



# BLACK SKULLS

INTERNATIONAL BEST SELLING AUTHOR

T.O. SMITH

# **BLACK SKULLS**

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A DARK MC ROMANCE

BLOODY BLACK SKULLS MC

BOOK 2

T.O. SMITH

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*For Riley, my reason for everything that I do.*

*For all the original readers of the Bloody Royals trilogy; this  
rewrite is for you.*

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## **BOOKS IN THE SERIES**

*Bloody Royals*

*Black Skulls*

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## TRIGGER WARNINGS

This book contains multiple triggers.

*Rape*

*Sexual assault*

*Abuse against women*

*Drastic use of the word “fuck”*

*Pregnancy*

*Threat of miscarriage*

*Death of a parent*

*Family betrayal*



I nodded my head at the prospect when he set a beer in front of me. He tapped the bar in acknowledgement, and I quickly lifted the bottle, bringing it to my lips.

We were having a party to welcome Katie back home, the president of the Bloody Royals MC. We had parties here at the clubhouse all the time, but this one was bigger since the Bloody Royals' president was coming home from prison.

Katie had just spent nine years inside for murder, arson, and assault of a police officer. The *only* reason she got out after only nine years was because of her 'good behavior'. There was no doubt in my mind that she had managed to find some way to bribe the judge into letting her out early. Katie was a hell of a work of art, but she was a damn good president and an even better briber.

"Katie's back!" I heard one of the prospects announce

Everyone started whooping and hollering, excited over Katie's return to the Bloody Royals and the Black Skulls. Most of everyone had missed her, especially Travis, her husband. He had been a real dick since she had gotten shoved into the back of that cop car nine years ago. Katie's time inside had twisted her family in all kinds of ways.

Heather—their youngest child—who was now sixteen, could pretty much just be labeled as a club whore since Travis had given up on trying to get her back in line. She loved getting dick as much as she loved sucking cock.

Clayton—their middle child—who was now twenty, was a no-good piece of scum. Normally, the family of the president would be someone with a title, but Clayton was so strung out on drugs that no one knew what to do with him besides stick him in the garage to work on cars all day and hope he wasn't too fucked up to injure himself.

Then, there was Colton—their oldest. He was another story entirely. At fourteen, he had watched his mother get wrestled into the back seat of a cop car. We all thought he was doing okay. Hell, most of the time, we still did. Cole let his emotions out through retaliation against other clubs and in club women.

At sixteen, I was “lucky” enough to be one of those women that he used on a rough night. Don't get me wrong; the sex was great, but he was out of my bed right after it happened, and he never spoke of it again. Cole was a real dick, and most of the time, I daydreamed of knocking him down a peg or two. However, there were still times that I wanted to be sixteen again and have him fuck me into his mattress.

When the crowd cleared out from around Katie and her family, I walked over to where they were standing. I wasn't planning on holding a lengthy conversation with any of them. I wasn't much of a person for long conversations to begin with. Not to mention, I knew Katie and I would clash heads before we ever held a decent conversation.

I smiled at Katie as I walked up and hugged her. I had to show respect because of her title. She and I just had more differences than anything else. She was a hard person to argue with, but I managed to find myself in some kind of heated conversation with her most of the time.

Instead of ruining my night, I figured I would just be kind to her. “It's good to have you back,” I said, plastering a smile onto my face.

She smiled, looking around her. I knew she was happy to be home. Hell, five months inside was a lot for me, too. I had only been out three weeks, and I was still ecstatic to be back

here. I never wanted to go back to that hell hole they called jail again.

“It’s good to be back,” she told me, bringing her attention back to me. “Nine years inside is damn boring, especially when everyone there is too damn afraid to start any shit with you.” Travis cut her a dark look. “There was the occasional stupid person who tried me, but they quickly learned their lesson.” She cocked her head to the side. “Say, didn’t you just get out a few weeks ago?”

I muttered a curse, refusing to meet Cole’s eyes, knowing he was going to be pissed about not knowing. Cole believed in protecting family, and the clubs were family. Keeping secrets was a big no.

No one but my mom, dad, and Travis knew about me going inside, and now, I guess Katie knew, too. I had gone inside for arson and gotten out on good behavior. I was blowing up another club’s warehouse, and some girl saw me and ratted me out to the cops. I’d told Travis not to retaliate and that I would just suffer the consequences of getting my ass caught. He hadn’t been happy about it, but I knew it was a better decision for the clubs.

“I thought you were visiting your aunt and uncle during that time to take a break from the club?” Cole asked me, making me look up at him

*Oh, boy, he was pissed.*

Anger swirled in his blue eyes. I knew he felt like I was betraying the club by keeping this a secret. The girl that ratted me out was attached to some dangerous people that wanted to hurt the clubs, and I would *not* allow that to happen.

The ATL could suck a fat one before I let them start a war.

“The club doesn’t need to know everything that goes on in my life, Cole,” I bit, not letting my eyes give anything away. “The fewer people that knew about my time spent inside, the better. They were trying to take the whole club down with me.” I looked back at Katie, taking my eyes off Cole’s seething form. “Yeah, my time inside wasn’t great. I had to

make some alliances, but there were a lot of enemies. A lot of people inside have a problem with the Black Skulls and a really big problem with me.”

I was known as a ruthless bitch, and I was always the one picked to do a lot of the dirty work around here, people knew my name and hated me. Even if they didn’t have a problem with the Black Skulls, they most likely had a problem with me.

Katie tapped my shoulder where my knife wound was. I winced a little bit. It was still healing even though I’d been out of jail for a minute. There had been one girl inside that wanted the clubs to go down and wanted me to suffer. I got in my share of fights with her, but she always had the upper hand due to the number of people she had in her pockets.

“Oops, sorry.” Katie said, not at all sounding sorry though. “I didn’t know it still hurt.”

*Like hell, you didn’t.*

“Yeah,” I muttered, figuring I needed to shut this conversation down now while I still had a chance and before I punched Katie in her face on her first day home for prodding my shoulder like that. “I’ve got to go. There’s drinks to drink and people to lay.” I didn’t want to stand around and dwell on my time in jail. And Katie was doing what she did best—pissing me off.

Katie laughed the fakest fucking laugh I’d ever heard in my life. I ignored her, turned around, and walked off. When I got to the bar, I sat back down on my stool and ordered a prospect to get me a beer, watching Cole as he hugged his mom and walked off to one of the club whores.

It sucked for the women. They allowed themselves to be treated like dirt just to try to become one of these guys’ old ladies. I didn’t understand why anyone would want to be an old lady. All you did was whatever your boyfriend/fiancé/husband told you to do. Personally, I enjoyed my freedom to do and say as I pleased.

Clayton walked over to me and sat his ass on the stool next to mine, ordering two fingers of vodka. “Are you still looking

to get laid?” he asked me in a voice that I thought was supposed to be seductive, but he failed at it. I cocked my head at him and smirked a little. I decided to just let him think he accomplished what he was trying to do. I didn’t want to hurt his feelings. Besides, even though he was fucked in the head from all the drug abuse, he was still a decent-looking guy. He’d be doing good if he was fucking clean.

“Obviously, since I’m still sitting here,” I retorted. “You don’t want to spend more time with your mom?”

He rolled his eyes and knocked back both shots when they were set in front of him. “I’m trying to postpone the inevitable while I still can, so want to go find a room?”

I set my beer down, getting ready to take him up on his offer when a hand clamped over my wrist. “Clayton, she’s not going anywhere with you.”

I glanced up at Cole’s face and snatched my wrist away from him. I wasn’t too keen on being held in a compromising position like that—not after being put in thousands of compromising positions for five months in jail. “I’ll catch up with you later, Clay,” I quietly told his brother, my body very aware of how close Cole was to me and the desire curling in my stomach at his close proximity.

Clay nodded and walked off. Cole took the seat Clay had been sitting in just moments before. “I should have known you were in jail, Amelia,” Cole snapped, cutting straight to what was bothering him. I sighed, not wanting to have this conversation. “That’s business both clubs should have known about. I had a right to know considering I’m in line to become the president of the Black Skulls and the Bloody Royals.”

I rolled my eyes, picking my beer back up and taking a sip. “You guys would have done something stupid to the person who ratted me out,” I told him bluntly. He clenched his jaw. “I talked to Travis as soon as I was able to get my hands on a phone, and we decided that keeping my time in jail a secret was the best decision for everyone. If you guys had retaliated, the whole club would have gone down, and that’s just what the

sheriff wanted.” *Not to mention, the bitch inside who made my life hell and the ATL fuckers who wanted a war.*

This was the thing with the clubs. If there was a rat anywhere—in or out of the club—the rat would no longer live. Sometimes, the members of the club tended to do stupid shit when they were angry. I wouldn’t let the club go down for this. I had a job; I did it, and there happened to be a witness who ratted me out. My problem—not the Black Skulls’ or the Bloody Royals’. I would take any beating any day to protect this club, this family.

“Amelia, you’re family,” Cole said. “We wouldn’t have done anything to put the club in any kind of situation we couldn’t handle, and you know that.”

I rolled my eyes at him. “Right, because everyone wasn’t still all wound up about Katie being gone.” I told him. Nine years later, and the club was still pissed about her being locked up. “You sons of bitches went after the cop who fucking put her in cuffs and killed him. You almost ruined the clubs then, and it was hell. I wasn’t willing to risk that again. It was only five months inside anyway. It wasn’t a big deal.”

*Well, it was, but I wouldn’t let him know that.*

He clenched his jaw. I knew from experience that he was working hard to control his anger. Since Katie had gone inside, Cole’s temper had escalated. He liked to break things, beat the hell out of people, things like that. He wasn’t one to make angry, but I never learned my lesson. We all knew that if he put a hand on a woman, he’d pay the price. But Cole had enough respect for women to never put his hands on them; that much, I did know.

Besides, I could never picture Cole hurting me anyway. Despite us butting heads more often than not, I knew he had a soft spot for me.

“Who stabbed you?” he asked after a moment, nodding toward my shoulder that was hidden under my cut.

I smirked at him, loving the fact I could still make him worry about me. I knew he tried so hard to hide what he felt

for me, but it was there. He just had to give in to it.

“Cole, give up. I’m not telling you anything. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I need to find Clay or someone. I’m in need of a good lay.”

Tonight, I just wanted to get shit-faced and get laid. Dwelling on and reminiscing on the past would only ruin my mood, and then my plans were going to go down the drain like water. I wasn’t planning on sitting at this bar all night drinking away my problems.

I slid off of the stool, and Cole grabbed my wrist, pulling me to him and wrapping an arm around me. “Why don’t we go find a room?” he huskily prompted.

I leaned up on my toes and kissed him, ignoring the pool of desire in my belly that was practically demanding me to take him to a bedroom instead of someone else. Kissing Cole made my head spin. It made me want to give him anything he wanted.

I smirked when I pulled back from his lips and patted his cheek. “Maybe some other time, Cole.”

I walked away and went to go find Clay.



### *Cole*

I STORMED into the chapel the next morning, shoving the doors open with so much force that they crashed loudly against the walls. I was pissed. I hadn’t gotten any sleep last night because of what I had found out about Amelia.

For fuck’s sake, she had spent five months inside, and only three—well four fucking people—knew about it before last night. She had been stabbed, and who the fuck else knew what had happened to her in there.

Amelia was club family, and we took care of what was ours. Were we fucking losing sight of that all of a damn sudden? This wasn’t Dad and Amelia’s call. The club should

have known. We should have retaliated, and we would if it was the last fucking thing we did.

Amelia was the only goddamn woman that wasn't blood that I actually cared about—besides my Aunt Amy, of course. I knew I had feelings for Amelia, but I wasn't willing to let any feelings for her grow any stronger. If I did, I'd want to be closer to her, and being closer to her meant putting her in a lot of danger considering all of the people that wanted me dead. I had a pretty bad past, and Amelia wouldn't be able to handle it.

Though that didn't mean that I wouldn't do everything in my fucking power to hurt whoever hurt her and to protect her to the best of my ability.

My dad and mom looked up, as did all the other members at my loud entrance. “You're a few minutes late, aren't you, Cole?” my dad asked.

I glared at him, my temper only flaring more at his audacity to lecture me on time. “Don't you fucking lecture me on time,” I snarled. He clenched his jaw. “You're five months and three weeks too late to be lecturing someone on fucking time. Why in the hell wasn't the club informed about Amelia being locked up?!” I roared.

My mom glared at my dad. Good—at least someone fucking agreed with me. “Travis, are you fucking kidding me?!” she yelled, throwing her hands up in the air in exasperation. “You kept this a secret from the club?! The club should have fucking known!”

My dad slammed his palms down on the table, standing up from his seat at the head of the table. “There's more to the fucking story than anyone knows—even me!” he hollered at us both, losing his cool. Hell, it didn't take much these days for him to get angry. “Amelia is the only damn person that holds the fucking secrets, so there was no fucking need to tell someone if we didn't know the whole fucking story behind her time inside and how the fuck she got there!”

Amelia stepped into the room. She looked fucking amazing with her dark hair cascading around her shoulders.



Her long legs were hidden beneath a pair of blue jeans that disappeared into combat boots. She had on a leather jacket over a white t-shirt with her cut over the jacket. I got hard at the sight of her standing in the room like she owned the place.

God, she was a sight for sore eyes.

Besides, I was still pissed at her for keeping secrets from the clubs—from me.

“I was called here?” she asked, her eyes flickering to me and then back to my dad.

Whatever reason she had been called in here for was no longer on anyone’s mind since everyone in the room had just been slapped with the news of her time in jail.

My mom walked over to her, glaring. Amelia didn’t back down like other people would have. My mom could intimidate anyone but Amelia, and that drove her insane. She felt like she had no control when she couldn’t have the upper hand over someone.

“You better fucking tell us what in the hell is going on in your life that is stopping this club from retaliating on the fucking rat that got you sent inside,” she spat at Amelia.

Amelia smirked. I hated that fucking smirk on her lips. She looked cold and sadistic.

“Back down, Katie. I’m a Black Skull, not a Bloody Royal,” she reminded her. “You and Travis may be married, and we may all work closely with one another, but we haven’t joined the clubs together yet, so I don’t have to listen to you.” She stepped closer to my mom so their chests were touching. I knew Amelia was intimidating my mom, but I knew my mom wouldn’t show her that. “And I’m not telling you or anyone else in this room a goddamn thing about my enemies or my time inside. I don’t need the club to handle my dirty work. If that was all that I was called in here for, then I’m leaving. I’ve got shit to do.”

I was seething. My hands were shaking because I was so pissed. I wanted to break something. She couldn’t keep fucking secrets from the club like this. It ruined the whole

fucking meaning of family. We protected what was ours, especially our women. She was going to get herself hurt sooner rather than later if she didn't fess up on everything and let us help her.

"Amelia, you better start talking right now," I ground out through clenched teeth.

She glared at me, her eyes lighting up with fury. It turned me on, but I was too pissed at the moment to even think about how fucking beautiful she looked standing up to me. She had to be the only woman who had the confidence to argue with me.

"Fuck off, Colton," she snapped at me, using my full name. "I'm not telling you or anyone else anything. Until I know that I can trust this club to retaliate without fucking getting all of your asses sent to prison, my secret stays just what it is—*my secret*."

She was one to fucking talk when she got her ass sent to jail for five months for some fucking random reason. She had a point though, even if I didn't like it. My mom got sent to prison for almost ten years for retaliation on another club, and on top of that, we had almost ruined the clubs in our rage when we killed that stupid fucking cop.

She stormed out of the room, slamming the doors shut behind her with a loud *bang*. I clenched my fists. I was going to find her after this meeting and fucking get this secret out of her, even if it was the last fucking thing I did. I refused to find her body in a shallow grave off Route 44 just because she didn't want goddamn help. Who knew Amelia could be so secretive?

I sat down at the table next to my mom, which was my spot considering I was her VP. I had to do something to keep my mind off of this Amelia bullshit.

"What's on the table?" I demanded to know.

"We've got to find out what's going on with Amelia," my mom said. I sighed. This wasn't what I was trying to talk about. I was trying to get my mind off this shit. "She's putting

both clubs in danger by keeping secrets. Secrets make clubs vulnerable. I refuse to have that.”

“We’re going to leave her alone,” Luke said, speaking up. He was my dad’s VP, and though he rarely spoke, he was a damn good vice. “I mean it, Katie. She’s right. What proof do we have to make her think we can retaliate against the rat without ruining both clubs? We have none. We almost ruined the clubs by killing that cop that arrested you, and you were in prison for almost ten years for retaliation. Is that supposed to make her feel that we won’t ruin everything that we’ve worked so hard to build?”

“That’s mine and Travis’s decision to make, not hers,” my mom snapped at him.

“It’s her life, therefore it’s her decision,” he retorted. “My point is made.”

My dad sighed. “Whatever Amelia is hiding, it’s something that will most likely hurt us just by us finding out. Amelia has always done what is in the best interest of this club, and everyone sitting at this table knows that. She would never do anything to hurt any of us. We need to let her come to us on her own time and her own terms; we just have to be patient.” His eyes locked with mine, knowing every word coming out of his mouth was pissing me off more and more. “I mean it, Cole. Leave it be. We’ve got other shit to worry about.”

I clenched my fists. I swore if I found her dead somewhere, I’d ruin everyone in this room. I’d make them all hurt just as much as I would.

“Next order of business,” I spat, changing the subject. If I didn’t focus my mind on something else, I was going to cause hell and uproar in this room.

“The ATLS were found at one of our ports,” Dad said. “Guns were found missing. We need to retaliate. They’re not going to get away with stealing our shit nor being on our territory.”

I nodded. This was something I could do. It would make me feel a lot damn better to get the fuck away from this goddamn clubhouse for a little while, too.

“I’ll take Keifer, Drew, and Lorenzo with me, and we’ll see what we can find out,” I told Dad.

He nodded. “Good. That’s all we need to talk about then. Ride out. Keep in touch.”

I got up from the table and walked out of the room with everyone following behind me. Amelia was sitting at the bar with Heather, and they seemed to be in a pretty heated argument. “What’s going on?” I asked, walking over. God knew Heather could start some fucking drama.

“This bitch is stealing my old man,” Heather spat, glaring at Amelia. “I’m just giving her a little warning.”

Amelia smirked, seeming too amused by the whole situation. “Is that what this conversation has been about the entire time?” Amelia laughed. “Man, I’d have loved to know that. I’m sure your mother would love to know that her dear little sixteen-year-old daughter has an old man. That would really make her happy.”

I sighed. If there was one thing Amelia was good at, it was stirring up shit. All three of us knew my mom would flip her shit if she found out Heather supposedly had an old man at the age of sixteen.

“Just stay away from Drew,” Heather snarled.

“He was a good lay, darling. Really good,” Amelia said, her lips still twisted into that cold smirk.

My blood boiled at the thought of Amelia with another man. I buried it down. She couldn’t know that I was jealous. It meant I had feelings for her, and I couldn’t let her see that. I needed her safe.

Heather glared at her and walked away. Amelia looked up at me. “Can I help you, Cole?” she asked, cocking an eyebrow at me.

“We’re about to ride out. I figured I would just let you know,” I said.

I didn’t know why I was bothering to tell her. I didn’t know why I did a lot of things with Amelia. I cared about her. I knew that much. She had the power to piss me off one minute and make me want to fuck her senseless the next. I guess I just wanted her to care for me like I did her. Hell, who the fuck really knew.

Everyone here knew that I’d never settle down, though. I didn’t get attached. I had too much shit to worry about to keep up with a woman. I didn’t need crosshairs on the back of her head constantly. That’s exactly what I’d be putting on any woman that I got serious with.

And I cared way too much about Amelia to put her in that kind of danger.

She raised her other eyebrow so both of them were now raised at me. “I care why?” she asked.

I walked away without saying anything. As I was getting on my bike, I saw her standing right outside of the clubhouse doors kissing Drew. I clenched my fists. How dare she fucking kiss him right in front of me?

*Son of a bitch, she pissed me off!*



### *Amelia*

I SMIRKED, releasing Drew once I saw how pissed off Cole had looked. There was a lot of sexual tension between me and Cole. Everyone could see it; hell, there was so much sexual tension between us, you could practically touch it. We all knew Cole wanted to stake a claim on me, but he wouldn’t because he enjoyed being single way too much. Yet, he couldn’t hide those feelings he had for me if he were a mile away.

I wanted to be with Cole more than anything. One day, I would make him realize what he was missing out on. But until

that day came, I was just going to try to force him to see it and hope to God he made the right moves.

Sure, it pissed me off that he left me in my bed when I was sixteen after taking my virginity, but I wanted Cole more than I wanted anything. When I set my eyes on something, I was determined to have it.

Cole glared at me as he drove away, and my smirk grew. His jealousy was getting worse and worse by the day. It wouldn't surprise me if Drew came back with a broken nose.

The only thing that would possibly keep Cole and I apart, even if he admitted his feelings for me, was my past. I wasn't willing to open up about what had happened to me in jail or leading up to my time in jail. It would hurt too much to relive telling him, and those secrets were better left buried. The whole club may have known about me harboring secrets, but the past was the past. They were going to have to let it go.

*Cole*

I pulled up to the back of the warehouse that belonged to the ATL. We'd easily found the fuckers that had taken our guns and tracked them here. I wanted nothing more at that moment than to just open fire on their asses for taking our shit, but we had to be careful about planning retaliation on these fuckers.

The best retaliation was the most planned out one, and neither of the clubs could afford another member in jail at the moment. So, I had to do this the smart way, no matter how much of a pain in the ass it was.

"Are these the guns that you told me about?" I heard a voice with a Hispanic accent ask.

"Yes," another deep voice replied. "We just got these a couple of nights ago. They came from the Black Skulls."

*Fucking bastards, I thought to myself. You stole our fucking guns! Just say that instead of beating around the fucking bush!*

"The Black Skulls would never make a deal with you, Rico. Tell the truth. Where did you get these guns from?" the same Hispanic voice demanded, rage coating his words.

"We stole them from the Black Skulls," another voice said, almost sheepishly.

I heard something crash to the floor, and Lorenzo snickered quietly beside me. Someone was in deep shit for

stealing our guns, and they should be. Before this was all done and over with, they would not only feel the wrath of their own club, but they'd feel what it was like to fuck with my club.

“Are you stupid?!” the one with the Hispanic accent roared. “For fuck’s sake, those bastards are probably hunting down every single fucking one of us as we speak! You don’t go stealing shit from the Black Skulls or the Bloody Royals! You just started a fucking war because of your stupidity! You’re not messing with just one biker club by doing this, Rico; you’re fucking with two of them!”

It was silent for a moment, and then the Hispanic man spoke again. “Clean this mess up and lay low. Stay near the club house and don’t leave town. Don’t go anywhere without someone else with you, and that goes for the whole club. We’ve got to get in touch with some people because of your fucking stupidity in case this starts a goddamn war. Roll out boys.”

When they pulled off, we went around to the front of the warehouse, and I picked the lock on the door. I slung it open and walked inside. There were not only guns in the warehouse, but cocaine and weed, also. “Holy hell,” Drew said as we all looked around the warehouse. “Looks like we’re not the only ones running drugs around here.”

I reigned in my anger at hearing Drew speak. It wouldn’t do good to break Drew’s nose here. I didn’t want to hear a word out of his mouth right now. I was still fucking pissed off about him kissing Amelia in front of me. I’d love nothing more than to lay his ass out cold on the ground, but I didn’t feel like dragging an unconscious body back to the club house.

“Yeah, I don’t think Mom or Dad knew either,” I muttered. “Let’s roll. We’ve got to get back so that I can inform them about this as soon as possible.”



*Amelia*



I WAS in the garage working on tuning up my bike when Katie walked over to me. “Amelia, I need a favor,” she started, handing me a rag to wipe my hands on.

I arched an eyebrow at her, rolling my shoulder where my knife wound was bothering me as I wiped my hands on the grease towel. Katie rarely asked me to do anything, mostly because she didn’t want to argue with me about what she wanted me to do. Everyone here knew that I ran by my own agenda, and most of the time, it involved me getting into a lot of trouble, but I always got the job done. I was a risky person to send to do club shit, but I was the most reliable. I was a last resort to both clubs, not because I was bad at what I do, but because they’re afraid they’ll be burying me six feet under one day.

“What favor would that be?” I asked her, tossing the rag onto the seat of my bike.

“When Cole gets back, he’s going to be giving us some information on the ATL. Once I get the information from him, I’m going to give it to you, and I want you to retaliate against the ATL for me. Can you do that?”

My mind trailed off to that ATL bastard and his men. I didn’t want to put myself under their radar anymore, not after what they had done to me last time.

I couldn’t let Katie see my weakness though, and if I showed fear in front of her or anyone else in this club, it would raise suspicions.

And I couldn’t have the club knowing what happened to me. I couldn’t give the ATL what they wanted.

I smirked at her, ignoring the bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. I could do this. Retaliation was nothing more than causing trouble. Trouble was my middle name. I started it everywhere and anywhere. I just had to be extra careful and make sure that no ATL member saw me.

God forbid that son of a bitch or his brothers got their hands on me again.

“Sure can,” I told her. “It won’t be traced back to the club.”

She nodded. “I know. That’s why I want you to do it.”

I cocked my head to the side, looking at her with curious eyes. There was one thing I was curious about. Retaliation was usually planned by the VPs and the presidents, so why wasn’t it being done that way this time?

“Why isn’t this being done as a club thing?” I asked her.

She sighed, running her fingers through her blonde hair. “Travis wants to wait to retaliate. He wants them to think we haven’t figured out it was them and then do something, but I need those guns back as soon as possible,” she informed me. “Bloody Royals has a run two days from now, and this shipment needs to start getting ready to go tomorrow.” She inclined her head to me. “Get the guns, and then do your thing. I’m counting on you, Amelia.”

We shook hands on it. “You’ve got my word that it’ll get it done,” I assured her.



COLE HAD BEEN BACK for a few hours now, and Katie had given me the information that I needed to retaliate on the ATL. I was planning to leave at midnight. Everyone here would be too wasted to notice that I was leaving.

I sat at the bar, sipping on my beer as I watched Cole make out with some random girl. He had her pinned against the wall, and if they took it any further, he’d be fucking her. Though, unlike a lot of the other men here, I’d never seen Cole have sex in the middle of the club house. He always took his affairs to his bedroom. He had that much decency, at least.

Cole pulled his lips away from the blonde and turned his head, his eyes meeting mine. He’d obviously sensed that he was being watched. Cole could sense someone watching him like a sixth sense. It was what made him such a great vice and would make him an even better president.

I lifted my beer up at him in greeting, and he walked away from the blonde, coming over to me. Fuck, he looked so damn good. He was wearing dark jeans, white high tops, a white t-shirt under his cut. All I wanted to do at that moment was strip all his clothes off of him and beg him to fuck me.

He placed a hand on either side of me on the bar and leaned into me, making my breath hitch in my throat. He was so close that I could smell the beer and mint on his breath. His eyes were intense when they met mine, showing me just how much he wanted me right then. “You want some of that action, baby?” he asked huskily, running his eyes over me.

I gripped the front of his shirt. If he was offering, I wasn’t going to turn him down. That would be stupid of me considering how badly I wanted him at that moment.

I yanked his face down to mine, our lips aggressively crashing together. He groaned, taking control of the kiss almost instantly. His arm wrapped around me tightly, crushing my body against his. I moaned into his mouth.

Fuck, I couldn’t even begin to imagine what he would feel like naked.

His other hand slipped into my hair, and he tugged on the strands a bit, pulling another moan from me. “Fuck,” he muttered, pulling back from my lips, his hand leaving my hair. “Bedroom.”

Grabbing my hand, he pulled me off my stool. I winced as pain shot through my shoulder from his tugging. I didn’t voice my pain though. Pain was weakness, and I wouldn’t allow Colton to see me weak.

When we entered his bedroom, he closed the door behind us and instantly lifted me up against it. My breath caught in my throat at the blazing need in his eyes. He wasted no time in yanking my shirt over my head and tossing it somewhere on his bedroom floor.

I winced in pain when my arm was jerked up. Fuck, I wanted Cole bad, but if my shoulder kept giving me issues, we were going to have to stop.

My bra was the next item to go. Then, his lips wrapped around my nipple, and I cried out, throwing my head back against his bedroom door, barely registering the pain that shot through my skull. I laced my fingers in Cole's hair and tightened my legs around his waist. "Cole," I moaned out, his name breathless as it spilled from my lips.

*Jesus Christ, I was going to come just from his mouth on my tit.*

"Say my name, baby," he rasped, his voice vibrating against my chest, sending delicious ripples of pleasure straight down to my core. "I love it when you moan my name."

"Tease me some other time," I muttered, pulling his face up to mine. "I want you inside of me."

He groaned and slid me down his body, so my feet touched the floor again. I watched as he yanked his shirt over his head. I licked my lips, watching his eyes darken as they focused on the movement of my tongue across my lips.

Cole shirtless was a fucking masterpiece to behold. He was all hard, sculpted muscles with an eight-pack that led down to a 'V', which disappeared into his low-riding jeans. Tattoos swirled all over his skin, disappearing onto his back where I knew the tattoo of the Bloody Royals emblem was.

I proceeded to pull the rest of my clothes off. Once I was completely naked, he lifted me up and slammed into me, causing me to slam into the door roughly.

I didn't care how rough he was being. I wanted him so badly that I was willing to deal with the pain that he caused me. He was a fucking sex god. I knew after this time with me, he wouldn't be able to walk away from me again. I would make sure of it.

His fingers dug into my hips as he powerfully thrust in and out of my cunt. I was a whimpering, moaning mess. "Fuck, Amelia, you feel so perfect wrapped around me," he groaned, his breathing harsh as he buried his face in my neck, still thrusting into me with an almost bruising force.

I dug my nails into his shoulder, almost breaking the skin on his back. I was so close, but I couldn't reach that peak yet. "Cole, please, I need more," I begged him.

His eyes snapped up to mine as he pulled his face out of the curve of my neck to look at me. "Amelia, I'll hurt you." He was already shaking his head at me.

I grasped his face in my hands, halting him. I *needed* this. I didn't need gentleness and compassion. I needed brutality. "No, you won't, Cole. Please, I want it all," I pleaded, desperate to reach that all-consuming high I knew he would be able to give me.

He groaned and unwrapped my legs from around him. Holding me up by my thighs, he pounded into me harder, driving himself deeper inside of me. I cried out, throwing my head back against the door. I desperately clung onto his shoulders as I began to fall apart around him. "Oh, God, Cole, yes!" I moaned. "Fuck, it feels so good."

"I know," he growled, his grip on my thighs tightening to an almost bruising touch. But I didn't give a fuck. Feeling him inside me and against me over-powered any kind of pain he may have inflicted.

"Damn it, Amelia, you better come," he muttered. "I don't know how much longer I can hold on."

I wrapped my arms around his neck tightly, too caught up in the pleasure he was giving me to care about the pain that shot through my shoulder as I tensed up. I came apart around him as he buried himself in me one last time and found his release as well, groaning my name into my neck as I cried his out in sheer ecstasy.

He walked us over to his bed and laid down on it with me wrapped in his arms. "Fuck, I haven't had sex that good in a long fucking time," he rasped.

I couldn't agree more. The last time I had felt like that was when I was sixteen, and he took my virginity. Cole knew his way around a woman's body, and that wasn't a secret to

anyone. He was like an animal when it came to sex. He took, and he gave. He didn't slack anywhere.

He looked down at my shoulder and gently ran his finger around the knife wound that was slowly, but surely, scarring over. "Does it hurt?" he quietly asked, his eyes meeting mine.

I looked down at his hand on my shoulder, away from his eyes. Cole was overbearing when he looked into people's eyes. He could draw almost any truth he wanted from someone by forcing them to meet his eyes; they were a bit intimidating.

I forced myself to lie. I couldn't let him know that I was in pain. My secret had to stay my secret for the sake of his safety and the sake of the clubs' safety.

"Not really," I muttered.

"Want to tell me what happened?" he tried again. He sure as fuck wasn't one to give up.

I shook my head. He sighed. It wasn't his business. If he found out about all my confrontations in jail with that stupid bitch and what caused me to land there, the club would never have a moment to breathe for all of the retaliation they would be doing. The clubs would fall, and there would no longer be a Bloody Royals or Black Skulls biker club.

After a few minutes of lying together in his bed, Cole fell asleep. I slipped out of his bed quietly and searched around the room, trying to find my clothes.

I had my bra and underwear on and was busy slipping on my jeans when I was roughly slammed against the wall. I winced in pain. Obviously, Cole had forgotten about my knife wound.

He either didn't notice my wince or didn't care to acknowledge it. Cole's hard body pressed against mine. "Where do you think you're going?" he whispered in my ear.

"I've got stuff to take care of," I muttered, irritated that I had gotten caught. I had ten minutes until midnight. I had to get the fuck out of here. I had shit to do.

“Like what? It’s almost midnight, Amelia,” he snapped, turning me around so I was facing him.

I glared at him. “What I do isn’t any of your concern, Cole. Fuck off. I need to get dressed and get going. I don’t have time for this shit.”

His eyes instantly blazed with anger. See, this is the thing with me and Cole. We could tease each other about sex, and apparently, we could also have great sex together, but when it came to conversations and life in general, we didn’t get along. He was controlling and demanding. I didn’t like having to answer to anyone, which was why I didn’t get into relationships. I enjoyed my freedom to do as I pleased. I wasn’t cut out to be some guy’s old lady, and especially not somebody as controlling as Cole.

No matter how much I wanted to be with him, Cole’s controlling nature would have to change.

“You better fucking answer me right now, Amelia,” he growled.

I shoved him back and yanked on my shirt and buttoned my jeans. “It’s none of your damn concern, Cole. Now like I said, fuck off. I don’t have time for your shit,” I repeated.

“Answer me!” he roared, the muscle in his jaw ticking.

I slapped him, rage consuming my body. I would be damned if I fucking allowed him to talk to me that way. I wasn’t one of his whores. We were not in a relationship. I ran by my own fucking agenda, and I didn’t answer to any fucking body. He had better learn that real fucking quick.

I wasn’t prepared for his next reaction at all. He roughly pinned me there with his arm at my neck. He was breathing harshly, trying to reign in his temper. His muscles bunched in his arms as he squeezed his eyes closed. After a few moments, he stepped back and pointed at the door. “Get the fuck out of my goddamn room before I do something I’ll regret,” he snapped.

I grabbed my boots, and just to piss him off more, I knocked everything off of the top of his dresser. As I closed

the door to his room, I heard him roaring in anger. I chuckled, smirking to myself.

*Let that be a lesson to you, Cole.*

I put my boots on, pulling my motorcycle keys out of my pocket. When I got to my bike, I strapped my helmet to my head and settled my ass on the seat, letting the beast rumble to life beneath me.

It was time to blow some shit up.



I WALKED AROUND to the front of the warehouse, being extremely careful to not make any noise. Two men were standing in front of the warehouse doors talking. The back of their cuts read prospects. Man, the ATL was a fucking stupid ass club. You didn't put prospects on watch duty at nighttime. Prospects didn't know what in the hell they were watching for, and they weren't properly trained for this kind of shit.

Making sure I had the silencer on my gun, I raised it and shot them both in the chest. It never shocked me that I didn't feel shit when I killed someone. I had way too much bad shit happen to me in the past that I had to keep bottled up inside for me to even be considered somewhat normal. I was a fucked-up woman. Normal people didn't kill people and not feel anything. Probably why everyone thought I was so fucking dangerous.

I slipped my gun into the waistband of my jeans and walked over to the doors of the warehouse, stepping over one of the prospect's bodies. I pulled my bobby pin out of my hair and picked the lock. Pushing the doors open, I walked inside, my eyes widening at the ammo, guns, and drugs.

Son of a bitch, I knew that the ATL didn't have many connections, so they were stealing a lot of shit from a lot of different clubs. This place was going to explode extremely fast judging by the amount of ammo, and when I blew this place to smithereens, it was going to bring a lot of clubs onto the Black Skulls's and the Bloody Royal's backs.



But I had orders to follow.

I grabbed the guns that belonged to Katie and dragged them far into the woods where no one would look to find them. I rolled my shoulder afterward, ignoring the urge to rub it to ease the pain. I swear, it always hurt at the worst fucking possible times.

Checking over the guns to make sure they were all there, I decided I would ride out here tomorrow with someone and load the guns up.

I searched around the warehouse until I found something in a gas can. I didn't know what it was, but I was going to use it. I poured it on top of everything and tossed it aside. When I got to the doors of the warehouse, I bent down and lit the fluid. It smelt like gasoline, but something else was mixed with it. They obviously used this shit for the same reason that I was using it; to set shit on fire. Smelled like it had a hint of oil.

I took off running for my bike as soon as the fire started licking its way up the side of the building. I was almost there when everything started exploding. I flew to the ground with the force of the explosion. Something hot landed on my leg, setting my pant leg on fire, and I cursed, patting it until it was out.

*Fuck, it burnt like a bitch.*

Forcing the tears back, smelling my burnt flesh in the air, I got up and limped to my bike. I had to get back to the club house. This burn was really fucking bad, and I needed real medical attention.

When I got to the club house, Cole was sitting at the bar drinking. He looked a bit calmer than he was earlier, but I had a feeling I was about to make him pissed off all over again.

Katie and Travis were sitting next to him. Heather and Clayton were nowhere to be seen, which wasn't unusual. My mom and dad had obviously gone home because I hadn't even seen my dad's bike in the lot when I pulled up.

I limped over to the bar, trying to keep my face neutral, but it was hard with the pain and burning sensation in my leg.

Travis turned toward me, and his eyebrows shot up into his hair-line. “Shit, Amelia, what in the hell happened? First you run out of here like a bat out of hell and now you’re returning hurt?” he asked, getting up from his seat.

“I need help,” I spat out through gritted teeth, not in the mood to explain what the fuck happened to me.

Cole was already up and lifting me into his arms. He carried me over to the pool table and sat me on top of it. Pulling his knife out, he cut my pant leg so he could see the burn. “Fuck, Amelia, your pant leg melted into your skin. We’ve got to get you to the hospital.”

I figured as much, even if I’d been hoping the opposite. He lifted me up and carried me out to his truck. He usually only used the truck for moments like these when someone had to get to the hospital or when he was doing surveillance on someone in town. Otherwise, he used his bike.

He set me in the passenger seat and got in on the driver’s side. When we got to the hospital, they immediately set to work on my leg. Cole began demanding answers, aggravating me. I was in pain, and I wasn’t in the mood to deal with his shit nor his questions.

“How in the hell did this happen?” Cole demanded. “What in the fucking hell were you doing that resulted in you getting a burn like this?”

His jaw was clenched tightly, the muscle in his jaw ticking, showing just how angry he was. “I had shit to take care of,” I muttered, the medicine beginning to make me drowsy. I was about to pass out.

He sighed and ran a hand through his hair, yanking on the ends. “When you wake up, I want answers,” he demanded, his harsh blue eyes meeting mine.

I didn’t reply. I passed out.



*Cole*

AMELIA HAD BEEN out for about five hours now. The doctors said the medicine had worn off, and she was just continuing to sleep since her body needed rest. I hadn't left her side since we walked in here. I hated not knowing what happened to her or who did it.

I needed to know what happened for my fucking sanity. Whoever did this to her was going to fucking pay. No one messed with Amelia and got away with it. I would kill the son of a bitch with my goddamn bare hands.

The doctor had told me she had ruined nerves in her leg and that they had to ruin even more to get her pant leg material out of the burn. He also said she most likely would feel very little pain where she was burnt because of her ruined nerves.

*Whoever did this to her was a sick fucking bastard.*

My mom came into the room, heaving a sigh. "She's still sleeping?"

"Getting burnt will do that to you," I retorted. She'd been impatient while waiting on Amelia to come to. I looked up at her, desperate for someone to give me some kind of fucking insight as to who did this to Amelia. "Do you have any idea who the fuck would have done this to her?"

My mother laughed a little. "Amelia did this to herself, honey." I clenched my jaw, my eyes flickering to the beautiful woman lying on the hospital bed next to me. "I sent her out to bomb the warehouse that you found yesterday. I don't have time to wait a few days. I need those guns. I've got a shipment going out tomorrow. I knew Amelia would have no problem going against the club to have a little fun. We both know how much she loves setting shit on fire."

I jumped up, sending the chair I had been sitting in flying to the floor. My own mother sent Amelia out into that kind of fucking danger? For fuck's sake, what if she had gotten killed?! My mom knew how much I cared about Amelia! It would rip me apart if I lost her!

"Are you insane?!" I roared, taking a threatening step in her direction. I wasn't past punching my mom in the face right

now. “She could have been killed!”

Dad came into the room. “Calm down, Cole. I’ve already laid in on her. The damage is already done to Amelia, and we can’t change that. How bad is her leg?”

I clenched my fists, ready to destroy this fucking room in my rage. I was seeing red. The girl I cared about was lying in a hospital bed because my mom sent her out to do the job of the goddamn clubs. To say I was fucking livid was a goddamn understatement.

“I’ve got to get the hell out of here before I strangle my own mother,” I spat, storming over to the door. “Fucking ask the doctor how she is. Just fucking call me when she wakes up.”

I stormed out of the room, slamming Amelia’s hospital room door behind me. I couldn’t believe this shit. This was unfucking-believable. My mother hadn’t heard the last of this and neither had Amelia. I would be damned if I fucking let something like this happen again. Amelia was a danger to her own fucking self. I could barely stand to leave her alone in the damn garage. Everything bad happened when she was around. She could be in a padded room with nothing in it, and she would *still* find a way to injure herself.

Drew stepped into the waiting room. My temper flared even worse upon seeing his fucking face, and his next question didn’t fucking help my raging temper either. “How is she?” he asked.

I clenched my fist. I still hadn’t forgot about him kissing Amelia. Now was not a good time for him to be speaking to me.

“Fucking ask a doctor,” I snarled, moving to walk around him before I fucked his face up.

He scrunched his eyebrows together, confusion clouding his features. “Cole, man, what in the hell is wrong with you?”

I lost it. I didn’t have the patience for someone to be questioning me, especially this goddamn bastard. The only fucking woman I had ever cared about was lying in a hospital

bed because of her own stupidity. My mother was to blame for it all for sending Amelia out there in the first place. My father had the audacity to tell me to calm down and to let this shit go. Now, this fucker was questioning what was wrong with me? How about he kissed the fucking woman that everyone knew I had a claim on? For fuck's sake, at least everyone else had the common sense to keep their affairs with her in the bedroom and out of my eyesight!

I slammed my fist into his nose, feeling it break under my hand. I clenched his shirt in my fist, yanking his face close to mine as blood poured from his nose. Rage clouded my features. I was fucking livid.

“If you ever fucking go near Amelia again, I’ll hospitalize you. Amelia is *mine*, understand?” I growled, glaring at him.

I shoved him away from me before he could answer and stormed out of the hospital. I needed to get far away from everyone before I did something I would end up regretting or something that would land me in a jail cell.

*Amelia*

I pulled the blanket over my face to block out the bright, white light. Whose fucking idea was it to have on the damn light? Whoever turned it on was about to find out what the fuck I thought about it; that was for damn sure.

I pulled the blanket down from my face, blinking harshly against the light, trying to adjust my eyes to it. I looked over and spotted Cole sitting in a chair beside my bed, doing something on his phone.

Fuck, he was handsome. Even though he looked like he got little to no sleep and was obviously pissed off, he still managed to look like a fucking sex god. This man was born with some seriously good genes.

“Did you turn on the fucking light?” I asked him, not at all bothering to cover my pissed off tone.

He looked over at me. “Yes, I did,” he responded after studying my face for a moment. “Got a problem with it?”

I glared at him. “Yes, I have a very big ass problem with it. I don’t know a single fucking person who enjoys waking up with a damn bright ass light on.”

He smirked. “Somebody’s a little pissed.” He locked his phone, sliding it into his pocket. “Good. Welcome to my world. I’ve been pissed since you fucking came into the club house with a mother fucking burnt leg.”

*Here we go.* Did me having sex with him make him think that he held some kind of rights over me or some shit? That wasn't how this worked. I wanted him to care about me—just not like this. I wanted him to care because he had real feelings for me—not because he felt obligated to after having sex with me last night.

“Okay? I didn't ask you to be concerned about me, Cole. So fuck off,” I snapped.

He stood up and leaned over me. His face was unreadable, as usual, but his eyes had a million different emotions running through them. “No, you didn't ask me to be concerned,” he said quietly. “However, that doesn't fucking change the fact that I am. So, what in the hell exactly happened last night? My mom told me she sent you out to bomb the warehouse, but I want to hear it from you. What happened?”

I snorted. “I'm not telling you shit. Thank you, however, for bringing your mother up. I need to talk to her.”

He grabbed my chin in his hand, forcing me to meet his eyes. I hated it when he did this. “You're not talking to my mother until you talk to me, understand? Now, what in the hell did you do last night? I want all the details.”

I sighed. I knew Cole was going to be like this. He probably was only trying to make me feel like he cared so that he could get the information he needed. Obviously, his mother wasn't going to tell him. Well, hell, she had nothing much to tell him anyway considering I hadn't yet told her anything either. Might as well tell Cole considering he'll probably be going on the run with his mom to ship the guns.

“Alright. Give me room to breathe, and I'll fucking tell you,” I spat at him.

He stood up and crossed his arms over his chest. I ran a hand down my face. “I rode out to the warehouse last night, dragged your guns into the woods where they wouldn't be found, and lit the warehouse on fire. I was trying to get back to my bike when I was knocked to the ground by the explosion and a board fell on top of my leg.” I looked up and let my eyes meet his, sighing. “I don't think we're the only people the ATL

are stealing from, and if that's true, then I just brought a lot of clubs on our asses, especially if those drugs came from other clubs."

Cole cursed and ran a hand through his hair in frustration. "That's fucking great. Didn't you think of that before you decided to blow the warehouse to fucking smithereens?"

I rolled my eyes. Hello, I was only following orders! "Cole, I was only doing what your mother told me to do. There's not much more I can do about that."

He glared at me. "Right now, we're still split charters, Amelia. You only follow my dad's orders; you're under no obligation to follow my mother's."

Did he really think it was that easy? Things didn't work like that with his mom; he knew that as well as I did. So, why in the hell was he trying to make it sound that easy?

"Cole, you know as well as I do that when it comes to your mother, nothing is ever simple. It was easier for me to just do what she asked than to go against her. And who's to say that she wouldn't have just had someone else do it besides me if I turned her down?"

Cole rubbed his temples. "At least it wouldn't have been you." Then, he pulled his phone out of his pocket.

I frowned at him. What was that supposed to mean?



### *Cole*

I WALKED into the chapel and took my seat beside my mom. I was absolutely livid about what Amelia had done. I was pissed at my mother and Amelia, and they both knew it. I sure as hell didn't make it a secret. I had yelled at my mother over the phone and then at Amelia once I got off of the phone with my mom. When we got back to the club house, I proceeded to yell at them again. It had done nothing to calm me down.



“Alright, let’s start with the biggest problem we’ve got at hand right now,” Mom began. “Amelia bombed the ATL’s warehouse under my orders. She suspects that the ATL have been stealing guns and drugs from other clubs. If they find out we were the ones to blow up that warehouse, shit’s going to go downhill—fast.”

I glared at her. “Which is exactly why you don’t fucking act on your own,” I harshly reminded her. “Decisions like you decided to make are supposed to be club decisions.”

Dad slammed his hand flat on the table. “Cole, that’s enough. Keep your personal problems away from the table.”

I glared at him. Personal problems? My mother—his wife—just fucking decided to jeopardize both fucking clubs because she was more worried about her fucking shipment of guns than doing things the fucking smart way! Because of her idiotic actions, a club member was injured. How in the hell was that personal?

I jumped up, sending my chair flying back against the wall. “I’m not listening to this shit. Let me know what you fucking decide to do.”

My mother glared at me from her seat. “Cole, don’t you walk out of this room. We can’t make any permanent decisions without you at this table.”

Gritting my teeth, I spun on my heel and stormed back over, leaning over her with a glare. She leaned back a little, clearly intimidated by me. I ignored my father calling my name and telling me to back up. “When you made the decision to have Amelia blow up the ATL’s warehouse, you lost any respect I held for you, do you understand that? Back down, Mom. I will do as I fucking please. Until everyone in this room realizes the danger you not only put Amelia in but also this club, I refuse to sit at this fucking table and discuss business with you, understand?”

I stood back up to my full height and stormed out of the room, slamming the door closed behind me. Amelia was at her usual place at the bar, talking to Clayton. She was walking fine

with only a slight limp in her walk. She said her leg barely bothered her.

Fuck, I was still so pissed off about her leg.

I walked over, interrupting their conversation. But I didn't give a damn. I needed a release, and I wanted Amelia.

I slid my arms under Amelia's legs and around her shoulders and lifted her up, holding her to my chest. "Cole, what are you doing?!" she shrieked.

I smirked down at her, loving her cute, frustrated face. "I'm taking you to my room, and I'm going to fuck you hard, Amelia. Do you have a problem with that?" I asked as I walked down the hall to my room.

She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me deeply. I'd take that as a *'no, I don't have a problem with it.'*



### *Amelia*

COLE LAID me down on his bed and slid on top of me, pulling my shirt over my head. His lips aggressively met mine, and I moaned, opening my mouth to him, allowing him to slide his tongue against mine. He reached under me and unclipped my bra. Then, his lips left mine to make their way down my neck, sucking on the spots that left me moaning and writhing beneath him.

"Fuck, I love it when you moan like that, baby," he praised, moving to my breasts.

He sucked a nipple into his mouth. I threw my head back against his mattress. "Cole," I moaned, already breathless. Fuck, he knew how to use his mouth.

"That's it, baby. Say my name."

I slid his cut off of him and tossed it aside. Surprisingly, he didn't protest against me throwing it on the floor. Club men were very serious about their cuts. Their cuts never touched

the floor unless it was on their backs. To a man in the club, their cut was like the Bible was to a priest.

I slipped his t-shirt over his head next, holding back my wince of pain at the movement in my shoulder, and moaned a little at the sensation of his skin on mine. He was all hard muscle, and it went perfectly with my soft skin. I knew he felt it too by the way he pressed his body into mine a little bit more. We fit perfectly together; it was such a shame we didn't get along outside of the bedroom.

He dipped his tongue into my belly button. I whimpered and arched my back off of the bed. Fuck, I couldn't wait to have his tongue inside of me.

He unbuttoned my jeans and slid them down my legs gently, not once letting them rub the burn on my leg. He looked at my thong and a smirk slid its way onto his lips. "You should wear these for me more often," he said, pulling them down my legs. "They look fucking amazing on you."

Before I could reply, he had his head between my legs and was sliding his tongue over my clit. I moaned his name loudly, arching my back off the bed. His large hand splayed over my stomach, and he pushed me back down, holding me in place. He slid his tongue into my cunt. I gasped, my hands digging into his soft hair. "Oh God, Cole," I whimpered.

He slid his hands up my body, tweaking my nipples. I shattered, crying out his name. Before I could come down, he slid up my body and pushed my legs further apart, kissing me as he entered me. My moan was swallowed by his lips.

Cole didn't hold back; he immediately began to slam into me. His fingers laced through mine, pinning them to the bed beside my head. We moved together, our moans and his grunts filling the room. When I came, he came with me, our names leaving the other's mouth.

My eyelids fluttered closed afterward, and I sighed in contentment, completely fucking sated. Cole rolled over onto his back, pulling me with him. He ran his fingers through my hair and held me to him with an arm wrapped around me.

It was strangely domesticated, and I wasn't sure how I felt about that.

I couldn't fall asleep in here with him. If I did, I would only fall harder for him, and I wasn't willing to do that. It would only break my heart when I saw him with one of the club women tomorrow.

I moved away from him. He looked up at me as I sat up. "Don't think you're leaving," his gruff voice spoke into the darkness.

I sighed. "Cole, I don't stay with the guy afterward. It's a rule I've set for myself. You're either sleeping alone, or you're going to get one of the club women to sleep with you. I'm not going to do it."

I got out of his bed and pulled my clothes on. I pulled my hair up into a ponytail and walked out of the room. When I got to the bar, my dad was sitting beside my usual seat, nursing a beer. Dad never drank his beer alone, and he never sat beside my seat. I knew what he said to me wouldn't be anything good.

Heaving a sigh, I took a seat beside him, and the woman serving drinks gave me my usual. When she walked away to serve one of the other guys, my dad turned his head to look at me. He looked back down at his beer and took a sip before speaking. "You smell like Cole."

Dad had never had a problem with me sleeping around. It was the reason he had my mother take me to get birth control when I was fifteen. But the only person he's ever had a problem with me sleeping with was Cole. When he found out Cole took my virginity at sixteen, he was royally pissed. Travis had to actually take my dad out of town by himself to get him to calm down.

It's not that my dad had something against Cole, because he didn't. He loved Cole like his own son. But he knew how Cole was with women, and he refused to have me be just another notch in Cole's bedpost. Dad knew how susceptible I was to Colton.

I didn't reply to him. What could I possibly say to his remark?

"You know I don't want you sleeping with him, Amelia. I refuse to let him treat you like the rest of the women he's fucked, do you understand me? Don't let me catch you with him again."

He got up and walked off. Travis caught my eye from across the room, and then I saw him blow out a harsh breath. He went to the rooms in the back, obviously to talk to Cole. Fuck, we had just started sleeping together again, and now our parents were ripping us apart.

Fuck, I needed to drink and get royally shit faced.

I downed my drink, and it quickly got refilled. Before I could drink it, Cole stormed out of the back room. "Cole, don't you dare do anything rash!" Travis hollered, following behind him.

"If that mother fucker has a problem with what the fuck I do, he can fucking say it to my face!" Cole roared.

Mom came over to me, Katie beside her. She looked at me. "Why do you always have to stir shit up, Amelia?"

My temper was already flaring. I had my dad trying to ruin what I was desperately trying to build with Cole. I had alcohol in my system. Now, my mother was accusing me of always fucking shit up? Fuck this shit.

"Oh, fuck off!" I hollered in her face. Everyone in the bar room went silent, including Colton and his dad. I'd had enough.

"Don't fucking talk to me like that!" My mom yelled at me.

I jumped to my feet. "I will fucking talk to you however I fucking see fit!" I yelled. "You're the fucking bitch that decided to walk your ass over here and accuse me of fucking shit up! Back the fuck down!"

Dad gripped my arm and pulled me back from my mom. I winced in pain; he'd grabbed the arm connected to my injured

shoulder. I yanked myself out of his grip and glared at him. “Keep your fucking hands off of me!”

“You will not talk to your mother that way!” he shouted in my face. “You better be the one backing down, Amelia!”

“Fuck you and her!” I screamed, jabbing a finger in Mom’s direction.

I had to get the fuck out of there. I was so pissed; I knew that I was going to black out from my anger at any minute. I stormed past them and outside to my bike. My fucking leg was killing me from the speed that I was walking at, but I didn’t give a damn at the moment. I needed to get out of that goddamn club house.

I was almost to my bike when I was spun around, and a hand clamped over my mouth. “Long time, no see, Amelia.”

My blood froze in my veins at the sound of that voice. Fuck a fight or flight instinct. “It was so nice of you to blow up my warehouse, Amelia. How’s that injury treating you? Do I need to do what I did to you before to get my message across to the clubs?”

Fear wracked through my body, making me tremble. This was the only man that was capable of making me feel any kind of fear. One encounter with him, and I was scared shitless. Fuck, I thought I had covered my tracks. I didn’t think that he would figure out it was me.

“I’m guessing since they haven’t bothered to start a war, you didn’t give them my message from the first time, *hm?*” he asked me.

I shook my head, knowing I should answer him but without words. He hated it when women spoke; apparently, our voices pissed him off. I didn’t want to face that anger again. I was praying to God that I wouldn’t have to.

“Let’s go have a little chat, Amelia.”

I fought against him as he dragged me off of the club grounds, but he was way too strong. When he got me into the back of the van, he gagged me and tied my wrists behind my back. Tears filled my eyes.

*Oh, God, please, not again.*

I couldn't do this again.



*Cole*

AMELIA HAD BEEN GONE for three fucking days. We were all beyond worried about her. She never disappeared for this long, and she'd gone radio silent. A day without any kind of word from her? Yeah. Three fucking days? Never.

I drove down the alley that I was supposed to be meeting with the DM. It was a motorcycle club that originally started with some teenage kids back in the eighties, but eventually their parents took over, and they quickly started running guns and drugs.

My eyes landed on a blanket that had a hump in the middle of it by a dumpster. I kicked my stand down after turning off my bike and walked over to the blanket. I didn't know what was under that blanket, but I wasn't prepared with what I saw when I lifted it.

I wanted to be sick. Amelia was lying under it, naked and bloody. I pulled her into a sitting position, checking her neck for a pulse, my own heart hammering in my chest. I felt a light one, but she was barely breathing.

Fuck, how long had she been lying here? What in the fucking hell happened to her?

*Cole*

I stretched, the muscles in my back and shoulder popping as I did so. I looked over at Amelia's bed, heaving a tired sigh. She had been in the hospital for three days now, and I hadn't left her side except to take a piss and get a shower in her hospital bathroom. The hospital staff brought me food to the room. Her parents had been by a few times, but everyone was busy trying to figure out what the fuck had happened to her. The hospital had run tests on Amelia, but we were still waiting on the results.

All I knew was that she didn't have any broken bones, and most likely, she wouldn't have any brain damage. She still had yet to wake up though. I was going nuts. Fuck, it was driving me insane not knowing what the fuck happened to her and who did it to her.

I ran my thumb over her bruised and scraped knuckles. She winced, and I jumped up from my chair, hovering over her, desperate for some kind of other movement. She groaned, and I pressed the button for the nurse. "Amelia, baby, squeeze my hand if you can hear me," I said softly.

She lightly squeezed my hand, and her eyes fluttered open. She looked around and groaned. "I'm so sick of being in the hospital," she muttered.

The nurse came into the room, a doctor following behind her. "Good. You're awake," the doctor said to her. "Is it okay if I talk to you with Colton in the room?" At her nod, he



continued. “I need you to confirm what I’m about to say. I know that I’m not wrong, but if you can’t confirm this, then you may have some brain trauma that we need to look into.”

Amelia slowly nodded, looking a bit wary. And she wouldn’t meet my gaze. “We just got the results back from your other tests a couple of hours ago. Amelia, you were raped, am I correct?”

Tears filled her eyes. My heart rate sped up. *No way*. There was no fucking way my girl was raped. It felt like my heart was being squeezed tightly. *Fuck*.

Amelia nodded. An officer came into the room, and I was instantly pulled back from her. “What the fuck?!” I barked as they yanked my arms behind my back. “What in the hell is going on?!”

Amelia stared at me with her mouth hanging open in shock. “Cole, what did you do?” she whispered.

“You are under arrest for the rape of Amelia Johnson. You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read to you?”

“Yes,” I answered gruffly, royally fucking pissed off that I was being arrested for something I didn’t even fucking do.

“With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?” the officer asked as he dragged me out of the room.

“I didn’t fucking rape her,” I spat. “It wasn’t fucking me.”

“We will determine that at the station, Mr. Louis.”

*This was fucking bullshit.*



*Amelia*

I GLARED AT THE DOCTOR. “Cole wasn’t the guy who raped me. Cole would never fucking hurt me.”

“He has to be taken in. His semen was found in your body, Miss Johnson,” he told me, almost sadly, considering he knew Cole well also.

I swung my legs over the side of the bed, ignoring the doctor’s protests. There was no way in hell I was allowing Cole to be taken down for this. I’d never be able to tell the truth, but I couldn’t let Cole take the fall. This shit wasn’t his fault.

I called Katie as I signed my discharge papers despite the doctor’s protests. “Yes?” she asked.

“Cole is in jail. I need a ride to the station,” I told her, cutting straight to the chase.

She blew out a sigh. “What is he being arrested for this time?” she asked, exasperated.

This wasn’t the first time Cole was being locked up, but it *was* the first time he was being locked up for something that he didn’t do.

“He’s being blamed for my rape. Katie, he didn’t do anything. I need to get to the station so I can get that cleared up.”

She was quiet for a moment, most likely trying to process the bomb I’d just dropped on her. “Be waiting outside for me.”

She hung up. I finished signing my papers and waited outside of the hospital for her. When she pulled up, I slid into Cole’s truck. “Why are you driving Cole’s truck?”

“Because I don’t want you on the back of my bike, Amelia, and I don’t own a car. Heather has Travis’s truck,” she informed me.

I looked out the window, cutting off any conversation with her. When we got to the station, I jumped out of the truck and went inside. I couldn’t move as fast as I wanted to because my body was still extremely sore from what I had gone through in the past few days.

I found the sheriff and walked over to him. He took a double take of me, shocked to see me out of the hospital so

soon. “Miss Johnson, I didn’t realize you were being released so early.”

Fucking cops. I really did hate cops. I knew he was going to come back to question me, but with cops, it never mattered if they got the right person, just as long as they had someone behind bars for the crime. But I would be damned if I let Cole take the fall for this. I needed him outside with me, not locked up inside.

“You’ve got the wrong person, sheriff,” I said. “Cole isn’t the one who raped me. I willingly had sex with him when we were at the club house. I’m not letting him take the fall for something he didn’t do.”

“We have to keep him here until we’ve questioned him, Miss Johnson,” he sighed.

I saw the keys to the holding cell on the desk behind him and snatched them up. I took off running for the back where they kept the cells, ignoring my body’s protests. I found Cole’s cell and began to unlock it.

“For fuck’s sake, Amelia, what in the fucking hell are you doing?!” Cole roared.

“Getting you out,” I told him.

I unlocked the door, and right as I swung open his door, my body was slammed into the bars. The sheriff dragged my arms behind my back. Cole stepped out and pulled the officer back from me. “You really going to arrest her, man?” Cole asked.

“She just released you, Cole. I can’t let that go unpunished.”

“If you arrest her, our deal is off, sheriff,” Cole said quietly.

I glared at Cole. Don’t tell me this mother fucker has become a rat. Rats don’t live once they’re caught. They’re killed immediately.

And I couldn’t live with that—not Cole.

The sheriff sighed and walked off. “Get out of here, both of you. Cole, take your mother with you,” he called over his shoulder.

Cole looked over at me and noticed my glare. “Amelia, I’m not a rat. I made a deal with him because my dad asked me to when I called him. Get that judgmental little look out of your eyes.”

I rolled my eyes and walked past him. If the clubs kept making deals with the cops, the clubs were going to go down. Someone was eventually going to rat us all out. I had tried telling Travis that, but he never listened to me. I was just a patch—one without a voice.

I walked out to the truck and slid into the backseat. Cole got into the driver’s side, and his mom slid into the passenger seat. “Your bike is still at the hospital,” Katie told Cole.

He grunted but didn’t respond. I was sensing some serious tension between them. It was fucking strong.

“Drop me off at the club house on your way to the hospital,” I said to Cole. I didn’t want to be in here any longer than I had to. Cole and his mother obviously had some issues between them, and I didn’t want to be around if they started arguing.

Cole glanced at me in the rearview mirror but didn’t reply. However, he did as I told him to. When I got into the club house, Dad and Travis were sitting at a table together. Travis was looking through some papers. I walked over, and Travis looked up at me. “I was wondering when you were finally going to show up here,” he said to me.

“Cole got locked up. I went to the station to release him.” I nodded to the papers in his hands. “What’s that?”

“Cops are suspicious of the money we make,” Dad muttered, glaring at the papers as Travis tossed them down onto the table. “I’ve got to find a way to balance out the books to make it seem like all of our money comes from the garage.”

I grabbed a chair and dragged it over to the table, taking a seat beside him. I was over what happened a few days ago.

Besides, even if I was still pissed off, I would have still sat down to help him because I needed to learn how to do this. After all, I was about to be the VP of both clubs.

Maybe—if everything didn't get fucked up before then.



### *Cole*

I PULLED off of the club grounds once Amelia made it inside. To say that it was awkward with my mom in the truck was an understatement. She knew I was still angry with her. The only reason she hadn't opened her mouth yet was because she didn't want to bring out our issues in front of Amelia.

“Cole, you can't still be pissed off at me, can you?” she asked.

I clenched the steering wheel tightly, my knuckles turning white from my grip. “Yes, I am still pissed off,” I snapped at her. “Amelia got injured that night, and you dragged the clubs into unwanted business. Now, Amelia has been beaten and raped, and it's most likely retaliation for what she did per your goddamn orders. I have every fucking right to be pissed off.”

“Well, you don't need to let your anger get in the way of what's best for the club, Cole.”

I shot a glare at her. “Maybe you should have thought about that before you fucking sent Amelia out to do the job of the clubs!” I roared at her. She flinched back from me. I sucked in a deep breath, but it did nothing to help me. “For fuck's sake, Mom, don't you get it?! Dad has always let you off easy, and he may have this time, too, but I'll be fucking damned if I allow you to get off easy with me. You not only put the clubs at risk by going behind everyone's backs, but you've also put the only girl I've ever cared about in direct danger. Until you can admit that what the fuck you did was wrong, you need to stay the fuck away from me, and *stay the fuck away from Amelia!*” I roared at the end.

I pulled the truck into a parking space at the hospital and got out. I had to get the fuck away from her. Just being in her presence alone was enough to make me lose control. I hated having to actually fucking listen to her bullshit.

I straddled my bike and started it up, spinning out of the hospital parking lot and taking off for the clubhouse. I was going to drink hard tonight. Once I was good and drunk, I was going to find some club bunny and hopefully quench all this rage.

I'd love to fuck Amelia, but I wasn't in the mood to watch how rough I was being; I'd never be able to live with myself if I hurt her. Besides, she just got raped. Her body was in no condition to be having sex. And honestly, her mind probably wasn't either.

When I got to the club house, I walked inside and found Amelia in a heated conversation with my dad. Luke was standing beside Amelia. They didn't look to be arguing; the conversation just looked really serious. I grabbed a beer from behind the bar and walked over. "What's going on?" I asked.

"Amelia is about to start handling the books," Dad informed me. "In just a few minutes, she figured out how to make all of our illegal money seem legal. It makes it easier for us to spend it without having the cops crawl up our asses."

I smirked at Amelia. "You'll be VP material before we know it."

She returned my smirk and leaned forward to whisper in my ear, "I already am, babe."

She walked off, and I couldn't stop my eyes from following her. Fuck, she was gifted with a great ass. It was perfectly round and great for squeezing. And damn, those hips swayed with no effort at all. It was no wonder why guys flocked to her like bees to a hive. Amelia was fucking gorgeous.

"If you stare any harder, you'll burn holes into my daughter's ass," Luke spoke up.

I slowly turned my head to look at him, taking a sip from my beer. "It's not my fault your daughter has got an ass worthy of my attention."

"Colton," my dad warned.

I ignored him and smirked at Luke. "Keep fucking around with Amelia and watch where you end up," Luke said quietly, a warning soft in his voice.

"Looks like I'll be seeing where I'm going to end up because there's no way in hell I'm going to stop fucking with Amelia," I said, my tone matching his. One thing you didn't do was threaten me. You also didn't give me 'warnings' about messing around with Amelia.

She was mine, even if I hadn't staked a claim yet.

I walked over to the bar and took a seat next to Amelia, who was nursing a beer. "Want to tell me whose crime I got locked up for?" I asked her.

She glanced over at me and then looked back at the prospect who was serving drinks. "I need something stronger than this," she muttered. "Give me two fingers of Vodka."

"You sure?" he asked her.

"Peanut, give me the fucking shots," she snapped at him.

He nodded and rushed to get her shots. "Are you going to answer my question?" I asked her.

She looked at me. "No. Don't fucking ask me again."

I gripped her chin and forced her to meet my eyes. She had never been able to deny what I wanted to know when I forced her to meet my eyes. I wanted answers. I wasn't going to stop until I got them.

I wasn't prepared for her eyes to seem so soulless, which really shocked me. They were always filled with so much life. It was more than a simple rape that did this to her. I knew Amelia well enough to know that.

"Amelia, baby, tell me who raped you," I pleaded. "Tell me who the fuck did this so I can take care of it."

Looking me dead in my eyes, she said, “No.”

*What?*

She yanked her chin from my hand and downed both shots of Vodka that Peanut set down in front of her. Fuck, something much worse than I could have imagined had happened to her. I wasn't going to stop until I got to the bottom of it. But until she would tell me, I was just going to do my hardest to protect her. Her safety meant everything to me.

*Amelia* was everything to me.



*Amelia*

SOMEONE WAS JOSTLING THE BED. I jerked into an upright position, panicking, and immediately groaned at the pain that shot through my head. Fuck, I had a hangover from hell.

“Here,” Cole’s gruff voice said.

I looked over and found him handing me two pills. I swallowed them, and he set the glass of water on the nightstand. I looked around and sighed. This wasn't my room. Why in the hell was I in Cole's room? I was dressed, so I know we didn't fuck last night.

“What am I doing in here?” I asked him.

He slid his boxers off, and I swallowed hard at the sight of him naked. Fuck, he was every woman's dream come true. He had muscles that you wanted to sink your teeth into. His abs and chest were perfect for being scratched, and his dick was the perfect size, even soft. Cole was a grower, but looking at his cock, you'd never know it.

He was very well-endowed.

He walked over to his en-suite bathroom. “You passed out drunk dancing on some prospect from the other club that rode in last night. I saved you from getting your ass raped again.” I winced slightly at that word, but Cole wasn't one for beating around the bush. The other fucker must have been pretty



goddamn handsy. “The door to your room was locked, and I couldn’t find your room key anywhere, so I brought you in here.” He eyed my shoulder. My shirt had slid down a little, showing my knife wound. “Want to tell me what happened in jail?” he asked.

I shook my head. I didn’t want to talk about it. Besides, I was still busy fucking him with my eyes.

“Babe, if you keep giving me those fuck me eyes, I’m not going to be getting my shower,” Cole said huskily, his eyes darkening with lust as he ran his eyes over me. How the fuck he found me attractive when I knew I looked like shit, I’d never know.

I bit my bottom lip and forced myself to look away. I’d been raped before, so the aftermath of the rape wasn’t disturbing me mentally. I could still have sex without bringing up flashbacks. However, my body wasn’t in any condition to be fucked. I was still fucking sore.

*Fucking ATL bastards.*

I slid out of Cole’s bed and stumbled a little. “I still feel a little drunk,” I muttered.

Cole caught me before I fell over. “Obviously. Lay back down, babe, and go back to sleep. No one is going to disturb you; I promise.”

I let him lead me back to the bed. He covered me up and kissed my forehead. “Use my bed as long as you want to, babe.”

I nodded sleepily. He kissed me, and I fell back asleep.



*Cole*

I WALKED into the chapel and took my seat beside my mom. Even though I was pissed at her and didn’t want shit to do with her, I had to attend church this morning. It was too important

to miss. We were going to be bringing in drugs, and that was always a dangerous job.

“Who all is going on the run?” I asked, speaking up first.

“Everyone at this table,” Dad said. “It’s a large shipment. We’re going to need all of the back-up that we can get.”

I stood up. “Let’s go, then. The quicker we get this done, the quicker we’ll be out of the risk.”

We all walked out. I pulled Peanut aside. He looked at me nervously. “Did I do something wrong, Cole?” he asked.

I shook my head. “No. I just need you to make sure Amelia doesn’t go anywhere by herself. If she goes to bite your head off, tell her you’re just following my orders. I’ll deal with her when I get back.”

He nodded. I walked over to my bike and straddled it. I prayed to whoever would listen that everything went swiftly and without problems.

And I prayed that Amelia kept her ass out of trouble while I was gone. Amelia and trouble never mixed well. I was pretty sure I gave that prospect a job that even I would have trouble doing. Amelia wasn’t an easy person to deal with.

*Amelia*

I strapped my helmet on and straddled my bike. Three days ago, everyone—including Cole—had ridden out on a run, and they hadn't yet returned. And after the text I'd received from my dad, I figured they most likely wouldn't be back until the end of the week.

And then last night, I had gotten a call on my phone from the fucking ATL president warning me to tell the club his message, or he would make me. They wanted a war with the Black Skulls and the Bloody Royals so badly, and I wouldn't give them what they wanted.

So no, no matter how much I hated him and his fucking brothers, and how much I hated him for beating me and raping me, I would keep everything that he did to myself. The man was a sick bastard, and I wouldn't let him destroy the clubs like he was slowly destroying me.

I knew he would follow up on his threat to 'make me', so I was getting the hell out of town for a while. I would probably just stay with a charter a few states over. It was all that I knew to do to keep the clubs safe. I just had to lay low until the ATL figured out that I wasn't going to cooperate, no matter what.

Peanut was out running some errands for Katie, so I wasn't under his watchful eye at the moment. Fucking Cole had taken it upon himself to fucking assign Peanut to me as if I needed a bodyguard. I didn't fucking need anybody.

I started my bike up and was about to drive off when three bikes came through the gates. I stiffened immediately, my mind alert, praying that it wasn't the ATL coming to 'make me' tell the clubs their message.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," I muttered once I realized who it was.

Cole brought his bike to a stop in front of me, preventing me from driving off. He turned his bike off, and I proceeded to do the same, knowing I wasn't going to get out of this confrontation.

"What in the hell do you think you're doing?" he asked me, his eyes glaring into my own.

"Riding off into the sunset," I snarked, taking my helmet back off.

I still wasn't over him assigning Peanut to me. He knew that, too, because after I called him and chewed his ass out, I didn't answer any of his calls or texts.

"You're not going anywhere," he said with finality. "It's too dangerous to be out by yourself."

I rolled my eyes at him, sighing in frustration. I wore the same cut he did; I was a part of these clubs. When wasn't my life in danger?

"Cole, danger is my middle name. Now, move. I need to get the hell out of here," I snapped.

Gunshots suddenly went off as four bikes came onto the club grounds. Cole knocked me to the ground before I could fully register something was happening and started firing back immediately. I felt a hand wrap around my upper arm, and I screamed in pain at not only the tightness of the grip, but the fact that it was my arm connected to my bad shoulder, which really fucking hurt now.

Shit was never going to fucking heal properly at this goddamn rate.

"Cole, stop shooting," a familiar voice spoke from behind me. The familiar, cold steel of a barrel pressed to my temple.

My blood ran cold, and it took everything in me not to panic. Fuck, I was a strong woman, but against this bastard? I may as well be some common bitch that couldn't handle her own. Countless beatings and rapes could really take the fight out of a girl. All I wanted to do at that moment was break down, cry, and plead.

Cole leveled his gun at the man as everyone stopped firing, watching the confrontation against the ATL president and Cole. "Let her go," Cole ground out through clenched teeth.

The ATL fucker just ignored what Cole said. "I'm assuming this beautiful woman didn't give anyone my message, *hm?*" He grabbed my chin in his hand and turned my head to face him. I winced in pain at his grip. "No brains to go with that beauty, huh?" he asked me.

"Rot in hell," I spat at him, desperate for him to not see the fear running through my veins.

He slammed the butt of his gun against my head, and I cried out in pain, swallowing vomit.

A muscle in Cole's jaw ticked furiously. He was livid. "What message?" Cole snapped, not looking at me, instead keeping his eyes level with ATL president's.

The president chuckled. "Go ahead and tell him, darling. I'll let everyone here live—including you and pretty boy—as long as you give him my message."

I furiously shook my head no. "Go ahead and kill me. I won't let you drag the clubs down," I ground out through clenched teeth.

He wrapped his hand tightly around my throat, almost restricting my airflow. "Now, Amelia, let's try this again or I'll put a bullet through his head," he said quietly.

I squeezed my eyes shut. I couldn't allow Cole to be killed. I would never be able to live with myself.

Cole was protective over everyone in the clubs, and lately, he had been super overprotective of me. This news would kill him. It was the whole reason I wouldn't tell him who raped me in the first place.

The ATL wanted a war though, and they had been wanting one for months. Since they couldn't get their hands on Heather, they took me, their next best option. Since they had seen how protective Cole was of me, I was an even better option than Heather since Cole held a lot of ground in the clubs. The news was going to give the ATL exactly what they wanted.

"I'll tell him," I ground out, my heart hammering in my chest. "Fucking leave, and I'll tell him."

The man stepped away from me and smirked. He rubbed my bottom lip, and I squeezed my eyes closed, trying to block out the painful memories. "Until next time, sweet thing," he murmured.

He and his men rode out. I didn't turn to look at Cole until they left the lot. When I finally turned to look at Cole, I almost wished that I hadn't. He was watching me with guarded eyes, and his expression said it all. He thought that I was a traitor.

"Spill it, Amelia, or it's just going to be worse for you," he warned me.

I hadn't even thought of how bad this would have looked to him. As the VP, he automatically thought the worst, which was me being a traitor.

*Oh, how fucking wrong he was.*

"Let's go inside to mine or your room. It'll be easier," I sighed, my energy already depleting.

He followed me silently to his room. When we stepped in, he slammed the door closed behind him. I flinched a little at the sound and the lethality of his anger. Tears filled my eyes as I roughly ran my fingers through my hair.

This was the last thing I ever wanted to tell Cole. I would rather be a traitor than tell him this. But these clubs were built on trust, and I wouldn't break that now. It was time for me to come clean.

I stared at the Bloody Royals emblem over Cole's bed and squeezed my eyes closed. "Cole, I know what this looks like,

but you're terribly wrong," I whispered, just loud enough for him to hear me.

"Then fucking tell me," he ground out, grabbing my hand and swinging me around to face him. My eyes flashed open to meet his cold ones. "Don't fucking beat around the bush, Amelia."

My hands were shaking. A tear slid down my cheek as I dropped my eyes to the floor. "He wants me to tell you that I taste as good as I look," I whispered.

Cole's body went rigid, his hand tightening around my own. I slowly raised my head to look at him. After a moment, he shook his head slowly. "Amelia, don't tell me that he's ... Fuck, please tell me that you fucked him willingly."

The fact that Cole *wanted* me to fuck him of my own accord instead of being raped ... it just about fucking broke me.

I slowly shook my head no, a couple more tears slipping down my cheeks. "H-He raped me," I choked out, my voice breaking. "He fucking raped me."

Cole wrapped his arm around me tightly. "Fuck, Amelia, I'll handle this; I promise. He won't get away with hurting you, and he won't ever do it again."

I stepped away from him, shaking my head. "I can't allow you to do that, Cole. He wants a war. You can't give him what he wants. You have to promise me you won't do anything and that you won't tell the clubs."

"Are you fucking insane?!" he roared, throwing his arms up in the air. "He's not getting away with this, Amelia!"

I ran a hand through my hair. "Cole, please," I begged, my eyes pleading with him not to do what he wanted. "This will send everyone on a rampage. You can't do this to the clubs."

He stepped toward me and gripped my chin in his hand, but his touch was gentle even though he was seething with anger. "I'm the mother fucking VP, Amelia. I play a part in calling the shots. I *will* be telling the clubs about what happened to you. I don't give a fuck what you have to say

about it or how you feel about it. I'm not going to fucking let this go unpunished."

I yanked my chin out of his grasp and glared at him. "Fine, but when the clubs get fucked up because of this, just remember I fucking told you so," I spat at him.

I stormed out of his room, slamming his door shut behind me.



### *Cole*

I SIPPED MY BEER, waiting for my dad to finish counting the money he had gotten from the run. He slid me my share, and his eyes met mine. "Cole, tell me what's wrong," he ordered.

I set my beer down and glared down at it. "Is it that obvious?" I muttered.

"Yeah. Now, what's on your mind?" he demanded again.

I ran a hand through my hair and leaned back in my chair. "Round up the boys. I'll be back in a minute."

I got up and went to Amelia's room. I found her lying on her back, doing something on her phone. "Come on, Amelia."

She glared up at me. "I'm not moving from this bed. Fuck off."

*Why the fuck did she have to be so damn stubborn?*

I grabbed her upper arms and hauled her off the bed. She winced in pain, but I was too angry and tired of her attitude to give her pain much attention. "You're getting out of this bed whether you like it or not. Let's go."

She huffed and grabbed her leather jacket, shrugging it on. "Fine. Let's go destroy the clubs," she said, fake enthusiasm marring her words.

When we got to the chapel, everyone was sitting at the table. Dad raised a brow when he saw I had Amelia with me.



“Cole, what’s going on?” Mom asked me, glaring at Amelia. “There’s no need for her to be in this room.”

That was another thing I didn’t understand about this fucking club. She wore a cut, but they didn’t want her at the table. Yet, she was good enough to do their goddamn dirty work.

Mom hated people being in this room when they didn’t need to be. If they didn’t hold some name to them with one of the clubs, they should stay out in the bar, bedrooms, garage—anywhere but this room.

I didn’t beat around the bush. I ignored my mom. “The ATL came on our grounds today and shot the place up.”

“You already told us,” Mom sighed in exasperation. “If Amelia was a witness, we don’t need any verification of what happened. Get her out of here.”

I glared at her, the muscle in my jaw ticking furiously. “Can you shut the fuck up for once?” I spat at her. “Please, for once, shut that big fucking mouth of yours.”

She started to speak again, but my dad spoke. “Enough, Katie,” he growled at her. He looked at me. “Continue.”

“He held Amelia at gunpoint,” I continued. Luke jumped up from his chair, but my dad stood up and clamped his hand down on Luke’s shoulder to hold him in place. “Amelia was supposed to deliver a message to me, but she never did, and he grew impatient. So, he came to speed her up.”

I looked at Amelia to see her glaring at me. Good. If it meant that she had to be angry to keep back the tears, then by all means, she could be angry. I hated seeing her upset and crying. “Tell them the message, Amelia.”

She stuffed her hands into her jacket pockets, but not before I saw them shaking. “He said that I taste as good as I look,” she muttered, barely loud enough for anyone to hear.

“You fucking traitor!” my mom roared, jumping out of her chair. “You’re probably—”

“Enough!” I barked, cutting her off and shoving her back down into her chair. “She was raped, goddammit, fucking raped! All because we were too worried about other shit to protect our own!”

My mom’s jaw was practically touching the floor. Luke crossed the room and gripped Amelia’s shoulders. “Amelia, is it true?” he whispered. “Please tell me this is a sick joke that you and Cole are pulling and that you’re fucking with us all.”

Tears filled her eyes. My soul raged. She shook her head and walked out of the room without saying another word. Amy came into the room and went over to Luke. “Luke, what’s going on?” she asked softly. “Why is Amelia crying?”

He ignored her and turned to my mom and dad who had moved to stand next to each other. “We have to do something!” he shouted. “We can’t just let this go!”

“It’ll take time to plan—” Dad began.

“No,” I interrupted him. “We’ll get revenge, and we’ll kill anyone who put a hand on Amelia. If the ATL wants a war, they’re getting one. They don’t know what the fuck they’ve just started.”

“You don’t call the shots around here, boy,” Dad snapped at me.

I turned around and glared at him. “Don’t fucking test me right now,” I snarled. “Anyone who fucking goes against me, including my family, will be facing my fist, or maybe even the bullets in my gun.”

“That’s no way to talk to your father,” Mom barked at me. “We’re all in this together, Cole. It’ll do you good to remember that.”

“We just had a woman in the club raped!” I roared, no longer wanting to keep my cool. “If it were Amy, Heather, or even you, this club would be bending over backwards to get revenge for it! Just because Amelia doesn’t have a title or isn’t someone’s old lady, we’re not supposed to get fucking revenge for what happened to her?!”

“Amelia runs by her own book!” my dad shouted at me. “We all know that! If she wanted revenge for what happened to her, she would do it herself!”

I wrapped my hand around his throat and shoved him against the wall. I was yanked back by Luke. I glared at my dad, clenching my fists by my sides. “You didn’t see the terrified look in her eyes when that man had his hands on her,” I growled at him, anger roaring through my veins. “She’s terrified of him. For once, someone has to step in and protect her. Even if I have to protect her by myself, I fucking will. I don’t give two flipping fucks what any of you have to say about it.”

I turned to look at Luke, my hands shaking. “For someone who supposedly cares about his daughter so goddamn much, you sure as hell weren’t backing me up.”

I stormed out of the chapel and went to the bar. I leaned over the counter and grabbed a beer. It was pretty empty in the room at the moment since most of the club members were still in the chapel. Good thing, too, because I needed some fucking peace and quiet before I murdered someone with my bare fucking hands.



NIGHT HAD FALLEN, and most people were getting drunk, partying, having sex, and playing pool. Others, like me, were just sitting at the bar, flirting with the club whores and sipping on beers.

Amelia stepped into the room and strode straight over to me, a slight limp to her walk. Without hesitation, I moved the blonde on my lap off me, letting my eyes trail over Amelia. As soon as she was close, the scent of strawberries washed over me; she had obviously just gotten out of the shower not too long ago.

Her hair was dried and hanging straight down her back. She had pulled on short-as-fuck jean shorts and a black netted shirt that only covered her chest, leaving her toned, flat

stomach on display. She had on a black sports bra under the netted shirt.

I didn't know if her goal was to turn me or not, but either way, she was accomplishing it.

She smirked at me and stepped between my legs. "Like what you see?" she purred.

I smirked and let my hands settle on her hips. "Where you're concerned, baby, I always like what I see."

She turned her head to smirk at the blonde who had just been sitting on my lap. The blonde—fuck, I couldn't remember her name—looked angry, to put it lightly. "What's wrong, Lacie? Pouting because Cole doesn't want you once I come into the room?"

Lacie got in Amelia's face. I tightened my hands on Amelia's hips. I knew Amelia well, and I knew she didn't take kindly to people getting in her face. It usually ended with the other person getting punched—or worse.

"Be careful when you leave men just lying around, Amelia. They may be your seconds, but one day, I'm going to fuck one of them, and they're no longer going to want you. Most people may just see me as some club whore, but at least I don't open my legs as much as you do," Lacie spat at her. A low growl rumbled from my chest.

Amelia's fist flew out before I could stop her and connected with Lacie's jaw, sending Lacie crashing into one of the tables. I stood up and dragged Amelia out of the bar room and down the hall to my bedroom. I pushed her inside and walked in, closing the door behind me. "Was that really necessary, Amelia? You've got to stop starting unnecessary shit with people."

Amelia rolled her eyes at me and strode over to my bedroom window to gaze out of it, her arms crossed over her chest. "You've got an interesting choice in women, Cole," she said, ignoring my statement to her.

I ran a hand through my hair in aggravation. "Obviously. I keep fucking with you, don't I?"

She turned around strode back over to me. “Do you like fucking me?” she asked softly, trailing her hands under my shirt, looking up at me from under her lashes.

I closed my eyes and slowly breathed out. Fuck, she knew she had me wrapped around her finger the second she touched me. It wouldn't matter if she only touched my arm; I was nothing once she laid her soft hands upon me.

“Yes,” I admitted, opening my eyes. I grabbed her chin and pulled her face to mine. “I love fucking you. In every. Fucking. Position.”

I closed my lips over hers, and she wrapped her arms around me, splaying her hands over my back. Gripping her hips, I pulled her closer to me, allowing her to feel just how hard my dick was for her. “Fuck me, Cole,” she whispered once we pulled back for breath. “Please fuck me.”

She sure as hell didn't have to tell me that twice; I got it the first damn time she pleaded. I pulled her shirt over her head and then proceeded to pull the sports bra off after it. Her breasts were finally free, and I didn't waste a moment closing my lips around her nipple and sucking hard. I led her back to the bed, all while my lips never left her chest. She stumbled a bit, her breathing ragged, moans tearing themselves from her throat. She was lost in the lust-induced haze that I caused, and I loved that I had that effect on her.

I skillfully laid her back on the bed and kissed my way over to her other nipple. She tangled her fingers in my hair, moaning. Fuck, her moans were so goddamn sexy. I had never been with a woman that could make me feel like Amelia did. She made me want to rush and dive inside of her without the foreplay. Being with her was always so fucking intense.

I slid her shorts and panties off, tossing them onto the floor. She sat up, pulled my shirt over my head, and unbuckled my belt. There was a slight wince when she moved her shoulder a certain way, but I wasn't going to acknowledge it at the moment. I knew it would make her uncomfortable, and it would ruin the mood.

And I needed to be inside of her more than anything.

I got off the bed and finished getting undressed so she wouldn't have to do it and hurt herself further. Once I climbed back onto the bed, I pushed her legs apart and slid my tongue inside her slick, wet pussy. Fuck, she was already so wet.

She cried out, clenching the blanket in her fists. "Fuck, Cole," she whimpered.

"That's it, baby. I fucking love it when you say my name like that."

I swirled my tongue around inside of her, sliding out occasionally to lick her clit. Once she came, I wasted no time in sliding my cock inside of her. I grabbed her hands, lacing my fingers with hers, and held them above her head. But I was careful about holding the arm that was connected to her injured shoulder a certain way so that she wouldn't be in any pain.

She wrapped her legs around my waist tightly as I began to fuck her into the mattress, pounding in and of her sweet cunt over and over. She threw her head back, crying out my name. We moved together, meeting each other thrust for thrust. Once we came, I rolled to the side of her, pulling her into my arms.

*Fuck—one day, Amelia was going to be the death of me.*

*Amelia*

I tried rolling over and huffed in frustration when I felt something constricting my waist. I looked over and saw Cole's sleeping face next to me. Cursing, I shoved him off me, sliding away from him. I didn't do this shit.

Cole blinked up at me as I slid from the bed. He sighed, rubbing a hand down his face. "Really, Amelia? You couldn't just slide out of bed without making a huge departure?" he grumbled.

I ignored him and slid my clothes on. I sat down in the recliner near his dresser and slid on my boots. Once I found my phone, I slid it into my back pocket. He was watching me silently the entire time. When I placed my hand on the doorknob, he finally spoke. "What is it with you, Amelia?" he muttered quietly, almost to where I didn't hear him, but I did.

What was it with me? It was times like these when I questioned if he really did have feelings for me. It was times like these when I wondered if I was just digging myself into a hole that I was going to spend a long time dragging myself back out of.

I wiped my face clean of emotion and made sure my eyes were blank when I turned to look at him. Letting my cold eyes meet his, I smirked at him. "Cole, don't read too much into this."

His eyes flashed with anger, and before he could get off the bed to stop me, I was out of the room and headed outside

to my bike. I got stopped halfway by Travis, Katie, and my dad. I glared at them. I really wasn't in the mood to deal with anyone's shit. I was setting myself up for heartbreak with Cole, and I hadn't realized it until today. I just wanted to ride out of here and put some distance between me and this hell I called my life for a while.

“What?” I spat at them.

Cole walked up beside them, and I tensed up. Even though he hadn't yet showered and he just threw on his clothes to come out here, he still looked and smelled great. “What's going on?” he asked them, his eyes flickering between me and them.

Travis ran a hand through his hair, and his eyes met mine. “Amelia, we need you to get out of town for a while. The ATL are everywhere, and we need you to be safe. You'll possibly get killed otherwise.”

“What?!” Cole barked before I could say anything. “Hell no! She fucking stays here where we can protect her!”

I ignored Cole. “Not a problem. I was leaving anyway,” I told them.

I walked past them and over to my bike. Before I could get on, Cole wrapped his arms around my waist and yanked me backward. He then proceeded to kick my fucking bike to the ground. I screamed in aggravation once he set me down and turned around to slap him. His face snapped to the side, but just as quickly, he looked back down at me.

“What the fuck is your problem?!” I screeched.

“You're not riding out of here!” he roared, towering over me, glaring into my eyes. I wasn't intimidated though. I was fucking pissed. “It's out of the fucking question!”

I turned around and looked at my bike. I wanted to hit Cole on the fucking head with a tire wrench. How dare he throw my fucking bike on the ground like that?! Was he out of his goddamn fucking mind?!

He turned me back around to face him with his hand on my arm. “Amelia, I can't let you ride out of here like that,” he



told me, his voice softer now, desperation in his voice as he tried to get me to understand his point of view. “You’ll get yourself killed. You need to stay here where we can protect you. No matter what everyone else thinks, you’re safer here.”

I glared at him. “I didn’t ask you what the fuck your problem was about me riding out of here,” I snapped at him, not giving a fuck about him or his stupid fucking feelings. “You just fucking shoved my fucking bike on the ground and most likely broke something on it. I take as much pride in my bike as you men do. That was a fucking dick move, Colton. So, I hope you fucking accomplished what you aimed to do.”

I shoved him away from me and turned around, lifting up my bike. I rolled it to the garage, getting even angrier at the scratches I saw to the paint job and the messed-up parts from being kicked to the ground so roughly.

I wanted to do nothing more than punch Cole in his fucking face for this. You just didn’t pull this kind of shit on anyone’s fucking bike—man or woman.



I RUBBED my greasy hands on a towel. I had been doing nothing all day but working on my bike. It was dark outside, and I was the only one left in the garage. I could hear music pumping from inside of the clubhouse and everyone’s loud laughter. I was glad they were all having fun. Instead of having an opportunity to get laid and drink myself sick tonight, or hell, maybe even riding off into the sunset, I was having to fix what I could on my bike while waiting for the other parts I needed to get shipped in.

“I love a girl who can fix a bike.”

I snapped my head over to where the voice came from. My eyes trailed up boots, to jean clad legs, up a t-shirt, to a cut that was clearly not ours, and finally to a face I really wished I could just fucking forget.

I scrambled up from my sitting position, grabbing the blow torch and pointing it at him. It was my only fucking weapon in

here. I had to have some way to protect myself from him.

No, it wasn't the leader of the ATL that was here. It was his Sergeant at Arms, Todd. Todd was given an opportunity to rape me, too. Not only that, but he helped deliver some blows to my body.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I ground out.

He stepped forward, and I let flames shoot out of the torch. He took a step back. "I just want to talk, Amelia. I was told that Travis, Katie, and daddy dearest would like you to ride off into the sunset away from us. I'd just like to let you know that it will never happen, dear."

I cursed. We obviously had a traitor in the club that was ratting everything to the fucking ATL. When I found that bastard, I would kill them with my own goddamn bare hands.

Suddenly, I remembered the goons on the gate. He was able to get past the members. The gates were also closed and locked.

"How did you get in?" I snapped at him.

He pulled a gun out of his cut, smirking at me. "It's called a clean shot to the forehead using a silencer," he informed me. "You've pulled a trigger and used a silencer before. You should have known that, love."

I heard the door to the office open, and the guy disappeared into the shadows. Someone placed their hand on my shoulder a moment later, and I screamed, swinging around, burning the person with the torch. The torch was knocked from my hand as a voice that sounded familiarly like Cole's roared in pain. "For fuck's sake, Amelia!"

I gasped. "I'm so sorry, Cole!" I exclaimed.

I turned away from him and ran my shaking fingers through my hair. Fuck, I was all out of whack right now. Too much had been happening to me in too little time. I was struggling to deal with it now. I was crushing under the weight of everything that I was being faced with. I wanted away from it all so bad, but I had a feeling it would only follow me and become worse if I ran away.

Cole turned me back to face him, his eyes meeting mine. “Amelia, are you okay?” he asked me softly, his eyes scanning my face.

I ignored his question. I didn’t have the energy to lie right now. Not after having to put up a strong front to that guy.

“Your arm,” I murmured, looking down at the burn, avoiding the topic of conversation that he wanted to discuss.

He looked down at the burn and shrugged. His eyes met mine again, and I quickly looked away from him. “Amelia—”

I grabbed his wrist. We needed to get back to the clubhouse where it was safe. “Come on. Let’s go to the clubhouse so I can take care of your arm.”

I walked us forward. We were almost out of the garage when Todd stepped back out of the shadows, holding a gun that was pointed at us. Cole immediately yanked me behind him, not giving a second thought to the burn on his arm. “What the fuck are you doing here?” he ground out through clenched teeth. “Do you have a death wish, mother fucker?”

“I figured I’d give you the same message that I just gave Amelia. She will never be riding off into the sunset, Colton. One of us will kill her first.”

Before I realized what was happening, Cole had his gun out and had shot the fucker with a clean shot to the forehead. He turned to me as Todd fell to the ground. He closed his eyes and breathed in deeply, slowly releasing it. But it didn’t do anything to help his anger. “Are you going to continue keeping fucking secrets, Amelia?!” Cole roared.

“Yes,” I ground out, standing my ground against him. “This doesn’t fucking concern you. I can take care of myself. I don’t need you or the fucking club to do it for me.”

He slammed the huge toolbox to the floor in anger, making me jump slightly. “I don’t give a fuck what you think you’re fucking capable of doing!” Cole hollered, seething at me. “This is much bigger than anything you can fucking deal with by yourself without losing your fucking life! I won’t allow you

to fucking keep all of this shit to yourself, even if I have to be your mother fucking shadow!”

“Break it up!” Travis shouted, jogging into the garage.

He yanked Cole back from me, and a pressure I hadn't even realized had been on my arm was released. Cole shoved Travis off him and walked over to me, towering back over me. His eyes bore into mine with a coldness that chilled my bones. “If you keep doing stupid shit like this, I'm going to fucking walk away from you. I won't stand around and watch you get yourself killed. You mean too much to me for that. Let me know when you make your fucking decision.”

He stormed out of the garage. I ran a hand through my hair. Cole had finally admitted that I meant something to him, but it was too late now. I was putting the Black Skulls and the Bloody Royals in danger by staying here. I couldn't continue on with my life here. I had to get out. I would put the clubs before myself.

Travis looked down at me as two members began getting rid of the body. “I don't know what's going on, and a part of me doesn't want to know. Get your shit together, Amelia. The clubs aren't blind to the way Cole feels about you. He'd give his very own life up for you. You may think that's not any different than him laying his life down for a man with a cut, but it's much more than that. You're crippling him, Amelia. You're twisting him all around, and I don't like it one bit. Get your shit together.”

I knew he was speaking some truth to some degree, and it pissed me off that it was so fucking visible to everyone else. It also pissed me off that he was confronting me about shit that was none of his fucking concern. Travis may be the president, but when it came to me and my business, he had no fucking place in it.

I didn't know where he thought he was going with his little speech considering I ran by my own book, and I didn't give two fucking shits about anyone else when it came down to what I wanted or needed to do.

So, I denied everything.

“You and my fucking dad need to learn to stay out of business that has nothing to do with you,” I snapped at him. “Cole and I are fucking for fun, Travis, nothing more. Quit making this shit out to be more than it is.”

He took a step forward, pointing his finger in my face. His eyes were blazing with anger. I glared right back at him, not backing down. He couldn't do anything to me that someone else hadn't already done.

“I won't let you fuck him up, Amelia.”

He walked out before I could say anything else. I went outside to Cole's bike. I had to get out of here. Not only was everyone in danger with me around, but Travis had said it himself. I was twisting Cole around and starting to fuck him up. Besides, not only was I twisting Cole, but I was twisting myself, too.

I used my tools and took the parts off Cole's bike that I needed for mine. Not only was I getting the parts I needed so that I could ride out, but I was stopping Cole from following me. I knew the second he found out that I had packed up and left, he would be out trying to find me.

I was hoping like hell that this would delay him and give me time.



### *Cole*

I GLARED at the ceiling of my room. My head was pounding with a hangover from hell. Fuck, I shouldn't have drunk so much last night. It was all Amelia's fucking fault. Had she not decided to keep fucking secrets all of the fucking time, I wouldn't even be feeling this fucking way! I didn't want to deal with the shit I was feeling last night, and I still wasn't ready to deal with it. So, I'd drunk until I didn't give a fuck anymore.

Amelia always kept secrets. I still didn't know what happened to her to get her locked up in jail. She refused to tell

me how she got the knife wound on her shoulder. Hell, if I hadn't been in the hospital when they said she was raped, I wouldn't have known that either. Not only that, but if the ATL president hadn't practically forced her to tell me his message, I would have never known who raped her! How much more shit was she keeping from me and the clubs?

I didn't know, but I vowed I would find out.

I slid out of bed and hopped in the shower. When I got out, I got dressed in jeans, a t-shirt, and my cut, slipping on my white high-tops. I slid my gun into my cut and went out into the bar. I was fixing myself a cup of coffee when Lorenzo poked his head into the bar room. "We're at the table, Cole."

I nodded in way of acknowledgement. I walked into the chapel with my cup of coffee in my hand. Everyone was silent, looking down at the table. "What's going on?" I asked, immediately catching on to the bad mood.

"Amelia rode out last night," Luke informed. "She didn't say anything to anyone. She didn't even leave a note. And her phone was left on the bar."

I slammed my cup onto the table, breaking it with the force. Coffee spilt everywhere, but I didn't give a fuck. "What do you mean she fucking rode out last night?!" I roared. "How in the hell did she leave? I fucked up her bike on purpose yesterday so that she couldn't!"

"We're not sure," Mom said. "She's smart, though. It probably wasn't hard for her to figure out a way."

It hit me. I knew exactly how she fixed her bike. Not only that, but she killed two birds with one stone. She was always smarter than anyone gave her credit for.

I jogged out of the clubhouse and over to the bikes. Sure enough, my bike was missing parts. I sighed and sat on the ground, running my fingers through my hair. She had obviously made her decision. I never regretted anything in my life until then. I regretted ever saying those fucking words to her last night. I should have never even given her the option of leaving.

Fuck, I said a lot of stupid shit when I was pissed.

I got up and stormed inside, sending the doors to the chapel crashing against the walls. “I want her found!” I roared. “We ride out in fifteen minutes. We’re checking all of the charters and hotel rooms around. When I find her, her ass is *mine*.”



### *Amelia*

I OPENED MY EYES, but it was dark all around me. I couldn’t make anything out. My wrists and ankles were bound together by rope.

*Where in the hell was I?*

The last thing I remembered was leaving my phone on the bar. I was about to walk out to the garage when everything suddenly went dark. I couldn’t remember anything after that. What in the hell was going on?

A door opened, and I cringed away from the sunlight that filled the once dark space around me. When my eyes adjusted to the bright light, I looked around me. I had been thrown into a trunk. There was a dead body lying beside me.

And when I realized who it was, a blood-curdling scream ripped itself from my throat.

Heather was lying still beside me, her body pale, and when I let my arm brush against hers, her skin was ice-cold against mine. Blood covered her clothes, and the lower part of her was naked. Tears pooled in my eyes, and I choked back a sob.

“You should have listened to us when we told you that you couldn’t leave town, dear. Did you think we wouldn’t catch you fixing your bike so you could ride out in the middle of the night?”

I glared up into the ATL president’s eyes. His cold, dark eyes glared right back at me. I felt the fear seeping into my bones, but I channeled all that fear into anger. He had killed

Heather; he killed a woman of the club. She was only sixteen; she hadn't even had a chance to live yet!

“You deserve to burn in hell,” I spat at him.

He leaned forward and put his face next to mine. I recoiled and gagged at the scent of his breath. It smelled like weed, cigarettes, alcohol, and pussy all mixed into one. “Darling, when I'm done with you, you'll be burning in hell with me.”

I couldn't stop the fear from chilling my bones that time.



**T**hree fucking days. I'd been gone for three goddamn days. I knew my misery was coming to an end soon because of his three-day rule. After the third day, which was today, he would either decide to kill me, or he would rape me, beat me, and leave me somewhere for someone in the club to find me.

For three days now, I'd been stuck in a room with Heather's body. It smelled horrible, but the guilt I felt was ten times worse than dealing with the smell. I wanted to shut it all the fuck off, but I couldn't—not when the reminder of the shit I'd dragged her into was right fucking next to me.

I glared at the ATL president when he stepped into the room. Without a word, he walked over and kneeled in front of me. I struggled against the cuffs that held me against the pipe in the floor, desperately wanting to get away from him. "I don't want to kill you yet, love, because I need your people to get my message."

He trailed his hand down my naked body. Swallowing vomit, I bit back the scream that was practically begging for release. I couldn't cry, wouldn't scream. I couldn't show him that what he was doing to me was affecting me.

Damaging me.

I closed my eyes and allowed myself to fall into the welcoming, blissful darkness to help myself.



## Cole

AMELIA WAS STILL MISSING, and on top of it all, my sister decided to take off on top of it all. Why the hell my sister decided it would be a great fucking idea to run away from home when Amelia was missing, I didn't fucking know. It wasn't the time for her to be throwing one of her fucking hissy fits just because she wasn't getting her fucking way.

"We've found her, man," Drew told me as he entered my room, but his eyes were watery, and there were tears on his cheeks.

I'd never seen Drew cry, so I knew it had to be something serious. I stood up, putting my hand on his shoulder. "What's wrong, man?"

He shook his head. "It's not my place to tell you."

Right then, Mom screamed. I rushed out into the bar room. Dad was tightly holding Mom, and both of them were crying. Clayton walked over to me, tears shining on his face and swimming in his eyes. "Have you seen her yet?" he asked me.

"Who?" I asked, my chest tight. *Fuck, did something happen to Amelia?*

"Heather," he muttered.

"I can't calm down, Travis! My daughter is dead—fucking dead!" Mom screamed. "All because of that stupid bitch, Amelia! I'll fucking kill her!"

I looked over at the table that everyone was gathered around at and forced myself to walk over. I pushed my fingers through my hair roughly, tugging at the strands when I saw Heather's lifeless body lying on the pool table. "How in the hell did this happen?!" I roared.

Everyone stepped back from me. Before anyone could even try to begin answering me, the clubhouse doors were

flung open, and Lorenzo walked in, holding a girl in his arms. “I’ve got Amelia,” he announced. “She’s alive.”

Luke and Amy rushed over to him. Luke immediately took Amelia in his arms. No matter how much I cared about Amelia, she could wait. My fucking sister was dead!

“Somebody answer me!” I roared. I wanted goddamn answers.

“We found her on the side of the road wrapped in a blanket. Her clothes were missing,” Drew told me quietly.

I dropped down into a chair. Fuck, what did Heather ever do in her fucking life to deserve this? Sure, she was a spoiled fucking brat that threw a lot of temper tantrums when she didn’t get her way, but she didn’t deserve to fucking die!

I forced myself to hold the tears back. I had to be strong for Heather’s sake. I would fucking get revenge for this, and it would be bloody. I would personally kill every mother fucking person involved.

I stood up and looked at Drew. “Deal with this. I can’t do it. Get her somewhere to be prepared for burial. I want the viewing tonight and the funeral tomorrow.”

“Son, she’s not your daughter,” my dad said, glaring at me, barely holding his own rage and sadness within. Hell, I could tell they were breaking through just from the few tears on his face.

“No, but she’s my fucking sister!” I roared. “If you’re not going to make the decision to get her prepared for burial and get shit tended to, then I’m going to fucking do it. We don’t know how long she’s been dead, so we need to fucking hurry.”

I turned away from him, anger and sadness pulsing through me like living, breathing things. I stormed down the hall to my room, slamming the door closed to my room.



*Amelia*

MOM'S FACE was the first thing I saw when I slowly opened my eyes. She was using a washcloth to wipe away the dirt and blood from my skin. I was in a shirt that smelled like my dad, and I was thankful for it. I needed some kind of support from him.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Mom whispered. “How are you feeling?”

I moved my arm a bit and groaned in pain. “Where’s Dad?” I asked her, not answering her question. I didn’t like talking about pain, and she should know that.

“Right here,” he said from beside me.

I slowly turned my head to look over at him. He was sitting on my bed beside me. “What happened to you?” he asked me quietly, his eyes pained as he looked over the bruises and cuts covering my body.

It all immediately rushed back to me, and I squeezed my eyes closed, the tears immediately beginning to run down my face. *Heather*. Fuck, did they find Heather? *Please* tell me the club found Heather.

I forced myself to sit up even though it hurt like hell. “I’ve got to talk to Cole or Travis—someone.” I hissed a breath through my teeth. “Heather—”

Dad cut me off, smoothing his hand over my hair. “Heather was found. Everyone is at her viewing—well, except Cole. He’s not doing too great. I heard him trashing his room earlier, but now I think he’s just drinking,” Dad muttered the last bit.

Fuck—Cole. I had to talk to him. He deserved to know how she died. I knew how; I could tell him, help ease his mind. After all, I did get a very vivid and detailed story of her rape, beating, and death. In fact, I was forced to suck the bastard off as he retold the story. The asshole was sick in the head and deserved to die. And I would make sure he did, no matter how much it backfired on the clubs.

Because he hadn’t just fucked with me. Now, he’d fucked with family.

I got up off of the bed, ignoring my parents' protests. "You guys need to go. I need to get a shower and talk to Cole."

My mom left the room, her eyes filled with worry and concern for me. My dad stood up. "Amelia, watch yourself. Cole isn't that stable at the moment. Be careful."

He walked out of the room, and with a tired sigh, I got in the shower. Showering turned out to be a task and a half, and I was damn near in tears when I was finally finished.

When I got out, I got dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. And when I shrugged on my leather jacket, I didn't add my cut on top like I normally did. I couldn't wear it right now, not with the knowledge that I had a hand in Heather's brutal end.

I slid on my boots and walked out of the room. I'd done my best to cover the cuts and bruises on the rest of my body, but since I didn't wear make-up, my face was just going to be seen. And I knew it looked bad. Hell, it *felt* bad.

I walked into Cole's room without knocking. He was sitting on the edge of his bed in just jeans, his upper body bare. He held a bottle of Jack in his hand. When he looked up at me, he glared. "Do you know how Heather was killed?" he asked me, not bothering to beat around the bush.

Fuck, I thought I could do this.

I turned my face away from him, a tear running down my cheek. "I'm so sorry, Cole," I whispered. "Fuck, it was all my fault."

He stood up and walked over to me. I heard him set the bottle down, and then he grabbed my chin. I immediately yanked my face out of his hand, panic ensnaring my chest. I slapped his hand away, glaring at him. He stared at me for a few seconds before reaching forward again. He gripped my chin a little gentler and turned my face back toward him. "Amelia, I'm not going to hurt you," he soothed, his voice a little more controlled than it had been when he first spoke to me. "I just want to know how she was killed. Fuck, I *deserve* to know."

“H-he raped her and beat her.” I choked back a sob, a tear slipping down my cheek. “Then, because she was making too much noise, he shot her, clean through the forehead.” More tears ran down my face, remembering how I heard the story while I was forced to suck his dick until he got off, and the painful memory of seeing her body for days. “He fucked her dead body afterward,” I whispered. Vomit rose, but I swallowed it.

I’d never forget that fucking nightmare.

Cole held my face in his hands, his eyes searching mine. “Did you watch all of that?” he asked me. I shook my head no in answer to his question. “Then, how do you know this?” he questioned, his voice soft as he ran his eyes over my beaten, swollen face.

I squeezed my eyes closed. Fuck, I just wanted to block it all out. I thought I could tell him; I thought I could answer all of his questions, but it was too fucking hard to relive all of that again, over and over, in my mind.

“Amelia, answer me,” he commanded.

I drew in a deep breath, my lips trembling. “I was forced to suck his dick while he told me the story,” I said, my voice shaky from my tears and the emotional roller coaster that I was riding on.

Cole pulled me into his arms, holding me tightly. I tried to fight against him, knowing that him holding me was only going to cause the gate holding my tears in to open wide. He held me tighter, not letting me go, and eventually, I gave in to my emotions. I broke down and sobbed, my tears running down his chest. “I couldn’t save her Cole,” I sobbed. “I’m so sorry. When he opened the trunk, I had just woken up and she was lying beside me. She was so cold—”

Cole cut me off by *shhing* me. “Don’t,” he soothed. “You’ve said enough. You don’t need to say anymore.”

I ignored him. I had to tell him. Now that I had started, I couldn’t stop. “She was in the same room with me for three days,” I choked out. “Fuck, Cole, I could smell her rotting.”

He flinched. “I’ll never forget that smell. I don’t know how many times I watched him and his men touch her and fuck her over and over. She was so innocent, and they took that away from her. It was all my fault. I could have just told you what was going on from the start, what they were doing to me, and what they were planning, but I was so fucking stupid—”

Cole pulled my face back from his chest, forcing our eyes to connect. “Amelia, this is not your fault, okay? None of this is your fucking fault. Jesus, he beat you and raped you, Amelia. You’re a victim in this, too. You had nothing to do with Heather’s death. As much as everyone here wants to blame you for that, you *can’t* be blamed. My family is at fault for letting her take off during one of her tantrums.”

I pushed away from him, and my back collided with the wall. I winced in pain, a sharp breath hissing through my lips. I didn’t want to hear this shit.

“Amelia, you can’t say this was your fault. For fuck’s sake, have you even seen yourself? You’re in worst shape than she looks, and she’s fucking dead!” Cole yelled at me, getting aggravated, his temper flaring. “You’ve got to stop this. Admit that you’re a fucking victim, Amelia. Over and over again, he’s done this shit to you, but you keep it fucking bottled up inside—”

“I kept it inside because I thought it was better for everyone else, when in reality—”

He cut me off again. “No!” Cole roared, storming away from me and clenching his fists tightly. I watched the muscles in his back bunch together as his body tensed with his rage. “You kept it in because that bastard terrifies you!”

“He does not!” I yelled back at him, getting fed up with this. Why couldn’t he see that this was my fault? Why was he trying to make it out to be that I was innocent?

Cole stormed back over to me. “He does, and you know it, Amelia! You fucking push it aside because you think that fear makes you weak, but for fuck’s sake, Amelia, you’re the strongest fucking person I know! I don’t know anyone in this

club who could go through the shit you've been put through and still stay together!" he roared.

"I'm not even together!" I screamed to the point my throat hurt, tears running down my face. "I'm fucking breaking, Cole!"

He wrapped his large, calloused hand around the back of my neck and kissed me. No matter what I had been though, I kissed him back. No matter what, I knew Cole would never hurt me. He would do everything in his power to protect me.

"You're still together, Amelia," he whispered against my lips. "If you were really falling apart, trust me, I'd be the first person to know, probably before you even knew yourself."

More tears streamed down my face. "But why her, Cole?" I sobbed. "Why did he have to choose to kill Heather?"

"Even though he knew he could get to me through you, he wanted to affect the entire club, mainly my parents. Your death would not devastate them, but Heather's would. He did exactly what he wanted to accomplish."

I looked at the half drunk bottle of liquor on Cole's nightstand. How was that even though he had been drinking, I still believed and trusted in everything he said?

He pressed a kiss to my temple. "Come on. Let's lay down and go to sleep. We'll talk more in the morning."

After lifting me up into his arms, he carried me over to his bed and laid me down. But instead of the peaceful sleep I was sure Cole was hoping I would get, I tossed and turned all night, tormented by the images and flashbacks of what I endured with that bastard and seeing Heather's dead body beside me for so many days.



*Cole*

I DIDN'T GET a wink of fucking sleep last night. I was up most of the night trying to keep Amelia still, and when she started



screaming in her sleep, it was almost impossible to wake her up. This shit was affecting her badly and tearing her up inside.

I'd left Amelia at one of the tables in the barroom this morning eating some eggs. She had told me she wasn't hungry, but I told her if she didn't eat the food, I would shove it down her throat. I guess she believed me and proceeded to eat.

"Cole, you look like you didn't sleep a wink. If you need someone—" Mom began when I stepped into the chapel.

I cut her off. I didn't need anyone. I missed Heather very much. There was no denying that, but everyone around here was blaming Amelia for it when they hadn't even seen what she looked like. It was fucking wrong, and something needed to be done about it. *Both* of them deserved revenge for what the fuck happened.

"I don't need anyone. I've got all of the fucking comfort I need," I told her.

"You're finding comfort with the woman who's to blame for Heather being dead!" Dad roared.

Luke opened his mouth to speak, but I spoke first. "She had nothing to do with Heather's death!" I roared. "For fuck's sake, have you even taken two seconds to look at Amelia?! She looks worse than Heather, and Heather's fucking dead!"

*I would force him to look at her if that's what it took.*

I stormed out of the chapel and walked over to Amelia, who was staring at me with wide eyes, obviously hearing the commotion from the chapel. "Come on, babe."

I grabbed her hand in mine, and together, we walked into the chapel. Dad clenched his jaw when he saw her. "Amelia, who did this to you?" he asked her once he looked over her face, taking in all of the cuts and bruises that covered her skin.

"Who do you think?" she spat at him.

She still felt bad that Heather was dead, and it was affecting her in a different way than it was affecting the rest of us. But I was hoping I'd gotten through to her last night, and I

was hoping she no longer felt that she was at fault. She just seemed sad and pissed off all at the same time.

And that was never a good thing with Amelia because she preferred to channel her sadness into anger, which made her a lethal, ticking time bomb.

Dad got up and stormed over to us. Amelia cowered back immediately, her eyes widening in fear. I stood in front of her, pushing her against my back as I glared at my dad.

“Back off,” I snarled at him. “She’s been through enough shit. She doesn’t need you fucking crawling all up her ass. You need to be sensible and calm until she works through what happened to her, do you understand me?”

“How are we to know that she needs to work through shit if we don’t know what the fuck happened?!” he shouted. “For fuck’s sake, Cole, we know who killed Heather. It was the same fucking bastard that raped Amelia the last time she went missing! How is she *not* at fucking fault for this?! Because of her careless ways, she brought this shit upon the clubs!”

Amelia shoved me to the side, sending a right hook against my dad’s jaw. Any other time, I would have been insanely proud of her, but we were all too worked up over this entire situation. I had a feeling he was on the verge of snapping her neck.

If he put a finger on her, he’d be damn lucky if I didn’t kill him.

“I get this was my fucking fault,” Amelia spat at him. I guess my talk didn’t get through to her, then. She was just masking the guilt in her eyes, but I could see it now as she spoke out loud about what happened once again. “I don’t need you rubbing it in my fucking face, alright? I’ve learned my lesson from this shit. Seeing her lying naked beside me in the trunk of his car cut me deep enough. How do you think I fucking felt when I was forced to spend every fucking day that I was missing in the same fucking room with her rotting body? How do you think I felt as I watched them touch and rape her dead body over and over, and I couldn’t do anything about it because I was chained to a fucking pole?! How about when

that bastard fucked my mouth relentlessly at the same time he told me exactly how he raped and killed her?!”

My dad slapped her. I slammed him against the wall by his neck before he could say a word to her. Amelia took off running out of the room. I would catch up with her later. Right now, I had shit to tend to.

“Are you insane?!” I roared, the muscles bunching in my arms as I tightened my hand around his throat. “Is this what we’ve become, fucking blaming people and hurting women of the club just because we’re caught up in our own fucking misery?!” I punched him in his nose with my free hand, and I heard the bone crunch, blood spurting onto my cut. He moved to shove me away from him, but I tightened my grip on his neck even more, cutting off his airflow. My mother pulled on my shoulders, yelling at me to let him go, but I held tight, unmoving. “This is fucking bullshit! Ever since Amelia turned herself into this person that frightens us all by the way she doesn’t give a fuck, both clubs have turned their backs on her, but yet still want her to do the work their too fucking afraid to do themselves! All of you fucking make her bend over backwards to your fucking will, and even though she’s not one of the fucking girls in this club, but an actual woman who works alongside us, she still does her best to please each of us! Yet, nobody is willing to fucking listen to her, and all you want to do is put your goddamn hands on her!”

“Cole, you’re going to kill him!” Mom yelled in my ear.

I let him go, and he collapsed to the floor, holding his throat. I kicked him in his ribs, and he grunted in pain. Kneeling down, I grabbed his cut, yanking him up so his face was level with mine. “If you ever lay your fucking hands on her again, I’ll cut them off and make you eat them, do you understand me?”

I dropped him back to the floor. My mom stared at me with wide eyes. I knew I’d stepped into something that I’d never be able to turn away from. I’d lost my sister, had the woman I cared about brutally beaten and raped for the goddamn umpteenth time, her memory scarred, and now, I was turning

my back on my family and the clubs. But until they got their shit together, I had to get the fuck out of here.

And I was taking Amelia with me.

“I’m fucking riding out today,” I announced, ignoring my mother trying to say something. “Until you all get your fucking heads back on straight, I’m gone. I’m taking Amelia with me. I won’t keep her around a place where she’s never going to be allowed to heal.”

Luke did something he’s never done to me before. He hugged me, clapping me on the back. “Take care of her, please, Cole. She needs to get far away from here, and I know you can protect her. Get her out as soon as possible.”

I nodded curtly and turned on my heel to walk out of the chapel, going to find Amelia.

**W**e parked our bikes in front of a motel three hours away from the clubhouse. Amelia hadn't hesitated in leaving with me. It was clear she wanted out of there badly. I didn't know her real reasons, but if I had to guess, I'd say it was because she didn't want to be around the place Heather used to walk around and where Heather practically lived at sometimes.

I slid off my bike and grabbed my bag off the back of it, walking to the office of the motel we'd stopped at. Amelia continued to sit on her bike. She hated the process of getting a room; I remembered that much from when we used to ride together.

*Man, those were the days,* I thought, smiling to myself.

Once I had the key to our room, I walked back outside, only to find Amelia arguing with a couple of guys who were wearing cuts of another club. My face twisted into a scowl. I didn't like the thought of my girl being threatened.

"You tell your fucking president that I don't have shit to do with that. For fuck's sake, this is my first time being outside since near the beginning of the fucking week. I didn't fucking blow up your goddamn warehouse!" she yelled, throwing her hands up in the air in frustration.

I stepped up behind her, placing my hand on her lower back. "Problem here, men?" I asked quietly, my tone holding a thousand promises of pain if they dared to touch her.

“Yeah, your girl here blew up our fucking warehouse,” one of the men snapped at me.

I looked at their cuts, noticing they read Reapers. I sighed in irritation. “Guys, do you even realize who the fuck you’re talking to and accusing? Jesus Christ, you’re accusing Amelia of the Black Skulls.”

The Reapers and the Black Skulls have had an alliance for years now, and I knew in the past, they had called on Amelia for help in retaliation since she wasn’t afraid to get caught up in bad shit. I guess her face was fucked up enough to the point they didn’t recognize her.

One of the men shined a flashlight on her face, and she cursed, knocking the light out of his hand. “Shit, girl. What happened to you?” the president asked, stepping forward and gripping her chin in his hand to examine her face.

I forced myself not to break his nose—or worse, his jaw. I didn’t want anyone touching *my* Amelia. He pulled her into the circle of his arms, and that was where I drew the line. I yanked her back to my side, glaring at him.

“Keep your fucking hands to yourself,” I warned him.

“Cole, chill out,” Amelia snapped, glaring up at me. I narrowed my eyes at her. “Kyle has done nothing but look out for me. When I ran off for space, I went to his club. He made sure I was looked after.”

I returned her glare. She wasn’t going to fool me easily. That fucker had the look of a man that had a *real* nice fucking feel of her before. “Oh, I’m sure he’s had you looked after,” I ground out through my clenched teeth. “I’m sure he’s fucked you, hasn’t he?”

“Actually, I have,” the president told me, a cocky smirk resting on his face.

I didn’t restrain myself that time. I slammed my fist into his face. Guns were drawn on me instantly, but I didn’t give a fuck. Who in the hell did he think he was to rub his fucking relations with Amelia in my fucking face? He deserved a hell of a lot more than a fucking broken nose!

“Cole!” Amelia shouted at me. “For fuck’s sake, what are you doing?!”

I grabbed her by the arm and glared at everyone pointing guns at me. “Put them down. If you shoot me, you’re starting a war with the Black Skulls and the Bloody Royals.”

“Fuck, you’re *that* Cole?” the Vice President asked.

I rolled my eyes. *Could they be any dumber?*

“You couldn’t tell by the cut?” I snapped at him. “You fuckers are stupider than I first fucking thought.”

I dragged Amelia away, and we went to our hotel room. Once we entered, I slammed the door closed behind me. Dropping my bag onto the floor, I stormed off toward the bathroom. I was so fucking pissed, and I couldn’t release that anger on Amelia like I normally did with other women. *Fuck, she had to recover*, I reminded myself.

*I just needed a fucking shower.*

“Just where in the hell do you think you’re going?!” Amelia hollered at my back.

“To take a fucking shower. Sit down, watch TV, and shut the fuck up,” I ground out through clenched teeth, continuing on my walk to the bathroom.

She grabbed my arm and yanked me around to face her, glaring at me fiercely. Fuck, she was so goddamn hot when she was worked up. All I wanted to do was bury myself deep inside of her and listen to her moan my name over and over.

“You know I don’t take damn orders, Cole. What in the fuck is wrong with you? You almost killed your dad today, and then you *walked* from the clubs, from your family. When Kyle said he had slept with me, you fucking punched him in the face. Now, you’re pissed off and ordering me around? What the fuck is going on with you?!” she finally began yelling at the end.

I couldn’t fucking tell her what was wrong. I couldn’t tell her I left the club for her. I couldn’t tell her my views had

changed on life because of her. I couldn't fucking tell her I was jealous of other fucking men that got to touch her!

I grabbed her face gently in my hands and kissed her. When I pulled away, she was a little breathless. I took a deep, calming breath and released her. "Please, Amelia, just leave me alone for a little while. I don't want to talk about it. Don't ask again. Do whatever you want. Just don't leave the hotel room."

She put her hands on her hips, ready to argue with me again, but I already had my reasons. "Amelia, that bastard and his crew are out there somewhere, and I have no doubt in my mind that they're waiting for the perfect moment to catch you alone without me anywhere around. Stay in the motel room. If someone comes in, scream as loud as you can and try to get into the bathroom, alright?"

I gave her another kiss, though this one was much smaller and shorter. I walked into the bathroom to get a shower.

Fuck, I needed to calm down. Two kisses, and I was hard. What kind of man was Amelia turning me into?



### *Amelia*

*I FELT his hand constricting around my neck. I wanted to breathe. Fuck, I was trying my goddamn hardest to breathe, but his grip was too strong, and it was unrelenting. My brain was shutting down from the lack of oxygen. Black spots began to dance in front of my vision.*

*This was it. He was going to fucking kill me.*

"AMELIA, BABY, WAKE UP." Someone shook me. "Come on, wake up."



I gasped, my eyes flying open. My eyes met Cole's immediately. He was holding me on his lap, his hand on my neck. It wasn't tight, and I'm sure it was supposed to be comforting, but I still panicked.

I slapped his hand away and jumped off his lap, running a hand through my hair. I walked into the bathroom and splashed water on my face. Fuck, I hoped these nightmares stopped fast. I couldn't get this shit out of my head. It wasn't even flashbacks that I was experiencing. It was fucking shit that my mind was conjuring up on its own.

"Are you okay?" I heard Cole's deep, timber voice ask me.

I looked over to where I heard his voice come from and found him leaning against the door frame of the bathroom. "Fuck, Cole, I can't fucking do this," I muttered, shaking my head. I was lost, confused, and so fucking tired.

And broken. I felt ... broken.

He raised a brow at me. "Do what? Do you want to go back? I'm not going to fucking let you. Those bastards—"

I cut him short, my temper finally letting loose. I was pissed. I couldn't deal with the card that had been dealt to me. I didn't deserve any of the shit that I was being forced to deal with.

"No!" I yelled. "That's not what I fucking mean!" I paused and pressed my fingers against my temples. "For fuck's sake, Cole, all I've ever done is try to do what was best for the fucking clubs. The only fucking payment I get is for everyone, including my own fucking parents, to allow me to receive the worst end of the stick, the fucking stick that's meant to hurt the whole damn club."

He stepped toward me, his mouth open to speak, but I cut him off by holding my hand up. "Don't. I'm not done. This shit that I've been dealing with—it's building up way too fucking much. I push it off, not wanting to deal with it, because the club relies on me to be strong, but Cole, I can't be strong anymore." My voice broke. "Fuck, it hurts *so damn much*. All of the horror I've been through is catching up to me.

I've never had nightmares before; I've always been able to block out everything that I didn't want to deal with, but now—now it's catching up to me, and I'm getting all of these fucking nightmares that are terrifying the shit out of me—”

Cole looked pained at my speech. “Amelia, I never expected you to be strong.” He shook his head. “Jesus, the only thing that I've ever wanted from you was for you to let go of everything and to vent and to deal with the shit that you've been through, but you always pull back from me. You had to get away from there, so I did what was necessary to get you away from there because if you're there, you're going to continue to drink it all away and not deal with it. I *know* you.”

I clenched my fists and slammed them on the bathroom counter. “I don't want to have to deal with it, Cole!” Fuck, my mind was all over the place. I was confused. I didn't know what I wanted or needed. I just knew that I didn't want this bullshit card that I had been dealt.

I was tired. I was angry. I was sad. I was feeling too damn much, and it was twisting me up inside.

“It doesn't matter if you want to deal with it or not, Amelia. It has to be dealt with, or it's just going to continue to get worse and worse, which will just generate more problems.”

*Problems?! I have fucking problems?!*

“What the fuck are you trying to say?!” I yelled at him. “I don't have fucking problems, Cole!”

“The hell you don't,” he retorted, the muscle in his jaw ticking. I could see the visible struggle on his face not to yell back at me. “You have problems like no other person I know. You have so much shit to deal with. You've been raped and beaten too many damn times, and it's not fucking fair to you. You're traumatized, Amelia, and you're not willing to face it.” He took another step closer to me. “Dammit, though, I *will* fucking make you deal with this shit if it's the last goddamn thing that I do, Amelia. You've got to deal. I can't stand seeing you like this.”

Tears filled my eyes, and I immediately started crying. Fuck, I couldn't do this. I wasn't cut out for this kind of shit. I could handle getting messages across to other clubs through damage like nobody's business, but when it came to shit happening to me, I couldn't fucking cope with it.

Cole pulled me into the circle of his arms and ran his hand over my hair. "Amelia, you will get through this, and I'll help you," he promised.

I yanked away from him. "I don't want you to help me!" I yelled at him. "You don't even care about me, so just fuck off!"

*Be angry, Amelia. You can do angry.*

I could visibly see when Cole lost his temper. The muscle in his jaw began ticking even faster, and he clenched his fists, his body going tense. "Dammit, Amelia, I *do* fucking care! If I didn't, I would have fucking left you with the clubs to deal with everyone by yourself and rode off into the fucking sunset. So, don't you try pulling that bullshit card on me!" he roared.

I slid down the wall behind me, dropping to my ass on the floor. Cole knelt in front of me and grabbed my chin in his hands, forcing my eyes to meet his. "Amelia, you will be okay. I know you better than I know anyone, possibly even my own self, so I know this is all going to turn out alright."

I sighed, giving up. I was at rock bottom, and I was going to have to work my way back up to the strong person that everyone knew—hell, the strong person that I knew, the one that knew what she wanted and got it.

And as much as I didn't want to admit it, right then, I needed Cole.



*Cole*

I STARED out over the weathered parking lot, drinking the coffee I had picked up from the gas station across the street. Amelia was still sleeping. She hadn't slept well until I finally

forced her to get over her fear of sleeping in the same bed with a guy and forced her to sleep in the same bed with me. I guess holding her all night helped to keep away most of her nightmares.

I didn't turn around when I heard the door to our room open. I knew it was Amelia. The second she came around me, my body became hyper-aware of her.

She sat beside me on the sidewalk and took the coffee cup from my hand, taking a sip. I took one look at her and groaned, running my hand down my face. She sure as hell wasn't going to make it easy for me to not fuck her into oblivion. She was wearing jean shorts that barely covered her ass, leaving her long legs bare. She was wearing a tank top that left her breasts on view for me to see. Even though she was covered in bruises, Amelia could still make my dick hard just at the sight of her.

I jumped up, running my hand through my hair. "For fuck's sake, Amelia, do you mind putting some damn clothes on?"

She looked up at me through her lashes. I groaned, banging my head on the metal pole holding the awning up to our room, trying to knock some goddamn sense into my head. Where Amelia was concerned, I never seemed to have any.

"I am wearing clothes, Cole," she retorted, smirking her little devilish smirk that I loved seeing on her.

I looked down at her. "Unless you want me to fuck you against the wall and on every surface in that motel room, I'd advise you to at least put on a fucking t-shirt or a tank top that covers more of your chest."

She smirked at me before going back into the motel room. That's when I realized she still had my damn coffee. "Hey!" I called after her, going into the room. "You took—" My words were cut off when she turned to me, wearing nothing but her shorts and a black lacy bra. I swallowed hard and turned around, forcing myself to walk out of the room. Jesus, didn't she know there was a fucking bathroom that she could have changed in?

I pulled my phone out and looked at the texts and missed calls on my phone that I had ignored yesterday. I looked at the latest text and heavily blew out a sigh.

*Cole, your mother was just admitted into the hospital.*

I called my dad, pissed off before the conversation even started. "Hello?" he answered, sounding extremely tired.

"What the fuck did she do?" I asked him, cutting straight to the chase.

"She took off last night with the Bloody Royals without letting me know. Apparently, she blew up one of the ATL's warehouses, and she received some almost fatal burn wounds because she couldn't get away fast enough." He paused, sighing. "Cole, she needs you here."

My temper was already flared up because she blew up a warehouse of the fucking ATL. So, I fucking exploded when he told me he wanted me to come home. Did he not realize the fucking shit he just buried Amelia further into? For fuck's sake, I left so they could hopefully realize they had shit they needed to figure out! Instead, they just further try to help the ATL make a fucking death warrant for Amelia?

I heard the motel room door open, but at that moment, I didn't give a damn. I was pissed. "Are you insane?!" I roared. "You really think it's a good fucking idea for me to come riding back home with Amelia after you just let Mom blow up the warehouse of the man who killed my fucking sister and brutally fucked up Amelia?! Are you trying to get Amelia fucking killed?! There's no way in hell I'm fucking coming home! All of you assholes can burn in hell!"

I hung up the phone. Amelia grabbed my wrist and turned me to face her. Her eyes were large and filled with fear, her face white. My heart twisted upon seeing her look so afraid. "Cole, what happened?"

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "Mom fucking blew up a warehouse that belongs to the ATL. So, we've got to move soon and get farther away. I'm going to trash this phone and get a new one. We can get something to eat, and then,

we'll ride out." I looked down at her, my eyes and face intent, showing I wasn't playing games with this. This shit was serious, and I would be damned if she got hurt again. "I won't have you hurt, Amelia. Not on my fucking watch and not anymore if I can help it. I will do what I have to do to protect you."

She sighed. "Cole, you're giving up your entire life, everything that you know—for me. I can't ask that of you."

I kissed her lightly, rubbing my thumb over her cheekbone. "Amelia, you don't have to ask me. I'm doing it because I care about you. I won't let anything else happen to you while I'm alive. Those fucking bastards have fucked with the two things in my life that mean the most to me: you and my family. I'll be damned if I let either one get hurt or killed because of me again." She started to speak, but I put a finger to her lips. "*Shh*. There's nothing you could say that would change my mind. Come on. Get your bags together and get them loaded on your bike. We're going to get something to eat, and then, we're riding out."

A week had passed since Amelia and I had ridden off from the motel we were staying at. She was looking significantly better, and I could tell she felt better, too. She hadn't had nightmares in a couple of nights, and her confidence was back full force. That much was proved last night.

*WE WERE both sitting in a bar in the little hick town we had been in for the past week. I needed a drink—badly, and Amelia wouldn't leave me alone about finding a place to get shit faced, so I finally dragged her into the bar. There was a small stage with a couple of girls dancing, giving some of the men a little bit of entertainment.*

*Amelia was sitting beside me, downing another shot. I had lost count of the number of shots she had already thrown back. I was sipping at my beer, not drinking much because I knew I would have to be the designated driver because we only rode my bike here. And like hell was I risking her life.*

*A guy walked over to her. He was wearing dirty jeans and scuffed up boots with a dirty, flannel shirt. His beard was grown out and reached the collar of his shirt. He was wearing a hat, and his long hair was tied back into a low ponytail. The gleam in his eyes told me he was only going to bring trouble.*

*I clenched my fist in fury, ready to punch his face in until it was flat if he even tried to talk to Amelia.*

*“Fuck off,” Amelia snapped at the man before he could say anything to her. My eyes widened in shock. She actually spoke like her normal self to someone other than me.*

*“That’s not a way to talk to a man, baby,” he rasped, leaning into her a little too close for my liking.*

*She glared at him fiercely, and I smirked, loving the fact that the woman I knew was finally back full force. “I wouldn’t give a flipping fuck if you were my mother, asshole. Don’t talk to me. I’m really not in the fucking mood.”*

*He wrapped his hand around her hair and yanked her head back to stare him in the eyes. I jumped up out of my chair, ready to wrap my hands around his throat and break his nose. Before I could do anything though, Amelia narrowed her eyes, grabbed my half empty bottle of beer, and smashed the man in his face with it. He yelped in pain, instantly letting go of her. She wrapped his hair around her hand two times and then slammed his face onto the bar.*

*That was when all hell broke loose. I grabbed her hand and made a mad dash for the door.*

*It was time to get the hell out of dodge.*

I ROLLED OVER IN BED. Amelia was still passed out next to me. I poked her belly, biting back a grin. I knew it would piss her off. The more I got her out of her shell though, the more she’d become *my* Amelia again.

She opened her eyes and quickly squinted them shut again. “Fuck off, Cole,” she grumbled, pulling a pillow over her face.

I got out of bed and snatched everything off of the bed, including her pillow. She shot up into a sitting position, shooting daggers at me with her eyes. “If I had any idea where my fucking gun was, I’d fucking shoot you.”

With the fire currently burning in her eyes, I had no doubt in my mind that she probably would. I checked my phone and sighed, ignoring her. My dad had called thirty-three times and left about half that many voicemails. I called him back,



running a hand through my hair. “What?” I snapped into the phone when he answered.

“We’ve got a war on our hands, Cole, and we could use you back here at home. The ATL have finally struck us, and they struck us bad. Drew is in a coma, and Jasper is dead. They trashed the club grounds and blew up two of our warehouses.”

“Fuck,” I cursed, glancing over at Amelia. “We’ll begin riding back today and should be in by tonight. Keep a lookout for me.”

“Will do.”

I hung up and sighed. I really didn’t want to take Amelia back there, but as pissed as I was at my entire family and the clubs, if we all went down, I would go down with them. When it came down to it, we were family, and we protected each other.

“We’ve got to ride back,” I told Amelia. I wasn’t even going to waste my time trying to break the news to her. That wasn’t my style.

She spun around from looking through her bag and glared at me. “Why the fuck are we going back already?”

“I’ve got to,” I said. “You can keep riding if you want to, but I’m going. We’re at war with the ATL, and I’ve got to be there to help.” No matter how much I wanted to keep riding with her, I couldn’t. Not with something like this.

She grabbed some clothes and walked into the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind her. I blew out a breath in anger. She didn’t even fucking reply to me. Who the fuck did she think she was? Jesus Christ, my family fucking needed me. Of course, I was fucking going back!

I stormed into the bathroom. When I tried the door, I found it locked. I groaned in frustration and kicked the door in. I flung the shower curtain back, and she glared at me. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!” she yelled at me, placing her hands on her hips.

I forced myself not to run my eyes over her wet, naked body. “Why the fuck are you so pissed off?” I asked her.

“I can’t fucking go back there, Cole, and I don’t have the fucking brains it takes to stay off of their fucking radar! What the fuck else am I supposed to do?!” she screamed at me.

My anger boiled. I fucking already promised her I wouldn’t let anything happen to her! “Do you not listen to a fucking word I say?!” I barked at her. “I fucking told you that I would protect you! I don’t fucking go back on my word, Amelia, and you know that!”

She clenched her jaw. “Get the fuck away from me,” she ground out, reaching out to grab the shower curtain.

I flung the shower curtain closed for her and then threw my clothes off. This conversation wasn’t over, but I wasn’t going to flood the fucking bathroom trying to talk to her. I stepped into the shower, and she gasped in shock, quickly glaring at me again. “Cole!” she yelled at me.

I narrowed my eyes at her. “Yell at me one more fucking time, and I will effectively shut you up,” I quietly warned her, losing my patience. She was wasting time that I could be using to get home, and it was really beginning to piss me the fuck off.

“Why don’t you just fucking leave?!” she yelled. “If you need to get back so badly, then just fucking go!”

I slammed her back against the wall, my lips silencing her. She tried to push me away, but I pushed my body harder against hers. Sliding my hand between her legs, I slid my fingers along her pussy. She stopped trying to push me away and clutched me against her more, moaning.

*Fuck, I had missed that sound so much.*

I used my knee to push her legs apart, and she spread them open wider for me. I slid a finger in her, and she moaned again, throwing her head back against the shower wall. I kissed down her neck, sucking in some spots. “C-Cole,” she stuttered, moaning.

I slid another finger into her, and she gasped, her body shuddering. “That’s it, baby,” I breathed into her ear. “Moan my name. I fucking love hearing you moan my name.”

I pumped my fingers in and out of her faster, and she dug her nails into my shoulder, crying out. Before she could come, I took my fingers out of her, lifted her up, and slammed my cock into her. She cried out, moaning my name and wrapped her arms around my neck tightly, holding on desperately as if I were her lifeline. I pounded into her, groaning.

Fuck, she felt amazing wrapped around me. Christ, it was a miracle I lasted as long as I did without the feeling of her body wrapping around me.

When she came, she sank her teeth into my shoulder, clutching onto me tighter. I groaned into her neck and held her, knowing that she would probably fall if I didn’t. “Fuck,” she whispered after a moment. “I forgot how it felt to be properly fucked.”

I set her down. “Now, what’s your decision?” I asked her, watching as my cum dripped down her thick thighs.

She stared at me blankly for a moment, and then realization dawned on her face. “Oh, I don’t know. I’ll tell you after my shower,” she grumbled.

“Then, hurry the fuck up,” I told her, stepping out.

“Fuck you, Cole,” she retorted.

I grabbed my clothes, ignoring her last comment, and slipped them on. I was pulling my boots on when she came out of the bathroom. I raised an eyebrow at her. “Answer?” I needed to get on the fucking road. I had already wasted enough time.

“I’ll ride back with you,” she muttered, not at all looking happy about her decision.

I nodded. “I’m outside waiting. Hurry the hell up. We need to go.”

She zipped her bag up and followed me outside.

I just hoped I *could* actually keep Amelia safe in the hell we were about to ride back into.



I RODE through the gates with Amelia riding on her bike behind me. The garage was trashed, and half of it was burnt to the ground. My dad and mom—along with Luke and Amy—were standing near the entrance of the clubhouse, watching us ride in. As I turned off my bike, I heard them close the gates to the clubhouse grounds back behind us. Amelia parked and turned her bike off as well, climbing off. I slid off of mine and grabbed my bag. She walked over to me, and I looked down at her. “What?” I asked, cocking an eyebrow at her.

“I have a feeling shit’s about to go down. Did you tell them you were bringing me back with you?” she asked, shrugging her shoulder in my parents’ direction.

“No,” I said, my brows pulling together in confusion. “Why should I have to?”

“What in the hell is she doing here?!” Mom hollered. Amelia arched her brows at me. “All of this is her fault! She shouldn’t be here!”

I looked up from Amelia and narrowed my eyes at my mother. She was limping towards us as fast as she could. I was still fucking pissed at her for what she did. She thought she could fucking yell and pitch a fit after the dumb ass fucking decision she made? She had another thing coming.

“Are you insane?!” I roared at her, dropping my bag on the ground and storming over to her, halting her in her tracks. “What the fuck were you thinking?!”

“Oh, look, my oldest son actually fucking cares about his family,” she spat up at me sarcastically, her hands on her hips.

I gripped her chin in my hand, forcing her to meet my cold eyes. She flinched a little at my touch, but I was beyond giving a fuck about hurting her. “Don’t fucking get sarcastic with me,” I growled down at her. “What happened to you was your

own fucking fault, and I frankly don't give two fucks about your injuries. I want to know what you were fucking hoping to accomplish by blowing up the ATL's warehouse?!" I roared, shoving her face away from me.

"They killed my daughter," she ground out through clenched teeth.

"She was my fucking sister!" I shouted at her. "They also fucking beat the hell out of Amelia, but you don't see me fucking running around making careless decisions that will only hurt everyone else!"

"So, Amelia was allowed to make a careless decision to not tell anyone what was happening to her?!" My mom screamed up at me. "Look where it put everyone!"

"She thought she was protecting all of us!" I barked. She was treading on thin fucking ice with me. "She went through hell and back for this club! What the fuck have you done for any of us?!"

She was pissing me off worse than I already was with her. I wanted to wring her fucking neck. I had so much anger flowing through me, it was almost uncontrollable.

*My mother really was something fucking else.*

"Alright, everyone chill out!" I heard a voice that I hadn't heard in years bellow out in his old, raspy tone. "We need to be joining together to fight this shit, not fighting each other!"

I looked over at my grandfather. I hadn't seen him since a couple of weeks before mom went to prison, and that had been almost ten years ago.

I shoved my mom away from me, not caring that she fell on her ass on the ground. Amelia had already walked over to her parents. I walked over to my grandpa and hugged him, clapping him on the back. "Been a few years," I said, standing back to look him over. He hadn't changed much. More wrinkles, but that was to be expected.

He nodded, looking me over as well. "And you're just as ruthless as your father told me you would be," he said, looking at my dad helping my mom off of the ground. "You've got

both of their tempers running through your veins, kid. It's amazing nobody has died because of that anger."

"Oh, they have," I laughed. "I plan on killing a lot more before all of this shit is over."

He led me inside to the bar. I met Amelia's eyes across the room. Fuck me, she was so goddamn gorgeous. Even with the slowly fading bruises on her face, she still managed to take my breath away and make my dick hard all at the same time.

She rolled her eyes at me and walked over. She stepped between my legs and smirked at me. "Yes, Cole?"

I grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her lips to mine. She clutched my shirt in her hands, kissing me back without hesitation. I let her go and grabbed her chin in my hand, making her meet my eyes. "Don't leave my sight, understand? I won't allow anything to fucking happen to you, and my mother is on a fucking revenge spree."

The corners of her lips tilted up just a little, and that familiar mischievous glint in her eyes sparkled. "Trust me, Cole, I can take care of your mother. She doesn't scare me."

*I had no doubt about that one.*

I kissed her again and let her go. She walked away and went to sit next to a couple of girls that I hadn't met or seen before "Fond of her?" my grandpa asked me.

I looked at him and sighed. "I guess you could call it that," I told him, gesturing for Peanut to get me a beer.

"She's grown into a gorgeous woman."

"Tell me about it," I grumbled, taking a swig from the beer that Peanut had set in front of me. "Did you ever meet a woman that you just can't walk away from?" I asked him. "You get all jealous and possessive of them?"

He gave me a knowing look. "Only your grandmother. I loved that woman with all my heart. Even though she died, I still love her. Travis and Katie have that kind of love, too. You may not see it, but it's there. Trust me."

I snorted. That was the biggest pile of bullshit I'd ever heard.

"I doubt that," I retorted. "They have to be the two most loveless people on this Earth."

He chuckled. "He kidnapped her, you know," he told me.

I spit my beer out everywhere, coughing, my eyes wide as they focused on him. "What?!" I spluttered.

He chuckled. "Luke and Ryan were supposed to kidnap someone else and kidnapped her, thinking it was the girl they were supposed to be kidnapping. She made their lives absolute hell. The only time Travis and Katie could get along were when they were having sex. He was possessive and protective of her, though. You came along, and you brought them together."

"Why are you telling me this?" I asked him. "I asked about you, not them."

"You love that girl, Cole," he said like it was the most obvious thing in the world.

I snorted. "There's no such thing as love, grandpa."

He clapped my back and stood up with his beer. "You're more like your parents that you'd like to think, Cole."

He walked away, and I heard Amelia laughing. I looked over to see her still sitting with the two girls from before. I walked over with my beer and a fresh one for Amelia. I handed it to her, and she smirked up at me. "Cole, this is Kayla," she said, pointing to the girl to the left of her, "and this is Daisy," she said, pointing to the brunette on the right of her.

I sat between Amelia and Daisy. I could use a good fuck, and I needed to get the thought of love and shit out of my head. What better way than with some random piece of ass?

I threw an arm around Daisy and leaned close to her ear. "You're a gorgeous girl. I love this little outfit you're wearing," I whispered, letting my eyes trail down to her tits.

She blushed and giggled. I inwardly rolled my eyes at the cliché giggling. Before I could open my mouth, Amelia

snapped her fingers in front of our faces, glaring daggers at both of us. “He’s taken, Daisy,” she spat.

I raised my brows at Amelia. This was certainly news to me. “If he was taken, he wouldn’t be all over me right now,” Daisy told her smugly. I leaned back in my seat. Amelia was fucking mean as hell when she wanted to be. Daisy was playing with a whole fucking inferno of flames.

Amelia yanked her up by her neck and shoved her against the wall. “He’s mine, you fucking whore. Do you understand?”

Daisy nodded her head quickly, keeping her mouth shut. Amelia let her go and turned to glare at me. I grabbed her wrist and yanked her into my lap before she could storm away. I rested my hands on her hips, keeping a firm grip in case she tried to get up. “Let me the fuck go, Cole,” she ground out.

*Fuck getting rid of the notions of love. I wanted Amelia.*

I leaned in and kissed her deeply. She gripped my upper arms, kissing me back immediately. Fuck, I needed more of her. Where Amelia was concerned, I would *always* need more.

I lifted her up, carrying her to my room in the back of the clubhouse. When I got to my room, I immediately began undressing her after kicking my bedroom door shut. She yanked my clothes off of me, and I led her back to the bed. As soon as she was on her back, I slid into her. She moaned, throwing her head back against the pillows, digging her nails into my back. I pounded into her relentlessly.

I fucking loved being buried deep inside of her. I would mess around with foreplay some other time. Right then, I just needed her wrapped around me.



*Amelia*

**B** *ang. Bang. Bang.*  
*Pop. Pop.*

I jerked awake, flying into a sitting position in Cole's bed. Cole was standing in the doorway to his room, talking to his dad. "Cole, what's going on?" I demanded, my heart pounding in my chest.

He said a couple more words to his dad and shut the door. He sat on the bed and yanked on his boots. "You need to find somewhere to hide, Amelia," he said, looking over at me. "The ATL shot our guards a few seconds ago and are now on our damn property." I jumped when I heard more gunshots. I heard somebody yell in pain, and I grimaced, knowing just what the ATL were capable of.

Cole grabbed some guns and knives and slid his cut on. He grabbed the back of my neck in his large, warm hand and kissed me as if it were the last time he may ever kiss me. "Find somewhere to fucking hide, Amelia. I'm not joking. I won't let these bastards hurt you or take you again."

I nodded, but I knew that I wasn't going to follow his directions. Cole and my parents were going to be out there risking their lives for something I could have prevented by just telling everyone what they wanted to know at the very beginning of all this shit. I wasn't going to sit around and let whatever happened happen. I wasn't that kind of woman. I fought alongside my men, not on the sidelines.

He jogged out of the room, already barking orders before he made it down the hallway. After getting dressed and sliding on my cut, I grabbed my weapons, making sure everything was loaded.

Before I could get outside, a hand clamped over my mouth. My gun was knocked from my hand, and they began dragging me to the back entrance. My heart pounded wildly in my chest as that familiar, disgusting smell hit my nostrils.

“You should have just listened to Cole, darling. You fucking women are more alike than you would like to think.”

Something hard hit my head, and I blacked out.



THE FIRST THING I noticed when I came to was that I was restrained. My arms were cuffed behind my back around a pole. I groaned. I swear, this man couldn't change it up a little bit? Fuck, I was so tired of being taken by him. Didn't he ever get tired of it all?

“Here you go, getting more people caught up in your bullshit,” I heard someone that sounded a lot like Katie spit at me.

I glared over at her, not letting the shock of seeing her next to me show on my face. “I'm sure Travis gave you the same instructions Cole gave me. Don't fucking complain if you didn't follow fucking orders,” I snarled back at her. I was not in the fucking mood for her petty bullshit.

The heavy, steel door to the room opened, and the ATL president stepped through. I glared at him. “Can you fucking let us go?” Katie snapped at him. “You don't know what the fuck you've just done or the shit storm you've just fucking started.”

He glared at her. “I'd advise you to shut your fucking mouth, Louis. You don't want to find out what I'm capable of. I'll make you beg for death,” he promised her.

*I knew from personal experience that he really fucking would.*

He looked over at me and smirked. My stomach twisted as nausea rolled through it. He walked over to me, and I pushed myself as far away from him as I could. “Black Skulls don’t show fear, Amelia. Stand up to him,” Katie snapped at me. “You got yourself into this situation anyway. Don’t act so fucking afraid. You should be used to him by now.”

Before I could say anything to her, another man walked into the room, and I squeezed my eyes shut tightly, knowing he was here for me, too. “Katie, shut the hell up before I do to you what I’m going to do to her,” the man barked at her, effectively making her shut her mouth.

He pulled his knife from his pocket and began cutting my clothes off of me as soon as he reached me. “Stop!” I screamed at him. “Fucking stop!”

He dragged me down onto the floor and slapped his hand over my mouth, smirking. Tears welled up in my eyes. “Amelia, you know it’s only worse if you beg. I fucking love hearing you beg me to stop.”

Tears spilled from my eyes. I wanted Cole. All I wanted was Cole. The only hope that I had to hold on to was that they would up their game to find us with Katie being missing as well. I couldn’t go through this torture again.

As his fist came in contact with my ribs, I screamed out in pain. The torture had only just begun.



I BLINKED, letting my eyes adjust to the soft light in the room. I hurt all over. All I wanted was to just go home. I wanted Cole to hold me and tell me everything was going to be alright.

I forced myself into a sitting position, wincing in pain and whimpering as I moved. I was naked, but that wasn’t anything

new when I was trapped in this room. “Amelia ...” I heard Katie whisper, her voice breaking with emotion.

I slowly looked over at her, my face blank. She bit her lip. “Amelia, I’m so sorry for everything I accused you of. I’ve never felt so horrible in my entire life,” she whispered. I just stared at her. “Cole tried to tell all of us that Heather’s death wasn’t your fault and that you were only doing what was best for the club. He was right all along, and yet, none of us believed him.”

“I don’t want your apologies.” I tiredly told her. I just wanted her to shut the hell up so this wouldn’t happen to her, too.

She didn’t say anything further. I didn’t want her to. I didn’t want to hear how sorry she was that she didn’t believe me. I didn’t want to hear all of the bullshit that would come flying out of her mouth after witnessing me being beaten and raped. I had been alongside Katie, Travis, Cole, and my dad when they wanted to get information from someone. What she had just witnessed was ten times worse compared to what we did to those people. I was damn sure it made her sick to her stomach, and I was sure that was the only reason she felt she needed to say something.

The door swung open, crashing against the wall with the force it had been pushed. I hung my head, knowing I was in for it again.



THREE DAYS HAD PASSED. Katie still looked relatively decent. She’d only been knocked out a few times due to them not wanting to hear her mouth. For whatever reason, *I* was the one they wanted.

Currently, the president, VP, and Sergeant at Arms were in the room wrapping me up in a sheet. Katie was knocked out, and I was almost to that point. We were both so weak and exhausted that it was a miracle we weren’t out just because our bodies couldn’t take it anymore.

The president had already gotten his last fill of me and was currently lifting me up and carrying me outside behind his Sergeant at Arms, who was carrying Katie. I was too tired to glance at my surroundings as he carried me out to his trunk. I was just slightly surprised the president hadn't killed one of us.

Before they could put us in the trunk, gunshots went off. The president tossed me to the ground and started firing back instantly. I cried out in pain as my body connected with the pavement, and I curled in on myself. I saw someone running over, but my head was spinning too much to make out who it was. Then suddenly, I was pulled into familiar, strong arms.

Relief flooded my body as tears poured down my face, and I cried against Cole's chest, soaking his shirt with my tears. "You're going to be okay, Amelia," he rasped as he held me as close as possible without hurting me. "I promise that you're going to be okay."

He sat on the ground, rocking me in his arms. Blood was getting onto his clothes and hands, but he didn't seem to care nor notice. "Fuck, baby, I'm so sorry I broke my promise," he whispered, his voice breaking with the emotions running through his body. "I'm so fucking sorry."

"I want to go home," I hoarsely cried.

He stood up, cradling me in his arms and holding me tight against his chest. "We found Katie!" I heard someone bellow through the noise of men shouting and guns firing.

Cole ignored whoever had shouted that and strode over to the van. He got into the backseat with me, still holding me close. Travis slid in beside him with a now-conscious Katie. I struggled to push myself into a sitting position on Cole's lap. Katie reached over and pushed my hair back. I flinched away from her hand. She instantly yanked her hand back. "You're safe, Amelia," she whispered.

"Why is that she has been beaten almost to fucking death, and you look perfectly fine except for a few fucking cuts and bruises?" Cole ground out through his clenched teeth, anger practically rolling off of him in waves.

“They didn’t want me.” She looked down at her fingers. “If I could have stopped them ...” Her voice trailed off as tears streamed down her face. “I’ve never seen something so fucking brutal,” she cried. “Not even on TV. It was enough torture just for me to witness it.”

I pushed my hands to my ears, trying to block her out. I didn’t want to hear it. I was away. I was safe. I didn’t want to relive the pain and suffering I had gone through. It had been worse than all the other times combined.

“Stop!” I heard Cole roar. “That’s enough! Christ, Mom, she’s sitting right here! Do you think she really wants to fucking hear what she felt happening to her?!”

Katie shut her mouth quickly. I leaned my head on Cole’s shoulder. He rubbed the back of my neck gently, knowing I was bruised there, but also knowing it would help calm me down. When we got to the clubhouse, Cole ignored everyone and carried me inside. He wouldn’t even stop long enough to let my parents see me.

When we made it to his room, he untangled the sheet from around me. His jaw clenched in anger as he ran his eyes over my body. So many emotions swirled in his eyes that it was hard to make out just one of them. But he didn’t say anything. He just ran bath water and set me in it. He got undressed and got in behind me and held me to him.

Blood instantly filled the bathtub, turning the once clear water red, and Cole sighed, draining the water. He turned the water on again and turned on the shower head, letting the water spray over us instead. I curled into him.

Tremors took over my body as the shock of my situation began to wear off, and I became fully aware of my surroundings. I felt horrible, dirty, and exhausted. They had hurt me tremendously, and every single part of me ached like a bitch.

Cole held me tightly, cooing to me to keep me calm as my shaking got worse and tears filled my eyes once again. Someone knocked on the bathroom door, and Cole tensed up. “What?” he ground out harshly.

“Cole, where’s my daughter?” I heard my dad demand through the bathroom door.

“She’s in here with me,” Cole sighed, relaxing once again and gently running his fingers through my hair to get rid of some of the dirt and blood.

I heard my dad breathe a sigh of relief. “Is she ...” His voice trailed off for a moment. “Is she okay?”

Cole sighed again and held me tighter as if it would somehow make me okay again. “No, she’s not. I’ll let you see her once I’ve got her taken care of. Just give us a little while.”

I heard my dad walk away and the bedroom door close. When I was clean and bandaged up, Cole held me to him on the bed. My head was on his chest and his arm was wrapped around me tightly, his other hand holding mine captive on his bare abs. I couldn’t have been happier to have Cole with me than at that moment. He was the only thing holding me together.

Someone knocked on the door, and Cole’s hold on my hand tightened once again. “Cole, it’s me and Amy,” Dad announced.

Cole grunted in response, and they opened the door. My mom rushed over to the bed and grabbed my hand. I flinched away from her slightly. “Oh, God, Amelia, are you okay? Please tell me that you’re okay!” she exclaimed frantically, not noticing my fear of her touching me unexpectedly.

“Do I look okay?” I muttered, pulling my hand from hers.

Her lips trembled as she ran her hand over my hair. I winced in pain and jerked away, moving closer to Cole, if that were even possible. “She had injuries everywhere, so be careful,” Cole snapped at her.

My mom’s eyes filled with tears. I sighed. I had done enough crying to last everyone a lifetime. I didn’t need her crying as well.

“How could I let this happen to you again?” she cried. “Amelia, I’m so sorry that I failed you as a mother.”

My dad squeezed her shoulder. “Calm down, honey. You’re not going to make Amelia feel any better,” he murmured, his eyes sad as he looked down at my blue, black, and purple face.

She stood up after she kissed the back of my hand. “Get some rest, honey,” she whispered, another tear slipping down her cheek.

They left the room, and Cole gently set me onto the bed completely so I wasn’t lying on him anymore and stood up. “I’m going to get you some food. I’ll be back in a few minutes.”

I nodded. He leaned down and kissed me gently, leaving the room. When he came back, he had a plate of food in his hand and a bottle of water. “Eat the food and drink all of the water, and then go to sleep, alright? You need to rest to get your strength back.”



### *Cole*

I TOOK a seat at the table in the chapel. My mom was nowhere to be seen. She had texted me last night saying that while she was gone, I had the authority to make all of the decisions. I didn’t understand why the fuck she needed time away when she didn’t even have a lot of shit happen to her. *My girl* was the one that received all of the harsh treatment. And as fucked up as it was, I *wanted* her to feel like shit after witnessing what happened to Amelia. It was about goddamn time everyone sided with my woman instead of standing against her.

“As you all know, we have a severe ATL problem,” Dad began. “Two women of the club were kidnapped and both of them received some harsh treatment.” I snorted. He cast me a dark look. *More like Amelia received all of the harsh treatment and my mother only got knocked out a few times.* My dad narrowed his eyes at me but continued on with what he was saying. “Katie has taken some time away from the clubs to



deal with the trauma that she has been through. Amelia is currently unavailable to us. Both women need to be watched carefully, and they are *never* allowed to go anywhere alone.” My dad looked at me, his eyes showing the anger I was feeling. I knew he was angry over my mom—his wife—being taken, but I was absolutely fucking livid at not only the ATL, but at myself for letting Amelia suffer through this shit again. “Cole, what plan of action do you feel we should take to deal with the problem?”

“I say we kill every single of one of those bastards,” I ground out, my hands fisting on the table. “Every fucking person that laid their hands on Amelia will be tortured under my hand, do I make myself clear?” Just thinking of what Amelia looked like when I picked her up off of the ground was enough to make my heart ache and to make my soul fucking rage.

My dad nodded his head in consent. “We attack them tomorrow. Don’t let any of them survive, am I clear?” My dad looked over at me. “Talk to Amelia and find out who the men were that put their hands on her, so we know they’re the ones that don’t get killed on the spot.” He looked at the rest of the men sitting at the table. “For the rest of you, this will be bloody. We can’t let any of this fall back on us, or we’ll have the cops crawling up our asses. Don’t leave any fucking DNA on the scene, do I make myself clear?”

Everyone around the table said yes. My dad slammed his gavel down, and I got up from my chair. When I walked out into the main room, I saw Amelia sitting at the bar, sipping a beer. She was wearing shorts and a t-shirt. Her long dark hair was pulled up into a messy bun. You could clearly see the hand shaped bruises that surrounded her neck, and there were cuts and bruises covering almost every inch of her skin.

I clenched my jaw and walked over to her. “Amelia, you’re supposed to be in bed,” I told her. She needed to be resting, not out here drinking.

She glanced over at me and back down at her beer. “I’d rather be out here drinking. I don’t want to lay in bed all day

and do nothing but go over the shit that happened to me,” she retorted.

I sighed and sat on the bar stool next to her. “Amelia, can you tell me who it was that hurt you?” I asked gently, knowing it wasn’t going to be easy to bring this up to her.

She turned to face me, her glare burning flames into my skin. “I’m not fucking talking about what happened,” she spat at me.

I rolled my eyes at her. “I’m not fucking forcing you to talk about what happened, Amelia. I want to know who the bastards are that hurt you because we’re riding out tomorrow to kill every fucking member of the ATL. I want the sons of bitches that touched you to beg for death before I give it to them, so tell me who the fuck they are.”

She studied me for a moment. “They’re three brothers,” she finally said, turning back to face the wall of liquor and not looking at me. “Triplets to be exact. They look exactly alike. They have tan skin, brown eyes, and black hair. They’re tall and muscular. You can’t miss them. President, Vice President, and Sergeant at Arms.”

Gently gripping her chin, I turned her to face me. “I will end this nightmare for you, Amelia. You have my word on it.”

She glared at me, obviously pissed that she even had to go back in her memories to tell me who it was that had raped her. “Like I’ll believe your word.” I actually recoiled a little at her words. “The last time you promised me something, I had to face it again anyway, and I came back worse than fucking ever.”

She got up, sending the bar stool crashing to the floor. She stormed out of the room pretty fast for a girl who was as injured as she was. I sighed and ran a hand down my face. “You want a beer after that?” Peanut asked me quietly.

I gave him a short, curt nod. Within seconds, I had a beer sitting in front of me with the lid popped off. My dad and Luke came over to me. I glared at them. “What the fuck do you want?”

“Everyone in here heard what she said to you, Cole. She’ll forgive you,” my dad said, clapping a hand on my shoulder in what I guessed was supposed to be some kind of support.

I took a long drink from my beer and slammed it down. I stood up and glared at him. I was done with all of this bullshit. The only goddamn person I wanted to talk to me was currently pissed the fuck off at me because I broke my fucking promises to her.

“You both need to learn to stay the fuck out of my personal shit, do you understand? I’m so fucking tired of you and Luke butting in where you’re not fucking welcomed.”

“I’m looking out for you, Cole. You’re my fucking son!” Dad hollered at me.

“I don’t need you to fucking look out for me!” I roared, finally losing my temper. “First, you two don’t want me having shit to do with Amelia, and now, *now* you fucking want to give me relationship advice?!” I glared at Luke. “How about this for the both of you?! All Amelia and I do is *fuck!*”

Luke punched me in the face, busting my lip. I worked my jaw around, and then, I let my fists start swinging. Luke and I fell to the floor, and I continued slamming my fists into his face, not giving a fuck. I was livid, and I was fucking tired of everybody butting into my fucking life.

My dad finally yanked me off of him, and I glared at him. “It’s in your best interest to fucking let go of me,” I warned him.

“Get your head on straight, Cole!” Dad roared at me.

Amelia came into the bar room and helped her dad up off of the floor. “You!” my dad roared at her. Instead of flinching back, Amelia stood her ground, glaring at him. I swear, I was almost to the point of black out when he yelled at *my fucking girl*. “I fucking told you that you were messing him up!”

I wrapped my hand around his throat and slammed him down onto the bar. “You don’t fucking talk to her like that!” I hollered in his face.

Two club members pulled me back from him and shoved me down onto a chair a few feet away. “You need to fucking calm down,” Ryan told me.

I glared at him. “Fucking shut your mouth before I do you what I did to Luke,” I snapped at him.

“I told you to leave him the fuck alone, Amelia, but instead you got him wrapped around your fucking finger! Now, Cole’s all fucking twisted up, and it’s all your goddamn fault!”

Amelia walked up to him, glaring daggers. “Well, guess what, Travis? I never really gave a fuck about anything you had to say anyway. You don’t fucking scare me and neither do the rest of these fucking pussies around here. I’ve been through hell and back, and I’ve made it out alive. Don’t you *dare* try to fucking scare me.”

“Your lack of fear is the exact reason you were clinging to Cole then, huh?” he snapped at her.

She slapped him, sending his face swinging to the side. I saw a flip in Amelia’s eyes that made her look like a cold-blooded killer. This last time with the ATL had changed her, and it definitely wasn’t for the better.

“You want to accuse me of being weak, but where’s your fucking wife at? Sitting at home, moping and crying that her life is so horrible because she got knocked out a few times? Burn in hell, Travis. You’re crossing the wrong fucking person,” she growled.

He gripped her arm, and within a split second, the arm that his hand was attached to had a knife stabbed into it. He roared in pain, releasing her. My mouth dropped open in shock. The room went deadly silent. Amelia glared at my dad. “Touch me again, and the next place that knife will go is in your fucking heart.”

She stormed out of the clubhouse, slamming the doors shut behind her.

*Cole*

I stormed out of the clubhouse onto the lot, following Amelia outside. When my eyes landed on her, I sighed. She was trying to pull a piece of glass out of her foot. I shook my head. She stabbed a ruthless man in the arm, and then, her next worry is that she's got a piece of glass in her foot? For fuck's sake, this woman was hopeless sometimes.

Heaving a sigh, I quickly ate up the distance between us. "Here—use me to keep balance. I'll pull the glass out of your foot."

"Go fuck off somewhere, Cole," she spat up at me. "I'm not in the mood to deal with anyone."

I glared down at her. I knew she was pissed. Hell, she had a few reasons to be. My dad was yelling at her for no fucking reason, and I beat the hell out of Luke. She was kidnapped again when I promised her that I would never let it happen again. If those weren't reasons to be pissed off, then I didn't know what was.

But that didn't mean that I was in the mood for her smart ass remarks, either.

"Shut the fuck up for once," I snapped down at her. "I'm trying to fucking help you. You can't get the damn piece of glass out without my fucking help."

The glare she threw my way could have frozen Hell. "Fine. Get it out, and then fuck off like I said."

I ignored her but got the piece of glass out of her foot. “What the fuck are you thinking coming out here barefoot anyway?” I snapped down at her. “This place hasn’t been completely cleaned up yet since the ATL destroyed it.”

“Don’t mention that fucking crew to me,” she snarled, her eyes lighting up with rage.

I couldn’t even begin to imagine how she was feeling at that moment. I didn’t push it. I let the whole thing drop. I wasn’t going to force her to talk about it, not when she was in such a fragile state of mind.

“Fine,” I muttered. “But I’d like to know what in the fucking hell you were thinking when you stabbed my fucking dad in the arm?!” I barked at her. I was pissed at him for treating her like a man and putting his hands on her. I was pissed at her for fucking injuring him. He was my fucking dad, for crying out loud. I had a right to be fucking pissed off about it, didn’t I?!

“I wanted him to get the fucking message to never fucking lay his hands on me again, Cole,” she snapped back at me, a thousand different emotions lacing her words. “Being raped does *not* make me weak, and I won’t let any fucking bastard try to treat me as if I feel otherwise, do you understand? I don’t regret stabbing him.” Tears filled her eyes as she spoke. My heart clenched in my chest as I pulled her into my arms, holding her as silent tears fell down her face. “Cole, I don’t want to be a victim,” she whispered.

I tilted her chin up so she could look into my eyes. “Then fight back, baby.” I kissed her forehead. “But taking it out on the people who want to help you won’t help anything. Now, when we ride out tomorrow to get these bastards that dared to fucking touch you, my dad’s shooting arm isn’t going to be useful, and we’re going to have to hope that his other arm works just as well.”

She sighed and rested her head back against my chest. I pressed my lips to the top of her head and just continued to hold her in the darkness of the lot.



## *Amelia*

THE GUYS HAD BEEN GONE three days, and it had been the longest three days of my life. Katie hadn't ridden with them. She had been sticking around the clubhouse, keeping her eye on Clay who still wasn't allowed to go on runs because he couldn't be trusted to be sober.

Wasn't it ridiculous how you could have an alcohol addiction, but you couldn't have a drug addiction? Sometimes, this club had some seriously fucked up guidelines.

I looked down at my phone when I felt it vibrate in my hand. I answered it as soon as I saw Cole's name flash across the screen. "Hey."

"We're riding in. Clean some tables up. We've got some members that need immediate help," he told me, and then, he hung up.

"What a dick," I muttered, putting my phone back in my pocket. "Katie, we need to clean up some tables, and we need medical supplies."

She nodded at me, and we began cleaning the tables up quickly. I heard the bikes the instant they rode through the gates. I flung open the clubhouse doors and watched as Cole jogged over to the van and began helping carry people in. My stomach twisted with a bad, uncomfortable feeling when I didn't see my dad anywhere.

I quickly made my way over to Travis, not caring that I knew he was probably still pissed at me for stabbing him. "Travis, where's my dad?" I asked, trying not to panic.

His eyes filled with tears, and my chest tightened with an indescribable pain. "Amelia—" He didn't have to say anything more. I could already see what he was trying to tell me.

Ryan and Lorenzo were carrying my dad's lifeless body into the clubhouse. I ran over and reached them as they placed him on a table. Grabbing his hand, I dropped heavily into a

chair, my sobs wracking my chest. “Daddy, no,” I sobbed. “You can’t leave me. You can’t fucking leave me!” I screamed.

Mom stood beside me, tears flowing down her face. I laid my head down on his bloody stomach, sobbing, not caring that I was getting blood all over my face and hair. “Daddy, please come back,” I cried. “I need you.”

This shit couldn’t fucking real. My dad was strong. He had gone on numerous runs, and he *never* got injured. This couldn’t fucking be possible.

Katie came over and pulled my mom into her arms. I saw Cole wrestling the ATL president out of the van.

Rage.

All-fucking-consuming rage boiled in my blood.

I got up and stormed outside. I was fucking livid, and I was ready to spill blood.

The president smirked at me as I reached him. “You fucking killed him, didn’t you? Raping me and beating me just wasn’t enough, was it?!” I screamed at him, my hands shaking.

I jumped on him, knocking both him and Cole to the ground. I began slamming my fists into the president’s face. I wanted to hurt him, to make him feel at least a little bit of the pain that I had been forced to feel.

Cole yanked me up and held me in his arms. I struggled against him, kicking and screaming. At one point, I even bit him. Lorenzo came over, and Cole shoved me against him. “Get her the fuck out of here!” Cole roared, shaking his hand that was bleeding pretty badly from where I bit him. “Lock her in a fucking bedroom for all the fuck I give right now. Get her out of my fucking sight.”

I kicked Cole in his nuts before either of them saw it coming. Cole groaned, falling to his knees and clutching himself, his face painted into a look of pure pain. I swung back and did the same to Lorenzo. Then, I snatched Cole’s gun from his cut before he could stop me and shot the president and his



brothers as they were pulled out of the van. Once the gun was empty, I threw it on the ground and stormed inside of the clubhouse, my chest heaving.

“Honey—” my mom began as soon as I stepped inside.

I held my hand up to my mom’s face, effectively shutting her up. “I don’t want to fucking hear about how it’s okay to be sad,” I snapped at her. “I don’t want to hear that what I just did will fill me with guilt.” I glared at her. “Dad wouldn’t be fucking dead if I had just ridden off and never came back like I should have. He would still be alive and making everyone here fucking happy if I had never started this goddamn shit storm in the first place.”

I stormed away from her to my room, slamming my door shut and locking it. I changed my clothes into my ripped jeans, black tank top, boots, and my leather jacket with my cut. I threw my hair up into a bun and grabbed my gun and knife, making sure I had extra bullets.

I wouldn’t be a victim anymore. I wouldn’t let anyone else I cared about get harmed. If that meant I had to ride out, I would. If that meant that I had to kill every fucking bastard that crossed my path wrong, I would.

I was beyond the point of caring anymore. The one man that had stood next to me, supported me through everything, protected me to the best of his ability was now fucking dead, and it was all my goddamn fault.

I stormed out of my room and into the bar room. My mom was standing beside my dad’s body, crying. Cole looked up at my entrance from where he was bandaging his dad’s wound. He eyed my cut. “Been a while since you’ve worn that, isn’t it?” he asked quietly, his eyes wary as he looked at me.

I ignored him, shutting off most of my emotions. I didn’t want to feel sad or helpless anymore. I just wanted to feel fucking angry. I looked over at my mom. “I’m riding out. I have my phone on me. Call me and let me know when dad’s viewing is.”

I walked out of the clubhouse. Cole grabbed my arm when I got halfway across the lot to my bike. He spun me around. “Where in the hell do you think you’re going?” he demanded, his jaw clenched, fury lighting up his eyes.

I glared at him. “That’s none of your fucking business.” I eyed his hand with distaste. “Unless you want your fucking arm to be useless like your dad’s, I’d advise you to let me the fuck go.”

“I’m not letting you ride out of here like this,” he ground out. “You’re fucking emotionally unstable, Amelia. Feeling like this will only get you fucking killed.”

Fury lit up my features. “Hard to let my feelings get me killed when I don’t fucking feel anything.”

I quickly yanked his hand off of my arm, bending his wrist backwards. He quickly yanked his hand from my grasp. I spun on my heel and stormed over to my bike.

The last thing I saw as I rode out was Cole standing with his hands in the pockets of his jeans, watching me ride out with cold, hard eyes.



THE BAR I had stopped in was a pretty shitty place, but I didn’t plan on going any farther than this when my dad’s viewing would be in a few days. There wasn’t any point in going somewhere far.

I sipped at my beer. A tall, nasty looking guy sat down next to me. He had a long beard and long hair that was pulled back into a ponytail. He looked oddly familiar.

He looked over at me, and he clenched his jaw. “I fucking know you. You’re that bitch that slammed my head onto the fucking bar,” he growled.

“Small world,” I retorted, not giving a damn. He could put his hands on me if he wanted, but if he did, I would gladly cut off every single one of his fingers in front of everyone here.

“Where’s your boyfriend you were with, girly?” he asked me.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Cole isn’t my boyfriend.” To answer his question, I said, “As far as I know, Cole is still at the clubhouse. What’s it to you?” I snapped.

“You’re with the DM?” he asked.

I snorted. Was this mother fucker really that stupid? “Can you not read?” I asked. “My cut clearly says Black Skulls.”

His mouth dropped open, shock lighting up his features. “You’re Amelia fucking Johnson, aren’t you? Heard you stabbed Travis Louis. I bet he fucking hates you right now.”

I set my beer down slowly. I eyed him out of the corner of my eye carefully. And when he moved, the light glinted off a gun on his hip. I quickly stood up, pulling my gun out and pointing it against his head. “Let’s go outside, shall we?” I asked him.

Somehow, he knew too much, and I was going to shut him the fuck up.

He walked outside carefully with my gun pressed against the back of his head. Nobody said anything. And I knew they wouldn’t. The Black Skulls and Bloody Royals ran this fucking town. Most people turned a blind eye to the shit we did—unless they were the cops.

We walked outside. “Alright, Amelia, where are you taking me?” the man asked.

“Take me to your vehicle.”

He sighed and walked over to a big black SUV. I slammed him against the SUV and unarmed him completely. “Get in,” I ordered.

He got in slowly. I looked at his dashboard and cursed.

*Fuck*, I knew he was too fucking calm for this fucking situation.

I yanked his badge off of the dashboard and glared at him. “What do you bastards want with us now?” I spat at him,

anger roaring through my veins. The FBI were the last fucking thing these clubs needed.

He shot out of the SUV and slammed me against the vehicle, yanking my hands behind my back. “Amelia Johnson, you are under arrest.”

I cursed.



### *Cole*

MY PHONE WENT OFF, and an unknown number popped up on the screen. “Hello?” I answered cautiously.

“Cole, don’t hang up,” I heard Amelia’s voice say. I instantly sat up straighter. “I’m in jail. The fucking FBI are here. Hopefully, I can get out on bail come Monday.”

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. “For fuck’s sake, Amelia, what did you do?” I asked her. Because she had to fucking do something.

“Hurry up, Johnson!” I heard a cop holler in the background.

“Yell at me one more time, and I’ll gladly add another fucking charge to the ones I already have,” she growled at him. I clenched my jaw. “Cole, just try your best to get me out of here before they get me for murder, too.”

“I’ll see what I can do.” I knew something like this was going to fucking happen. She was fucking unstable, and she was causing even more shit for me to have to deal with.

I heard Amelia yell at someone, and the line hung up. “What’s going on?” Dad asked as he sat beside me, drinking a beer.

“Amelia was arrested by the FBI, I think. Her bail hearing isn’t until Monday, so I can’t do anything until then.”

“She’s gone for four hours and already sitting in jail.” He sighed, shaking his head.

“Dad, this means the FBI are on our asses,” I told him. “Amelia’s also not in the right state of mind at the moment, and God help us if she says something that she shouldn’t.”

He sighed again and ran a hand down his face. “We can’t even grieve without something else popping up. The same fucking thing happened with Heather.” He looked at me. “When is this shit going to end, Cole? How in the hell did we even end up here?”

I shrugged. “This is all I know, Dad, so I don’t know,” I answered him honestly. “The only thing that I know is that the clubs are falling apart, and our women are getting hurt when they shouldn’t be victims. Amelia was raped and beaten, and then, Heather was killed. Mom ended up getting kidnapped. What woman is next, Dad? This shit has never happened to the clubs before.”

“I’ve got to get your mom to give up her position to you, Cole.” I arched a brow at him. “Amelia is going to have to take your spot. Between you, me, and Amelia, we should be able to pull ourselves out of this mess.”

I didn’t want to think badly of Amelia; I really didn’t. But she was mentally unstable at the moment, and she definitely wasn’t making the greatest decisions. “Do you really think Amelia is a good idea, Dad?”

He looked at me. “When Amelia is given a goal, she reaches it, Cole, no matter how long it takes. Of course, I think Amelia is a good choice.”

Sure as fuck didn’t expect him to think that highly of her.



### *Amelia*

I GLARED at the FBI agent sitting outside of my cell. He was an old bastard. He seemed so fucking old that I didn’t even understand how he was still part of the FBI force.

“They expect you to be able to stop me from doing something stupid?” I asked him, smirking. I was on a mission

to get on every fucker's nerves while I was here, and he was my first target.

“My age does not mean anything, Johnson. It'll do you good to remember that,” he retorted.

“How many days do you have until you fall dead?” I snapped back at him.

“Is there a double meaning there, girly?” he asked, cocking his white-haired eyebrow at me.

I snorted. “Not at all,” I said with a ton of sarcasm lacing my words.

He glared at me. “Keep up with the remarks, and I'll see to it that you don't make bail,” he snapped at me.

I glared at him. Jail was bad enough. I wouldn't allow this bastard to put me in prison. I'd had enough bad experiences with closed in spaces and walls that seemed to hold a thousand secrets, including my own. It was a miracle that I wasn't going stir crazy sitting in this cell. If they put another person in here, though, things would instantly go downhill.

Crossing my arms, I sat back on my cot and shut the fuck up.



MONDAY, Travis and Cole paid the money for me to be bailed out. When I stepped out of the court doors, half of the club was waiting for me. I smirked. “Lovely to see you, boys!” I exclaimed with sarcasm.

Cole smirked back at me anyway. I never thought I would ever find myself saying it, but I actually missed Cole's smirk. “We're going to need that cut, babe. You're the new VP of the Bloody Black Skulls.”

I gaped at him, stopping in my tracks. “I'm the VP of what?” I asked incredulously.

Travis chuckled at my expression. “Amelia, welcome to the Bloody Black Skulls. We'll explain it to you once we get

to the clubhouse. Just please, get on the back of Cole's bike."

I sighed. Shit was getting real. Like really fucking real.

I slid onto the back of Cole's bike, wrapping my arms around him. I rubbed his abs and leaned up to purr in his ear, "Let's go, Prez."

He groaned in that sexy way that was purely Cole and turned around to give me a quick kiss. "Whisper that in my ear when we're alone, babe."

I smirked and leaned my head on the back of his cut. He pulled off at the head of the group.

Cole was currently sitting at the head of the table with the gavel on his right, and I was currently sitting on his left. Travis was at the other end of the table. Although Travis was no longer the president, Cole demanded his presence at every meeting. I guess I could understand why; Travis had made these clubs great during his reign.

I was still a little lost on all of the decisions that had been made while I was locked away. To say that I was a bit pissed off was kind of an understatement. When we had gotten to the clubhouse, Cole had demanded that every member be sitting at the table, and he hadn't told me anything. I looked pretty fucking dumb at the moment; I was the VP, and I didn't know shit.

“We need to settle some things,” Cole began. “The FBI are on our asses. Two of our people have been taken in by the FBI—Amelia and Lorenzo. Amelia, did they question you?” Cole asked, turning his head towards me.

I clenched my fists on top of the table. I had been asking questions since I got on the back of Cole's bike, and I had yet to get answers. He wanted to ignore me and do as he pleased? Shit didn't work like that, especially not with me as his fucking VP.

“If you don't give me the fucking answers I want, I'm going to shove that fucking gavel and your new president cut so far up your ass—” I snapped, narrowing my eyes at him.



Cole cut me off, sighing in aggravation. “For fuck’s sake, Amelia, you have no patience at all.” He ran a hand down his face. “My mom and dad stepped down from their spots as president. I was given the president patch, effectively joining the two clubs together. You were automatically given your place as VP because Luke was the only VP that had a kid that could take that place. We all voted on the name Bloody Black Skulls. You couldn’t vote because you had gotten yourself locked up by the FBI.”

I smirked at him, feeling better now that I wasn’t so fucking lost on all of the decisions that had been made. “Thank you,” I retorted. “To answer your earlier question—yes, I was questioned.” Under my breath, I added, “pretty fucking ruthlessly, in fact.”

“What was that?” Cole asked. His eyes narrowed as they scanned my face. “What in the hell did they do to you?” he snapped, his tone dangerous.

*“AMELIA, we need your help. We’re willing to strike a deal with you if you decide to help us.”*

*I glared at the agent in front of me. He was tall and had a lanky build. His hair was almost jet black, and he had dark eyes to go along with it. I was pretty sure that his suit was Armani.*

*“Why would I need a deal? I don’t have anything to hide,” I told him, leaning back in my chair and clenching my fists in my lap.*

*“That’s what your mouth says, Amelia, but your body language says another. Would you like to visit some of your old friends from jail?” he asked, a nasty, sadistic smirk twisting his lips.*

*I spit in his face as he leaned across the table a little bit. He sat back, wiping his face with disgust taking over his features. “You can fucking burn in hell,” I snapped at him, anger roaring through my veins. Who the fuck did he think he was, using my fucking past against me?*

*He stood up and looked at the camera as he closed his briefcase. "Bring her in," he ordered, walking towards the door.*

*He walked out, and a bitch I never wanted to fucking see again entered the room. I jumped out of my chair like lightning, putting the piece of furniture between us. "Come near me, and I swear, I'll kill you," I growled, my stomach twisting with an uncomfortable feeling.*

*This bitch was fucking ruthless. She had made my time in jail horrible, and she had ruined any alliances my dad had managed to get lined up for me. She had almost killed me numerous times.*

*She ignored me, a smirk twisting her features as she walked closer to me with her hands cuffed in front of her. "We have some unfinished business, don't we, Amelia?" I knew it was a rhetorical question, so I didn't answer her. I just watched her with wary eyes as she tried moving closer to me. "I want to see you and your clubs all fall, Amelia. You will give these agents something to use, or I will make your death so painful—" She cut herself off as she quickly jumped over the chair that I had put between us. We crashed to the floor, and she wrapped her arms around my throat. She pulled us up with the chain of her handcuffs pressing against my throat, cutting off my airflow. I clawed at the chain, desperate for air. "If you want your death to be quick and painless," she murmured in my ear as I gasped for breath, my hands trying to clutch onto the chain of her cuffs, "you'll do what needs to be done."*

*I blacked out.*

I RESISTED the urge to rub my neck as Cole waited for an answer. "Nothing," I muttered. I knew he had clearly heard me, but he chose to ignore it. He resumed getting the answers he needed.

"What did they question you about?" he asked me.

“The ATL shootings, the deals with the DM, my dad’s death.” I rolled my eyes as the last one came to mind. “And apparently, I’m mentally unstable.”

Travis snickered, and I shot a glare over at him. “What?” he asked me, shrugging his shoulders. “Amelia, if it makes you feel any better, I don’t think you’re mentally unstable, even if you did stab me. You’ve just been through some tough shit, and you don’t want to be a victim. You’ll do anything to prove you’re not one. If that means being a ruthless, cold-blooded killer, then that’s what you’ll be to prove your point.” He gave me a small smile that was rarely seen on Travis. “Trust me, if I thought you were mentally unstable, I wouldn’t have allowed you to be VP, and I would have forced Cole to choose someone different.”

I smirked over at Travis and then turned back to Cole. “We’ve got to get the FBI off of our asses,” Cole continued, lacing his fingers together on the table in front of him. “So, we need to stay low and not do anything to bring more attention to ourselves.” He shot me a pointed look, and I gave him my best innocent smile.

“I’m an angel, Cole. I’d never do anything,” I said, fluttering my lashes at him, making him smirk.

That brought a round of laughter to the table. Cole shook his head and slammed his hand onto the table with a loud smack. “Does everyone get what I’m saying?” Cole asked. “I mean it; I don’t need any more shit on my plate than I’ve already got.”

Everyone spoke up saying they understood, and Cole slammed the gavel, ending the meeting. I got out of my chair and went to my room, desperately wanting a shower in my own bathroom with actual hot water, and I really wanted to get into some clean clothes.

As I was in the shower, Cole flung back the shower curtain, and I gasped, quickly turning so I was facing away from him. The water had washed away the makeup one of the cops had allowed me to use on my neck, so my very dark, chain shaped bruise was now very visible.

“Shy, Amelia?” Cole asked, stepping into the shower and closing the curtain back. “Did you share a cell mate that ruined you for all men?” he teased.

“Cole, go away,” I ground out.

Fuck, I could *not* allow him to see my neck. He would be fucking pissed, and his whole plan of staying low would go flying out of the window. He would retaliate. It had become more than obvious to me that Cole cared for me, and he would hurt anyone who put their hands on me if I didn’t hurt them first.

I glanced over my shoulder to see Cole standing in all of his naked glory. He grabbed my wrist and yanked me around to face him before I could do anything to stop him. His eyes ran over my body like a sensual caress, but as he made it to my chest, his eyes quickly snapped back up. He tilted my head back, his jaw clenched tightly. “Cole ...” I whispered, my voice trailing off as I swallowed hard and then winced.

“Your other bruises are practically healed, Amelia,” he growled. “Who the fuck did this to you, and when the fuck did it happen? It looks like chains were pressed against your neck.”

I nodded slowly as he released my head, his eyes meeting mine. There was no use keeping it from him now. He would find a way to find out if I didn’t tell him. Fuck, this meant that I would have to tell him about the scar on my shoulder.

I rubbed my scar as I leaned against the shower wall, letting the hot water run over my body. “When I was in jail those five months, believe it or not, those inmates hated me more than they hated any member of the clubs, including Katie. There was this one girl—I don’t know what crew she’s from, and I had never met her before in my life—but she absolutely hated me. She wanted me dead, but I fought her. I wouldn’t allow myself to die in that shit hole.”

I rubbed my shoulder again. “That’s where this scar came from,” I told him, moving my hand. “She had all the guards in her fucking pockets. They all owed her something or they owed her crew something. They gave her any weapon she

wanted, turned their back on everything she did, pretending it wasn't going on. She made my life hell while I was in there. I'm guessing it didn't go unnoticed by the FBI."

I turned my head to face him, watching the different emotions pass over his face as he listened to me speak. "The agent that was questioning me didn't like my attitude, I guess. Maybe it was because I wasn't willing to tell him anything, or maybe it was because I wasn't willing to make any kind of deal with him. He got up and put his things away after I spit in his face." Cole smirked a little as he pictured it, but the next thing I said quickly wiped the smirk off of his face. "I thought I was going to be allowed to go back to my cell, but he said 'bring her in'. He walked out, and that bitch took his place. I was unarmed, and I knew she was fucking dangerous. She makes me look like a normal, preppy, high school bitch, Cole."

His jaw was clenched in anger, fury lighting up his features. "I put a chair between us, but she got over it, sending us both crashing to the floor. She managed to get my neck between her arms, and she choked the shit out of me with the chain on her cuffs, telling me I better tell them everything, effectively sending all of us to prison—death row—or she'd make my death slow and painful."

Cole sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose, closing his eyes as he regained his composure. Neither of us moved for a minute. Finally, Cole sighed and opened his eyes. "Hand me your poof and come here," he said softly.

I did as he said. He grabbed my bottle of shower gel and put it on the poof. Gently, almost like a caress, Cole ran his hand over my body, the poof following behind. By the time he had bathed me completely, I was a turned on, hot mess. I knew that he knew this, too; fuck, Cole knew my body better than I did.

He moved me back a little, letting the water wash away all of the suds from my skin. Cole finally groaned and yanked me against him, his lips working against mine as soon as our bodies came in contact. I moaned, tangling my fingers in his wet hair.

Cole lifted me up and wasted no time in pushing himself deep inside of me. I cried out, throwing my head back. His lips worked against my neck and moved lower as he pumped in and out of me, holding me up with his sheer, upper body strength. His lips circled my already hardened nipple, and I pulled on his hair a little as I felt my climax building. “Cole, please, fuck me harder,” I breathlessly begged.

He pushed me against the shower wall. I wrapped my arms around his neck tightly, and he slammed into me, making me practically scream his name. “Fuck, Cole, yes, fuck, right there!” I moaned, biting down on his shoulder.

His hands ran over my body as we both panted for breath, desperate for the release that we were both on the brink of. “Come for me, baby,” he groaned. “Fucking come, Amelia.”

I did. I pressed myself against him, screaming his name again as I dug my nails into his back. He bit my collarbone, groaning as he came inside of me. “Cole, I don’t ...” I paused for a moment, trying to catch my breath. “Don’t put me down. I’ll fall.”

He chuckled into my neck, wrapping his arms around me and holding me tightly. “No problem. I’ll just fuck you again on your bed.”

He turned the water off and carried me to my bed. After setting me on it, he spread my legs open, baring my core to him. I was practically dripping as he gazed down at me.

*Fuck, I wanted him. I wanted him so fucking bad.*

Before he could go down on me, I gagged, my hand flying up to my mouth. Oh, God, I was going to be sick.

Cole jumped up and snatched up a trashcan, thrusting it toward me. I leaned over and threw up into it. Cole held my hair back from my face. When I was done throwing up, I fell back onto my pillows, curling in on myself. Cole rubbed his thumb over my cheek. “Not the best time to be getting sick, baby,” he joked. I just groaned. “Are you okay?”

I shrugged. “I don’t know where that fucking came from,” I muttered. “I felt fine before, and then, all of a sudden, I knew

I was going to be sick.”

His worry-filled eyes scanned my face. My stomach was still churning. All of a sudden, without much warning, I felt vomit rising again. I gagged, reaching for the trashcan. Cole quickly pulled my hair back as I threw up again. When I was done, he grabbed a pair of sweats he must have brought into my room and yanked them on. “I’ll be right back, babe.”

He walked out of the room, quietly shutting the door behind him. A few minutes later, his dad, Katie, and my mom came into the room with Cole behind them. Thankfully, I had decided to pull on panties and a t-shirt. Cole crawled onto the bed behind me and wrapped his arms around me. “She doesn’t feel like she’s running a fever,” he informed them. I sighed. “She just began throwing up all of a sudden.”

Katie snorted. “I think she’s pregnant,” she said bluntly.

I choked on air and sat up quickly, running my fingers through my hair, tugging on the strands roughly. *No*, I couldn’t be pregnant. It could be anybody’s kid. Cole and those ATL bastards had never used a condom. With Cole, I never really cared enough to demand him to wear one. I mean, I was on birth control for fuck’s sake. But I never was given a choice with those bastards.

My eyes filled with tears, and I choked back a sob. Cole’s arms quickly came around me before my mom’s could do so. “You’re going to be okay,” he whispered, kissing my forehead. He tucked my hair behind my ears and turned my face so I could look at him. “Baby, you *will* be okay.”

Katie knelt in front of me next to my mom. “Amelia, there are options out there,” my mom started, her voice trembling with emotion. “You can even have a DNA test done before you have to make some kind of decision.”

I slapped my hands over my ears childishly. I didn’t want to hear about how it could possibly be one of *theirs* if I was.

Cole sighed and pulled me against his chest. “Go. She doesn’t want to hear this.”

“She needs to,” Katie said.

“I said go!” Cole snapped at her.

My mom and Katie both shot him a glare but left the room. Cole stood up and set me on my feet. “Get dressed. We’re going to go to the doctor and getting a pregnancy test done, okay?”

I shook my head. “No. I don’t want to know,” I sobbed, tears streaming down my face.

Cole held my face in his hands, making me look up into his face. “Amelia, you need to know. If you are, you’ll do what you feel is right, okay? You’ll never be able to make a proper choice if you don’t find out though. I want you to have all of your facts.”

He walked over to my closet and tossed me jeans and a tank top with my leather jacket and my cut. I got dressed, and he grabbed my hand, walking to his room. Once he got dressed, we walked outside, and he straddled his bike. Sliding on behind him, I wrapped my arms around his waist tightly. He pulled one of my hands up to his lips and kissed my knuckles.

Despite the fear wracking my body because of what I was about to face, I smiled a little as I rested my head on his back.

Cole would be by my side, no matter what.



“AMELIA, YOU ARE PREGNANT,” the doctor said, confirming my worst fears. “I’d like to do an ultrasound to determine how far along you are because you have not had a normal period in a while due to your birth control.”

I grabbed Cole’s hand in both of my own, squeezing tightly. He looked up at the doctor as he squeezed my hand back in reassurance. “How far along does she have to be for a DNA test to be done?” he asked.

Though part of me was angry for him even asking something concerning me and my health, I realized it would be



stupid of me to be angry with him. This baby could be his for all we knew. It wouldn't be fair to him if he didn't know.

"We can do a test at twelve weeks. That's the earliest I do these tests on my patients," the doctor replied.

Cole looked at me. I knew he wanted to do this ultrasound to see how old the baby was—to determine how far along I was. I sighed and squeezed his hand tighter and nodded. He looked at the doctor. "We'd like to do an ultrasound."

The doctor nodded, and we were led to the ultrasound room. I laid on the table, and the ultrasound tech smiled at me. "First time mom?"

I nodded, swallowing hard. Cole grabbed my hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "It's going to be okay," he soothed. "We'll find out."

I nodded. "I need you to lift your shirt up to right under your boobs, okay, darling?" I flinched at the little nickname, and Cole noticed. Clenching his jaw as anger briefly flashed through his eyes, he stood beside my head, giving me some comfort.

I lifted my shirt up, and the ultrasound technician squirted some warm gel on my belly. She placed a small wand on the gel and moved it around a bit. A small baby popped up on the screen. Cole laced his fingers through mine and rubbed the back of my hand with his thumb. My heart was pounding in my chest, and I felt my stomach churning.

I was keeping my fingers crossed that the baby didn't belong to any member of the ATL.

Cole and I had been messing around for a while—a few months now—and I was desperate for it to be his baby. I didn't want to kill any child, but I knew I would never be able to carry my rapist's child and keep my sanity.

"It looks like your baby is about eleven weeks old, which places you at thirteen weeks into your pregnancy." She looked over at us. "Would you like to hear your baby's heartbeat?"

I shook my head no. I couldn't handle that. This was already too much to handle as it was. She nodded and turned

the monitor off after handing us a couple of pictures. “I’ll lead you back to your examination room.”

I wiped the gel off my belly with the paper towels she handed me and stood up. When the doctor came into the room, he began to speak immediately. “I can do the DNA test today and have the results back to you in twenty-four hours. You can come back tomorrow about an hour after the time that the test is done today, and I’ll give you the results and go over your options. Is that okay?”

“That’s fine,” I quietly replied.

Cole’s eyes met mine, and mine instantly filled with tears. He leaned down and kissed me. “We will figure this out,” he whispered. “You will be okay in the end; I promise.”

I twisted my fingers in my lap as I waited on the doc to come into the room. I was nervous as hell for the results, and I was feeling extremely sick to my stomach. Cole had club business to deal with that couldn't wait, so I was at the doctor's office alone. But I wanted nothing more than to have Cole at my side right then.

I was so fucking nervous. I felt like I was going to throw up at any moment, and I couldn't keep still. I was so fucking fidgety.

The doctor finally came into the room. He set the file down onto the countertop. Turning to me, he clasped his hands behind his back and gave me a reassuring smile. "Amelia, the baby is Colton Louis's."

Tears fell down my face. I sobbed into my hands, relief flooding my body. I was so fucking happy it wasn't one of those assholes'.

Thank God, I didn't have to abort it. Now, the only thing I had to worry about was how Cole and I were going to make this work. We argued so fucking much, and we could barely agree on anything. The only time we got along was when we were screwing!



I STRETCHED as I came awake, rubbing the sleep away from my eyes. I jumped in shock, my heart pounding in my chest

when I looked over and saw Cole sitting at the desk in my room with his feet propped up on it. He smirked when he caught my reaction. “Did I scare you?”

I rolled my eyes at him, sitting up. “Get your nasty ass shoes off my desk,” I ground out. “I’m the one that has to clean this room, you know.”

He removed them but watched me with wary eyes. “Are you going to tell me what the doctor said?” Cole finally asked.

I swallowed hard, putting a hand over my stomach. I laid back down so I was facing the ceiling. “It’s your baby, Cole,” I said just loud enough for him to hear me.

It was deadly silent in the room for a little while. I forced myself not to cry. I knew he wouldn’t want it. How stupid was I to even begin to think that maybe he wanted something to do with this kid if it was his? Cole and I didn’t know how to express our emotions. I had been traumatized to the point that it all became one big mess when I began to feel anything. Cole mainly showed anger. I mean, what kind of parents would we even make? We could barely control our own fucking lives, much less that of a kid.

“Fuck,” Cole finally whispered. “I’m a dad.”

I felt the side of my bed dip, and I looked over at him to find him staring at my belly. I removed my hands slowly, placing them on the covers beside me. He pushed my shirt up and rested his hand on my belly. You could sort of feel a bump. I hadn’t looked in the mirror to see if I could see one.

“Amelia, that’s my kid in there,” he whispered, a thousand emotions running through his voice.

I rolled my eyes at him. “No shit, Sherlock.” I cut his moment short by sitting up. I crossed my legs Indian style and let my eyes settle on his. “Cole, how are we going to make this work?” I asked him quietly.

He gave me an *‘are you fucking kidding me’* look. “How the fuck else do you think this is going to work?” Cole asked me. “I have feelings for you, and I know somewhere deep

inside of you, you have feelings for me, too. We'll be together and make it work for this baby."

I got off of my bed quickly, putting my hands on my hips as I glared down at him. For so long, I had wanted Cole to admit his feelings for me. I didn't want him to feel obligated to me just because he got me knocked up. I wouldn't be our fucking parents; I wouldn't be with him just because of a baby.

"That is an absolutely ridiculous idea!" I shouted at him. "Cole, I will not be like my mom and dad." I ignored the pang that hit my heart when I mentioned my dad and continued on. "I will not be with you just because of this baby."

"I'm not giving you a choice in this, Amelia," he said, standing up as well, his tall frame towering over me.

"Like hell you aren't," I spit at him. "I'm my own fucking person, Cole. This baby does not give you some fucking ownership rights to me. Go fuck yourself, and get the fuck out of my room," I snapped, pointing to the door.

Cole walked to my door, his back rigid. I knew he was pissed. Why he wasn't arguing with me was beyond me. It wasn't like him. "That's it?" I asked him incredulously. Fuck, I didn't know what in the hell I wanted. "You're just going to walk out?"

Cole had never walked away from an argument; it wasn't in his nature. Maybe he had realized how dumb his idea was. I wanted Cole more than anything, but not just because of baby.

"I'm going to get a drink, Amelia. I need a breather. You're pissing me off." I stopped listening to him. *Fuck*. I had been drinking. What did this mean for my baby? *Oh, dear God*.

I sat down on my bed heavily and grabbed my phone. Cole walked over to me immediately. "Amelia?" he asked, kneeling in front of me.

I put up a hand to his face. He shoved it away, but he kept scanning my features, trying to figure out what had bothered me so suddenly. "Hi, can I speak to Dr. Charles?" I asked the receptionist that answered the phone.

“Sure. Give me one moment while I direct your call.”

“Amelia, what the fuck is going on?” Cole demanded.

I shot him a pointed look, telling him to shut up for a moment. “Dr. Charles speaking. How may I help you?”

“Dr. Charles, it’s Amelia Johnson,” I told him. “I just saw you today.”

“Ah, Amelia. Is everything okay?” he asked, sounding genuinely concerned.

I sighed and ran a hand through my bangs. “Actually, this just came to my mind, and it has me a little worried. I’m three months pregnant, and I’ve been drinking most of those days. How will that affect my pregnancy and my baby?”

He sighed at the same time Cole squeezed my thigh and sat next to me. “Okay. I’ll tell you what we’ll do,” Dr. Charles began. “Do you think that you can come in tomorrow?”

I nodded, though I knew he couldn’t see me. “Of course, I can,” I told him. If it meant making sure my child was okay, I would go to the ends of the fucking world tomorrow.

“Okay; I want you to come in at nine in the morning, and we’re going to do an ultrasound to look for any defects. We’ll also keep check throughout your entire pregnancy, but we won’t know how the alcohol consumption will affect your child’s brain until it has been born.”

I sighed. I had probably already fucked my child up, and it wasn’t even that old yet. “Okay. I’ll see you at nine. Thank you,” I murmured.

I hung up the phone and looked down at my hand that Cole was holding. He sighed, making me look up at him. “We’ll deal with it, baby,” he said gently. “I’m glad you thought about the alcohol though. I never would have.”

“Cole, I’m such a bad mom,” I whispered, looking down at my lap.

He gripped my chin in his hand, shaking his head. “Amelia, you’re not a bad mother. You didn’t even know you were pregnant. Don’t beat yourself up over it. Just take care of

yourself so that your body can take care of our baby, okay?” He leaned forward and kissed me, his hand sliding along the back of my neck. I arched myself into his touch, sighing. Cole always turned me on, no matter what. “You need to take a nap. From the research that I’ve done since we both found out about your pregnancy, rest is good for both of you.”

I sighed. I felt weak for what I was about to ask, but I didn’t want him to leave me. I wanted him to hold me while I slept. “Will you stay with me?” I asked softly.

He smirked. “Do you want me that bad, babe?”

I glared at him, clenching my jaw. For once, I let him see the more vulnerable side of me, and he goes and says some stupid shit like that. “Never mind. Go fuck yourself,” I snapped.

He sighed. “Baby, I’m sorry. I’ll stay with you, okay?”

I ignored him and laid down, turning my back to him. A few moments later, I felt Cole’s arms wrap around my waist, and he pulled me against his shirtless body. “Go to sleep, baby. I won’t leave without telling you.”

I smiled to myself.

Even if it took me getting knocked up, Cole had admitted that he cared about me. It was a relief for me to know that my feelings weren’t just one-sided. I’d had feelings for Cole for a very long time. As much as I hated it, this baby would be the one thing that would bring us together.



*Cole*

I GROANED when someone knocked on the door. “What?” I whispered harshly. Fuck, I was finally getting some decent sleep, and somebody had to come fucking ruin it. If they ended up waking Amelia, I would make sure they would face my fucking wrath.

Lorenzo stepped into the room. “Cole, we’ve got some random blonde bitch standing in the middle of the clubhouse ranting some stupid shit about you promising her something.”

I sighed. Of course, the one bitch that I wished to never see again would remember that I promised her out of the life that she was currently in. This one wouldn’t be much better for her. It wasn’t like she would be my old lady, like so many women wished for when they came to me for help. I was pretty sure it was clear that Amelia was my old lady, even if it wasn’t official yet between us.

“I’ll be out there in a minute. Be prepared for some,” I paused for a moment, trying to find the right word to use, “drama.”

He looked at Amelia sleeping and smirked. “I’ll grab a beer while we’re waiting. Should I make some popcorn?” he asked sarcastically, grinning.

I chuckled and rolled my eyes, shaking my head. He stepped out of the room, and I gently shook Amelia. She groaned. “What?” she mumbled.

“There’s a girl I made a promise to a couple of years ago in the barroom. I need to go deal with it. Do you want to come out there with me, or do you want to continue to sleep? I told you I wouldn’t leave without letting you know first,” I reminded her.

She rolled onto her back and stretched. I groaned at the sight. Man, she looked so unbelievably sexy when she stretched like that.

I got out of bed before I put off dealing with the shit out in the barroom and instead fuck Amelia seven ways to Sunday. I slid my shirt back on and put my shoes on, shrugging on my cut. She finally rolled out of bed and walked over to the bathroom. “I’ll be out in the barroom, baby,” I told her.

She nodded, and I left the room. When I got to the barroom, the blonde girl was sitting at one of the tables, drinking what looked to be a soda. She looked up when I walked in. “Cole!” she exclaimed.



Before I could register what was happening, she was jumping into my arms and kissing me. When I finally managed to pry her away, I shoved her away from me. “Tammi, what do you want?” I asked her, getting straight to the point, clenching my jaw.

“Cole, I want you,” she whined, trailing her red, manicured fingernail down my chest. “I’ve always wanted you, baby.”

“Too bad, bitch. He’s taken,” Amelia said as she walked past us, knocking Tammi’s hand off of my chest and heading to the bar. “Peanut, get me a ...” she trailed off, sighing. “fucking pregnancy,” she muttered. “Get me a goddamn glass of fucking water.”

He nodded quickly and scampered off to get her some water, obviously sensing her foul mood. Despite her bad mood, Amelia still looked so fucking sinful. She was wearing her normal attire of jeans, boots, leather jacket, and her cut, and she still had that air of badassness surrounding her. I gazed down at her stomach. She wasn’t really showing yet, but I knew I would love it when she would.

“Who the fuck are you?” Tammi spat at Amelia.

Amelia looked over at her, annoyance flashing in her eyes. “Take it from me, sweetheart. Don’t roll up in here thinking you know how shit works. You’re nothing to me; I’ll take pleasure in strangling you and burying you somewhere deep in the woods, okay?”

“I know how shit works, you club whore,” Tammi snapped. I clenched my jaw. I fucking hated when people thought Amelia was some random club whore. “Cole and I have been together a long time.”

I snorted, dragging out a chair and sitting down. I wasn’t going to get caught in the middle of this shit. Tammi was digging her own hole, and I wasn’t helping her out of this one.

“Did you just call me a club whore, but yet claimed to know how shit works around here?” Amelia rolled her eyes, scoffing. “If you knew how shit works, you wouldn’t have called me a club whore when I’m wearing a cut. One, club

whores—as you put it—don’t wear cuts. Two, you’re looking at the mother fucking VP, sweetheart.”

Tammi sauntered up to Amelia in her high heels. Amelia stood her ground, not even blinking at Tammy. “You don’t know who you’re fucking with—” Tammi started, but Amelia cut her off.

She cocked her head to the side, a puzzled expression crossing her face. “I know you from somewhere. Where the fuck have I seen you before?”

“On the back of Cole’s bike?” Tammi taunted.

Suddenly, Amelia had her hands wrapped around Tammi’s throat. I jumped up out of my chair at the same time Amelia slammed her against the counter, practically breaking Tammi’s back with the force. “You bitch!” Amelia screamed, tightening her grip. “I should fucking kill you for what you fucking did to me. You helped that fucking bitch in jail, fucking held me down while she beat the fuck out of me,” she sneered.

Amelia released her, clenching her fists at her sides. I took my place behind Amelia, placing my hand on her lower back. Amelia was breathing hard, clenching and unclenching her fists by her side. I could practically feel her need for blood to be shed.

Tammi stared at me and Amelia with wide eyes as she rubbed her neck. Suddenly, Amelia smirked, and it was the most insincere, twisted look I had ever seen on her face. “Oh, sweetheart, it’ll be so much fun with you here. Since I can’t ride anymore or blow up anything, I get the pleasure of staying here and making your life a living hell for everything you helped that stupid bitch with.” Amelia paused, cocking her head to the side. “Tell me, what did you owe her?”

Tammi glared at her, despite her face paling at the thought of what Amelia had just said to her. “She’ll kill me if I say anything.”

“I’ll kill you myself for helping the woman who hurt Amelia,” I ground out through clenched teeth. Fuck promises. *Nothing*, not a fucking thing, came before my woman. “You

better start talking, or I'll make your death very fucking slow," I warned her.

Amelia turned to me. "Cole, I can handle myself."

I wrapped an arm around her, pulling her tight against me. She was my weakness. Everyone knew that. I wasn't ashamed of her being my weakness. And because Amelia was my weakness, I would kill anyone that fucked with her.

"Baby, I know you can, but you're mine," I reminded her. "Anything that happens to you, I will get revenge for it. I don't give a damn what kind of promises I may have made to that person. You come first; you will *always* come first."

Amelia sighed and turned back around to face Tammi with my arm still wrapped around her. I splayed my hand over her belly, noticing how Amelia instantly relaxed back into me. "Speak, blonde," Amelia snapped.

"My name is Tammi," she ground out, aggravated.

Amelia sighed in frustration. "Does it look like I care what your fucking name is? I'll call you what I please. Now speak, bitch."

I forced myself not to smile at the irony of Amelia calling Tammi a bitch and telling her to speak. Sometimes, Amelia never failed to amuse me.

"I'm not telling you anything," Tammi snapped at Amelia.

Amelia pulled her gun out and stepped away from me, shoving it against Tammi's forehead. Tammi visibly paled, and I thought she was going to vomit. "Now, whore, tell me what she did for you," Amelia snapped, her tone cold and void of any emotion.

"She killed the man who owned me," Tammi whispered. "It's how I was able to get free. I got out of jail because they found me innocent. Jamie pleaded guilty, effectively releasing me and adding more charges to her sentence."

"Ah, so she's your knight in shining armor?" Amelia asked, putting her gun back at the small of her back.

Tammi snatched up a knife, and I grabbed her wrist, bending it backward and applying pressure to her pressure point before she could stab Amelia. I was seething with anger. She cried out in pain, but I only tightened my grip, shooting her a look holding a thousand promises of pain. “It looks like you’re still trying to do Jamie’s work outside of jail.” I looked at Lorenzo, shoving Tammi toward him. “Get her out of here. Lock her up somewhere. She is *never* to be left alone. I don’t give a damn if she’s pissing or taking a shower. An eye will always be on her.”

He nodded and looked down at Tammi, smirking. She cringed, her eyes filled with fear. “Love,” Amelia flinched at the name and subconsciously rubbed her belly, “you better be glad we’re all against rape here, or I’d treat you like the slutty bitch you are.”

“Lorenzo,” I snapped. Fuck, I swear, sometimes I wanted to punch these men in the fucking face for their thoughtlessness.

He cursed and looked at Amelia. “Forgive me?” he asked her, pouting.

Amelia rolled her eyes at him, sighing. “As much as I hate the bitch, no one deserves that kind of torture. I forgive you though,” she assured him.

He smiled and pulled Tammi after him as he walked away. My dad walked over. “We’ve got a problem. FBI agents just rode into the lot, demanding to search the place. They’ve got warrants.”

“Let them search,” I told him with a shrug. “We’ve got nothing here, and we’re all licensed to carry concealed.”

Amelia moved away from me and walked outside. I followed behind her, knowing how she could get with her temper. “Oh, it’s the old bastard,” she snapped, glaring at an older man as he stepped out of the car. “Are you going to fart around or do something productive?” she asked him.

“It’s such a pity that they released you,” he told her, shooting her a glare. “You would have been safer there. We all

know you're heading down a road that will only get you killed."

Amelia rolled her eyes and glared at a black-haired man. I grabbed her arm before she could storm over to him. The last thing I needed was for her to land her ass back in jail. "You!" she yelled, her body shaking with rage. "You fucking bastard!" she seethed. "What you did to me was fucking illegal!"

"Don't forget you're only out on bond," he reminded her, a sick, twisted smirk on his face.

I put my hand over her mouth before something that could send her back to jail flew out of it. "You need to calm down," I growled in her ear. "You don't need to get sent back to jail just because you're temper got the best of you."

The black-haired FBI agent walked up. I tensed. It was taking a lot for me to not knock him on his ass, but I needed the FBI away from here, and we needed off of their radar. "Cole, is it?" he asked me.

"Yeah." I shook his hand, forcing myself to be pleasant. I just had to play nice while they searched the clubhouse. "What's yours, agent?"

"Agent Blake." He smirked. "You've got a feisty one on your hands," he said, gesturing to Amelia.

I looked over at her as she walked away and then looked back at him. "What do you have against her?" I asked him.

"You'd love to know, wouldn't you?" he asked.

He walked away and into the clubhouse. Amelia sat on the ground against the building. Her face was pale, and she had her head between her knees. I knelt next to her. "Baby, you okay?" I asked gently.

Before she could answer, she leaned away from me and threw up on the ground. "Water," she muttered. "Get me some water."

I got up and jogged into the clubhouse. I shoved past Peanut and got Amelia a glass of water. When I came back outside, an agent was holding a bottle of water to Amelia's

lips. “Morning sickness sucks, doesn’t it?” the woman asked her. “I never would have survived my pregnancy without a ton of water and any kind of crackers. How far along are you?”

“Thirteen weeks. I didn’t start throwing up until a couple of days ago,” Amelia muttered, taking another gulp of water from the bottle.

I watched from a distance as the woman sat beside Amelia, letting her keep the water bottle. “You know, I didn’t start throwing up until I was probably about sixteen weeks into my pregnancy. I was absolutely miserable. My boyfriend was busy a lot. He wanted to be there for me, but he couldn’t. He had to do what his president wanted.”

Amelia jerked back, staring at her with wide eyes. “Who the fuck are you?” Amelia demanded.

The agent sighed and leaned her head back against the building. “I’m Lisa Gray—an FBI agent. I was sixteen when I got pregnant with my daughter.”

“You were involved with bikers?” Amelia asked incredulously.

She handed Amelia her card when she saw the agents coming out of the clubhouse. “Give me a call, and I’ll come out here and talk to you. I know how hard this life can get. Trust me, I’m an ally, not an enemy.”

Amelia took her card slowly, watching as Lisa got up and walked to her car. Amelia turned her head to me, her eyes wide with alarm. I shrugged and walked over to her. “If I were you, I’d give her a call, baby. She just gave you some shit to blackmail her with. If that’s not a statement that clearly says ‘*you can trust me*’, I don’t know what is.”

“Cole, she’s the fucking FBI,” Amelia sneered, the thought of any member of law enforcement being an ally obviously pissing her off and making her wary.

I tucked her hair behind her ear. “You know, not all cops are enemies, babe. The best allies are made when you give someone a chance.”

She glanced at the card and then back up at me. “If this backfires, I’ll shoot you in your foot. I don’t want to go back to jail, and that’s all that’s ever happened in the past.”

*Amelia*

I twisted the business card between my fingers, sighing. I really didn't want to call this agent. Honestly, what proof had she given me that she really did used to be involved with bikers? Was it even true that she had a kid?

I huffed and tossed the card onto my desk. Fuck Cole for wanting me to do this. Making an ally out of an FBI agent would only end badly. Nothing good ever came out of being friends with a cop. They would fucking stab you in your back in a heartbeat. I knew from experience. Sadly, Cole and the rest of the club still had yet to learn.

"Are you going to call her?" Cole asked as he came into my room.

"No," I told him while still glaring at the card. "What proof do I have that what she says is the truth?"

"Babe, we could use an alliance with the FBI," he told me, sighing heavily.

I switched my glare over to him. "The last time I trusted a cop, my ass got sent to jail for five months, and it was hell. I don't want to make the same mistake again."

Cole's eyebrows pulled together. "You went to jail because of a deal with a cop?"

I sighed and nodded. I had forgotten that Cole didn't know my reason for going to jail. "Travis asked me to make a deal for the Black Skulls. Shit was going great until I found out he



had alliances with the ATL, and then, all of a sudden, I'm being slammed onto the ground and my wrists are being cuffed behind my back. His daughter was the witness."

"So, you went to jail because of my fucking dad?" he asked, that muscle in his jaw ticking furiously. "For fuck's sake, Amelia, how much other shit have you done for the club that has backfired and everyone else let you take the fall?"

I shrugged. What he didn't know wouldn't hurt him. "Hey, didn't you go to the doctor's this morning?" he asked suddenly.

I nodded at him. "The baby is fine. They're still going to monitor it though."

He nodded, eyeing my stomach. I stood up and slid my gun into my belt. I looked up at him. "I'm going to go make a certain blonde's life hell," I told him, shrugging my cut on.

He sighed. "Amelia, that's all you've been doing since she got here. I'm handling it," he told me.

*Handling it.* I let that settle in for a moment. Then, it hit me. Of course, he was fucking handling it! He made a fucking promise to her, and Cole's conscious would *never* let him sleep if he didn't keep that promise. He was helping the bitch and probably fucking her, too!

I stormed out of the room, moving quick enough so he couldn't stop me from leaving. I stormed into the barroom. "Where's Tammy?" I snapped at Lorenzo.

He jerked his head to where she was sitting at a table, sipping at a beer and talking to Katie and my mom. I stormed over and wrapped her blonde hair around my head, jerking her head back to stare me in my eyes. "I've got one fucking question for you," I spit.

"Amelia—"

I jerked my head in Cole's direction, the anger coating my face shutting him up. "Say another fucking word, and I'll make sure you never fucking touch another woman again, including me, do you fucking understand?" I snapped.

He didn't say anything, but by the muscle that was twitching in his jaw, I knew he was pissed at me. I didn't give a flipping fuck at that moment. I knew he was fucking this bitch even after he just told me yesterday that we were together! No wonder he never made it to my fucking bed last night!

I looked back at Tammi. "Tell me, where was Cole last night? If you don't know, then tell the fucking truth, but I have a really good fucking feeling that you know very well where he was last night," I sneered. Because he had never come to bed. I hadn't thought anything of it, but now, it was suspicious as fuck.

"Amelia, I don't want any trouble," she said, her face pale. "I really don't. You're crazy and scary as hell when you're pissed. You know where he was last night. I don't want to sound harsh, but admit it to yourself, Amelia; he can never settle for one woman."

I slung her head forward, not giving the slightest fuck that her chin hit the table or the fact that I ripped some of her hair out of her head. If I were a cartoon character, steam would be flying out of my ears right then. "Why the *fuck* did you allow him to screw you?!" I yelled.

"I was told my job yesterday," she said quietly, desperately trying to hold back her tears of pain. "Travis told me that while I'm here, I'm a club whore. I spread my legs or open my mouth when I'm told to, or he'd kill me. So, I did what Cole told me to."

Katie watched me with cautious eyes. "Amelia, maybe you're overreacting," Katie told me gently. I glared at her harshly. "Have you and Cole even established a relationship?"

"According to Cole, we had," I ground out through clenched teeth. I wanted to spill fucking blood. "So, I have every fucking reason to act like this."

Katie glared at Cole. My mother ran her hand through her hair. "I can't deal with this," Mom muttered. She looked up at me through teary eyes. "Honey, you remind me too much of

your father. I can't be in the same room with you right now. I'm really sorry," she whispered.

She ran from the room, a tear running down her cheek. My temper just got that much worse. I was alone in this—in everything. What fucking reason was I sticking around for? Oh, right, because I'm the mother fucking VP of this shit of a crew.

I turned to storm out of the clubhouse. I had to get the fuck away from there, or I would be everyone's fucking enemy. "Amelia, wait," Cole said, jogging after me.

Ignoring the fucking feelings that I had for him, I spun around, pointing my gun at him. He stopped in his tracks, eyeing the gun in my hand warily. "Amelia, don't do anything rash," he said cautiously, holding his hands up.

"Maybe you should have taken that advice last night!" I screamed at him. I took a deep breath, forcing myself to calm down. He was the father of my kid, and I didn't need to be telling my son or daughter that I was the reason they didn't know who their dad was because I blew a fucking hole through him. "I'm riding out for a little while. I'll be back sometime today." I clenched my jaw tightly, narrowing my eyes at him. "I swear, if you send one fucking person out after me, I will make everyone's life here hell, do you understand me?"

"Baby—" he started, but I cut him off.

"Don't fucking *baby* me!" I yelled. "You fucked that goddamn whore sitting at that fucking table right there!" I jerked my hand in the direction the blonde tramp was sitting. "She helped that stupid bitch beat the fucking hell out of me while I was locked up! If you were going to betray me by sleeping with someone, why couldn't you have fucking chosen anyone but her?!"

I turned around and almost slammed into Katie who had been standing right behind me with a gun pointed at the back of my head. I smirked at her. I wasn't afraid of death. I knew I was going to hell. If someone wanted to go ahead and send me, then that was fine by me.

“Shoot me, Katie,” I taunted her, a sadistic smirk twisting my features. “Just don’t forget the fact that I’m carrying your son’s child, and he’ll blow you to fucking smithereens if you dare hurt his kid.”

She glared at me and lowered her gun. I walked around her and out of the clubhouse.



### *Cole*

I SAT IN MY ROOM, running my fingers through my hair, tugging on the ends. What the fuck was Tammi talking about? Fuck, did I really screw her last night? Jesus, I had a few drinks. I could remember walking down the hallway, but everything from there was just blank until I woke up with a headache this morning in my old room. If I fucked her, how the hell could I do that to Amelia? She didn’t deserve this shit! Fuck, Amelia had been through enough shit already.

My mom came into my room. “How the fuck could you do that to her?” she asked me when she entered.

I looked up at her through teary eyes. I just got Amelia in my grasp. I couldn’t fucking lose her.

“Mom, I don’t remember screwing Tammi. Everything from last night is just gone,” I muttered.

She grunted. “For fuck’s sake, Cole, you’re a fucking president of one of the most dangerous clubs in the United States, and you can’t fucking figure out when you’ve been drugged?” she snapped. “I thought you would be smart enough to always watch your fucking drink!”

I ignored her ranting. “Mom, I can’t fucking lose Amelia,” I mumbled, dropping my head into my hands. I wanted so badly to go after her, but she had warned me not to. I wanted to trust her to come back, but I was so fucking afraid that she really wouldn’t.

“Don’t let this kid be the only thing that pulls you two together,” she said, sitting beside me. “Cole—”

I cut her off. “Isn’t that how you and Dad decided to be together though?” I asked her.

“Yes, but there were feelings there,” she told me gently. “It’s so hard to read Amelia, honey. How can you know that your feelings for her are returned?”

I grabbed my knife off my nightstand and twisted it around my fingers. “Mom, Amelia has a heart of steel. She doesn’t let people see her vulnerable if she can help it. She likes to make everyone think that she doesn’t give a damn about anything. What you just saw out there was a woman whose heart had been shattered and stepped all over by the man that she cares about. Yet, I can’t give her a fucking explanation as to what happened because I can’t fucking remember anything!” I finally yelled at the end, throwing the knife into the wall.

My dad came into the room. “Cole, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but Amy is on her way to the hospital. Amelia was just hit by a truck,” he informed me.

“What?!” I roared, jumping up from my bed and running out to my bike. Fuck, please let her be okay. *Please*, let her and my child be okay.



### *Amelia*

I BLINKED AWAKE, the first thing I saw being Cole and my mom in a heated conversation at my bedside. “You’re no fucking good for her, Cole,” my mom snapped at him.

“You’re one to talk, aren’t you?” Cole seethed. “She lost her fucking father, and she’s knocked up. She needs her mother there for her now more than any other time, and yet, you fucking told her you can’t stand to be in the same room as her! Unlike you, I fucking care about what happens to Amelia, and I won’t let herself get harmed anymore if I can fucking help it, but you—you fucking let her go to jail for shit you and Luke knew about!” he finally roared, clenching his fists.

“Please shut up,” I mumbled, putting a hand to my head and shutting my eyes. Fuck, my head hurt so fucking bad.

I felt Cole’s large hand grab my own. “Amelia, you’re awake,” he breathed.

“*Mhm*,” I hummed. “What are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be with Tammi?” I snapped at him as everything started coming back to me.

“Baby, you need to listen to me.” I looked over at him, wincing at the harsh light in the room. “I swear to you, I don’t remember screwing Tammi. All I remember is walking down the hallway. Everything after that just isn’t there. I don’t remember anything. It’s all blank,” he pleaded, his hands squeezing my own, desperately trying to get me to understand.

I gaped at him. I could tell that he was telling the truth. I mean, hell, there were tears in his eyes. “Okay,” I whispered. I looked down at my belly which had a couple of things wrapped around it. My heart sped up double time as panic gripped my chest. “Cole—”

He cut me off, soothing his hand over my hair. “Our baby is fine,” he said softly. “I don’t know how. Fuck, it’s a goddamn miracle, but our baby is fine. You, however, didn’t break any bones, but you have one hell of a concussion. You were out for two days.”

“That would explain my headache,” I mumbled.

The door to my room opened, and Katie came in with a fast food bag. “Here, Cole. I figured you were hungry so I picked up some food on my way here,” she told him.

He sat in the chair that was beside my bed and took the food from his mom. She smiled at me. “Good to see that you’re awake.”

My mom cleared her throat. “Amelia—” she began.

I glared at her. “I don’t fucking need you here,” I spat at her. She flinched. “You’re not a real fucking mother. I remind you too much of *Dad*,” I reminded her. “You made it perfectly fucking clear that you can’t stand to be in the same room as me. So, get the fuck out of here and go fuck yourself.”

“Honey, I’m sorry,” she whispered. “Your father was everything to me.”

I made a move to sit up, but Cole held me down. “You’ll move the monitors on your stomach if you sit up. You need to stay laying down.”

I glared at my mom even harder. “He was my fucking dad!” I yelled at her. “He was the man I knew I could rely on! I’ve lost that security, and you fucking stabbed my heart and twisted the goddamn knife when you practically proclaimed that you don’t want me around anymore! Why the hell do you even stick around the clubhouse?!”

A nurse came into the room. “I’m going to have to ask you all to leave. You’re upsetting the patient.”

I grabbed Cole’s hand in both of my own. “Don’t leave,” I whispered, gripping his hand tightly in my own.

He nodded, silently letting me know he wasn’t going anywhere, and looked at the nurse. “I’m staying,” he told her.

“Sir—” she started, but I cut her off.

“He’s staying,” I ground out, my tone of voice daring her to go against me.

She nodded and scampered out of the room. “So, why are these things on my stomach?” I asked Cole softly after a few minutes of silence.

“They’re keeping check on the baby,” he told me. “You’re at risk of a miscarriage, and they’re just making sure that you don’t start contracting and that nothing else abnormal happens.”

I looked down at his fries. He followed my gaze and smirked. He handed them to me. “You better be glad that I’m worried about you. You know better than anyone else how much I love my fries.”

That he did. Cole would literally kill over his fries. I had seen it happen.

We were coming back from a ride, on our way back into town. His mom had ordered us—when she was still in prison

—to go deal with some problems at another club. Travis had made me go with Cole. We had gotten some food on the way back, and Cole was driving one handed and eating fries with the other.

Someone had come out of nowhere and slammed into Cole's bike. I had slammed on my breaks immediately and jumped off of my bike, rushing toward him. I was panicking that something had happened to him. Cole jumped off of the ground out of nowhere and knocked me down, covering my body with his as shots started firing. He shot two of the guys between the eyes and wounded the other one in the knee cap.

He got up and walked over to the last remaining man, pointing the gun at his forehead. You would think that he would have been pissed that he could have gotten hurt or that his bike could have been ruined, right? Nope.

“You fucking ruined my fries,” Cole had ground out through clenched teeth.

The guy was dead with one pull of Cole's trigger. So, needless to say, Cole loved his fries. To say that I was scared to take them from him would be an understatement.

He chuckled at my expression. “Don't worry. I'm giving them up willingly. I won't kill you over them,” he teased, his mind obviously going back to that day just as mine had.

I took them from him and began to eat them. By the third fry, I started gagging. I dropped the fries into my lap, slapping my hands over my mouth. Cole took the fries at the same time he put a trashcan beside me. I leaned over and threw up. Cole rubbed my back soothingly, whispering comforting words into my ear. When I was done throwing up, he helped me lay back down again and pressed the button for the nurse. “Hi, how can I help you?” she asked.

“I need a nurse in here,” Cole said. “My girlfriend just got sick, and the monitors on her stomach moved, I think.”

“They definitely have,” she said after a moment. “We'll be there in a moment.”



Cole ran a hand over my hair gently. “Are you okay now?” he asked me softly.

I nodded, feeling extremely tired all of a sudden. The door to the room opened, and the nurse from earlier came in. She smiled at me. “How are you feeling?” she asked me.

“Extremely tired,” I muttered.

She nodded. “That’s normal with a concussion like you have. The doctor will come see you in a minute, and he’ll give you the okay or not to go home, alright?”

I nodded tiredly, letting my head fall back against the pillows. The doctor came into the room and smiled at me. “Miss Johnson, you just found out you’re pregnant, and you’re still being reckless, I see.”

This was the doctor that always saw me during my hospital stays. He kept club business a secret, unless rapes or beatings were involved not pertaining to the club, as mine had been. “Dr. Kline, you should know that a baby was not going to make me change my ways so quickly.”

He chuckled and looked at Cole. “Say, aren’t you—”

“The one that you accused of raping Amelia? Yeah,” Cole ground out, stuffing a fry in his mouth.

I squeezed his hand in mine. I knew he fucking hated thinking about that time of my life. “It was actually someone else,” I told the doctor. “Can I go home? I really want to go to sleep in my own bed.” I was trying to steer the conversation away from my kidnappings. All it ever did was make Cole angry and me sick to my stomach.

“You seem to be fine, Amelia. I’ll let you go home. Just take it easy for a little while so your body has time to heal. I’m sure that you don’t want to have a miscarriage,” he warned.

He nodded at the nurse to unhook me from everything. I signed my release forms, and Cole helped me off of the bed. He handed me a bag. “I packed you some clothes,” he explained.

“Thanks.” I murmured, trying not to breathe in his face. I knew my breath had to smell fucking horrible.

When I was changed and had rinsed my mouth out, I walked out of the bathroom. Cole pulled me into his arms and kissed me. “Come on. Your bike is completely ruined, so you have to ride with me.”

I pouted. “My bike,” I whined.

He chuckled, kissing the tip of my nose. “We’ll get you a new one. Yours isn’t even worth fixing.”

I sighed and grabbed his hand. He leaned down and kissed me again, lacing his fingers through mine. “Come on. Let’s get the fuck out of this hell hole.”

When we got home, everyone was lying on the ground with FBI agents standing around them. Cole and I got off of his bike, quickly rushing over. “What in the hell is going on here?!” I yelled at the agents.

“We’re searching the place again, and since most of your crew is drunk, we got rid of any potential problems by making them lay on the ground,” Agent Blake retorted.

“Listen here, you fucking bitch—” I bit out, ready to swing at him. I really hated this cocky son of a bitch.

Cole grabbed my arm in his hand, squeezing it gently. “Amelia, just let them search. They won’t find anything,” he told me reassuringly.

I wasn’t worried about them finding anything. I wanted to fucking kill Agent Blake for making my life and everyone else’s here a fucking living hell!

I spotted Travis lying on the ground, clenching his jaw in anger. Katie looked just as pissed off. I heard my mom yelling, and she was dragged out of the clubhouse in handcuffs.

“What in the hell?!” I screamed, throwing my hands up in the air. My mom had no reason to fucking go to jail. Fuck, she was probably the most innocent person out of the whole fucking lot of us.

“Amelia, your mother is under arrest for the murder of Luke Johnson,” Lisa Gray said, walking up to me.

My mouth dropped open in shock. I instantly felt sick. “Say what?” I whispered.

Travis jumped up, and all hell broke loose.

I bounced my knee as I sat in a chair in the waiting room of the police station, running my fingers through my hair. FBI agents were swarming the place, but I wasn't intimidated in the slightest. I was seething with anger and betrayal. My own mother had somehow had a hand in my dad's death, and I was going to find out what the hell she had fucking done.

"Miss Johnson, if you follow me, you can speak to your mother," Lisa Gray said, walking up to me.

I glared up at the agent that had spoken to me a few days ago about being part of another crew. "Before I go in there, tell me what evidence you possibly have about what happened to my dad, and what my mother did to involve herself in his death," I snapped up at her.

She sighed heavily, sadness coating her eyes as she looked down at me. "Amelia, we found the weapon that matched the one used on your dad. Your mother says she was at the clubhouse the entire time he was gone. Can you vouch for that?" she asked me gently.

Looking back, I realized that I actually couldn't. That really fucking cut me deep. I was hoping that my mother hadn't done this to him, but it was looking more and more possible by the fucking second.

I shook my head at the agent, giving her the answer that she feared was right. She sighed and nodded. I followed her to the interrogation room where she let me in, letting me know to bang on the door when I wanted out.

I sat in the chair across from the one I knew they would place her in. When she was brought into the room, her hands were cuffed in front of her. They made her sit in the chair and chained her to the leg of the table. The agents walked out, and I glared at my mother. I was fucking livid. I swear, if we weren't in the middle of a fucking police station, and there weren't cameras and agents watching our every fucking move, I would strangle the fucking life out of her. She had betrayed me in the worst goddamn way.

It was silent in the room for a minute until I spoke. "Did you have a hand in doing this?" I asked her quietly.

She kept her mouth shut, knowing anything she said in this room could be held against her in court. I tried another tactic. My mom had never done well under a lot of pressure, and if there was something I could do when I was pissed was get the truth out of someone, especially if I was fucking hurting.

"Tell me, mother," I spat the name, "do you know what your betrayal has done to everyone? Travis is going nuts. Katie ..." I let my voice trail off. "Well, I'm sure you know how your best friend is reacting to this, considering Dad was Travis's best friend."

She glared at me harshly, knowing exactly what I was doing to her, but clenched her jaw to keep her mouth shut. "Then again, Katie's probably renounced your title as best friend, huh? After all, you just don't do this kind of shit."

She kept silent. I was getting really fucking tired of this game she had going on. I wanted some fucking answers, and I fucking wanted them right then. I jumped up from my chair, sending it flying against the wall. She jumped in fear, knowing just how ruthless and uncaring I was when I was pissed. "Do you want to know how I fucking feel?!" I screamed at her.

She shook her head no, tears filling her eyes. I knew she was getting ready to crumble under the pressure I was applying. I knew the moment I poured out how I was feeling, she would crack. I slammed my hand onto the table, making her jump again.

“Well, too fucking bad,” I snarled at her. I ran a hand through my hair, pacing the floor in front of the table. “He was my fucking dad, Amy.” I spat her name out, fucking sick of calling her mother and mom. She was no fucking mother of mine, that was for damn sure. “He was the one fucking person that was always by my side! Even if he was silent, I knew he was working things out for me. He was the only fucking person that visited me in jail, who tried to help me while I was inside. I fucking loved Daddy!” I screamed, tears filling my eyes. She flinched at the name Daddy, refusing to meet my eyes.

“Why would you do something like this to him?! He loved you unconditionally! You treated him like absolute shit, and *still*, he stuck by your side because he fucking loved you so goddamn much! You made him absolutely fucking miserable! Even if you hated him and wanted him gone so bad, why didn’t you think of your fucking daughter?!” I screamed, tears flowing down my cheeks. “Did you even think about how this would affect me?!”

“Yes, I did!” she finally yelled back at me, tears flowing down her face. “Your father was a horrible influence on you, Amelia! I thought with him gone, you would finally straighten yourself out!”

I ignored her. Her statement wasn’t enough. I wanted more. I continued on as if she had never spoken. “You even tried acting the sad fucking widow, telling me you couldn’t be in the same room as me because I reminded you too much of him—”

“I wasn’t acting when I said that!” she yelled at me, sobbing. “Amelia, when I first met your father, he acted exactly like you do! You two are more alike than you could even begin to imagine, and knowing that his death had pushed you into that kind of person cut me deep! I have murder on my hands now, and for what reason?” she snapped.

I clenched my fists. I wanted to know how she found out where they were going. I wanted to know how she went into that territory without getting hurt. However, I couldn’t ask her. I wasn’t stupid. There were monitors in here that could send

me and everyone else in the club to prison with her. I glared at her, tears pouring down my face. “I hope your time in prison is ten times fucking worse than what I had to deal with,” I seethed. She recoiled from the dangerous gleam in my eyes. “You deserve to fucking rot there for what you did.”

I walked to the door and banged on it, letting them know I wanted out. The door opened, and I stormed out, wanting to get out of the station as fast as fucking possible. Cole was waiting outside for me. He opened his mouth to say something until his eyes landed on my face. He sighed and pulled me into his arms wordlessly. I sobbed into his chest, my tears soaking his shirt.

I knew what she had done now, and a part of me wished I didn't know.



I WALKED AHEAD of Cole into the clubhouse wordlessly. It was still a mess from what had happened yesterday. Travis had gone fucking ballistic, destroying everything in his fucking path after the agents had left.

*TRAVIS JUMPED OFF THE GROUND, his face a mask of pure rage. I had never seen Travis like this. He looked like he could murder my mom.*

*“You fucking whore!” he roared at my mom. “How the fuck could you do something like this?!”*

*“I didn't fucking do it!” she yelled at Travis, her bottom lip trembling.*

*“Like hell you fucking didn't!” he yelled at her. “My best friend is fucking dead because of you! If you were that fucking miserable with him, why the fuck didn't you just get a goddamn divorce?!”*

*At this point, he was already across the lot, standing in front of her and the agent that was pulling her toward the car.*

*“Travis, I didn’t do it.” Her voice cracked though, giving away her lie.*

*He wrapped his hands around her neck. “If another fucking lie comes out of your mouth—”*

*Cole unwrapped Travis’s hands from around her throat, and another club member pulled him backward. Katie came over and slammed her fist into my mom’s face. Blood spurted from her nose. The agent stood by quietly, not doing anything. Smart man, he was. This was a family matter, and he obviously knew better than to get in the middle of it.*

*“If you fucking show your face around here ever again, I’ll bury you myself, do you understand?” Katie snarled at her.*

*With that statement, Katie moved away from her, going to Travis. Travis was sitting on the ground, his face in his hands, tears running down his cheeks. She moved his hands and cupped his cheeks, making him meet her eyes. My heart clenched seeing Travis so broken. He never cried, and he rarely showed emotion unless he was yelling at someone.*

*“Baby, she will get the end that she deserves,” Katie said softly to him. “Trust me; I’ll make sure of it.”*

*That was enough of a shock to most of us around. Katie was actually showing some affection toward her husband. The next thing could have knocked us to the ground with the shock we felt. Travis yanked Katie down on his lap, wrapping his arms around her tightly, burying his face in her neck. She rubbed her hand over his hair softly, whispering comforting words into his ear.*

*I turned away at that point.*

I LOOKED at the women and the prospects. “Get this place cleaned up,” I ground out.

Travis came over to me. Cole wrapped an arm around my waist protectively. His dad shook his head at him, letting Cole know that he wasn’t there to start any shit with me. “I’m not here to take revenge, Cole,” Travis told him. “By the look on



her face, I know she had nothing to do with this. But since Amy is a fucking bitch—may she burn in Hell—I got everything that I knew Luke would rather see you with than anyone else,” he told me, handing the box in his hands to Cole. Travis gave me a small smile that looked more like a grimace. He was obviously still hurting after finding out his best friend’s wife killed his best friend. “Amelia, no one here thinks of you the way we all think of her. You’re Luke’s daughter, and you’re family. Nothing will change that. You may not have any blood to turn to, but you have us,” he assured me.

I hugged him, tears dripping down my cheeks for the second time that day. “Thank you,” I whispered.

I felt him nod. I moved away again, and he sighed. “Make Luke proud, will you? You’re just like him. You’re already making a great VP, Amelia. Be the legend that he was.”

I nodded. He turned around and walked over to Katie. She leaned up and kissed him softly. I walked down the hall to my room. When I walked in, Cole followed behind, placing the box on my bed. I sighed and opened the box. The first thing I pulled out was his cut, and I started crying all over again. Cole wrapped his arms around me tightly, whispering soothing words into my ear.

When I had calmed down, I set the cut down on the back of my desk chair and pulled out everything else from the box. There were pictures of him holding me when I was a baby and more pictures of us together as I grew up. I smiled at the pictures. I didn’t even know he had kept all of these and framed them at that. I tossed the box to the side and set the pictures up in my room.

I really fucking missed my dad. I didn’t realize how much until I saw his smiling face in the first picture that had been taken of all the club members that I had actually joined in on. I was Daddy’s little girl, and I always would be.



I WAS ALMOST asleep when I heard someone scream from the barroom. My eyes flew open at the same time Cole shot up into a sitting position. “Get off of me!” a woman screamed, terror coating her voice.

Cole cursed and got out of bed, running down the hall only in his sweats. I slid out of bed and pulled on shorts. I walked out into the bar room just as Joseph took a swing at Cole. Cole ducked it and quickly wrapped his hand around Joseph’s throat, slamming him against the wall. “How many fucking times do I have to tell you mother fucking idiots that you don’t fucking force a woman to have sex?!” Cole roared, the veins in his neck and arms standing out.

A girl was sitting on the couch. She didn’t look any older than me. She was definitely a woman I had never seen before, not even around town. I was about to walk over when I felt vomit rising in my throat. Groaning, I sat down quickly, telling the closest person to me to find a trash can ASAP. I snatched it from him, and a few seconds later, I vomited into it. I heard a body hit the floor, but I didn’t look over, too busy throwing up a second time.

“You stupid fucker!” I heard Cole roar.

Brian gave me a small smile when I looked up and handed me a bottle of water. I took a few swallows. “Thanks,” I murmured.

He jerked his head in the direction of the girl. “You might want to deal with her. He beat the hell out of her trying to get her to fuck him.”

I sighed and stood up with Brian’s help. I gagged, and he held the trashcan up. I breathed in and out of my mouth slowly, but the feeling still didn’t go away. The sound of grunts and skin hitting skin finally reached my ears, and I looked over to see Cole and Joseph doing some really bloody fighting. I sighed and looked at Brian. “Break it up, please?”

He nodded. I took another sip of water and then walked over to the girl. She was still crying. I sat beside her. “Hey.” I said softly. “I’m Amelia—the VP of the club. What’s your name?”

“Holly,” she sobbed.

“Where did you come from?” I asked her gently.

“I work at the strip club across town. Sometimes, I do work outside of the club to provide for my daughter, but nothing like this has ever happened,” she sobbed.

I grabbed her arms, examining them. She had red handprints around her wrists that were already beginning to bruise. Her nose was bloody, and she had a bruise on her jaw, and her eye was swollen. Bruises in the shape of handprints were already popping up on her neck. I sighed. Joseph had really done a fucking number on her.

“Holly, I know how you’re feeling, and trust me when I say that it will be okay,” I told her softly. At least she’d had help.

She hiccupped and nodded. I looked over at Cole and Joseph to see that Travis and Brian had managed to pull them apart. Cole’s jaw and cheekbone were already bruising, and his lip was split, but other than that, he seemed fine. He was fucking livid though. Joseph looked like he was going to black out at any given moment.

Cole’s eyes met mine. His gaze was torn away when Joseph began hollering, “She’s the fucking bitch that I fucking paid—”

“It doesn’t give you a fucking right to try to fuck her in a —” Cole roared.

“Cole!” Brian hollered, shutting both of the men up. “Pull yourself together, man! Your girl over there is barely holding herself together!”

Cole looked back over at me and sighed, running a hand through his hair. He stormed away from them and came over to me and Holly. Holly shrunk into my side as he came over, beginning to cry again. I pulled her into a comforting hug. Fuck, I knew she was terrified. Cole didn’t exactly look friendly at that moment.

“Cole,” I said as a warning.

He looked over at Holly, and a look of understanding passed over his features. He took a few calming breaths and then sat next to me. “Hey,” Cole said gently, “I’m not going to hurt you. Are you okay?”

Holly looked at me with wide, tear filled eyes. I gave her an encouraging smile. “Cole isn’t going to hurt you,” I told her gently. “I’m a rape victim, too.” The word victim left a bitter taste in my mouth. Cole grabbed my hand in his. “Cole helped me.”

She sniffled and nodded. “Your daughter—where is she?” I asked her.

“She’s with my mom, but I should have picked her up already. I can’t let her see me like this. My job isn’t supposed to affect her,” she mumbled.

“Make-up works wonders for bruises,” I told her. I showed her my fading chain shaped bruise on my neck. I felt Cole’s hand tighten around mine. I knew my injuries were still a sore subject for him. “I was able to hide this for a while with make-up. Come on. You can use my stuff. I think we have about the same skin tone.”

She nodded. Cole followed us wordlessly as we went back to my room. I led her to my bathroom and handed her my makeup bag. “Do you have a phone to get in contact with your mom?” I asked her.

“The guy smashed it,” she told me, her voice becoming a little stronger now that she was away from the barroom.

I handed her mine. “Call your mom and tell her what happened. I’m sure she’s worried.”

She gave me a small, thankful smile. I walked toward my bed where Cole was already sprawled on his back with his eyes closed. “Cole?”

“Hm?” he murmured, turning his face to me but not opening his eyes.

“You okay?” I asked gently.

He chuckled, opening his eyes this time. “Babe, that’s a crazy question. How many times have I been shot or hit by a vehicle? I’m fine.” He paused for a minute. “I think Dad said he’s going to take Joseph to the hospital, though.”

I laughed. That bastard deserved the beating he got for what he did to Holly. Holly ran out of the bathroom with frantic eyes. I tensed up instantly at the same time Cole sat up. “Holly?” I asked her cautiously.

“Lilly answered the phone. She was crying, and I could barely understand her, but she said there were EMTs at my mom’s house—”

I cut her off. “Do you have a car?” I asked her.

She shook her head. Cole was already off of the bed, grabbing clothes and going into the bathroom. “Cole, grab my makeup bag when you come out!” I called after him.

When he came out, he tossed me my makeup bag. He slid his boots on, and I slipped on my flip-flops. Cole shrugged his cut on and grabbed my hand. “Come on,” he told Holly in his gruff, deep voice. “Amelia and I will take you to wherever you need to go.”

“You don’t have to—”

“Don’t protest,” Cole told her, his patience obviously wearing thin. “Your daughter—who is Lilly, I’m guessing—is probably freaking the fuck out right now. Going with us will get you there a lot faster than walking will.”

We followed Cole over to his truck. I slid into the passenger seat, and Holly got into the back. She told us the directions to her mom’s where her neighbor had Lilly. Holly was running to the front door before the truck even came to a complete stop. The door flew open, and a little blonde girl with pigtails ran into Holly’s arms, crying loudly. “Mommy, Granny is in the hospital!” she sobbed.

“I know, baby; I know,” she whispered, holding Lilly tight, trying to comfort her.

“Get in the truck,” I told her. “We’ll take you to the hospital so you can see your mom.”

Cole and I swung around when we heard motorcycle riding down the street. Their cuts read London's Tears. Cole cursed and let his head drop to the steering wheel. "If it's not one thing, it's another. Because Joseph can't keep his dick in his pants, we've dragged an innocent woman and her child into our shit. Just fucking lovely," he ground out.

I didn't know why London's Tears were in town, especially since Drake helped me a lot when I was in jail. It didn't make sense.

I got out and ran over to Lilly and Holly. I couldn't let an innocent mother and her child get hurt because of our problems.

I shoved them into the bushes just as shots went off. When it quieted down, Cole yanked me off of the ground, glaring at me harshly. I yanked away from him and helped Holly and Lilly up. If Lilly and Holly weren't in bad shape before, they were absolutely possibly ready to piss their pants right then.

"Amelia!" Cole roared, panic in his voice.

I felt the pain in my leg as soon as my adrenaline began wearing off, and I almost crumpled to the ground. Cole caught me before I fell and held me against him. "For fuck's sake, woman, you're going to get yourself killed one day," he ground out. "Get in the truck," he ordered Holly and Lilly. He looked down at me, anger and worry in his eyes. "You better fucking stay awake, Amelia. Damn it, I won't fucking lose you."

“**W**hen the fuck are you actually going to start listening to me?!” Cole roared when the doctor finally finished stitching my leg up. “For fuck’s sake, that bullet almost hit a fucking artery in your thigh!”

“I couldn’t exactly let Holly or her daughter get hurt, now could I?” I spat at him. “You weren’t smart enough to think that those bikers would do something. I wasn’t taking a fucking chance. I’d rather die than some innocent woman and her child.”

“Well, how about this?!” he hollered at me. “You’re *my* woman carrying *my* fucking child!”

I sat up, glaring at him. “Go fuck yourself, Cole. This kid may be half yours, but it’s still mine, too.” I slid off of the bed, wincing as I put some pressure on my leg. “Also, I’ll never fucking be yours until you start changing your fucking ways, do you fucking understand?” I knew it was a sack of shit, but I was angry.

He grabbed my arm and spun me around to face him. Pure rage masked his face, but I didn’t give a fuck. Cole didn’t scare me, nor did he intimidate me.

“Amelia, I’m not playing any fucking games. You want to get hurt? Fine. I know how you are. You don’t give a shit about yourself. All I’ve ever done is try to fucking protect you. But you’re carrying a baby that is mine, and I won’t allow anything to happen to it. If that means that I have to drag you home right now and chain you to my bed until you’re about to

deliver this baby, by all fucking means, I will,” he snarled down at me, fed up with arguing with me.

I snatched my arm out of his grip and took a step forward, wincing as I did so. “Why don’t you ask someone for help?” Cole ground out through clenched teeth.

“Because I need to use my fucking leg, Cole,” I snapped at him.

I managed to make it to the waiting room where Holly and Lilly were waiting on us. She had spent the time I was getting the bullet out and getting stitched up to go check on her mom. She eyed Cole and I warily. “Is everything okay between you two?” she asked a bit timidly.

“Just fucking dandy,” I ground out.

When we got to the clubhouse, Cole immediately called church. “What’s church for?” Holly asked me.

“It’s club business,” I told her. Hell, we hardly told prospects anything. Besides, one of our members had almost raped her; I didn’t need to make a mistake by letting her know something, and she end up using it against us.

She gaped at me as if I had slapped her across the face. “I can be trusted, Amelia.”

I arched an eyebrow at her. “Holly, I know what it’s like to be a rape victim. You will get tired of being a victim and feeling weak. When you do, you will do whatever it takes to take that person down,” I told her in a low voice so Lilly wouldn’t hear. Holly physically winced at my words. “So, no, right now, I don’t think that you can be trusted.”

“Amelia, get your ass in here!” Cole roared.

I swung around to face him, fury flaring up in my eyes. “Fucking holler at me like a fucking dog one more time, and I’ll knock all of your fucking teeth down your throat,” I snarled.

“Someone needs to be fucked,” Katie said, walking towards the chapel.

“Shut up!” Cole and I shouted at her at the same time.



Gunshots started to fill the air around us, silencing all of our words. I knocked Holly and Lilly to the ground, covering their bodies with mine as much as I could. The clubhouse doors were kicked open, and London's Tears stormed in, guns pointed at all of us. I cursed. I didn't know what the fuck had happened to put us on their radar, especially considering my dad had turned to them for help while I was in jail.

Cole yanked me off of the ground and shoved me behind him, pressing me against his back. "What the fuck are you bastards doing in town?" Cole asked them, his voice deadly quiet.

"You've got some precious cargo of ours. Recently obtained, I heard," one of the men spoke up.

"Listen, we don't know what the fuck you're talking about," I told him, coming around to stand by Cole's side.

He smirked when he saw me, and I recognized him when I got a good look at him. "Drake?" I asked incredulously. "Why the fuck would you accuse us of having something? You know I would never let anyone here take anything away from you."

"You know him?" Cole asked me, his muscles tense.

"Yes, I know him!" I exclaimed, throwing my hands up in the air in exasperation. "My dad made an alliance with him while I was in jail to try to get me help."

"About jail," Drake spoke up. "I assume you got out early as planned?"

"Yes," I told him. "Drake, what do you think we have?" I asked him. Fuck, the last person I needed this club crossing was Drake. He was a really good friend to my dad; we didn't need him as an enemy.

"There's a woman that owes me something. She's blonde and has blue eyes. You might have seen her at a strip club or around town with a little girl."

My heart thudded hard in my chest. "Holly?" I asked him.

He nodded. "I don't need the little girl. I just need her. She needs to pay me back and the fucking bitch hasn't done it yet,"

he snapped harshly. Man, he really fucking hated Holly. Drake wasn't the kind of man to run you down all over the country if you took something petty from him; Holly had taken something valuable to Drake, that much was for sure.

I walked up to Drake despite Cole's glare on my back. I knew he felt having Drake there was a threat, but I trusted Drake with my life. I knew he would never hurt me.

"This little girl can't see her mother leave her. We have her here, but I'm sure you already knew that."

"Tell the little girl she needs to go play or something. I need the mother," Drake snapped down at me, the muscle in his jaw ticking furiously.

I grabbed his arm and pulled him outside. Sighing, I turned to face him. "Drake, you know this is against everything that I believe in. How the fuck are you even thinking about separating a mother and her child?" I demanded.

"Amelia, that woman is not as sweet and innocent as she looks," he retorted. "Lilly is not just her daughter. Lilly is my kid, too." Bells went off in my head. I knew Holly had taken something valuable from him. His daughter couldn't be more valuable.

"I've been tracking Holly down since the day she took off with my six-month-old daughter, and I'll be *damned* if I allow her to slip through my fingers now. I need you to look out for Lilly while I'm dealing with this problem, but I will be back to get her. But her mother will permanently be in Lilly's past. I won't allow her to take Lilly from me again," he sneered.

"Drake, I can't just allow you to do this!" I exclaimed, glaring up at him. It was so fucking wrong on so many fucking levels. I understood that better than anyone else. I couldn't imagine my child being ripped away from me or put into any immediate danger. Somehow, I knew how Holly felt; I knew why she left and took Lilly with her.

"Amelia, I've spent over six goddamn years trying to find Lilly!" Drake roared. "That little girl was one of the best fucking things that happened to me, and because her mother

didn't want to fucking be with me anymore, she took the fuck off, taking Lilly with her! Do you know what it's like to never fucking truly know your child?!" he roared down at me.

"No, I don't!" I yelled back at him. "It sucks what she did to you, but dammit, Drake, Lilly needs her mother more than she needs anyone!"

Cole stepped out of the clubhouse. "That's fucking enough," he growled, stepping up and placing his hand on my lower back. He looked at Drake. "She's under enough fucking stress as it is. I won't allow you to fucking stress her out to the point that she miscarries, understood?"

Drake's eyes snapped to mine, shock registering in their depths. "You're fucking—"

"Pregnant?" I snapped, interrupting him. "Yes, I'm fucking pregnant, and yes, it's Cole's kid. Back to the fucking conversation at hand—"

"You're not changing my mind on this, Amelia," he snapped down at me, interrupting me like I had him. I scowled. "If it were you in my position, you would have already put at least three bullet holes in her chest by now. So, don't try to be a caring person when I know just as well as the next person that caring just isn't your thing," he sneered.

"Drake, you're going to kill that little girl's mother," I told him softly, desperately trying to get him to understand where I was coming from.

"Amelia's got a point," Cole said, butting into the conversation. "I've heard enough of the conversation to know that Lilly's your daughter. If you kill Holly, one day, Lilly *will* find out, and she *will* hate you. Do you really want that? Have you even tried talking to Holly about why she took off?" Cole asked, trying to get Drake to see where I was coming from.

"Yes, I have—" Drake began, but I cut him off. I knew how Drake was, and he could intimidate the scariest of fucking people. Hell, he had intimidated me the first time I had met him when I was in jail.

“Without pointing a gun at her head?” I asked him. He just looked at me with a deadpan look on his face. Yeah, I figured it had gone something like that. “That may work on judges and cops, Drake, but it’s not going to work on a mother whose goal is to protect her child.”

“Would you take your kid and run off from Cole?” Drake asked me.

“I don’t even have to think about it,” I told him. “My situation is different than Holly’s. I was born into this life. I know how to handle it, and I know I can protect my kids. Holly doesn’t look like the kind of girl that was born into this life. She looks fucking terrified just at the word bikers.” I sighed, running my fingers through my hair. “Drake, she did what any mother would do that thought their child needed better protection. She ran, and she got the fuck away from it all. I can’t say I blame her. This life is scary as shit to outsiders. Fuck, sometimes, it scares the shit out of me.”

Drake ran a hand through his hair. “Fine. I’ll fucking talk to her, and I promise I won’t fucking kill her or beat the fuck out of her or anything else of the fucking sort. If she runs again though, I can’t say that I’ll hold back,” he warned me.

I nodded and breathed a sigh of relief. It was the most that I could ask of him. I turned to the side, and Drake grabbed my arm, stopping me from stepping forward. “What the fuck happened?” he asked me, his jaw clenched in anger as he looked down at my thigh.

“Someone in your crew happened,” I told him. “I was able to get Holly and Lilly out of the way just in time, but my thigh wasn’t so lucky.”

“Amelia—” he started, an apologetic look on his face, but I just shook my head at him.

“Shit happens,” I told him. I jerked my head in Cole’s direction, who was scowling at me for blowing the injury off. “Cole’s probably the one you should apologize to. I think he almost had a heart attack.”

I limped inside and left Cole and Drake standing where they were. Holly was curled into a corner, sobbing her heart out. “Holly, Drake gave me his word that he won’t hurt you or Lilly. You need to go with him and talk to him. He deserves an explanation. You ran off with his daughter,” I told her gently.

“I—I can’t,” she sobbed.

I sighed, squatting in front of her despite the pain flaring in my thigh. “Holly, this life is crazy. Trust me, I understand that better than anyone. I’ve been beaten and raped too many times to count, and I’ve been shot just as much. I almost died numerous times while I was in jail just for being a member of the Bloody Black Skulls. So much shit has happened to me because of this life that it’s fucking crazy.” She looked up at me through teary eyes. I sighed. “I don’t have kids yet, so you can’t take my word for it. But you can take Katie’s. She’ll be the first one to tell you that she protected her kids while they grew up. Nothing ever happened to them. Anything that happened to her three children happened because they were older and making their own decisions, and they decided not to listen to her or Travis. You can protect Lilly, but you need to give Drake a chance to prove to you that he can protect you both, as well.”

She nodded, sniffing. I helped her up. She grabbed Lilly’s hand and walked outside with me. Cole and Drake were leaning against Cole’s truck when I came outside. Drake looked up, and when his eyes landed on Holly, I could practically feel her urge to run away from the entire situation and not look back. I turned to look at her, a warning in my eyes. If she ran, Drake wouldn’t be this forgiving again. “Holly, I’m being serious. If this were any other biker that you had run from, they would have already shot you. Drake is giving you a chance. You should do the same for him.”

She took a deep, shuddering breath and nodded. I walked over to Cole, leaving her standing frozen in her spot as Drake walked toward her and Lilly. Cole pulled me against him and kissed me deeply. Shivers ran down my spine and headed straight for my core. “I can’t wait to get you alone,” he groaned softly into my ear.

I moaned quietly, smirking up at him. “That came out of nowhere.”

“I’ve been wanting to fuck you since you started yelling at me earlier. It’s the most infuriating yet sexiest thing when you yell at me and defy me.”

“Hey, sweetheart, my name is Drake.” I turned around at the sound of Drake introducing himself to Lilly. “I’m your dad.”

Her eyes widened. Drake’s face was the gentlest I had ever seen him, and I swear, I had never seen something so tender and loving in my life. It was obvious that Drake loved his little girl. It really made me wonder what it would be like to see Cole hold our child for the first time. A small smile crept onto my face as I thought about it.



### *Cole*

I HELD Amelia to me as she slept. Drake and his crew had stayed for the night, so of course there was a huge party at the clubhouse. At midnight, Amelia had begun to throw up, so I had brought her to bed to sleep.

A knock sounded on the door. I sighed in aggravation and slid out of bed, yanking on a pair of sweats. I opened the door enough to slip through and then quickly shut it quietly behind me. “What?” I snapped at Drake a little harshly, aggravated that he had taken me away from my woman and my much-needed sleep.

“I wanted to talk to Amelia about Luke. It might put her to rest about her dad. I know it’s not easy on her knowing that her mother betrayed her like that,” he said quietly, his eyes flickering to the closed bedroom door.

I ran a hand through my hair tiredly. I had been getting up off and on, grabbing Amelia water and holding her hair back as she threw up. She was finally sleeping peacefully. I didn’t want to wake her up right then.

“She’s sleeping right now,” I told him. “I’m not going to wake her up just to make her upset and possibly sick again. Stay for a while tomorrow, and then, you can talk to her. Right now, though, she needs all of the rest that she can get.”

He nodded in understanding. “They say crackers and water works miracles. I remember Holly taking a sip of Coca-Cola whenever she felt nauseated, and it got rid of the feeling of having to throw up. She should try that.” He paused for a moment, pondering something. “How far along is she?”

“She’s about to be fourteen weeks,” I told him. I saw the question in his eyes. I’m guessing Luke had told him about the shit she had endured. “Yes, it’s my baby,” I assured him. “We had a DNA test done when we found out that she was far enough along to have one. I would never put her through the possibility of carrying a rapist’s child.”

He nodded. “Has she talked to you about what happened in jail?” he asked me. I had a feeling he already knew.

I nodded. “Not willingly, but yes. In fact, one of the girls who helped the bitch that did those things to Amelia is here now. Amelia’s not letting her leave. She’s dead set on making her life a living hell.”

“Tammi?” he asked me.

I nodded. “How’d you know?” I asked.

He chuckled. “I had some people on the inside who tried helping Amelia as much as they could, but that bitch got her separated from every friend Amelia could possibly make. I remember Roger describing one of the girls as blue-eyed with blonde hair and went by the name Tammi.”

The door to the room opened, and Amelia blinked at me sleepily. She rubbed one of her eyes and yawned. I felt a small smile twist my lips. She was so fucking adorable and all mine.

“Cole, why are you out here?” she mumbled tiredly.

“I’m talking to Drake. Go back to bed. You need to sleep,” I told her softly, hating how tired and exhausted she looked.

She leaned against me sleepily, and I sighed. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow some more, alright?” I told Drake. “Apparently, she wants me to come back to bed. She just won’t use her words.”

He chuckled. “That’s Amelia for you,” he said as he walked away.

I lifted Amelia into my arms bridal style and carried her back to bed. I laid her down and took my sweats off and slid in beside her. She quickly straddled my hips, and I immediately hardened at the feeling of her core against my dick. “What are you doing?” I asked huskily, running my eyes over her t-shirt clad body.

“I really want to fuck you right now.”

Hell, I sure as hell wasn’t going to protest.

I slid her t-shirt over her head, loving the fact that she didn’t sleep in a bra. I sat up and pulled one of her nipples into my mouth. She winced, and I immediately jerked back a little to look at her face, alarmed at her pain like a slap in the face. “What’s wrong?” I demanded.

She pouted softly, which I found completely adorable. *Wait, what the fuck?* Since when did I, *Colton Louis*, find anything fucking adorable? Fuck, Amelia was making me soft. This was twice in a night that I found something she did adorable.

“They’re tender today,” she murmured.

I kissed her softly, nibbling on her bottom lip. Her breath hitched in her throat. “Well, I’ll be gentle,” I murmured.

I wrapped my arms around her, pulling her body flush against mine as I kissed her deeply. She moaned, sliding her fingers into my hair. I pressed open-mouthed kisses over her jaw line. As I reached her neck, I gently bit the spots that I knew were the most sensitive to her. Her breathy moans filled the room, making me even harder if that were even possible.

When I reached her breasts, I gently sucked on them. She moaned loudly, tugging on my hair, making me groan in pleasure. After a few moments, she pushed me back down on



the bed and got up, pulling her shorts and panties down. I groaned at the sight of her naked. It was a sight that would never get old for me. As my eyes ran over her naked body, I felt a smile tug at my lips when my eyes landed on the barely-there baby-bump. Fuck, if it were possible, that bump made her even more fucking gorgeous.

I sat up and pulled her between my legs, kissing her belly over and over. Fuck me, I couldn't get enough of this woman.

“Cole, I'm getting impatient,” she pleaded.

I chuckled. She pushed me back down on the bed and pulled my boxers off of me, letting my cock spring free. She licked her lips appreciatively. I closed my eyes, groaning. Fuck, I wish she'd wrap those pretty, moist lips around my—

*Holy. Fuck.*

She must have read my mind because suddenly, I felt her lips wrap around me. My eyes flew open, and I watched as she took me into her mouth, sucking hard. “Fuck, Amelia,” I hissed out, squeezing my eyes shut and gripping her hair in my hands.

She moaned and continued sucking, relaxing her gag reflex. Amelia had never given me a blow job before, and I was just a tiny bit pissed that I had fucking missed out on this before. Fuck, I had never had a blow job this good. She was taking the meaning of fucking a dick with her mouth to a whole other level.

A few minutes later, I came in her mouth, and she swallowed *every last fucking drop*. I pulled her up my body, my lips molding with hers. I forced her mouth open with my tongue as I shoved inside of her wet core. She cried out, throwing her head back and digging her nails into my chest. “C-Cole,” she stuttered, gasping as I thrust up again.

She sat up and placed her hands on my chest. I groaned appreciatively when she began bouncing up and down on me, slamming her hips every time she came down. “God, Amelia,” I groaned, gripping her hips tightly, thrusting up to meet her every single time she came down.

I sat up, wrapping my arms around her, still meeting her thrust for thrust. Her body was slick with sweat and so was mine. Our moans filled the room. I leaned her back a little, going impossibly deeper, and sucked on her nipples as we continued to fuck each other. “C–Cole, I–I’m ...”

“Let go for me, baby,” I groaned.

We came at the same time, and I held her tightly as we rode our orgasms out. I pushed her sweaty hair back from her face and kissed her. My dick perked up again almost immediately. “Hands and knees, baby,” I whispered in her ear.

She complied without complaint and got on her hands and knees on the bed. Cum was running down her legs. I groaned appreciatively and put my mouth to her core, licking it all up, groaning softly against her pussy. She trembled as if her legs and arms were going to give out, but she managed to stay on her hands and knees. I quickly positioned myself behind her, putting my hands on her hips. I slammed up into her, and she cried out, throwing her head back. She pushed back on me as I pushed into her.

This woman was my every fucking dream come true, I swear.

I leaned into her, keeping one hand on her hip, and gripping her shoulder with my other hand. I could feel her getting ready to come. Her knees were shaking, and her pussy was clenching me for all I was fucking worth. Releasing her hip and her shoulder, I wrapped her hair around my fist and reached beneath her, rubbing her clit hard and fast. She gasped, and I yanked on her hair. “Fucking come for me, baby,” I groaned.

She cried out, falling to the bed as she rode her climax out. I pumped in and out of her, riding us both down from the high we were on. Her eyes closed afterward as she tried to catch her breath. “I don’t ...” She paused, taking a few, deep breaths. “Cole, I don’t think I can move.”

I moved her up so that she was lying on the bed properly with her head on her pillow. I quickly snuggled in behind her,

wrapping my arms around her tightly. “I think that’s the sexiest thing I’ve seen in a while,” I murmured into her ear.

“What do you mean?” she asked quietly, her voice giving away that she was about to fall asleep.

“I love seeing you on your hands and knees like that,” I whispered, kissing the nape of her neck softly.

She turned around and buried her face against my chest. “I’ll gladly do it again, but right now, I want to sleep,” she said softly, her words slurred, her breaths slowly evening out.

I held her tighter as her breathing completely evened out, giving away that she was out for the rest of the night. I smiled, kissing the top of her head. After so fucking long, I finally had Amelia right where I wanted her.

*Amelia*

**I**t had been three weeks since Drake took Holly and Lilly. I had been keeping in touch, making sure that he kept true to his word. So far, it seemed like he was. Every time that I spoke to Holly, she seemed happy, and Lilly was definitely being taken care of. I hadn't expected anything less from Drake, but I had to be sure.

My phone went off in my back pocket, and I answered it without bothering to look at the caller ID. "Amelia speaking."

"Do you think your crew can ride up here? I think we've got a war on our hands, and we need help," Drake said, skipping past all of the normal pleasantries.

*Well then.* No hey. No hi. Just an immediate request.

I sighed and ran a hand through my hair. "I don't have a problem with it, but I'll have to talk to Cole about it since he's the president," I told him.

"Get back to me."

I hung up and walked down the hall to the room Cole and I now shared, which was originally just my room. I walked inside to find him still asleep on the bed. Fuck, he was hot as hell. He was naked right down to his birthday suit and flat on his stomach, leaving his perfect, round ass for me to see since he had tossed the blankets aside. I could see the muscles in his back flex with each inhale and exhale of his lungs. Cole was absolute perfection.

And all mine.

I sat down on the bed and gently shook him awake. “Cole,” I said quietly.

“*Mmm*,” he groaned back in response. He cracked an eye open and looked at me. “What’s wrong, babe?”

“Drake needs us to ride up to his crew. He says he’s in the middle of a war, and he needs our help,” I informed him, letting my fingertips run over his hard, muscular back.

Cole sighed and rolled over. My eyes trailed over his hard, toned chest and his rock hard six pack. My eyes stopped at his dick, and I bit my lip. It hardened almost instantly, and Cole sighed. “It’s so fucking sexy when you bite your lip like that,” he muttered softly, closing his eyes.

I leaned down and took him into my mouth. Cole groaned and tangled his fingers in my hair, tugging on the strands, his hips flexing up to push himself farther to the back of my throat. “Fuck, Amelia. *Christ*.”

I bobbed my head up and down, sucking hard and fast, knowing that was how he loved it. When he came, I swallowed all of his cum. Cole quickly pulled me up, and his lips met mine. “Shower with me?” he asked softly, running the pad of his thumb over my lower lip.

I shook my head at him. “I would love to, but I was busy when Drake called. I need to head back out to the barroom,” I told him.

Cole arched an eyebrow at me. “What were you doing?” he asked, sitting up and stretching.

I sighed and stood up, grabbing a ponytail holder and pulling my hair into a side ponytail. “I’m trying to get everyone to clean up their puke and trash. This place will be fucking spotless by the time I get done laying into all of them,” I muttered. When I had walked out into the barroom and seen the fucking mess that morning, I had practically flipped my shit.

Cole stood up and pulled me against him, kissing me again. “I’ll be out there as soon as possible.” He rubbed my

belly which was starting to stick out a little more. He said he noticed it way before I did, but Cole knew my body ten times better than I did. Now, it was big enough to be noticed by everyone that looked at me.

“Don’t stress out too much,” he reminded me, a slight warning in his voice.

I nodded and walked back out to the barroom. Everyone was back to sitting around on their asses, playing on their phones. “Just because I left the fucking room doesn’t give you a goddamn reason to sit on your fucking asses again! Why aren’t you all fucking cleaning up your fucking messes?!” I screamed, making them jump up to their feet.

“Go fuck off. You shouldn’t even be the VP. The only woman we listen to around here is Katie,” one of the men sneered at me.

I glared at the person who had spoken up. Kale glared back at me, anger morphing his features. He rarely ever said anything. In fact, he was so fucking lazy and stupid, Cole and I rarely included him in club decisions. It was a miracle he had ever moved up in the club from just being a prospect.

“I don’t give a fuck about your opinion,” I spat at him. “Why don’t you just fucking do as your told instead of starting shit?”

He jumped up threateningly, and I pulled my gun out, pointing it at him as he came charging at me. He stopped immediately, eyeing the gun in my hand with cautious eyes. “Take another step, and I’ll splatter your blood around this room, do you understand?” I snapped, my tone cold and dangerous. I wasn’t playing any fucking games. I would be fucking damned if another man ever put their fucking hands on me.

Cole stepped into the room and immediately stepped up beside me. I could practically feel the anger radiating off of him in waves. “What the fuck is going on here?!” he roared.

“I’m seconds away from beating that bitch into the fucking floor,” Kale growled at Cole, nodding his head towards me.

“Lay a fucking hand on her, and I’ll shoot you myself,” Cole ground out through clenched teeth, his hand settling protectively on my back.

“You need to sit the fuck down,” I snapped, talking to Kale. “I’ll shoot you before you become the next man to ever lay his fucking hands on me.”

He pulled his gun out, and a shot fired. I didn’t know if it was me or him that shot. Everything was happening so fast. Cole knocked me out of the way, and I heard his roar of pain almost instantly. Kale dropped his gun, his jaw practically touching the floor in shock as he stared down at Cole on the floor. Dropping my gun, I yanked my shirt off, rushing over to Cole, not caring that I was in my bra in front of everyone in the room. I moved his hand from his stomach, feeling nausea roll in my own. Blood was practically pouring out of his wound.

I quickly pressed my shirt to his wound and pulled out my phone. I called 911 immediately, trying to keep down my nausea and panic. I could barely fucking think, much less breathe. When I got off the phone, I looked down at Cole, who had his eyes closed. Panic constricted my chest with a vice-like grip. “Cole, open your eyes!” I shouted down at him.

He opened them immediately, his eyes landing on me. I was terrified. I couldn’t lose Cole. We had a baby on the way. I couldn’t do this on my own. Christ, I fucking loved him.

*What?*

*I love him.*

Tears spilled down my cheeks as I kept pressure on his stomach, desperate to slow down his loss of blood. He closed his eyes again just as EMTs and cops ran into the clubhouse. They pushed me out of the way, and I fell against the wall, sobbing. I couldn’t focus on what they were doing to him and the commotion around me. All I could focus on was Cole. His face was pale, and he looked like death itself. They shoved an oxygen mask over his nose and mouth, taking away my view of him.

I wrapped my arms around my belly and rocked back and forth. I couldn't think. I couldn't fucking breathe.

I barely felt the hands on my shoulders. I couldn't make out the person in front of me. My ears were ringing loudly, and my vision was hazy. I couldn't hear what they were shouting.

I was placed onto a stretcher, and an oxygen mask was placed over my face right as I blacked out.



I BLINKED awake in a hospital room. I was alone. I didn't have Cole by my side. I didn't have my mom or my dad in my room. I was absolutely fucking alone in this tiny white room.

All of the blood flashed through my mind. The image of Cole's pale face made panic grip my chest. The oxygen mask over his mouth and nose almost made me sick. Tears poured down my face.

I had to go see him. I fucking had to. I had to know that he was okay.

My room door burst open, and a nurse ran into my room and over to my bedside. "Miss, you need to calm down," she told me gently with a tone of desperation in her voice. "You're going to cause contractions again."

I ignored her, still trying to get out of bed. What the fuck was wrapped around my stomach? What was with all of the fucking needles and shit? All I wanted to do was see Cole! I just wanted to make sure that he was okay!

A doctor rushed into the room with two other nurses. They held me down to the bed, and the doctor strapped me to it as if I were mental patient. Hell, I felt like one.

"Cole—where's Cole?" I demanded, my voice breaking from the tears leaking down my face and the huge lump that seemed to be lodged in my throat.

"I don't know. I'm not his doctor," the doctor told me calmly. "Amelia, you need to calm down. It's vitally important



that you do. You're jeopardizing your baby's life."

"Cole—I need to see Cole!" I shouted, ignoring the doctor. Why the fuck weren't they listening to me? I had to fucking go see Cole!

The doctor said something quietly to one of the nurses, and she nodded, rushing out of the room. I pulled against the restraints, screaming at the top of my lungs. "I just want to see Cole!" I shouted.

Travis rushed into my room. "Amelia, you have to calm down. Cole is fine. I promise that he's okay, but you can't leave this bed," Travis said gently.

I cried harder, slumping against my pillow. "I just want to see him," I sobbed.

Katie came into the room and ran her fingers through my hair soothingly. "You'll get to see him; I promise. We're getting a room organized for you and Cole to share right now."

I continued crying. I didn't believe them. I didn't believe he was really okay. I just wanted to see for myself.

Katie pulled me into her arms, and I clutched onto her jacket, feeling nothing but pure, heart-wrenching, emotional pain at the moment. It hurt so fucking much not knowing if he was okay, and my last memory of him was being unconscious and bleeding.

"The room is ready," someone said, poking their head around the door frame.

Katie let me go but gave my hand a gentle squeeze. Travis helped the nurses push my bed down multiple halls, and Katie helped push a machine that had a tube attached to me. I was still sobbing, tears just pouring down my face. It was like I couldn't stop. It was like a fucking rainfall in my body. I just realized I loved someone, and then they were taken away from me.

I hated feeling like this. I just wanted Cole's arms wrapped around me, promising me that everything was going to be alright.

When we got to the room, they placed my bed directly beside someone else's at Travis's and Katie's orders. Someone popped their head into the room. "She's having contractions."

"Contractions?!" an all-too-familiar, deep voice bellowed.

I jerked my head over to see Cole—sitting up as much as he possibly could—staring at me with wide, fear-filled and worried eyes. "Cole!" I screamed, tears of joy now streaming down my face. I went to sit up but then realized that I was still strapped down to the bed. "Let me go!" I screamed.

"Give her the shot. Hurry. I need to sedate her," the doctor from earlier said.

I didn't register his words. I wanted to hold Cole, to know that he was fucking real and actually okay. "Fucking let me go!" I yelled.

I felt something get pushed into my arm. I thrashed against the restraints, but they wouldn't fucking budge. "Amelia, you need to calm down," Cole said desperately, his tone soft and pleading. "Baby, please," he whispered.

Everything went dark.



### *Cole*

I SLUMPED against my bed once Amelia passed out and ran a hand through my hair. I looked at her doctor, recognizing him as Dr. Kline. "What's going on?" I asked him desperately. Something was wrong with Amelia. Something was terribly fucking wrong. This wasn't my girl.

"She's been in and out of consciousness since she was brought here. She was freaking out about you, but we couldn't do anything except keep her sedated and monitor the baby. This is the third time we've had to stop her contractions," he informed me a bit sadly.

I blew out a breath. Fuck. *Fuck*. Fuck! She took me getting shot a lot fucking harder than I had expected.

“Has she tried to self harm or anything?” I asked him, noticing that they continued to keep her strapped to the hospital bed despite her being asleep.

“Not yet, but we’re not taking chances,” he told me. “She was ready to break all of our machines if it meant getting out of bed to see you, and we couldn’t let her walk. Walking helps some women speed up their labor, and I wasn’t willing to give Amelia the chance to possibly lose her baby just because she wasn’t thinking straight.”

I sighed, nodding my head in understanding. I was glad the doctor had done what was best for Amelia, despite how uncomfortable she probably was at the moment. If they thought she was ballistic when I got shot, imagine if she had miscarried.

The doctor left the room, and my mom came over to my bed and sat down beside me. “How’s your wound?” she asked me, her eyes flickering to my stomach that was covered in gauze.

I shrugged. “The pain meds are keeping the pain away, so I don’t know.” I looked up at her. “Did you see her acting ...” My voice trailed off. Hell, I didn’t even know what to describe her fit as.

She nodded. “It was bad. I’m hoping that when she wakes up, she’ll be calmer with you beside her. We all kept telling her to calm down and telling her it was bad for the baby, but it was like she couldn’t hear us. She was so focused on you.” She huffed in irritation, shaking her head. “Stupid, if you ask me. She has a baby to think of. It’s not just about her and what she feels anymore.”

“Put yourself in her shoes,” Dad told my mom, speaking up. “She’s just lost Luke, her mother betrayed her, and she’s an only child. She doesn’t have any biological family to turn to in her time of need. The only person she’s been able to turn to is Cole. I imagine the last thing on her mind would be her baby.”

Hated to say it, but I had to agree with my dad. I had always been Amelia’s rock, even when she hadn’t noticed it herself. This had probably ripped her apart on the inside.

“I never acted that way when you were shot when I was pregnant with him,” Mom said, throwing her thumb over her shoulder towards me.

“Yes, but you and Amelia are so alike, but yet so different in so many ways,” he reminded her. It was true. When Amelia had first started growing up and figuring out who she was as a person, I thought she was way too much like my mom. Now, I knew that Amelia was ten times different from my mom and a hell of a lot emotionally stronger, too.

“You had your dad. You didn’t have the shit happen to you that happened to Amelia,” Dad told Mom, trying to get her to understand where he was coming from. “Cole was the only person that stood up for her, got her the help she needed, and stood beside her and believed in her besides Luke. Amelia is ten times more ruthless than you will ever be, Katie, and it’s because of what has happened to her. People hate her, even our own crew. When the entire world is falling apart around her and the one person that she had has been shot, I’m sure Amelia isn’t thinking much about a baby.”

I snorted. “No shit,” I muttered, thinking of Dad’s comment about the crew hating her. I had no idea Kale had felt like that about Amelia, and I wished I had known it sooner. I could have handled it properly. I looked at Mom. “The bullet that I took was meant for Amelia.”

“I knew that she was bad for you!” She yelled at me, jumping up from the bed, throwing her arms up into the air.

My dad grabbed her and yanked her back into his chest, saying words into her ear. She glared at him. “No, I will not fucking calm down! Cole could have died because of that bitch! You expect me to be calm about this?!”

“Yes, I do,” Dad ground out through his clenched teeth. “I would have done the same thing for you if I were Cole, so just shut the hell up. I understand where Cole is coming from.”

That was a first. My dad rarely saw anything my way.

“He doesn’t even love her!” she hollered. She looked over at me, narrowing her eyes. “Do you love her, Cole?” she

demanded.

I shrugged. I really didn't know. I knew I felt something strong for Amelia. Was it actually love? Hell if I knew.

My dad gripped my mom's arm and swung her around to face him, his hard eyes glaring into her icy blue ones. "It doesn't matter if he fucking loves her or not, Katie. Do you remember how long it took me to admit that I loved you, to even realize that I fucking did? Before I realized I loved you, I still would have gladly jumped in front of a bullet that was meant for you because I cared about you and couldn't stand the thought of losing you or Cole. So, step back and think about what you're fucking saying," he snapped down at her.

She huffed and plopped herself into a chair. I chuckled. My dad and I were really the only people that could make my mom stop and think about something that she was doing or saying. When I saw my parents like that or hell, even when I saw my mom comforting my dad when Amy got locked up, what my grandad said rang through my head. I could see that my parents truly loved each other. It was a deep, passionate, reckless kind of love, and not one that showed its face all of the time.

We all sat there for a few hours, watching the news on the television in a comfortable silence. A little while later, I heard Amelia groan as she woke up. My mom instantly got up out of her chair and walked over to her, grabbing one of Amelia's hands, which shocked the hell out of me. I never expected my mom to want to comfort Amelia. I guess what my dad said to her had really gotten through to her; he had a habit of doing that.

Amelia blinked awake, looking around. I noticed the second she tensed up, and tears filled her eyes. I felt my heart constrict. I really fucking hated seeing her like this. "Amelia, honey, Cole is here. Look," my mom coaxed, trying to soothe her before she had another fit.

Amelia turned her head, and she grinned when she saw me, tears of joy running down her face. "I want—" she started, but I cut her off.

I shook my head at her. “You can’t, baby. You’re putting our baby at risk.”

“What?” she whispered, her eyes immediately jerking down to her stomach. “What happened?”

“You caused contractions three times,” I told her softly, knowing that if I continued talking to her like this, it would keep her calm. “You have to rest. Stop stressing yourself out, and stop panicking. I’m right here beside you,” I assured her.

My dad pushed her bed closer to mine, and I grabbed her hand since it was still restrained. I rubbed soothing circles on the back of her hand, giving her a small smile. She sighed and relaxed back into her pillows almost instantly, closing her eyes. “Do you have a jacket or something?” she whispered, her voice showing just how tired she was feeling.

My mom went to my bag and grabbed my leather jacket, draping it over Amelia. Amelia smiled a little, relaxing even more against the pillows. “Don’t let go of my hand please,” she whispered as she started drifting back off into a peaceful sleep. “I hated not knowing that you were okay.”

I could hear the pain in her voice and the slight strain as she thought about the time she spent wondering if I was actually alive or not. I grimaced a little; it really was a miracle that she hadn’t miscarried from the stress she put herself through.

“I’m okay, baby, and I’m right here,” I assured her. Hell, I would never go anywhere.

She nodded sleepily. I sighed and looked at the ceiling tiredly. My mom pressed the button for a nurse and asked for her doctor. Dr. Kline came in a few minutes later. “Is everything okay?” he asked almost hesitantly, his tone a bit wary.

“She woke up, and she was calm,” I told him. “I think you can take her restraints off. She might be more comfortable when she sleeps.”

He nodded, taking my word for it, and undid her restraints. I kept her hand gripped in mine though, knowing she didn’t

want me to let go. I wouldn't.

She was mine, and I would be damned if she ever got taken away from me.

*Amelia*

Cole and I were both out of the hospital, though Cole was still on bed rest for another week, and I wasn't allowed to do anything strenuous. Kale was gone when we got back, and according to Travis, he had been dealt with.

I stood beneath the flow of water, my thoughts rushing through my head. It had been a week since I had realized I loved Cole. What the fuck was I supposed to do now? I felt like I was making it obvious to him, and it was scaring me. I didn't *want* to make it obvious. I didn't want him to run away from me because I loved him.

Cole had become everything to me. Fuck, I didn't know what I would do with myself if he left me.

I heard a crash from the bedroom, and I jumped out of the shower, wrapping a towel around myself as I ran into the bedroom. Cole was on the floor, leaning against the wall, his face twisted into a look of pain. I quickly knelt in front of him. "What in the hell do you think you're doing?" I asked him frantically.

"Trying to get something to fucking drink," he grumbled, leaning his head back against the wall as he breathed in and out slowly to try to regulate his pain.

"Why didn't you just shout for me?" I demanded. Cole was always trying to do something by himself, and it drove me up the damn wall that he just couldn't ask for help.



“Because you’ve been stressing yourself out way too much lately,” he muttered. “I thought I could handle getting myself a drink.”

I grabbed his face in my hands and made him look at me. “Cole, I’m being careful,” I assured him. “I can do something as simple as getting you a drink.”

He sighed and leaned forward, placing his lips over mine. I melted instantly. “Can you get someone to help me get back in bed?” He looked at my towel, his eyes darkening. “After you get some clothes on.”

I nodded and quickly got dressed and went to find Travis. While he was helping Cole back into bed, I turned off the water in the shower and got Cole a bottle of water out of the fridge that we had put up in our room. I crawled onto the bed beside him and handed him the bottle. He wrapped an arm around me and pulled me against his side tightly. He rubbed his hand over my bump that was growing more and more by the day. “I think our baby is going to be a tiny little thing like you,” Cole told me quietly.

I rested my head on his shoulder and shrugged. He kissed the top of my head. “Who knows? What do you want it to be?” I asked him.

He shrugged. “Honestly, I don’t care. I just want our little one to be a healthy baby.”

I looked down at his bandaged stomach and bit my lip. “How bad does it feel?” I asked him.

He followed my gaze and shrugged again. “It gets better every day. The doctor said he thinks I’ll be up and moving good again in a couple of weeks, but I won’t be able to do anything really strenuous probably for another month.”

I sighed. “Why in the hell did you take that bullet for me?” I muttered. It was probably the stupidest fucking thing he had done in his life.

He kissed the top of my head. “I don’t want to lose you or our baby.”

He said it so calmly. Like, how the fuck was he calm about taking a bullet that was meant for me? I had been shot before. Christ, I could have lost him! I had to be hospitalized due to my reaction to him being shot.

“Cole, I don’t want to lose you either. You can’t just do that kind of shit. It’s why they had to hospitalize me in the first place. I flipped the fuck out when you went unconscious.”

Cole sighed into my hair, his hand rubbing my belly soothingly. “Baby, I will take a bullet for you any fucking day. If it’s a choice between my life or yours, I will *always* give up my life.”

I breathed out a heavy sigh and sat up against the headboard, running my fingers through my wet hair. I felt vomit rise in my throat, and I slapped a hand over my mouth, jumping off of the bed and running to the bathroom. I heard Cole shout for someone, but I ignored him. Fuck, I hated throwing up. It hurt, and it burned my throat. They had kept me on medication in the hospital to stop it from happening, but I didn’t have anything for when I was at home.

I felt someone pull my hair back as I vomited again. When I was done, I slumped to the floor, reaching forward to flush the toilet. I leaned my head back against the wall and took the bottle of water that was held out to me. I looked up at Katie and gave her a small smile. “Thanks,” I whispered.

“You might want to go prove to Cole that you’re okay. I think he’s ready to get out of bed to come see for himself,” she muttered.

Shaking my head, I slowly stood up and walked into the bedroom. “You okay?” Cole asked me, his eyes running over me to check for himself.

I nodded. He breathed out a sigh of relief and relaxed back into the bed. I turned to Katie. “Drake is supposed to be riding in tonight. Can you make sure everything is ready for London’s Tears?”

She rolled her eyes at me. I forced myself not to scowl at her. I really hated her fucking attitude sometimes. “You’re

talking to me, honey. Of course, I can. Are you and Cole going to attend the party?"

I shrugged. "We'll try to. Cole and I have some important things to discuss with Drake."

She pulled me into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. I sighed. I already knew where this conversation was going, especially since she pulled me aside. "Please tell me that you two aren't planning on forming an alliance with him."

I sighed. "It's going to be good for the Bloody Black Skulls, Katie."

She threw her arms up in the air in frustration. "The hell it is, Amelia!" she exclaimed. "We just got out of a war with the ATL, and we've got the FBI on our asses. The last fucking thing this club needs is to form an alliance with a crew that has more fucking problems than we do!" she shouted.

"Drake needs our help," I ground out through clenched teeth. "It's the least that I can do for him after what he did for me. So, shut the hell up," I snapped at her.

"You don't know what the fuck you're about to do to this club, Amelia!" she shouted at me.

I yanked the bathroom door open, storming back out into the bedroom. "You're not the fucking president anymore, Katie. You don't get to make these decisions anymore. What Cole and I say fucking goes, and you need to fucking respect that," I seethed.

"I won't go along with this decision!" she yelled at my back.

I swung around, stepping up to her so our chests were touching. I glared hard into her eyes. I wasn't playing fucking games. She wasn't the fucking president anymore—Cole was. She needed to fucking understand and respect that.

"Then you won't sit at the fucking table," I spat at her. "I owe Drake. You obviously don't know what it means to fucking owe someone."

“Of course, I know what it’s like to owe someone!” she barked at me. “But you can’t make the entire club pay for your fucking mistakes!”

I wanted to punch her. It was because of her and Travis that I got locked up in the first fucking place. I didn’t fucking do it to myself.

“Those mistakes wouldn’t have happened if you and Travis hadn’t made me form an alliance with the fucking cops!” I screamed at her, my temper flying through the roof. I wanted to punch her in her fucking face. “Don’t you fucking forget that! I almost lost my life multiple fucking times for the sake of this club, and I never raised hell about any decisions that you and Travis made, so back the fuck down *now*! I will make this decision, and if you don’t like it, then you can just remove yourself from the goddamn table.”

“That’s enough!” Cole roared from his spot on the bed as Travis walked into the room.

“I thought we got past all of the bitching?” Travis asked us.

“Put your wife in her place,” I spat at him. “If you don’t do it, then I will—pregnant or not.”

“You can’t fucking let them make this decision, Travis!” Katie yelled. “Don’t you see what the fuck will happen? Can’t you see she’s manipulating Cole into making these decisions with her?!”

“I made the fucking decision because one day, we might need Drake’s help like he needs ours right now! You’ve got to think past the present and look into the future, Mom!” Cole roared. “He has people in the FBI who can get them off of our asses! We need this!”

Katie stepped up to me, and I met her glare with one of my own. “If this backfires on the club, I will kill you myself, do you understand?” she snapped at me.

I smirked at her threat, but my face held no humor. “Katie, you’re all bark without bite. Fuck off. I’m not afraid of you.”

Travis grabbed her arm and pulled her out of the room. I shot a glare at Cole before he could say something to me. “Don’t you start on me, too. I’m very fucking pissed right now. I don’t want to hear your shit.”

He smirked at me. “Stop always jumping to conclusions, babe. I was just going to tell you to come lay down with me and relax.”

I sighed and crawled up the bed until I could lie down beside him. I put my head on his shoulder, and he wrapped an arm around me instantly. “You’re such a feisty little thing, you know that?” Cole breathed against my neck as he placed a kiss on my most sensitive spot, making me moan. “It’s so fucking hot.”

He moved his hand down my body until he slid into my panties. I moaned when I felt him press his hand against my core. Cole sucked on my neck while he slid two fingers inside of me, making me moan loudly. “C-Cole,” I stuttered. “Oh, God, you’re going to kill me,” I said breathlessly as he began moving his fingers inside of me.

I arched my back as he hit that perfect spot, making me cry out. “Right there, Cole. Fuck! Yes!” I exclaimed, gripping the bed sheets.

He moved his fingers faster, hitting that same spot over and over. When I came, his name fell from my lips on a scream. He took his fingers out and licked them clean, smirking down at me. “You’re so fucking sexy when you scream my name like that, baby. I’ll never get tired of the sound.”

I cuddled against his side, and he chuckled, wrapping an arm around me, holding me against his side tightly. “Go to sleep, baby. I’ll wake you up when Drake rides in.”

He sure as hell didn’t have to tell me twice. Being pregnant made me extremely tired, and it didn’t help when he used those magical fucking fingers on me, either.



## *Cole*

I GROANED SOFTLY when someone knocked on the door. “What?” I grumbled out, yawning.

Drake opened the door, and I sighed, forcing myself to come awake. “When did you get in?” I asked, stretching as much as I could without waking Amelia, who was passed out on my chest.

“About an hour ago.” He looked down at Amelia’s sleeping figure. “Is it a bad time?”

“Nah,” I told him, shaking my head. We needed to go ahead and talk. The quicker we had this conversation, the quicker Amelia and I could get issues resolved on our end.

I gently shook Amelia. She slapped my chest and rolled over away from me, pulling the blanket tighter around her. I chuckled at her. “Babe, come on. Wake up. Drake’s here.”

“Tell him to fuck off,” she grumbled. “I’m tired.”

I sighed. “Babe, come on—seriously.”

She huffed, sitting up grumpily. She jumped in shock when she saw Drake standing in the doorway. She gave him a tired smile. “Cole, turn the lamp on,” she said, glancing over at me. She looked back at Drake. “Go get your VP, and we’ll discuss things in here. Cole can’t get out of the bed.”

Drake left the room, and I leaned over, sliding my fingers in her hair, pulling her face to mine. I kissed her deeply. “Calm down. We need to deal with this. If it’s dealt with tonight, then you can sleep in tomorrow with no interruptions.”

She nodded and rubbed her eyes tiredly. I smiled at the cute gesture. I swear, this woman was making me soft as fuck.

Drake and his VP, Carlos, came into the room and plopped themselves into chairs. Amelia got up and stretched. Drake’s eyes landed on her stomach as she walked over to the mini fridge. “You’ve got a bump going on there, girl,” he commented.

Amelia smiled a little. “Trust me. My tight ass clothes are making it very obvious to me.”

He chuckled, and Amelia sat back down on the bed with her bottle of apple juice. “Cole and I discussed this, and we think it’ll be a good idea to form an alliance with you guys, but you have to help us in turn,” she told Drake without hesitation.

“Of course,” Drake told her instantly.

“We have problems with the FBI. We need them off of our asses,” I informed him. The FBI was our biggest concern. They were sniffing around too much and fucking up our drug and gun sales.

“Of course. I’ll talk to Lisa and get her started on it ASAP,” he said.

My head snapped to Amelia. She gaped at Drake. “Lisa Grey?” Amelia asked incredulously.

Drake nodded. “You know her?”

“Holy shit. For once, I met an agent that was telling the truth,” Amelia muttered to herself.

“Lisa talked to Amelia one day when some agents came out to search the clubhouse,” I told him. “She said that she used to be involved with bikers. Amelia didn’t believe her; therefore, she never gave her a call.”

Drake chuckled. “She’s the mother of my oldest child.”

It made a lot more sense now. She had mentioned she had a kid. Of course, Lisa would do what she could to keep Drake out of prison; he was the father of her kid.

Amelia sighed. “Okay, back to the topic at hand. We’ll send you some of our crew when you need them, but Cole and I can’t go up there until he gets better,” she said

“Darling,” Amelia flinched at the name, and I rubbed soothing circles on her lower back, “you’re not riding up there. You’re pregnant. You’re going to stay here and take care of that baby of yours.” He shot her a look when she opened her mouth to argue. “Don’t argue with me because you will lose,” he told her.

Amelia clenched her jaw. I shook my head at her. I agreed with Drake. She didn't need to be riding anywhere. "I'm on his side with this," I told her.

"Fuck you both," she ground out through clenched teeth.

Carlos chuckled, and I looked over at him. "What are your thoughts on this alliance?" I asked him. He hadn't said much, and I needed to know that he was cool with this, too.

"Honestly, I think it will do both clubs some good. We need your help, and you need ours. This is a beneficial alliance for both of the clubs. I'm in," he agreed.

Amelia yawned, dropping her head into her hand, trying to stay awake. I chuckled at her and looked over at Drake. "As long as you hold up your end, we've got a deal." I told him.

He nodded. "Good." He stood, and Carlos followed suit. "I'm going to go drink and find this Tammi bitch I've heard so much about since I've gotten here."

Amelia smirked at Drake. He shot her a smirk back as he walked out of our room, shutting the door behind him. I laid back down, pulling Amelia down with me. She curled up against my side and sighed, closing her eyes. "Don't wake me up again," she grumbled.

I chuckled and kissed her forehead as she fell back asleep. I continued to lay awake, playing on my phone since I wasn't tired at that moment. I just enjoyed holding Amelia for a little bit.

A few hours later as I was actually about to fall asleep, someone knocked on the door. I told them to come in, and my dad stepped in. "Clay was just admitted into the hospital. He overdosed on pain pills, and he's given himself alcohol poisoning. Your mom and I are about to head up there."

I sighed. *Fuck*. I should have known he was back into some really bad shit again since he hadn't really shown his face around the clubhouse much these past few months. I really needed to start keeping a closer eye on my little brother. "Keep me updated," I muttered.



He nodded and walked back out of the room. I closed my eyes again, letting sleep take over my body.



### *Amelia*

SOMEONE WAS SHAKING MY BODY, and I was ready to fucking punch them. I cursed and glared at Cole. “What?” I snapped.

“I’m just as tired, but I have to piss. Go get Brian for me so he can help me get to the bathroom.”

“Why not your dad or Clay?” I asked him as I slid out of bed grumpily. I really just wanted to be asleep right now. I was getting real fucking sick and tired of all of the interruptions.

“Clay is in the hospital, and Dad is with him.” I was about to ask him why, but he shot me a look, shutting me up instantly. “Clay overdosed and gave himself alcohol poisoning. Now *please* go get Brian so I can piss,” he begged.

I left the room and went to get Brian. I found him passed out on the couch in the bar room. I shook him awake, and he blinked up at me. “Nice to see you out here again,” he said gruffly, giving me a small smile.

I sighed. “Trust me, I would much rather be sleeping, but Cole needs your help. He’s got to piss, and he can’t get up on his own.”

Brian stood up and followed me back down the hall. He helped Cole off of the bed and into the bathroom. I crawled back into bed and covered back up. Eventually, Brian got Cole back into bed, and he chuckled at me as I cuddled up to Cole. “For such a ruthless bitch, I never expected you to be a cuddler,” he commented.

I ignored him, but Cole smiled, kissing my forehead. “Everyone’s got a soft spot somewhere,” he told Brian. “Amelia’s happens to be me.”

I rolled my eyes, but didn’t say anything again. What was I going to say? I didn’t exactly feel like lying and having to

stick to it. I mean, Cole really was my soft spot. He was everything to me.

I heard Brian leave the room, and I sighed. “Baby, you have no idea how good you feel pressed against me,” Cole muttered. “I can’t wait until I’m completely better so I can bend you over that desk and fuck your tight little cunt.”

I smiled. “I might be too big to bend over a desk by then,” I told him.

Cole groaned. “I can just imagine you in a sexy, red lace thong with your belly sticking out,” he growled. “Fuck, baby, you’ll be so fucking hot.”

I kissed his chest, not answering him. Cole rubbed my belly, and I fell asleep quicker because of his comforting touch. I was so in love with this man that it was almost insane.

Cole had completely healed and was up and moving around normally. And my stomach was getting noticeably bigger. I was twenty weeks pregnant at the moment, and my bump was sticking out, making it very apparent to everyone that I was pregnant.

“Babe, I’ve got to ride up to London’s Tears’ territory,” Cole announced, suddenly getting out of bed and heading for the bathroom.

“Wait, what?!” I exclaimed. This was the first I had heard anything about this. He had made a fucking decision without consulting me, and he really thought he was leaving me behind?

I jumped out of bed and followed him. “If you’re going, then I’m going with you,” I told him. I would be damned if I stayed here.

Cole snorted as he stepped into the shower. I stepped in with him. I wasn’t backing down on this. “Amelia, we’ve discussed this a million times. You are not riding on your bike that long, and I won’t have you hurt because they’re in the middle of a fucking war,” Hh retorted as if that would make me stay.

“Like I couldn’t be hurt here!” I exclaimed. “Cole, I’m riding with you.”

He glared down at me. “No, you’re not!” he roared.

I glared right back at him. He could go fuck himself. If he decided to leave without me, I would ride up there by myself. He wasn't stopping me; *like fuck* was he stopping me.

I went to get back out of the shower. *Fuck*, I was so pissed at him right then. I had just almost lost him. I went fucking ballistic when he had gotten shot. How could he fucking expect me to be okay with him riding hours away where I could possibly actually lose him this time, and I wouldn't be there to make sure he got the help he needed?

Cole grabbed my arm and spun me around, pulling me into his chest. He wrapped his arms around me as the water sprayed over us. "Babe, you can't go. You've got to understand that," he murmured into my hair.

"How is that fair when you aren't understanding my reason I give you about why I don't want you to go without me?" I mumbled against his chest.

He sighed. "Baby, you've got more than just yourself to worry about. You're carrying our baby. You've got to think about it, too," he said, trying to reason with me.

"I know how to keep myself safe, Cole. Please, just let me go with you," I begged him, tightening my arms around his waist. The mere thought of not being by his side when anything could happen made me sick to my stomach.

He kissed the top of my head. "No. That's final, Amelia."

I yanked myself away from him, pissed off. Fine. I would let it go, but I was going to ride up there as soon as he left. I would be damned if he left me here. I fucking refused to let him go up there by himself.



I STOOD outside by Cole's bike as he mounted it. He leaned over and kissed my stomach and then rubbed my belly. "I'll see you when I get back, alright?"

I nodded. He kissed me, pulling me against him. When he pulled back, he leaned down and kissed my belly again. "Take

care of our baby, will you?” he asked me.

I rolled my eyes. “Of course,” I told him.

I stepped back as he started his bike. I so badly wanted to say ‘*I love you*’, but I couldn’t. I didn’t know if he felt the same way, and I wouldn’t risk having him run away on me. “Take care!” I shouted over his bike.

He nodded at me and pulled out. The rest of the crew fell in line behind him. I walked back into the clubhouse to go start packing my bag.

I wasn’t going to let him be up there by himself. I was his Vice President and the mother of his child. He had another thing coming for him if he thought that I was staying behind.



I WAS ABOUT to carry my bag out to my bike when I felt a sharp pain in my stomach. I gasped, dropping my bag onto the floor of the hallway. I leaned against the wall, wrapping my arms around my stomach. I felt another one almost instantly, and tears filled my eyes. “Someone help me!” I shouted desperately.

*Fuck, something was wrong.*

Brian came running down the hall. “What’s wrong?” he asked me frantically. “Is it the baby?”

I nodded my head, my lips trembling, my heart racing with fear. He picked me up and carried me out to Cole’s truck. “Cole is going to kill you,” I grumbled, wincing as another sharp pain shot through my stomach.

“I think he’ll be more worried about you and the baby,” Brian retorted, placing me in the passenger seat.

He got in on the driver’s side and hotwired Cole’s truck. He sped off to the hospital, continuously asking me how I felt. When we got there, he carried me inside and got me immediate help. I felt another sharp pain and whimpered, curling onto my side. *Fuck, it hurt so goddamn much.*

Dr. Kline rushed into the room. “Amelia, I need you to roll over onto your back. We need to hook up the monitors to your belly so we can monitor your contractions.”

I shook my head at him. “It hurts,” I mumbled. “I don’t want to move.”

He gently rolled me over, and the nurse hurriedly wrapped the monitors around my belly. “Describe to me what you’re feeling.”

“I’m feeling sharp stabs of pain in my stomach.” I felt another one, and the nurse prevented me from rolling back onto my side. “Make it stop,” I whimpered, tears falling down my face. I was so scared. Cole had asked me to take care of our baby, and look where my stubbornness had gotten me

“What were you doing when this started?” Dr. Kline demanded.

“I was carrying my bag of clothes to my bike.” I heard Brian snort quietly, but I was in too much pain and too scared to snap at him.

Dr. Kline nodded and wrote something down on his clipboard. “We’re going to monitor you and see if these are labor contractions or Braxton Hicks contractions, okay?”

I nodded. He left the room, and Brian rushed over. “Are you okay?” he asked me.

I shook my head no. “Have you talked to Cole?” I quietly asked, already dreading the answer. Cole was going to flip his fucking shit; I just knew it.

He shook his head. “No point if I didn’t know what was going on.”

I pulled my phone out and called him. It rang, but he didn’t answer. “He’s probably still on his way up there,” I sighed, hanging up my phone.

“Do you want me to call Katie or Travis?” Brian asked me.

I shook my head. “No. It’s not like anyone really fucking cares,” I muttered.

He pulled a chair up beside my bed. “I’ll sit here until you’re released. I won’t let you be alone right now, Amelia. This has got to be terrifying for you,” he said softly.

I nodded and whimpered when I got another sharp pain. Brian jumped up from the chair and kept me on my back. “You’ve got to stay on your back, Amelia. You’ll move the monitors otherwise.”

A little while later, Brian’s phone went off. I was almost about to fall asleep. I had been there for four hours. I had been given another shot to stop the contractions, but they were keeping me in the hospital until further notice.

“Yeah?” Brian said when he answered.

“What in the hell is going on?!” Cole roared.

Brian winced and looked up at me. I held my hand out for his phone, and he gave it to me quickly, obviously not wanting to be on the receiving end of Cole’s anger. Hell, I really didn’t want to be, either. But I did this shit.

“Cole?” I whispered.

He breathed a sigh of relief. “Baby, are you okay? Fuck, my mom was blowing up my damn phone demanding to know where you were. What’s going on?” he demanded.

“I’m in the hospital,” I quietly explained, already dreading his response.

“What?!” Cole shouted. “What in the hell did you do?!”

“I didn’t do anything!” I yelled back at him, immediately getting defensive. Why the fuck was it always me that had to fucking do something?

Brian snatched the phone from me, shooting me a scowl. He put the phone on speaker. “She didn’t do anything, Cole. I think she was just trying to come up there to you after you left, and she ended up having contractions again.”

“For fuck’s sake!” Cole roared. “She always fucking does something like this! I’ll be home in a few hours,” he snapped.

“Don’t bother,” I spat. “I don’t want to fucking see you if you’re going to act like this.” I looked at Brian. “Hang up the fucking phone.”

“Brian, don’t you fucking listen to her!” Cole roared.

“Hang it up!” I shouted.

Brian did as I told him and sighed. “Cole’s going to kill me, you know that?”

“He’s more pissed at me than you,” I assured him. And it fucking sucked. “You don’t have anything to worry about.”

I turned my head away from him as tears filled my eyes. All I truly wanted was for Cole to comfort me, but instead, he had to blame me and yell at me and make me feel even worse. Even Dr. Kline said it could have happened at any time.

I meant what I said to him. If he was going to act like a fucking asshole, then I didn’t want him to come home.



WHEN I WOKE UP, someone was holding my hand, and two men were whispering back and forth. I blinked awake to find Cole standing over me, talking to Brian. He was holding my hand in his tightly. “Has the doctor been back to see her since she received the shot?” Cole asked, rubbing his thumb over the back of my hand.

“Once, but she was asleep. He just took notes of some things, told me everything looked okay, and left the room again,” Brian explained.

I yawned, and Cole looked down at me, his features softening instantly. “How are you feeling?” he asked me quietly.

“Fine for right now.” I yawned again. “What are you doing here?”

“I told you I was coming back,” he told me, arching a brow at me.



I glared at him, instantly pissed off—my defense mechanism. “I told you not to since you were being a fucking dick,” I spat at him. “I’m dealing with enough. I don’t need your fucking attitude on top of it.”

He leaned down and silenced me by kissing me. I moaned softly. “I’m sorry,” he whispered against my lips. “Do you know what it’s like for me to be hours away from you and find out that you’re in the hospital again?”

“You wouldn’t even be here if I weren’t fucking pregnant,” I snapped. I fucking hated that he only seemed to care because of this goddamn baby.

“Like hell I wouldn’t!” he shouted down at me, releasing my hand and running his fingers roughly through his hair, tugging on the ends. “You fucking know me better than that, Amelia! I was by your side every fucking time you got hospitalized! You fucking *know* I was! I was the first person you laid your eyes on every time you finally woke up, so don’t even *try* to pull that shit on me!” he roared.

A nurse came into the room. “Sir, I’m going to have to ask you to leave. You can’t stress Miss Johnson out,” she told him, her tone a bit wary. Everyone knew the lethality of Cole’s anger.

Cole sighed through his nose and ran a hand through his hair. “I’m not leaving,” he ground out through clenched teeth. “I won’t stress her out,” he reassured the nurse.

She nodded and left the room. Cole plopped into a chair, running both of his hands through his hair again. “How in the hell did you two get here?” Cole asked Brian.

Brian smiled sheepishly. “I, uh, hotwired your truck. I didn’t think it would be a good idea to try to get her to ride a bike.”

Cole shrugged. “As long as you got her here, I don’t care.”

Brian chuckled and smirked at me. “See? I told you he wouldn’t kill me.”

I rolled my eyes at him and closed my eyes again. I did feel guilty that I put Cole through this again. He didn’t deserve

to always be scared that I was going to kill his baby. It was obvious he was excited about being a dad and that he loved his kid a lot. Who was I to put him through this shit all of the time?

“I’m sorry, Cole,” I whispered, looking over at him.

His eyes snapped up to mine in surprise. “Why? You haven’t done anything wrong.”

I sighed. “I keep scaring you. I know you’re continuously worried I’m going to end up killing the baby. Who knows,” I let out a humorless laugh, “one day I might accomplish it.” I looked up at him. “Why do you keep sticking around knowing one day I’ll either end up killing our baby or dead myself?”

Cole stood up and grabbed my face in his hands. His eyes bore into mine with a fierceness I had never seen from him. “I stick around because I care about you, Amelia. I’ve already brought you into the dangers of my life. Letting you go would mean giving up, and I’m never giving up on you, Amelia,” he said fiercely.

I blew out a breath, looking away from him. My phone went off. Brian handed it to me as Cole stepped back from me. I answered it. “Amelia speaking.”

“Where the fuck is Cole?!” Drake roared.

I winced, pulling the phone away from my ear. “Beside me,” I told him. “He didn’t—” I began to ask, but Drake cut me off.

“Put him on the fucking phone!” he snapped.

I handed the phone to Cole, who suddenly looked pissed. “Yell at her one more fucking time, and I’ll do the DM’s job for them and put a bullet through your skull,” Cole ground out through clenched teeth.

“I need help. Holly is missing,” I heard Drake say.

My eyes widened in shock. Cole cursed. “Is Lilly still with you?”

“Yes!” Drake shouted, his patience gone. I couldn’t even begin to imagine how he was feeling at that moment. “There’s

a blood trail through the clubhouse though, and it stops at some tire tracks. Cole, I need her fucking found!” Drake roared.

“I’ll get some men on it. Call my dad. He’s got some contacts that can help you,” Cole said.

Drake hung up, and Cole handed me back my phone. “Holly ...” I breathed out. “Fuck, Cole, do you think . . . ?”

He sighed and shrugged, obviously knowing where my question was headed. “You sure you want to know what I think?” he asked me. I nodded. “I think Holly is being tortured, and I think they’re going to kill her. I think Lilly is going to be left without a mother.”

My heart constricted. That poor little girl. *Fuck. Holly.* I had pretty much forced her to go back to Drake, and now look at the fate she was suffering. She didn’t want to go back. She wasn’t made for this life.

*Fuck, the guilt.*

Cole grabbed my hand and rubbed soothing circles on the back of it. “It’s not your fault. When I was up there, Holly was happy, and trust me, it wasn’t fake. I’m sure Drake is dealing with the club member who was supposed to protect her. This is not your fault,” Cole tried reassuring me.

Cole’s phone went off, and he answered it. “Yeah?” he asked.

“We need you and Brian here *now!*” Katie yelled through the phone. “We’re under fucking attack!”

“I’m on my way.”

Cole hung up and looked at Brian. “Let’s go.” He looked down at me. “You’ll be safe here. It’s a hospital.” It looked more like he was trying to convince himself though.

I just nodded. He kissed me quickly. I grabbed his hand tightly. “Be careful,” I whispered.

He nodded and jogged out of the room. I laid in the bed for a couple of hours, twisting and wringing my hands, worried

out of my mind. What was happening? Was Cole hurt? Did he get killed? How many people died? Was anyone taken?

*Fuck, the questions.*

My room door flung open, and two of the men from the DM crew stormed into the room. I tried to get off of the bed, but the monitors prevented me from doing so. Fuck, I didn't have any weapons on me. I wouldn't be able to take these two on. I had no fucking way to protect myself.

They ripped the monitors off of me and dragged me out of the bed. I fought against them. I couldn't let them hurt me. I couldn't let them fucking take me.

But I wasn't enough, and they began to drag me out of the hospital. Dr. Kline rushed over. "You can't take her!" he shouted.

"We'll fucking kill everyone in this hospital if someone stops us, understand?" one of the men snapped.

They continued dragging me out and threw me in the back of a van. I tried getting the door open, but it was locked from the outside. Tears poured down my face. I bet this was going to be the same shit, just another crew. I had a baby to protect. I couldn't let them fucking do this to me!

"It's no use," a familiar voice spoke up.

I swung around. Holly was leaning against the side of the van. "Oh, my God, Holly!" I exclaimed. "Are you okay?!"

She shrugged. "I'm a bit injured, but I'm fine otherwise." Her gaze landed on my stomach. "Amelia, you've got to protect that baby."

I leaned against the wall of the van. "I'm going to try my hardest, but they were strong. I couldn't get them off of me. My fucking phone is still sitting in the hospital room," I muttered.

I wrapped my arms around my belly. Something nudged my wrist, and I gasped, looking down at my belly, feeling another light nudge. Tears poured down my face. My baby

was very much still alive. I was terrified that I wouldn't be able to protect it.

*Please, God, let me be able to protect this baby.*

I felt a hard jolt a while later, and I fell forward. I groaned as I pushed myself back up into a sitting position. I realized we weren't moving anymore. Holly and I looked at each other in fear. This only meant one thing: we had reached our destination.

The back of the van doors were flung open, and I was met with the sight of Drake and Carlos. I heard a groan of pain from the front of the van, but I didn't care. Drake reached in and pulled Holly out. I felt the van tip, and I shrieked in fear. "Get her out!" Drake hollered at Carlos.

The van tilted even more. I squeezed my eyes in fear, my body shaking. I was going to fucking die.

Carlos jumped in and pulled me against him tightly, holding me protectively. I screamed as we fell. Carlos groaned in pain when we finally stopped falling. "Come on," Carlos grunted as the van began to fill with water. "We've got to get out. We're in a river."

Holding my arms, Carlos pulled me out, and he held my hand in his tightly as we both fought to get to the bank of the river. The current was strong as hell though, not making it any easier. He climbed onto the rocks and pulled me up. He helped me onto dry, flat land and sighed, yanking his shirt off. He had a deep gash in his shoulder that was bleeding badly. "Carlos!" I exclaimed, rushing over to him.

I grabbed his shirt and pressed it against the gash, applying pressure to try to slow the bleeding. "Are you okay?" he asked, running his eyes over me.

I nodded. "I think so. You stopped me from getting injured or hurting the baby. I owe you so much."

He chuckled. "You don't owe me anything." He looked around us. "Sucks that our phones are ruined. I don't think they're ever going to find us way the fuck out here."

I stood up, looking around. Because of the current of the river, we'd floated down quite a ways. I couldn't even see the road we'd fallen off of. "Come on. We better start walking then."

He got up, holding his shirt against his gash. We started walking through the trees, trying to find our way back to the road. After what felt like forever, we finally found the road. I groaned and sat down, rubbing my belly. I had been getting pains in my stomach for a while. I had to get to a hospital.

"I hope they find us soon," I muttered, looking up at him.

He sat down beside me. "You need to lie down. It's almost dark. I'll stay awake and make sure you're safe. You need to rest. If there's a chance you're in labor, hopefully lying down will slow down the process."

I laid down with my head on his thigh. Before I could even begin to doze off, a familiar truck skidded to a stop beside us. Cole and Travis jumped out. Travis helped Carlos up when Cole lifted me into his arms. "We need to go to a hospital," Carlos said. "I think she's having contractions."

Cole set me into the backseat and tossed his dad the keys. "Find a fucking hospital," Cole told him harshly.

Cole jumped into the backseat with me and put my head on his lap. He rubbed my belly soothingly with one hand and held one of my hands with his other. Not a word was said as Travis sped off, laying rubber.

When we got to a hospital, they rushed me back immediately. Cole quickly stripped me out of my wet clothes and put me into a hospital gown. The nurse came into the room and hooked me up to the monitors. Cole held my hand tightly, worry creasing his features.

The nurse sighed. "You're having contractions," she said, confirming my worst fears. "We're giving you another shot, and then we're going to send you to a hospital closer to your home, okay?"

I nodded. Cole squeezed my hand tightly in his. Our eyes met, and he leaned down, kissing me with so much

desperation that it tore at my heart. “I’m going to kill whoever did this to you,” he told me quietly.

I shook my head at him. “You won’t have to. I think they’re floating down a river by now.”

Cole sighed, leaning down to kiss me again. I swear, I was going to give this man a fucking heart attack one day.

I glanced up as Cole came back into my room. I was at the hospital closer to home, and Cole had rarely left me alone since I'd been admitted. The only time I was alone in the room was when Cole went to get something to eat from the cafeteria or something of the sort. If he had to leave the hospital, he made someone stay with me, and usually, that someone was Brian.

But I had been in this place for two weeks now, and I was fucking sick of being here. I was rarely let up to go walk, and I was starting to get really pissed off and restless.

"Find a doctor and find out when I can fucking go home," I snapped at Cole as soon as he walked into my room, freshly showered.

He smirked at me. "Hello to you, too."

"I'm serious," I whined. "I'm tired of being in the hospital. I can't do anything. I bet if they didn't have to let me up to go piss, they wouldn't even do that. I want to go home," I complained.

Cole sighed. "It's best for you and our baby. You have to remember that," he said gently, trying to reason with me.

I wasn't beyond making deals with him and the doctor at this point. I was tired of staring at the same white walls all of the time. I was tired of doing nothing but watching tv and lying down. I needed to go back home.

"Cole, I'll deal with a wheelchair. I just want to go home."



His eyes widened in surprise. “You’ll seriously sit in a wheel chair for the rest of your pregnancy?” he asked, almost as if he didn’t believe me.

I nodded, meaning it from the bottom of my heart. “Yes,” I told him desperately. “Please, Cole, I just want to go home.”

He sighed and nodded before planting a soft kiss on my lips. “I’ll go find the doctor.”

He left the room, and I did the childish thing of crossing my fingers in my lap, hoping to get my way. I desperately wanted to go home. I was tired of sitting there, missing out on everything back at the clubhouse. It sucked not being physically at the meetings and only being able to make decisions through the phone. I was ready to be back in my own space.

Dr. Kline came into the room followed by Cole. He checked my vitals and the machine monitoring the baby and nodded. “You have to stay in a wheelchair if you’re not in bed, Amelia,” he told me sternly. “You don’t get to ride your bike. It’s important that you do not get stressed out.” He looked at me, giving me a stern look. “If you end up in this hospital again, Amelia, I will not allow you to go back home until you deliver this baby, understand?”

I nodded. “Trust me, I’m going to do everything possible not to come back here.” And I meant that.

He nodded and unhooked me from the machine. After he left the room, Cole helped me into my clothes. A nurse came in with a wheelchair a minute later. “I assume you’ve already paid for it?” she asked me.

I looked at Cole for confirmation only to see that he was already nodding at the nurse. “Yeah; it’s paid for.”

She brought it over, and I sat down in it, sighing in relief. I wasn’t exactly happy about the wheelchair, but it was better than being stuck in the fucking hospital all the time.

Cole pushed me out of the hospital and out to his truck. When we got to the clubhouse, Cole pushed me inside. Brian grinned at me. “Finally got out, huh?”

I nodded, smiling. “I can’t ride until after I have the baby, but it’s nice to be back here around all of you fuckers.”

Travis and Katie came out of the living area and smiled when they saw me. “Good to have you back here,” Travis told me, gripping my shoulder as he walked past.

I nodded and looked up at Cole. “Call church,” I told him.

“Everyone in the chapel!” Cole hollered.

He wheeled me into the room and up to my spot at the table. “Look at that belly,” one of the guys said. “Getting big there, aren’t you, Amelia?”

I rolled my eyes at him. “I’ll be glad when it’s over so that I can finally start riding again,” I retorted.

I loved my kid, don’t get me wrong, but I really missed being able to ride my bike and getting involved in club retaliation. I missed it all.

“You won’t want to do anything for a while,” Katie said, coming into the room and taking a seat. “Especially when you’ll be getting up every two hours to feed the baby.”

I shrugged. “I’ll be alright.”

When everyone was in their seats, Cole started the meeting. “Amelia, you’re the one who wanted the meeting, so what’s up?” he asked me, arching an eyebrow.

I leaned forward, lacing my fingers together on the table. “What’s the word on the DM?” I asked.

Cole ran a hand down his face. “Nothing yet. They’ve all gone into hiding. We can’t find them any-fucking-where,” he muttered. “They’re not even on their territory.”

I sighed and leaned back. “So, I’m guessing our men are just sitting up in London’s Tears’ territory, just sitting on their asses?” I asked.

Cole nodded. “Yeah. I don’t want to bring them back yet incase London’s Tears randomly get attacked.”

I looked over at Travis. “You have contacts. Get on finding one of them. If we can get at least one member, then we can

get some information out of him.”

“I’ve tried—” Travis started, but I interrupted him. I was done playing games with this whole fucking situation. They had almost made me miscarry and had almost killed both me and Carlos; I wanted those fuckers to pay.

“Try harder,” I snapped. “I was fucking kidnapped, and I could have drowned had it not been for Carlos. So, fucking try harder.”

He glared at me. “I don’t take fucking orders from you,” he ground out through clenched teeth.

“I’m your fucking VP,” I snapped at him. “You’re no longer in a position to tell me what you are and aren’t going to do, so fucking do as I say and start getting in touch with people and finding out where these bastards are hiding, or get the fuck away from this table.”

He clenched his jaw but didn’t say anything else. I looked at Cole. “Is there anything I don’t know about that I should?” I asked him.

He shook his head. “No. Anything else you want to bring to the table?” he asked me.

I shook my head. He ended the meeting, and everyone left the room. Cole ran his fingers through his hair once we were alone, sighing tiredly. “Amelia, what in the hell have we gotten ourselves into?” he asked me.

I looked over at him. “You and I both know that this shit didn’t start with us. It started with our parents,” I reminded him. “They made the decisions to go to war with other clubs and to get us involved in guns and drugs. We just have to follow what they started and finish everything.”

“We need to get out of this shit.”

I shook my head sadly. We couldn’t get out of it right now. If we thought we had issues now, getting out of this mess would only cause more shit. We already had too much to deal with as it was.

“Cole, getting out of it will just put cross hairs on the entire club and everyone surrounding it. Our enemies and the people we deal with will come after us and our families. It’s best if we just continue what we’re doing and deal with the problems we already have instead of just creating more.”

He looked over at me and then down at my protruding belly. “You really want this kind of life for our kid?” he asked me tiredly.

I grabbed his hand in mine, gently squeezing it. “Cole, we’re fine, so our child will be fine. We can protect our kid,” I assured him.

Cole snorted. “Amelia, I can barely protect you, and look at what happened to my little sister.”

I flinched. He tightened his hand around mine. Heather was a subject I still didn’t like to touch.

And he didn’t need to beat himself up over me. It was mostly my fault that I was always getting hurt in the first place.

“Maybe because I’ve always done stupid shit that got me into the wrong situations,” I told him with an arched eyebrow. I blew out a soft breath. “And your sister ... Cole, that falls on Travis and Katie. We aren’t them.”

“You were taken from a hospital,” Cole ground out through clenched teeth, running his fingers through his hair.

“I wouldn’t have been in the hospital in the first place if I wasn’t trying to follow you up to London’s Tears’ territory,” I reminded him. No matter what, the problems I faced normally tied back to something stupid I had done.

Cole sighed and stood up, obviously done talking about our situation. He came over to me and gave me a light kiss. “If we can’t get out of this mess, maybe our kid can get us out of the situation when they take the president patch.”

He pushed me to our room and laid me on the bed. He crawled in bed beside me and pulled me against him, resting his hands on my belly. “It’s so hard to believe that you’re twenty-three weeks,” he murmured, kissing my shoulder.

I nodded, silently agreeing with him. I rested my head back against his chest. He rolled me onto my back and undressed me slowly, his lips gliding across my skin like a caress. I moaned softly. “C-Cole, is this good for the baby?” I managed to get out between my moans as he bit and sucked at my most sensitive spots.

“Of course, it is. I asked Dr. Kline.”

He pulled his clothes off, and I bent my knees so he could get between my legs easily. He pushed into me slowly, and I arched my back, moaning. I wrapped my arms around him as he moved in and out of me slowly. “Fuck, baby, I missed feeling you wrapped around me like this,” he whispered, running his hand down my side until he gripped my hip.

“Oh, God, Cole,” I moaned as he hit me at the perfect angle.

He smirked down at me with that classic Cole smirk, knowing exactly what he had done. He continued hitting that same spot. I dug my nails into his back as I came hard around him. He groaned. “God, I fucking love you, Amelia,” he groaned into my neck.

I froze beneath him, my eyes snapping open wide. “What?” I whispered.

*Had I heard him right?*

He quickly sat up and jumped out of bed, running his fingers through his hair. “Fuck, Amelia. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it,” he said quickly, his voice panicked.

*What? He didn’t mean it?*

I felt my heart shatter in my chest. My chest physically hurt after hearing him say he didn’t mean those words. I looked away from him, covering up with my blanket, and turning on my side away from him. Tears trickled down my face, but I forced myself to stay quiet. I didn’t need him knowing how much his rejection had hurt me.

“Amelia?” he asked quietly.

I felt him touch my back, but I shrugged him off. “Don’t,” I snapped at him, thankful that my voice was steady and strong despite the emotional rollercoaster currently rushing through me.

The bed dipped suddenly, alerting me that he had sat down. He turned me over, and his eyes widened at the tears falling down my cheeks and wetting the pillow under my face. “Amelia, what’s wrong?” His face was pained as he reached forward to wipe away my tears. “I thought ... I thought you freaked out that I told you I love you,” he confessed.

I shook my head at him. “I’m upset because you told me you don’t mean it,” I whispered, my voice breaking as another tear slipped down my cheek.

He pulled me onto his lap and wrapped his arms around me tightly, rocking me comfortingly. “Baby, I only said that because I thought you didn’t return the feelings,” he whispered hoarsely into my hair, his arms tightening around me.

I shook my head against his chest. “Cole, I love you. I realized I love you when you were shot,” I mumbled into his chest.

He laughed in relief. “Fuck. Here I am freaking out, and you love me, too.” He shook his head. “You’ve loved me since ... *fuck.*”



THE DOOR to the room flew open, crashing against my wall. Cole shot up right in bed, and my eyes snapped open. “The DM have showed up here and at Drake’s. Fucking get her to safety!” Travis barked, pointing at me before he rushed back out of the room.

Cole jumped up, grabbing his gun and yanking his clothes on. He threw me a pair of shorts and a t-shirt, and I yanked them on quickly. He handed me my gun and lifted me up into his arms, running out of the back entrance. He ran us into the woods, and we sat down behind a bunch of bushes. “Cole, you need to go—” I started, but he cut me off.

He shook his head with a hard look on his face. “No,” he snapped at me as gunshots started firing. I winced. “I won’t make the mistake of leaving you alone again.”

I rolled my eyes at him. “I doubt anyone is going to find me here,” I told him. “You need to be out there with our club.”

He glared at me. “Amelia, shut the hell up and stop arguing with me. I’m not fucking leaving you alone—not again,” he snapped.

The gunshots got louder. I hated not being able to see what was going on. I hated leaving the crew behind to defend themselves. I knew they had Travis and Katie, but Cole and I were the president and vice president. We should have been there, fighting alongside them, not hiding out here in the woods. Fuck, Cole and I had chosen the worst time for me to get pregnant.

After a while, the gunshots stopped. Cole’s phone vibrated in his hand, and he answered it almost instantly. “What’s going on?” he demanded to know.

“We’ve got the president, and everyone that showed up here that’s not dead is injured,” I heard Travis say. “We’ve got a fucking mess. Stay hidden. I think I hear sirens—meaning the cops are on their way.”

“You can’t fucking take the fall for this!” Cole roared. “All of you will go to fucking jail—”

“Amelia fucking needs you, Cole,” Travis snapped at him. “And the members who get released will need their President and VP. So, fucking stay hidden. You weren’t involved in this. You don’t need to be locked up when your woman is pregnant, Cole. So, stay the fuck out of the way, and don’t come out into the open.”

Cole brought the phone down from his ear with a heavy sigh. He dropped his head into his hands. “It’s a mess,” Cole muttered. “It’s all a goddamn mess.”

“Everyone get on the ground on your stomachs and put your hands behind your backs!” I heard someone shout, alerting Cole and I that the cops had made it to the clubhouse.

Cole stood up and pulled me up into his arms. “Come on. We’ve got to get out of here in case they decide to search the property.”

“Cole, we can’t—” I started, but he cut me off again.

He sighed. “I don’t want to either, but my dad is right. He’ll handle everything. The crew trusts him and Mom, and they trust their decisions. We’ll be okay, and so will they,” he assured me.

Cole carried me through the woods, making sure his tracks couldn’t be seen. We had failed our club, and we had just begun reigning as president and vice president. Nothing could get much worse than this shit.



WHEN WE FINALLY GOT BACK TO the clubhouse, the cops were dragging people into the back of cars. “What’s going on?” Cole snapped at an officer, playing stupid like he didn’t know what had just happened on our grounds.

“Well, apparently, your crew took it upon themselves to kill and hospitalize people. You want to join them in prison?” the officer snapped back at Cole.

Cole looked around, his face morphing into shock. It was sincere shock, too. No doubt about it, the cops would make sure we never stepped foot on the clubhouse property ever again. There were a good twenty people lying dead on the ground. Blood was everywhere.

Cole sighed and looked over at Lisa—the FBI agent that was the mother of Drake’s oldest daughter. She walked over to us, a sad look on her face. “Cole, some of them will be locked up for a long time,” she told him sadly. “I’m going to do what I can to get as many released as I can, but it’s not going to be easy.”

He nodded, sighing. “I know. How is this going to affect me and Amelia?” he asked her.



“You’ll be pulled in for questioning, but Drake told me to pull some strings to make sure you two don’t go inside for this, especially since you two weren’t at the shooting.”

Cole nodded and stepped into the clubhouse, heading to our room. He set me in the wheelchair and grabbed a duffel bag. “We’ll have to stay in a motel for a while until we find out what they’re going to do with the clubhouse,” he told me.

I sighed. “I figured as much,” I muttered.

Our whole world was now completely flipped upside down, and we couldn’t do anything about it. The good news was that the DM problem was dealt with, but at the same time, ninety-nine percent of our club members just got locked up.

He packed clothes for both of us and then pushed me outside to his truck. Lisa and a cop walked up to us as Cole was helping me into his truck.

“Where were you at the time of the shooting?” Lisa asked us, seeming a little annoyed at the cop standing with her.

“We went into the woods to fuck,” Cole bluntly told her. I scowled at Cole, but he sent me a smirk. “We didn’t hear the shooting going on. We were pretty deep in. Amelia likes it kinky.”

She nodded, writing it down. “Can I get you both to sign?” she asked, holding out a clipboard.

Cole and I signed our names to the piece of paper. “Can I talk to my dad and mom before they go?” Cole asked Lisa.

She nodded, and Cole asked her to stay with me while he talked to them. She looked at me. “It’s just you and Cole for a while, huh?” she asked.

I sighed, nodding. “It seems that way. At least this way, the baby will be safe for a while.”

She nodded. “They won’t come after you guys with it just being you and Cole. Besides, knowing Drake, he’ll put protection on you two just to be sure that you two are protected since the rest of your crew is gone except for what’s up there with him.”

My eyes widened at her. “You know?” I asked her, arching an eyebrow at her.

She nodded. “Olivia is up there with him at the moment. He got an ear full when I found out she was in danger, but he protected her. I’m driving up there later today to make sure for myself and to meet this Holly girl. She’s messing with what’s mine,” she muttered at the end.

I smirked at her. “Still hung up over him?” I asked.

She laughed a little. “Honey, Drake and I have this on-again-off-again thing going on. He’s been messing around with Holly though, and I’m not okay with that.”

I smiled at her. “If it makes you feel any better, when he first found Holly again, he was ready to end her life.”

Lisa smiled a little. “Okay. I have to admit, that does make me feel a bit better.”

I laughed lightly. Cole came back over and kissed me. “Come on. We need to get going. Mom’s about to throw one of her bitch-fits, and I don’t want to be here when she does.”

He gave a nod to Lisa in thanks and slid into the driver’s seat of the truck. When we got to the motel, Drake and Carlos were sitting in the parking lot waiting for us. Cole leaned out of his truck window, arching an eyebrow at the two men. “What are you two doing in town?” Cole asked them.

“Lisa told me you two were out here alone, and she thinks you could use some protection, so we rode down here to force you to follow us up to our clubhouse. So, let’s go,” Drake said, not giving either of us room to argue with him. He had made up his mind, and that was that.

Cole sighed and leaned back in the seat. “Alright. It’s better than spending what money I have left after all of Amelia’s hospital stays,” he retorted, turning the truck back on.

I glared at him, and he smirked at me. I sighed, rolling my eyes. Leave it to Cole to say something like that.

He leaned over and kissed me. “I love you, baby.”

I smiled at him, my heart melting instantly at his words. “I love you, too.”

Despite our current, shitty situation, I still had Cole and our kid. As long as I had those two, I could deal with almost anything; I was sure of it.

## EPILOGUE

I clenched Cole's hand in mine. "I fucking hate you," I spat at him, sweat dripping down my face.

He wiped a cool rag across my face, wiping away some of the sweat. "You're going to be okay, baby. Besides, you should be okay with labor by now since you put yourself in labor so many fucking times," he smarted off, pissing me off even more.

I glared at him. I swear, if I could kill him with my eyes, he would be dead. "Yeah, but I wasn't at almost ten fucking centimeters!" I shouted at him.

He grinned down at me. "Save all of the energy for when you need to push," he told me, struggling to hold back his laughter.

I reached up and yanked his face down to mine by the collar of his shirt. His eyes widened in shock. "If you don't get rid of that amused look on your face right fucking now, I'll shoot you with your own fucking gun after I have this baby," I promised.

Yes, we still didn't know what I was having. I didn't want to know. The little kid seemed pretty strong anyway considering everything it had been through.

Cole burst out laughing. I wanted to punch him. He shouldn't have been finding the situation so amusing. I was in a fuck ton of pain, and I was irritable.

The midwife came into the room before I could reach up and strangle him. “I see you two are having fun,” she remarked, smiling at us.

“I’m going to strangle him,” I snapped at her. “I’m not joking either. If I wasn’t in so much pain, you would be sending me to jail for murder and putting him in a fucking body bag.”

She smiled, already used to my attitude by then. “Okay, honey. I’m going to check you to see if you’re ready to start pushing. Do you feel any urges to push?” she asked.

“Yes, for about five minutes now, I think,” I told her between clenched teeth as I got another painful contraction.

I clenched Cole’s hand tightly. He whispered soothing words in my ear until it passed. “Okay, sweetheart; you’re ready to start pushing.” She looked at Cole. “I need you to help her push. I assure you, she will get tired very quickly.”

Cole gave her a curt nod, his amusement gone, and the seriousness of the situation taking its place. He gave me the sweetest smile ever that had my heart melting. “You can do this, baby. Just think about being able to hold our kid after it’s finally out.”

I nodded, taking a deep breath. I put my feet in the stirrups, and Cole put a hand under my upper back. “Alright. You need to put your chin against your chest and push every time I tell you, okay? I’m going to count, and you need to push for that amount of time.”

I nodded. “Okay. One. Two. Push,” she ordered.

Cole helped me push, and I clenched the rails of the hospital bed in my hands tightly. “One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Good. Relax. Get ready to do the same thing with the next contraction,” she instructed.

I was already breathing heavily, and I was in ten times more fucking pain than I had been before. Cole stood beside me, encouraging me with every push, and even pushed me when I started getting too tired.

This went on for about an hour, and then, the intense, painful pressure I had been feeling before was gone. I heard a cry a moment later, and Cole grinned the biggest smile I had ever seen on his face as they placed her on my chest to clean her. She was screaming her little head off, but the noise didn't bother me. I was so entranced by my beautiful, little girl that nothing could have bothered me at that moment.

Cole cut the umbilical cord, and they took her over to get weighed and to finish cleaning her up. Cole leaned down and kissed me deeply. "We have a baby girl," he told me, grinning widely, excitement clear in his voice.

I nodded, joyful tears spilling down my cheeks. He continued kissing me. He couldn't contain his grin, and honestly, neither could I.



I WOKE UP, yawning instantly. My entire body hurt from giving birth, but I could honestly say that it was the best experience I had ever been through.

I looked over to see Cole sitting on a chair beside my bed, holding our daughter in his arms and feeding her. I sat up slowly, and Cole looked up at me. "Morning, baby," he murmured quietly.

He looked tired but the happiest I had ever seen him. "Have you been dealing with her all night?" I asked him, rubbing my eyes.

He nodded. "It's really not that bad. I just wake her up every two hours and feed her an ounce or two of formula. She sleeps through it all—diaper changes and everything," he told me. "You needed the sleep."

I held my arms out as she let go of the bottle, and he got up, gently placing her into my arms. I smiled down at her. She was gorgeous. She had a little bit of dark hair on her tiny head. She was so light in my arms—so fragile.

Cole laid down on the bed beside me and rubbed her cheek with his thumb, smiling softly. “What do we want to name her?” he asked me.

I shrugged. “I don’t care. What do you want to name her?” I asked, not taking my eyes off of my beautiful, baby girl.

“Hayley,” he said softly. “I want her name to be Hayley.”

“Hayley,” I said. I smiled at him. “Hayley June Louis.”

Cole and I had gotten married a couple of months ago. He had wasted no time in asking me to marry him and no time in binding me to him by giving me his last name. Not that I minded it; it was nice officially being Cole’s.

He nodded at me. “It suits her.” He kissed me. “You know we’re going to have to take her when we visit Mom and Dad at the prison. They’ll want to see her.”

I nodded. “I know.” My heart panged at the thought of my mom. She died two days after my wedding. She had been beaten to death while in prison. I hated that I had never let her apologize to me, nor had I forgiven her before she died.

Cole grabbed my chin and forced me to look at him. “Don’t think about her,” he said softly. “She knows you loved her.”

I sighed and looked back down at Hayley. I rubbed her soft cheek and smiled softly. “I promise I’ll be ten times better to you than she was to me,” I whispered to her.

Her little mouth opened in a yawn as she opened her big, blue eyes. I grinned. “Well, hello there, gorgeous,” I murmured.

She looked a lot like Cole. Cole and I had looked at some baby pictures of us so we could determine who she looked more like when I actually had her. She definitely looked like Cole. There were certain parts of her that were definitely from me, but Cole’s features stood out on her the most.

“She looks like you,” I told him.

He grinned at me. “Oh, I know,” he said cockily, grinning.

I rolled my eyes at him. I looked back down at Hayley, and Cole wrapped his arms around me. “I love you,” he whispered in my ear.

I turned my head so I could kiss him softly. “I love you, too,” I murmured against his lips.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

T.O. Smith believes in one thing - a happily ever after.

Her books are fast-paced and dive straight into the romance and the action. She doesn't do extensively drawn out plots. Normally, within the first chapter, she's got you - hook, line, and sinker.

As a writer of various different genres of romance, a reader is almost guaranteed to find some kind of romance novel they'll enjoy on her page.

T.O. Smith can be found on Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, and now even TikTok! She loves interacting with all of her readers, so follow her!

