’t fucking tell me to calm down. I need to see her,” I snap for the third time.

“The doctor is doing the best he can for her, but you need to take a seat and wait.” She might as well be speaking a foreign language because I can’t comprehend a damn word she’s saying.

*Calm down, my ass.* Not until I have Sienna in my sights.

I’ve been losing my mind with worry ever since her body fell limp in my arms when she passed out. I called her name over and over again, but she didn’t move. She was bleeding from the deep gash on her stomach while blood trickled from the wound on her head.

*How could I have let this happen?*

I was supposed to protect her and yet she got hurt anyway. She’s in the fucking hospital now because I couldn’t do my fucking job.

*If I lose her...*

A hand grips my shoulder and I glance back to see Venom giving me a pointed look. I lower my head in defeat as he regards the nurse with a pleasant smile I rarely see him show. “I apologize, honey. I’ll take care of him. Just please do everything you can for Sienna. She’s important to us.” He

winks at the woman, and I swear she giggles back at him before catching herself and locking her professional demeanor back in place.

The nurse nods with appreciation, appearing happy to speak with someone more level-headed than I am. “I promise we’re doing all that we can.” Then she rushes down the corridor and through the swinging double doors.

Focusing his attention on me, Venom’s charming smile instantly evaporates. “You need to get patched up.”

“I *need* to wait here until she wakes up.”

“Tell me this. When she does, do you think she’ll be happy or scared seeing you like this?” He eyes me up and down, his lip curling in disgust.

I hadn’t really thought about that, but I’m sure I look rough. My face aches from the few punches those assholes were able to land. The wound on my shoulder is still bleeding, although not as much, but it stings like a motherfucker. I probably look like I barely escaped the demons in hell. I sure as fuck feel like it.

Venom is right. I need to get myself fixed up. I don’t want her to see me looking roughed up when she comes to. “Fine. Tell Doc to bring his kit and meet me outside. I’ll do it, but I’m not going farther than the parking lot.”

He shakes his head while grabbing his phone from his back pocket. “You’re a stubborn fucker, you know that?”

“Tell me something I don’t know.”

Ten minutes later, Doc arrives and I let him patch me up in the club van. We mainly use it for *clean up*, but it works great when Doc has to work on the move. The whole time he’s stitching my arm, my mind is on Sienna and her wounds. When those motherfuckers crashed into my truck, shattered glass from the windshield lacerated her abdomen. I didn’t know, didn’t see all the blood until it was too late. And by the time I got us somewhere I could call for backup, those fucking thugs were on us and I had to deal with them first.

Doc cleans my cuts and scrapes after finishing my stitches. My chest is sore from the force of the airbag, but there's no way I'd complain, knowing Sienna is far worse off than this. "Thanks, Doc. I better get back inside."

"No problem, brother. Go take care of your girl. I'll be at the clubhouse if y'all need anything." He pulls out of the parking lot, and I head to the waiting room.

At some point, a young girl in scrubs comes out to update us on Sienna's status. She's fighting but she's not out of the woods yet. Rage boils inside me when I think about what happened to her. It masks the guilt I feel for letting this go down in the first place.

My head is in my hands as I rest my elbows on my knees with my ass firmly planted in one of those uncomfortable waiting room chairs. Venom plops down next to me but doesn't say a word.

"Don't you got somewhere to be?" I grunt, taking my frustrations out on the wrong person.

I can tell he's struggling to refrain from glaring at me when he asks, "Where else would I be when my brother needs me?"

I have to remind myself this is my Prez I'm talking to and get my shit together. But that's easier said than done. I'm barely holding on and don't let it show how much I actually do need him right now.

Before she passed out, Sienna told me that she loved me. Yet I couldn't tell her I feel the same way because I thought if I did, she wouldn't fight anymore, fight to come back to me where she belongs. But I'm going to tell her the moment she wakes up. And I'll continue to tell her every day until my last breath. I never thought I'd feel this way about anyone and certainly not so soon. But she got under my skin the moment I laid eyes on her, even if I didn't want her to.

The hours roll by and people come and go, filling the waiting area outside the emergency room. I occasionally get up to grab more coffee or use the restroom, but I don't stray too far in case there's another update. Finally, the doctor

comes out, his face giving nothing away when he approaches. He halts in front of us and I surge to my feet.

“Are you the family for Sienna Jones?”

“Yes, I’m her fiancé.” I talk quickly, doubting he’ll let me see her if we weren’t related in some way.

He’s hesitant until he glances at the patch on my cut, then at Venom, who’s now standing beside me. Usually, once people realize who we are, they give us whatever the fuck we want. And right now, I want my girl.

“She’s stable. The surgery was a success, and we’re currently moving her to a room for observation. I’ll tell the nurse to bring you back shortly. She’s lucky she didn’t nick a major organ or lose more blood. Her head injury, however, is concerning. There’s some swelling we’re monitoring before we can run more tests. But my gut says she’ll be fine. Initial assessments look good.” He eyes me intensely with a clenched jaw, like he knows it’s my fault she’s in this mess.

*I’m pissed at me too, pal, so fuck off.*

Relief washes over me, knowing she’s going to recover and be okay. “Thanks, doc.” I offer my hand and he takes it, giving me a half-assed shake.

Venom reads my annoyed expression and claps a heavy palm on his shoulder. “We’re *all* grateful for what you’ve done for Sienna, doc. Satan’s Disciples never forget the good ones.” Venom’s meaning may be veiled, but the doctor catches his drift and his posture stiffens.

“Oh... Of course. Just doing my job.” The man offers a polite yet nervous smile before hightailing it back in the direction he came from.

I hear Venom sigh next to me as he reaches for his phone. Then it dawns on me that I haven’t asked about the rest of my brothers. I’ve been so focused on Sienna. The realization stuns me as I’ve never put anyone above my club.

But before I can ask, he reads my mind. “We knew some bullshit would happen and we were ready. We stay ready. Everyone is accounted for and back at the clubhouse. You got

a lot on your mind, brother, but I know you're just as worried about them as you are about her."

"And Bertelli's men? Where are those motherfuckers?" I narrow my eyes, feeling my rage simmer beneath my skin.

"We got most of them. Reaper's a helluva good sniper and never misses. A few cowards scurried away but we'll leave them for the cops. Let Carnage PD earn their keep for once."

I nod with satisfaction.

"It's obvious Bertelli sent his henchmen out for revenge. I doubt the police will come knocking, asking who helped take out the trash. And if they do, we'll remind them to be fucking grateful and to fuck off."

"And the innocent bystanders?"

"We tried to get to as many as we could, but we didn't get them all." I can read the regret all over his face. "What I don't understand is why the bastard attacked out in the open like that. They came after Sienna before, but it was just her. So why put other people in the way if she was his only goal? Makes me wonder what else that fucker Tony is up to." Venom scratches his bearded chin, a mindless quirk of his when he's working through a problem that irks him.

I'm just as angry as he is. The only ones who should've died are Tony's men. And the few who got away? They can count on us finishing what they started. No one comes after what's mine, which includes my club and Sienna now, and lives to see another day. Not for long anyway.

I thought it was strange only three men came after us once we fled the courthouse. There's no way they could've known we had Disciples waiting for an ambush. And they couldn't have known Sienna was under our protection. So, why did Bertelli have so many men show up?

Yeah, Venom's right that this asshole has another agenda. I just don't know what the fuck it is yet.

"We'll worry about Bertelli another day. I can guarantee his incarceration will be short and it won't be because of his good behavior." The corner of Venom's mouth turns up into a



sinister smirk. “I’m gonna head back and take care of some things. You good?”

I collapse into my chair and lean forward, running a hand over my face. “I’m good here, brother. I’ll keep you posted.”

“You call me when she wakes up. I gotta meet Lucien.”

*Fuck.* That old man is gonna have my ass. We promised him we’d keep Sienna safe while he tended to another client. But that’s a promise I didn’t keep.

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I HOLD SIENNA’S HAND WHILE SHE LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN HER hospital bed. The doctor confirmed this is normal for someone who’s experienced the kind of physical trauma she has. But, as the hours tick by, I grow more and more uneasy. My emotions vary from minute to minute. I go from being guilt-ridden, to angry, to worried.

Then the cycle repeats itself.

At some point, Tex and Breaker stop in to check on her and bring me fresh clothes. I guess Doc told them I looked like hammered shit after he came by to fix me up. Then, Emma and Sentinel show up after that, and she immediately bursts into tears upon seeing her friend injured and unconscious. Apparently, it triggered her own past trauma, and Sentinel was quick to take her home. But not until she made me swear to keep her up to date on Sienna’s condition.

I’m glad those two hit it off. It’ll make it easier to convince Sienna to stay with me once this shit is all over. Because there’s no way I’ll ever be without her again—now, I can see why Sentinel keeps Emma by his side at all times. I plan to do the fucking same whether my ol’ lady likes it or not.

I groan as I shift in the pleather lounge next to Sienna’s bed, the pain of my own injuries sinking in the longer I sit here. I bring her hand to my lips, gently kissing her knuckles, when the door cracks open and Lucien walks in. I’m prepared to endure his wrath, but he doesn’t say a word. He simply walks to the other side of her bed and stares at her with

anguish in his eyes. I swallow down my shame and remorse as I look away.

I know how much this man means to Sienna as well as her significance to him. He never married, never had children of his own, and as far as he's concerned, Sienna is his only family. I'm sure he regrets that he wasn't there to protect her, just as he likely regrets putting me in charge of her care. But what's done is done, and all we can do now is make it right.

Tears well in Lucien's eyes as he looks at me while gently stroking her hair. "Are you alright?"

I stare at him, surprised at his calm disposition. "I'm fine. Just wish she'd wake up is all."

"You and me both, son." He bows his head and glances back at Sienna. "I don't blame you for this, you know. And neither will she." My chest tightens with emotion I wasn't expecting. "There's only one person to blame and Venom assures me he'll be dealt with swiftly." Lucien's lips pinch together in a tight line as he seethes with anger.

"He will, even if I have to do it myself."

"You just focus on her." Lucien bends down to kiss Sienna's forehead. "I know she loves you. Even though I tried to convince her otherwise." He chuckles softly when I raise a curious eyebrow at him. "I know all about this life, son. And believe me when I say this isn't what her father or I ever wanted for her. But she's a stubborn little thing, and when her mind's made up, no one can change it. Not even the man she's in love with. I hope you can handle her. Far better men than you have tried."

"Those supposedly better men failed. And maybe I failed her too. But no one, and I mean not one motherfucker on this earth, will ever love her like I do. I'll destroy the world if I have to for her. And burn anyone who gets in my way."

Lucien's smile is subtle but sincere as he looks me in the eye. "That's what I wanted to hear." With a parting kiss to her cheek, he warns, "Take care of our girl... or I'll take care of you."

I have to hand it to the old man. He's more devious than he lets on.

It's almost 5 a.m. and I'm exhausted. My body aches and my ass hurts from sitting here, but there's no way in fucking hell I'll leave this bedside until Sienna wakes up. My eyelids are heavy and begin to drift closed when her hand suddenly twitches in mine.

I immediately sit up, my gaze searching her face for any sign that she's finally coming to. Then, my heart stutters when her eyes blink open, and I hurriedly press the call button for a nurse.

"Hang on, Princess. They'll be here to check you out in just a second." I reach out to cup her cheek with my hand, smoothing my thumb across her soft skin, grateful as fuck that she's finally awake.

The night shift nurse knocks on the door before entering, then checks Sienna's vitals. She pages the on-call doctor and informs us she's on her way. A few moments later, a woman in her mid-forties rushes in wearing a white lab coat and hot-pink scrubs.

"We've been waiting for you to wake up, Sleeping Beauty." The doctor removes her stethoscope from around her neck and begins to examine Sienna. "And this guy has been a grumpy ass ever since they brought you in." She hikes her thumb in my direction as she gives me a wink.

"Yeah, well... I—"

The doctor cuts me off with a dismissive hand. "I'd be the exact same way if I were in your shoes." A warm smile

spreads across her face before she returns to her assessment.

She confirms everything looks good and tells us that she'll order another round of labs and imaging first thing in the morning. I feel like I can finally breathe and thank her as she leaves the room, the nurse following closely behind her. As soon as they're gone, I gently pull Sienna in my arms, needing to hold her but being mindful of her injuries.

"Ryan?" Sienna's voice is raspy but it's the best sound to ever grace my fucking ears.

"Yeah, baby. What do you need?" I ask, still holding on to her.

"Are you okay?"

I lean back so I can see her pretty face, shocked as shit at her question. "You've been badly injured, operated on, and unconscious for hours. And that's the first thing you say?"

"I wasn't the only one hurt. And I wouldn't be here now, if it weren't for you."

"I know and I'm sorry. So fucking sorry. It's my fault and you have every reason to blame me..."

*Fuck, this hurts worse than I thought it would.*

"What? No..." She begins to cough and I grab the cup of ice water from her side table, lifting the flexible straw to her lips. "That's not what I meant. You saved me. I wouldn't be here, on this earth, if you hadn't."

"What the fuck are you talking about? *You saved me.*" Surely she remembers what she did. "Sienna, you—"

"I know what I did. You don't have to tell me." She casts her eyes down, perhaps some memory flashing behind her lids, before looking up at me again. "But I'd happily do it all over if I had to. He was hurting you and he would've hurt me too if you weren't fighting him off. I did what I had to do for the both of us."

I swallow a lump in my throat, overwhelmed by how brave this woman is. And she's right. If one of us hadn't gotten to that gun, that motherfucker would've kept coming until one of

us was dead. I just wish I had gotten to him first. I can live with blood on my hands. That's nothing new for me. But I'm not sure how Sienna will handle it.

Perhaps I should give her more credit though. I also didn't know she could handle a weapon, and she did just fine even in her injured state. She's tough as fuck, and I don't deserve her.

"I love you, Sienna. I love you so fucking much." I gaze at her, wishing there were better words to convey how strongly I feel for her.

Her eyes become glossy with tears. "I love you too. So fucking much." She scrunches her nose and smiles after repeating my words. Even when she's hurt, this woman is still a troublemaker.

---

IT'S BEEN THREE DAYS SINCE SHE WOKE UP AND SIENNA'S still in the hospital. I've remained by her side the entire time, although she's tried to run me off on numerous occasions. Not a fucking chance I'm leaving this place without her. And when she's discharged, she'll be in for a surprise because she has a new home to return to.

*Mine.*

I can tell she's getting stir-crazy because her bratty side is starting to show again. Haven't seen her act like this since we first met. But Daddy doesn't have a problem putting his Princess in place. Unfortunately for both of us, it won't be with my dick though. We've got six weeks before I can fuck her like I need to and my cock is crying about the wait.

Sienna slams the TV remote onto her bed, groaning in frustration. "Because of this stupid concussion, I only get a little screen time every day. But when I do get to watch TV, there's nothing on."

I can't believe she's actually pouting, but I'll never admit that it's kind of cute. "We've got all the streaming services at home. You can watch whatever you want when we get there." I brush a tendril of hair off her face, wondering if she's caught my meaning.

*Apparently not.*

“I only have Netflix at my condo,” she huffs, twisting her mouth to one side as she mopes.

“Well, I have all of them at my place, which is going to be your new home.” It’s ballsy, but I make the declarative statement, testing if she’ll argue with me. She doesn’t, at least not initially, and I’m guessing my words have yet to sink in.

She cocks her head to the side. “I thought you lived at the clubhouse?”

“I stay there most of the time, wanting to be near my brothers. But there’s an old house at the back of the property and it’s mine. We would have privacy and still be close to everyone. You can do whatever you want with it, but you *are* living with me. I can’t be without you, Sienna. I won’t. I need you too damn much.”

She’s silent while she stares at me.

“Did you forget you’re my ol’ lady? Ain’t no going back, sweetheart. Especially after almost losing you.” I chuckle sardonically. “You’re mine. And that means now and for fucking ever.”

She’s still quiet and I stare at my clenched hands, worried about what’s going through her mind. When I finally lift my eyes, I see that she’s smiling back at me.

*Thank fuck.*

“Are you gonna be mad if I paint the bathroom bright pink? Because I’m kind of thinking of making the place extra colorful.”

I hope she’s fucking joking, but even if she isn’t, I’d still let her do it, just as long as I get to wake up beside her every day for the rest of my life.

I laugh, holding her face in my hands and pulling her in for a kiss. “Baby, you can paint it how ever the fuck you want, as long as you’re living with me.”

“Deal.”

---

AFTER HER LAST ASSESSMENT SHOWS SHE'S WELL ON HER WAY to a full recovery, Sienna is finally discharged. I load her up into one of the club's SUVs, and we make a pit stop at the clubhouse, where she follows me inside. She's eager to be back, which is a far cry from her first few days here, and I'm happy she accepts MC life.

My brothers are crowded around the bar, and as soon as they see us, everyone turns to give us their attention. Bright smiles are plastered on their faces as they welcome Sienna back. She returns their sentiment, her beautiful eyes filled with happy tears.

"Just saying a quick hello and letting you assholes know my ol' lady is gonna be fine." I'm finally confirming what's been true for a few weeks now, and their shock doesn't go unnoticed.

Everyone shares a glance, but it's Tex who cocks his head with a question. "If that was your way of making this shit official, you're too late. We already know."

They all laugh. Then, one by one, each of my brothers starts mouthing off.

"This motherfucker thinks we're stupid, huh?" Jerk is the first to comment before flipping me off.

"Maybe he wants a gold medal or something." Maverick crosses his arms over his chest and widens his stance. "Is that it? You want a kiss on the head?"

Mildly annoyed, I retort, "I've got a head you can kiss, motherfucker," while grabbing my cock for emphasis. A roar of laughter bounces around the room and Sienna joins in. I glance at her by my side, ecstatic I get to hear that angelic sound again. "In that case, we're out, fuckers. We'll see you assholes tomorrow."

"Glad to see you're okay, Sienna!"

"Come find me when you want a real man!"

"The offer still stands for you to sit on my lap, sugar!"



Everyone shouts at the same time, and we can hear their continued laughter trailing behind us all the way to the SUV. Instead of going back to my place, I agree to stay at Sienna's condo with her for a while so I can help her pack as my brothers start work on the house.

---

IT TAKES A FEW WEEKS, BUT WE GET THE PLACE LOOKING JUST the way she wants it with new furniture, fresh paint, refinished hardwood floors, and a remodeled kitchen and bathrooms. Thank fuck the club has its own construction company or this shit could've taken months instead of a couple of weeks.

It's been the longest sixteen days, waiting to move into our home together, especially while Sienna heals from her wounds and has limited mobility.

"You ready?" I squeeze her hand as we stand next to my new truck, looking at our house.

She turns her head to face me, excitement sparkling behind her eyes. She'll never understand the lengths I'd go for her, what I'd do to keep her happy and safe.

"Take me home." A smile tips up the corners of her full, pouty lips. Then she rises on her tiptoes to kiss me.

# EPILOGUE

SIENNA

It's weird how fast time moves.

Three months ago, I never would've dreamed that I'd be hiding out with one of the most dangerous motorcycle clubs, or that I'd be shot at and almost killed, or that I'd be living with a biker named Throttle. But here we are. I'm in love and have a new home that's the perfect blend of the two of us.

Lately, I've been working from home while I recover from my injuries, but I was supposed to go into the office today. I didn't, though, because my follow-up appointment with my doctor was rescheduled and today was the only time they could get me in before she goes on vacation. Thankfully, I'm healing well and no longer in pain. The wound on my abdomen is now a scar that reminds me of everything I've endured over the past several weeks.

The truth is I didn't want to wait any longer and asked to be called if there were any cancelations. It's been six weeks since Throttle and I have had sex and I'm at the end of my rope. It's impossible to resist that man, but he's taking the doctor's orders seriously. Too damn seriously, no matter how much I argue otherwise.

The doctor finally enters the exam room after I've waited almost thirty minutes, time I spent reading the same magazine that's been here for the last two years. I almost have it memorized.

“Hi, Sienna. How are you feeling today?”

The surgeon released me two weeks ago, so I’m hoping my primary care physician will do the same today. “I’m actually feeling pretty good. Most of my soreness is gone, but I occasionally have a few minor pains when I move too quickly.”

“That’s normal. They should go away soon. How’s that scar coming along?”

“Everything’s looking good. Feeling good. Just hoping I get the okay to get back to my normal activities. *All* my normal activities.” I lower my chin and dramatically blink my eyes at her.

She catches my drift and laughs. “I get what you’re saying. And I’m honestly surprised your new shadow didn’t accompany you today.”

“He would have but I assured Throttle this was a quick visit and his presence was not needed. Besides, he’s taken my recovery to heart and won’t let me do anything. I’m dying here! If I was gonna beg you to give me the thumbs-up for sex, I didn’t want him here to see it. It’s sad to listen to a grown woman beg, but I’m prepared to do it.” I chuckle while feeling slightly embarrassed.

“That won’t be necessary.” Her smile is kind and understanding. “You’re all clear for any... *activities* you had in mind. Just be careful. I’ve seen that man of yours and gentle is not how I’d describe him.” She raises a cautious eyebrow.

“Throttle is a sweet little lamb. I have no idea what you mean.”

“Yeah, okay.” She rolls her eyes as she chuckles again. “Tell Mister Biker-Man I said hello. And if he has any single friends, to please send them my way.”

“Dr. Kramer! I didn’t know you were into bad boys.” I teasingly clutch my nonexistent pearls.

“I’m into any man who dotes on me the way Throttle does on you.”

I blush as my chest fills with warmth.

“Alright, let me check a few things. Then you’re free to go.”

She finishes the exam, and I’m practically beaming with excitement when I leave her office. I can’t wait to tell Throttle the good news and I have no intention of doing it with words. If I have to rip that man’s clothes off with my teeth, then so be it. I’ve earned a night of orgasms and he’s going to give it to me. It’s been too long for the both of us.

---

I DECIDED TO MAKE A SPECIAL DINNER TO CELEBRATE MY clean bill of health. It’s been a while since I’ve really cooked, so I think Throttle will be excited to try my pan-seared steaks with herb mashed potatoes and garlic-roasted asparagus. I finish setting the table, then clean myself up, wanting to be ready when he gets home. I have the food keeping warm in the oven because I want my dessert first as soon as he hits the door.

When I hear the roar of his bike as he pulls into the driveway, a smile spreads across my face and I excitedly move to the front door. I open it up before he can get his key into the lock, and his eyes widen with surprise.

His gaze instantly roams over me, looking for any sign of injury or distress. “You okay?” he asks, his tone laced with worry.

“Yes, now get in here.” I grab his wrist and drag him inside while he snickers at me.

“What’s the rush, baby? You got ants in your pants or something?”

“No, I have a wet pussy in my pants and it needs attention.”

He laughs while I kick the door closed and tug him towards our bedroom. His pace slows as he lifts his nose in the air, deeply inhaling the savory scents coming from the kitchen. “Hmmm, something smells amazing. What is that?”

“Dinner. I’ll fix you a plate later. But first, you need to eat something sweet.” My mouth twists into a sinful smirk.

“Sweet, huh? You got cookies waiting in the bedroom?”

“Just one cookie, and it has your name on it. You can even dip it in milk.” I shove him into our room and shut the door behind us, accidentally slamming it against the frame.

“Milk? Or—”

“Oh my god. Less talking, more dicking. It’s been six weeks and I’ve waited as long as I can.” Usually he’s the aggressor, but not tonight. My patience is nonexistent today.

“I’ll admit you’ve been a very good girl these past few weeks. A lack of orgasms has made you a bit bratty, but Daddy’s proud of you for being on your best behavior.” His voice drops an octave as he takes over, spinning me around and pushing me against the door.

“Oh yeah? Is Daddy gonna give me a reward then?”

His hips are flush against mine and I can feel his cock lengthening in his jeans. “And what does my good little girl want?” he whispers, pressing his dick into my lower abs.

“I want you to use me like a toy. Make me come with your tongue. Then fuck me hard until we both scream.”

He pulls back to look into my eyes. “*Fuck*. I love it when you have a dirty little whore mouth for Daddy.” The tip of his tongue licks up the side of my neck before he nips at my tender flesh.

I rub his rock-hard cock through his jeans and he releases a guttural sound, biting down on my earlobe. He snakes his hand to my hair, yanking my head back so he can slam his lips to mine. Weeks and weeks of starving for each other make the kiss hungry and consuming. I tug on his belt loops, drawing him closer while I roll my hips into him, relishing the feel of his body on mine.

“I need you,” I pant through stuttered breaths.

“You have me, Princess. You fucking have me.” He always knows what I need to hear, making me drunk off his words.

My body was made just for him and every sentence he utters brings it to life.

Throttle nibbles on my bottom lip, pulling back with a pop, then lifts me off my feet. My legs wrap securely around him as he carries me to the bed and throws me down in the center of the mattress. My skin is tingling with need for him as I squirm with anticipation. He strips off his clothes and I'm dying to touch him, feel his smooth skin beneath my hands.

When I start to undress myself, he stops me with a *tsk* of his tongue. "Leave that to me, Princess." Throttle crawls onto the bed, kissing and suckling up my leg as he makes his way over my body until he reaches my mouth for another kiss.

*How does he always taste so good?*

"Ryan..." I moan.

"Do you know how much I fucking love it when you call my name like that?" He unbuttons my jeans, pulling them completely off, along with my panties.

With one quick motion, he flips me onto my stomach, lifting my ass in the air and spreading my thighs apart until his face is settled at my pussy. He gently blows on my exposed core, and the warm air feels cool on my thighs that are lightly coated with my arousal.

"You promised dessert first, right?" He lazily drags his tongue up my slit and my body quivers. "Mmmm, just as sweet as I remember."

My abs tighten as his mouth moves against me. He's eating me alive, his tongue lapping at my soaked pussy. I can hear the sounds he makes between his moans, and I swear he's being loud on purpose. He knows it turns me on to hear him enjoying what he's doing and only heightens my need for him.

"I need you..." I beg into the sheets.

"Patience, little girl." He presses a finger to my swollen clit. "Daddy's not done eating." He coats two fingers with my wetness before pushing inside me. My walls stretch slightly, the intrusion barely scratching the surface of my growing

ache. His mouth circles around my clit, sucking hard until I let out a cry. “Shhh,” he coos.

My hips are trembling, desperately seeking more. It’s been too long and I need his cock. I need him buried so deep inside me that I feel him everywhere, from the top of my head to the tips of my toes.

“Please, please, please...” I beg, tears filling the corners of my eyes.

A sharp slap against my wet pussy rocks me, hurtling me to the edge of an orgasm. Throttle plunges three fingers into me now, my back arching off the bed in response. I claw at the sheets, my muscles taut, my body aching to climax.

“I missed this tight little cunt so much. You taste so fucking good, Sienna.” Another hard slap. “Come on Daddy’s tongue, baby. Show me how good I make you feel.” He presses a kiss to my throbbing clit before flicking against it with the tip of his tongue, his fingers rapidly thrusting inside me at the same speed.

“Oh my god!” I shout, trying to get away from the overwhelming intensity. But he locks me in place with his forearm, making sure I stay right there and take everything he wants to give me. My eyes squeeze shut and hazy white flecks float behind my eyelids.

I’m burning up and it doesn’t take much longer for me to come. When I fall over the cliff, I hear the faint sound of Throttle swallowing my juices, the rest of it spilling down my inner thighs. I lie limply on the bed, the aftershocks of my orgasm leaving me trembling and grinning like a fool.

Throttle smiles, crawling over my body to kiss me. I taste myself on his lips and my pussy clenches with desire. My mouth opens, letting him in, and our tongues twirl around each other in a welcoming embrace.

“You like tasting yourself on me, don’t you, Princess?” he asks, pulling off my top. The bratty urge to say *no* prickles under my skin, but I nod instead, afraid Daddy will deny me more long-overdue orgasms if I don’t behave.

He unclasps my bra and tosses it across the room, where it joins the rest of our discarded clothes. I'm bare beneath him, waiting for whatever he has planned next. His gaze roams my body, raising my temperature a few degrees.

"I need to feel you inside me," I breathe, longing for him to fill me up.

He shakes his head, and I want to cry. "Not yet."

*Not yet? How much longer is he gonna make me wait?*

He massages the insides of my thick thighs, pushing them farther apart while I lie on my back, practically thrashing against the bed with need. His hands inch closer to my dripping pussy, his thumbs teasingly brushing against my bare lips. Silent pleas are on the tip of my tongue when he finally wraps my legs around his waist, pushing himself closer to me. His hard cock glides through my wetness as he lubes himself up, ready to push inside me.

"Say my name again," he commands, his chest rising and falling as he tempts us both. "I want to hear it when I fill this tight pussy with Daddy's dick."

I reach for him, wrapping my arms around his neck and tugging his head toward me. I kiss along his strong jawline until I reach his ear. "Ryan," I whisper before biting at his neck. He groans as the round head of his cock notches at my entrance. "Fuck me, Ryan." I barely get his name out for the second time when he shoves himself inside me to the hilt with one fluid motion.

It's a good thing I already came once, or this might've hurt. Instead, all I feel is blissfully full and satiated. And then he starts moving, slow at first, building speed and intensity until I gasp, clawing at his skin.

"Fuck, Sienna," Throttle chokes out, his fingers pressing deeper into the flesh of my hips. He stares down at me, not saying a word, but his gaze tells me everything I need to know. And I feel it too.

My body moves on its own, matching his punishing thrusts as I seek my next climax. "Daddy..."



“That’s it, Princess. Keep taking this dick like Daddy’s good little whore.” His body slaps against mine as he rails inside me over and over again. “Mine. All fucking mine,” he growls. His hips drive forward, and I yelp, the strangled sound ending in a whimper.

*God, how does he make it feel so good?*

“I... I’m gonna come,” I warn him.

“Good. Daddy’s coming too.” He burrows his hands beneath me, lifting my hips and pounding into my body. We’re lost in each other, both of us needing to come while also reveling in the intimacy of this moment and not wanting it to end.

But I can’t hold on any longer as my core clenches around him and my orgasm breaks to the surface. “Fuck... Ryan...” His name tumbles from my lips and I fight to keep my eyes open, wanting to see his gorgeous face twisted with pleasure.

I’m rewarded when his mouth parts and his body tenses before he comes inside me. I milk his cock with my pussy, wrapping my legs around him and keeping him in place while I pull his head toward me until his lips meet mine. We stay like this for a while, tangled up together and lazily kissing like two teenagers.

When our hearts stop racing and we’ve caught our breaths, Throttle breaks away and nuzzles my neck. “Do you know how amazing you are?” he asks, kissing my damp temple and rolling off me, then tucking me into his side.

“Maybe you should remind me. I forget so easily,” I joke, lightly dragging my fingertips over his pecs.

He gazes at me with lust-drunk eyes and tugs my bottom lip down with his thumb until it releases. “I love you, Sienna. More than I ever thought possible.”

“I know. I love you too. Thank you for showing me it’s okay to love and be loved. Something I’m admittedly not very good at.”

The corner of his mouth curls upward slowly, sending a shiver down my spine. “Don’t worry, Princess. I’ll help you

practice.”

“Oh, Daddy, I have no doubt that you will.” I flick my tongue across his sensitive nipple, something I know turns him on.

“Careful, little girl. Keep playing with me and Daddy will wear that little pussy out.” His mouth delivers a warning, but his eyes tell a different story.

“Is that a promise?” I goad, knowing I’m likely playing with fire.

“That’s a fucking guarantee. Just remember you asked for this when I’m fucking you senseless.”

I roll my eyes, and moving like lightning, Throttle pushes me onto my stomach, then grips my hips and positions me on my hands and knees. I look at him over my shoulder, wiggling my ass in his face, and he laughs.

“So much fucking sass.”

“And you love it.”

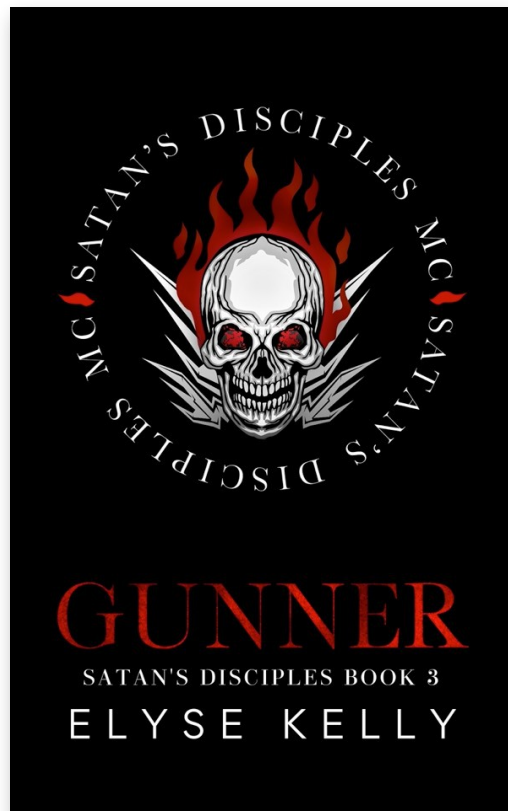
“As much as I love you.” Then he slaps my ass and pushes his hard cock back inside me.

*I’m one lucky girl.*

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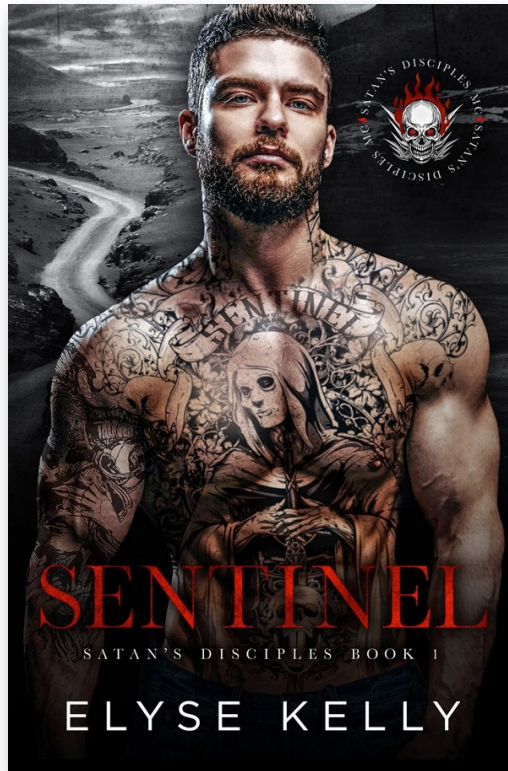
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# PROLOGUE

EMMA

“How did you let yourself end up here, Emma?” I mutter out loud. I angrily slam the last of my clothes into my oversized black duffel bag and zip it closed. I’ve already packed up everything else in the car, which is parked on the street and not in my usual spot in the garage. I’m not giving David the opportunity to keep me from leaving if he just happens to show up tonight—which he shouldn’t because he’s supposedly working late, yet again, for the umpteenth time this month.

Ever since we got engaged, he’s stopped seeing me as the fun, feisty girl he was head over heels for and started wanting me to be the trophy wife, who should just be seen and not heard like all the other pieces of arm candy at the country club. Like I no longer have a brain, and I’m just supposed to organize charity events and host fancy luncheons with wealthy socialites.

*Yeah, that’s not me. At all.*

I look around our shared bedroom one more time as I curse myself for moving in with him all those months ago—getting swept up in the fairytale romance and cover-story engagement. I feel so stupid, having fallen for such a narcissistic man, especially with how he treats me now.

I thought he was my Prince Charming, swooping in on his proverbial white horse to take me away. He was easy to fall in love with and made me feel so special, something I hadn’t felt

in a long time. But then he became the villain in this narrative—an emotional, mental, and physical abuser with a fancy Mercedes and a gilded cage to lock me away in.

And, oh, how he likes to physically abuse me.

This I found out *after* the engagement when he wanted to try new things in the bedroom. I shared with him my kink for rough sex and degradation praise, which I am not at all ashamed of. But he exploited my trust and consent and took it well beyond the bedroom, calling me vicious names and smacking me around anytime he felt like it. He said he thought I'd be into it, even when I didn't give my permission. But I know the difference between rough sex and abuse, and once I withdrew my consent, it became nothing less than assault. And soon, it stopped involving sex completely.

I know I should've left right then and there. But David is a master manipulator and trapped me with my own mind. He knew just what to say and do to draw me right back in—keeping me on the hook until his next transgression, gaslighting me every day, and chipping away at my self-worth and confidence until I thought I had nothing without him.

Once, I'd even told his mother he'd been physical with me, but she brushed it off as nothing. She merely said I should spend his money as a way to get back at him, and to keep my mouth shut because this was par for the course with their social standing. That I should be so lucky to have such a glamorous life, and that I ought to get used to it. Needless to say, I was stunned by her reaction. It was then that I realized I would end up like her—miserable and sad, trapped in a life I didn't want—if I stayed here with her son.

But whenever David senses I'm about *to do something stupid*, as he likes to say, he makes sure to mention he's golfing buddies with half the police force. If I filed a report, it would *only be foolish* because no one would believe *a nobody like me*. He never lets me forget how much money he has, or that he can find me anytime and anywhere if I ever decide to run. And he likes to ramp up the fear with a swift slap to the face and a reminder that I'm *nothing without him* and will *always be his*.



I have to get out of here.

So, with no family to speak of, I chose a random city on the map, which turned out to be Carnage, Nevada. Then I waited for the perfect chance to make my move.

I'm leaving tonight.

I was a fool for staying here as long as I have, but I don't need this, and I don't need him. I will not let fear have power over me. Not anymore. I'm stronger than this.

I take a steadying breath before crossing the threshold of the bedroom into the hallway. Descending the massive, elaborate staircase of David's lavish mansion on Millionaire's Row, I'm almost to the final step of the landing with my last duffle bag when the front door swings open. David struts in with a sway to his gait, indicating he's been drinking. I freeze, knowing I've been caught, while white-knuckling the strap of my bag.

"Where the fuck are you going?" he grits out with a slurred speech.

"Are you drunk?" My voice is incredulous as my eyes narrow, trying to determine how many drinks I think he's had.

"I asked you a fucking question, Emma." I don't answer, instead turning quickly towards the back door, hoping to *get there* before he can *get to me*. But he closes the distance between us and grabs my wrist—his grip digging into my skin and shooting a sharp pain down to my fingertips.

"Let go of me!" I try to wrench my arm away, but his hold is too strong.

"I said: *where the fuck are you going?*" Spittle flies from his mouth and lands on my cheek. He smells of expensive perfume, and there's makeup on the collar of his three-hundred-dollar shirt. What a perfect time to go, because I don't deserve to be cheated on either.

"I'm leaving, David. So, get your hands off me."

His voice is low and deadly when he scoffs, "So, now you have a backbone? I didn't say you could leave, bitch. I'll

fucking kill you before I *ever* let you leave me.” His words hang in the air—heavy like a dark, ominous cloud.

The look in his eyes is cold, and I know what’s coming next. But not this time. Not tonight. So, when he rears his hand back to slap me across the face, I knuckle-punch him in the throat, then knee him in the balls.

He definitely wasn’t expecting that.

But as I turn to take off for the front door, he catches me around the ankle as he falls to the floor, taking us both down. He sputters for air, trying to catch his breath, while I thrash around in my struggle to break free of his hold.

I army crawl in the direction of the entryway table, dragging him along with me. Once I’m close enough, I pull myself to my knees just as he grips my waist and tries to yank me back down. I elbow him in the sternum and knock the wind out of him, granting myself enough time to grab the lamp from the table and bring it down on his head, shattering it to pieces and knocking him out cold.

For a moment, I’m afraid I’ve killed him, but then I see his pulse beating at the base of his neck, and I notice the shallow movements of his chest as he draws in air. He’s still alive, but I know it’s just a matter of time before he wakes up determined to come after me.

I snatch up my duffle bag from the marble floor and run out the door, jumping in my car and gunning the engine. I don’t stop driving until it’s daylight—having found a buy-here-pay-here lot and trade in my SUV for a Honda Accord. Then I get back on the road and head straight for Carnage.

As far as anyone is concerned, Emma Williams from Bay City, California is dead. From now on, I’m Sarah Smith, just a twenty-something-year-old girl from Marta, Texas, looking to start a new life in a new city.

And I’m hoping like hell I’ve taken all the necessary steps to keep David Turner from ever finding me again.

# CHAPTER 1

EMMA

Everything in front of me starts to blur as my eyes burn from hours of staring at the road. I'm hungry and tired, but I want to get to my new place, and I'm almost there—my GPS says it's only two minutes away. If I can just keep my eyes open a little bit longer...

*You have arrived. Your destination is on the left.*

Finally! I pull my car into the parking lot of Desert Ridge Apartments, my new home for the foreseeable future. Thank God the property manager took mercy on me when I called and pleaded my case. I was hoping that, as another woman, she'd sympathize with my situation and work with me to secure the place—sight unseen. And luckily, she did, taking my deposit via the new prepaid debit card I set up after closing out all my banking accounts and credit lines. She even did me a solid and left the key in a lockbox on the door, knowing I'd have no idea what time I'd be moving in, and it would likely be after hours.

*I really need to do something nice to thank her.*

After parking as close to the entrance as possible, I head up to the third floor and unlock the door. Looking around, I'm relieved to find that the place appears just as advertised online, and that it's indeed fully furnished—like it's supposed to be. I check the kitchen and bathrooms to ensure they're all reasonably clean, and to my surprise, they're spotless. Of course, I'm still going to clean them because I'm a

germaphobe, but it's a huge relief to know I haven't moved into a dump.

I've got to find the small wins in this fucked-up situation whenever I can.

I head back down to my car and begin the task of moving my bags into my apartment. I don't have much: just my clothes, some books, toiletries, and a few trinkets. Everything else was put into storage (under a fake name) so I could get it later, when I'm ready. I knew I wouldn't be able to take it all with me, but I couldn't bear to leave it at *his* house. Especially the things that belonged to my parents.

But I don't want to think about *them* right now. I don't even want to consider what my parents would think of me and the predicament I've gotten myself into. I just wish they were here with me to tell me what to do. Only... they're not, so this is the best plan I could come up with. And it has to work.

I make several trips back and forth from the car to the apartment, and as I do, I can't help but feel like someone's watching me. I scan the parking lot, yet I don't see anyone. I just have a tingly feeling at the base of my neck that makes the tiny hairs stand on end. But surely, that can't be right. It's after 2 a.m. for crying out loud. So, who the hell would be awake right now, besides me?

---

## SENTINEL

"YOU HEADED OUT, MAN?" THROTTLE SIDLES UP TO ME AT THE bar as I down the last swig of my beer.

"Yeah, I finished up the plans for the run next week for you and Gunner. Everything should go off without a hitch." I set my empty bottle down on the bar top and stand, stretching my arms over my head. It's late, and I'm ready to get some fucking sleep.

"If you planned it, I know it'll be fine. You don't miss a fucking detail, brother." His hand claps down on my shoulder. Throttle's the club's Sergeant-at-Arms and one of my closest friends—both of us having similar personalities.

And my brother knows I'll do anything to protect my club. It's why I'm so strategic in everything I do, and how I came to be the VP of Satan's Disciples, the most-feared motorcycle club in the fucking state of Nevada. That, and I'm the best friend of our current president, Venom.

But don't think I didn't earn my damn patch or my fucking rocker, because the shit I've seen and done will tell you I motherfucking did. And Venom is my brother, even if he's not blood. I've had his back since we were kids.

From day one, there hasn't been so much as a playground scuffle he's gotten into where I didn't protect his ass. It's how I got my road name: Sentinel. *The protector*. I've built my family of chosen brothers using ties that bind and blood of the covenant.

Faithful. Loyal. Ruthless.

I live and breathe for my fucking MC, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

"Why don't you just stay in your room, instead of going back to your place? I'm sure one of the club bunnies would love to warm your bed tonight."

"Pretty sure it's not my bed they wanna keep warm."

"Aww, since when did you stop wanting to get your dick wet, man?" Throttle punches me in the shoulder as we walk towards the front.

"Since the same pussies have been wetting every dick in the club."

A quick glance around shows me the exact scene you'd find on just about any other night here at the clubhouse: bunnies in various stages of undress, doing all kinds of sexual acts with patched members. Of course, no one is forcing these women to be here, but they hang around hoping that one of my brothers will someday make them an ol' lady. No matter how many times we tell them it'll never happen, they just don't leave.

"Ah, you want some new pussy then. Well, why didn't you just say so? That can be arranged, brother."

“Nah, I’m good. I’m just not feeling it tonight.” He gives me a curious look, and I know what he’s thinking.

It’s not often that I turn away a beautiful woman from my bed. The girls in the club serve a purpose: to blow off some steam built up from the lifestyle we lead. It’s a rough fucking existence, often filled with a lot of aggression and adrenaline. And all that energy needs somewhere to go, which usually means beating the fuck out of someone, or sinking balls-deep into someone else. Or—more times than not—a little of both.

But there are no illusions to be had; the bunnies know exactly what they’ve signed up for, when they walk through that door. And when they crawl into my bed, I don’t make any promises or insinuations. It’s just sex, and that’s it.

Now, have I been thinking about more lately? *Yeah, I have.* I’m getting tired of the same old shit and the same easy pussy. But finding a woman who accepts this life is no easy feat. And I don’t do complications.

“You sure, man?” Throttle asks me again.

“Yeah, I need to drive around anyway. Follow up on the prospects. I know they’re out on patrol, but if I expect them to be doing what they’re supposed to, then I damn well better do an inspection.”

“Always keeping watch, huh?”

“Always.”

I tell Throttle I’ll catch up with him later, before heading out to my bike. She’s fucking gorgeous—a blacked-out, custom-made piece I built myself.

*Dad would be proud.*

I got my first bike from my old man when I was just starting school. He was a mechanical engineer and a fucking genius with machines. And by some miracle, I got his brains and learned everything I know about motorcycles while under his guidance. He wasn’t part of any MC, but he loved bikes and loved to ride.

Bikers came from all over this part of the country for his custom work, and he beamed with pride every time someone rode off on one of his creations. I couldn't wait to get home from school and spend every second I could with him out in the garage.

Then, one day, I came home and saw something I'd never forget. He was laid out on the cold concrete, eyes wide open... still clutching his chest. My old man died suddenly of a massive heart attack at age forty-five. After that, my world went black, and I was left to care for my mom and kid sister when I was only fifteen.

Being friends with Venom, who was born and raised in the club, meant that the Disciples always looked out for my family. They took me into the fold, treating me like I was one of their own. So, when Venom started prospecting for the MC, I did the same. And the rest is history.

I bring my baby to life and pull out of the lot, driving through the gate and onto the highway. I love night rides, when there's no one on the roads and I can just think and breathe for a while. Yeah, I could've stayed at the club since it's so late, but I want to get to my own bed, and my own shit, in my own house. Besides, the clubhouse has been too rowdy these days. Or maybe I'm just getting too fucking old.

I turn the corner off the main road and head down a few side streets, coming up on some of the newer apartments that should be pretty quiet at this time of night. Except... they're not. *So, what's going on here?* I kill my engine, pull over to the shadows, and watch.

There's a fucking raven-haired stunner I've never seen before, carrying two huge bags from a car with out-of-state plates, headed to the top floor. *Who the fuck is she?* I'm not sure if that's my dick or my brain asking. But both are at full attention, which is surprising, considering what time it is and how tired I am.

She's fucking killing me in those cut-off shorts and flip-flops—showing miles of smooth, long legs, leading up to thick

thighs and a luscious ass. *Fuck*. I have never seen a sexier woman in my whole damn life, and I'm a grown-ass man.

But there's no time to think with my dick. So, the better question is: what the fuck is she doing in my city? And why is she sneaking in at 2 a.m.? There are usually only two reasons for something like that: you're either up to no good, or you're hiding out.

But there's no way this gorgeous girl is full of bad intentions, and the way she keeps looking over her shoulder tells me she's scared someone's coming for her. I'm known for having killer instincts about people, and I can already tell—just by looking at this sweet thing—she couldn't hurt anyone. So that means I need to find out who's trying to hurt her.

**Find out what happens next!**

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## **ALSO BY ELYSE KELLY**

### **SATAN'S DISCIPLES MOTORCYCLE CLUB**

*Faithful. Loyal. Ruthless.*

The men of *Satan's Disciples Motorcycle Club* live a dangerous lifestyle with deadly consequences. And that's just the way these possessive alphas like it. Get ready for a long, hard ride with the bad boys of Carnage, Nevada, in these sexy, sinful HEAs that are guaranteed to leave you satisfied and breathless.

#### **SENTINEL**

Bad girls don't get what they want, Emma. Bad girls get punished...

I thought coming to this unknown town would keep me out of trouble, that it would be the perfect place to hide and start a new life. Instead, I found myself a different kind of trouble. The kind of trouble that makes good girls like me want to be all kinds of bad.

#### **THROTTLE**

My latest case has me defending a high-profile client known for *neutralizing* his enemies. And it comes with deadly consequences. I may have escaped my client's clutches, but now I'm stuck with an unlikely savior; a sexy biker with the city's most lethal motorcycle club.

#### **GUNNER**

Coming in March 2024

#### **CRUSHER**

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### **THE MAGNOLIA SPRING SERIES**

Welcome to Magnolia Springs! If you're looking for laugh-out-loud moments with lots of swoon and sexy book boyfriends, then you've come to the right place! All the books in this series are complete standalones featuring a different couple, each with a HEA! You can enjoy these books in any order.

#### **THE SWEET SPOT**

A sassy new baker goes all in and moves to Magnolia Springs, GA to open a cupcake shop. But she doesn't plan on the sexy playboy mechanic next door being a big distraction she doesn't need. Can she focus on her new venture, offering sweet treats in this small town, or will the gorgeous bad boy be too delicious to pass up?

#### **DON'T DATE YOUR ROOMMATE**

When the new girl in town suddenly finds herself in need of a new roommate, she never imagined she'd be living with a hot, sexy, sweet mechanic. Will she be able to keep her hands to herself? Does she even want to?

#### **MY FAKE BOYFRIEND**

A beautiful but quirky boutique owner dreads running into her lying, cheating ex at her sister's wedding until her childhood crush and star of all her sexy, steamy fantasies agrees to be her fake date. But when the pair are forced to spend extra time together as a couple in love, she can't hide her true feelings from him for long. Can she keep her infatuation a secret from the man of her dreams? Or will she face her biggest fear if he discovers what she's hiding?

### **THE HEATED NOVELLA SERIES**

Each book in The Heated Novella Series can be read as a complete standalone. These are fast, sexy reads featuring hot alpha males that keep you nice and heated all the way through to the happy ending.

### **MAKING HER MINE**

Cocky CEO Drew reluctantly agrees to show his best friend's sister around the city for the weekend. But one look at the sweet and innocent Elissa, and he knows she won't be staying in the guest room.

### **ALL FOR YOU**

When Lex finds herself in more trouble than she can handle, a Viking Sex God known as Rhys comes to her rescue. She didn't want to be the damsel in distress, but if this sexy heartbreaker was her knight, she'd let him save her any day. Who knew Prince Charming rode a motorcycle?

### **THIS IS FOREVER**

Bella's life was perfect until the boy she loved with all her heart walked away with no explanation, vanishing into thin air. Now he's back and still as gorgeous and sexy as the day he left. And with just one smoldering look, she knows she won't be able to tell him no. But if she's honest with herself, does she even want to?

### **MAN OF THE MONTH CLUB SERIES**

The *Man of the Month Club* is a steamy, small-town annual collection of contemporary romance books featuring a new hottie (or two!) every month.

### **COMING IN HOT**

The man Harper hates the most just crashed her dream date. So, how did she end up in a secluded cabin with Vince for the next two weeks instead of being on a yacht for the Fourth of July like she had planned? Now, she's stuck with her nemesis - who also happens to be her brother's best friend - in Sycamore Mountain, North Carolina. And the man she thought she wanted nothing to do with is now lying in bed with her after the hottest night she's ever had.

### **MISTER WRITE**

She's sunshine in a dress... and it's driving me crazy.

But that's my fault for agreeing to spend the next 30 days in Candy Kane Key with Teddie, a sexy-as-sin redhead who I'm pretty sure sh!ts reindeer glitter.

And that's exactly what I don't need when I have a career-ending deadline looming over my head while struggling with the worst case of writer's block I've ever had.

Yet this annoyingly sweet girl is determined to help get my words flowing again, no matter what it takes. Even if she has to be more naughty than nice.

### **THAT'S A WRAP**

Coming in November 2024

### **CONTEMPORARY ROMANCE STANDALONES**

#### **DAD BOD DOM: DAD BOD 2.0**

He may look a little soft, but don't let his DAD BOD fool you! With just one look, this Daddy Dom will have you on your knees like a good little girl! And there's no escaping the sexy, single dad who sets my panties on fire with his Southern charm and killer smile. But I know something those thirsty moms at the playground don't know. I get the dominant, protective side of Logan Montgomery that he saves just for me when I'm a good girl. Because when I'm a good girl, I get *Daddy*.

### **ROOM FIFTEEN: TIED UP WITH THE DARK**

Dark, mysterious, and lethal... That's how most people describe the three men in my bed. And yet, to me, they're my salvation. I asked them for a simple favor, but what they demanded in return was something far more profound, something that would indefinitely tether the four of us with an unbreakable bond.

My fate was sealed in Room Fifteen. And I will forever be theirs.

### **PUCK ME: NY STORM HOCKEY SERIES**

Alex is used to getting what he wants, but he can't have Chloe. The smart, sexy, nerdy analyst refuses to give the hockey f\*ckboy the time of day. He thinks being her brother's best friend would count for something, but all she sees is a cocky NHL defenseman known for wild nights and casual sex. But Alex swears he's done with all of that, and Chloe is his new weakness. He just has to convince her it's true.

### **GAMBLE: DIRTY SINNERS MC**

Gamble is a Sinner who doesn't play; he only wins. He can be ruthless and deadly when he needs to be. Except when it comes to her—Dove. He refuses to lose her for a second time and let her get away from him. She will fly again, his little bird. She will be his. His Dove.

### **HOPE FOR ME**

Tris Bailey almost got away with it but instead found herself sentenced to mandatory community service. But she's not prepared for the program director, Carter Jensen—aka Mr. Sunshine—to turn her world upside down and make her feel things she swore she'd never feel again. Now, Tris must find it in her heart to let go of her past hurt or risk losing the man she never planned on but knows she can't live without.

### **MR. ARROGANT: A BILLIONAIRE ROMANCE**

Eden's new boss is the sexiest man she's ever seen... but she just might have to kill him. And right when she's about to give in to all the sexual tension that's been brewing between them, Chase proves he really does deserve to be called nothing less than Mr. Arrogant.

### **TRIPPED UP**

Reese came to Kismet Cove hoping her Singles Week vacation would end with at least a few good memories and some potential dating prospects. But nothing could have prepared her for Mr. Life of the Party, Connor Wolfe, who's gorgeous and everything she's not, pushing her to her limits in the best of ways. So, what happens after a week of explosive chemistry and sexy hidden rendezvous?

### **WANTING MY BEST FRIEND**

Noelle is in love with her best friend, Max, who's been by her side since the first grade. But they're all grown up now, and it's time to move on to the next chapter of their lives. Will telling him how she feels run him off? Or will she get a sweet surprise and find out Max feels the same way?

### **HOLIDAY STANDALONES**

#### **WRAPPED IN HOLLY**

It's no secret I hate the holidays. But this year, I'm really being a Scrooge when I get booked at the last-minute to work on some sappy romance movie. And just when I didn't think it could get any worse, Hailey Walker struts on set. I've never

stopped loving her and I shouldn't have let her go. It's been ten years and my heart's broken all over again. Merry f\*cking Christmas to me...

**TANGLED IN TINSEL**

When Quinn moves to the city for her new job, she never dreamed she'd run into her old friend, Mason. It's obvious ten years has done her high school pal a lot of good, and the once awkward teen is now warming cold fronts with all his gorgeous hotness. But he's keeping a secret that Quinn isn't too sure about, one that's bound to leave her tangled up. Guess she'll have to wait until Christmas to find out what he's hiding...

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Elyse Kelly 

PANTY MELTING ROMANCE WITH A HAPPILY EVER AFTER.