



WRATH

FURY VIPERS MC SERIES BOOK SEVEN

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
BROOKE SUMMERS

Wrath

FURY VIPERS MC

BOOK SEVEN

BROOKE SUMMERS

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Books by Brooke:

The Kingpin Series:

Forbidden Lust

Dangerous Secrets

Forever Love

The Made Series:

Bloody Union

Unexpected Union

Fragile Union

Shattered Union

Hateful Union

Vengeful Union

Explosive Union

Cherished Union

Obsessive Union

Gallo Famiglia:

Ruthless Arrangement

Ruthless Betrayal

Ruthless Passion

The Fury Vipers MC Series:

Stag

Mayhem

Digger

Ace

Pyro

Shadow

Wrath

Reaper

Standalones:

Saving Reli

Taken By Nikolai

A Love So Wrong

OTHER PEN NAMES

Stella Bella

(A forbidden Steamy Pen name)

Taboo Temptations:

Wicked With the Professor

Snowed in with Daddy

Woody by Daddy

Loving Daddy's Best Friend

Brother's Glory

Daddy's Curvy Girl

Daddy's Intern

His Curvy Temptation

Daddy's Devilish Girl

Twisted Daddy

Taboo Teachings:

Royally Taught

Extra Curricular with Mr. Abbot

Private Seduction:

Seduced by Daddy's Best Friend

Stepbrother Seduction

His Curvy Seduction

Never worry about what could have been...

Always dream of what can be...

About Wrath

She's unable to move forward... He wants everything with her...

Hayley's determined to have the best life for her and her daughter. Her rules. Her terms.

With her walls firmly intact, she's determined to never feel loss again like she's felt her whole life.

Sleeping with a patched member of the Fury Vipers was never on the cards.

But one night was never enough.

Their connection undeniable.

Five years Wrath has bided his time, knowing that Hayley was the woman for him.

How can he make her see he isn't going anywhere?

When Hayley and her daughter's lives look to be in jeopardy, Wrath will do everything to ensure they stay safe.

Will Wrath and Hayley get their happy ever after, or will they end before they've even truly begun?

Content

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY.

T here are elements and themes within this book that some readers might find extremely upsetting.

Please click [here](#) for that list of potentially harmful topics. Please heed these as this book contains some heavy topics that some readers could find damaging.

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Prologue

HAYLEY

“**T**he fuck do you think you’re doin’?” James growls at me.

I sigh as I take a seat, reaching for my drink. “James, I love you, but you do not get to come here and act like you give a damn.”

His brows knit together. “You’re a fuckin’ stripper, Hayley. Of course I give a fuckin’ damn.”

I shake my head. God, this is why I never said anything. “I needed money, James. I have Eva to care for,” I hiss. “My daughter needs food and a roof over her head. Tell me, James, what would you do?”

His eyes flash with anger. “You could have come to me,” he snarls. “Instead, you fuckin’ turn to strippin’.”

The disgust in his voice has my back straightening.

“Listen here, asshole,” I snap. “You don’t sit there and dictate what the fuck I do. You’ve been practically MIA for the past two years. What gives you the right to come into my home and tell me what the hell I should and shouldn’t do?”

Pain flashes through his eyes, and I instantly feel guilty for saying that to him. As much as I love James, he’s crazy and loves both Eva and me. My daughter is almost two and loves

her uncle more than anything, but he's rarely around. I get it—he's got a life that doesn't involve the two of us—but that doesn't give him the right to tell me what the hell I should do to keep a roof over our heads.

"I get it," he says gruffly. "I wasn't here for you. But you could have told me you were in trouble. I would have helped you. I'd have made sure that you and Eva were taken care of."

I run a hand through my hair. "That's just it though, James. I've been taking care of myself. I know it's not something you approve of, but it's what works for us both. I'm with Eva during the day, and then I go to work when she's asleep at night. The money I earn is enough to pay off my debts and keep the roof over our head, along with making sure neither of us go hungry again."

"Again?" he echoes.

"I tried to keep a normal nine-to-five job, James. I did. But the money I earned wasn't enough to ensure that I wouldn't lose my car, my home, or my child. I can't lose Eva," I tell him, my voice shaky. It's my worst fear.

It's been almost two years since Eva was born, and I still get the feeling I'm not doing this whole mothering thing right. I feel like a fraud. I watch how others manage to parent, and it's like they're at ease. Whereas I'm barely able to function without at least two mugs of coffee a day.

He takes a seat next to me and sighs. "How the hell did this happen, Hayley?" he asks softly, and it's a vast contrast to how he was talking to me before. There's no rage. "What went wrong?"

I shrug. "Being a single mom with no qualifications isn't ideal. Not to mention being a *young* single parent. It's hard.

There's still so much stigma around us. Every job I applied for, I was turned down. It was hard. Then I managed to get one. I hoped I had found a way to make our lives better, but it didn't work out that way." It's shit, but fuck. I'm doing my best. "The money I earned wasn't enough to cover everything. Between debts, rent, food, utilities, and childcare, it wasn't enough."

It was the worst feeling in the world. I'd never felt so low as I did when the money I earned would be gone within days and I'd have to stretch food to last me for weeks at a time.

"You should have come to me, Hay," James whispers. "I never want either you or Eva to go hungry or end up homeless because you need money. I would have helped you."

I know the lengths he's gone to to help me, and I hate that he's killed someone to do so. When I discovered what had happened, I was angry and heartbroken, but then I remembered what I'd been put through, and I realized that James had saved me from a life of abuse, and for that, I owe him—more than I could ever repay. There's no way I could take more from him.

"What happens now?" I ask softly.

"You're comin' to stay with me. I have a house that I rarely use. It's yours and Eva's now. As for a job, we'll find you a new one. We'll figure it out."

I rest my head against his shoulder and sigh. There's no way he'll accept anything but my agreement.

"I'll sleep on it, and in the morning, we'll go from there," I say, but I already know I'll be going with him. It will mean Eva and James can have a closer relationship as she grows up.

“You do that, Hails. But I’m not lettin’ you go back to that fuckin’ job. Not that there’s anythin’ to go back to.”

I roll my eyes. “Blowing up the building was a tad dramatic, wouldn’t you say?”

He merely grins. “I didn’t get the name Pyro for nothin’.” He shrugs. “I’m stayin’ with you tonight,” he says. “Then tomorrow, we’ll talk more.”

I grit my teeth. Great. Just what we need. More talking. There’s nothing like rehashing the past to move forward—no, it’s better that the past remains in the past, where it belongs?. “Whatever,” I snap.

His smirk makes me want to punch him. He always knows how to piss me off. “You’ll be fine. You’ll come with me, we’ll get you settled, and then go from there.”

I rest my head against the counter. “It’s not like I have a choice, is it?”

“You’re gettin’ it.” He smirks. “Now, you got any beer here?”

“No,” I snarl as I get to my feet. “That’ll serve you right, asshole. No one invited you to stay here.”

“You love me really, and you know I’ll cook pancakes in the mornin’.”

My stomach rumbles and my heart clenches. God, our mom used to make us pancakes every morning. I bite my lip, not wanting the tears to fall. It’s been a long time since I thought about my parents.

I lost them years ago to a car crash. As neither James nor I were an adult when they died, we ended up in foster care. That was when our relationship started to deteriorate. James and I

were separated. He was an angry teen who wanted an outlet for his rage, and that meant his foster parents didn't want him around as they were worried he'd hurt the other kids. I was taken in by a family who didn't want him. I hated that we were apart. I'd lost my parents, and then in turn, James. It was the hardest part of my life. Thankfully, as angry as he was, he was never fully out of my life and always came by to see me whenever he could.

"I'll grab us somethin' to eat," he tells me. "Go get changed. I won't be long."

"I see you're still trying to boss me around. Some things never change."

"I'm your brother, Hay. I'm always goin' to boss you around. I'll grab some beers while I'm gone. It's Saturday tomorrow—does Eva have anywhere she needs to be?"

I shake my head. "No, she's here all day. Why?"

He shrugs. "Makes things easier when we're packin' up your shit."

I flip him the bird and pad toward my bedroom, ignoring the ass chuckling as he leaves the house.

I sit down on my bed and sigh. He's probably right. Going with him would be the better option. But I hate that I'm having to lean on him. I've tried my hardest to be independent, but sometimes it doesn't always work that way. It just sucks. I'm finally debt free and saving for a down payment on my own home. It's been a dream of mine. Wanting to put down roots for Eva and I. I want to know that if something ever happens to me, Eva will be okay and will have a home.

I flop onto the mattress. It's going to be hellish trying to navigate my own path while James bosses me around. I know

he means well, but we need to instill boundaries. I'll go with him as it means better security for not only me but Eva, and that's my main priority. But I'll not have him dictating our lives the way he did today. That's just not going to happen. Not now. Not fucking ever.

As much as James annoys the ever-loving shit out of me, he's my brother, and I love him more than words can describe. I want our relationship to get better, stronger. I'd love for him to be closer to Eva too. Maybe this is what we need.

Tomorrow starts our new journey. I just pray it's a fresh start for us all.



I SWALLOW hard as the man with dark eyes moves toward me. It's late, after three in the morning. I couldn't sleep. I spent all day moving into James' house and getting everything sorted. I was looking forward to having an early night, but James had other ideas. He wanted me to get to know his brothers, and he wanted to show off Eva. So we're at the clubhouse, and I'm in the kitchen, wondering how life can change in a matter of hours.

"You doin' okay, babe?" he asks, his voice like a rumble of thunder. He steps closer to me, and I see how fucking handsome he is. His dark hair is a little long, falling into his eyes, and his jaw is chiseled. His eyes may be dark, but God, they're piercing, like they see into my soul. This man is lethal.

I should be scared. Everyone in the Fury Vipers has been so sweet and welcoming, letting me know that Eva and I are safe with them and that no matter what, we're family, but they're scary. I don't know them, but I know of them. I'm far

from naive about what James does, but it's an entirely different thing to be up close and personal with it all.

"I'm okay," I reply a little breathlessly as he steps even further into my personal space.

He runs a finger along my jaw. "So fuckin' beautiful," he growls, and my heart races. "You looked scared," he says quietly. "But such a fuckin' spine, you walked into this clubhouse with your head held high and the sexiest smile I've ever seen. But you're so fucking vulnerable. I see it in your eyes."

I lick my lips. This man is gorgeous. I can't breathe having him so close to me. "Who are you?"

He gives me a sexy as sin smirk, and my heart tumbles. Oh wow. He's for sure a charmer. "Everyone calls me Wrath, but you," he says. "You can call me Judd."

I blink, curious that he's giving me his real name. "Are you this forward with everyone?" I ask, cursing myself for sounding so breathy.

"No, just you. The moment your electric blue eyes collided with mine, you sealed your fate, and, baby, trust me, you're all I fuckin' want."

Do I want him? Yes. I haven't been with anyone in over two years. I've had a baby since. I've been lonely. The entire night, I've not been able to stop my gaze from moving to him and whenever I do look at him, he's always watching me. My heart feels as though it's going to beat right out of my chest whenever our gazes collide.

"One night," I tell him. "That's all this can be."

Those dark eyes of his lighten, and that smirk turns into a satisfied smile. "Then, baby, that's what you'll have." He takes

my hand and weaves us through the clubhouse until we reach his room. I have Eva's monitor clipped to my pants.

The second the door closes, he unclips it and places it on the nightstand. That small gesture makes my heart clench. God, I have to be careful. I can't fall for him. He's James' brother. Nothing good will ever come from this.

His lips crash against mine, and I moan as his tongue sweeps into my mouth. Fuck, I haven't been kissed or touched by a man since I was sixteen.

He devours my mouth, tasting me, consuming me.

We pull at each other's clothes. I'm frantic. I need him. There's an ache between my legs that I have a feeling he'll be able to satisfy.

"Judd," I whimper as the kiss deepens.

"Gonna fuck you now, baby," he rumbles, sending shivers down my spine.

It's not sexy the way we collide with one another. The air is crackling between us.

"Please," I whimper. I've never needed anything more than I need him inside of me.

His lips capture mine again, and he lies me onto the bed, positioning himself over me, his cock running along my soaked folds. He thrusts into my pussy, and my body bows at the forceful way he slides inside.

"God," I cry out when he bottoms out.

"Fuck," he snarls. "So fuckin' tight, baby. You're stranglin' my cock."

I claw at his back as he fucks me. I'm grinding against his cock, loving the burn as he stretches me.

"Not gonna last long," he rumbles, his gravelly tone sending tingles along my spine and straight to my pussy.

He pounds into me, not stopping, even as my moans get louder and louder. Pleasure rises through my body, and I know it's not going to take much more before I topple over the edge.

"Please, Judd, I'm so close."

"Fuckin' come for me, baby," he snarls as he thrusts deep once again.

My body shatters as my vision blurs. I cry out his name as I come.

"Fuckin' hell," he growls. "So damn tight, Hayley. So fuckin' tight."

He continues to fuck me until I'm breathless, completely spent. I'm barely able to hold on to him as he thrusts into me.

He takes my mouth once again, and I moan, loving the way he's taking everything from me.

"Fuck," he snarls as he bottoms out inside of me. I feel his cock swelling as he comes. "Christ, Hayley," he breathes. "There's no fuckin' way that's only happenin' once."

I laugh. He's right, I'm going to need more than one night.

I'm so damn screwed.

Chapter 1

Wrath

TWO MONTHS LATER

I can't keep my eyes off her. The woman is pure sex as she moves around the bar. Every step is graceful, every movement natural. She's all smiles for the patrons. She's quick to flirt and to chat away, but she's got a huge wall up, preventing anyone from getting close.

She's been working at our bar for the past six weeks. She was worried when she first started as she didn't have any bartending experience, not to mention that she's underage, having only just turned eighteen. She has a fake ID, though, something she's had for a while now. It's how we've managed to allow her to work here.

Her age wasn't something I took notice of the first night we fucked. She's legal—barely—but the woman has me fucking sunk. However, she is completely oblivious to everything that goes on around her. She has no idea just how fucking beautiful she is. She's so closed off that she can't see what's right in front of her face.

“There a reason you're starin' at her?” Pyro snarls as he takes a seat beside me.

“Enjoyin' the view,” I say as I bring my beer bottle to my lips. “Can't blame a guy for lookin'.”

His eyes narrow. “The fuck I can’t,” he hisses. “Tell me, Wrath, what the fuck are you tryin’ to do? You’re always around my sister. I don’t like it.”

“She’s a friend,” I tell him. That ain’t no lie. Hayley is fucking funny as hell, and she’s fun to be around. “She’s closer to my age and the woman ain’t got many friends.”

His jaw clenches. “Friends is all it had better be. None of this fuckin’ benefits shit either. I find out that you went further than friends, and we’re goin’ to have a problem.”

“She’s a big girl, Py. I’m sure she’ll fuckin’ appreciate you tellin’ her what she can and can’t do.”

If I know Hayley, there’s one thing she fucking despises and that’s being made to feel as though she has no power. I don’t know her past. She’s not shared any of it with me. But whatever the hell it is, it has made her guarded, and I fucking hate that.

“My sister,” he snarls as he leans in close, “has been through enough. Right now, her focus is on Eva and herself, on gettin’ their lives in order and improving their future.”

I can’t disagree with that. Hayley was a stripper when we found her. She was working for a sleazy asshole, and I have wondered a few times if that bastard touched her. She’s assured me he never did, but I’m not sure if she was being truthful or not.

Over the past six weeks, she’s changed. She’s happier, and her smiles are genuine and reach her eyes. She’s making roots for her and her daughter, and I’m going to do everything in my power to make sure she stays where she belongs. With us.

“Leave my sister alone,” he growls as he gets to his feet and moves away from the table.

“You good, brother?” Preacher asks, his gaze on Pyro’s back. “You know that if you continue whatever the fuck you’ve got goin’ on with Hayley, it isn’t goin’ to end well for you, right?”

Raptor nods. “He’s blind to it,” he says, his gaze also on Pyro. “The man doesn’t want to even think about you being with his sister so he’s blockin’ it out. But when he does find out, there’s goin’ to be hell to pay.”

I shrug. “Right now, it’s just fun,” I say, repeating the words Hayley said to me last night.

Preacher grins. “Right, fun. That’s why your ass is always at her house, chillin’ with her and Eva whenever you’re not workin’.”

Raptor nods as he smirks. “Yep, but then again, how else are you goin’ to break those walls down?”

I take another sip of my beer, not liking how much Raptor sees. The man is like a fucking seer, always in the know.

“Brother,” Preach says. “If you want her, you’re goin’ to have to put the effort in. See, she’s not a woman who will fall at your feet. She’s worth the fight. Somewhere along the way, that woman lost her confidence. She has no idea what her worth is. It’s your job to show her.” He gives me a pointed look. “You down for that?”

Before I’m able to speak, Raptor does. “Not only her,” he grunts. “You want Hayley, you’ve got to realize that she comes as a package with Eva. You can’t handle a child in your life, walk away now. They deserve someone who’s goin’ to fight for them both.”

“I may be young,” I say through gritted teeth. “But I’m far from dumb. You think I don’t know what it means to want

Hayley? She and Eva are a package, and I'm sunk, brother. There's no fuckin' other way of sayin' it. Hayley's mine."

Raptor's smile is a little feral. "Good luck makin' her see that," he says. "But when you do manage to break down her walls, you've got another brick waiting for you."

"Pyro," I say. I know he won't be happy, but right now, I need to focus on Hayley and getting her to a place where she's comfortable to want more. I'm not stupid, it's going to take a while—hell, years even—to get her to lower her guard. It's something I'm up for.

I knew the moment I laid eyes on her that she was special, and the more time we spend together, the more that feeling intensifies.

"As long as you know what you're in for," Preach says. "We've got your back. But hurt either of them and, brother, there's nowhere you can hide."

I hold up my hands. "Don't worry, I won't."

If anyone's going to end up getting hurt in this situation, I don't think it'll be Hayley.

"Hey, Wrath." Crystal grins as she saunters toward me.

I bite back a curse when I see Hayley narrowing her eyes at the blonde who really doesn't know how to take no for an answer. She's been a club whore for a while now, but I've never been with her. She just isn't my type. That doesn't stop her from trying though.

"Somethin' you need?" I ask through gritted teeth, knowing that Hayley is watching everything she does.

The bitch smiles widely as she runs her hand along my tee. "Yes," she purrs. "I need you."

I grip her arm and squeeze at the wrist. “Take your fuckin’ hands off me, bitch,” I snarl. “I’ve warned you about this shit before. Are you fuckin’ deaf?”

She leans in and presses a kiss against my cheek. “But Wrath,” she whines.

I push her off me. “Don’t fuckin’ touch me,” I snap, my voice loud and filled with anger. “Touch me again and I’m snappin’ your fuckin’ neck.”

Her face pales at my words, and she takes a step back.

“You’ve been warned, Crystal,” Raptor growls. “This is the third brother you’ve put your hands on after they’ve told you no. Prez will deal with you.”

I can’t stop the smile that forms. Good. It’s about time this bitch got the fuck out of this club. I don’t know who gave her the impression she could do whatever the fuck she liked, but she can’t.

“I just wanted some fun. Where’s the harm in that?” she asks, her eyes big and wide.

“You can have fun,” I say through clenched teeth. “Just as long as you stay the fuck away from me.”

Her gaze slides to Hayley, and the bitch smirks at her. I watch as Hayley throws a rag onto the bar and shakes her head, pain slashing through those gorgeous electric blue eyes of hers. Then she walks away.

“You’ve been warned,” I hiss as I get to my feet. “Come near me again and I’ll slit your fuckin’ throat.”

The smirk on her face is anything but pretty. “Go run along to your stuck-up princess.”

“You’re done,” Raptor growls, reaching for his cell. “By the time I’m finished with you, bitch, you’ll no longer step foot on Viper property.”

I don’t wait around to listen to any more of what the bitch has to say. I glare at her as I pass by and go in search of Hayley. It doesn’t take me long to find her. She’s in the stock room, doing a stock take.

“You’re hidin’,” I accuse, as I close the door behind me.

Her shoulders tense, but she doesn’t turn to face me. “Not hiding. There are three other bar staff out there. The stock take needs to be done, and I’d rather not be here late after closing to get it done, so while it’s not busy, I’m doing as much as I can,” she says, her words flat and void of emotion.

“Bullshit,” I fire. “You’re hidin’. That bitch wanted to hurt you, and you walkin’ away allowed her to think she won.”

She turns around, her eyes still filled with hurt. “Seems as though you know her real well.”

I take a step toward her. Oh no, we are not doing this shit.

“I’ve never been with her. She’s not my type,” I growl. “I have a thing for a dark-haired, blue-eyed, sweet woman who takes my cock like she was made to.”

Her lips part at my words, and that pain slides from her face. “What?”

“This thing that we have,” I begin. “It’s not endin’.”

She swipes her tongue along her bottom lip. “What?” she whispers. “I can’t—”

I step forward until I’m in her space and frame her face with my hands. “You’re not ready for what I want,” I tell her and watch as her brows knit together. “But I’ll be fuckin’

damned if I share you with anyone else. You're mine, Hayley. For as long as we're together, you're mine and only mine."

She looks up at me, those eyes of hers wide and filled with uncertainty. "Does that make you mine?" she asks in a small voice. "For as long as we're having fun, are you mine?"

Her calling what we have just 'fun' grinds on me, but I push past it. "Yes. You're the only woman who will be in my bed and taking my cock."

She grins. "Then I'm only yours," she replies a little breathlessly.

I slam my lips against hers and take everything that is mine. My tongue sweeps into her mouth, and she sinks into me, the kiss hard, fast, and passionate. I'm claiming her. She's mine.

I don't care if it takes two weeks or two years. Hayley is mine, and I'm not letting her go. I'll push myself into her life until I'm so embedded in it, she'll have no idea just how deeply rooted I am.

Chapter 2

Hayley

THREE YEARS LATER

I'm not going to cry. No way. No how.

"Baby," Judd says softly. "Are you okay?"

I shake my head, pressing my lips together. "Don't," I hiss.

His arm slides around my shoulders, and he holds me tight. "It's a big day." He grins.

I elbow him, slamming into his toned stomach. The ass doesn't even feel it. That stupid grin on his face grows wider. "It is. I don't know why you're smiling."

His dark eyes are alight with humor. "Hayley, baby," he murmurs. "You're freakin' the fuck out. You need to calm down."

I sigh. He's right. Today is meant to be a happy day. "My little girl is growing up."

His eyes soften. "Yeah," he whispers. "She's so fuckin' smart, Hayley. I swear, that girl is goin' to rule the fuckin' world."

I grin, my hands sliding around his waist. "Yeah, she's damn smart. I'm not sure where the hell she gets that from."

He nips at my bottom lip, his teeth biting hard.

"Hey!" I cry as I jerk back in horror.

“Stop talkin’ down about yourself. I fuckin’ hate that shit. You’re smart, baby. You’re fuckin’ takin’ an accountancy degree.”

I sigh, and that dreaded sick feeling in the pit of my stomach intensifies. I’m afraid of failing. “Because Ace is paying for it.”

He shrugs as though it doesn’t matter. “You’re doin’ the books for him. You’re three years into the degree; you’ve got one year left, and then you’ve got your Bachelors. Your daughter takes after you in looks and smarts.”

I rest my head against his shoulder. Over the past three years, Judd has been a huge part of our lives. He’s become someone I rely on, a person I trust, and a man I love. I’m not sure where we’re going to end up. I’m scared that it’s going to go up in flames. But right now, we’re friends, we’re continuing to have fun, and Eva’s happy.

“Don’t cry, baby,” he whispers. “She’ll be sad if you do.”

He’s right. Eva is so excited about today. She’s been telling everyone who’ll listen that she’s no longer a baby, but a big girl who’ll be starting big school soon. Of course, the brothers all lap it up and praise her, which she adores. I never thought I’d see the day that grown men—badass men—could be so soft, and yet that’s exactly what happens whenever they’re around Eva.

I pull in a ragged breath. “Okay, is everything ready?” I ask, needing to make sure that it is. I’d hate for something to go wrong.

“Yep,” he says as he takes my hand. “Kinsley, Octavia, and Effie have decorated the clubhouse. May, Digger, and Stag have hired a fuckin’ bounce house, and everyone else has

made sure they're ready. Relax. All the food you ordered has arrived, as has the cake. The only thing we need to do is ensure we're not late."

I have no idea what the hell I'd do without him. He's been my rock over the past three years.

"Are you ready?" I ask, knowing that he views Eva as his too.

He's the one who helped me raise her over the past three years. The man has inserted himself into our lives seamlessly. He rarely doesn't spend the night, and whenever he does and Eva has a nightmare, it's him who she wants to soothe her. It hurt at first, but I realized that the relationship they have is amazing. I love that my daughter has another man in her life who she trusts.

"I'm fine," he says, and I know he's lying.

"Sure you are, and I'm a virgin."

His hand slaps my ass. "Baby, if you were, I'd have popped that sweet cherry a fuckin' long time ago. Now, get your shoes, otherwise we're goin' to be late."

I laugh as I shake my head. I'm about ready to cry, and he's nervous that we're going to be late. I know he's feeling this as much as I am. Eva's growing so quickly. It's like it was just yesterday that I was in the hospital holding her in my arms, counting her tiny fingers and toes, pressing a kiss against each of them. Now she's graduating Kindergarten and I'm wondering where the time went.

He keeps a hold of my hand as we leave the house, my stomach flipping with every movement I make. I'm going to be emotional today, no matter what, but I'm going to do my very best not to cry.



“HE REALLY CARES ABOUT YOU,” Kinsley says as we watch Eva jump in the bounce house. I love listening to her and Ruby laughing. It warms my heart.

“I care about him,” I tell her softly. I know what she’s trying to do, and I get it. If it were James in Judd’s shoes, I’d be wary about the woman he was spending time with.

“Do you?” she asks, and my eyebrows knit together at her bitchy tone. “You’ve been fucking for years.”

I turn to her, a woman who I thought was a friend, someone I trust to watch over my daughter. “Mine and Judd’s relationship is none of your business, Kinsley. I understand that he’s family for you, but you don’t get to sit here and judge us on what we do.”

Her eyes widen. I’m not sure if it’s from me talking back or the anger in my tone. “But—”

I shake my head. “But nothing. It’s not just me that I’m thinking about. I have a daughter. Someone who relies on me to keep them safe. I’ll do whatever the hell it takes to ensure that she’s safe and happy, but I also need to do what is right for me.”

“So stringing him along for three years is what’s right?”

I blink back the tears. “I’ve only ever slept with two people in my life, Kinsley. One of them is Judd, the other is Eva’s father.”

“Did you love him?” she asks.

I shake my head. “No, I hate him. He was a mean son of a bitch who did whatever the hell he wanted. The man was

twenty-seven when he got me pregnant.”

I hear her sharp intake of breath. “I know that Judd’s not him. But I have a lot to work out for myself. Okay? I do not need you to judge me. I don’t need anyone sticking their goddamn noses into our business. If you have any more questions, ask Judd.” I get to my feet and walk toward the bounce house. I’m beyond pissed.

I get that she’s worried. I would be too. But I would never, not fucking ever, judge someone on their relationships. I’m not leading Judd on. I’m trying to figure out my life, my worries, and my fears.

I’m scared of being abandoned. I’m scared of losing the people I love. I’m frightened of letting someone get close, only for them to hurt me.

“What happened?” Judd asks as he comes to stand next to me.

I shake my head, trying not to let the tears fall from my eyes. I won’t break down and cry, not here anyways. “Nothing, I’m fine.”

“Baby,” he whispers. “Don’t lie to me.”

I swallow past the lump in my throat. “I guess they’re worried about you,” I say. “From what I’m gathering, they think I’ve been stringing you along for the past three years.”

“What the fuck?” he snarls. “Tell me that’s not what you think?”

“I didn’t,” I whisper. “But these are your family, Judd. What else am I supposed to believe?”

“That I’d talk to you if I thought you were.” He steps closer. “You don’t need to worry about what they say. Are you

happy?”

I nod. “I am. I love how things are between us.” I take a deep breath. “Right now, Judd, I can’t give you more than what we have. I’m trying to move on from the past, but it’s hard. Just don’t hate me.”

That’s something I don’t think I could bear. I couldn’t deal with him hating me, having what we have thrown away because I can’t put the past to bed.

“Trust me, Hayley, I could never fuckin’ hate you. I’m with you no matter what. As for what Kinsley said, ignore her. She’s worried, I get it, but it’s not her fuckin’ concern.”

I watch as his eyes slide to hers, and the anger I see in them has my breath hitching. “Don’t be angry with her.”

He shakes his head. “I’m angry, Hayley. I’m beyond fuckin’ angry. If she had a concern, she should have come to me. What she should never have done is gone to you.”

I sigh. “Thank you for giving Eva an amazing day. I don’t think I’ve seen her so happy.” My daughter hasn’t stopped smiling. I love seeing her like this.

“One of my girls is happy,” he says. “Give me a few hours and I’ll have the other one cry out with pleasure.”

My cheeks heat at his words. The man always knows the right things to say to lift my spirits. “Oh,” I say with a raised brow. “And just what is it that you have planned?”

He grins so wide that my heart skips a beat at the pure happiness in his eyes. “I’m goin’ to eat you, then I’m going to fuck you, and I’m not goin’ to stop. Don’t plan on getting any fuckin’ sleep, baby. You’re mine all night.”

I swallow hard as heat pools between my thighs. This man is lethal, and he's not even joking. He loves to fuck me. If he could, he'd spend every night with his cock stuffed inside of me. There will be hardly any sleep for either of us tonight. I can't stop the smile that forms on my lips. I can't wait.

"Mmm," I whisper. "You know how wet I get when you eat me," I purr, and watch as his eyes narrow. There's nothing I love to do more than tease him. The man tries his best to rein in his control, but I never let it happen. I want all of him. Every single piece of him. And I love when he loses control. He takes me like he wants me, and there's nothing sexier than that.

"Just you wait," he growls as he edges closer to me. "I'm going to fuck you into oblivion tonight, baby. Everyone in this clubhouse is goin' to know exactly how you sound when you come."

My breathing deepens. "Challenge accepted," I reply, running my hand along his collar. "But I'll tell you something, handsome," I purr. "You'll be the one who loses control, not me."

His eyes narrow, but I know he's not angry. No, the man's turned on and ready to take me to bed.



SIX HOURS LATER, and we were both right. We both lost control, and those that were still awake did hear exactly who I belonged to.

Chapter 3

Wrath

ONE YEAR LATER

“**W**here are we going?” Hayley asks, her voice soft and her eyes bouncing with happiness, her gaze moving along the road as I drive. We’re in my truck. As much as I’d love to have her legs wrapped around me on my bike, the rain is heavy, there’s a deep fog, and her safety is my priority.

“We’re havin’ dinner,” I tell her. Today, I get to celebrate with her in private. Yesterday, I had to share her with the entire club, but tonight, it’s just the two of us.

My woman graduated college with a Bachelor’s degree in accounting. She’s smart as fuck, and I’m so fucking proud of her. She’s worked her ass off. I know she struggled sometimes. She felt guilty, hating the time she spent away from Eva while she worked toward her goal of graduating college. She’s a fucking superstar who achieved her dreams.

“We are?” she asks. “God, Judd, you spoil me. Yesterday, you got me a new car. You didn’t need to do this.”

“You needed a new car, babe. The one you had before was a piece of shit.” Whenever she’d drive it, I’d have heart palpitations. “Now you have a new one. It’s the safest model there is.” I needed to know that she’d be safe, and that Eva would be too.

“But why are we heading away from the city?” she asks. “Are we going to a restaurant?”

Hell fucking no. I don't want to share my time with her with assholes I do not know. “Have patience. We'll be there soon.”

I'm driving toward Upstate New York. We've been driving for a couple of hours, and she's finally started to ask questions. My woman loves taking road trips. She enjoys traveling, something that she doesn't get to do a lot of as she has Eva. But it's something I've tried to do with them both whenever I can.

Darkness settles over the city, and Hayley's gaze is fixated on the roads ahead, watching every little thing.

“What's this?” she asks as I pull into the drive of a rustic lodge.

“Dinner,” I tell her as I jump out of the truck and help her out of the vehicle. “Told you, babe, I was takin' you somewhere.”

Once I've grabbed our overnight bags, I lead her into the lodge. The moment we enter, we're hit with the smell of garlic and tomatoes. I had a friend of mine set this up. The table is set for two, dinner is on a low heat in the oven, and the wine is chilling in the fridge.

“What did you do?” she breathes as she takes everything in. “God, Judd, this is amazing.”

“It's time for dinner,” I tell her. “Take your jacket off and get comfortable. I'll be out in a minute with our food.” I hear her moving around, and I smile. I have two entire days of just me and her.

The past year has been beyond fucking crazy. She's been so swamped with college and working, whereas I've been working overtime, trying to get money saved up so I can buy a house once I finally claim her. The auto shop has grown, as has our client base. We're always booked. Every single brother that works in the shop barely has time to breathe, but the money is good so there are no complaints.

I get dinner ready and bring it out. My mouth waters when I see she's wearing a tight red dress that's molded to her body.

"Christ, baby," I growl, my cock twitching beneath my pants. "You need to put your jacket back on."

Her laughter is like a punch to my gut. I fucking love the husky tone to it. "Not happening. There's a fire blazing, Judd. I'll be too hot."

"Baby, I'm about ready to fuck you senseless. I'm tryin' here, I really am."

She flashes me a sexy smile, letting me know exactly what she wants. "I bought new lingerie."

I put the plates down on the table and stalk toward her. Fuck the dinner. I'll order pizza later. I reach for her, my shoulder going to her stomach, and I lift her into the air. My palm strikes against her ass, and she squeals.

"Judd!" she cries. "Don't rip my dress."

Hell fucking no. That dress is sexy as hell. There's no way I'm ripping it. But it does need to come off. I walk into the bedroom, my cock aching with every step I take.

I let her slide down my body. I need to taste her, to touch her. Her legs wrap around my waist, and I grind my cock into her, hating that our clothes are in the way. I slant my lips

against hers as I carry her toward the bed. Christ, I fucking love this. She wants me just as much as I want her.

Our mouths fused together, my hands roaming her body. I push her dress up to her hips and groan when I feel that she's not wearing any panties. Fuck. She's fucking perfect. Made for me. That's exactly what she was.

I lie her on her back on the bed, her legs unwrapping from my waist, and I sink to the floor. She's still dressed, her dress hitched up to her hips. This is going to be quick, and it isn't what I set out to do, but as always whenever Hayley is concerned, I'm rock fucking hard and dying to fuck her until she screams out my name.

"Open for me, baby," I growl, needing to taste that sweet fucking pussy of hers. She does as instructed, her thighs opening, granting me access to one of the sweetest places on earth. I see her puffy, wet pussy lips, and they're begging for me to lick them. I press a kiss against her inner thigh, loving the way her breath hitches.

"Judd," she gasps as I bury my head between her thighs and inhale deeply, letting the sweet scent of her fill my nostrils. So fucking good.

I can't hold back any longer. I need to have her come, hear her screams, taste the pleasure. I swipe my tongue against her folds, and she arches off the bed, her legs going around my shoulders. The feel of her heels against my back makes me smile inwardly. Fuck. She'll leave her marks on me tonight.

I don't hold back. I feast on her. There will never be anything as sweet as her pussy. I fucking love the way she loves what I do to her. She's utterly soaked and writhing with pleasure, grinding her pussy against my mouth. She wants more.

I spear my tongue into her pussy, and she releases a strangled moan. Oh, my baby fucking loves that. I do it over and over again, that husky hitch of her breath making my cock thicken. Christ. She's going to have me on the edge without even touching me.

"Please, Judd," she says hoarsely. "Please make me come."

I can never deny her. Especially when she asks so nicely. I swipe my finger along her folds, teasing her. She releases a strangled groan. I bite back a curse as I push my finger into her tight, wet, warm channel. Christ, I need to fuck her. She grinds against my finger, my tongue laving at her clit. Her body is tense, and I know it's not going to take much longer until she detonates.

"So close," she whines. "Judd, please."

I add another finger, loving how her pussy ripples around them. Christ, she's so fucking sexual, her body writhing with pleasure, her pussy grinding against my finger. I roll my tongue around her clit, adding a bit more pressure than before. She moans long and hard. I switch it up, my fingers playing with her clit and my mouth at her pussy.

I hear her breathing deepen, and her legs tighten around my shoulders, moments before she detonates, her pussy flooding my mouth. Her moans become strangled as she orgasms. I lap up her juices, loving her taste.

I get to my feet and unsnap my button, freeing my cock. It's rock hard and in need of relief. I position myself at the edge of the bed, pulling her ankles until my cock is at her entrance and her legs are once again wrapped around my waist.

The heat from her pretty pussy is more than the invitation I need. I thrust into her, groaning as her pussy spasms around my cock with the aftermath of her orgasm. “Judd,” she groans.

I grit my teeth and fuck her hard, my hands gripping her hips as I power into her. It’s not enough. I need to be deeper. I need more.

I pull out of her and flip her onto her stomach, then position myself behind her. That phenomenal ass of hers is on display, and I can’t help but dig my fingers into the flesh, my cock soaked from her juices. I thrust into her, and she cries out once again. Christ, it’s not going to take much until I explode.

My fingers tighten around her hips as I pound into her. My thrusts become harder, deeper, and faster as I chase my release. She’s fucking me back, and her moans are growing louder and louder. She’s close once again. I need her to come. I want to feel that pussy strangling my cock.

“You’re gonna come for me, baby,” I snarl.

I hammer into her, pistoning in and out of her. I’m so damn fucking close, there’s no way I’m going to be able to hang on much longer. I need her to come now. I bring my hand around to her clit and play with it. Her body tightens, and I know she’s close. I rub hard on that tight bundle of nerves, my thrusts punishing, my cock swelling, as tingles start at the base of my cock.

“Fuckin’ come,” I demand.

She cries out, her head falling forward, her hair covering her face. I love the way her body tightens, and her pussy contracts around my cock. The feeling of her walls suffocating my cock is more than enough to pull the cum from my balls. I bury myself inside of her and explode.

“Fuck,” I snarl as I empty my cum inside of her.

I collapse on top of her, careful to keep my weight off her. I’m so fucking in love with her that I can barely see straight.

Soon. Soon I’ll claim her. She’s not as guarded as she once was. Just a little while longer, and then I’m claiming her.

Her pussy spasms around my cock again, and I groan. “Insatiable,” I grunt, and she laughs.

“Only with you.”

Too fucking right. It’s only ever with me.

Hayley is mine, and I’m not letting her go.

Chapter 4

Wrath

FOURTEEN MONTHS LATER

I watch as Hayley effortlessly works her way around the bar, her ass swaying with every step she takes. Fuck. It's been years and the woman still affects me. She always will.

“You listenin’?” Raptor growls.

I turn back to him. “Yes, I’m listenin’. You need help. That’s fine, I’ll be there.”

He glares at me. “When are you two goin’ to stop skirtin’ around the fact you’re meant to be?” he questions. “You think we don’t know that you’ve been fuckin’ her exclusively for the past five years and not once made it known?” He shakes his head. “It’s time, brother.”

I shrug. I’m not stupid. I know my brothers know who I’m fucking. It’s just none of their business until I make it so, and right now, Hayley doesn’t want it to be announced. It’s taken us years to get through all the walls she had built. Now, the major factor left is that she’s scared about what Pyro will say. The man will fucking lose his shit when he does find out. I don’t give a fuck.

Hayley’s mine, and the sooner she comes to terms with that, the fucking better we’ll all be about it.

“Now that Py’s in Ireland, are you two goin’ to stop hidin’?”

This isn’t his business. Never was and never will be. “I get that you’re lookin’ out for Hayley,” I say through gritted teeth. “But she’s a big girl and can decide what she wants, yeah?”

He chuckles. “That really fuckin’ grates on you, doesn’t it?”

I raise a brow. What the hell is he talking about?

“That we’re protective of her. You hate that we’re even that close to her.”

My hands ball into fists. “You’re her family,” I say, although it’s fucking annoying that they’re involved in every fucking bit of her life, and in turn mine.

“Sure,” he drawls. “Whatever you say.”

I roll my eyes. “Now, what do you think the brothers are goin’ to say when you tell them you’re plannin’ on movin’ to Ireland?”

It’s not a bad plan. Pyro’s goin’ to need members, and our own chapter is growing. It makes sense for Raptor to go. Py’s his best friend, not to mention, Raptor met a woman not too long ago and he’s not stopped fucking yapping about her. The thing is, she lives in Ireland and hasn’t spoken to him since. I think that’s playing on his ego somewhat.

“They’ll be shocked,” he tells me.

I laugh. “That’s an understatement. Some may see it comin’. I mean, you were practically joined at the hip. I know there’s some of the brothers who thought the two of you were a couple.” I’m lying. Both Pyro and Raptor are bastards who don’t share their women. They’d lose their minds if they did.

Sure, they've joined other brothers in a threesome, but not once have they found a woman and invited others to join.

He flips me the bird. "You're an asshole, Wrath. You know that?"

I smile at him. There's nothing better than annoying the fuck out of my brothers.

Hayley makes her way over to the table.

"A bit of advice, brother," Raptor says quietly. "A woman like her, she'll drag you along forever if she can."

My brows knit together. "A woman like her?"

He nods. "She's been hurt, so she's shielded herself and her kid. She'll do everythin' in her power to keep Eva safe. You want more, you're goin' to have to push her for it, otherwise you're both gonna be like this forever."

She's lowered her walls with me, she's let me in, and yet she still holds back.

"Brother, I guess it's time to ask if she wants more or not. If she doesn't, it's time to cut your losses."

I grit my teeth. "That's a fucking lot easier said than done."

He nods, his jaw clenched. "That's what love'll do for you." He gets to his feet and raps his knuckles against the table. "See you tomorrow. It's goin' to be shit tellin' them I'm goin', but it needs to be done."

"Yeah, but they'll understand."

He smiles at Hayley and says goodbye before leaving.

"Is everything okay?" she asks softly as she comes to sit beside me.

"Yeah, club business. Are you finished?"

She smiles. “Yep, all done for the weekend. Kinsley has Eva tonight,” she says, her eyes bright with happiness.

I slide my arm around her waist. “Then it’s time to get you home.”

She beams at me. “Sounds like a plan,” she says huskily.



THE SECOND we’re inside her room, I press my lips against hers. Hayley doesn’t hold back. She sinks against me. I run my hands along her body as I deepen the kiss, my tongue sliding into her mouth as I take everything from her. The kiss is hard, fast and passionate.

I tear off her clothes, my cock thick and pressing against my pants. I need to be in her. Now. She doesn’t hesitate in helping me strip the clothes from our bodies. The moment we’re naked, I cup her pussy with the palm of my hand, loving the way she grinds down against it. She’s in heat. Fuck. I lie her on the bed and position myself over her, my lips still on hers.

I run my finger along her folds, and she moans as I push a finger into her hot, wet channel. Christ, she always feels good. Five years and I’ve never had my fill.

“Fuckin’ soaked,” I growl against her lips.

She rides my finger, moaning and groaning as my lips trail along her jaw and neck.

She cries out as I thrust a second finger inside of her tight, wet heat. “So good,” she whines, grinding against my fingers, her movements frantic as she tries to reach her peak.

I finger-fuck her until she's a quivering mess. "Come for me, Hayley. Fuckin' come," I demand, needing to see her in the throes of pleasure.

Her back arches, and her body tightens. "Judd," she cries out as she detonates.

I watch the pink tinge hit her cheeks, her eyes hazy with lust. Fucking beautiful. I've never seen anyone as sexy or beautiful as Hayley.

I position myself over her, and when she opens her legs wider for me, I don't hold back. I never do. I can't. The second I slide inside of her tight channel, I'm lost.

"Ahhh," she cries out as I enter her. "Oh, Judd," she whines.

I grit my teeth, hooking my arms under her knees and fucking her. It's frantic. I'm so fucking hard, I'm close to the edge, and it's like this every time I'm inside her.

"Yes," she cries out as I thrust harder into her.

I nip at her neck, her hands tangling in my hair. I twist my hips and fuck her harder. "Yes," she cries out once again. "Oh, God, please, Judd, make me come."

My fingers gripping her hips, I tilt her ass, giving me a better angle so I can get deeper inside of her. I grit my teeth and pound into her.

"Ah," she cries out, her fingers tightening in my hair. She's close. I can tell by the way her body's tight.

I capture her bottom lip with my teeth and tug as I fuck her into oblivion. She needs to come. I'm so fucking close. My spine tingles as my orgasm races along it.

“Come for me, baby. I need you to come,” I snarl as I slam into her one last time, my balls tightening.

“Fuck, Judd,” she cries, throwing her head back, she’s breathless, her eyes drunk with lust as she detonates.

I thrust a few more times inside of her before I’m following her, growling her name as I come.

Fuck, this woman will be the death of me.

I’m so fucking in love with her that I can’t see straight.



I WATCH as Hayley moves around the kitchen. She’s so at ease. She’s not got a care in the world. This is a usual occurrence. Most mornings, my ass is at her table eating breakfast with her and Eva. The kid is the fucking shit. She’s smart and funny. She’s a mix of her mom and uncle. I don’t know much about her father, and that’s a subject that’s completely off the table for Hayley.

“We need to talk, babe,” I say, trying not to put her on edge.

She spins around and faces me, her brows knitting together. “What’s wrong?” she whispers. “You’re scaring me, Judd. What’s going on?”

I move so that I’m standing beside her and smooth my hand along her hair. “This thing between us,” I begin, and see her mouth part. “I want more,” I tell her, ripping off the Band-Aid. “I want to claim you. I want you to be my old lady. I want fuckin’ everythin’. I want you, and I want Eva. You think I don’t know that you’re a package deal, babe? Guess again.”

She stares at me, completely shocked. “You do?” she whispers.

“The fuck do you think we’ve been doin’ for the last five years?” I question.

She throws her hands up, her blue eyes wide and filled with shock. “I don’t know. It was supposed to be fun, Judd. It was just fun.”

“Yeah, real fun when your emotions are involved,” I snarl. “You know what, Hayley. Fuck this. I’m not doin’ this shit anymore. You don’t want more, that’s fine, but I ain’t doin’ this anymore.”

“Wait, what?” she whispers. “You’re done?”

“Five fucking years we’ve been doin’ this, and you can’t even fuckin’ see that I’m so fuckin’ in love with you, I bleed it. I’ll do whatever the fuck you want, Hayley, because I love you, but fuck, I can’t wait for you to catch up. Not anymore. So yeah, I’m done.”

I press a kiss against her lips and turn on my heel and leave. I know her. She’s not going to chase me. She’s not going to do anything. She’ll need to process shit, get deep into her head and work through it all. I’m giving her a week to think, but then I’ll be back. I’m not losing her. No fucking way. She’s mine, and I’m claiming her. I’m just giving her the chance to catch up and sort her feelings out.

One week. That’s all she’s got.

Chapter 5

Hayley

I stare at the door in horror. He's gone. He's actually gone. My heart sinks as I hear the sound of pipes, but soon, they disappear. He's actually left. I can't believe it.

I sink to the floor, tears spilling from my eyes. How the hell did this happen? One minute we're happy and the next he's gone and I'm a mess. When did things turn sour? I don't understand.

"Five fucking years we've been doin' this, and you can't even fuckin' see that I'm so fuckin' in love with you, I bleed it."

Oh my god. He loves me?

I'm trembling, my entire body shaking. No one has ever loved me other than James. It's been seven years since I left that life behind me, yet I'm still feeling the effects of what Carter put me through, what his family did to me. I hate that I haven't overcome it. I just don't know how to let Judd past the walls that I have up to guard me and Eva. I erected them for a reason. I need them to keep us from being hurt.

But there's always been something about Judd that was different, something that made me believe he was unlike anyone else, and instead of listening to my heart, I let my head rule me and kept him at arm's length. And now I've lost him.

The front door opens, and I swipe away at the tears, hoping it's not Eva who's walking in.

"Hey," I hear Eda rasp. She's Ace's old lady and one of the closest women to me. She's sweet and loving, she's not what you'd expect for the president's woman, but she sure as hell fits with Ace. The man's besotted with his woman. "It's just me. I overheard Wrath and Raptor talking and I wanted to come and check on you." She sinks to the floor and wraps her arms around me. "Are you okay?"

I shake my head, more tears sliding down my face. "He's gone," I whisper.

Her arms tighten around me. "I know, I'm sorry," she replies softly.

"He doesn't understand," I cry. "He has no idea that he's the only one I want," I sob against her. "Why would he think that I don't want this? He never gave me the chance to say anything."

She sighs. "Men." She tsks. "They never let us speak."

She's thinking back to when Ace found out who her father was and was angry that she never told him. He never let her speak, just told her to get out.

"What do I do, Eda?" I ask, needing some clarity.

"Do you want him?" she asks.

I nod. "I think I love him," I whisper, hating how terrified I am of saying it. "But I don't know if I can escape the past."

"Trust me," she whispers back. "The past will always affect us, but it's how we push past it that defines us. I don't know your story, Hayley, but I have no doubt that you're

capable of working through it all and finding your happiness with Wrath. That's all we want for you both."

I sigh. "It's hard. Every time I think I'm getting close to pushing past the barriers that block me, I'm pushed back into that sickening feeling I had whenever Carter was around."

"I'm here if you want to tell me about it," she whispers. "I'm here for you."

"I was sixteen," I whisper, "when I fell pregnant with Eva." I swallow hard. "I never knew what the feeling was that I had every time her father was around me. It was like a sickening gnaw in my stomach that grew so much."

"What happened?"

I shake my head and swallow hard. "He was twenty-seven and demanded everything from me. I was stupid. I tried to fight him, but it wasn't any use. His parents were my foster parents, and they would starve me if I ever denied him. They would punish me if I ever cried about him touching me."

"Oh Hayley," she gasps. "I'm so sorry."

"I was stupid," I cry. "I didn't tell anyone because his parents were wealthy and had a lot of power. They'd destroy me."

She presses against me. "I'm so sorry. They're assholes and deserve to die. Why haven't you told Pyro or Wrath what happened?"

"I can't." No, there's no way I could do that. "I can't have them do something that'll put them in prison. It's not worth it. As long as I have Eva, I'm happy. That's all I need."

She releases me and helps me to my feet. "I understand the need to protect those you love, but sometimes you have to let

them take care of us.”

I smile as I wipe my eyes. “We’ll see. I’m not exactly sure that’s the route I’m willing to take. Thank you for coming to me.”

She nods. “You call Wrath. Tell him to get his ass here, and you explain everything you’ve just told me. He deserves to know it all. Once you tell him, you’ll be able to work through it all. The both of you will. Just have faith, Hayley. I know that you and Wrath are meant to be. We all see the way you look at each other. It’s amazing to see how alive you become whenever you’re around him.”

I nod. “Okay, I’ll do that, but I’m angry that he never gave me the chance to speak.”

She grins. “Then let him have it all,” she giggles. “If it doesn’t end well, call me and we’ll get drunk.”

“I may just take you up on that,” I tell her as we hug. “Thank you, I really appreciate you coming to check on me.”

She winks. “That’s what friends are for. Let me know what happens, or I’ll be worried.”

“I will,” I promise her. “I’ll call you once I’ve spoken to him.”



I’M A NERVOUS WRECK. My hands are shaking, and my heart racing. I’ve been pacing for the last thirty minutes. I called him and asked if he would come over because I’d like to talk. I half expected him not to answer, but hearing that gravelly voice brought me to my knees. I know when I spoke, my words were hoarse and heavy. I’m still reeling from

everything. Shocked doesn't even begin to explain how I felt when he dropped the love bomb on me.

I hear the rumble of pipes, and my heart stutters. He's here.

I stare at the door, waiting for the knock to come. I'm not breathing. I can't. I'm trapped in my fear. What if I tell him everything and he still leaves? What then?

I open the door and look up at him. Those dark eyes of his widen a fraction as his gaze runs over me. His nostrils flare. "What happened?" he demands.

"I—"

He pushes into my house and slams the door behind him. "Don't lie to me, Hayley. I can see that you've been crying. What's goin' on?"

"Will you ever let me speak?" I hiss. "God, that's twice today you haven't given me a chance to actually say what I want. Instead, you try to preempt what I'm going to say and get it wrong."

He raises a brow, his jaw clenched, but thankfully, he lets me speak.

"Five years, Judd. It's been five years, and not once did you ever let me know that you wanted more. You think you're the only one who fell in love during our time together? You think you're the only one who wanted more?" I scoff. "You spend as much time as you can with me and Eva, and my daughter adores you. To her, you're the man she sees as a dad. You think we both don't want you in our lives?"

His eyes soften and he goes to speak, but I shake my head to stop him. "It's not as easy as us taking the next step and you claiming me, Judd. I have so much trauma, and not just from my parents leaving, but from Eva's father too. We never spoke

about him.” I take a steadying breath. “He was an asshole, Judd. I fucking hate him with every breath I take, and I’m so damn lucky that he’s dead.”

He pulls me into his arms and holds me tight. “You know that I’m not lettin’ you go. Fuck, baby, I wasn’t done. I was givin’ you time to get your head straight.”

I roll my eyes. “Had you given me time to actually say more than a few words, you’d have known that I want more. I just need you to be patient with me. The past is stuck with me, Judd. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to get past what happened.”

He presses a soft kiss against my lips, his gaze intense. “You’re not alone anymore,” he says. “This,” he continues, pointing between the two of us. “This isn’t some fling, not just fuckin’ fun. It’s real, and I’m not goin’ to let anythin’ happen to you.” He frames my face, his gaze searing. “Tell me about Eva’s father.” It’s not a question but a demand.

We move to the living room and take a seat on the couch. I know Carter’s dead and he can’t hurt me, but it wasn’t just him. It’s his parents, who have been a pain in my ass since discovering I was pregnant. Over the past five years, I’ve managed to escape them. I ran far away so they couldn’t find me.

“When mine and James’ parents died, James was angry, and I was an emotional wreck. Our lives changed forever in the blink of an eye. We didn’t have anyone else to take care of us, so we ended up in the system. Foster care wasn’t all that great, and the people who took me in didn’t want James in their lives, so we ended up being separated. I was fifteen when I went to live with the Temples.”

“What happened, baby?”

I glance away, still feeling the shame of what happened in that house. “The Temples were okay people in the beginning. They were warm and welcoming, and I was happy to be there, although I hated being away from James.”

His eyes are narrowed and he’s watching me carefully. Thankfully, he doesn’t say anything.

“But that changed. Their son, Carter, was a mean son-of-a-bitch. He was the biggest man-whore going. He got what he wanted even if the other person didn’t.” I sigh. “It was five months after moving in with the Temples that he started to touch me. I was young, naive, and stupid. I would get this pit in my stomach every time he was around, and my heart would race like crazy. I had no idea what the feeling meant.”

“What do you mean touchin’ you?” he says with a low growl.

I lick my lips. I’ve never told anyone this. “I would be asleep, and he’d climb into bed with me and touch wherever he wanted. He claimed that I belonged to him, and he was allowed to do whatever the hell he wanted.” I blink furiously as tears threaten to fall. “I told his parents, but they didn’t care. They told me they were giving me a roof over my head, so I should do whatever their son wanted.”

“Tell me you’re fuckin’ jokin’,” he snarls.

I shake my head. “Whenever I denied him, they starved me. They punished me whenever I cried about it.” I glance down at my fingers as I wring them together. “I fell pregnant at sixteen, and Carter was so happy. He wanted the baby and promised me everything would be different. I had nowhere to go. I was alone and stupid.”

“No, baby, you weren’t,” he whispers, his thumb wiping away the falling tears from my eyes. “The people that were supposed to protect you, didn’t.”

I nod. “The day James found out about my pregnancy, was the night that Carter’s club went up in flames and Carter was found dead in his office right beside my best friend.”

I always had a suspicion that there was something going on between the two of them, but Carrie would always laugh it off, telling me I was crazy.

“His club?” he rumbles. “How fuckin’ old was the bastard?”

“Twenty-seven,” I tell him as I look up at him.

A low rumble comes from his chest, and my eyes widen. “That cunt groomed you,” he snarls. “You weren’t naive or stupid. That cunt knew what he was doin’, and I doubt you were the first one, baby.”

I nod. “I know that now. I know that what we had was dirty and sick. But back then, I was confused and a silly teenage girl.”

“What else did he do to you?” he asks, pulling me onto his lap. “Tell me it all.”

“He would take his anger out on me if he didn’t get what he wanted or if something went wrong. I’d always be his punching bag.” I lean back against him. “It all marked me. I know you’re not him, and that you’d never hurt me, but those insecurities I felt, and how scared I would be at times, haven’t disappeared. Sometimes they get me in a chokehold and don’t let go. The nightmares come, and I can’t shake off the pain of what happened for days.”

“Told you already, baby, you’re no longer alone. The nightmares come, I’ll be here to beat them back,” he tells me, his voice thick with emotion. His hands slide around my back as he holds me tight.

“There’s something else,” I begin, swiping my tongue across my lips. “Something that not even James knows.”

“Tell me, baby,” he encourages. “Whatever it is, you can tell me.”

I nod. “After Carter died, I knew I had to get away from his parents. Once they found out that I was pregnant, they were adamant that they’d be the ones to raise the baby. His father is a judge. They have so much money, so much power. They’ve tried to take her from me twice. I don’t know how they found me, but they did. I moved, not wanting them to get anywhere near Eva. I’ll die before I let them take my baby.”

“They won’t,” he snarls. “They’ll never fuckin’ get their hands on her, Hayley. I fuckin’ swear on everythin’ I am, they won’t get her.”

I nod, praying that they never find me again. It’s been five years since they found me the last time. I’m hoping that now I’m with the Vipers, they won’t try again, but as much as I pray they won’t, I have a sickening feeling in my gut that they’re just biding their time.

“Tomorrow, the brothers are having Church. I’m claimin’ you, baby.”

I close my eyes. Never did I think that this would be happening. Five years ago, it was only supposed to be one night, but that night morphed into days, then into weeks, and now here we are, finally acting on our feelings.

“We’ll tell Eva tomorrow when she’s home,” I whisper. “She’s going to be happy. She’s always asking if we’re together.”

She’s going to be over the moon. She adores Judd. Other than James, he’s the one brother she gets along with best.

“You know that I’m not lettin’ either of you go,” he promises me.

I grin. “Good, because you’re stuck with me now.”

His lips slam against mine, and I sink against him, his hands running along my body, setting my blood on fire. Heat pools between my thighs, and I grind against his thickening cock. “Judd,” I breathe.

“Patience,” he growls. “Dinner first, baby, then I’m goin’ to eat you for dessert.”

I grind down against the bulge behind his pants. “You really think you can hold back?” I ask as I run my lips along his jaw.

He grips my hips, trying to get me to be still. “Behave,” he snarls.

I smile, knowing that my eyes are alight with mischief. I want him. I need him. There’s no way I’m going to behave. “Make me,” I whimper as I grind once more.

Chapter 6

Wrath

Fuck. I'm trying to keep my cool, but having the heat of her pussy grinding against me is enough to drive me insane. I run my hand up her body, snaking it underneath the oversized tee she's wearing. She's not got a bra on, and her nipples are pebbled and taut. I run my thumb along one of the puckered buds, and she gasps, her hand reaching between us. I bite back a curse when I see a flash of her pink pussy. She's not wearing panties. Christ.

“You're pure fuckin' temptation,” I hiss as she reaches for my zipper.

The smile she has is filled with satisfaction. “I, like you, know what I want and go for it. The second you touch me, my body blazes with need. You've only got yourself to blame.”

Leaving her house this morning, I was beyond angry. I was fucking pissed that she thought we were just fun. When she reached out and asked me to come over, it was unexpected. I wasn't sure what she was going to say. Thankfully, she wanted to let me know how much of an ass I was for not letting her speak. She was right. I never did let her get more than a few words out, nor did I give her time to think.

I'm grateful that she opened up to me about her past and what happened. That motherfucker, Carter, is lucky he's dead.

I'd find him and gut the cunt myself. What he did to her was rape. There's no fucking other way around it. It started when she was fifteen and he was twenty-six and didn't end until the fucker died the next year. He groomed her. He threatened her with violence to get her to do as he wanted. That's rape. He's just lucky he's dead. Cunt.

She climbs off my lap, pulling my pants down with her. My cock springs free, and her eyes are wide and bright. She doesn't hesitate in taking me into her mouth. I groan. Fuck.

This is the first time she's given me a blowjob. I haven't minded. I always knew she was holding back, but now she's doing it and I'm about ready to nut. I tangle my hands into her hair. "Baby," I say through clenched teeth. "You don't have to do this."

She flicks her gaze to me, and then her cheeks hollow as she takes me deep into her mouth. She wants this. That's for sure. She releases a moan around my cock, and I groan, my hands in her hair tightening around the strands.

Her throat constricts around my cock as she swallows. I grit my teeth as I pull tighter against her hair and take over. I thrust into her mouth, my movements hard and fast. I'm so fucking close, I can feel the pleasure rising through my body. Christ. She's fucking good at this. I thrust deeper, my cock hitting the back of her throat, and she opens her mouth wider, relaxing her jaw and taking more of me. I push my cock down her throat and she gags. Spit foams at the corners of her mouth, and I growl.

"Christ," I snarl my hands tightening in her hair. "Fuck, Hayley, I'm going to come," I snarl.

Her body shivers as I once again thrust into her mouth, my cock about ready to burst.

“Hmmm,” she moans. The vibrations of her moan run along the base of my cock.

“Fuck,” I snarl as I thrust into her mouth once more, my cock nudging against her throat. I’m unable to hold back any longer. I release a groan as I pull out slightly, keeping only the head of my cock in her mouth, and unload stream after stream of cum.

Her cheeks fill and she swallows, taking every last drop that I gave her. When she’s finished, she licks and sucks my cock, making sure I’m clean. She sits back on her heels and smiles at me. “Mmm,” she says, wiping the corners of her mouth and sucking on her finger.

My cock twitches. She’s going to fucking kill me. “You’re a little minx,” I say as I reach for her.

She giggles as I lie her onto the couch and spread her legs. “My pussy,” I snarl, before burying my head between her thighs.

“Yours,” she whines as I swipe my tongue along her folds.

Her pussy is glistening, those puffy lips begging for me to lick them. “You taste fuckin’ exquisite, baby.”

Her breath hitches. “Oooh,” she breathes, as I once again slide my tongue along her swollen folds. My nose juts against her pussy and I inhale deeply, letting the sweet scent of her fill my nostrils. So sweet, so fucking perfect. All fucking mine.

She arches off the sofa as I suck on her clit. “Yes,” she moans softly.

I begin feasting on her, and her taste explodes in my mouth. Nothing tastes better than her. Five years and I’ve never gotten used to how fucking amazing she tastes and how good her pussy is.

Now she's all mine.

She's soaked, and with every swipe of my tongue, her pussy creams even more, coating my mouth with her juices. I suck on her pussy, and she cries out, her body writhing in pleasure. "Judd," she whimpers. "Oh, Judd."

I smirk as I pull back, my mouth soaked with her juices. I glance up at her. Christ, she's fucking beautiful, those blue eyes of hers lust-drunk and hazy. She's so fucking sexy. Never seen anything as beautiful as her.

I push a finger inside of her warm, tight, wet channel.

"God," she cries out as I thrust deeper into her. My woman's so horny that she starts to grind against my finger, pulling my finger further into her. Her movements are frenzied. She's lost in the pleasure, and I fucking love watching her. "I'm so close, Judd. Please," she whimpers as I withdraw my finger.

I bury my head between her thighs again and swipe along her folds, teasing her. The moment she throws her head back and her thighs shake, I know it's only a matter of time before she detonates. I push my tongue into her pussy and set about fucking her.

"Yes," she cries as I tongue-fuck her, my finger pressing against the tight bundle of nerves of her clit. "Judd," she cries, her back bowing, her thighs shaking, and her breathing labored.

"Come," I snarl as I suck on her pussy while flicking her clit.

"Judd," she screams, her body tense as a bow. "I'm coming," she cries.

I don't let up. I need to taste her. I suck at her pussy as she creams on my face. Fuck yes.

Once she's come down from her high, I sit back on the couch and pull her on top of me. She doesn't hesitate in straddling me. Her pussy's soaking wet, and the heat of it is enticing. I grit my teeth. I want to fuck her hard and fast, but I'm letting her take the reins. Letting her set the pace.

Her soft hand wraps around the base of my cock as she guides it into her pussy. She throws her head back as she lowers herself down onto me, and I grit my teeth at the slow pace. Fuck, she's going to kill me. Slides her hands up my stomach, and my muscles tense beneath them.

"Judd," she groans. "Fuck, you're so thick," she cries as she sinks down onto me. I bottom out inside of her. "I feel so full," she whimpers. "You're so damn big."

"You gotta move," I snarl.

Her head snaps forward and she looks at me, her blue eyes hazy and filled with pleasure.

"My turn," she says breathlessly. "I'm going to fuck you now, Judd."

I smirk. Fuck yeah. "Do it then, baby."

She begins to move, lifting off my cock before slamming back down on my length. She's a fucking pro at taking my cock. I fucking love how beautiful her face is when it's filled with the pleasure she's feeling.

"Dance for me, baby," I say, my hands gripping her ass.

A slow smile spreads across her lips, and she begins to move harder and faster. Her body moves to her own rhythm, our bodies slick with sweat as she dances on my cock.

Fuck, I'm so close. "Harder, faster," I snarl.

Her lips part. They're still swollen from her sucking my cock. I want to flip her, put her on all fours and fuck her until she passes out, but I can't.

My spine tingles when she quickens her pace, her head thrown back, her nails digging into the skin of my chest. She's close, her movements jerky. She's fucking me as fast as she can, her nails digging in so hard that she's about to draw blood. Hell, I'd be surprised if she doesn't leave scars.

I grip her hips and begin to meet her thrust for thrust, our bodies slamming together, our groans loud and long. We're both on the edge, about to teeter over it.

"So close," she breathes. "Oh, Judd, I'm so close. Please," she begs as she rides me hard. I bring my fingers between us and pinch her clit. That's all it takes for her to detonate. She comes un-fucking-done, and it's fucking spectacular to watch. Her back arches, her pussy contracts, and her lips part as she screams out my name.

Her pussy convulses around my cock, and I can't hold back. I bare my teeth, my fingers digging into the flesh of her ass as I pound into her once—twice—three times before I bury myself to the hilt inside of her and groan long and hard as I fill her pussy with my cum.

Over the past five years, I've never fucked her with a condom. She's mine, has been since the moment I saw her in the clubhouse. Those big blue eyes of hers were so bright and filled with fear, but her body was stiff as a board as she looked at everyone head on, showing that she may be scared, but she wasn't cowering.

I knew I had to have her. Pyro be damned. I knew it was against the code, going for my brother's sister, but fuck, I couldn't hold back. With her, I'm never able to hold back. She's everything I've ever wanted and so fucking much more.

"Love you, Hayley," I growl as I slam my lips down on hers. Fucking perfect—that's what she is to me. Utter perfection and all mine.

She sinks against me, her eyes bright. "I love you too, Judd. Never doubt that."

We lie with her in my arms, both recovering. I run my hand through her hair as she presses kisses against my chest. Content doesn't even begin to describe how I feel right now. "You know that once I claim you, Pyro's goin' to find out, don't you?"

She sighs. "He's going to be mad, but I can't find it in me to care right now."

I chuckle and pull on her hair slightly. "Brat," I say without heat.

She snorts. "Hardly. I adore James. He's the best brother a girl could ever have. I love him and I'm so very grateful for all that he's done for me and for Eva. But I'm not a little girl anymore, Judd. I've spent so long being afraid to reach for what I want." She presses her hands against my chest. "I've wanted to reach for you, we've spent the past five years falling for one another and I've been too scared to tell you. If James cares about me, he'll accept this. He'll be mad that we kept it from him, but he'll be happy for us—eventually."

I smile at her. She's so fucking sweet.

"He'll be pissed," I agree. He warned me off her when he saw me staring at her. Little did he know that we'd already

been together. I wouldn't usually go against my brothers, but for Hayley, I'd fuckin' burn the world down to keep her.

She shrugs. "He'll get over it."

I palm her nape and drag her toward my lips. "I don't give a fuck if he does or not. I'm not lettin' you go." I slant my mouth over hers and kiss her. Her arms slide around my neck, and she whimpers into my mouth. My tongue snakes in and caresses hers. My cock thickens once again. It always does whenever I have her close.

"Let's eat," she whispers. "I'm starving." Her cheeks flame as her stomach rumbles.

"What would you like, baby?" I ask, nipping at her lip.

"Chinese food."

I roll my eyes. Of course she does. She'd eat Chinese food every day of the week if she had the chance.

"I'll order. You go shower," I say as I rise to my feet, keeping her close to me. Her body slides down my own, and she smiles at me.

"Call in the order and then join me." She presses a kiss against my lips and her hand runs along my cock as she steps away from me, that sexy as fuck grin on her face. "Don't forget the spicy noodles."

I chuckle as she moves toward her bedroom. I gave her a week. I honestly thought it would take her that long to get her head right. But fuck, I'm glad I was wrong. I never thought I'd want an old lady, but when Hayley came along, I knew she'd be mine. Now she is, I've never felt such fucking contentment.

I call in the order and move toward the bathroom after her. I'm like a fucking teen again. I'm always hard at the thought

of being inside of her. My cock has a mind of its own when it comes to her, and I wouldn't have it any other way.



TWO HOURS LATER, Eva's home and she's sitting beside Hayley, talking about their day. I walk into the sitting room, just in time for Eva to make me want to fucking bawl like a baby.

"Your boyfriend?" Eva asks, her blue eyes so much like her mother's. She's got the wonky smile that Hayley has too. Every piece of her looks like her mom, something I have no doubt that both Hayley and Pyro are grateful for. I couldn't imagine what it would be like if she was the image of her biological father.

God, Hayley told her about us. Fuck.

"Is that okay?" I ask her.

She grins, showing her two missing teeth. "That's great," she says with a nod. She's almost seven now and she's far from stupid. She's one of the smartest kids I know. It's not just book smarts but also street smarts. She's fucking funny as hell too.

Hayley's shoulders slump forward, and she smiles brightly. "That's great, love bug. Do you have any questions?"

"Does that mean he's going to be my daddy now?" The seriousness in her voice has my heart clenching.

"You want that?" I ask, not wanting to push her into anything.

She nods. "I don't have a daddy and you've always treated me like your daughter. I want you to be my dad, if that's

okay?” Her gaze darts between her mom and me.

I glance at Hayley, who has tears in her eyes, and she gives me a nod, letting me know that whatever I decide, she’s okay with it.

I open my arms and Eva flies into them. “I’d be fuckin’ honored, girl. Nothin’ would mean more to me than bein’ your dad.”

She looks up at me, her eyes filled with tears. “Really?” she breathes.

I nod. “Really, sweetheart.”

She throws her arms around my neck and sobs into my chest. I hear the hitch of Hayley’s breath and pull her into us. She falls into my side, her arm wrapping around her daughter, and she holds us tight.

“We’re a family,” Eva cries. “Mommy, we’re a family?”

Hayley’s body bucks against me. “Yeah, baby, we’re a family.”

I close my eyes. These females are going to make me cry. Christ.

“My family,” I say gruffly, and that of course sets both women off once again.

I hold them tight. I’ll do whatever the fuck it takes to keep them safe. No fucking way I’m going to let anything happen to them, nor will I lose them. I’ve found where my happiness is, and I’m staying.

Chapter 7

Wrath

“**Y**ou good, brother?” Raptor asks as he slaps me on my back. “You’re lookin’ awful chipper this mornin’.”

I glare at the fucker. “Yeah?”

His grin widens. “The fuckin’ women are ecstatic. You’re finally claimin’ Hayley. That’s all they’ve wanted for years, and now they have it. Not to mention, Eva’s tellin’ everyone that you’re her daddy.”

I raise a brow. “You got a problem with that?” I say through clenched teeth.

Since Hayley and I finally sorted our shit out, I’ve spent my days at home with her and Eva, making sure they both know that I’m staying put. They’re both wary—Hayley more so than Eva—but the past week, things have been better than I expected, and both females are happier than ever.

“No problem, brother,” he says, grinning like a fucking loon. “Pleased for you. I know Py will be too.” I glare at him, and he chuckles. “He will be once he gets over the fact you’re fuckin’ his sister.”

I shake my head and move into the room we use for Church. The prez is seated and waiting for everyone to arrive. We have Church once a week and today, I’m claiming Hayley.

Ace starts off telling us about the deal he's got coming up soon, and every brother is excited, knowing it'll bring more revenue for the club. He goes on to say that over the next year, the auto shop we own is being expanded. Our business has grown exponentially over the past five years and we need to expand the shop to take on the new clientele that we have. We're the biggest custom ride shop in the country. People come from all over for us to build and fix their rides.

Raptor glances at me and I nod. It's time.

"I have somethin' I want to say," he begins, and Ace waves a hand for him to continue. "Been thinkin' about this a lot. With Pyro now startin' the newest chapter in Ireland, he's gonna need some brothers with him. I want to be one of them."

Silence spreads around the room. All eyes are wide and shocked. "You want to see that woman again," Mayhem chuckles.

Raptor's eyes narrow on him, and he snarls. "Leave Mallory out of this." He turns to Ace and waits for his reaction.

"You sure this is what you want?" Prez asks, and Raptor nods. "Then we put it to a vote," he says. "Those in favor, say aye."

I'm the first one to voice my agreement. I know this is what Raptor wants. He's been in contact with Mallory since she left, and he knows she's who he wants. That means going to Ireland and staying there. Pyro's his best friend, so going to the Dublin chapter is what makes sense.

Thankfully, the other brothers all agree. It's unanimous. Raptor will be heading to Dublin. The fucker better get with

his woman. If he doesn't, I'm going to fly out to Ireland and beat some sense into him.

"Now," I begin, and everyone's faces split into smiles. This is more formality than anything else. "I'm claimin' Hayley."

"Took you fuckin' long enough," Ace growls. "Five years you've been skirtin' around it. We all fuckin' knew she was yours."

I grit my teeth as the other brothers start giving me shit. I should have known they'd have something to say. Hayley and I tried to be discreet about being together, but obviously we weren't that fucking discreet.

"You gotta tell, Py, now, brother," Raptor grins. "That'll be fun. You'll end up with a bruised jaw, though."

I flip him off. I'll take the beating. I know it's coming. If the tables were turned and I had a sister and Pyro was fucking her, there's no way in hell I'd let him off without a beat down.

"Just so you know," Preach says, his eyes dark. They have been since he found out that one of the club whores was pregnant with his baby. Though, I have my doubts that the baby's his. The woman was fucking anyone she could. She was planning on getting pregnant, and for her, any brother would do. I hope for his sake that the baby is his, but I wouldn't be surprised if it came about that it wasn't. "Bubbles has been creeping back on clubhouse grounds."

I grit my teeth, watching as the brothers' eyes narrow. Bubbles was a club whore who also planned to get pregnant. She also tried to go after Chloe—Pyro's woman—and ended up with a broken nose and being banished from the clubhouse. She shouldn't be back.

“Then we’ll deal with her. That bitch needs a reminder that she’s not to be anywhere near Viper property,” Ace growls.

“We should let Chloe at her,” Stag chuckles.

It was magnificent to see, and a lot of the brothers missed out on seeing it, but the tales whipped around the clubhouse like a damn fire.

“I’ll deal with Bubbles,” Ace snarls, his fists clenched. The woman was actively trying to get the man into bed even though he’s got an old lady—one he wouldn’t cheat on. It’s something us brothers have in common. Once we find our women, we’re done. No one else even hits our radar. Bubbles wanted to get pregnant and thought she could trap him. Delusional doesn’t even cut it with that woman. Ace would never leave Eda for her. Fucking stupid.

I rap my knuckles on the table as I get to my feet. “I’ll see you later,” I tell them. I’ve got to go to the auto shop. I’m working on a bike, and I’ve only got a week to finish it. If I can make headway today, I should have it finished in a few days.

“I’m comin’,” Raptor says with a grin, and I know the fucker is going to be asking me stupid questions.

I don’t easily rile. I’m not one to get involved in drama. I stay in the background watching everyone. But piss me off, and you’ll live to regret it.

“Brother,” he says quietly once we leave the clubhouse. “You gotta know, we all know you’re the best man for Hayley. You’re goin’ to be an amazin’ dad to Eva.”

Gratitude hits me. “She asked me last week,” I say, my voice gruff. “She said she wanted me to be her dad.”

His eyes widen, but they're filled with pride and happiness. "Five years you and Hayley have been skirtin' around makin' it official, but in that time, you built a relationship with Eva. You've been her father for the last five years, Wrath. You've just been too blind to see it."

I flip him off, but I know he's right. I'd lay down my life to protect that girl, and I'll kill anyone who tries to harm her.

"Let's get to work," I say, needing to get it done and then return home to my woman.



"YOU GOT A MINUTE?" I ask Ace once I'm finished up for the day. He turned up at the auto shop a few hours ago after dealing with Bubbles, and the brothers are working on cars and bikes. We're busy as hell, but it's the way we prefer it to be.

"What's up?" he asks, closing the door behind me as we enter the office.

"I want to give you a heads up about somethin', but I need you not to share it with anyone." Ace is my prez, the man I respect more than anyone. I know he'll be pissed if I didn't share it with him and it came out somehow.

He takes a seat, his face void of emotion. "You have my word. Unless it's detrimental to the club, I won't say a word unless given your go ahead."

I nod. "Hayley told me about her past. I'm not sure if you know anythin' about it?" He shakes his head. "Her and Py were in foster care, and they ended up bein' split up. Hayley

went to a couple who already had a kid, that kid is the father of Eva. He's also dead."

Ace raises his brow. "Oh, what happened?"

"Hayley was sixteen when she fell pregnant with Eva. Carter, the father, was twenty-seven."

He inhales sharply. "Say again?"

"That fucker groomed her. The bastard died in a fire with Hayley's best friend."

He shakes his head. "Fuckin' hate pedophiles," he snarls. No doubt he's thinking back to his old lady and what she went through. Her father raped her as a child. The man's dead now and won't be able to hurt Eda again.

"The cunt's parents have tried to take Eva twice from Hayley. Both times were before she came to us."

His eyes sharpen and his lip curls. "They're not gettin' her."

"Fuck no," I snarl. "I'll kill them before they even try. But I wanted to let you know, 'cause when Hayley was tellin' me about it, I got the sense that she thought it wasn't over. I'll be fuckin' damned if I let anyone take my kid."

He smiles. "Damn fuckin' straight. Py know about this?"

"No. From what Hayley said, he doesn't know half of what went down." Which surprises me. The two of them are close, and I would have expected that they knew everything about the other.

"He doesn't need to unless somethin' comes about," Ace tells me. "He's not goin' to be happy when he finds out that she kept it from him, but he'll deal with it."

I shrug. “He’s got no choice but to. Hayley is doin’ what she thinks is best for her daughter. I may not agree with it, but she’s so fuckin’ strong that she’ll take on the world if it means keepin’ Eva safe.” I believe she should have told Pyro. He’d have offed the fuckers and Hayley and Eva would be fine and wouldn’t have to worry about them. But Hayley did what she thought was right. I’ll stand by her no matter what.

“Somethin’ she won’t be alone in doin’,” Ace says. “Go on home, Wrath, spend the night with your family. There’s a barbecue this weekend. I expect Hayley and Eva to join us.”

I smile. It’ll be the first that either of them will attend, and they’ll be doing so as my family.

“They’ll be there,” I assure him. “Thanks, Prez. I’ll see you later,” I flick my fingers out, saying goodbye, and exit his office.

He now knows that if those cunts come around, I’ll be dealing with them, and I’ll have his backing. With that knowledge, there’s a weight that’s been lifted from my chest.

My girls are going to be safe, no matter what. I’m going to make it so.

Chapter 8

Hayley

“**M**ommy, will Daddy be staying with us tonight?”
Eva asks as we walk toward our home.

I nod. “Yeah, love bug, he will be. Is that okay?” I’m still getting used to the fact we’re a family. It’s something I never thought possible. Eva is my priority, and I’m keeping my thumb on the pulse, often checking in with her and making sure she’s okay with everything that’s happening.

She skips along beside me, a beautiful, blinding smile on her face. “Yes,” she replies as though I’m stupid for even asking. “I have to do a project this week for science. Do you think he will help me?”

I feel a twinge of pain. My baby’s growing up and is drawn to Judd. Jealousy rears its ugly head, but I tamper it down. There’s no reason I should feel this way. I’m beyond happy that they’ve managed to forge a relationship, and I know Judd loves her like she was his own child.

“We’ll ask him, love bug, but I’d say he’d be over the moon that you want him to help. What’s the project?”

She grins. “We have to make a volcano. Even if Uncle James was here, I’d want Daddy to help me.”

I laugh. Having James help her would be disastrous. My brother has a penchant for making things burn. Hell, he even loves to blow things up. Building a volcano, James would want it to be huge and no doubt blow up. Whereas Judd will be more sensible—I hope.

“What do you want for dinner tonight?” I ask, wondering what she’ll want me to cook.

She shrugs. “I don’t mind,” she says softly. “Are we going to the clubhouse this weekend?”

There’s a barbecue, and Eva has always wanted to go to one. We’ve been invited, but I’ve never taken them up on the offer as I didn’t want to intrude. This time, it’s different. I’m not just James’ sister, I’m Judd’s woman. And I’m damn proud of it.

“We’ll see what your dad wants,” I say, not wanting to tell her yes, only to have to tell her no at a later point. That’s one thing I hate doing—disappointing her. Sure, it’ll happen sometimes in life. It’s inevitable. But I try to be conscious of not doing it.

“Okay,” she says, skipping away, her hand in mine as she does. She’s happy, so damn happy. I don’t think I’ve seen her this way in a long time. Hell, if ever.

We turn the corner to our street, and I smile when I see Judd’s bike parked in our driveway. I took Eva to the park after school to let her let off some steam. My child is active all the damn time and would bounce around the house. So the park it was, because if she didn’t let off steam she wouldn’t sleep.

“Daddy’s home,” she breathes.

Butterflies swarm in my stomach as the front door opens and Judd stands in the doorway, his arms crossed, watching me with heated eyes.

“Go on, love bug,” I say as I release her hand. “You can go to him.”

She doesn’t need to be told twice. Her tiny feet take her toward him. She’s running as fast as her seven-year-old self can take her.

“Daddy,” she cries as she runs into his arms. My man doesn’t hesitate. He scoops her into his arms and holds her close, listening to her talk about her day.

He doesn’t move from the doorway but waits for me to reach him. The second I do, his arm slides around my waist and he pulls me into his body. I lean against him, loving how easy it all comes to us.

“Daddy, will you help me do my project for school? I have to build a volcano.”

“Absolutely,” he replies. “Tell you what, this weekend, we’re stayin’ at the clubhouse, so we’ll get everyone to help. We’ll make it the biggest volcano anyone’s ever seen.”

I sigh. I should have known better. Of course he wants it to be the biggest.

Eva’s smile is blinding. “Yay,” she cries. “Laura’s dad has already started her one, and she’s been telling everyone that hers is going to be the best.”

I see the competitiveness seep into Judd’s eyes. “Don’t worry, girl, we’ll help. Now, run inside and wash up. I’ll order us dinner.”

He lets her gently drop to the floor, and she stills. “Mommy’s not cooking?” she asks, and there’s too much happiness in her tone.

“Hey,” I whine, wondering just how bad my cooking is for my child to not want to eat it.

Eva realizes her tone and smiles sweetly at me. “I love your cooking, Mama.” She bats her eyelashes at me.

“Go wash up,” I sigh.

My little imp laughs as she runs away.

Wrath wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me close to him. “She’s got that sweet smile down to a pat,” he says. “That doesn’t bode well for us.”

I laugh as I wrap my arms around his neck. “No, it doesn’t. She knows exactly how to play us. We’re so screwed. She’s seven. I’m dreading her teenage years.”

He tenses against me. “She’d better not think about havin’ a fuckin’ boyfriend.”

I laugh, but it’s quickly cut off when his eyes darken. Christ, he’s going to be worse than James.

“Kiss me, baby,” he growls. “Not seen you in hours, so fuckin’ kiss me.”

I melt against him and do exactly as he says. Our lips press together, and he kisses me. Hard. He takes the breath from me as he slides his tongue into my mouth.

A loud sigh breaks through our moment and I pull back and look at Eva.

“Problem?” Judd rumbles.

My little imp smiles. “No problem, but you two kiss all the time.”

“I love your mom, kid,” Judd says simply, and I press closer to him, not removing my arms from his neck. “I’m gonna kiss her, and I’m gonna touch her. That’s what you do when you love a woman.”

Eva’s nose wrinkles. “I know but it’s weird. You never used to do it.”

I press my head against Judd’s chest as he talks to her.

“We were bein’ respectful, girl. We wanted you to get used to us. You have, and now we’re a family.”

I love that he’s not treating her like she’s stupid, but telling her what’s happening with respect. Whenever I feel as though I can’t love him any more than I already do, he goes and blows my mind. The way he treats Eva is one of the main reasons that I feel what I do for him. He’s never treated her with anything but love and kindness. Not once getting annoyed that she’ll be around so he can’t spend the night. No, instead, he chilled with us both and was so damn respectful.

My little diva throws her hands up in defeat. “I can’t wait to have a boyfriend.”

Judd tenses beneath me. “Never,” he snarls. “Not fuckin’ happenin’.”

Eva’s eyes widen and her lips part. “Dad?” she cries. “Why are you being mean?”

“Mean?” he says. “I’m not mean. You’re seven, girl. Seven. We’ll come back to this conversation when you’re older.”

She smiles. The girl is already coming up with a plan as we speak. He's right, we're so screwed when she's older. "I'm going to play in my room," she tells us and skips away.

"She's not datin'," Judd growls. "No fuckin' way."

I press my hand against his chest. "Relax. She's seven, Judd. She's not dating." Not now anyway. When she's fifteen, we'll be having this conversation again, and I have a feeling it's going to go a lot different than it did today, especially as Eva will be hormonal and Judd will be even more overprotective.

God, I'm not looking forward to it.

"You gonna come to the barbecue this weekend?" he asks, his hands moving to my ass.

"You want that?" I reply, hoping he does.

"Do I want you and Eva at the clubhouse, around my brothers—my family?" he asks and raises his brow. "Babe, seriously?"

I smile at him, those butterflies in my stomach flipping at the sexy look in his eyes. "Then we'll be there. It'll be nice to see everyone again." I rise onto my tiptoes and press a kiss against his lips. "Oh, I spoke to James today," I tell him. "He and Chloe will be coming back next month."

"That's good," he says, his voice thick as he pulls my body closer to his, his cock thick against my stomach. "Gonna tell him about us then," he tells me. "I don't give a fuck if he's pissed, baby, the man needs to know."

I nod. "He does. I just don't want him to hurt you." I know that James is going to be mad, but I'll be angry if he hurts Judd because we're dating.

“Don’t worry ‘bout me,” he says, pressing kisses along my jaw. “It’s all goin’ to be fine.”

I sigh. He’s right. No matter what, it’ll be okay.

“I love you,” I whimper against his lips. “But we can’t fuck right now. Eva’s home.”

He smirks. “Eva’s in her room and we’re goin’ to shower. I need some help.”

I grin. I can’t deny him. Plus, the door to our bathroom has a lock and Eva never comes in. If she needs us, she’ll yell. “Okay, Judd, take me.”

He lifts me into the air, his mouth on mine, and he swallows my scream. I wrap my legs around his waist, grinding down against the thickness of his cock. His tongue sweeps into my mouth, taking my breath away. I run my hand along his neck, and my fingers tighten in his hair. I need him. God, I crave him so fucking much. I’ve never felt this way with anyone but Judd.

The second we’re in the bathroom, he locks the door and I slide down his body. My blood runs hot, like an inferno. I need him, going for his zipper and freeing his cock. I glance up at Judd and find him watching me, his dark eyes pinning me with their heat. I palm his cock and begin to move. I fucking love the way his jaw clenches. I don’t hold back. I jack him off hard, my hand wrapped around his thick length, adding pressure to my grip.

“Babe,” he snarls, his nostrils flaring.

I grin as I sink to my knees and wrap my lips around him, sucking hard, I fucking love having his cock in my mouth. I’m drenched, but then again, I always am around Judd. The man sets my body alight like no other.

His jaw clenches, and those eyes of his narrow at the corners as I swallow around his thickness. I don't stop, not even when he slides his hands into my hair. No, I continue to drive him wild, loving that sexy, drunk look in his eyes. I suck, lick, nibble, and swallow his cock, taking him in deep and swallowing hard, until my cheeks hollow. I fight the urge to gag. Instead, I relax my jaw and take him further.

He fists my hair, pulling hard, and I can't help but moan around his length. I love when he loses control. There's no better feeling than when he does. He starts to fuck my mouth, and I let him, my body tense as a bow as I'm so damn close to the edge. The moment he touches me, I'm going to lose it. There's no way I'll be able to hold off my impending orgasm. I've never been so turned on in my life.

Sliding my hand down my body, to my pants. I push my hand inside and start to play. I'm needy, horny, and downright hungry. I continue to take his cock while my fingers play with my pussy.

"Babe." His voice is thick and his words growly. "You better not come," he snarls. "Take your fuckin' hand out of my pussy."

I whimper around his cock, my eyes focusing on his as my hand stills. I'm silently begging him to let me finish the job. I'm so fucking close I can't breathe.

"You want to come?" he asks, and I nod. "Then get to your feet, strip, and turn the shower on," he instructs, his voice like gravel. It hits my pussy, and I quiver. "Now," he snarls.

I suck him deep, deeper than ever before. The grip my mouth has on him is hard, my cheeks hollow, and my eyes watering as his cock hits my throat. I breathe through my nose, trying my hardest not to gag. If he's going to tease me, then

he'll get it right back. I'm not going to mess around. I want my man to lose control. I fucking love that crazed look he gets in his eyes when he does. It's fucking amazing.

His hands in my hair tighten almost painfully. "You're goin' to pay for that," he grunts as he fucks my face again. "For that alone, you're goin' to wait until I've come." He breathes deep. "Take it all."

I inwardly smile. He's lost it, and I fucking love that he has. I bring my hand to the base of his cock and start to pump as I take him deep into my mouth again. His hands in my hair remain tight and painful, but it only adds fuel to the fire. This is how I love him. This is what I've been craving.

I bring my other hand up and cup his balls, gently pulling on them as I suck him hard once again. A growl bubbles up in his chest as I continue to play with him. I don't have mercy, just as he doesn't when he's getting me to come. The man loves to play with me and it's time to give it back.

I slide my finger from his balls toward his ass, and he tenses slightly, but I don't let that stop me. I've read a shit ton of romance books and watched porn. I've learned how to please a man from watching and reading, and Judd is the only man I want to please. I run my finger along his puckered asshole as I continue jacking him off, while my tongue slides along the inside of his cock.

"Fuck," he hisses as I slowly insert my finger into his ass. His body jolts forward at the move, shoving his cock further down my throat. I gag this time, not expecting his pubic bone to hit my nose. But I don't stop. I withdraw my finger and slowly push it in, getting him used to the feeling.

His fingers in my hair tighten and he pulls from the roots. Tears spring to my eyes when the pain hits me, but I breathe

through it and continue. Soon, I'm fucking his ass with my finger, and he's fucking my mouth in sync. His eyes are darker than I have ever seen, his nostrils flared, and his mouth pressed tight. I've never seen him look so crazed, but I can't lie, that sexy look he's got sends shivers down my spine.

He should have let me come. He should have let me pleasure myself. If he had, he wouldn't be so close to coming right now. But I'm glad he didn't. I'm so fucking glad he let me play, because right now, I have the power, and I'm loving it.

I'm not sure how long this goes on for. My jaw's fucking sore and my hand's growing tired. Judd's cock is the thickest I have ever seen. I push into his ass again, curling my finger as I do. Within seconds, he's fucking my face like he's in heat, pushing into me with raw power. His eyes closed, his head thrown back, he doesn't give me a warning as he thrusts deep into my mouth and comes.

I suck him deep, drinking down every last drop of his cum. Once he's cleaned, I release him from my mouth and get to my feet. His chest is heaving, his eyes focused on me, and they promise retribution. He begins to strip, not once taking his eyes off me. I quickly move and turn on the shower, knowing that Judd isn't going to let me get away with what I've just done unscathed. The man is going to make me scream, make me beg, and make me whimper with need. I'm in for one hell of a treat, and I can't wait.

The second the shower turns on, he's moving toward me, pulling off my clothes, not saying a word. I'm breathless, utterly needy at this moment. That crazed look is still in his eyes, and I know it's going to remain there until he hears me screaming his name.

His lips slant against mine as he pushes me into the shower. The kiss is harder and even more possessive than ever before. I cling to him, loving that he's giving everything to me and wishing that I had pushed him over the edge before.

He lifts me into the air, and my legs wrap around his waist as he continues to kiss me. It's hard, dominant, and breathtaking. This is the man I love, and he's claiming me all over again. I know I'm going to be completely spent by the time he's finished with me, but I'm also going to be deliciously sore. I'm so fucking excited for what he's got planned for me.

He pulls back and lifts me higher against the shower wall, then sinks to his knees. He pulls me down so that my pussy is pressed against his face. The first swipe of his tongue has me crying out. I'm fucking drenched. He doesn't stop. He holds me to his face and sucks, licks, bites, and fucks my pussy with his tongue and teeth.

I'm in fucking ecstasy.

Chapter 9

Wrath

Nothing tastes better than her. She's wound up tight, ready to explode at any moment. My tongue lashes at her pussy, fast and furiously. It's going to take less than minutes to make her shatter.

The way she went down on me was unexpected. Never in a million years did I expect her to look at me with hungry eyes as she took me deep into her mouth. Fucking perfection. The way she brought me to the brink, I swear, I fucking saw stars. My legs shook and my heart pounded. I was gone. Christ, I'm going to want a fucking replay of that.

I lap at her pussy, my tongue thrusting into her hot, warm channel. I tongue-fuck her until she's grinding hard against my face, needing more. She's fucking close. Her thighs are shaking, and she's panting. Her fingers fist into my hair and she tugs, grinding her pussy against my mouth.

"You gonna come for me, baby?" I growl, not pulling my head back from her pussy. No, I fucking love her taste. I could have my head buried between her legs constantly. She bucks against my mouth, moaning, whimpering, and pleading. I continue to tongue-fuck her, loving the mewling sounds she makes.

Her hands tighten in my hair, and my cock thickens once again. As it does whenever I'm near Hayley. I'm going to fuck her raw. She won't be able to walk by the time I'm finished with her. I tighten my grip on her hips and suck, nibble, and lap at her clit.

Her body tightens, her back bows, and her thighs shake harder. "That's it," I growl. "Fuckin' come," I snarl as I shove two fingers into her pussy.

She detonates, panting my name as she does. Her eyes close, her entire body shaking. She's so beautiful, she takes my breath away. I get to my feet, holding her hips in place, and pull her onto my aching cock.

She cries out again, her pussy convulsing around my cock. "God, Judd," she breathes. "Holy shit."

I grin as she clenches my shoulders to keep her steady.

"Gonna fuck you now, baby," I say through clenched teeth as I begin to move. Her pussy is so tight and still clenching from the aftermath of her orgasm. I push through it, sliding into her. Christ, she fits me like a glove. I need her like I need air.

"Yes," she breathes, her eyes drunk with lust.

Our mouths fuse together as I slide my tongue past her lips. I rotate my hips, fucking her without a care. My woman likes it hard and fast, and I know that I can give it to her without hurting her. Five years she's been taking my cock, and nothing is better than fucking her since I claimed her. She's a wildcat, loves sex, and even more so, loves the pleasure of it, whether it's receiving or giving. She's happy either way.

"So fuckin' good," I growl as I fuck her harder. Her pussy is wet and tight, sucking me further inside her warm channel.

“Nothin’ better than you, Hayley,” I grunt. “Christ, so fucking beautiful.”

Pleasure fills her eyes, and she gives me a blinding smile. “Love you,” she whimpers, as she splays her hands on my nape. “So fucking much,” she breathes. “Never been happier than I am with you.”

My heart clenches. “Fuck,” I growl as I press my lips against hers. Hot, hard, and heavy. I take everything from her.

She melts against me. “Please,” she pants as we fuck hard and fast. “I need you.”

I grit my teeth. “You’re gonna come for me,” I grunt, needing to feel her pussy cream on my cock.

Our bodies are slick with sweat, and the heat from the shower mixing with our fucking has steamed the bathroom up. I continue my brutal pace. She’s a fucking wildcat, her nails scratching against my back, digging into my skin. Breathing hard, her eyes filled with lust, and her face flushed as she fucks me back. We’re both reaching for our peak.

“Judd, please,” she cries.

I plunge deep inside of her, making her cry out. Her head falls back against the tiled walls, her body tightens, and her pussy contracts around me. She detonates spectacularly as she comes.

Nowhere near ready to finish yet, I pull out of her and twist her around. I have her reach for the wall of the shower and bend her over. She complies, a mewl coming from her lips as I slide into her tight, wet heat again. Christ... She lets me take her any way I want. I grip her hips, pulling her back against me. So fucking deep this way. So fucking good. I pound into her, my pace relentless.

I twine my hand into her hair and tug. She releases a strangled moan, and her pussy floods my cock. Hmm. My baby likes that. I pull hard, her back bows, and she cries out not in pain, but with pleasure.

“Please,” she mewls breathlessly.

I pound into her harder, chasing my release. “Fuck,” I growl. “I’m gonna come.”

She shakes with need. “Yes,” she hisses. “Come, please, Judd. Come.”

My thrusts are hard and erratic, my spine tingling. I’m so fucking close. But first, she needs to give me one more.

“Fuckin’ come,” I demand.

She quivers, her body shaking, her breathing erratic. Her pussy squeezes my cock as she cries out her release.

Fucking perfect.

I thrust into her, my cock swelling as I bottom out inside of her. Christ. So fucking good.

“Fuckin’ love you,” I snarl as I unload stream after stream inside of her.

I pull out of her, hearing the whining from her. She doesn’t like losing my cock. Fuck, she’s so fucking perfect. I pull her into my arms, and she snuggles into my chest.

“Love you, baby,” I whisper as I press a kiss against her lips.

She smiles up at me, her hands running along my chest. “And I love you.”

“Let me wash you,” I say softly as I turn us around and move under the stream. The water hits us, cascading down our

bodies and hitting between my shoulder blades.

“How did I get so lucky?” she asks as I finish washing her.

I chuckle. “Sure, baby, whatever you say.”

Hell, she’s crazy if she thinks she’s the lucky one. The woman has no idea how fucking sad and pathetic my life was until she came into it. Every day was dull and unfulfilling. Until her. I love my club. My brothers. I’d do anything for them. But there was always something missing. I knew I wanted more. I’ve fucked countless nameless women, none of whom meant anything to me. But the moment I saw Hayley, I just couldn’t deny what I was feeling.

The first night was only meant to be one night, but fuck, the moment I had her, I knew I wasn’t letting her go.

Now that I have her, I’m not letting her go. She’s fucking everything I wanted and oh so much more.

“Let’s get you dried,” I tell her. “Then go see what Eva’s up to.”

Never did I think I wanted kids, but Eva’s sweet, funny, and smart as a tack. You couldn’t not fall in love with the kid. I’m just honored that she wants me in her life. I know that if she didn’t, there would be no hope for Hayley and me.

Hayley’s stomach starts to rumble, and I chuckle. “I also need to feed you. The food should be here soon.”

She sighs. “You fucked me so hard that I need to replenish my energy.” Her eyes are filled with heat as her gaze wanders over my body. “I’m going to want a repeat of that tonight.”

I wrap my hand around her nape and drag her toward me, giving her a chaste, hard kiss. “Fuckin’ perfect for me, baby.”

She gives me that soft as fuck smile. “Yeah, and you’re perfect for me.”

I kiss her again, keeping it PG this time as I don’t need to be sporting a fucking erection while I’m leaving the room. I don’t want to scare Eva, nor do I want to put her or Hayley through the awkward questions that may come.



“MOMMY, DADDY?” Eva says a few hours later. We’ve eaten and watched some kids’ movie. Something that I never want to do again. Fucking hell, what’s with all the singing and dancing?

“Yeah, love bug?” Hayley says from beside me. She’s snuggled up to my side while Eva lies on the floor playing with her toys.

“When am I going to have a brother or a sister?”

Silence spreads between us all. What the fuck? I haven’t thought about having kids.

“You want one?” I ask her, my voice a little hoarse even to my own ears.

Hayley tenses beside me, and I’m wondering what the hell is going through her head.

“Yes,” Eva cries. “I want loads. Can I have them?” she pleads with us. Her eyes are big and wide, begging for us to say yes. Fuck. It doesn’t bode well for me that seeing that look on her face makes me want to agree to whatever the hell she wants.

“How about,” Hayley says softly as she sits up and glances between me and Eva, “your dad and I talk it through, and then

we'll go from there?"

Thankfully, that seems to satisfy Eva's curiosity and she nods, happy we're thinking about it.

A while later, after Hayley's put Eva to bed, she comes and sits down beside me. "We haven't really discussed much about the future, Judd. Do you want kids?"

I pull her into my lap, not liking the distance between us. "I want everythin' with you, Hayley. If you don't want more kids, that's fine. Eva's mine just as she is yours, and I'm more than happy to have no more kids."

She smiles at me. "I've always wanted a big family," she whispers. "But I want whatever you'll give me, and if that's only Eva, then I'm happy. Having you both is more than I could have ever hoped for."

Christ, she's fucking killing me. "Go off the pill," I growl, my heart running. Fuck. Yes. Now that it's out there, I want everything. I want loads of little Hayley's running around.

"What?" she breathes, her eyes wide and her lips parted.

"Go off the pill."

Her face softens, and she smiles. "Okay," she whispers. "I'll go off the pill, starting tomorrow."

Fuck. This is happening. I couldn't be fucking happier.

She wraps her arms around my neck and straddles me. "Now, there's something I want to ask. I love you, Judd, and I don't want you to feel pressured into this."

I cup her ass cheeks in my hands and nip at her lip. "What is it?"

“You’ve been Eva’s dad these last five years. You helped me raise her, no matter how hard I pushed you away. But you didn’t leave. In fact, you situated yourself so deeply into our family that there’s no going back.”

I grin. I fucking did do that. I’ve known for a long fucking time that she’s mine. I just waited, got everything in line so that when the time came to claim her, she couldn’t deny how much she loved me.

“I didn’t put Carter’s name on the birth certificate,” she confesses. “What do you think about adopting Eva?” She swallows hard. “I have the paperwork drawn up,” she whispers, her gaze sliding away from me. “It’s all ready to go. That is, if you want it.”

“I want that,” I say low. Fuck, I want that so fucking much.

Her gaze slides back to me, her lips parted, tears shining in her eyes. “You do?”

“I fuckin’ do. So tomorrow, we’ll do whatever the fuck it takes to get it set up, right?”

She nods. “Yes,” she cries, big fat tears falling down her face. “Eva’s going to be so happy.”

“We’re changin’ her name, too,” I tell her.

“We are?”

I grin. “Yep. We’re changin’ her name, and then we’ll be doin’ yours. I want you both to have my name.” She gapes at my words. “We’re getting’ married.”

She buries her head into my chest and sobs. “You’re an ass, Judd, for making me cry.”

I chuckle. “That your way of sayin’ yes?”

“You didn’t ask me; you told me we’re getting married.”

I laugh harder as she cries into my tee. “We’ll get married at the courthouse, just have a brother or two there. Don’t need a big ceremony. Then we can have a party afterward.”

She raises her head and grins at me. “You’ve thought about this a lot, haven’t you?”

Every fucking day. I’ve always known that when I claimed her, she was going to become my wife. Fuck, it feels so fucking good that it’s happening. Finally.

“I love you, Judd,” she says through her tears.

I wipe them away. God, she’s so damn precious to me. Nothing will ever come close to what I feel for her. She’s going to be my wife, my old lady, and hopefully soon, she’ll be pregnant with my child.

Chapter 10

Hayley

TWO WEEKS LATER

“**Y**ou ready for this?” Eda asks me, her smile so bright and big.

I nod. “So ready,” I breathe. I don’t think I’ve ever been more sure of anything in my life. I love Judd, and there’s no one in this world I’d rather be with than him. Marrying him isn’t something we need, as our love isn’t defined by a piece of paper, but it feels so good to have that extra celebration for our love.

It was only meant to be a small affair, just two witnesses and Eva as our flower girl, but instead, it turned into every member of the Vipers, along with their old lady in attendance. Eda and Octavia took over the planning, while Effie and Kinsley planned the after party. All I had to do was help the girls by okaying everything.

Never did I think getting married would be so effortless. The women truly helped us have it ready within the two weeks, and now here we are. Today is the big day. Not only is it a big day because we’re getting married, but it’s also the first day of Judd being Eva’s dad legally. This morning, I got the letters in the post. I hid them from Judd, wanting to surprise him and Eva at the afterparty. I can’t wait to see how happy they are when they find out that it’s legal.

“You’re both happier now that your relationship is out in the open,” Eda says softly. She’s dressed in a deep forest green dress that fits her perfectly, hugging her curves and showing off her soft, creamy skin and tattoos.

I laugh. “Not that we did a great job hiding it.” Everyone in the clubhouse knew that we’d been together.

“Everyone but Pyro,” she laughs answering my thoughts. “Although, I think he knows. He’s just in denial.”

I grin. “That sounds about right. James has always hated the thought of me with anyone. To him, I’m still that thirteen-year-old girl who lost her parents and was heartbroken.”

“I’m sorry you lost them so young,” she says as she pulls me into her arms. “They’d be so proud of you, Hayley. So freaking proud.”

My heart constricts at the thought of them. God, I miss them every day. I’ve gotten my life together. In the past five years that I’ve been working in the bar the Vipers own—a job James got for me—I’ve moved up the ranks and now run that bar. I also learned how to do the books and have taken on doing the books for more of the Vipers businesses. I owe it to James. I may not have liked his dictating, but he gave me the shove I needed to turn my life around and get my degree.

“Has anyone told James?” I ask, wondering if he’s still in the dark about the wedding.

Eda’s face says it all. She grimaces. “The brothers didn’t think it was their place to tell him.”

She’s right, it’s not. It’s for me and Judd to do. He’ll be mad when he finds out, especially that we got married without him, but eventually, he’ll be happy for us.

I run my hands down my dress, smoothing away the invisible creases, and sigh as I look in the mirror. The woman staring back at me isn't the woman I'm used to seeing. I don't tend to get dressed up, nor do I wear makeup very often. But this woman, she's happy. There's no more pain or sadness in her eyes.

"Let's get me married," I say with a smile, and Eda laughs.

I have all four old ladies as my bridesmaids. Octavia has Eva as we walk out of the honeymoon suite. Instead of a courthouse wedding, the women decided it should be done in a hotel. So here I am, entering an elevator in my dress and wearing the biggest smile of my life.

I thought there would be nerves, but there isn't. I'm happy. I know this is what I want, and I'm so proud to be marrying Judd.

We go to the event room where the wedding ceremony is taking place, and I take a deep breath as my Eva walks down the makeshift aisle, throwing petals with every step she takes. She's so excited to be doing this, and she's overjoyed that Judd and I are getting married. She's not stopped talking about it since we told her two weeks ago. Up next are the bridesmaids, and they follow Eva down the aisle. I'm so excited, I can hardly breathe. Soon, I hear the wedding march song and take a deep breath.

My gaze collides with Judd's, and I see his eyes are heated. He looks damn fucking good wearing his jeans and cut. I wouldn't have expected anything else. My man is a biker, and I'm not wanting him to change. Not now. Not fucking ever.

I walk toward him, noting how he's not once taken his eyes off me. I'm not even sure that he's blinked. The second I reach the top of the aisle, he's pulling me into him. His lips

slant over mine, and he kisses me. As always, I'm lost, my breath taken from me, and I'm sagging against him.

"Brother," I hear one of the men call out. "You've gotta wait 'til the officiant tells you to kiss your bride. Not fuckin' before."

I laugh as Judd pulls back from me, his eyes filled with a promise of more. I shiver at the look in his eyes and smile. I can't wait until we seal the deal.

"You look so fuckin' beautiful, baby. I can't fuckin' breathe with your beauty."

Oh. My. God.

"You look handsome," I whisper, unable to even think right now. He knows how to knock me off kilter.

"Shall we get married?" he asks, and I nod.

He holds my hand, his thumb caressing my skin as the officiant talks. I'm in a daze. Having him touch me always drives me wild, but that look he gives me every so often, the one filled with heat and promise, makes heat pool between my legs and my heart race. God, this man is killing me.

Thankfully, the ceremony doesn't take long, and as soon as I hear "You may now kiss the bride," I breathe a sigh of relief. We're married. We've actually done it.

Judd pulls me closer, his hands on my waist and his lips on mine. It's hard, heavy, and passionate. I kiss him back with just as many emotions, pressing my body against his as he deepens the kiss.

"Yo, Wrath," I hear Mayhem call out. "There's fuckin' kids here. You think you wanna tone it down? They don't need to see you two goin' at it."

We pull back slightly, and out of the corner of my eye, I see Judd flipping Mayhem off and the men chuckling. “Fuck,” he says low so only I can hear. “You’re all fuckin’ mine, baby.”

I smile as I run my hands up his chest. “All yours, husband,” I breathe.

His eyes flash, his lips turn up at the corners, and his nostrils flare. “I’m goin’ to enjoy fuckin’ my wife tonight,” he rumbles.

“I can’t wait.”

“We celebrate,” Ace shouts. “Back to the clubhouse.”

I laugh. I should have known they would have the party at the clubhouse and not here in the hotel. The girls rented the room out for us last night and this morning. I’m happy the party is going to be in the Vipers clubhouse. It means everyone can be comfortable and there’s a place for the kids to sleep once it gets late.

Mayhem and Effie take Eva into their truck as Judd climbs onto his bike. I smile as I climb on behind him. I wrap my arms around his waist, and he revs the engine. He drives away from the hotel, and my veil blows behind us with the wind. Thankfully, it’s attached to my head, so it doesn’t fly away.

The honking of horns and the rumble of engines has me smiling as I lay my head against Judd’s back. Never did I think I could be happier than I am at this moment. God, I have everything I could have ever wanted. I do wish that James was here, but I know that sometimes, we can’t have it all.

I have my husband and our child, and I can’t wait to share my news with him and Eva at the toasts once we’re at the clubhouse.



“A TOAST,” Raptor says, his words slightly slurred. The man’s been drinking since we arrived at the clubhouse. Hell, everyone has, but he more than the others. “To Wrath and Hayley,” he yells, and everyone toasts to us.

I get to my feet and smile. “Thank you,” I breathe, my heart racing. “For welcoming me into your family. You all mean so much to not only me and Judd, but to Eva. We love you all, and that’s why I wanted to share this with you.” I reach for the papers that I have hidden, my hands shaking as I hand them to Judd.

“What’s this?” he questions.

“Those are the adoption papers,” I tell him. “You’re legally Eva’s daddy.”

“What?” Eva cries. “Really? He’s my daddy, for real?”

I nod. “Yes, love bug, he is.”

Everyone is quiet, watching as Eva runs over to Judd, who’s not made a sound since my announcement, his eyes glued to the papers. “Daddy,” Eva cries as she throws herself at him.

Judd doesn’t hesitate. He pulls her into him and holds her tight. “I got you, girl,” he assures her, his voice gruff and filled with emotion. I turn my head, tears springing to my eyes. I always knew I’d cry when they found out, but never did I expect to see the tears in Judd’s eyes.

“Fuck yeah,” Raptor roars. “This day just gets better. Married and a fuckin’ dad,” he hoots. “Congrats, brother. I couldn’t think of anyone better for Hayley and Eva.”

I can't hold back. The tears come thicker and faster. Hands pull me and I fall into Judd's arms. "Fuckin' love you, baby," he growls in my ear. "You've made me the happiest man in the world."

I cry into his arms, Eva doing the same on his other side. Judd just holds us tight. "Time to celebrate," he booms. "Let's party and get drunk."

"Not that Raptor needs any more encouragement," I quip and hear the chuckles from the brothers. "I love you, Judd," I whisper. "So fucking much. I've never been happier than I am now."

"Love you, baby," he says softly. "Thank you. You have no idea what this means."

Oh, but I think I do. He's the best man I know, and I couldn't imagine anyone else being Eva's dad. Today has definitely been the best day of my life.

Chapter 11

Wrath

I glance around the clubhouse, feeling the effects of the alcohol buzzing through my system. I'm not drunk, but merry. I see Hayley dancing with Eda and Effie. The women have been dancing throughout most of the night, all of them happy. I don't think I've seen Hayley smile as much as she has today.

Giving me the legalized adoption papers was the best gift anyone could ever give me. I fucking love Eva as though she was my own, and now she is. Nothing could top this day.

"You good, brother?" Ace asks as he slaps his hand on my shoulder. "You're fuckin' happy. I can tell that much."

"I've never been better, Prez. It's all good."

He grins. "Havin' an old lady does that. She brings you peace and a fuckin' calmness that settles inside of you. I'm proud of you, Wrath. You fought five long years to have what you wanted and today you finally have it all."

He's not wrong. "It was worth it," I say honestly.

He grins. "That it was, brother. That it was. Now, the only thing you've got left is to tell Py. That man is gonna be pissed."

I chuckle. "Pissed is an understatement. He'll be here in a few weeks. We'll tell him then. I'm glad he wasn't here."

Hayley would have been pissed if he was, as I'd be sporting a black eye for the weddin' photos."

He busts a gut laughing. "That's true. But don't worry, once he's over his snit, he'll see, just as we do, that you're meant to be together. Never seen you happier, and I've never seen Hayley smile so much. That's down to you, and if Py cares as much as he claims he does about her, then he'll find it in his heart to let it go. Especially when both Hayley and Eva are beyond happy."

I nod. He's right. But finding out that your sister is married to your brother is never going to go down well. I'm prepared for whatever he throws at me, but it doesn't matter. He's not coming between Hayley and I.

He slaps me on my shoulder. "Happy for you, brother," he says. "Now, I'm goin' to reclaim my woman and go have some fun."

I shake my head. That's something I've been dying to do. The party has gone late into the night. The kids are long asleep, the brothers are drunk, and the club whores are now taking care of them. Neither Hayley nor I care if the club whores are here. They ain't for me. I have my woman. So we agreed they could come as long as they didn't start their shit. Thankfully, they haven't.

Once Ace claims Eda, it doesn't take long for Mayhem to do the same to Effie. Hayley sways as she moves toward me. My woman is buzzed. She's so fucking happy that I want to keep that smile on her face. She's so fucking beautiful that I can't think straight. Watching her walk down the aisle, my heart stopped beating and my knees became weak. I thought I was going to pass out. Thankfully, I was able to inhale and

breathe again. But fuck, those moments after seeing her in her beautiful dress, I was blinded by her beauty.

“Time to get you to bed,” I growl against her ear. “I’m goin’ to peel that dress from your body and fuck you until you pass out.”

She breathes deeply. “Hmm, sounds like a plan, husband of mine.”

I grin. She’s not stopped saying it. She’s been calling me her husband all day, and I’m fucking proud to be it. Never thought I’d want to get married, but with Hayley, I’m claiming her in every way fucking possible, and I’ve done that. “Then move your sexy ass. It’s time to go celebrate privately.”

Her laugh is husky as she winds her arms around my neck. “Hmm,” she whimpers. “I can’t wait.” She presses a kiss against my lips and turns around, reaching for my hand as she walks ahead of me, and I can’t help but smile. I fucking love that she’s not shy when it comes to sex. She always goes for what she wants, and Christ, I’m a lucky fucker that it’s me who she wants.

I keep my hands on her waist as we walk up the stairs. The two of us stop outside Eva’s room and peek in. She’s fast asleep. Digger and Octavia’s daughter, Ruby, is on the bed opposite hers, also fast asleep. Both girls have a smile on their faces.

“Come,” I whisper into her ear as I pull her with me away from the room.

Once we’re in our room, I reach for her, running my hands along her body as I reach for her zipper. I pull it down, pressing kisses against the corner of her mouth. I pull the dress off her shoulders and let the material fall from her body and

pool around her feet. She lost her shoes hours ago. It's a shame because I'd have fucked her with them on. I strip her down until she's naked, my hands continuously running along her body. Her nipples are taut, her breath hitching with every stroke of my thumb against her skin.

When it's her turn, she starts to strip me down. My cock is throbbing in my pants. It's dying to be freed. I want to fuck her, but she likes to play, and I'm not one to disappoint my wife. No fucking way.

Once I'm stripped, she gives me a bright, salacious smile and sinks to her knees. Fuck, I love when she goes down on me.

I bite back a curse when she swallows around my cock. Christ, she's going to make me come before I'm even ready. I fist her hair, tugging hard, and she moans around my cock. I'm grateful that she has it down today and not pinned up. There's nothing better than tangling my hands in her hair and fucking her face.

I can smell her arousal. I fucking love how wet she gets while sucking my cock. I can't wait to feast on her. To taste her for the first time as my wife is going to be sweet as fuck.

Her cheeks hollow as she takes me deeper, her hand caressing my balls. The woman knows exactly what she's doing. Fuck, if she continues doing this, I'm going to fucking come. Not yet. I'm nowhere near ready to do so. I tug her hair, pulling her off me. She looks up at me through her eyelashes. Those gorgeous blue eyes of hers are filled with heat and lust.

I lift her off the floor and carry her to the bed, where I lie down, pulling her on top of me. I'm not going to cut her fun short, but I'm going to get my own fun in too. I position her

pussy over my mouth, and she leans forward and takes me deep into her mouth once again.

She licks along the inside of my cock, before taking me deep once again, swallowing around my length and moaning. Her hand moves to my balls again, and she tugs gently.

Christ, she's going to fucking kill me.

Gripping her hips I pull her pussy down onto my mouth, lapping at her pussy, my tongue thrusting into her hot, warm channel. I tongue-fuck her until she's grinding hard against my face, needing more. I don't stop. I continue to feast on her, loving the mewls and whimpers she releases around my cock.

Such a wildcat.

I tongue-fuck her, refusing to stop until she comes. I want her to flood my mouth with her juices. I bring my thumb to her clit while I continue to fuck her pussy with my tongue. She's grinding harder against my mouth, her moans getting louder, although they're muffled due to my cock in her mouth.

I press my thumb harder against her clit as I suck hard at her pussy. She bucks against my mouth and swallows my cock as she cries out, her thighs shaking, her hands clenching around the sheets beneath us as she comes.

“Turn,” I instruct, my cock thick and heavy, ready to explode. I grit my teeth as I watch her spin around, her chest heaving, making her heavy breasts bounce with the movement. “On your back, baby. I'm goin' to fuck you now. It's time to consummate our marriage.”

Her eyes brighten and she scrambles up the bed on all fours. She lays on her back, her thighs opening for me, her eyes big and filled with lust, begging for me to take her.

I position myself over her, my body pounding with need. Fuck, I'm fucking my wife for the first time. Christ... I still can't believe we're married, but I'm over the fucking moon with happiness. I know that my life with Hayley will be complete.

I run my cock over her swollen, soaked folds and push into her. She gasps, her fingers clawing at the sheets. "Judd," she breathes.

I grin. "This is goin' to be quick and fast," I growl, knowing there's no way I can be soft and gentle right now.

I thrust into her, my movements hard and precise, hitting deep inside of her pussy. Every time I slide into her, she groans, her head thrown back and her face filled with pleasure.

Rotating my hips, I fuck her hard, fast, and unashamedly. It's a brutal pace, one that has her crying out. Her pussy is tight and warm. My wife brought me to the brink while she had my cock in her mouth, so I'm about ready to explode.

I hammer into her like a man possessed. Every stroke is precise, slamming deep into her tight channel. I press my lips against hers, sliding my tongue into her mouth and swallowing her moans. I bring my hand to her hair and tug hard, tilting her head back to give me better access so that I can deepen the kiss.

Her eyes close and her body tightens. She's close. There's no doubt about it. My woman's about to come. She pulls back, and I snarl, but her breathing is ragged. She brings her hands to my back, her fingernails clawing at my skin. I grin as I pound into her, harder with each thrust. The harsh sound of our bodies slamming together mix with her moans and my grunts.

I twist my hips and fuck her harder. She throws her head back, her back bows, and her body tightens. I don't stop. I continue to pound into her, loving when her pussy contracts around my cock. I press my lips against hers again, and I swallow her screams.

I grit my teeth and hammer into her, my spine tingling. I'm close. Fuck, I can't hold it back any longer. I slam into her once—twice—thrice—and come, unloading inside of her until I'm completely depleted.

I pull out of her and collapse onto the bed beside her. "Don't plan on gettin' any sleep," I tell her, my chest heaving. "I'm goin' to spend my night fuckin' you."

She turns, a bright smile on her face as she presses her hand on my chest. "I won't stop you," she breathes.

Fuck yes. Tonight is going to be fucking amazing.

Chapter 12

Hayley

It's been ten days since Judd and I got married. I know some people think things between us have been moving too fast, but they haven't. We skirted—or I did—around us being together for five years. Judd has been present throughout everything. The highs, the lows, and everything in between. When Eva and I were down with the stomach bug, it was him who was here taking care of us. When I had a bad day, it was him who cheered me up, and the same for Eva. Judd pushed into our lives, buried himself so deep that we blended completely without me even noticing. The man has been an essential part of this family for years. I fell head over heels for him a long time ago. I was just too much of a scaredy cat to admit it.

“Hey girl,” Eda says as she enters my home. We've become close over the past few weeks, and I love that she's here. “Are you okay?”

I nod. “How are you? Where are the twins?” I ask. Her youngest boys are delightful. They're crazy like their dad but sweet as pie like their mom. I adore those two boys—when they're not going for my breasts, that is.

“Ace is with them. I needed a break,” she says, and I notice she's got bags under her eyes. She looks exhausted.

“Sit down. Let me get you a coffee, or would you prefer tea?”

She gives me a warm smile. “Coffee, please. I don’t think I get enough to keep me going,” she says with a laugh.

I grin and set about making the poor woman a cup of coffee. I also make a mental note to have her over more often. She needs time away from the babies and the guys at the clubhouse, and as much as she gets along with the other old ladies, it’s hard when they’re so close and have been for years. Especially Octavia and Effiemia.

“Here you go,” I say as I hand her a big mug, and I see the relief in her eyes. “Have you been getting much sleep?”

She nods. “I have, but I’m just constantly exhausted.”

I press my lips together. I’ve been around for both of her previous pregnancies, and I know it wears on her a lot. It drains her energy.

“Don’t say it,” she says softly. “I’m trying to ignore the obvious signs. At least until I get to the store and buy a damn test.” She takes a sip of coffee and groans. “Now, tell me what’s going on. I know there’s something.”

I sigh. “Judd and I are trying to get pregnant,” I tell her, my heart sinking as I remember the negative test in my bathroom trash can.

Her eyes soften. “Give it time,” she tells me. “Have faith.”

I nod. “I know. With me being on birth control for so long, it messed with my cycle, and I got a little too hopeful when my period didn’t come yesterday.”

She reaches for my hand. “It will happen for you both,” she assures me.

“I have a few tests if you want to take one before you leave,” I whisper, wondering if she’s ready for the answer yet.

“You’re the best. You know that, right?”

I laugh. “Hardly,” I snort. “Besides, this is what friends do. You were here to put me straight when Judd laid his claim on me. I’m here to set you straight that having another child isn’t the end of the world. But I get it, the twins are still young.”

She groans. “That’s what’s killing me. They’re wild, Hails, freaking wild, and no matter what Tobias or I do, they continue to be wild.”

“They’re boys, and it’s not like they’re Eva’s age. They’re not even a year yet. They’ll stop going for boobs soon enough. Besides, it doesn’t help that Cruz is the one who’s egging them on, telling them what to do.”

Her eyes narrow. “God, that ass,” she snaps. “No wonder he’s pissed when the boys do that shit to him.”

I laugh. “Karma is a bitch, Eda. Make sure Cruz remembers that.”

She grins wider at me. “Oh, you’d best believe that I’m going to get my revenge on him.”

It’s good to see the fear is gone from her eyes. “Now, what’s the plan for the twins’ birthday?” I ask. It’s in six weeks, and I know she’s anxious about getting it perfect.

She launches into the plan of attack for their big day, and I smile as she tells me about what she wants. I grab my notebook and we start to tick off everything we need to ensure it’s a success.

“God,” she sighs. “What would I do without you?”

I grin. “You don’t have to find out. Now, let’s take that test and you can go from there,” I tell her.

She gets to her feet, the fear creeping back into her eyes. “Let’s do this.”

I lead her to my bedroom and into the bathroom that’s off the room. I get the test out for her and take a seat on my bed. Minutes tick by as I wait with bated breath for her to exit. I hear the handle twist and the door begins to open. I glance at her face and see the answer as clear as day in her eyes.

“It’s going to be okay,” I promise her as I get to my feet and pull her into my arms.

“I’m going to have another baby,” she whispers.

“Maybe this time, it’ll be a girl,” I say with a smile. She already has three boys. A girl would help calm those boys down.

“Here’s hoping,” she says as she tightens her arms around me. “Thanks for listening today, Hails. I really appreciate it.”

I smile at her. “My door is open any time for you, no matter what.”

We say our goodbyes and I begin to clean up our coffee mugs from earlier and make sure the house is clean for when Judd and Eva come home. Tonight, I’m working at the bar and Judd’s watching Eva. Usually, I’d have Kinsley do it, but Judd said he’s doing it. That it gives him and Eva time to bond more. I love that he wants that, and that he’s not just saying that he wants to be her father, but showing her what one should be like.

It’s hard to believe that the day James found out I was a stripper was the day my life changed for the better. It was the next night that I met Judd for the first time.

A knock at the door has me frowning. I'm not expecting anyone. I pad toward the door, wondering if it's Eda. I open the front door, and my blood runs cold when I see who's standing in my doorway.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple. How the hell did they find me?

"Hayley," Mrs. Temple sneers. "Lovely home." She says the word lovely as though it's a bad word. God, she hasn't changed at all in the past seven years.

"How did you find me?" I ask, not wanting to make small talk with them. I'd rather get down to what the fuck they want.

Mr. Temple ignores my question and pushes past me into my home.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?" I ask, my hand gripping my front door tighter. "I didn't invite you into my home, Mr. Temple. In fact, I never would. You're trespassing, so leave."

He glares at me, his lips pressed into a thin line as he rakes his gaze down my body. I shiver. That look in his eyes reminds me of how his son used to look at me. "You did a great job hiding from us, Hayley, but in the end, trash always finds its way to trash."

My back straightens. He has no right to call me trash. "How did you find me?"

He advances on me, reaching for the door and slamming it closed. "You thought you could hide the fact that you let some fucking criminal adopt my granddaughter."

I raise a brow at his words. "Criminal?" I laugh. "That would have been your son."

His wife huffs. “My son was never convicted of any crime.”

The smug look on both of their faces has the realization hitting me like a ton of bricks. “Of course he didn’t. Not when Daddy dearest was making sure nothing happened to him.” I shake my head. I should have realized this before now. It all makes sense now. Carter was always involved in illegal shit. He was in more fights than I could count, and he put more than a few of those people into hospital. Not to mention, he had ties to organized crime and yet nothing was ever done about it. I should have known his father was the reason his ass was kept out of jail.

“Watch your mouth, bitch,” the asshole sneers at me.

I cross my arms over my chest and sigh. “What is it that you want?” I demand, knowing they’re not going to leave until I give them whatever it is they came here for.

“I want my granddaughter,” Mrs. Temple hisses. “You’ve kept her away from us long enough. No more. She’s ours. Do you understand that? Hmm? Ours.”

I laugh. “You truly believe I’d ever give my daughter over to you?” I shake my head. “That’s never going to happen.”

The slick as fuck smirk that her husband has makes me want to punch him. “Do you know who the fuck I am?”

I roll my eyes. “I don’t give a flying fuck who you are. You could be the fucking King of the World and it wouldn’t mean shit to me. You’re not having Eva.”

I’d die before I’d let these assholes have her. No fucking way. I’d kill them before they could ever get close to her.

“You leave us no choice,” he snarls. “We’ll take you to court for custody. Who do you think the court will agree with?”

A whore who had a baby at the age of sixteen, who then went on to turn tricks for a living and is now shackled up with a fucking scumbag who's a criminal?" he taunts. "Or a judge who's an upstanding citizen and who brought you into their home, nurtured you, and gave you a loving family?"

I stare at him in complete shock. "You truly believe that, don't you?"

"You will not win this, Hayley. Why bother fighting the inevitable?"

I laugh. I can't believe the bullshit he's spewing. "No one in their right fucking mind is going to give you two any fucking child," I snap. "Take me to court," I tell them. "Let me get on the stand and tell them how you let your twenty-six-year-old son rape me." I hiss. "That's exactly what it was," I tell them. "I was fifteen, and you knew exactly what he was doing to me. You knew he was having sex with me, even when I didn't want it."

The bitch turns her head, her cheeks heating. But that asshole smirks. "No one is going to believe you."

I laugh. "Really? My daughter is seven. Seven. I'm twenty-three. It doesn't take a genius to do the math. Your son got me pregnant when I was sixteen and he was twenty-seven. There's no one in this world who'd believe you over me with those facts."

His face turns a putrid shade of red. It looks as though he's about to explode. A vein on his forehead swells as he advances on me. His hands wrap around my wrists, and he hauls me toward him, his face pressing against mine. "You'll fucking hand that child over to us, you whore, and you'll do it right now."

I don't back down. I'll never back down. Eva is my daughter. I'll die protecting her. "It's never going to happen. You'll never get her. Even if I die, she has an entire family who'll protect her. There's no way you'll ever be her guardian."

"No," Mrs. Temple cries. "I need my baby."

"My baby, not yours," I scream at her, beyond pissed that they're trying to ruin everything. I try to pull against Mr. Temple's hold, but his fingers tighten even more. Painfully so. I cry out. He's going to break my wrists if he continues.

"Get off of me," I cry. "You're hurting me."

He releases me, and I stumble backwards, unable to catch myself before I fall. My head smacks against the corner of the small table by the door, and pain unlike anything before erupts through my head. My vision begins to blur, and I shake my head, trying to stop the darkness from calling me.

"You'll do whatever the fuck I tell you," Mr. Temple growls as he crouches over me. "I expect those papers to be signed by the end of the week." He rises to his feet, and I turn onto my side, needing to get up off the floor, but before I can do that, he kicks me in my ribs.

A loud cry falls from my lips. "The end of the week," he growls as he reaches for his wife.

My vision continues to darken as I hear the front door slam. Relief washes through me, but so does the darkness. Within seconds, I succumb to it.

Chapter 13

Wrath

“**Y**ou good, brother?” Prez asks as I enter the office.

I nod. “All good. We’re goin’ to need to hire some new recruits,” I tell him, cracking my neck. We’re swamped. We’re at full capacity with the amount of work we can take on, and even when we do the extension, we’re going to need to hire more people.

“Already on it, brother. The expansion will begin next month, and while that’s happening, we’ll be hiring at least four people.”

I shrug. “You never know, they may wanna patch in.” Most of the brothers work on cars and bikes. It’s something we’re all good at. Those that weren’t when they arrived, soon learned and now have become an employee.

He grins. “Exactly. You done?” he questions.

“Yeah, for now, although, I’ll be back in the morning. There’s a guy comin’ in that needs his bike repaired.”

He nods. “Sounds good. Go on home, brother. Spend some time with your wife before your kid returns.”

I chuckle. It’s been ten days since we got married and life has returned to normal, meaning the only time Hayley and I get alone time is bedtime. That doesn’t stop us from making

out whenever the fuck we want. I love my wife, I fucking love her body, and there's nothing sweeter than her taste. I'm going to kiss her whenever the fuck I want.

I lift my fingers in salute and say goodbye. "Maybe you'll finish early and do the same with your woman."

His grin widens. "That's my plan, brother. Trust me, my woman needs some time with me and I'm plannin' on makin' it happen."

I shake my head as I exit the office. He and Eda have three kids, and his youngest two are a fucking riot. Those dudes are a handful on the best of days. No wonder Eda needs some time with him.

I climb on my bike and feel the engine purr. Fuck, I need to take Hayley out for a ride. I fucking love the feel of her heat on my back and her hands on my body as we ride.

It takes me twenty minutes to get home. As I'm turning onto the street, I see a sleek Jaguar F-Type. It's so out of place here that I narrow my eyes when I see an older couple in the car. There's something about the car that sets my teeth on edge. I'm not sure what it is, but fuck, the feeling's strong. I shake my head and continue on to the house. Hayley's car's parked out front, and I smile as I get off my bike. It's time to have some fun with my wife.

Entering the house, I'm surprised by how quiet it is. My gut tightens as a heaviness settles on my chest. "Hayley?" I call out. "Babe?"

Silence. Utter fucking silence.

I step into the house and close the door behind me. Where the fuck is she?

Something catches the corner of my eye, and I still. My entire body goes solid for a split second. Pain unlike anything before hits me as I see my woman lying on the floor, unmoving. She's not fucking moving.

"Baby," I whisper as I drop to my knees beside her. "Hayley, baby," I croak as my fingers reach for her neck. Relief washes through me when I feel the steady thumping of her heartbeat. I reach for my cell and call Ace.

"Brother," he answers immediately. "What's goin' on?"

"Need you to come to Hayley's house, Prez," I say through gritted teeth. "I'm about to lose my shit."

"Talk to me," he demands. I hear him moving. Thankfully, he's not talking to anyone but me. I don't need any of the other brothers around me right now. "Wrath, brother, I need you to talk to me. What happened?"

"I don't know," I grunt, running my hand through Hayley's hair. "Hayley's on the floor, unconscious."

"Fuck," he growls. "Call an ambulance. I'm on my way."

I end the call, cursing myself for not thinking of doing just that before I called him.

She's still not moving, and I'm trying my hardest to tamp down the panic and anger that's rising through me. The need to go hunting is strong—to find out who hurt her. Never have I had anyone who means as much as Hayley means to me. I'll die to protect her.

Looking at her lifeless body, I realize that I've failed her. No one should have touched her. No one should have even been near her. When I find out what happened, the person who did this is going to be in for a world of hurt. I'm going to enjoy every fucking second of it.

Ace arrives just as the EMT's are putting her into the back of the ambulance. "Don't worry," he says, his eyes hard as he watches me carefully. "Kinsley's got Eva. She's going to watch her. You focus on your woman."

I nod, my teeth gritted. "What the fuck happened, Ace?" I left home this morning, and she was fine. There was nothing fucking wrong. I kissed her goodbye and took Eva to school, and now she's unconscious in the back of the fucking ambulance rig.

He squeezes my shoulder. "She's goin' to be okay," he tells me. "I'll meet you at the hospital."

I nod, wishing I could believe that she's going to be fine, but I'm too fucking caught up. The pain I'm feeling is unlike anything I've felt before. I could lose my woman right when I finally made it right. She's mine, and I didn't protect her.

Two hours later and finally, fucking finally, the doctor comes out to see me. Ace has gone home with the promise to check on Eva and ask Eda if she'll watch over our daughter tonight while I'm here with Hayley.

"Mr. Langan," the doctor says as he steps up to me. "Your wife was brought in with a contusion to her head and some bruising on her head and torso. The blow to her head was what knocked her unconscious. She's not broken anything, but she's in a lot of pain. She's asking for you."

I take in his words, letting the fact my woman's alive sink in. God, she's awake. I breathe a sigh of relief. "What happened to her, doc?" I ask, needing to know how she ended up here.

"I have spoken to Mrs. Langan, but she hasn't told us. Maybe you could get her to open up."

I nod. Too fucking right I'll get her to open up and then when I find out who did this, there's going to be hell to pay.

I follow the doctor to the room that Hayley's in. The tightness in my chest slowly ebbs away as my beautiful wife smiles at me. I see the pain in her eyes as she moves, and it causes that gnawing in my gut to intensify. I hate that she's in pain, and I'll be damned if it ever happens again.

"Baby," I whisper as I get close to her.

Her eyes widen, tears shine in them, and she bursts into tears. I climb onto the bed and wrap my arms around her. "It's okay," I assure her. "I swear to you, baby, it's okay. You're safe now."

She sobs harder, her fingers clawing against my tee. "Eva," she gasps. "They're after her."

"Who?" I demand.

"Carter's parents. They found us. They want to take Eva."

My chest rumbles at the thought of those sick, perverted fucking animals anywhere near my daughter. I'll slit their throats before they even touch her.

"It won't happen," I assure her. "They're not goin' to touch her."

She nods against me, her body bucking with her sobs. "He was so angry," she whispers through her tears. "He just wouldn't listen to me."

"He did this?" I ask, careful to keep the anger out of my voice. She doesn't need to hear it. She's been through enough today. She doesn't need any more.

She nods. "He said he's going to go for custody of Eva, that because he's a judge, they'll side with him."

I soothe her, running my hands through her hair and pressing kisses against her head. “Tell me what happened,” I ask her.

She does, and I listen to her soft, weepy voice tell me about what those assholes did. What they said to her, and the threats they made. Fucking bastards insinuated she was a whore. I’m proud as hell that she stood up to them and let them know that no one in their right mind would ever allow our daughter anywhere near them.

But I know that people like the Temples—rich, powerful, and so very stuck-up—believe they’re owed whatever the fuck they want. They have no qualms in throwing their money around and getting anything they want. But they chose the wrong person to fuck with. Hayley’s not a kid anymore, she’s not alone, and she’s not destitute—she never was. Pyro may not be here, but I am, and I’m not going to let anyone harm her or take our kid away from us.

Once she’s settled down and the tears have stopped, I know it’s time to leave and deal with those bastards once and for all. I press a kiss against the darkening bruise on her temple, along with the finger marks on her wrists, before I press a deep, hard, chaste one to her lips. “Get some rest, baby. I’ll be back soon.”

She doesn’t stop me. She knows who I am and what I’m capable of. She also knows that even if she tried to stop me, it wouldn’t work.

“Be safe, and don’t do anything that could get you taken away. I love you, Judd. Eva and I need you.” The softness in her voice has my gut clenching.

What I’m about to do isn’t going to go down well. The man’s a judge. He’s got contacts within the justice system, and

from what Hayley's told me, he's the reason that his son never got in trouble with the law. If you're rich enough, money can buy your cunt of a son freedom.

"Rest," I instruct her as I walk out of her hospital room. I know she's going to be pissed about what's about to happen, but it won't change that it needs to be done.

It takes me almost an hour to get to the Temple's home, and I'm slightly surprised to find Ace waiting for me.

"Your woman called," he tells me. "She's worried you're goin' to end up in jail."

I grin. "You're here to what? Tell me not to do this?"

He grins. "Nope. She called the wrong brother for that. That cunt put his hands on your woman. He needs to be dealt with."

My grin widens. "That he fuckin' does."

We walk into the house. For rich bastards, I was sure they'd have guards on their property. Especially with him being a judge—a corrupt one at that. It's easy for us to enter the home because both Ace and I know how to pick locks. Hell, it's something I learned as a kid.

Soft music plays throughout the house, and I grit my teeth. These fucking cunts hurt my woman and they're listening to music? The anger that I felt when I saw her lying on the ground has returned, and it has intensified. Judge Temple has no idea what the hell he's in for. But it's going to be a fucking world of hurt.

"Who are you?" a startled Mrs. Temple asks as we enter the kitchen. She's a good little housewife, cooking for her husband. A pink and white striped apron covers her expensive clothes. Her make-up is just right, and her gray hair is pulled

back into a severe bun. The woman is every inch the replica of a Stepford wife.

I'm going to enjoy every-fucking-thing that happens this evening.

"I think," I rumble, loving the fear that enters her eyes, "that is a question you should have asked before you entered my home today, don't you?"

She swallows hard, her gaze moving between Ace and me. "I don't understand what you mean," she says shakily. "Harold," she shouts.

I click my tongue against my teeth. "Why ruin the surprise?" I taunt her. "I'll deal with him later."

The bitch's gaze moves toward the knife that's on the counter.

My laugh is humorless, twisted, sadistic, and filled with anger. "You wouldn't want to go for it, Julia. You really wouldn't. But you could try. I'm fuckin' dyin' to unleash my anger. I don't give a fuck if you're a woman."

Horror fills her face, and she swallows once again, her throat constricting. "You're Hayley's husband."

I nod, flashing the cunt my shark's grin. "I am indeed. Why did you believe it would be okay to threaten my wife?" I snarl as I edge closer. Ace hasn't moved from his spot at the door, his arms crossed over his chest as he glares at the bitch. He's not getting involved. He's just here to make sure I don't lose my mind. Something I'm extremely close to doing.

"She has my baby," she cries, big fat tears falling down her face.

“Not your baby,” I hiss. “Eva is Hayley’s daughter, my daughter.”

Her eyes flash with anger. “No, she doesn’t belong to you. She was my boy’s daughter.”

I take a menacing step forward, and she begins to tremble. “Your son was a fucking animal. He groomed Hayley, raped her, fucking made her life hell, and you sat back and allowed it to happen. You’re not getting my daughter. You’ll be dead if you ever fuckin’ try.”

She shakes her head. “I need my baby,” she cries.

I can’t take this bullshit any longer. My hand snaps around her neck and I lift her into the air. I’m wearing gloves. I may be angry and wanting revenge, but I know what to do to keep myself from being incriminated with evidence against me. It’ll be their word against mine.

“She’s not yours, you fuckin’ crazy bitch. You are nothin’ to Eva. You’ll never see her.” I press my face close to hers. “Try me, bitch. I’ll happily do a life sentence if it means you and your fuckin’ husband are nowhere near my woman and child.”

She trembles beneath my hands.

“Let go of my wife,” the bastard says as he enters the room. “I’ll call the authorities. I’m warning you,” he shouts, his face turning a dark shade of red. “Let her down.”

Ace moves silently. He’s not been seen by the fucking asshole yet. He creeps up behind him and cocks his gun. “Drop the cell, Mr. Temple. Do it now, otherwise I pull the trigger and your wife will watch you die before we kill her, and we won’t be gentle about it.”

The whimper that Mrs. Temple makes is like a fucking cat dying. She struggles against my hold, but I tighten my fingers and she stills, her gaze seeking her husband's. "Please," she cries. "Don't kill him."

"Drop the cell," Ace reiterates, "and then he'll drop your wife."

Mr. Temple does as instructed and drops his cell to the floor. Ace smirks as he stamps on it, totally shattering the thing.

"Let her go," the older man says, his gaze wild at the sight of his wife being held by her throat.

I shrug and release her. The woman is like a rag doll as she hits the floor, her head bouncing off the tiles with a sickening thump. I smile as she sinks into unconsciousness. Now the bastard will have some idea as to how I was feeling when I arrived home to find my wife in the same position.

I turn to the fucker. "Now it's your turn," I snarl, loving the fear that enters his eyes.

He's going to pay for hurting Hayley, and I'm going to enjoy every fucking second of it.

Chapter 14

Wrath

“**W**hat is it that you want?” the asshole grunts, watching as I step toward him, my gloved hand snatching up the knife off the counter. “Money? I have that. I’ll give you as much as you want.”

I scoff at the implication that I can be bought off. “Not your money,” I hiss. “Try again.”

Ace chuckles behind him. “Seems as though you didn’t do your homework.” He tuts tauntingly. “Surely someone in your field of work would uncover everything there was about someone before you made idle threats.”

I nod in agreement. “Although, it wasn’t an idle threat, was it, Harold?” I get close to him and run the edge of the blade against his cheek, nicking his skin while I do. “You wanted to take her child.”

Realization enters his eyes. “I fucking told her that you were a criminal. I won’t let you anywhere near my grandchild. You hear me, you criminal? You’ll not be near her.”

My laugh is once again mirthless. “Who’s going to stop me?” I ask with a raised brow. “You?” I chuckle. “Such a tough man that you had to put your hands on my woman.” The knife slides deeper into his cheek.

“She wouldn’t listen to me,” he snaps. “She kept pushing me.”

“No, what she did was deliver a few home truths. You didn’t like hearing them. But I’ll tell you what, Harold, why not try and take her to court to get guardianship of Eva and see how well you fair. I mean, what’s going to happen when everyone finds out your son was a pedophile?”

His face gets even redder as the anger creeps along his cheeks. “Do not say that,” he growls.

“Why?” I ask, as I twirl the knife in my hand. “That’s exactly what he was though. He crept into a fifteen-year-old’s bed when he was twenty-six. Something that you allowed to happen.”

His eyes widen at my words. “What?” he whispers.

“I know everything,” I say through clenched teeth. “My wife told me everything. How you would punish her if she didn’t give your son what he wanted.” I press the blade against his other cheek. “How you’d starve her when she didn’t want him to touch her.”

He shakes his head. The fear that’s wafting from him makes me smile. The man is frightened, but there’s still defiance in his eyes. “He was my son,” he gasps as the knife presses deeper into his cheek. Blood trickles from the wound and down his chin.

“She was in your care,” I snarl. “You were supposed to look after her, but you didn’t.”

“I put a roof over the girl’s head, food in her belly, and clothes on her back. What else could she ask for?”

“How about,” I snarl as I run the blade along his jaw, drawing even more blood from him, “you shouldn’t have let

that fucking animal near her. That would have been good.”

He glares at me. “What are you going to do?” There’s a slight tremble to his voice. Behind all the bravado, he’s scared that he’s going to die.

“That depends,” I growl. “Will you be goin’ anywhere near Hayley or Eva again?”

His eyes flash with anger. “No,” he hisses.

Ace chuckles. “He’s scared that his powerful friends are going to find out just how fucked up he and his wife are. What they allowed that bastard of a son of theirs to do. That’s the only reason he won’t be comin’ after your woman again. Fuckin’ sick bastards.”

“Go,” Harold shouts. “You’ve got what you came for. Your wife is safe. I won’t go near her again.”

I smile. “Glad to hear it. But you’re wrong. That’s not all that I came for. You see, you put your hands on my woman. Left bruises on her skin. That’s not somethin’ I’m willin’ to let go of.”

I drop the knife as I reach for his hand. My fingers move to his wrist, just as he had done to Hayley. I pull his wrist hard, loving the crack of the bone. The cunt howls in pain, but I’m nowhere near finished.

“Leave him alone,” his wife calls from the kitchen. I turn and see that she’s still sprawled on the floor, her gaze on me and her husband, but she’s not moving. Good.

“No,” I hiss. “I’m nowhere near finished with him.”

I’m not satisfied with just breaking his wrist. No fucking way. I move on to his other hand, snapping the bones in each of his fingers and thumb. He cries out, sounding like a wild

animal as the pain hits him. Yet it does nothing to calm the anger that's running through my blood.

"You bastard," the judge hisses, his face etched with pain.

"Never claimed not to be," I snarl. "You made a mistake touchin' her. One you're now payin' for."

His eyes narrow as he lets out a string of curses. None of which stop me from doing what I need to. I move from his fingers and reach for his shoulder. Ace is chuckling beside me, quite content just watching. He'll step in if needs be, but I don't want, nor need, him to.

I twist his shoulder, wrenching it backwards. It pops out of its socket, but that's not satisfying enough. I wrench harder, and with a sickening crack, it breaks. So much fucking better.

"She's not worth this," he growls between breaths. The man is panting hard, sweating, and his eyes are filled with so much pain that it's reflected in his green orbs. "You're going to go to jail."

I laugh. "That's not going to happen," I sneer. "You'll have to tell them why this happened. What are people goin' to think when they find out you put your hands on my woman?" He's fucking crazy if he thinks for a second that I'm going to prison. No fucking way. And if he does go to the cops, I'll kill him. I'll slit his throat and make sure he can never fucking tell anyone what happened.

"End this," Ace growls, his words filled with so much anger. He doesn't tolerate anyone threatening his brothers. He's looking at Judge Temple like he wants to slice through his neck. I don't blame him. If I heard someone threatening a brother, I'd feel the same.

I grin as the judge stares up at me with wide eyes and parted lips. “What are you going to do?” he questions, and the fear in his voice makes me smile.

I curl my fist up and let it fly. It smashes into his ribs, and it takes the breath from him. There’s no doubt in my mind that I’ve broken a few of his ribs. I’m nowhere near finished yet. I continue to land punch after punch to his body, each and every one of them filled with power.

I stand back once I’m finished and look at him. His face is covered in blood. Between the shallow cuts from the blade and his broken nose, he looks like something out of a horror movie. His shoulder, fingers, both wrists, and kneecap are broken, along with some of his ribs. The man is going to be in a fuck of a lot of pain, and it’s going to be a constant reminder whenever he moves of why he got this beat down. If he comes after Hayley again or even thinks about going for custody of Eva, I’ll kill him—after making him watch while I kill his wife. There’s nowhere he’ll be able to hide from me and no amount of security will keep him from me.

“This was a warnin’,” Ace growls. “You stay the fuck away from those girls. If not...” He smirks at the judge. “Well, let’s just say we’ll be back.”

I turn my back on the fucker and follow Ace toward the front door. The anger at seeing Hayley on the floor is still there, but there’s also fear. I never thought about losing her before, but Christ, it’s my biggest fucking fear in life. I can’t and won’t lose her. She’s mine, and I’ll be damned if anyone touches her again.

I let my guard down with her before. I won’t be doing it again.

I need her and our daughter safe and with me.

“You did good,” Ace tells me as we reach our bikes. “You sent a message without killing him. That man is goin’ to be in a fuck of a lot of pain, and he’s going to remember why he got it.”

“You think he’ll back off?” I ask, though that fucking gnawing in my gut is telling me he won’t. That man only cares about himself and what his wife wants, and they want Eva.

He takes a deep breath. “I want to say yes,” he says through clenched teeth. “But you and I both know that men like that—men with power and money—hate being told what to do. Honestly, I don’t know, Wrath. But we know now that he’s a sick fuck, and we’ll make sure that both your woman and child are safe.”

I nod, grateful my brothers will have my back. “Hayley and I are stayin’ at the clubhouse,” I tell him, and I’ll make sure Hayley understands how fucking serious I am. I get that she wants Eva to have a normal life and her own home for sanctuary, but right now, I need them both surrounded by men that I trust to protect them and keep them safe.

“I’ll make sure the old ladies have the room set up for Eva. You and I both know that Ruby will love havin’ Eva there.” He grins. “Besides, Eda will be happy. My woman adores yours. She’s goin’ to be fuckin’ pissed when she hears what’s happened. I only told her specifics and not the entire story.”

“I’ll let Hayley tell her,” I say, knowing my woman hasn’t told anyone but me about those Temple bastards and I’m not going to break her trust any more than I already have by telling Ace.

He nods. “Go,” he instructs. “Go and see your woman. She’s no doubt worried out of her mind right now.”

For her to call him, she's worried alright. "Thanks, Prez, I owe you."

He shakes his head. "No, you fuckin' don't. You've been at my back more times than I can count. With everythin' that happened with the Hangman's Disciples, with Kins and then again with Eda... You're my brother, Wrath. I'll always have your back."

He's not only my prez, but a man I respect and like. He'll always have my loyalty. No matter what.

I climb onto my bike and say goodbye. It's time to go and see Hayley, make sure she's okay, and hopefully, get her to sleep, because knowing my woman, she's wide awake waiting for me to return.

An hour later and I'm walking into her room. Just as I predicted, she's wide awake, her gaze focused on me. "You're okay?" she whispers.

"I'm good, baby. Now, it's time to get some sleep." I climb onto the bed, wrapping my arms around her and holding her tight. "You're safe, Hayley. No one is goin' to hurt you again."

She rests her head against my shoulder, her hand on my chest. "I love you, Judd."

I press a kiss against her head. "I love you too. Now sleep. You need to recover. Then tomorrow, we'll go home and see our daughter."

She sighs contently. "Sounds good. Thank you."

My jaw clenches. She shouldn't be fucking thanking me. This is who I am and what I do. I'll always protect those who matter to me, and Hayley and Eva mean the fucking most. Without them, I'd be going through life living it but not feeling. The moment I met Hayley, that changed.

No one is going to take her from me. I'll kill anyone who even tries.

Chapter 15

Hayley

It's been three days and I'm still tired. I have no idea why, especially when all I do is spend my days resting. Any time I try to do anything, I have about seven people telling me to sit down and they'll do it for me. I'm about ready to lose my mind. I understand that they're trying to help, but fuck, it's driving me insane.

"Mom, please?" Eva asks as she pouts. That's a look that doesn't work on me. Her father, on the other hand, he'd fold within seconds.

"Love bug," I say gently. "I know you want to go home, but right now, your dad needs us here, okay?"

She's got cabin fever. She needs to let loose and run around. She wants to go home where all her toys are. "But I'm bored," she says dramatically.

I love her so much, and she's got so much sass. "How about we go outside, and you can play with Ruby and Serafina?"

Her little face lights up with joy. "Yay," she cries. "Can I?"

I nod. "Firstly, I need you to tidy up." She's gotten into the habit of leaving her things lying around in the hopes that someone else will clean them up for her, and that's not

something I'm willing to let slide. "Love bug, you know the rules," I say firmly when I see sadness seep into her eyes.

"Okay, Mommy," she whispers.

"How about I help you today?" I say, knowing that I also need to do something. If I continue to sit and watch everyone else do everything, I'm going to go crazy.

She beams at me as she reaches for my hand. "Let's go," she says.

The past three days, both Eva and Judd have been amazing. They've been worried about me, and I get it. If the tables were reversed, I'd feel the exact same way, but I'm not broken, and I'm not hurt anymore. I have a few bruises that remain, especially around my wrists, where he pulled me hard. Over time, they'll fade, and we'll move past all this.

It takes Eva and I about ten minutes to tidy away her toys and get her room cleaned up. My daughter isn't messy by any stretch. She just doesn't put things away when she's finished with them unless she's told.

"Ready?" I ask once we're finished.

She takes my hand, her smile beaming, brightening her entire face. "Let's go." She pauses and rushes back into her room. I grin when she returns holding her skipping rope. "Do you think Serafina will play with me?"

My heart breaks for her at the fear in her voice. Although we've been around a lot since Eva and I moved here five years ago, we're not always here, which means the girls don't play as much as I'd like, but I'm busy, and when I'm working, she usually stays with Kinsley, and some nights when she stays here, the other kids aren't here. When she does play, she's

scared that the others won't want to play with her as they'll want to play with the other kids.

"If she doesn't, that's okay, but I'd say she will." Serafina and Ruby adore Eva, and unless they're playing something already, they all tend to play together.

"Eva," Sera calls out the moment we step outside. "Come play," she shouts as she jumps on the trampoline.

Eva looks up at me, a question in her eyes. I nod. Of course she can. "Just be careful," I say softly as I reach for her skipping rope.

Her face splits into a giant smile and she races toward her friend. I sit on the bench and watch the girls play. My gaze moves to Digger, who's working on his bike. He lifts his chin and smiles at me. He was the one watching Serafina.

"There you are," I hear Eda say from behind me. I flash her a grin as she comes to sit down beside me. "How are you feeling?"

"Better," I tell her softly. "Although, I can't shake this exhaustion."

She gives me a gentle smile. "Your body's still recovering. Besides, you're still worried about the person who did it. I don't know much, and no matter how much I beg Tobias, he won't tell me what happened. He said it was up to you and to respect that."

I laugh as she pouts just as Eva did before. "Eva's biological father's parents paid me a visit," I tell her as I turn to watch the girls again. "Since I found out I was pregnant, they've wanted Eva. They've told me loads of times that they'd be better equipped to care for her. I'll never give them my baby."

“Hell no,” Eda rasps. “Fuck them. What did they do to you?” she asks softly as she reaches for my hand.

“They found me because of the adoption. They’re angry. They want Eva and threatened to take me to court. They want full guardianship. I won’t lose my child.”

“I’ll kill them,” she hisses, and I smile. Eda’s a tough cookie. She’s been through hell and back, but she’s actually one of the sweetest people you’ll ever meet.

“He insinuated that I’m a whore,” I whisper. That’s something that stuck with me. I hate that people think just because I was a stripper, that I was a whore. I’ve only ever slept with two men in my life. Carter and Judd.

“Bastard,” she snaps. “God, what a fucking sack of shit.”

I laugh. “You’re the best,” I whisper. “But when I told him that if he took me to court, everyone would find out that he allowed his son to rape me, he lost it. He hit me.”

“I’m so sorry, Hails. I really am. Are you okay?”

I nod. “I’m okay, I promise. I feel as though I’m waiting for something to happen. I can feel it coming. Something bad is coming and I don’t know what.”

Her hand grips mine tighter. “You and Eva are going to be fine. I promise, we won’t let them come for you.”

I nod. I’ll die before I let those animals touch her. “I’m scared that Judd’s got himself into trouble.”

She releases a pfft sound. “No way. Wrath’s going to be fine. Don’t worry yourself so much. You need to recover from this, and then once Wrath is comfortable with you being alone again, you’ll be able to go home. Although, I love having you and Eva so close.”

I rest my head against her shoulder as I watch Eva and Sera do cartwheels on the trampoline. It's nice to have another friend. Chloe was the one I was closest to—still am. She's my closest girl, and I miss her now that she's back in Ireland, but having Eda here is amazing, and I love that she's got my back, just as I'd have hers.

We sit and watch the girls have a blast. I'm not sure how long I'm outside with Eva and Sera, but the wind starts to pick up and the sun begins to set. I realize that it's been a long time since I've been able to have so much free time to spend with my girl. Since she was born, I was always working, having to put a roof over our heads and food in our bellies. I never got a chance to just be with her. It's hard knowing that I've missed out on a lot, but I do know that had I not gone to work, we wouldn't be here right now.

It's hard to sacrifice the time with your children, but parents don't have a choice. We have to work. We have to earn the money to support them and us. We just cherish the moments that we do spend with them.

I hear the rumbles of bikes and smile when I see Eva squeal. Judd's coming. I can always tell from the sound of pipes if Judd's bike is there. It took me a while, but I've managed to decipher each one, and I know that Judd's not alone. He's coming with Raptor, Mayhem, and Ace.

“Daddy,” Eva yells once the men are off their bikes. She runs over to him, and as always, Judd doesn't hesitate in picking her up off the ground and swinging her around, making her giggle.

God, we lucked out finding him. He's without a doubt the best man I know, and he loves Eva as if she were his own. I

couldn't have asked for a better man, father, or husband. He's everything, and I'm so damn lucky to have him.

His gaze finds mine, and that sexy grin of his forms on his lips, making my stomach dip. He stalks over to me, not once stopping his conversation with our daughter, nor does he take his eyes off me. "Hi baby," he rumbles as he leans down and presses a kiss against my lips.

"Hi," I reply breathlessly.

"Ewww," Eva says, wriggling in Judd's arms. "Daddy, don't."

I laugh. She's still not used to us kissing in front of her. But as Judd lets her down and pulls me into his arms, I see my daughter look at us with a bright smile. She may act as though she doesn't like it, but she does approve, which is all I want.

"How are you?" he asks as he slides his hands along my body.

I look up at him, my breath catching when I see the raw need in his eyes. Since I left the hospital, he hasn't done more than kiss and hug me. I love my husband. I love the way he loves my body, and I hate that I haven't been able to fuck him over the past three days. I'm hoping that'll change tonight.

"I'm good," I reply huskily. "I'll be a lot better when you fuck me tonight."

His eyes narrow and his lips curl at the ends. He pulls me closer to him, and I feel his thickening cock against my stomach. "That's something I can totally do."

I grin. "Good, because I've missed you."

He slams his lips against mine and kisses me. His tongue sweeps into my mouth and steals my breath away.

“Insatiable,” he growls low. “Tonight, you’re mine.”

I hear a cell ringing in the background somewhere but ignore it and focus on the man in front of me. “You know,” I breathe. “We’ve not had a honeymoon. Eva’s on break from school soon. Why don’t we take a trip somewhere?”

He grins as he nips at my lip. “That sounds good, baby. Where do you want to go?”

I wrap my arms around his neck as he continues to hold me tight. “Hmm, Ireland?”

His eyes light up, and he grins. “Why am I not surprised?” He presses another kiss against my lips. “We’ll plan it, baby. We’ll go soon.”

I nod. “Sounds good. Now, let’s get you some food,” I tell him with a smile.

“Yo, Wrath,” Ace calls, his voice hard and filled with anger. I tense beneath Judd’s arms. What the hell is going on?

Judd’s body goes solid. He keeps a hold of me as he turns to face Ace. “What’s up?”

“You’re gonna need to go,” he says. “That fuckin’ judge called the cops. You’ve got a warrant out for your arrest.”

My breath leaves me in a woosh, my head swims, and my knees buckle. Judd keeps his arms locked around me, keeping me upright. “The fuck?” he growls.

“Brother, it’s fucked up, but the cops should be here any minute. You’ve got to go.”

Tears spring to my eyes. “Where’s he going to go?”

A vehicle drives through the open gates. “Makenna’s goin’ to take you to one of her safehouses until we get those fuckers

off our backs.”

“I’m going with him,” I say. I won’t let him go alone. He’s my husband. This is my fault.

Ace nods, and I breathe a sigh of relief. “Go. I’ll have Eda pack you a bag and we’ll bring it to you later.”

I don’t wait to be told again. I run toward Eva and lift her into my arms. She’s seven and is too big to be carried around by me, but I don’t care right now. It’s time for us to leave. I won’t let Judd be arrested for protecting me.

Judd reaches us and takes Eva from my arms. He reaches for my hand, and we walk toward the car. Every step I take is heavy and filled with guilt. God, this is so fucking shit, and it’s all my fault.

We settle into the back of the car, and I see Judd’s body is still taut, his jaw clenched, and his eyes closed.

I’ve ruined his life.

Chapter 16

Wrath

I pace the floor, my anger washing through me like a fucking tornado. Christ, that motherfucker actually went to the cops. I thought I had warned him off this shit, but obviously not. What the actual fuck?

The door closes, and I turn to see Hayley padding toward me. It's been hours since we arrived at this safe house. Makenna Gallagher-Bianchi has a lot of them scattered around the city and country. She's Kinsley's best friend and has helped us out with a few things over the years. The last time I saw her, she was angry because her niece, Chloe—Pyro's woman—was taken. In the hours that we've been here, both Hayley and Eva have been solemn, neither saying much, and when they did they'd only talk to each other.

I know they're scared, and right now, I have no words for them. I can't guarantee that everything will be okay, because the truth of the matter is, I just don't know what's going to happen. That cunt should have kept his mouth closed, but instead, he's gone to the cops.

There is one thing that will come from this. I'm going to kill him. There's no mercy for him. Not anymore.

"She okay?" I ask as Hayley sits on the sofa, curling her feet into her body.

She shakes her head. “She’s scared. She’s not stupid; she understood everything Ace said. She’s scared that she’s going to lose you.” Her words are hoarse and filled with emotion.

I scrub my hand down my face. This isn’t what I wanted. Fuck.

“What do we do, Judd?” she whispers. “How do we get through this?”

I sigh as I open my arms. She doesn’t hesitate. She gets up from the couch and runs into them. “No matter what, we’ll get through this.”

She rests her head against my shoulder. “I have an idea, but I don’t know if it’ll work,” she whispers.

I run my hand along her hair. “Tell me, baby,” I whisper.

“We leave,” she says. “James arrives tomorrow. He’s bringing the Gallagher’s plane. We can ask Makenna if you can travel back on it.” She looks up at me. “We start afresh in Ireland. The three of us.”

I rest my head against hers. Christ, leaving America is something I never thought of. But fuck, no matter what happens, I assaulted a judge. It doesn’t matter that he hurt my woman, that his actions led to her being abused. I put my hands on him and that’s a felony. I’m looking at doing at least three years in prison.

“Ace is on his way,” I tell her, no doubt being the bearer of bad news. “We’ll see what he has to say and then we’ll go from there. I’m looking at three years minimum.”

She nods, swallowing hard. “Three years we can do,” she says. The conviction in her eyes tells me she’d wait for a fucking eternity if needed. “But anything more than five and we’re going.”

I frame her face with my hands. “Anything more than five and we’re starting again in Ireland.”

Relief shines in her eyes, and I’m wondering if she’d been thinking about moving before this happened.

“You miss Pyro,” I say. There’s no anger in my voice.

She nods. “He’s always been a part of my life, and it’s hard that he’s not here. But you’re here, and you are the love of my life. Where you are, I go,” she tells me with a smile. “Don’t worry, Judd, we’re all going to be okay.”

I press a kiss against her lips. She’s right, we’re going to be okay. No matter what, we have a plan. We just need to wait and see which road we’ll be taking.

Two hours later, I hear a truck pulling into the driveway. Ace is here.

I move to the door and open it for him. The anger in his eyes tells me that he’s not bringing good news. His jaw is set, his nostrils flaring. “You good, brother?”

I nod. Hayley’s close by me, her hand on my back. I reach for her, pulling her into my side. I need her close. This entire situation is beyond fucked up.

“I packed some clothes,” Eda says softly as she hands Hayley a bag. “I wasn’t sure how long you’d be here, but I knew you’d need some essentials. Are you okay?” she asks as she pulls Hayley from my arms and into her own.

“She’s been worried,” Ace clips. “Your woman is her friend, and she’s scared that you goin’ to prison will have Hayley runnin’.”

I sigh. He has no idea how far we’ll be running. “Tell me,” I say through clenched teeth.

“The cops came, searched the clubhouse, wantin’ to talk to you and Hayley. They do have a warrant for your arrest. We told them that we haven’t seen either of you since Hayley was released from hospital. They weren’t happy, but thankfully left.”

Christ, I can’t fucking believe this shit is happening.

“Spoke to that fancy attorney we have,” he begins as Hayley comes to stand beside me. “It’s not lookin’ good, brother. He’s told me that while minimum is three years, havin’ you be part of the Fury Vipers, and as the cunt is a well-liked judge, you’re lookin’ at doin’ the maximum time.”

“Which is?” Hayley asks, her body trembling against mine.

“Fifteen years,” Ace tells us.

Hayley’s legs give out and she drops to the floor, sobbing. I pull her into my arms and hold her tight. “It’s goin’ to be okay,” I promise her.

She shakes her head. “I’m so sorry,” she sobs. “It’s all my fault. I’m so sorry, Judd. I’m ruining your life.”

Fuck. I pull her back and search her face. She actually believes that shit.

“No fuckin’ way. This isn’t your fault. It’s those sick cunts’ for tryin’ to take our daughter.” I press a kiss to her lips, hard and chaste. “You’re not ruinin’ my life, baby. Not even fuckin’ close.”

She closes her eyes and presses against me. “So we go with the plan?” she asks softly.

“Yes, we go with the plan.”

“What’s that?” Ace asks, his eyes narrowed as he takes us in.

“We’re goin’,” I tell him. “We’re packin’ up our shit and goin’ to Ireland.” It may not be what we had wanted, but it’s a life without worry, and that’s the most important thing. “I’m not missin’ out on my daughter growin’ up, and I’m not losin’ my woman. So we’re goin’.”

“Fuck,” he growls. “Fuck. This is shit,” he snarls. “But I agree. It’s the only way. If the tables were turned, I’d be gone too. No fuckin’ way would I spend fifteen years in prison away from my woman and kids.”

“What do you need?” Eda rasps, tears in her eyes. “Whatever it is, we’ll help.”

“I’m gonna need a plane,” I tell her. “Py and Chloe are arrivin’ tomorrow. I want on the plane that’s returnin’ home.”

Ace nods. “Consider it done,” he says. “I’ll speak with Makenna, and we’ll organize everythin’ with Callie so that when you arrive, you’ll have a house and shit.”

Relief washes through me. “Appreciate it, brother,” I say thickly.

“Eva and I will follow with James and Chloe,” Hayley whispers, pain lacing her words. “It gives me time to sort out everything here while Judd focuses on getting our lives ready there.”

I tighten my arms around her. Fuck. It’s going to be fucking torture being away from her, but she’s right. There’s a lot of fucking loose ends to sort out here before she can join me. I also know that she’ll be safe with my brothers, not to mention Pyro will be here and he’ll watch over her while I can’t.

Ace nods. "I'll speak with Makenna, see if we can get Eva set up at a new school."

I wince, unsure if she'll be okay with leaving, but we have no choice. This is the only way we can be together. It's the only fucking option.

"Thank you," Hayley whispers. "I'm so sorry. I never wanted this to happen."

Ace steps forward, his jaw clenched, his fists tight. "This isn't on you, Hayley. Fuck, those cunts are to blame. They're not gettin' away with this."

I smirk. Hell fucking no they won't be getting away with this. The two of them are going to die before my ass is on that plane tomorrow.

"Tomorrow," Eda rasps. "You'll come back to the clubhouse, and we'll announce to everyone that you're leaving. They're not going to be happy. You're both well loved. But everyone is going to understand."

I palm Hayley's nape. She's so fucking tense. I know she's still blaming herself, and that's not fucking happening. I'll make sure she understands.

"I 'preciate you takin' the time lettin' us know. We'll be back at the clubhouse in the mornin'." We're just goin' to have to be careful that we're not followed, nor that there's anyone waiting for us to arrive.

Ace nods. "We'll make sure that you leave without bein' arrested, Wrath. Mark my words, no one is takin' you in." He grins. "Once you're at the clubhouse, there's no fuckin' way those cops are steppin' inside without a warrant."

I smile. I know Ace will do everything he can to ensure he keeps that promise. If they do have a warrant, I'll be gone

without them even knowing.

“Tomorrow, we’ve got shit to do,” he grunts, and Hayley tenses. She knows what’s going to happen. She shouldn’t be surprised. This is who I am and what I do. No one threatens me, my family, or my brothers, and that fucking bastard Judge Temple has done just that. He’ll be dead, as will his fucking wife.

Chapter 17

Hayley

My nerves are shot as we drive toward the clubhouse. Makenna Gallagher-Bianchi has been so sweet. She let us stay at her safe house and loaned us her driver, Mitchell. Eva and Judd are in rapt conversation, but I'm too caught up in my sorrow to listen. Eva's going to be devastated, heartbroken, when Judd leaves us today. Tears fill my eyes, and I try to blink them away. I can't believe this shit is happening. God, I'd do anything to have him stay with us, have him be where he belongs, with his brothers, with me and Eva. We're his family.

Judd's hand slides around my nape. Last night, he didn't sleep. He spent the entire night holding me. It was one of the most restless sleeps I've had. My body wouldn't relax enough to hit that deep sleep. Whenever I woke, he was wide awake and watching me. I hate that he's going through this. That we're all going through this. He doesn't deserve to have his life torn apart because of me.

"It's goin' to be okay, baby," he says so only I can hear him.

We haven't yet told Eva what's happening. Neither of us want to break her heart. It's going to be the hardest thing we've had to do, and I'm dreading it.

I nod. “I’m sorry,” I whisper.

His fingers tighten around my nape, and he presses a kiss against my head. “Told you, Hayley, this isn’t your fault.”

No matter how many times people tell me it’s not, I can’t help but feel the guilt. It’s hitting me hard, and I know that it’s something that will take time to come to terms with—if ever.

“Mommy,” Eva says as she bounces in her seat. “Uncle James is coming today.”

I nod, plastering a smile on my face. “He’ll be so happy to see you, love bug. No doubt he’ll complain about how much you’ve grown.”

She beams. “I’m going to be as tall as Daddy when I’m older.”

I laugh as Judd chuckles. “You can be whatever you want to be, sweetheart,” he says with a big smile.

My heart clenches as I rest against him. The thought of being without him hurts, but I know that I won’t have much time to dwell on it as Eva’s going to need me.

“You ready for this?” Judd asks as the driver enters through the gates of the Vipers compound.

“Ready,” I whisper.

“No matter what,” he says, “it’s goin to be okay. Less than a month and you’ll be with me.”

Once again, I plaster on a fake smile and nod. A month without him is going to be torture. But there’s so much that I have to do here before we can leave. There’s also going to be a lot that Judd needs to do in Ireland to ensure that when we arrive, we can begin our lives.

We climb out of the car and Eva runs toward the clubhouse, no doubt dying to see Ruby and Serafina.

“Trust me,” Judd tells me as he pulls me into his arms. “We’re goin’ to get through this. You’re not to blame, not at fuckin’ all. Do you understand?”

I nod. “I just hate that you’re giving up your life.”

He frames my face. “You and Eva are my fuckin’ life. That cunt isn’t goin’ to stop, baby. He’s goin’ to keep tryin’ to take our daughter.”

I swallow hard, knowing he’s right. “I don’t want you to be in any more trouble.”

He smiles at me. “I’ll do whatever it takes to protect my family, Hayley. Tonight, I’m on a flight out of here and you’ll join me soon. It’s not like we’re not goin’ to talk to one another. It’s goin’ to be shit, but there’s no other option.”

There’s no way we’re going to let him spend the next ten to fifteen years in prison. No freaking way.

“Okay, but we have to find a way to tell Eva. I don’t want to spring it on her just before you leave.”

He nods. “I’ll tell her soon. I’ll explain everythin’ to her.”

“We both will,” I assure him. I’m just scared of her reaction. It’s going to be bad.

He takes my hand and leads me into the clubhouse.

“You good, bro?” Raptor asks, his gaze moving between us both.

Judd nods. “All good,” he says.

Raptor watches for a second before he nods. “Okay, then let’s go tell Py the great news.” He chuckles. “The man’s goin’

to be fuckin' thrilled that he's gettin' two brothers at his back in Ireland. Not to mention his sister and niece. Maybe today will be a good day to explain what's goin' on between y'all."

I sigh. I was so caught up in everything else that I completely forgot that James would need to know about Judd and I. "Let's go do this."

Raptor and I walk ahead of Judd and Shadow. Just in time to hear the conversation between Ace and James. My brother looks over to where we're standing. Chloe's perched in his lap, and she's smiling. She looks happy. I fucking love that for her and for James. They've been through a lot.

"What you wanna tell me?" he asks loudly.

"I'm movin'," Raptor replies with a grin. "You're gonna need a VP."

Effie smiles widely. "The brothers have voted. He's your VP."

Chloe jumps up from James' lap and starts to squeal. She's no doubt happy that James will have his best friend, not to mention that her best friend and Raptor have something between them.

"Oh, and that's not all," I tell him as I wring my hands together. "Me and Eva are coming with. Over the past six weeks, James, we've missed you, and Ireland seems like a great place to raise a child." I lie through my teeth. While yes, Ireland does seem like an amazing place to raise a child, Judd, Eva, and I need to move.

"You sure about this, Hay? I'm only a flight away. It's not like we're never going to see each other," he says, and I see that big brother mode has been activated again.

I move toward him. “Chloe’s the first friend I’ve had in years, James,” I lie. I adore Chloe, and she’s an amazing friend, but that’s not just the reason. “Not to mention, you’re there. I want to have my family where yours is. And from everything Chloe’s said about her family, Eva’s going to have cousins.”

“That she will.” James smirks. “As long as you’re happy, Hay, that’s all I want.”

I plaster on my big bright smile. “I want. I’ve already sorted everything out. We’re flying out with you.”

He pulls me into his arms, and I feel shitty for misleading him. But right now, it’s not the time to tell him everything. That’ll happen later.

“Wrath’s also goin’,” Ace says, and I turn to look at him. He’s grinning. I know he’s happy that Judd and I made the decision to go to Ireland. It means keeping Judd out of prison, and that’s our priority.

“He is?” James asks, sounding a little confused.

“He’s got a couple warrants out for his arrest. He’s leaving tonight,” Ace tells me. “We need him to be gone, otherwise he’s lookin’ at doin’ hard time.”

Guilt eats at me. God, I hate this.

“He’s more than welcome,” James says, and I feel utter relief. “It’s a good start, and he’ll be able to help us recruit more members.”

I step away from my brother and turn to see Judd give him a chin lift, gratitude in his eyes. He turns and walks back into the clubhouse, and I follow him. “Judd,” I whisper.

He pulls me into his arms, his lips pressing against mine. “Love you, baby. Everythin’ is goin’ to be okay.”

I nod. “I love you too, but I’m going to miss you.”

He smiles. “Good, ‘cause, baby, I’m goin’ to miss the fuck out of you.”

I laugh. He has such a way with words. His hands skim along my body. “Eva’s playin’ with Sera and your brother’s preoccupied with catchin’ up with everyone. It’s time to say our private goodbyes.”

I giggle as his lips hit my neck. God, I love this man. “I’m going to need a very long goodbye,” I tell him huskily.

His grin is wide and his eyes bright. “Who am I to deny my wife?” He lifts me into his arms and carries me upstairs. God, this is going to be bittersweet.



“WANNA TELL me what the fuck is goin’ on?” James asks, his voice low but filled with anger.

I sigh, pulling my gaze away from my daughter, who’s clinging to Judd like a vine. We told her after our private goodbye what’s happening, and she lost it. She’s not been able to stop crying. Her heart is completely broken, and she’s been begging Judd not to leave her.

“We need to talk,” I whisper. “Let’s go outside.” There’s a lot that he needs to know, and I don’t want everyone to overhear. “Chloe should probably come too.” I’m not stupid. She’s the only one who can calm my brother down, and he’s going to be pissed. Beyond angry.

I take a seat on the bench and wait for James and Chloe to join me.

“Tell me,” he demands, his eyes narrowed and his jaw clenched.

“Judd and I—”

“Hell fuckin’ no, there is no Wrath and you.”

“Are married,” I snap, beyond annoyed that he cut me off.

Silence spreads between us, and I see that he’s glaring at me. “Wanna repeat that.”

“For five years, Judd and I have been together. I love him, James. More than I could ever say. He’s amazing. I know you’re angry, and I get it, I really do. But this has nothing to do with you. What happened with Carter—” I shake my head as I swallow hard. “It affected me a lot more than I let on. I was so messed up from everything that happened, but I had Eva to focus on and wasn’t able to fully work through it all. But Judd came into my life, and he made me smile. He made me feel like I was a woman and not just a mom.”

“He shouldn’t have touched you,” he snarls.

“I love him,” I tell him. “I love him so much, James, and I know that you’re upset, but I’m asking you to please listen to me. Please let me speak, and please understand what I’m saying.”

Chloe smiles at me as she places her hand gently on James’ arm. Thankfully, the two of them take a seat.

“He was so patient with me. He waited until I had finished college and got my degree. He waited until Eva was ready, and he waited even longer for me to be ready. He loves us, and we love him. He’s ours, James. I’ll do anything for you, you know

that, but Judd..." I shake my head, trying to figure out the words I want to say.

"He's yours," Chloe says softly, her Irish accent light. "He's your everything."

"Yes, he really is. We got married, and he adopted Eva. We're a family, James."

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he asks.

I sigh. "I should have. Judd wanted to, but I wasn't ready. I didn't want you to come between us. I didn't want you to hurt him and try to push him away. I needed to live my life the way I wanted it, and that's with him."

"I always knew there was somethin' between the two of you, but you kept sayin' there wasn't."

"There were no labels. We were just having fun, and somewhere along the way, we fell in love. That's not so bad, is it?"

"No. I'm happy for you, Hails. I really am. But I'm beyond fuckin' pissed that it was kept from me." He runs a hand down his face. "Now tell me what else has happened."

"You know after Carter died, I ran from his parents' house?" I ask, and he nods, his eyes narrowing. "There was something I didn't tell you back then. The Temples wanted to take my baby, so I ran. They found me again not long before I gave birth to Eva and told me they would take her, so I ran again, and put enough space between us that they didn't find me again. Until recently."

"Tell me you're fuckin' jokin' with me?" he snarls. "Those fuckers actually thought you'd give them your baby?"

“Yeah. They were grieving the loss of Carter. But I wouldn’t ever give them my baby. Hell, I wouldn’t give them anyone’s child.”

“You said they found you again,” Chloe says. “What happened?”

“They were angry that Judd had adopted her. They were furious that I let a ‘criminal’” I say, using finger quotations, “around my child. They basically called me a whore and said they’d be bringing me to court if I didn’t give them my daughter. I told them that when everyone found out that I was sixteen when I gave birth to Eva and their son was twenty-seven, they’d be the ones who’d never be allowed to see her,” I pause, knowing that when I tell him, James is going to lose his mind. “Well, Judge Temple didn’t like that, so he put his hands on me.”

“He did fuckin’ what?” James snarls.

I hear footsteps behind me, and I smile. I already know that it’s Judd. He sits beside me, sliding his hand around my waist. “You good, baby?”

I look up at him. “I’m good.”

“You and me,” James begins, pointing at Judd. “We’re goin’ to deal with this shit when we get back to Ireland. Right now, I need to know what that fucker did to her.”

Judd tells him about what happened, and then tells him about what he did and why he’s now basically on the run.

“Tell me that sick fuck is goin’ to die?” James hisses.

“Don’t worry,” Judd growls. “That fucker is dyin’. I’m not leavin’ until he is. I need to know that my woman and kid are safe before I get on that plane.”

James rises to his feet. “I owe you for what you’ve done, brother. We still have the matter of touchin’ her when I told you not to, but that’ll be dealt with. Right now, we need to fuckin’ end that bastard.”

I turn to Chloe as both Judd and James start to talk among themselves about what’s the best way to kill him. “Are you okay?” she asks. “I hate that he hurt you.”

“I’m okay. It could have been worse. Thankfully, it was just a couple of bruises.”

She nods. After going through hell, she knows what I mean. “I’m so happy you’re coming home with us. I know James has missed you.” She glances at the men who are deep in conversation. “I’m surprised he hasn’t punched Wrath.”

I sigh. “I know. It’s going to happen eventually. I just hope he doesn’t do it in front of Eva. My little girl is a daddy’s girl, and Judd is one of her favorite people. She’ll be pissed if she finds out James hurt him.”

Chloe laughs. “It’d serve him right if he did. I don’t understand why he can’t be happy for you both. I think it’s amazing that you found each other. It’s obvious that he loves you. James should be happy.”

“Men,” I say with a shake of my head. “They’re crazy.”

Her laughter is soft and willowy. “But we love them.”

Yes, we do, and I wouldn’t have Judd any other way.

Chapter 18

Wrath

“I’ll see you soon, sweetheart,” I promise Eva. My fucking heart can’t take much more of this. She’s been tearing me apart, pleading with me not to leave her and that she’ll be a good girl.

“Daddy,” she whispers, her lip trembling. “Promise.”

I crouch down and pull her into my arms. “As soon as I arrive in Ireland, I’ll call you and your mom, okay?”

She nods. “Okay.” The tears continue to fall down her face, and I clench my jaw. Nothing guts me quicker than her and her mom’s tears. I can’t fucking deal with them.

I hold her tiny body to mine. “Love you, sweetheart. I promise, it’s not forever. Just a few weeks and you’ll be coming to Ireland with your mom and Uncle Pyro.”

She nods, her tiny hands clinging to my neck. I hear a ragged breath, and I know that Hayley’s about ready to lose her shit too. Fuck, I need to get out of here before I say fuck it and stay. Chloe moves forward and Eva runs into her arms, sobbing against her. My little girl’s body bucks with every sob she makes.

Hayley looks at me, and I know she’s close to the edge. “Baby,” I say hoarsely.

She falls into me, her eyes wide and brimming with tears. “Be safe,” she breathes, trying to stay strong. “I love you, and I’ll see you soon.”

I frame her face, hating that I’m leaving her, but there’s no other choice. I have to. I kiss her, and it’s hard, passionate, and filled with promise. It’s fucking torture pulling away, but I have to. The plane leaves in four hours, and I have something I need to do before I get on it.

“Love you, baby. I’ll call you when I land.”

She bites her lip as she takes a step backward, her beautiful blue eyes filled with tears and pain. I hate that I’m hurting them. That we’re having to separate. But it’s the only choice.

“I’ll see you soon,” she whispers.

Pyro slaps my back. “Come on, brother,” he grunts. “It’s time.”

I nod and turn away, fucking hating that it’s going to be weeks before I see them again, before I can hold my wife again. Fuck.

“They’re safe,” Ace assures me. “Nothin’ will happen to them while they’re here. You have my word.”

I nod as I get into the car. Pyro’s driving, and Ace is in the passenger seat. I grit my teeth as I watch my wife take our daughter into her arms and hold her tight. The sheer pain in her eyes makes my heart fucking crack. Christ, I never thought I could love someone as much as I love her.

I don’t take my eyes off them as Pyro drives out of the clubhouse. It’s only when I lose sight of them that I close my eyes and settle against the headrest, tears burning, my throat lodged with emotion. I’ve never been as gutted as I am right now.

Ace and Pyro are talking about what to do to the judge and his wife when we reach their fucking mansion. No doubt those bastards are going to have security around their home. I'll enjoy taking every fucking one of them out. The pain that I feel at leaving my family is swiftly turning into anger. These fucking cunts are the reason this shit is happening. They're to blame for everything that happened to Hayley. She was supposed to be safe while in their care. Instead, they let that bastard of a son rape her, they punished her if she didn't do as he wanted, and then when that sick fuck died, they wanted to take her kid. Fuck no.

They'll pay dearly for everything they've done to my wife. They're going to be in a world of fucking hurt.

"Wrath," Pyro begins. "You ready for this?"

I don't open my eyes. "If someone made you leave your home, be separated from your woman and child, what would you do?" I ask.

"I'd kill them without a second thought."

"Then you know that I'm more than fuckin' ready." I fucked up by not killing that asshole and his wife when I had the chance. "What happened to their son?" I ask. I know he's dead. Hayley said he died in a fire.

"I killed him," Pyro announces, and I open my eyes. "The day Hayley told me she was pregnant was the day I joined the Vipers. I went to have a talk with Carter Temple, needed to let him know that I'd be watchin' him. I got to his bar later that day and saw him backhand Hayley across the face so hard she fell to the ground. She was fuckin' pregnant with his kid and he put his hands on her."

Fucking bastard. Christ. That sick fuck is lucky he's dead.

“That night, he was fuckin’ Hayley’s best friend at the bar. I was done with the bullshit. No way was I lettin’ this fuck hurt her any longer. I torched his bar with him and that bitch inside. I’m glad I did. It gave Hayley the chance to leave, and she took it with both hands.”

Fuck. He was right to do it. Had he not, fuck knows what would have happened to her. My woman is strong and fucking amazing, but had Carter not died, she’d have no doubt been stuck with him and his abuse.

“What’s the plan for gettin’ past the security?” I ask. “No doubt since we paid these cunts a visit the last time, they’ve upped their security.”

“Don’t worry about that,” Ace chuckles. “Those fuckin’ bastards have decided that while the cops are lookin’ for you, they’d take a fuckin’ vacation to Philly. Makenna’s brother, Finn, has eyes on them.”

Which means little to no security at all. “Good. Those fuckers are goin’ to die.”

“You get the judge,” Pyro growls. “I get his fuckin’ wife.”

I understand why he wants the wife. She was one of the reasons Hayley was abused while in their care. They both deserve to die slowly and painfully. I know that by killing them, Hayley is going to feel guilty. It’s why I didn’t kill them before. I didn’t want her to have that on her conscience. Now though, these fuckers have made her feel as though she’s to blame for what’s going down, when in fact it’s all on them.

“Make it painful,” I say, needing to know the bitch is going to be in a fucking lot of pain when she dies. I want her to plead and beg before she finally succumbs to whatever torture Pyro’s going to give her.

“Oh, you have no worries about that,” he grunts. “She’s goin’ to be in for a world of hurt.”

I nod, satisfied. I need to figure out how I’m going to fucking ruin Judge Temple. His last moments on this earth are going to be the worst he’s ever felt.

It’s another hour before we arrive at the Temple’s vacation home. It’s out of the way, miles away from the nearest town and neighbor. The fucker’s have really downgraded for this one. It’s a small, rustic bungalow, inconspicuous, nothing like their actual mansion in New York.

It doesn’t take us long to make our way into the home. The two of them are tucked up in bed, talking. They haven’t heard or seen us yet as we stand in the doorway of their room. Waiting. I want to see the fear seep into their eyes. I want to see them realize how badly they fucked up.

“Thank you,” Mrs. Temple says to her husband. “I’ve been so worked up with worry. I needed this.”

The fucking bastard smiles at her. He’s got his arm in a sling, his face bandaged, and he looks like death warmed up. The man must be high on fucking drugs with the beating he took, and yet he’s chilling in his bed, acting as though nothing happened.

“I told you it would all be okay, didn’t I. You’re safe here, and the police have told me they’ll call as soon as that monster is arrested.”

“I know,” she replies, her breath a little shaky. “I’m just worried. What if he retaliates? I told you that you shouldn’t have called the police, Harold. You could be in trouble for hurting that whore. We could lose everything.”

“That’s not going to happen. Just trust me,” he says, his voice gentle. He’s trying to calm her down.

“You shouldn’t trust him,” I growl as I step into the room, enjoying the way their eyes widen. “You should have listened to your wife, Harold,” I taunt. “You should have known that if it wasn’t me who got revenge, my brothers would have. You fucked up, and tonight, you’re goin’ to pay for it.”

Mrs. Temple pulls the covers up to her chest and holds them there, her eyes wide with fear.

Pyro chuckles behind me. “Bitch,” he snarls. “No one wants to see your saggy tits.”

Ace chuckles beside me, and I fight to stop mine from spilling out. “He’s right,” Ace begins. “There’s nothin’ we want to see.”

“What the hell are you doing here?” the bastard judge blusters out. “How did you find where we were?”

“Now, now, Harold,” Ace taunts. “Surely you should know by now that we have enough ties to know everything.”

The fucker swallows hard. “What is it that you want?”

My smile is anything but nice. “You and her. Dead.”

His head jerks backward. “No,” he whispers, his voice tortured. “No. I am a judge. You cannot do this.”

My laugh is humorless. “That’s where you’re wrong, asshole. We can do whatever the fuck we like.”

He shakes his head, his eyes wide. “I’m a judge,” he says again.

“That means nothin’,” Ace snaps. “No one gives a fuck if you’re a judge. The only people who give a shit are rich

bastards. You fucked up, Temple. You should have let it alone.”

He swallows hard. “He assaulted a judge.”

“Wrong,” I snap. “I assaulted the man who put his hands on my wife. Any man would do the same.”

The fucker reaches for the phone that’s attached to the wall. I chuckle when he pulls the receiver off the base and his eyes widen as he realizes there’s no dial tone. “What have you done?” he asks, swallowing hard.

Ace steps forward, making room for Pyro to enter. “No one is goin’ to help you motherfuckers. In fact, no one is goin’ to know you’re dead.”

“No one will even care,” Ace adds. “You didn’t tell anyone you were takin’ the weekend away. No one knows where you are.”

The fear that seeps into their eyes gives me little satisfaction. “But we will enjoy every second of tonight.”

“Please,” Mrs. Temple pleads. “Don’t do this. We can talk to the police, tell them we have the wrong person. Please. You don’t have to do this.” Her tears tumble down her face thick and fast.

“No amount of pleadin’ and beggin’ is goin’ to make this go away,” I snarl. “Your husband damn well knew what he was doin’. He wanted me out of the way so you could take my kid. That would have never happened. But there’s no doubt you’d have continued to go after my wife even if I was locked up.”

Pyro nods. “Which is why you’re goin’ to die. You should have left her alone. Let her live her life. You allowed that sick

fuck of a son of yours to hurt her. You would never have gotten Eva.”

“She’s our baby,” the bitch whispers.

Pyro steps forward, edging closer to her. He’s done with this shit, as am I. But Judge Temple is going to be in for a world of hurt. He’s going to watch as his wife dies before I turn on him.

“Eva is not your baby,” Pyro growls. “Never was and never will be.”

He reaches for the bitch, his hands tangling in her hair, and he pulls her from the bed. He slaps a hand over her mouth as she starts to scream.

“Now we have some fun.” Ace grins as I grab a hold of the judge. “It’s time to show these fuckers what happens when you mess with a Viper.”

Chapter 19

Wrath

Pyro and I have the judge and his wife on the kitchen chairs, their hands and ankles tied to the wooden chair, their mouths covered with duct tape.

I slice my knife along the judge's chest, cutting through his pajamas and into his flesh. Blood trickles along the cut and down his body. It's not much, just a small bit, but enough to hurt the fucker.

Mrs. Temple fights against her bindings, her eyes wide as she watches her husband bleed. I don't stop. I continue to slice along his chest, not making the cuts deep enough to be fatal, but they fucking hurt.

"Hmm," I muse, watching the fucker's nostrils flare as he tries to breathe. "Seems as though the knife isn't cutting it. Pardon the pun. I wonder how you are with blunt pain?"

I move away from the chair and grab the hammer Ace found while looking through the house while Py and I got these fuckers tied up. I wield the hammer like a fucking bat and bring it down against his kneecap. His howl is muffled against the duct tape and tears spring to his eyes. Oh, now there's a reaction. He didn't like that. Not one fucking bit.

"My turn," Pyro growls, and I hand him the hammer and stand back. It's time for the judge to watch his wife suffer.

Pyro has no hesitation as he smashes the hammer into her kneecap, just as I did with her husband. She too releases a muffled scream. Her eyes widen, and pain fills them. The judge tenses, his eyes narrowing and his nostrils flaring. He didn't like that.

Over and over again, Pyro uses the hammer and breaks the woman's bones. She's a sobbing mess, her face pale, and she's barely able to breathe. The judge fights against his bindings. We've found the one thing that gets to him. Who'd have thought the man's weakness would have been his woman? Now the fucker knows exactly what I was feeling when I came home to find my woman unconscious due to him.

"You're goin' to die in a world of pain," Pyro snarls as he drops the hammer on the floor with a harsh clatter. "What you did to my sister," he growls, his words filled with anger and hatred. "What you allowed that bastard of a son do to my sister, you'll pay for it, just as he did."

Her eyes widen at his words.

His chuckle is sinister. "That fucker should never have touched Hayley. Had he not, he wouldn't have died. But it was fucking beautiful watching the fear enter his eyes when he realized I had set the fire and there was no escape for him."

The woman's eyes fill with such raw pain, it would gut a better man, someone who'd feel remorse. That man ain't me. This bitch deserves everything she gets. Cunt.

She bucks against her bindings, and the sound that comes from her body is soul wrenching, but there's absolutely no remorse from Pyro and there never will be. These fuckers are getting exactly what the hell they deserve.

“Now you’ll join the sick fuck in Hell.” Pyro grins as he reaches for his knife and slits the bitch’s throat. Her breath catches and her eyes widen more than ever as she struggles to pull in some much-needed oxygen. Blood pours from the open wound in her throat.

The howl that the judge releases can be heard, albeit muffled thanks to the tape that covers his lips.

“This wouldn’t have happened if you weren’t such a fuckin’ cunt,” I hiss at the bastard. “Your son is the catalyst for this. Now you and your wife will burn for it.”

I turn to Pyro and grin. Hmm. Burning would be a fucking great way to make this cunt pay. A great way for him to die like his son did. Pyro knows what I’m feeling and nods. It’s time to play once again.

I twirl my knife, unable to keep the smile off my face. This fucker isn’t going to be able to touch my wife anymore. I thrust my blade into his leg. Ace chuckles as the judge bucks against the chair. “Tetchy fucker, isn’t he?”

I smirk. He fucking really is. “He’s goin’ to enjoy this. He should have listened to his wife. Had he done and not gone to the cops, the bitch wouldn’t be dead right now.” I lean in closer to him. “Look at her,” I snarl as I twist his head to face his wife. “That’s on you. Did she beg you? Hmm? Plead with you not to go to the cops?”

His eyes close, giving me the answer I need. “She did, and you didn’t listen to her.” I tut. “Stupid man. Now look at her, dead because her husband is a fuckin’ bastard.”

I thrust my knife into his side, knowing I’ve caused enough damage to make him die. It’ll be painful and slow, but the fucker isn’t going anywhere.

“Let’s torch this place,” I tell Py, and he nods.

He doesn’t miss a beat. He sets about making sure the place burns to ashes while Ace and I unbind the two fucking assholes. If and when the cops come, we want to make sure that it looks as though there was a fire and they died in their sleep. Having them tied to chairs isn’t going to give that illusion.

Thankfully, with our club being so closely aligned with the Irish—who have the cops here in Philly in their back pockets—we will be able to have the investigation put to bed easily.

“Ready?” Pyro asks, his eyes alight with happiness. This is what he lives for. The man loves making things burn. It’s why he’s called Pyro.

The moment we step outside, the house immediately goes up in flames. Hell, there’s absolutely no fucking way anyone would survive that. It was instantaneous, like the entire house combusted in a ball of flame. The heat of the fire licks against my skin, and I take a few steps backward.

“They’re gone,” Ace says with a glint in his eyes. “I’ll speak with Makenna, make sure that she lets Finn know it would be beneficial for the cops to believe the fuckers had some faulty wiring. Considering the house is fuckin’ old as dirt, it makes sense.”

“Hell, with how old this house is, I doubt the electricians have been updated to code,” I grunt as we move back toward the vehicle. “No one is goin’ to question that shit.”

Pyro nods as we climb into the truck. “With that cunt not tellin’ anyone where they’re goin’, and with the house bein’ purchased under a false identity, there’s no way they’ll figure

out who's burned in the house, and when or if they do, Wrath, Hayley, and Eva will be in Ireland, well away from the cops."

That's the main thing. As long as my family is out of harm's way, I couldn't give a fuck what the cops think or anyone else.

"It's time for you to catch that flight," Ace tells me. "It's a little bit away from here, but it's on a private airfield. No one has to know you're on that flight, especially as it was the flight Py and Chloe were on. We have you covered, brother," he says.

"Appreciate it, brother," I say low. The gratitude I feel is overwhelming.

I live and die by my club. I'll do whatever it takes to protect them, and they'll do the same for me. It's fucking shit that I'm having to flee the country so my ass isn't away from my family and club for fifteen fucking years.

The drive to the airfield isn't as anger-filled as the drive to the Temple's house. Both Pyro and I are feeling the relief that no one else can harm Hayley and Eva. As much as I'd die for my club, I'd do a fuck of a lot more for Hayley and Eva.

Ace gets a call, his body tense and his words clipped. "I'll be back soon. Once I am, we'll find out where the fuck that bastard is." He ends the call and turns to me. "That was Mayhem. Serenity's still in hospital, but she's spoken to Octavia. Her ex owes people money and they're no longer waitin' around for it. They made their statement and did so with Serenity."

Fuck. Serenity is Octavia's younger sister. Octavia got a call today that her sister was hurt. She and Shadow went to the

house and found her beaten. My brothers are going to fucking kill the fuckers who put their hands on her.

“How’s Shadow takin’ it?” The man has been in love with Serenity for the past five years or so. But he fucked up. Instead of doing as I did, waiting around and letting the relationship grow, he fled, not wanting more than one night with her.

“From what May’s said, Shadow’s not willin’ to leave her side.”

I nod, glad that he’s fucking realized what she means to him. I just hope he remembers that and doesn’t fuck up again. There’s one thing about those Michaels sisters. They’re sweet as pie, but you fuck them over and good luck trying to get in their good graces.

“Serenity okay?” I question.

“She’ll be fine. She has a broken wrist and some bruising, but she’s goin’ to be okay,” he sighs.

The anger in his voice is palpable. We’re fucking sick of cunts coming after those who belong to us. The motherfuckers that have harmed our family—our women—they need to be taught a lesson, and there’s no doubt in my mind that once Shadow, Mayhem, and Digger find out who the fuck put hands on Serenity, they’ll be in for a world of hurt.

The plane is sitting on the tarmac, waiting for me to board. My gut is heavy as I take a step away from the truck. Fuck, I hate that I’m leaving my woman and kid behind, but it’s the only choice I have.

“Yo, Wrath,” Pyro says. I turn around and face him. There’s a glint in his eyes, and I steel myself, knowing what’s coming. He pulls his arm back, fist balled, and let’s it fly. The fucker clips my jaw, and I jerk sideways, but I don’t go down.

I right myself and work out my jaw. “Fuck,” I hiss.

“That was for goin’ against me and touchin’ my sister.” He steps forward and pulls me into a side hug, his arm slapping against my back. “And this is for protectin’ and lovin’ her. Honest to God, brother, couldn’t have asked for anyone better for her. She’s safe with me.”

I nod. “I know that.” It’s the only reason why I’m leaving without her. “Keep an eye on her. I’ll see you soon.”

I say my goodbyes and climb onboard the plane. My gut is heavy, my chest aching, but I push through it all, knowing that in just a few weeks, everything will be okay. I settle into the seat as the door closes, and within minutes, we’re taking off.

Here’s to a new beginning.

Chapter 20

Hayley

THREE WEEKS LATER

“**Y**ou good, baby?” Judd asks, his words soft and filled with heat. I love the possessive look on his face that he gets whenever he sees me.

It’s been a hell of a three weeks. Eva’s still heartbroken that Judd’s gone and is hardly speaking to anyone. Thankfully, Judd calls her every day to catch up with her, and I love that he does. I know it means so much to her, and it does to him too. I hate being away from him. It’s hard, especially when I can see how it’s affecting him. He’s lost the light in his eyes, the playfulness they had. Instead, they’re empty.

“I’m good,” I tell him with a soft smile. “How about you? Have you settled in over there yet?” It’s one of my biggest worries, that he’ll hate it and be miserable.

His grin sends butterflies swarming in my stomach. “Yeah, baby, I have. I’ve spoken with Denis, and he’s helped me find a good school for Eva, one that I think she’ll love. I also found a home for us too.”

I melt at his words. He does seem a little lighter today. “That’s great. I can’t wait to see it.” Just one more week. That’s all we have until we can be with him. I’m counting down the days until it happens.

“You alone?” he asks thickly.

I swallow hard, knowing what's going to happen next. "Yes," I reply huskily. "Today's Serenity's exhibition and the ladies and some of the brothers have gone to support her. Eva's fast asleep in Ruby's room. The two of them are inseparable these days. James and Chloe are elsewhere."

His grin widens. "Good, then move the computer and get into position."

I do as he says, placing the laptop up onto the table I have at the end of the bed. I lie back so he can see me. Thankfully, I have my earbuds in so no one can hear what he's saying.

"That's my good girl," he praises, his voice thick and gravelly. "Now, show me that pretty pussy, Hayley."

I run my hand along my silky nightie and do as he wants, skimming along the softness of the silk and down toward my thighs. "Judd," I whimper when I see him free his cock.

Even though it's been three weeks, we're as close as ever. Judd makes sure that we continue our sexual as well as our emotional connection. I can't deny that I love watching him come. I love the way he gets that dark, sexy look in his eyes. The way his chest heaves as he watches me.

"That's it, baby. Now I've said it once already, show me that pretty pussy."

I open my thighs wider, letting him get a good view. I'm unable to take my gaze from the screen. His hand is wrapped around the base of his cock, his eyes dark with lust as he watches me run my finger along my wet folds. I bite my lip as he begins to jerk off. The sound of him moving his hands is an erotic one, and I can't help but moan. God, I love when he loses himself to the passion. It only intensifies my own.

“Good girl. Now play with that pussy and make yourself come.”

My pulse races as I begin to play. I’m soaking wet. I can’t hold back the moan that releases from my lips. I wish he was here. I wish it was him who was touching me, but until I’m back with him, this is what we do.

My back arches when my finger hits my clit. God, I’m so turned on right now. I keep my eyes on Judd. His chest is heaving, his eyes focused on me. He’s watching me with hooded eyes, his hand moving faster and faster, up and down along his thick shaft.

I moan low in the back of my throat as I continue to play with my clit, my other hand running over my silk-clad body, trailing up my stomach, toward my breasts. I pull at my taut nipple, loving the way pleasure spikes through me. “Judd,” I whimper, my breath wispy.

“Right here, baby,” he growls. “Slide those fingers into that pussy. Show me how wet you are for me.”

I swallow back my moan as I push a finger inside of my pussy, and then another one. I do as he instructs and show him just how wet I am, just how turned on I am.

“Good girl,” he growls. “Look at how fuckin’ soaked you are. Hmm. Bet you’re wishin’ it was my cock that was inside of you, huh?”

I nod. “Yes,” I cry as I start to thrust my fingers inside of my pussy, pushing my pleasure higher and higher. “God, Judd, I need you.”

“I need you too, baby. Just a little while longer and then you’re mine.”

I pull at my nipple, my breathing becoming ragged as I push my fingers deeper into my pussy. I can't stop the orgasm from hitting me. I detonate, Judd's name spilling from my lips as my orgasm washes over me, my entire body shaking with the aftermath. I'm spent, completely sated.

"Keep goin'," he growls, his words like fire, sending heat over my body. I pull at my nipple once again, my fingers thrusting into my pussy, but it's too much. I can't continue to do this. The aftermath of my orgasm is making my pussy spasm around my fingers. There's no way I can continue.

"Judd, please," I moan. "I need you to come. My pussy is too sensitive."

I watch with fascination as his face tenses. His hand tightens on his cock and his breathing turns rapid, his chest heaving with each breath he takes.

"Fuck," he snarls as he comes, spurting cum onto his toned stomach.

I lie on my bed, panting, unable to form a coherent thought. "God, Judd, I can't wait to see you."

He growls. "Fuck, the moment you're here, I'm fuckin' you until you're unable to walk. Fuck that, your ass isn't out of bed for at least a week."

I laugh. God, I want that too. "You mean after Eva goes to bed. I'm sorry, honey, but the moment Eva sees you, I doubt she's going to let you out of her sight."

His grin is perfect, so bright and filled with happiness. "You good now, baby?" he questions. "You don't look as worried."

I roll my eyes. I should have known that he would see that I wasn't myself. "I promise I'm good. But you need to get

some sleep, honey. It's late there."

Every morning for the past week, I've been throwing up. I have a feeling as to why, but I'm too scared to find out. I'll be devastated if I'm wrong.

He shrugs. "Do I give a fuck? I'll always wait until I've spoken to you."

I love that he does. He's always the last person I speak to in the day and the very first person I talk to in the morning. It's the only way I'd have it. "Okay," I reply softly. "But it's time for you to go to sleep. I'll call you in the morning."

He winks at me. "Okay, baby. Sweet dreams. I love you."

I scoot toward the laptop, my heart clenching. This is the worst part of the day. Having to say goodbye and go to sleep without him.

"Love you, Judd," I press a kiss to my fingers and then touch the screen.

"Always, baby," he grunts. "Speak to you in the mornin'."

The call ends and the tears begin to fall. Just one week. That's all we have left. I can survive a week. We've already done three. One more will be a cake walk.



A WARM WASHCLOTH hits my nape and I groan at the feeling of it. "Thank you," I croak, praying I don't throw up again. I can't deal with it anymore.

"Are you okay?" Eda's raspy voice asks. "This has been going on for a while."

I lean back against the wall and breathe through my nose. “I’m okay now. Thankfully, it seems to pass pretty quickly.”

She beams at me. “Have you taken a test yet?”

I shake my head. Being pregnant is something I have wanted since Judd and I finally sorted our shit out. When I missed my period, I got my hopes up. I knew it was early, but I still thought it could happen. I was devastated when the test was negative.

“Come on, Hails,” she whispers. “I’ll be here to hold your hand. Don’t worry about Eva. Octavia has her. She’s eating breakfast.”

I nod, grateful that she’s being taken care of. “Okay. I bought some the other day.”

She grins. “I’ll wait in your room. You’re not alone. No matter what, you’ll always have me.”

She leaves the bathroom and I go about my business, my nerves completely shot. I’m terrified that it won’t happen for us, that maybe Eva’s the only child we can have. I’d be devastated, but I’ll also count my blessings as I know how difficult it is for other women to get pregnant. Some go through so much to achieve their dreams, while many don’t have that option.

Once I finish, I wash my hands and wait. My heart racing, my hands shaking, I open the bathroom door and go and sit with Eda.

“Are you okay?” she asks, reaching for my hand and holding tight. “I’m going to miss you when you’re gone, but it gives me an excuse to visit Ireland. You’re not getting away from me that easily.”

I smile at her. “That’s good. It’s been a long time since I’ve had friends. I was so focused on Eva that I didn’t forge any friendships.”

She laughs. “Judd was sneaky as hell with you. The man knew what he wanted, and he was willing to wait for it. I like that for you.”

“He’s amazing. We’re both lucky. I couldn’t imagine being with anyone else. He’s my perfect man.”

She beams. “Tobias is mine. We were rocky for a patch, but honestly, I wouldn’t have anyone else.” She slowly gets to her feet, not letting go of my hand. “Are you ready for this?”

I nod. “Ready,” I whisper. But I’m not. I’m nowhere near it. I’m so damn nervous that I can barely breathe.

She keeps a hold of my hand, and we walk into the bathroom. The test is sitting on the counter along with four others. I hear her husky laugh. “One wasn’t enough?”

I shake my head. “No,” I croak. “God, why am I so nervous?”

“Because you want this, and you want it so badly. Take a deep breath, Hails, then let it out.” I do as she says, not just stopping at one breath but multiple. “Now look at the tests,” she whispers.

I turn my gaze to the counter, where the five tests sit, and my legs buckle when I see the results. Tears stream down my face as my body begins to shake.

“Oh, Haley,” Eda whispers. “Girl.” She pulls me into her arms and holds me tight.

I look up at her, tears soaking my face. “I’m having a baby,” I cry.

Her eyes are wet too but she's wearing a bright smile. "I'm so happy for you. God, Hayley, I'm so damn happy for you."

We both sob as we embrace. "Judd is going to be so happy." He'll also be pissed that he wasn't here to find out, but I can't wait to tell him. I know he'll be over the moon.

"Wait until Eva finds out. That little girl is going to be ecstatic. She's going to be an amazing sister."

We spend the next twenty minutes or so trying to come up with ways to tell both Judd and Eva about the pregnancy. But everything we come up with doesn't seem right. I guess I'll know what to do when I see him.

"Let's go get you something to eat," Eda says as she helps me to my feet. "You're going to need to keep your strength up."

Walking into the kitchen, I see Eva helping Ace feed the twins. Seeing my daughter so happy with the boys makes my heart melt. Eda's right, she's going to be an amazing sister.

I'm so damn lucky. I have an amazing family, amazing friends, and I couldn't be more loved. If anyone told me at the age of sixteen that this is where my life would lead, I'd have laughed in their face and called them delusional.

I really lucked out and found my family. Soon, I'll be where I belong: with the man who is my home.

Chapter 21

Wrath

“**W**rath,” Denis Gallagher says as I walk toward him. He’s got a wide smile on his face.

The man called me an hour ago, wanting to meet. I didn’t know much about the man before I moved here. The little I did know, I liked. He’s a family man and would do anything to protect his kids and his wife. He flew to Chicago when his daughter Chloe was taken, and there was no way he was leaving without her. He’d have burned down the city if he didn’t find her. Of course, Pyro would have been right at his side.

“Denis,” I greet with a nod.

“Good news for you,” he tells me as he hands me an envelope. “This contains yours, Hayley’s, and Eva’s documentation. All three of you are now citizens of Ireland.”

Christ. That was fucking quick. The man has contacts everywhere. I don’t know how he managed it, but fuck, it’s great that he did. “Preciate it,” I say thickly.

He shakes his head. “Ye were there for Chloe. That’s something I’ll never forget. Any way that me and my family can help, you just have to ask.”

It's a testament to the loyalty my brothers have instilled with the Gallagher's. Kinsley and Makenna have been best friends since they were kids. The alliance between the Fury Vipers and the Gallagher's has grown stronger as the years have gone on.

"Also," he begins. "The plans for the custom ride shop have been approved. The building can begin first thing Monday morning."

I grin. "You work fast. Gotta say, man, you work in miracles or somethin'?"

He chuckles. "No, but my wife sure as fuck does. Callie and I are indebted to the Vipers. Not to mention, helping you set it all up means my daughter stays here in Ireland."

I can't fault him for that. If it were me and Eva, I'd want the same. It's fucking shit thinking that your daughter will be living halfway across the world.

"Now, one last thing before I let you get ready for welcoming home your family," he says, and I'm all ears. I owe the man a fucking lot. I understand why he's helping us, and while I appreciate that he thinks he needs to repay us for helping find Chloe, he's mistaken. She's Pyro's, which makes her ours. We'll go to fucking war if it means protecting one of our own.

"Your wife is an accountant, right?" he asks, and I nod. "Callie has been looking for a new accountant, someone she can trust and someone she can rely on. It'll keep Hayley busy, between the Fury Vipers, the Devil Falcons MC, along with Callie's and her father's business." The Devil Falcons MC is a motorcycle club here in Dublin. Callie Gallagher's uncle is the president, and he's been a huge help in getting the Dublin chapter of the Fury Vipers set up.

I can't keep the smirk off my face. Hayley will be fucking stoked to know she'll have clients when she gets here. She was worried, unsure if she'd be able to work using her degree or if she'd have to get a job in a bar. We spoke about her not having to work, but she didn't want to hear it. She needs to work, and I get that, respect that even, but she also knows that she doesn't have to if she doesn't want to.

"I'll let her know," I tell Denis. "No doubt she'll be bouncin' around the room with joy when I do. I'll let you know what she says."

He nods as I shake his hand. "Enjoy the reunion," he says with a grin.

I shake my head and chuckle. There's absolutely no fucking doubt in my mind that I'm going to enjoy having Hayley in my arms again.

"See you around, Denis," I say as I turn on my heel and walk away, unable to stop grinning. Fuck, coming to Ireland wasn't something I wanted, but something I had to do, and it could end up being one of the best decisions of my life.



"DADDY," Eva says, her arms tight around my neck. She's been glued to my side since she and her mom arrived today. It's as though she'll blink, and I'll be gone. "You promise you're not leaving again?"

I nod. "I promise, sweetheart. We're stayin' here, Eva. This is our home now and we're not leavin'."

She beams at me, her arms tightening. "We get to see Uncle James more too?"

“Yep. He’s excited,” I tell her, having already spoken to him today. The man is ecstatic that Hayley and Eva are here in Ireland. He’s got his family around him, and that’s all he’s ever wanted. They all arrived earlier today. We spent the morning with the Gallagher’s as Callie wanted to catch up with her daughter and meet Hayley and Eva. “He and Chloe love havin’ you around. It means you have even more people to spoil you.”

An evil chuckle escapes her. “Don’t tell Mommy, okay?” she whispers. “But Uncle Ace gave me a hundred dollars. He told me to buy some toys. Uncle Mayhem, Uncle Digger, and Uncle Stag gave me an envelope and told me not to open it until I got home. They said that everyone chipped in.”

I shake my head. Christ, if Ace has given her a hundred bucks, what the fuck have the others done? “Did you thank them all?”

She nods. “I did, and Aunty Eda told me that she’ll be coming to visit soon.”

That doesn’t surprise me. Andromeda and Hayley grew close.

“Let’s get you tucked up in bed,” I tell her as I walk into her room. She’s still wrapped around me like a python. “Tomorrow mornin’, I’m makin’ chocolate chip pancakes.”

Her eyes widen and she smiles. “Okay, Daddy,” she says with a yawn as I tuck her into bed. “I’ll see you in the morning.”

I press a kiss against her head. “Night, sweetheart. Sweet dreams.”

The poor kid is fast asleep before I even leave the room. How she manages to fall asleep that quickly is beyond me, but

she must have been wrecked.

I close her bedroom door and move through the house, my footsteps heavy and purposeful. I want my wife. She stayed back while Eva needed reassurances that I wasn't going anywhere, but now that our daughter is in bed, I'm in need of my wife.

I enter our bedroom and find her standing by the bed, her blue eyes focused on me, that sweet fucking smile on her face. Christ, she's so fucking beautiful, it's hard to breathe.

She glances up at me through her lashes, her breathing deepening as she wraps her hand around my thick cock. "I've missed you so much," she confesses.

"You've no fuckin' idea just how crazy I've been without you, baby. I'm not lettin' you go again. I don't give a fuck. Your ass is with me, always."

She laughs. "I'm totally okay with that." She steps forward and reaches for my zipper. My cock, thicker than ever, springs free. "I hated being apart," she tells me as she wraps her hand around the base of my cock.

I look down at the woman who owns my heart. Fuck, she's so damn beautiful. So fucking perfect and all mine.

Our lips touch as she pumps me in her hand softly, and I deepen the kiss, needing to taste her again. It's hard, passionate, and frenzied. Christ, it's as though the moment we touched, we lost our damn minds. I pull at her dress, ripping it from the seams. I need to touch her, see her, fuck her.

She reaches for the hem of my tee. I stand back and strip, knowing that if she touches me any more, I'm going to lose control, and right now, I need every fucking ounce of restraint that I have.

“Strip,” I growl, unable to take my eyes off her. She’s standing in her matching red lace bra and panties. They’re sexy as fuck, but I don’t have the patience to appreciate them right now.

She reaches behind her and unclasps her bra. It falls to the floor, and she has that sexy as sin smile once again. She’s going to be the fucking death of me, but I don’t give a fuck. It’ll be the best way to go. Her smile doesn’t fade. In fact, it intensifies as she shimmies out of her panties.

“Fuck,” I snarl as she moves forward and takes my cock into her hand once more. This time, her grip is tighter, her movements hard and fast. “Baby,” I groan. “I want to fuck you.”

“Mmmm,” she moans as I thrust into her hand. “I need you,” she whines.

I slam my lips against hers once again, and she whimpers against my mouth as I lift her off the ground. Her legs wrap around my waist, and I line my cock up against her entrance, the heat of her pussy calling me.

“Please,” she cries as she winds her hands around my neck and slides her fingers into my hair. I spin us around and press her back against the door, then drop her onto my cock. I groan long and hard as her snug, wet pussy engulfs me.

“Ugh,” she cries out. “God, so full,” she whimpers as I begin to move, thrusting in and out of her with slow, torturous strokes. I’ve fucking missed this. Christ, there’s nothing better than being inside of her.

“So fucking good,” I snarl, my hands tightening on her ass, my fingers clenching around her phenomenal ass cheeks.

“Yes,” she hisses as I hit deep within her pussy.

“Fuck,” I groan as her pussy walls tighten around my cock. Christ, it’s been too fucking long without being inside of her. Jerking myself off was never enough. I missed her, missed her pussy, and fucking missed her taste.

I grit my teeth and hammer into her, her body sliding down on my cock with every stroke. “Yes,” she pants. “Right there,” she cries, and I know that she’s close to the edge.

I pound into her, harder and faster, needing to feel her as she comes. There’s nothing in this world that’s better than having her come over my cock. The way her pussy contracts and her body arches, it’s sheer fucking heaven. The look in my wife’s eyes as she comes is without a doubt the most beautiful sight in this world.

My cock impossibly thickens once again, and Hayley continues to bounce on it. My back straightens, my spine tingles, and I know there’s no holding it off. I’m about to fucking erupt.

“Come for me, baby. Let me feel you flood my cock.”

“Oh,” she whimpers. “Judd, please, I’m so close.”

I can’t hold back any longer. I grip her ass tighter and pound into her, my restraint long gone. My fingers bite into her ass cheeks so hard, I know that tomorrow morning, she’ll be wearing my mark because of them.

“Yes,” she cries as she detonates around my cock, her pussy squeezing me. I drive into her tight, wet heat. Fuck, I can’t hold back any longer, her pussy is fucking milking me dry.

“Fuckin’ love you,” I growl as I bury myself to the hilt and unload stream after stream of cum inside of her. My balls are

completely empty, and I'm spent. I slide to the ground with her still wrapped around me and hold her tight.

"When I can feel my legs, I'll take you again in a bed," I tell her as I press a kiss to her lips.

"I'm going to need more recovery time," she whispers, her eyes soft and her lips pulled into a smile. "Your baby is kicking my ass, and I need sleep."

I still at her words. Holy fuck. Did she just say what I think she did? "Baby," I say hoarsely. "Wanna repeat that? I think I misheard you."

She shakes her head, tears pooling in her eyes. "I'm pregnant, Judd. We're having a baby."

I press my face into the crook of her neck and breathe. Fuck, she's having my baby. It takes a few moments before I'm able to speak. I lift my head and look at the woman I love more than life. So fucking precious. "I fuckin' love you, Hayley. You've made me the happiest man in the fuckin' world."

She sobs, her tears streaming down her face. "I love you too, Judd. Thank you for giving me a family."

She needs to cut that shit out. She has no idea that she's the one who gave me everything I ever needed. I get to my feet, my cock still inside of her sweet pussy, and walk us to the bed. "You need sleep," I tell her as I lie her down on the mattress, climbing in beside her.

She instantly climbs onto me, lying against me, front to front, my cock nudging at her entrance. I'm thick and hard, ready to go again, but I'm not going to take her again. No fucking way. She needs to recover and she needs sleep.

She sinks down onto my cock, her pussy wrapped snugly around it. “Are you comfortable?” she asks softly, her voice sleepy, her head resting against my shoulder.

I swallow hard. “Yeah, baby,” I reply. Having my cock buried inside of her while we sleep is something I’m going to do more of. Christ, I’m looking forward to waking up and fucking her.

“Love you,” she whispers, her body sinking into mine as sleep comes for her.

I tighten my arms around her and hold her. Never have I felt as complete as I do right at this moment. Hayley has given me everything I could have ever asked for and so fucking much more.

We may not have wanted our lives to end up here in Ireland, but I have a feeling it’s going to be the best decision we ever made.

I’m going to be a dad again.

Fuck. I’ve never been happier.

Chapter 22

Hayley

EIGHT MONTHS LATER

“Hey girl, how are you?” I ask Eda as I sit on the couch, rubbing my stomach as a contraction hits me once again.

I think I’m in labor, but the contractions aren’t close enough together for me to worry just yet. I know that when I tell Judd I’m having contractions, he’ll lose his mind, shove me into the car, and then drive me to the hospital. I’m nowhere near ready for active labor, and I’d rather not be in hospital when I can manage okay for now.

“I’m good, Hails. How are you?”

“Okay. Judd has taken Eva to Callie and Denis’ house. She’s having a sleepover with Fiadh.” Callie and Denis have been such an amazing support to have. I’m not sure where we would be without them. Not only am I doing the books for Callie’s businesses, I’m also doing them for her dad, her uncle, and of course the Vipers. They asked if I’d do Denis’, but Judd said no. He wanted me to stay clean, and he wasn’t sure if working for Denis would keep me so. Everyone understood and is happy with how it’s panned out. I’m busy but I love it.

“Do you remember when Preacher got shot?” Eda says. Her raspy voice is so good to hear. We have a catch-up call

once a week, even though we message every day. It's good to speak to her and hear her voice.

"Yes, how is he?" Everyone was worried about him when it happened, but Preacher is Preach. He brushes everything off as quickly as he can. "How's Tyson?"

His son was born addicted to drugs due to the mother's recreational use while pregnant. Thankfully, the doctors and nurses were able to wean him off it and there haven't been any other side effects from Pepper's drug use.

"Preacher recovered well and just like all the other brothers played it off as though it was nothing more than a scratch," she says with a sigh. Everyone knows it was a hell of a lot more than that. If the bullet had been an inch to the right, the man wouldn't have survived.

"Tyson is a fighter. He's amazing, and everyone loves the little guy."

I smile, glad that they're both doing okay. It was a traumatic time in Preacher's life when Tyson was born, and I doubt it's something that'll leave him. "Aww, I have no doubt that they do. If he's anything like his father, he'll be loved."

Silence spreads between us at my words. "Have I missed something?" I ask her, utterly confused by her not speaking.

"When Preacher was shot, Effie found out his blood type, and it turns out there's no possible way for him to be Tyson's father."

I pull in a shaky breath. "No," I gasp, horrified. I know how much Preacher loves that kid. Tears spring to my eyes. "Please tell me it was a mistake and that he really is Tyson's father?"

“I’m sorry, Hails, but Preacher got a DNA test, and unfortunately it’s true. Preach isn’t his father.”

Tears tumble down my face. I can’t believe this is happening.

“Why did that bitch lie?” I breathe, my anger hitting me full force. How could someone do that to another person? Why would a woman let a man believe he’s their baby’s father, let them fall in love with the child, only for it not to be theirs?

“We don’t know. Pepper is dead, so we’ll never know for certain, but Ace believes it’s because she wanted to be an old lady and thought Preacher would be the one to make her one. But everyone hated her for her actions. God, I wish she were alive so I could kill her myself.”

I pull in a ragged breath. “Tell me about it.”

I hear a car approaching just as another contraction hits me. “I’ll call you back. I think Judd’s returned home.”

“No worries. I need to feed Megan anyway,” she tells me. “Ace is busy with the twins.”

“Okay, Eda, I’ll talk to you soon. Give Megan a kiss from me.” Eda gave birth to their daughter a few weeks ago. I couldn’t be happier for my friend, but I’m dying to meet the little girl.

I waddle toward the door and open it, shocked when I see it’s a taxi that’s pulled up out front. My brows knit together as I wait to find out who it is.

My breath leaves me when I see the tall, dark-haired man give me a grim smile. “Hey, Hails. How you doin’?” he asks, his eyes no longer filled with happiness and fun. They’re dead, not an ounce of emotion inside of them.

“Preach,” I whisper as I step toward him. I can’t hold back the emotion as I embrace him. “Not that I’m not happy to see you, but what are you doing here?”

He holds me in his arms. “Can’t stay there any longer, girl. I needed to get away.”

I don’t blame him. God, I can’t imagine the pain he must be going through. “Well, I’m glad you’re here. I know that Judd and James will be too. Any word when Raptor will be here?”

His eyes narrow as I reach for the door, just as another contraction rips through me. “You alright?”

I nod. “Yeah. So when’s Raptor coming?” I ask, hoping that the sadness in his eyes will fade.

“Next week. He’s dealin’ with something for me.”

I nod. “Well, I’m glad you’re here.” I take a deep breath. “I’m really sorry about Tyson. Are you okay?”

His jaw tightens. “Thanks, girl, but don’t wanna talk about it.”

“I understand that. Now come on in and find a room. There are loads to choose from.” I walk ahead of him, but once again, I have to reach out as a contraction hits me. God, they’re getting closer.

“Hayley, what’s goin’ on?”

I wave him away. “I’m fine. Go, get a room. We’ll catch up once you’ve settled in.”

His eyes narrow but he nods. I smile at him, grateful when he walks toward the stairs. I feel bad that I can’t give him a tour, but if I were to walk up those stairs, I’d probably fall down them. I take a seat and breathe.

Ten minutes later, Preacher is standing in front of me, his eyes focused on me. He's got a furrow between his brows. "You ain't alright," he growls. "What the fuck is goin' on?"

I reach for him, my hand tightening around his as the biggest contraction yet hits me. "I'm in labor," I cry.

"Christ," he growls. "Where's Wrath?"

"With Eva," I tell him as he helps me to my feet. "He'll be back soon."

He shakes his head. "You're not gonna last that long," he grunts. "Where are your car keys?"

My mouth opens and I shake my head. "Hell no. They don't drive on the correct side of the road here, Preach."

He chuckles. "I know that, Hayley, but your ass needs to get to a hospital or you're gonna end up giving birth here in the clubhouse."

Once again, I cry out as a contraction hits me. He doesn't wait for me to answer him. He moves toward where my cell is on the table. It's with my purse. He digs through it and finds the car keys. Within seconds, I'm in his arms and he's striding out of the clubhouse.

"Preacher, I'm going to hurt you," I whisper, horrified that I'm heavy. I've gained at least thirty pounds during this pregnancy.

"Not gonna happen. Relax, you're safe with me."

He helps me into the car, and I set the navigation for the hospital while he calls Judd. He tells him that we'll meet him at the hospital, and to calm down. I can hear Judd yelling, and I know he's losing his mind because he's not here with me.

“Please,” I plead with Preach ten minutes later as the contractions continue to roll through me. “Talk to me,” I whimper. “It’ll take my mind off it.”

He nods. “I’m not here for a visit,” he says, his voice hard. “I’m movin’ here.”

I can’t blame him. If it were me this happened to, I’d be devastated. “Preach,” I whisper, my heart hurting for him.

“Tyson’s not mine. Every brother got tested to see who’s it is.”

“Oh, Preacher,” I say, knowing that one of his brother’s is the father. I can tell by the way his hands have tightened on the steering wheel, and the way his eyes have narrowed and filled with pain.

“Reaper’s the father. That bitch knew all along that it wasn’t mine. She was pregnant when she fucked me and she damn well knew it,” he says through clenched teeth. “She fuckin’ played everyone.”

I lay a hand on his arm. “I’m so sorry. I wish there was something I could do to ease your pain.” I bite down on my lip as another contraction hits me.

He shakes his head. “When I got the results that he wasn’t mine, I was gutted,” he confesses. “When that test came back sayin’ it was Reaper’s, I swear, I had Tyson’s bag packed and was gonna run. But how can I take my boy away from the man who saved me from doin’ life?” he asks, his voice low and filled with pain.

I swallow back a sob. I would have done that. There’s no way I would have stayed. I couldn’t.

“But he’s my brother,” he growls. “What the fuck was I supposed to do? I couldn’t run with his kid.”

I don't speak. There's absolutely nothing that I can say right now. I fucking hate that he's going through this. I can't imagine losing my child. It's the most horrendous pain anyone could go through. I despise Pepper, and I wish she were alive so that she could go through pain just so that she'd know an ounce of what Preacher's going through.

"I'm glad you're here," I tell him as we reach the hospital. "It's the worst reason in the world for you to be, but I'm glad you came to us."

He nods. "A nomad life ain't the easiest, Hayley. I was close to it, but Raptor and Ace talked me round."

He helps me out of the car and into the hospital, where Judd and James are already waiting. The men embrace just as a contraction hits me. I grip both James and Judd's hands, squeezing just a little too hard, and the two of them curse.

"Someone fuckin' help her," Judd snarls. "Christ, she's in pain."

The nurse comes forward with a wheelchair and Judd helps me into it. I look back as I'm being wheeled away from my brother, and see him and Preacher in conversation. My heart breaks for the man. I hate that he's going through this and wish there was something we could do to help him.

Judd is by my side, holding my hand, applying a cold compress, and encouraging me through it all. This is a far cry from how Eva was born. I was alone while James was outside the room waiting. As much as I wanted him in the room with me, I couldn't bring myself to ask him to do it.

"That's it, Hayley," the nurse says. "Push a little more."

Judd holds my hand as I bear down and push. I'm exhausted, I'm sore, and I'm drained. I don't know how much

longer I can keep going.

“I see the head,” the nurse says. “Come on, one more big push and you can meet your baby.”

I bear down once more, my scream awful even to my own ears. Pain rips through me as I push as hard as I can.

I feel my baby come out, and then the air fills with its cry.

“Congratulations,” the nurse says with a smile as she looks at me. “You have a boy.”

I sob against Judd, so happy and relieved that my baby is here.

Judd kisses my cheek as the nurse checks the baby over. “Thank you, baby,” he says hoarsely. “You’re fuckin’ amazin’. I’ve never seen somethin’ so fuckin’ beautiful in my life.”

I look up at my husband and see that his eyes are shining with unshed tears. “We have a baby,” I cry. “Thank you.”

He presses a kiss against my lips as the nurse places the baby on my chest. “We need a name,” he says.

I smile as I look down at our son. “James Kane Langan.”

Judd’s finger runs along our son’s nose. “James Kane Langan is fuckin’ perfect.”

I lean against my husband as we both look at our son. The only person missing is Eva, but she’ll come a little later to meet her brother. I know that when she does, my life will be complete.

I never in my wildest dreams thought that this would be my reality. I lucked out. I have a loving husband, an amazing daughter, and now we have the most precious little boy.

Yeah, I’m blessed.

Books by Brooke:

The Kingpin Series:

Forbidden Lust

Dangerous Secrets

Forever Love

The Made Series:

Bloody Union

Unexpected Union

Fragile Union

Shattered Union

Hateful Union

Vengeful Union

Explosive Union

Cherished Union

Obsessive Union

Gallo Famiglia:

Ruthless Arrangement

Ruthless Betrayal

Ruthless Passion

The Fury Vipers MC Series:

Stag

Mayhem

Digger

Ace

Pyro

Shadow

Wrath

Reaper

Standalones:

Saving Reli

Taken By Nikolai

A Love So Wrong

OTHER PEN NAMES

Stella Bella

(A forbidden Steamy Pen name)

Taboo Temptations:

Wicked With the Professor

Snowed in with Daddy

Woody by Daddy

Loving Daddy's Best Friend

Brother's Glory

Daddy's Curvy Girl

Daddy's Intern

His Curvy Brat

Taboo Teachings:

Royally Taught

Extra Curricular with Mr. Abbot

Private Seduction:

Seduced by Daddy's Best Friend

Stepbrother Seduction

His Curvy Seduction

About Brooke Summers:

USA Today Bestselling Author Brooke Summers is a Mafia Romance author and is best known for her Made Series.

Brooke Summers was born and raised in South London. She lives with her daughter and hubby.

Brooke has been an avid reader for many years. She's a huge fan of Colleen Hoover and Kristen Ashley.

Brooke has been dreaming of writing for such a long time. When she was little, she would make up stories just for fun. Seems as though she was destined to become an author.

Want to know more about Brooke Summers?

Check out her website:

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