



Reverse Harem: Book Six

Exposing the Prez's Ol' Lady

Quinn Ryder



Exposing

the Prez's

Ol' Lady

**A Lewd Outlaws MC
Reverse Harem: Book Six**

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Synopsis

I never dreamed of living out my fantasy, but that's exactly what Sabbath's Ol' Lady Shasta gave me after one night of drunken fun. I'd done my best to stay out of her crosshairs after rumors got around of her moving through the ranks, seducing the officers one by one.

I thought I'd never fall into her trap, but then she offered me something I'd always wanted... a threesome—a threesome with the only man in my club that got my engine revving. I'd done my best to keep my secret feelings hidden, but one slip of the tongue changed everything that night. Now I was able to live out my fantasy, while secretly hiding behind Shasta's little kinky obsession. But cashing in my "Hall pass", left me with more questions than answers. Not only did I get a taste of Sabbath's forbidden fruit, but I finally figured out why no woman had ever been able to really satisfy me.

Coming to terms with my sexual preference left me open for some serious consequences, and since I didn't know if my club would accept me, I was left with a painfully difficult choice. Expose the woman who gave me everything I ever wanted... or expose my true self to the club. Both were too risky to reveal, but I had to choose. Now the question was... which one would leave me breathing, and which one would end up with me dead?

Trigger Warning

I cannot stress this enough. This book is part of a REVENGE reverse harem, erotica series. If you have triggers, I can assure you this book and the rest of the series will set them all off and blow them to smithereens.

So, without further ado, please note the following triggers for the Exposing the Prez's Ol' Lady.

This series will contain the following triggers:

- CHEATING
- MM and MMF sex scenes
- Dreaded Cliffhangers
- Graphic sex scenes
- More cheating
- Sex scenes with multiple partners.
- I said cheating, right?
- More cheating
- Dirty, filthy alpha men, with rude mouths and alpha tendencies.
- Threesomes, foursomes, fivesomes, sixsomes and maybe some sevensomes (It's a reverse harem... shit happens)
- Homophobia and use of homophobic slurs to show the discrimination of LGTBQ+ persons within a 1% biker club, and characters questioning their own sexuality.
-

On the page sex scenes... let me describe that schlong for you.... and everything else as well.

AND EVEN MORE CHEATING!

So yeah, there you go. If these triggers aren't your thing, this book and the ones following will piss you the hell off.

Heed the trigger warning, people. I'm not kidding when I say that these triggers are in it.

Note from Author



Exposing the Prez's Ol' Lady is a continuation of the inner connected series The Lewd Outlaws Reverse Harem and is book six.

I strongly advise reading the first five books before continuing to read this part of the story.

[**Tempting the Prez's Ol' Lady.**](#)

[**Blackmailing the Prez's Ol' Lady.**](#)

[**Pleasing the Prez's Ol' Lady.**](#)

[**Sharing the Prez's Ol' Lady.**](#)

[**Dominating the Prez's Ol' Lady.**](#)

Each book in the Lewd Outlaws MC Reverse Harem Series will be connected and lead directly into the next story by use of cliffhanger ends and suspense.

I hope you enjoy this series and find yourself falling in love with an Outlaw!

Thank you so much for reading.

Club Members

Officers

Sabbath (Prez)

Snyder (VP)

Clash (SGT at Arms)

Sandman (Enforcer)

Ranger (Treasurer)

Wasp (Road Captain)

Warrant (Secretary)

Skid (Tail Gunner)

Priest (Chaplain)

Members

Ratt (Member)

Riot (Member)

Axl (Member)

Zeppelin (Member)

Motley (Member)

Prospects

Slaughtermen (Prospect)

Poison (Prospect)

Floyd (Prospect)

Jackyl (Prospect)

Chapter One

Skid

Beer couldn't soothe the throbbing ache in my cock as I watched her pert little mouth circle his shaft. Envy surged through me, wanting something I couldn't have—someone who was completely off limits.

Fuck!

Why was I born with these urges? Why couldn't I be a normal man?

The little cock-guzzling whore was swabbing his dick real good, and he seemed to be enjoying it, at least from what I could tell.

“Hey, Skid, wanna take me for a ride?” Tiffani asked sweetly, those innocent round eyes begging me for a little fun.

She was blocking my view, a perfect fucking view at that, sabotaged by her double D's and fake ass. I wasn't even sure how Tiffani ended up with the club in the first place. If anything, she belonged on the streets of Rodeo Drive, or on screen with the likes of Zac Efron and Tom Cruise. *Damn, I really do have a thing for dark hair and light eyes...*

It explained my little obsession—why my eyes were always gravitating to that side of the room, wishing for things that would never fucking happen. Warrant had eyes so blue they made you feel like you were peering into the ocean. That unkempt dark hair and matching beard were unruly and just begging to be tamed. He was my temptation, one that I'd managed to avoid over the years.

I felt my jeans unbutton, then the zipper slowly dragged down. On the table was a line of coke, and I quickly took a snort, psyching myself up for the sake of my reputation.

“You really shouldn’t do that stuff,” Tiffani chastised me, staring at me with those wide eyes again.

“Shut up and suck my fucking cock,” I demanded, annoyed the little bitch had the audacity to criticize my life choices.

“Oh god!” the tramp across the room screamed. “Yes, Warrant! Just like that!”

Fuck, he had her in my favorite position, bending her over the pool table as he slammed into her from behind.

I submerged my sinful thoughts in a bath of acid, doing whatever I could to not picture a different person bent over in front of him.

My ass puckered at the thought, wondering what it would be like to get served by Warrant’s rod of pain. The girls around the clubhouse bragged about the way he handled them in the bedroom—a true animal, they say. What I wouldn’t give to be his prey, even if for a single moment in the day.

Instant life breathed into my dick, and Tiffani grinned, thinking she had something to do with my miraculous hard-on piercing her throat.

Warrant met my gaze from across the room and winked. My heart soared with impure thoughts that would never come to be. Those magnetic blue eyes were fucking everything to me, and too many nights I went to bed stroking off to the image of those eyes looking up at me as they swabbed my cock and used it as a tongue depressor.

Big tits slammed against my face as Tiffani awkwardly attempted to climb on my lap.

“What do you think you’re doing?” I growled, pushing her back.

“I need your cock, baby. Please. Fuck me.”

“You know the fucking rules. Wrap it or fuck off.”

Her smile widened, producing the foil package she needed to get a piece of me. I never fucked without a condom; it was the only barrier I had to keep me from feeling the insides of a woman. I'd been that way since I was a teen, losing my virginity to a girl in my class to cover up my other urges. She was a beard—a good one, as was every girl that came after her.

I felt the rubber slide down my cock, then Tiffani climbed back on top of me, smugly smiling as the bitch rode me like she was fucking about to win a shiny belt buckle in the rodeo.

Bitch wasn't going to be winning anything from me. She was a placebo for him... the fucking only thing that ever got me hard anymore.

My obsession with our club's secretary was anything but normal. But I couldn't help thinking about how I wouldn't mind him getting on his knees and showing me what he could do with that enormous smile of his.

Tiffani's hands went to my shoulders, gripping me as I did nothing to help get her off. I literally was just sitting there like a lump of clay, letting her think she was in control. In reality, I couldn't give two fucks that she was riding my dick, much like all the women that came before her.

That's the problem with being a part of a motorcycle club. Gay men need not apply.

Though, it wasn't until recently that I realized just what team I preferred.

My mind filtered back to that moment in the clubhouse. The straining of his cock against his jeans as he came up behind me and his big beefy hands grabbed my waist, gripping me tightly as I bent down to pick something up. For a split second, I thought all my dreams were about to come true.

But then, just as fast as it came, his hard-on was gone, along with the ghostly remnants of his hands splaying my love handles with authority.

One moment in time that broke everything for me... one moment where I actually thought I might have a chance with the secret of all my desires.

But thinking I had a chance with someone like Warrant when we both lived in a clubhouse with a bunch of alpha men who were against playing with swords was pointless.

Warrant was Sabbath's number two, especially with the recent mutiny from the others.

Yeah... I'd heard the whispers from others, the possibility of men in our ranks conquering his queen. But how could most of the men have a turn with her and Sabbath still not have a clue?

I know Sabbath's not as dumb as he looks, and if he really doesn't know, it's only a matter of time before he catches on.

Lucky for me, there's absolutely no way I'm falling for her deadly trap. This is one Outlaw she won't reel in with her deep brown eyes and trim little figure.

Skid doesn't play with dolls... he plays with GI Joes... big... meaty... muscular men with beefy hands and blue eyes that make him weak at the knees.

"Oh god, I'm almost there, baby. Are you close?" Tiffani asked, completely oblivious to the fact I wasn't into this at all.

Before I could open my mouth to respond, familiar hands curled around her tits, giving them a squeeze as his mouth covered hers.

"You getting my friend off?" he whispered into her ear, and just the deep vibrato of his tone sent shivers down my spine.

She moaned against his mouth, and the green-eyed monster swirled through me as I watched his hands explore her body, wishing it was my body he was touching like that.

"Yesss," she hissed out as he started toying with her nipples, gripping and pulling them without conviction.

“Make him cum,” he said against her cheek.

“I’m trying,” she shouted desperately.

He gave me a wicked grin, one that fueled all my dark desires.

“Turn around, Tiffani. Let him take you from behind. It’s his favorite position.” He winked again, almost like he could see through the fake veil I covered myself with.

She quickly turned; her ass squared up to my cock as she came face to face with his massive dick.

“Don’t worry, I washed it off,” he said, laughing when she didn’t seem too enthused about sucking him off after another girl had just been fucking him.

Without hesitation, she took him into her throat, and the sound he made had my cock raging once again.

His blue eyes shined in the overhead neon light, and he smiled so wickedly I felt like I was about to sin.

A bottle of lube appeared in his hand and he squirted it into my palm, that smile of his growing even wider.

“Go ahead, Skid,” he encouraged. “Take a piece of her sweet ass... there’s nothing else like it in the world.”

With his offering in hand, I lubed up my cock, taking her without a moment of hesitation.

Because what Warrant wants... Warrant gets. And right now, he wanted me to take this sweet butt’s perfect little ass, but that didn’t mean I wouldn’t be picturing his meaty cans bent over in front of me in her place.

Yes, that image would definitely get me off, just like it did every night when I stroke myself off, envisioning my hidden desires behind the safety of my eyelids.

Chapter Two

Shasta

“How’s Sandman?” I questioned Ranger as we hopped into a cage with Snyder and Clash. My thoughts kept racing back to Wasp, the control my body craved, the weird sense of strength I felt submitting to his wild desires. I knew what he did to me was nothing compared to the others that came before me, but it still felt good, like I needed to be dominated somehow.

I was nervous to tell Snyder about it. He seemed to be getting more and more possessive of me, which didn’t really bother me, but I also didn’t want to upset him either. He was my rock, and the last thing I needed right now was for him to crack apart and unravel like Sabbath.

“He’s getting better,” Ranger said, jumping in behind the wheel.

Clash was in the passenger seat while I sat in the back, my hand finding Snyder’s beside me. I couldn’t lay my head on his shoulder like I wanted to—too many prying eyes that would turn us in.

He gave my hand a small squeeze, and then just held it. Content prickles ran up my arms, my whole body thrumming with desire.

“So, what’s the deal, Shasta? Did you fuck Wasp?”

“What do you mean?”

Clash gave me a pointed look, and I felt Snyder straighten beside me.

“Did you fuck Wasp?”

I wasn’t sure what to say. Snyder knew I had been with Wasp, but what would the others do if they found out?

“Clash, who she fucks isn’t your business,” Snyder argued.

“My dick says otherwise. Look, I know the whole point of this thing was to turn the others against Sabbath, but he’s fucking losing his mind, man. We all know the last three are fucking loyal to a fault. If she tries to lure them in, they’ll turn her in.”

My stomach coiled.

“Don’t be so sure,” Snyder argued. “Are they loyal to Sabbath, sure, but everyone can see that Sabbath is losing his mind. No man wants to follow a crazy person into battle. It’d be like following you onto the frontlines of a battlefield, Clash. Crazy... unhinged... and a few *Fruit Loops* shy of a *Cracker Jack* box.”

Ranger and I both chuckled, while Clash just folded his arms in disagreement.

“Hey now, I hate *Cracker Jacks* and *Fruit Loops* are for pussies. I’m a *Captain Crunch* kind of guy, but not that weird yellow kind... I’m a fan of the peanut buttery one with the little balls that cut into the roof of your mouth when you eat them. That’s the kind of cereal a true man eats... it puts some definite hair on your chest.” He pounded his chest with his fist, acting like he was much bigger and more macho than he normally was. We all knew better. Sure, Clash was tough, but he was a lot of talk. Fuck, who am I kidding? The man is all fucking talk. He never fucking stops.

“Like you’d know,” Snyder quipped. “You can’t count chest pubes as real chest hair.”

Clash looked down at his shirt and glared at Snyder.

“They are not chest pubes! They’re just follically challenged.”

Both men shook their heads, grinning from ear-to-ear. Leave it to Clash to argue about cereal and chest hair, and not the fact that he wouldn’t be fit to lead anything.

“Well, anyway, before this asshole got off topic with his normal breakfast routine and curly pubic chest hair, he did have somewhat of a point. Sabbath is spiraling, and I don’t think we can wait any longer to act. Once he finds out about Shasta messing around with all of us, it’s over. The man’s literally going to flip his shit and I’d bet my left nut that a whole club massacre is on the horizon.”

“Ugh, why do you have to bet your left nut? I’ve seen that thing up close and personal, and it’s substantially smaller than your right. If you’re going to bet nuts, at least bet the one that looks like it could feed a few squirrels at a Thanksgiving picnic.”

“Clash, do you ever think about what you say before you say it?” Ranger questioned, pulling into the parking lot of the hospital.

“Nope, this shit just runs freely in my head, my friend. Sometimes I think I’ve got a revolving wheel of fucked up mutant hamsters running around up there.”

“It would explain so much,” Snyder joked. “You would have fluffy little rodents running around in your brain.”

“They’re not fluffy, asshole. They’re mutants. The kind of hamsters that have been dropped into toxic waste and given super powers and shit.”

Ranger snickered. “You must’ve got the defective ones then. Because those little balls of fluff definitely have no superpowers other than enhancing your stupidity.”

Clash scoffed. “And here I was about to compliment your equally hung ballsack, Ranger. But now I’m not so sure I want to, even if there’s no lopsided gonads for you like this guy over here.” He smirked as he pointed over his shoulder at Snyder.

“The fact that you were even staring at our balls makes me question your sanity... and sexuality, Clash,” Snyder piped in, shifting uncomfortably.

“I’m not gay, asshole. I just happened to notice your uneven, itty-bitty ballsack while in the moment. Sue me.”

“Can we save these weird ass arguments for later? It’s been a few weeks since I last saw Sandman, and I’d like to enjoy his company without you two arguing like a couple of middle schoolers.”

Both men shot me a look and shrugged. “Sure, Shasta. No more arguing,” Snyder agreed, squeezing my hand as Clash opened the door for me. At least Clash could be somewhat of a gentleman when he wanted to.

We entered the hospital and took the elevator up to Sandman’s floor. Ranger’s face lit up when the nurse who had been assigned to Sandman appeared in the hallway.

“Good morning, Imogen,” he said, smiling widely. “How’s the patient?”

“A bit stubborn and pig-headed. He won’t eat like he’s supposed to. But that nice girlfriend of his is helping him eat now.”

“Girlfriend?” Ranger questioned, then his fists clenched by his sides. “Goddamn it, I’ll kill her.”

Imogen’s back straightened, and she took a step back, quickly retreating before Ranger could get in another word.

He threw open the door. There was a woman sitting beside Sandman, feeding him something from a cup. She looked familiar. I think I saw her around the clubhouse a few times, but usually it was late at night when most of the club was sleeping.

Was this the famous ex I’d heard so much about?

“What the fuck are you doing here, Lindy?” Ranger growled.

Yup, it’s gotta be her.

The girl immediately shot up to her feet, her long blonde hair swaying behind her back.

“I was just helping him eat.”

“Get out!”

“H—Hey, R—Ranger, sh—she’s just he—helping.”

“Helping you relapse. I said get out, Lindy! You’re not wanted here.” He pushed a table nearby and sent it flying across the room. It wasn’t exactly a violent gesture, but it sure got her attention.

She squeaked and quickly fled through the open doorway. Not even bothering to look back or say anything to Sandman.

“Li—Lindy! W—Wait!”

“Let her go, man. The bitch isn’t worth it,” Clash agreed, jumping to Ranger’s defense.

Sandman glared at them both. “F—Fuck off.”

Ranger’s anger subsided. “Dude, we’re just looking out for you. The only reason that bitch is sniffing around is because she probably is hoping you’re gonna die or something, and she can cash in a hefty insurance check.” He shook his head. “She’s a gold digger, buddy. One that is only after your money.”

“We—We’re not m—married.”

Ranger laughed. “And thank fuck for that. Could you imagine marrying that stuck up piece of ass? You could shove a piece of coal up those ass cheeks and produce a diamond with how pent up her prude asshole is.”

Sandman’s fists clenched, but he didn’t correct him. Then his head swiveled to look at me, and a flash of warmth crossed his features.

“Hi,” he said without stuttering.

“Hey, big guy, how you feeling?” A smile moved over my face as Sandman sat up in the bed, looking better than he had in a while. But then he tried to speak again, and my heart sank.

There was a long pause, like he was thinking very hard about what to say, drawing out each word as if he was plucking them from his brain one by one. “Like... d—dog... sh—shit.” His focus returned to the men in the room. “H—Have we found the C—Crows yet?”

Snyder shook his head. “We’re working on it. But right now, things around the club have been getting a bit... sticky.”

Sandman slowly nodded his head. “S—Sabbath?”

“Yeah, he’s gone fucking nutso,” Clash piped in. “It’s only going to get worse if he finds out about... well... you know.” He pointed to me with his finger, then made a circle with his other hand, moving his hand through the hole in the universal “fucking” motion.

Sandman looked like he was in excruciating pain as he nodded his head in response.

“Wh—What can we do?”

The men all looked at each other. “Well, we have a plan... but we aren’t sure if it will work. It involves Shasta convincing the rest of the officers to cash in their Hall Passes,” Snyder remarked, sounding so sexy and diplomatic.

“W—Warrant won’t turn on h—him. H—He’s Sabbath’s number two.” Sandman turned to face Snyder. “Af—After you.”

“No, you’re right. He is his number two. I’ve been demoted from that position, which means that turning Warrant is going to be near fucking impossible. I don’t know how we can do it.”

“Maybe I can help?” a dark, seductive voice exclaimed, sending obedient shivers down my spine.

My eyes met Master’s from across the room, and I suddenly felt like I was too tall, and my nipples hardened with need.

I could still feel the sting of his punishments across my flesh, my body flushing with desire.

The wink he gave me made my insides feel like mush.

“Hey, Sandman, how you holding up?”

Sandman slowly lifted his hand and held a fist against his chest. “L—Like a strong sl—sloth ready for b—battle.”

We all chuckled over that joke, knowing damn well the man moved painfully slow right now.

“Good, because we’re going to need you,” Wasp informed him.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, suddenly feeling breathless.

“I came to help, and from the looks of it, you guys are going to need me. But the information I have can only be shared with Shasta.”

“What the fuck, man?” Clash whined. “Why the hell don’t the rest of us get to know whatever secret information you’re squirreling away?”

“Because the information I have is sensitive and for her ears only. The rest of you can fuck off.”

Wasp had my curiosity piqued, and I found myself floating across the room, wanting to submit with every tiny step I took.

He gripped my chin, smiling sexily as he whispered into my ear. “Hey, little minx, did ya miss me?”

Snyder came up behind me, a possessive hand landing on my waist before he pulled me back gently.

Wasp’s eyes darkened just a tad, but he didn’t challenge Snyder’s silent claim of me.

“Just tell us what you know, Wasp. She’s not playing your games today.”

There was a slight tic to Wasp’s jaw. “I will only tell Shasta, Snyder. My rules.”

“Well, your rules can go fuck a duck,” Clash growled. “We’re all in this together. Which means, if you want to join

the club, you gotta tell us what you know.”

Wasp shook his head. “I’m sorry, I can’t. Either I just tell Shasta, or I won’t say shit. But trust me, Clash, this is the only fucking way you’re going to turn Warrant.”

Putting a gentle hand on Clash’s chest, I said “It’s okay, Clash. I trust Wasp.”

My eyes connected with the man who deemed himself my Master and instantly went to the floor—his dominance all consuming.

“Fine, tell her whatever it is you gotta tell her, but fuck off with all that submission shit. News flash, Wasp. She doesn’t belong to you. She belongs to us all. We’re her protectors, and when this shit with Sabbath blows up, it’s going to take all of us to bring him and his little groupies down.”

Wasp’s attention barely deviated from my devoted stare, but he briefly met Clash’s pointed gaze, smirking sarcastically.

“That’s where you’re wrong, Clash. She may belong to all of us, but I guarantee she will only submit to me from here on out. Isn’t that right, little minx?”

I nodded, my cheeks warming with a hint of embarrassment.

It was then I saw Snyder’s eyes, and the look of disappointment and betrayal in them. Guilt rose quickly inside of me, so I took a step back, wishing my body wasn’t such a fickle bitch.

“Okay, Wasp, tell me. What can I do to get Warrant to cash in his pass?”

Wasp gripped my arm, pulling me to the side of the room out of earshot of everyone else. Sandman, Ranger, Snyder, and Clash all watched us like hawks in a field ready to swoop in and scoop up their prey, but they gave us the distance we needed to keep Wasp’s secret just between us. He moved so his back was to everyone else, and my pulse quickened when

his hand found a sensitive patch of skin on my belly and he slowly started to caress it.

The wicked smile that crossed his sexy lips had my knees quaking with need, and when he dipped in closer, his breath felt hot on the nape of my neck as he moved across to my ear, his lips cupping the outer rim of my lobe until he was only millimeters away from dismantling me.

“If you want Warrant,” he whispered so secretively and seductively, it made my pulse race even more. “Then you’re going to have to give him his deepest and darkest desire.”

“What’s that?” I whispered back, my heart swooning as he gave my neck a gentle kiss and the most delicious little nibble.

I swear I heard a disapproving growl come from somewhere behind me, but I didn’t care. Right now, it was just me and Master in the room.

Wasp’s voice dropped even lower as he whispered a single word into my ear, one that I never expected to hear.

“Skid.”

Chapter Three

Warrant

The urges were becoming maddening and harder to fight. I thought I was fucking over them when they finally let me out of the clink, but no... they're even worse now. Now that I've looked into the deepest brown pools of heaven on earth and realized similar urges were being smothered behind those brief glances, he sent only my way.

Watching Skid fuck Tiffani was hot as hell, but my attention wasn't on the busty brunette whose double D's were slapping together like one of those bright neon clacker thingies kids played with in the nineties. No. My eyes were focused on Skid's engorged cock, thrusting in and out of her ass.

My hole clenched at the thought of us switching places, giving and taking what my body has been craving since he walked through that fucking door four years ago.

I'd done all right over the years, snuffing my hidden desires by whatever means necessary to keep my hidden fantasies a secret from the rest of my club. Even if it meant resorting to porn and failing memories to keep me going. But the second Skid walked into the clubhouse as a hang around, biding his time before we patched him in as a prospect, I wanted him.

He reminded me of my first—my celly—Joaquin Jones. Fuck, that man saved my life while I was in prison doing ten-fifteen years for a robbery gone wrong. If it wasn't for Joaquin, I'd probably be fucking dead...



The bars slammed shut with a violent clang, leaving me standing there in the middle of my cell, holding a blanket, worn sheets, and a shitty-ass pillow, like a complete and utter bitch.

I don't even know how I got involved in the robbery in the first place? I was only nineteen, living on my brother's couch while I did whatever I could to make it from week to miserable week.

It was by dumb luck that I stumbled upon the Outlaws and they let me prospect their club, Leppard taking me under his wing himself.

"You got this, Victor. All you have to do is walk into the building, hold the gun in your jacket pocket like this, and ask for the money. It's routine... in and out." Leppard pulled the mask over my face, then sent me inside.

I never realized this wasn't a typical club initiation. Hell, none of the other brothers were even there. It was just him and me, standing outside a gas station in the middle of the night on Halloween.

The person behind the counter eyed me curiously as I flipped through a magazine and then grabbed a few snacks. It looked like nobody else was inside, which was a good thing.

I could see Leppard hovering just outside the door, and it made me wonder why I was having to do this all by myself and he wasn't contributing.

"It's a little cold tonight," the man behind the counter exclaimed. He eyed the clouded mask on my face, and a knowing look of fear slowly swarmed his dark eyes.

"Yeah..." I said softly, gripping the gun in my pocket, debating on what to do next.

"Is this all for you?" he asked, scanning the snack cake and soda I placed on the counter.

I cleared my throat.

He cleared his.

We stared at each other for a few seconds before I gathered my wits about me.

The register opened as he started handing me my change. Now was my time. This was it!

“Give me all the money!” I shouted.

The man’s eyes widened.

“I said, give me the fucking money!” I pointed my pocket at him, threatening him the best I could.

The man started stuffing bills into a bag, and I started to get very nervous.

“Come on. Come on. I don’t have all fucking day.”

The man placed the bag on the counter, but before I could move to get it, I felt a strong hand come down on my shoulder, right before my face met the floor.

“GET ON THE GROUND!”



Heavy boots dropped on the ground, and I felt my heart stop when the guy in the bed above mine moved in front of me, a cigarette dangling out of his busted lip. There was a significant scar above his right eye, one that split his eyebrow in two. But underneath that hard exterior was fucking sex-in-an-orange-jump-suit. His shaggy, dirty blond hair hung dangerously over his eyes, shielding his brow in shadows and mystery. He was cut, every muscle deliciously developed. But at that time, I didn’t admire him the way I would have now. No, at the time I fucking feared the beautiful human, the one that changed me forever.

“Well, well, isn’t this nice?” His eyes perused my body, obviously noticing the shakes and shivers he was creating inside me. “You’re much better looking than my last celly.”

I gulped.

His eyes tracked the movement, staring at me intently.

“You ever been in prison before?”

I shook my head.

He laughed. “Damn, the bears are gonna have a field day with you. I hope you know how to fight.”

I didn’t. I never had to before. Not even in the club. Then again, I’d only been hanging-around it for a few weeks before Leppard’s bullshit initiation.

“That scared look tells me everything I need to know.” He stuck out his hand, offering it to me to shake. “The name’s Joaquin Jones, but the bastards around here just call me Jonesie.”

“Victor...” I said cautiously, not liking the firm, punishing grip he had on my hand.

“Well, Victor, welcome to Beaumont.” He gripped my hand hard, throwing me down on the bed violently until my face was smothered by the uncovered mattress. I felt something sharp pierce my side, and the heat of his mouth go up against my ear.

“Scream, and I’ll fucking slit your throat.”

My whole body stilled, hot tears spilling down my face as my pants were yanked down and a blast of cold air ran over my virgin hole and cheeks.

Holy shit! This shit was real. This was really happening on my first day behind bars.

“Now be a good little bitch and loosen up for Daddy.”



I learned to black out most of what happened to me while in prison. Eventually, I got over it, learning my place behind bars, and leaning on Joaquin to keep me safe and out of harm's way.

He laid claim to me that first night, saving me from the brutal rapes and beatings I'd seen happening to other new jailbirds entering the clink. Mine was mild compared to theirs. It's why I didn't hate him for taking me the way he did. It was the only way—the only way I'd ever survive the time I spent behind bars. But I never forgot the fear I felt in that moment or the power Joaquin had over me.

Fuck, that day and the one where I got arrested and thrown to the wolves by a man I was supposed to trust, weren't memories I'd ever be able to erase if I tried.

They were always there—lingering and waiting in the background for me to constantly remember.

If it wasn't for Sabbath coming to visit me in the clink, I probably would've just walked out on the Outlaws forever, but Sabbath wasn't a spineless weasel like his brother who ran away from the scene so he didn't get arrested. No, he was a man—a man I'd follow wherever he led me.

There was a knock on my door, stirring me away from my thoughts. Anyone else could've been behind that door and I would've been fine, but it had to be him, that shaggy blond hair falling into those brown eyes that devoured my goddamn soul. My fingers twitched to brush those wayward strands away, but they stayed close to my sides, gripping my pant legs for support.

Why was he here?

Why was my dick suddenly rock fucking hard?

“Can we talk?” Skid asked quietly.

I opened the door and took a step back, allowing him to enter my safe space that suddenly felt too small and filled with heat.

“What’s up?” I questioned, putting as much distance between us as I could.

“About the other day...”

“Huh?”

“You know? That shit with Tiffani.”

I chuckled. “The bitch fucking loved it.”

He seemed uncomfortable. I bet I could loosen him up by bending him over my bed and taking him hard and fast from behind. That would fucking loosen him up real quick.

“What about her?”

He looked around nervously. “There’s talk she’s got the clap.”

My stomach clenched.

“All girls are supposed to be clean. They aren’t supposed to stray outside club members.”

“I know. I used a condom, but I noticed you weren’t.”

“You and your fucking condoms...”

Skid’s eyes narrowed. “Just because you and the fucking rest of the club run around without your tally whackers wrapped, doesn’t mean I have to as well. I fuck strapped or I don’t fuck.”

His vulgar words sent shivers straight to my dick, engorging the bulbous head until it was tenting my jeans. Instinctively, I gripped my cock and adjusted the massive hard-on I was sporting.

His eyes focused on my hand, then he licked his lips, wetting that furious pout with a tongue I'd like a taste of.

"I was just trying to help, but if you want to get the clap, that's on you." He started for the door, and my heart beat loudly in my chest, begging for him to stay.

His eyes widened when my fingers curled around his bicep, and my eyes darkened with unbridled desire.

For a moment, he just stared at my hand, then his gaze slowly moved upward, focusing on my mouth that was clenched in frustration.

"Something you want, Brother?" he asked, a strange fire burning in his steely stare.

Yeah, you on your knees blowing my aching cock.

I brushed the thought from my head, wondering where that nonsense was coming from? I'd been a bottom for most of my life, but standing near Skid had me wanting to claim him—being the top I was always meant to be.

Joaquin found it funny how easily I submitted to him. I wasn't as big and brawny back then, and being in jail scared the ever-loving shit out of me. He was all I had, and without him I wouldn't have survived. Becoming his bitch was a necessary evil—one that I would never admit to. Nobody will ever call Victor Ortega a bitch ever again.

He ripped his arm out of my grasp, taking a step away from me. "Just get yourself checked, Warrant. We don't need that shit getting spread around the club. I'm gonna let Sabbath know that the bitch may be compromised and get the little whore checked out. Nobody needs that shit. Especially you."

His words affected me in ways I couldn't quite understand. A strange rush of hope crept through me, like this man's concern over my cock being clean, was the only thing I needed to hear.

"Yeah..." I said, my words hanging cryptically between us.

He started to move away, but before he could take two steps, my hand moved forward, gripping him by the bulge in his jeans. The abrupt movement widened those big brown eyes of his, and a shocked gasp formed the biggest fucking “Oh” I’d ever seen on someone’s mouth. My cock would fit perfectly between those lips. His eyes slid euphorically closed, but just as fast as that look of contentment came, it was gone, washed away by a disgusted scowl as he pushed me away.

“What are you, *gay*?” he asked, saying the last word like it was the most disgusting thing ever.

I totally read this man wrong.

“Fuck no,” I growled, my chest puffing up, ready to go for blows. “I was just checking if you had any balls between those legs. Because for some reason, you’re acting like a goddamn bitch. Who I fuck is none of your concern, Skid. So, back the fuck off. My junk is clean, and what I do with it is my business and not fucking yours.”

Skid took a few steps back, shock painted on his expression. “Fine,” he grumped. “Want to get a disease infested dick? Go right ahead.”

Then he threw open my door, stomping out of my room as he left me there, pent up, sexually frustrated, and fearing for my cock’s health.

The clap?

That bitch better not be carrying any diseases, or I’ll fucking kill her myself.

Chapter Four

Skid

My heart was like an African drum, beating so wildly inside my chest I could barely hear my own thoughts.

He touched me... gripping my cock like he fucking owned it. And man did I want him to, but something came over me that had me pulling away, putting up that wall that I worked so hard to build.

Jesus! I almost had what I always wanted, but it slipped out of my grasp, falling behind that fake facade I built so easily and snuffing out all those nasty desires I tried to keep hidden.

Confused, I moved into the hallway, trying to will the ache in my pants to go away.

It wouldn't. I was hard as fuck, and the only person who could ease that ache fucking hated me now.

I was so lost in thought that I didn't even register that someone else was in the hallway, not until my body slammed into a petite frame, and I had to grab her shoulders to keep her from falling to the ground.

"Jesus, Skid, where's the fire?" Keelie asked, her big eyes looking up at me from behind an army of lashes.

She was Wasp's favorite girl, but lately, he had pushed her away. Now she was wandering aimlessly around the clubhouse, looking for somewhere she belonged.

The burning ache in my pants intensified. There was no way I was going to get through the night without getting my dick wet.

"Right here, baby," I quipped, grabbing the front of my jeans. The words sounded so fucking shitty coming from my

lips. I was an imposter—a man whose hidden desires were so frowned upon, they could get him killed.

“Want some help with that?”

“You offering?”

She nodded, looking up at me coyly and with intent. She was desperate to latch onto someone new, and from what I heard, she was down to do anything... which is exactly what I needed right now.

Gripping her neck, I watched as her eyes darkened with lust, and her whole body shifted into submission. My mouth came crashing down on hers, but I felt absolutely nothing as our tongues collided, falling back into that familiar blank space I had to find myself in whenever I touched a woman.

Her fingers dug into my forearms, and her moan rattled against my lips.

Still, I felt nothing.

I gripped her ass, pulling her up my body until her thin legs were wrapped around my torso and I was carrying her toward my bedroom.

Wasp came out of his room, did a tiny little double take, then fucking kept walking.

Yeah, he was definitely done with this bitch.

Once behind my door, I dropped her legs, staring at the tiny little brunette with long, luscious curls.

“What do you want me to do, Skid?”

“Strip!” I ordered her, the throbbing in my cock slowly fading when her tits popped out and her lack of dick became evident between her legs.

Who was I kidding? This wasn't going to fucking work. She wasn't who I wanted... who I fucking desired. But I had to try. I had to rid myself of these yearnings before they fucking killed me.

“What would you like me to do?” she asked.

“I want you to suck my big fat cock, baby. Show me why Wasp was so fucking fond of you.”

She frowned a bit when I mentioned his name, but she didn't argue. She dropped to her knees, then fumbled with my pants like the obedient little girl Wasp made her to be.

I felt the warmth of her mouth circle my length, but I was having a hard time keeping it hard... I was losing arousal fast.

“Everything okay?” she asked, making me feel even less of a man than I already felt.

“Did I ask you to talk?” I growled, getting pissed at my inability to perform.

I shut my eyes, blocking out her fake moans as she bobbed up and down my cock.

It wasn't until I channeled the feel of his hand on my cock, squeezing the bulge he fucking created, that my dick suddenly sprang to life, choking Keelie until she gagged.

If this was going to work, I'd have to block out everything else, and just keep imagining him... Warrant... my deepest and darkest desire.

Why the fuck didn't I just give in to my temptations behind that closed door? Nobody would've fucking known it was the two of us fucking. Not if we locked the door and kept quiet.

But could I be quiet if a beast like Warrant was taking me from behind? Did I want to be?

And it was with those sinful thoughts that my cock exploded down Keelie's throat, using my concealed fantasies to keep the charade going.

Yes, I was a fucking lying, selfish prick. But who could blame me? I had to lie. It was the only way to stay alive in a world that would never understand me and my dark desires. I was a rabbit in a den of bears... scared... hiding... and

completely out of touch with his true self. But deep down, I knew there was only one fucking bear I wanted to devour me.

And he was two doors down.

Alone.

Off-limits.

And completely pissed at me.

Chapter Five

Shasta

Ramona was sitting in the middle of her living room, tears spilling down her face. She was clutching her stomach, one that was visibly growing every damn day.

“They’re gonna know, Shasta. They’ll kill me if they find out.”

“Shh, don’t worry, Ramona. I won’t let them hurt you or your baby.”

Her tear-filled eyes weakly moved up to look at me. “You know you can’t promise that. Everyone knows that Sabbath is fucking losing his mind. And Axl... fuck... I don’t know what he’d do if he found out I was carrying his red-headed baby.”

“You think the baby will have red hair?”

“It’s a recessive trait.” She pulled at her deep black locks. “This is dyed. My momma had vibrant red hair and passed it along to me and my siblings. It was a curse, one that I got rid of the second I turned eighteen. But yes, I think the baby will come out with carrot-colored hair just like his dad.”

Axl was the only red head in the club. A lot of girls wanted to fuck him just because of that fact, but for some reason, he chose Ramona as his favorite girl. I honestly didn’t see him with anyone else.

“Ramona, I think you’re not giving Axl enough credit. The man is crazy about you.”

She scoffed. “Gosh, I hope not. I couldn’t even imagine being tied down to a man for the rest of my life.”

It made me sad to hear her say that, but I also knew why she felt that way. Axl was a good guy underneath all that biker... but he was also a *guy* and not what she wanted.

“He can’t know about the baby, Shasta. Please, promise me you won’t tell anyone. Not Snyder. Not Clash. Not any of the men who have graced your vagina lately.”

My nose scrunched up. “I’d so rather you use the word pussy than the dreaded “V” word.”

She laughed. “What’s wrong with calling it a vag—”

I pressed a finger to her lips, silencing her.

“I just don’t like it. Common medical terms for body parts give me the heebee-jeebees.”

“So, you don’t like the word *penis* either?”

I covered my mouth, pretending to hold back vomit. “I think I just gagged on my own throw up. Thanks, Ramona.”

She giggled.

“Cocks and dicks I can handle. P-words need not apply.”

I honestly was over doing it just a bit, I really didn’t care about the words that much, I just wanted to make Ramona laugh and forget her fears for a moment. It looked like it was working.

“When’s the due date again?”

“November.”

I whistled. “That’s only five months away.”

She frowned. “I know, and I’m showing way too much right now. I can only get away with wearing oversized sweatshirts for so long before people start questioning things.”

Nodding my head in agreement, I walk over to the window, noticing Snyder heading toward the apartment.

“Shit, Snyder’s coming.”

“What’s wrong with that?”

“Let’s just say, some shit happened at the hospital today he didn’t exactly like.” My thoughts filtered back to that hushed word Wasp whispered into my ear. How was Skid Warrant’s

deepest darkest desire? Warrant was the fucking biggest guy in the club and the most masculine. There's no way he was into fucking dudes.

A knock on the door made me jump.

"You okay?" Ramona questioned. She finished throwing on her top, glancing at the door as she did her best to hide her belly.

"Yeah, just peachy."

Throwing open the door, I turned my focus on the man who was silently claiming me when no one else was looking.

"Hey," I said, moving so he could enter the room.

He didn't enter.

"I was wondering if you could come with me for a bit. You know, to talk and stuff?"

I looked back at Ramona who shrugged her shoulders.

"Sure, I guess."

He smiled. "Great. Meet me behind the clubhouse in fifteen minutes. Clash, Wasp, and Ranger are already at Clash's place."

"Huh?"

He gripped my hand. "Please, Shasta. Just meet me there."

"What if someone sees us?"

"They won't."

"How do you know?"

He sighed. "Because Sabbath took off with Priest, Warrant, and Skid again. The rest of the club is too distracted to notice anything out of the ordinary. Trust me. No one will see."

"Okay, I'll meet you down there in fifteen."

He nodded then quickly made his way back down the steps.

“Speaking of men being head over heels... that man fucking loves the shit out of you.”

Tears filled my eyes. “I know,” I said softly. “And that’s what scares me the most.”



The men all stared at me with strange expressions, each one different and totally within character of who they were.

Clash stood against the door with his arms crossed over his chest, that cocky, confident smile widening on his face.

Ranger looked pensive, like he was deep in thought, and worried about everything.

Wasp sat on the couch, his dark eyes boring into me as they silently begged me to drop to my knees and obey the Master’s wishes.

And then there was Snyder... a look of hurt, concern, and utter devotion warred in his eyes, staring at me like I was his whole fucking world. I loved and hated that look because I knew we were playing with borrowed time, and eventually, Sabbath was going to catch on to what we were doing behind his back.

“Why am I here?”

They all shared a look.

“We need to formulate a solid plan, Shasta, one that will end this once and for all,” Clash exclaimed, speaking first like always.

“Is the old plan not good enough?”

“It’s not that it’s not good enough, Shasta. It’s just that we don’t think you’ll be able to get them to fall as easily as you did us,” Snyder stated, moving a bit closer to me.

Shooting Wasp a look, I wondered if he exposed the little secret he shared with me to the rest of the men in this room. From the blank look in his eyes, it was obvious he kept it locked up tight.

“So, can we take him down with just the five of us? You all saw Sandman the other day, he’s not going to be able to help us. The man can barely walk.” Tears started streaming down my face, because in that moment I felt used and exposed. These men had slowly worked their way into my life, and now they were telling me that the whole reason for doing this doesn’t even matter anymore. How is that fair?

Snyder cupped my face, bringing my attention back to him as he wiped each individual tear away with his thumb. He had this way of captivating me even when a sea of men were in the room. “We just want to keep you safe, Shasta. With how Sabbath has been lately, adding more to your numbers is only going to increase the chances of him finding out. Not to mention, Sabbath has something up his sleeve. He’s seeking out the Crows, and I feel like he’s planning a massacre.”

“Good. They can all burn in Hell for all I care.” Hoax and all his men needed to go.

“But our fear is, you’ll be caught in the crossfire. Both Sabbath and Hoax have a history with you, and both are seeking revenge. Hoax tried to kill you once already, who’s to say he won’t do it again?” Ranger asked, sounding like the voice of reason.

“You mean too much to us, baby girl,” Clash added. “And Warrant and Skid are loose cannons, either one of them could turn on us and drive that nail into those coffins we’re all trying to avoid.”

Wasp nodded. “They’re right, little minx. Even with what I told you before, the risk of bringing them in is high. They’re all loyal to Sabbath, and none of them are strong enough to stand up to him. Not like us.”

I nodded. Their words seemed legit, but it still felt like everything I've done up to this point was pointless.

“So, basically I'm just a common whore now? No better than the sweet butts you fuck every day?” I cried. “The whole fucking reason for this was to bring Sabbath down, and now you're saying to give it up? Fuck you all. Fuck you all for using me this way and then making me feel even less like a human than I already did.”

Snyder tried to touch me again, but I wasn't having it. “Shasta, please. Don't get angry. We're all here for you. You're the reason we've started to see Sabbath for who he really is.”

“You took advantage of me! None of you actually give a fuck about me or my feelings. This false sense of security you've given me has been riddled with lies. I'm done, Snyder, especially with you. You're the worst of them all.”

He looked at me totally wounded. Well, good. He deserved to be hurt after the pain this shit has caused me—the pure inner turmoil skating around behind Sabbath's back has placed me in.

“You know that's not true!” he fought back. “You mean everything to me! I love you.”

I slapped his face, tired of the bullshit. “Just leave me alone! All of you. I was better off being the oblivious Ol' Lady, at least then I wouldn't have been used and made a mockery of in front of everyone.”

I started to run towards the door, but Wasp stood up, his very presence dominating everyone and everything.

“Sit the fuck down, Shasta,” he snarled.

“No!”

He moved across the room in two strides, gripping my chin until I was forced to look into his penetrating gaze.

“Nobody here had any intention of using you. Well, except maybe Clash,” he added.

“Hey now! I may be an asshole, but I do give a shit about her, too.” He shot a look at Ranger. “Ranger’s the one who isn’t into her. He’s got his head shoved so far up that nurse’s ass; he can see her goddamn stethoscope.”

Ranger glared at him. “Leave Imogen out of this, Clash.”

Clash grinned. “See! The man’s got it bad for Sandman’s little nurse. I told you so.”

Snyder rolled his eyes. “Yeah, yeah. We get it. You were right for once in your life, why brag about it?”

“Just shut up,” Wasp growled. “All of you!” His commanding presence made everyone shut up. “Can’t you fucking see why she’s hurting? Basically, by us telling her to back off, it’s saying we used her as a pawn—one we manipulated into our beds by whatever means necessary. Whether that was our intention or not, we discounted her feelings, and I, for one, don’t particularly like how that makes me feel. Shasta, it’s your choice whether you want to continue this journey we’ve all started together. No matter what, you should know that I don’t regret a single moment we’ve spent together.” He rubbed a finger across my cheek and smiled. It was small and only lifted one side of his face, but it was there and made me feel loved and seen once again. I expected this kind of treatment from Snyder, but it caught me off guard coming from Wasp.

“Shit, Waspy is catching feelings. Better watch out Snyder, Wasp’s coming for your girl.”

Snyder came up behind me, sliding his hands down the bare skin of my forearms. “Last I checked, Clash, we all claimed her. She belongs to us all. And if that means I have to share her with all of you, so be it. I’ll do anything to be next to her, even take a step back so others get their turn.”

My heart swooned, then I gasped when the cold air hit my breast and my nipple hardened at the sudden exposure.

Wasp’s eyes darkened as he bent down and took the nipple into his mouth, heating it with his breath and tongue.

Snyder's lips moved down my neck, sucking the skin between his teeth as he gave it a hard nibble. Before I knew what was happening, my clothes were removed, leaving me there naked with four of the hottest men I'd ever laid eyes on.

Clash opened a drawer and started chucking condoms at people like ninja stars. "With the rumors going around about Tiffani, we all need to wrap up."

I was too far gone to process what he was saying, my body being manhandled by the two men who had captured my heart the most. Every kiss, lick, and suck was totally intoxicating, and instant arousal pooled between my folds.

Fingers traced down the lips of my pussy, and I suddenly felt the heat of a mouth pressing against my center.

Wasp was on his fucking knees, devouring my juices like it was his nectar of life.

"Damn, Wasp!" Clash exclaimed. "You gonna leave any of that for the rest of us."

Wasp briefly looked up, a glimmer of cockiness gleaming in his eyes. "Where I come from, you take what you want. If you want a taste, Clash, you have to claim it."

I somehow ended up upstairs, lying on Clash's bed as the men stripped down and rolled condoms up their lengths.

I hated the feeling of a barrier, but sometimes it was a necessary evil. Until Tiffani and everyone she's been with has been cleared, precautions were a necessity. Not that it mattered much. Each of these men had slept with me recently, unprotected. We were all fucking stupid beyond belief.

I felt something stiff and hard enter my hand, and upon contact, I immediately started stroking.

Clash groaned as I gripped his length and followed it with my hand, the softness of my palm being used as a weapon.

Five minutes ago, I was ready to walk out on them all forever. Now I was in the middle of a man sandwich, with four extra layers of hard and delicious meat.

“Suck Clash’s cock, little minx,” Wasp ordered, stroking his length as he watched me pull Clash’s cock into my mouth, guiding it to the back of my throat. “Good girl,” he complimented. “Now, spread your legs so Ranger can taste how sweet your goddamn pussy is.”

I felt stubble against my leg, and then a tongue flatten against my clit.

Fucking euphoria hit me like a whimsical drug as multiple hands moved over my body, touching and teasing all the sensitive places on my body.

It surprised the fuck out of me that Ranger was participating. Clash was right, he did have a thing for Sandman’s cute nurse, but maybe the thing was one sided?

“Move,” Wasp demanded, pushing Ranger out of the way.

“You’re always so bossy, Wasp,” Clash chastised. “Maybe someone else wants to fuck her first?”

“Too bad,” he growled, his massive hands gripping my hips as he pulled me down until his cock was seated deep inside me. “Snyder, come get your dick sucked,” he encouraged. “Both of you assholes need to make love to her tits; give those beautiful mounds the attention they deserve.”

I loved how Wasp took over our foreplay. The way he commanded in the bedroom was exhilarating and so damn sexy.

My hand wrapped around Snyder’s length as I pulled him into my mouth, groaning when I felt both Clash and Ranger take hold of one of my breasts just as Wasp started to move.

This... this was the reason I cheated. The power that came with being touched by multiple men was fucking everything to me.

Wasp’s thrusts were hard and powerful, he didn’t stop until his body and mine crashed into one mind-blowing orgasm, one that had me screaming in ecstasy.

“Oh no, it’s not over yet, little minx. It’s time for the others to get a turn.” He moved away, taking a seat in the chair facing the bed, his cock still hard as hell.

“You’re not gonna play?” I whined, watching him stroke himself as the other three men turned my body so they each could have a hole again.

This time, Ranger took my ass while Snyder positioned himself between my legs and claimed my pussy.

“Sometimes,” Wasp said, stroking his cock slowly. “All the fun comes in watching.” He gave me a little wink, reminding me of that time I stood in the hallway and watched him fuck Keelie.

But as the other three men took my body, my eyes kept drifting over to Wasp, catching his dark gaze that was devouring me from afar. There was so much about that man I couldn’t quite explain, all I knew was that I didn’t want to take my eyes off him. I had to see that he was pleased with me.

When his head dipped back and streams of cum shot out of the head of his dick, I found myself falling victim to another orgasm myself, wanting to cum for Master just like he came for me.

Damn, these men really have ruined me.

What the hell am I going to do?

Chapter Six

Skid

Tiffani was clap free. Which meant that Warrant didn't have it either. The club was in a frenzy while we waited for all our results, and she was chastised for fucking someone outside the club. It almost got her ass kicked out for it, but Sabbath decided otherwise when she said that she was raped after coming home from the store.

Instead of being angry with her, he invoked a new rule, that all females were to be accompanied by a club member when out in public. The Crows were still out there somewhere, just waiting for the right time to strike.

Their disappearance had left us wondering who in the club was stupid enough to turn against us. Fox's execution should have been enough of a warning to ward any rats from continuing their ratty ways.

My mind drifted back to the only man who consumed my thoughts—Warrant. It was like I couldn't stop thinking about him. Since Tiffani's results, he seemed lighter than usual, but I also couldn't help but think that maybe it had something to do with the other day. How he gripped my cock and fucking owned it with just his punishing grip alone. Was I the reason he was walking on air? Or was it the clap free lifestyle he could live, knowing he was STD free. The scare had the guys rethinking the no condom rule, and I had seen quite a few of them strapping up before fucking sweet butts now.

The idea of fucking anyone but Warrant made me sick to my stomach. Fuck, I was so fucking close to having him. Why didn't I just let him take me right then and there?

My stupid thoughts were so fucking exhausting that I had to wash them away, turning to the only thing that could make me forget about everything... cocaine.

Sabbath was on another one of his benders as well. It seemed we had similar tastes when it came to washing our demons away. My drug of choice was the one I snorted up my nose, his was a mixture of alcohol and heroin.

“We shouldn’t be dipping into the product, Sabbath,” I argued.

The club didn’t know about our little side hustle. We kept it a secret. It was something Sabbath and I started when we both realized that our addictions needed to be fed. Priest came in on the back end, but for the life of me, I didn’t know why.

“You would never cross me, would you Skid?” he asked, high as a kite.

“Of course not.”

“Because I feel like this club is going to shit and everyone is double crossing me. Well maybe not Warrant, you, and Priest over there.”

Priest looked up from the book he was reading, as quiet as ever. The man was a secretive as they came and I wondered what made him so important to the club, why Sabbath always kept him in his back pocket? There was something about the silent man that made my skin crawl. A dead look to his sincere eyes. A lack of emotion that most people of the cloth possessed.

He hid behind his faith, that was something I could tell, but whatever was in Priest’s past he wasn’t giving it up, and the only person who knew was Sabbath.

“Don’t worry about the product, Skid. Nobody is going to miss an ounce or two here and there. Besides, I need this fix, just as much as you do.” He finished cutting a line for me on the table then pushed my head towards it. “Go on, have a taste.”

Without hesitation, I took the hit, enjoying how it fucked with my goddamn head almost immediately.

“So, what makes you think the club is double crossing you?” I asked, sniffing loudly as I allowed the drug to take over my mind.

“Because Snyder is turning my woman against me. That’s why. It’s been almost three months, and she won’t even fuck me anymore.”

Priest set down his book and gave him a stern glare. The man was all muscle, lean and ripped from head to toe. He had mousy brown hair that hung lazily over his dark green eyes and he always wore the same outfit. Tight jeans and a black fitted shirt with a large silver necklace with a studded cross sitting in the middle of his chest. “Don’t you think that her cold shoulder has something to do with all the women you’ve been fucking lately? Shit, weren’t you with Keelie not too long ago?”

Sabbath nodded his head. “Keelie was a solid fuck. Obedient in every way. You should hit her up, Priest. A little pussy might do you some good.”

Priest shook his head. “I’m not interested in fucking anyone in the club, Sabbath. You should know that.”

Sabbath laughed. “Oh, I fucking do. It must suck being God’s little play toy and not getting to have any fun.”

Priest’s eyes narrowed. “Leave my religion out of this. My connection to God is none of your concern.”

“Remind me again why we keep this pussy around?” I asked Sabbath, taking a swig off a beer bottle.

“I haven’t needed Priest’s talents yet. Once I do, you’ll see why he’s a necessity for the club.”

The corner of Priest’s mouth slightly twitched, but he leaned back and picked up his book again, going back to his own little world.

A loud knock on the door made us all jump. But Sabbath was quickly on his feet, answering it.

“Looks like the gang’s all here now!” he said gleefully as Warrant’s commanding presence appeared in the doorframe. My heart sped up a little when his gaze dropped to me, then faltered when a frown appeared on his face and a look of disappointment took over.

“Why did you call me here, Sabbath?” Warrant asked, his gaze averting away from me.

I felt my nose, realizing there was a powdery mess just under it. Shit. Not a lot of people know about my addiction, and here I was, flaunting it haphazardly.

“Because I need your help. You three are the only three I trust, and I’m going to need all of you to fix this little problem we’re having in the club.”

“Fix it how?” Warrant asked.

“I need to get Shasta out of the clubhouse for a few weeks. She’s a fucking distraction. Plus, I don’t want her in harm’s way when I go after that fuckhead Hoax and all his itty-bitty birdies. We’re going to annihilate that murder of Crows, boys. It’s what’s next on my to-do list.”

Warrant and I shared a look.

“I want you to kidnap Shasta and take her back here,” he stated, continuing his plan. “Don’t let anyone see you. Take her in the middle of the night, blindfold and gag the bitch if you have to, then bring her back here. You three can take shifts on who stays with her.”

“Sabbath... do you really think kidnapping is a good idea? Why don’t you just tell her that you want her to go into hiding again?”

“Yeah, because that went over so well last time. Now the little bitch is fawning all over my supposed second in command. She’s closer to him than she ever was with me. Nope, this is what I need, boys. I’ll scare the bitch into submission again. Every night, I’ll come here, slowly wooing her back into my bed. I’ll make her love me again. She’s just being a little standoffish now, but eventually she’ll remember

why she fell in love with me in the first place.” His eyes moved and darted around the room, the heroin hitting him hard.

“Will you guys do this for me? You three are the only ones I can trust anymore.”

Priest gave him a single nod, then went straight back to reading, but Warrant and I were both hesitant.

“Sabbath, this feels like a bad idea,” Warrant said, mirroring my own thoughts. “You’re not thinking with a straight head. Shasta’s already been kidnapped and raped, don’t you think it’s going to create a problem? PTSD or some shit?”

Sabbath moved across the room so fast I barely could track him in my drugged-out brain. The knife was against Warrant’s throat, the shorter man staring up at him with rage flashing in his eyes. “Are you fucking questioning me?”

Warrant shook his head. “I just don’t think you’re thinking this through. That’s all.”

Sabbath slightly pulled away, nodding his head. “You may be right, but I also know that I am right. Therefore, you do as I say.”

His words were scattered and crazy. He wasn’t thinking straight, and making decisions like this on a whim wasn’t a good thing. “Kidnap Shasta, bring her back here, and don’t tell anyone shit. I want the club to think she’s been kidnapped again by the Crows.”

“Why?”

“Because in order to start a war, you sometimes have to sacrifice your queen.”

Chapter Seven

Warrant

Fuck! This was a really bad fucking idea. Skid and I were standing outside Ramona's apartment waiting for her to leave. Shasta was inside, staying as far away from Sabbath as she could. Earlier today, Sabbath tried to talk to her, but when shit started to get heated, Snyder, Clash, and Wasp all jumped in, coming to her defense. I could see why Sabbath was asking us to do this instead of them. Their allegiance had shifted. Almost like they were forming their own little club inside the club.

Axl came out of the clubhouse, stopping a few feet away from us.

“What are you guys doing out here?”

Skid looked over at him and shrugged. “Sabbath has us on babysitting duty. Apparently, the Crows have put another hit out on Shasta's head.”

Axl nodded. “Ah, makes sense.”

“Why are you out here?” I questioned, wondering why he was sniffing around in the back.

“Came to talk to Ramona. She's been avoiding me the past few weeks and I want to know why.”

Perfect! If Axl could take Ramona away from the apartment, that left a great opportunity for us to grab Shasta and go. Only, now we'd have to create some sort of ruckus to get the attention off us.

Axl made his way up the stairs and knocked on the door of Ramona's apartment. She answered it, but didn't look too pleased to see him.

“Can we talk?” he questioned.

She looked behind her then stepped out onto the stairs.

“What do you want, Axl?”

“Please, Ramona, just a few minutes of your time. That’s all I’m asking for.” Axl shot us a look and frowned. “Can we go somewhere private?”

She sighed and nodded her head. “Yeah, we can.”

He grinned widely, obviously getting the answer he was looking for. “Great! I’ll take you to dinner.”

“Dinner?”

“Yeah, when I say private, I mean not here.”

“Let me get my things then,” she stated, disappearing inside for a few minutes. When she reemerged, she was holding a purse and wearing an oversized hooded sweatshirt.

“Okay, let’s go.”

I lit up a cigarette and pretended to not be watching, but I found it a little odd that Axl was going out of his way to wine and dine Ramona. Something was up, I just didn’t know exactly what was happening.

They climbed on his bike and rode out of the back parking lot just as Priest came striding outside.

“There’s too many people here,” I exclaimed, looking between my two brothers. “How the fuck are we supposed to get Shasta out of here without someone seeing?”

Priest, without saying a word, walked over to a shed and grabbed a gas can, he then started for the front of the building.

“What are you doing?” Skid hollered after him.

“Distracting,” he said coolly.

Skid and I shared a look, wondering what the man could be up to with a gas can.

Five minutes later, I heard someone shout fire from the front yard, and I knew that was our cue.

Donning our masks, we stomped up the stairs, kicking in Ramona’s door until the wood broke at the door frame.

Shasta fucking screamed, rushing to grab a gun, I'm sure she had stashed nearby. Skid moved fast, covering her head with a pillow case when she had her back turned and was reaching for her weapon. She started kicking and screaming, but I covered her mouth with chloroform, and her whole body sagged, going limp in our arms.

“We need to move quickly. Rough this place up while I put her in the van.” Before I carried her down the stairs, I cut a little opening on her arm, and used her immobile hand to wipe it away. Skid held out the piece of paper, waiting for me to place her bloody palm on it.

“Looks legit,” I said gruffly. “Now, fuck this place up.”

Skid nodded, and started overturning furniture, dropping the note on the ground that Sabbath crafted himself.

I carried her down the stairs over my shoulder, then threw her in the back of the cage, starting it up as Skid came bounding down the stairs.

“Okay, we got her. Now what?” he asked.

I laid a friendly hand on his thigh, and his whole body immediately tensed up, a strange reaction to have from the tiniest touch. It made my dick twitch just a tad, but I pushed the thoughts out of my head. I'm just imagining things...

“We do as we're told,” I informed him, patting his leg once before throwing the cage in gear and blowing out the back gate, busting it in two. This needed to look legit, and the only way to do that was to cause a little mayhem on the way.

Chapter Eight

Shasta

I woke up disoriented and alone, lying in a bed that was hard and felt very unfamiliar. All I remember is someone breaking into Ramona's house, seconds after Axl took her away. Were they behind this? Would my best friend set me up like this?

My head was throbbing, and there was a weird chemical taste on my tongue. Looking around, I found myself in a small room, complete with a bed, table and chairs, and lots of junk food.

Where the fuck was I?

Did the Crows kidnap me again?

"Hey, where the fuck am I?" I shouted, trying to open the door. I jiggled it a few times, but it was locked from the outside, and the way my voice echoed made it seem like I was in a bigger place than I thought.

"Hello? Is anyone out there?"

I was met with silence. If someone was there, they weren't saying shit. Fuck! Where the hell was I?

Searching my pockets, I looked for my phone, realizing it was nowhere to be found. Goosebumps smattered my arms as a cold, icy chill took over. It was fucking freezing in here.

Running back to the bed, I threw the big comforter around me, then sat on the edge, waiting for my fate. At least this time I was kept in a better place than the dungeon they threw me in last time.

Shivers raked down my spine when images of that night came rushing back to me, memories I wish would stop showing up.

A phantom disgusting taste appeared in my mouth, as the smell of sweaty cock filled my nose. It had me gagging and vomiting into a trashcan, trying to distinguish between reality and my imagination.

I couldn't go through that shit again. If the Crows were behind this little capture, I'd rather die than be their prisoner again.

I clutched the blanket even tighter, feeling vulnerable even though I was fully clothed. Why was this always happening to me? Was there ever going to be an ending to this madness?

The sound of a door creaking open made me jump, then heavy footsteps stomped toward the door, my heart jumping inside my chest.

Keys jingled, then the door slowly opened, creaking as a man in all black stepped inside.

“Lock it behind me,” he ordered.

I knew that voice. *What the fuck was going on?*

“Sabbath?”

He stepped into the room with the biggest smile plastered all over his face. “Hey, baby.”

“What the hell is going on?” I growled, letting my guard down. I didn't think he was here to hurt me. But why the fuck was he behind my kidnapping?

“Sit down,” he suggested, motioning to the bed. “I'd like to have a chat.”

“I'd rather stand, Sabbath.”

He frowned. “Suit yourself.”

“Why the fuck did you kidnap me?”

A coy smile slithered across his face as he said, “Because you are too much of a distraction for my men, and I need them to be focused on the task at hand.”

“Which is?”

“Murdering every last Crow that ever graced this godforsaken town.”

“So, you kidnapped me because?”

Sabbath laughed. “You don’t think I’ve noticed how Snyder looks at you? How each of my men have jumped to defend you anytime you and I get into it? Their loyalty has shifted, Shasta, and the only way to get them to do my bidding, is by manipulating them into thinking you’ve been kidnapped by the enemy.”

“You’re deranged,” I shouted, my voice echoing a bit again.

“Maybe, but it’s proving to be rather effective. You see, after my loyal men grabbed you, they planted another note, similar to the one Hoax left before. Only this time, it had a little piece of you on it.” He laughed maniacally, motioning to the cut on my arm that wasn’t there before. “It’s amazing what a little blood and a feminine handprint will do to rally the troops.”

“You’re insane!”

He nodded in agreement. “Am I insane? Maybe. But is it your fault that I am the way I am? Most definitely.”

“My fault? How the fuck is any of this my fault?”

“You tempt them, my love. You tempt us all. Your beauty is unmatched by any other female in this club, and men just gravitate to you. That’s dangerous when I’m looking for men who will do anything to obey me. I can’t have them distracted by my own bitch.”

“Fuck you.”

“In time.” He nodded thoughtfully.

“But first, I have a club to run and a bunch of Crows to dispose of. So, while I’m gone. Why don’t you just sit here and think about all the things you’ve done wrong—repent your sins if you will? And when I get back, I expect to find the girl

I gave my patch to. Because when we return to the clubhouse, Shasta, you'll be returning home with me."

"Over my dead body."

He smirked. "That can be arranged as well," he murmured as he caressed my cheek. "Especially if any of my suspicions about you come true. So, think about the shit you've been doing lately, Shasta. Because if I find out that you've betrayed me in any way... I'll fucking end your life just like I did Nina."

My eyes widened as a fucking shocked gasp escaped my throat. I couldn't believe he was actually admitting it out loud.

He laughed again, this time like a super villain ready to exact his plot of revenge.

"You killed her?"

He gave nothing away, just stood there staring at me with all the answers in his blank psychotic gaze.

"Sabbath! Did you fucking kill Nina? ANSWER ME!"

He blinked a few times, then shrugged his shoulders. "What does it matter, Shasta? She's not a problem for us anymore, and now we can move forward just like we were always meant to do." Without another word, he exited the room, leaving me there cold and alone, and fearing for my life once again.

Why is it that the people closest to you turn out to be your biggest enemies?

"Sabbath, don't lock me in here. Please! I can't go through this again.

"Come on," he said to someone just outside the door. "Lock it and follow me. We have a war to win."

The door clicked, and with it my independence slowly slipped away, along with any hope of surviving Sabbath's and the Lewd Outlaws' punishing clutches. Snyder was right,

Sabbath was spiraling, I was just too naïve and stupid to see the writing on the wall.

I was going to die.

Once Sabbath found out, he was going to kill me. Just like Leppard... like Nina... like any person who has died by his cold dark hands.

My death was unfortunately inevitable, and as the silence of the space overwhelmed me, I started thinking back on all the things I did wrong, realizing that Sabbath was right.

It was my fault he went crazy.

My fault people were killed.

My sins were slowly choking the life out of me, and now that they caught up to me, there was no ending other than one that ended it all.

Chapter Nine

Warrant

Snyder, Clash, and the others were storming around the clubhouse, demanding answers. It felt kinda good to be in the loop for once. The fact that all of his number ones had fallen so far down the ladder, played to my advantage.

“Where the fuck is she?” Snyder demanded.

“You saw the note,” Sabbath exclaimed. “The Crows have her.”

“But where are the Crows?” Snyder growled. “How are we supposed to find her if they’ve gone into hiding?”

Sabbath had a little gleam to his eye, one that I didn’t quite understand. “Well, you see, Snyder. Sometimes, you gotta use a rat to find a rat.”

He stared at Snyder sternly, almost like he was insinuating that Snyder was the rat, which he was, I just didn’t have proof. I knew something was going on between him and Shasta, but I didn’t have any way to back it up.

Snyder stopped his pacing and turned. “If you’re trying to say that I’m the rat, Sabbath, you’re even more delusional than I thought.”

“Not you,” Sabbath said gleefully. “Her.”

He pointed an angry finger across the room, directly at Keelie who was standing there like a deer in headlights.

“I was trying to figure out how the Crows were getting so much intel on us so quickly. Why they knew to flee when they did? How they just happened to know things about the club they shouldn’t? We already got rid of Fox, but the Crows still knew so much. The only thing different between hunting down Fox and right now is her.”

“Sabbath... I...” she stuttered uncontrollably.

Wasp took a step forward. “There’s no way she’s the informant, Sabbath. I fucking had her tied up ninety percent of the time.”

“See, I thought that as well, but then I started observing, Wasp. Especially after you sent her packing. Women don’t move around all stealthily unless they’re looking for information, and this one was sneaking around way too much. Exhibit one,” he said, placing a phone on the table. “This is Keelie’s cell phone. Why don’t you look through it and tell me what you find, Wasp?”

Wasp picked up the phone, first thumbing through the messages then the pictures. His mouth dropped.

“Wait! She’s a Crow?”

“Not exactly. She’s the sister to a Crow’s Ol’ Lady, sent here to infiltrate our little club. Isn’t that right, Keelie? How’s Magnus and Haven by the way?”

She looked white as fuck, and my blood started broiling beneath my skin.

“Sabbath... please... you have this all wrong.!” she squeaked.

“Do I?”

“Wasp, read the last message she sent.”

Wasp frowned, his voice dropping an octave as he read the message. “Stay low. The club’s getting ready for a war. I heard a few of them talking, and their plan is to take your whole club down, Magnus. Please, stay hidden until I figure out what their plan is. I got Wasp right where I want him, so it’s only a matter of time before he patches me in as his Ol’ Lady and we take this club down once and for all. The asshole actually thinks he has me under his thumb. Makes me call him Master and a bunch of other stupid bullshit. The man couldn’t dominate a woman if he tried. He’s fucking too stupid to realize he’s playing right into our hands.” Wasp’s head shot up, looking a

bit wounded. She played him. The master of manipulation was fucking being manipulated by his own pawn.

“Wasp, believe me. I love you!” she shouted.

“Fuck you,” he said, throwing the phone on the table. He then walked across the room and leaned against a door, glaring at her with ample amounts of hostility.

“So, what do we do with her?” Snyder asked. “If she betrayed the club, why the fuck is she still breathing?”

“Because we need her, Snyder. This bitch is going to lead us right to the Crows.”

“I’ll never help you!” she shouted.

“Oh? But I think you will, Keelie. Priest, do your worst.”

Priest shot him a look, shaking his head in disagreement. “I don’t harm women.”

“Well, today you will. Make her squeal like a little fucking piggy. I want to know where the Crows are. And this bitch has the answers I need. Pry them out of her one fucking finger at a time.”

“Sabbath, this isn’t our way!” Snyder challenged, getting up into his face. “You can’t ask Priest to do this.”

Sabbath violently shoved Snyder back, knocking him into a table. “I’ll do whatever I have to do in order to save my girl.”

“The Crows don’t even have Shasta! You’re lying!” Keelie shouted. “I wouldn’t be surprised if you didn’t kidnap her yourself. You’re fucking psychotic enough to do it.”

Sabbath smirked, shooting me a daring look. “See, that’s where you’re wrong, Keelie.”

She screamed as Skid grabbed her from behind.

“Your little club came in here and burned their symbol out on my lawn. Then those bastards broke in and kidnapped Shasta while we were all distracted. You can try to deny it all

you want, but you know just as well as I do, that your club is responsible for this mess. And now that we know who's to blame, I'm gonna take pride in murdering them one fucking fucked up feather at a time. Starting with you, my dear."

She spat at his face when his hand touched her cheek. The fight in her was strong as fuck. For someone who looked weak, she sure was strong.

"Fuck you!" she growled. "You're wrong. Don't listen to this delusional maniac. He's going to get you all killed! Or better yet, he'll fucking pull the trigger himself! Just like he did Leppard and Nina!"

Everyone in the room stopped, turning to look at Sabbath who just stood there like nothing was wrong.

"Nina? What the hell is she talking about, Sabbath. What's wrong with Nina?" Clash asked.

"Nothing. The chick's obviously off her rocker."

Every member and prospect in the room could see through his bullshit. He definitely did something to Nina, but what it was, none of us probably would ever know. The only person in the room not affected by this news was Wasp, who stood there with his back straight, trying to look inconspicuous.

What was up with that?

"Make her talk, Priest. The rest of you, follow me!" He shot a look at me and Skid. "Except you two. I need you there as backup while he gets the bitch to talk."

"What are we supposed to do with her when she finally does?"

"I don't know. Get creative. But I don't want this bitch talking ever again. She needs to know what happens when you cross a Lewd Outlaw."

No man dared to say another word. Sabbath was too far gone to question him at the moment.

If what Keelie was saying was true, then I wasn't sure who to follow anymore. The club never hurt women, but now he was asking us to do just that. Priest looked mortally wounded as we carried Keelie from the clubhouse kicking and screaming. Why was Sabbath asking him to do this of all people? The man was quiet and reclusive. He spent eighty percent of his time away from the clubhouse, only showing up when we had Church or club functions. Half the time, he didn't even seem like he was part of the club, but for some reason he was asking Priest to take care of her. Why? What was so special about Priest that he was the man who Sabbath turned to do his bidding?

“Where are we taking her?” Skid asked.

“To the warehouse,” Priest said with a sad face. “But I'll meet you guys there.”

“Why?” I questioned.

He hung his head in shame. “Because I left my tools at home.”

Chapter Ten

Skid

Keelie stared up at me with tears streaming down her face, looking at me like I was her only hope of survival. We had her tied to a chair in the middle of the warehouse, only a few feet away from where we were holding Shasta hostage.

“Skid, please. You gotta believe me! Sabbath is behind this! He’s the one who kidnapped Shasta.”

I crouched down, so I was looking her in the eyes, trying to decipher what was going on in her head. “Yeah, and how do you know that?”

“Because I saw two men take her out in a white van. The same white van that’s usually in the back of the clubhouse. Sabbath is behind this, and someone in the club is helping him.”

A cold grin crept across my face as I stared into her fearful eyes. “Yeah, bitch. And you’re looking at two of them.”

She gasped. “Wait? You two? You two were the ones who carried Shasta out?”

“Stop giving the bitch information,” Warrant growled. “Her voice is exhausting. Where the fuck is Priest? Did he fucking flake on us?”

“I don’t know.”

There was a loud knock on the warehouse door and we both shot each other a look as if to say, “You get it.”

Warrant, being the bigger guy, marched across the room and rolled the door open, letting a distraught Priest inside. He was carrying a little suitcase, and sweat was dripping down his face.

“You look like fucking hell, Brother.”

Priest was muttering something under his breath, but I only caught a few words here and there. It sounded like he was praying.

He opened the suitcase and pulled out a bag of tools. Apprehension tightened every tense muscle on his body, as he rolled it out on the dirty floor.

“Damn, dude, what is that shit?”

“You don’t want to know.” He shot me a wary look. “Why don’t you two go in there?” He motioned to the room Shasta was in. “I work alone.”

Warrant and I shared a mutual confused look, but nodded our heads warily as we made our way into the locked room where we were holding Shasta.

“Skid! Don’t leave me!” Keelie shouted after me. “We fucked, you can’t just leave me like this.”

Warrant shot me an odd look, but then shook his head, chuckling. “You fucked Keelie?”

“She threw herself at me.”

“Smart girl,” he said under his breath.

“Huh?” I asked, wondering if I heard him right.

“Nothing. So, hey, what the fuck was that shit Priest had?” Warrant whispered as we unlocked the door, letting ourselves in.

“It looked like torture tools.”

“Do you think Priest is a serial killer?”

I shook my head. “No, man. But I do think he may be a hitman.”

“Fuck! No wonder Sabbath wanted him in the club. The man’s a silent lethal weapon.”

Shasta’s wide eyes rounded when we closed the door behind us.

“Are you here to kill me?” she questioned, cowering in the corner.

“No, doll face. We’re here to drink,” I exclaimed, opening the tiny fridge and pulling out a few beers, handing one to Warrant before we both took a chair. The door locked behind us, then the warehouse filled with the sound of classical music, it was so loud it was practically vibrating the walls.

The first scream pierced the air, and Shasta’s mouth dropped. “Was that a woman screaming?”

“It’s better if you don’t ask questions, Shasta. Want a beer?” I held a drink out to her. “We’re going to be here a while, might as well get drunk and try not to think about what’s going on in that room.”

Warrant nodded, gulping a big swig when another scream pierced the air. “Here. Here, Brother. I’ll drink to that.”

Shasta moved across the room, cringing every time another scream was heard over the classical music being played.

“What’s going on out there?” she asked, sitting down beside me.

Shrugging, I took a swig of my beer, and burped. “I’ve learned its best not to ask questions I don’t want the answers to, doll face. Sometimes, it’s better to play dumb and stupid than try to be a hero.”



My head was fucking swimming. I was on my fifth beer, and feeling pretty fucking good. Despite the hellish screams coming from the other room every once in a while, we were actually having a good old time in the room, playing a fun game of twenty questions.

“My turn,” Shasta said, hiccupping. “Skid, if you could fuck anyone in the club. Who would it be and why?”

My eyes naturally gravitated to the man sitting across from me. Liquor had this uncanny ability to loosen lips, and right now mine were feeling frisky. Laughing like I was joking, I pointed to Warrant. “I’ve been wanting this guy to suck my cock since the moment I joined the club.”

Shasta almost spit out her drink, but Warrant just sat there coldly, soaking in my words as if he was absorbing them.

“That’s kind of hot!” Shasta exclaimed. “It’s always been a fucking fantasy of mine to see two men go at it.”

Warrant turned to look at her. “Really?”

“Yeah, the idea of watching one man go down on another man, makes my pussy wet as fuck.” It was obvious that she was drunk. But for some reason, her drunken admissions had Warrant staring at me strangely.

“I’m down if you are?”

The music in the other room got louder, and we could hear muffled screams on the other side.

“You’re joking, right?”

He shook his head, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. “I’m horny as fuck right now, and if the woman wants to see two men go at it, who are we to let her down?”

“What if Sabbath comes?”

“We’ll know. The music will stop.”

“I was just kidding,” I stated. Fear rushing through me. “I really didn’t mean it.”

Shasta took off her top, then moved over to the bed. “Please, Skid. I’m so fucking horny right now.”

She stripped off the rest of her clothes, then sat down, opening her legs so we could see her pussy. The same pussy that had dragged down half of the club.

Her fingers started working her clit, and I watched Warrant adjust himself, his jeans straining.

“Don’t be a pussy, Skid.”

“Look, as fun as that sounds, the last thing I want to do is fuck Sabbath’s girl and he find out about it. It’s bad enough that she’s fucked the rest of the club.”

Warrant’s eyes darkened as he stood to his feet, moving around the table until he was right in front of me. Before I could react, his hand gripped my cock, and my mouth opened in a gasp, one that he took as a fucking invitation to stick his tongue down my throat.

Shasta moaned on the bed. “God, that’s so fucking hot.”

Any thought of stopping went out the window the second I tasted the alcohol laced on Warrant’s tongue. I stood up, both of us stumbling as we moved across the room, over to the bed where Shasta was at.

She moved up the bed, allowing us room as Warrant threw me down, taking his shirt off until he was nothing but hair-covered chest, tattoos, and muscles. He was literal sin on two feet.

“Fuck,” I breathed out.

“You’re not the only one with fantasies,” he whispered in my ear, dropping to his knees in front of me.

Shasta’s hands moved in from behind me, clawing my shirt off my body as Warrant’s mouth traveled down my torso. The button on my jeans popped, then the fabric jerked down my legs until I was nothing but a painfully hard erection.

Warrant’s inebriated gaze darkened. And before I could protest, his mouth was wrapped around my cock, sucking the motherfucker to the back of his goddamn throat.

“Oh fuck!” I hissed out, my hand fisting his hair as he took my cock and fucking manhandled it in ways no woman ever could.

Shasta's lips met my mouth, and even though I detested kissing women, I had to admit, having two hands on my body was fucking hot as hell.

"Is that what you've been waiting for?" she whispered into my ear, forcing me to look down at my fantasy sucking me off.

"Yes," I shouted.

"Do you like his mouth wrapped around your cock?"

"Fuck yes."

"Good," she said seductively. "Because I find it hot as hell watching him go down on you."

Warrant made a motion for her to come to him, and she moved down the bed, lying on top of my naked body.

She was on all fours with her ass in the air as he slipped his mouth off my cock and began eating the fuck out of her pussy.

She propped herself up on one hand, then began stroking my length as he ate her out, smacking her ass every few seconds. Her mouth crashed down on mine, and for the first time in my life, I was actually excited to have a woman's body pressed against mine.

As our tongues danced together, I felt his mouth circle my cock again, and those massive hands grip my length, stroking and pulling while he played with my head.

Shasta moved her body up until her thighs were gripping my cheeks and her pussy was flush with my face.

"Eat her fucking pussy, Skid. Make Daddy happy."

"Daddy?" Shasta threw her head back as my tongue met her clit. "Now that's fucking hot as hell."

Blood rushed to the head of my cock, and I could feel my release coming.

"I'm going to come," I shouted between licks.

"Good," Warrant said huskily. "I want to taste you too."

My load shot to the back of his throat, and I groaned out, the sensation of his beard brushing against my balls was almost too much.

He guzzled down every damn drop, and despite finishing, I was still hard as steel.

“Looks like he wants more, Shasta. Do you think you can give it to him?”

He moved around her body, gripping her tits as she rode my face and he fucked her mouth. “Do you taste his cum on my tongue?” he asked into her mouth.

“Yes!” she shouted.

“Do you like it?”

“Mm-hmm.”

“Want him to shoot it inside you?”

“Oh, fuck yes!” she screamed.

“Good girl. Why don’t you get on your back, so my man here can have a piece of heaven?”

“What about you?” I asked, taking a much-needed breath as Shasta laid down on the bed. “Oh, trust me. I’ll be getting what I want tonight.”

His finger played with my pucker, making my hole clench with need. Warrant reached down and pulled out two condoms, rolling one up his length, then rolling one down mine. “Fuck the shit out of her, Skid. Make Daddy happy.”

The word daddy felt so fucking dirty, but god did it get my engine revving. Without a second thought, my cock entered Shasta, fucking the shit out of the woman, while the real object of my desire came up behind me, his hands moving over my chest, then down my backside until a single digit was probing my entrance.

I almost came right there. The second his finger entered me, my whole world turned upside down. It felt fucking fantastic, especially with my cock stroking in and out of

Shasta's warm, inviting pussy. It should've turned me off that so many men had been in it before me, but right now, her being here was giving me what I desired most in this world, and I wasn't about to fucking pass this up again.

Another finger entered my hole, stretching it as he fucked me in my ass with them. "Thata boy. You're making me a very happy man."

He gripped my balls with his free hand, giving them a gentle squeeze. "Are these balls ready for me?" he asked as I felt his body climb in behind me, his fingers sliding out of my hole.

"Yes," I breathed out, my moans mixing in with Shasta's desperate gasps.

"Fuck him, Warrant. Please! Fulfill both of our fantasies."

The man must carry lube around in his pocket because I felt something cold touch my ass, then felt his cock slowly start to slide in. I stilled, stopping my thrusting so my body could adjust to the new intrusion.

"That's it," Shasta encouraged. "Take his big, fucking cock."

One hand grabbed my hip while the other spread my cheeks, then when every delicious inch was inside me, I arced up, meeting Warrant's mouth as his hand wrapped around my chest and he started pumping into me.

Instead of getting jealous, Shasta dropped to her knees, sucking my cock as Warrant took me from behind.

"You feel just like I imagined," he whispered into my ear.

"Do I?" I asked breathlessly, my tongue finding his as his cock pumped into me.

"Tight. Perfect. And all fucking mine."

He tugged at my hair, yanking my head back as he furiously took what was rightfully his.

"You belong to me now, Skid."

“Call me Jason,” I begged. “Please. I want to hear my given name from those tempting lips.”

He smirked, his tongue caressing mine. “I like that,” he murmured. “Let me ask you, Jason. Can you see yourself doing this again?”

“Oh fuck yeah.”

He bit down on my ear. “Anytime Victor asks for it?”

I nodded.

“Good, then tell Daddy how much you like his cock.”

“I love your cock, Victor.”

And as his name left my lips, my big giant bear roared out, dumping all of his seed into the condom separating him from my ass.

Not only was he taking my ass’s virginity, but he somehow brought out all my deepest and darkest desires, and now that I’ve had him. I don’t think I’ll ever be able to let him go.

Chapter Eleven

Shasta

Wasp was right. These two men were hiding serious sexually frustrated secrets. I'd never seen a man come so hard so fast before. But the second Warrant entered Skid's ass, the man was literally putty in his hands.

I had to admit, watching them together was hot as fuck. But now that the deed was done, both men were quiet as they put their clothes back on, sobriety taking them over.

"That was hot," I exclaimed, trying to break the silence in the room.

"Indeed," Warrant grumped, too focused on getting his clothes back on to really say much of anything else.

Skid was the one who looked like a deer in headlights, and it was in that scared look that I realized the man had never been with another before. Warrant looked like he'd done it a million times before, but Skid... yeah, this was definitely his first.

"You tell anyone about this," Warrant warned. "And I'll kill you myself," he said, giving me the evil eye.

"I wouldn't tell anyone."

He rolled his eyes, obviously not believing me.

"Skid, you okay?" I questioned, tapping him on the shoulder.

He jerked away, too afraid to admit the truth. "I'm fine," he said coldly.

Warrant eyed him curiously, but didn't say another word.

The loud music in the other room cut off, and a few seconds later, the door unlatched, Priest entering the room quietly.

“It is done,” he said cryptically.

From behind him, I saw someone slumped over in a chair, bloody, unresponsive, and very, very pale. It took me a minute to register just who it was sitting there, and I gasped.

“Is that Keelie?”

Skid covered my face. “Shut the fucking door, man. Have some fucking respect.”

When the door closed, I opened my eyes to find all three men staring at me, almost as if they were expecting me to lash out or something.

“Is she dead?” I questioned, Priest.

“No,” he said sadly. “But she’ll never talk again.” He shot the other two a look. “We need to get her to Zeppelin. Fast.”

Skid and Warrant both nodded. “You two take her. I’ll clean up here.” He handed Skid a piece of paper. “Give this to Sabbath, he’ll know what it means.”

Without another word, the other two left the room, leaving me alone with the strange Outlaw who was supposed to be the most passive of them all.

“Priest, are you okay?” I questioned.

He shook his head, moving over to a chair and slumping down in it. “I never thought I’d enter Hell again, Shasta. I thought I was done with this way of life.” Tears filled his eyes as he looked up at the sky. “There’s no saving me now. God will never forgive me for this.”

“Don’t say that, Priest. Isn’t it you that always says that God forgives us all?”

He nodded. “He forgives those who deserve forgiveness. But I strayed from his path long ago. I joined the Lewd Outlaws because I thought they would be my saving grace.” He sighed. “Turns out, they are nothing more than my greatest downfall.”

Then, Priest did something totally out of character for him. He grabbed a bottle of beer from off the table and downed it in three gulps.

“Priest!” I said in shock. “You’re drinking!”

“If I’m going to live in Hell, I might as well enjoy the temptations that come along with it.”

Before he could say another word, the door opened, and in strolled Sabbath, looking as cocky as ever.

“Those two didn’t have to go far to find me,” he stated. “I was already outside when they started to head back to the clubhouse. Good work out there, by the way. The bitch will never talk ever again.”

They kept saying that, but what exactly did that mean?

“Damn, Priest, you looked wrecked. Why don’t you head on out and take a breather? If I need you again, I’ll call.”

Priest stood up silently, staring down at the blood on his hands.

“I need some time to repent,” he told Sabbath. “Please honor my request for pardon.”

Sabbath waved a dismissive hand. “Sure. Sure. Whatever you want. You did good in there, Priest. You deserve some fucking time off.”

Priest, with his deep brown locks hanging heavy over his eyes, and his shuffling footsteps that sounded sullen and weak, silently left the room, leaving me alone with the man I’d grown to hate.

“Everything is going to end tonight, Shasta.”

“What do you mean?”

He moved forward, stopping inches away from me as he cupped my cheek. “You’re so fucking beautiful, baby.”

“Please don’t touch me,” I begged, stepping away from him.

His eyes darkened. “Shasta, when are you going to stop playing these stupid games with me? When will you realize that you’re mine, and I can do whatever I want to you whenever I please?”

He moved forward like he was going to take me without my permission, so I took a step back.

“Then you’re just as bad as Leppard.”

That stopped him in his tracks.

“Don’t fucking say that!”

“Why? Because you can’t handle the truth? You can’t make me love you anymore, Sabbath. Everything that’s happened lately has made it impossible for me to feel anything for you besides disdain. Face it, Sabbath. You’ve turned into a fucking monster. One that you don’t even recognize in the mirror anymore. How am I supposed to love a man who takes pleasure in torturing women? If what happened to Keelie is any indication of what happened to Nina, then I don’t even know who the fuck you are anymore.”

Pain filled his eyes, but he stayed quiet, which was unlike him.

“I’m doing this all for you,” he said quietly. “All of this... the war with the Crows, flushing out the rats, it’s to keep you safe. After what Hoax and his cronies did to you, I just can’t let them go on breathing anymore.”

“And Keelie? Is she not going to breathe anymore either?”

“It depends on if she survives her wounds. But why does it matter? She was working for the Crows. She was their informant. She’s the reason Hoax knows so much.”

My thoughts filtered back to when Hoax was admitting all the things he knew about me and the club. Was it Keelie feeding him the information? No. There was no way. How could she know those things?

“Keelie deserved everything that came to her.”

“And Nina? The baby?”

“She wasn’t pregnant,” Sabbath said quietly.

“What?”

“She wasn’t fucking pregnant. She lied to drive a wedge between us, and it fucking worked. When I found out that she was lying about everything, I lost it... she was the reason you couldn’t look at me with love in your eyes anymore. She was that proverbial nail in the coffin I created around me.”

He wasn’t wrong. Hearing that Nina was pregnant with Sabbath’s kid, and then hearing him say he wanted to keep it, was the reason I just couldn’t do this anymore.

“Shasta, do you ever think we can go back to before?” His eyes lifted to meet mine. “Before you started to despise my very existence?”

“I don’t know, Sabbath, but honestly, probably not.”

He took my hands in his, staring directly into my eyes. “Give me one last chance to prove to you how much you mean to me. Once I rid the world of Hoax and all his Crows, things should die down. Then you and I can go back to a world where we existed in harmony instead of always at odds.”

I took a step back from him, hugging my torso. “What world was that? Because the only world I’ve ever experienced is one where I’m brought nothing but heartache and despair.”

“Shasta... please...”

“It’s too late, Sabbath. When this is all over, I’m asking you, if you even care about me a little, to let me go. I just can’t do this anymore.”

Sabbath’s head hung in shame. If he was angry, he didn’t show it. He just stood there looking defeated as fuck.

“If that’s what you want... I guess I can’t stop you.”

He started to leave the room, but not before he turned to look at me one last time.

“You were right, by the way. Adam has never stopped loving you. You’re right here, deep down in his soul.” He pointed to his heart, his eyes brimming with unshed tears.

“And Sabbath?” I asked, looking at him with no indifference. “Does he love me too?”

He shook his head, holding the handle to the door that separated me from the outside world.

“Sabbath only loves himself,” he said coldly.

The truth of his words left me with nothing but shivers and impending dread plaguing every bone in my body.

Chapter Twelve

Warrant

We stood outside the farmhouse just outside of town. There were at least fifty motorcycles and vehicles on the property, and you could hear laughing and music coming from the barn.

“You two, sweep the house,” Sabbath instructed. “Snyder, you and Clash check the bunkhouse. The rest of you, follow me. We have some Crows to slaughter.”

Skid shot me a wary look. The whole fucking club was here, all except Priest who had been absent since the incident with Keelie in the warehouse. The second he found out she died in the car, he disappeared, nobody knowing where the fuck he went.

“How many of them do you think there are?” Skid whispered, as we approached the house.

“I don’t know.”

We moved in the shadows, using the darkness of the moonless night to keep us concealed. There were silencers on all of our guns, and everyone, even the prospects, were armed and ready. This was going to be a fucking bloodbath.

“Victor,” Skid called out after me.

I stopped, my back going rigid. “Please don’t call me that,” I warned him, not wanting to relive that night again.

Shasta had given us both a taste of what the good life could be. A life where nobody judged us based on our sexual preferences and I could live without feeling like I’d be shot dead for wanting cock instead of pussy. Skid was my fucking dream man, and now I had to let him go. It was the only fucking way.

“Why?” he asked, confused.

“Because what happened in that warehouse was a mistake, Skid. You’d be smart to just forget about it.”

He grabbed my arm, slamming my body up against the house until it was just me and him encased in shadows.

“Stop lying to yourself!” he whisper-shouted. “I know you fucking enjoyed it just as much as I did.”

I tried to push him away, but he had an arm pressed to my neck, immobilizing me.

Fuck, that shit was hot as fuck and had my cock hard and ready.

“If we weren’t about to fucking walk into a massacre, I’d get on my knees right now, and fucking suck this big fat dick you’re sporting in your pants.”

My eyes dilated. “Is that so?”

With nobody around us, and the shadows concealing our indiscretions, his hand slipped behind my boxers, circling my cock that was fucking rock hard and yearning for him.

“Stop, Jason. Someone could see us.”

“Nobody is going to see us,” he whispered, covering my mouth with his own. I felt the button on my pants get undone, and then his hand move along my V until it was stroking my cock. Both of us throwing caution to the wind, just for a measly hand job. Before I could protest more, he picked up speed, enjoying how good my cock felt in his hands.

“We should stop,” I begged.

“Not until you come.” He moved up beside me, sucking on my neck and tugging my earlobe between his teeth. “That’s it, big guy. Come for me.”

Tipping my head back, the cum shot out of the head of my cock, spraying the grass in front of us. I couldn’t keep in my orgasm if I tried, but I did keep my moans quiet, so only he could hear. The man was literally becoming my undoing.

Before I could say one more thing to sway him away, he dropped to his knees, licking the pearls of cum off the tip of my dick before sucking me all the way to the back of his throat, causing me to gasp.

His mouth left the head of my cock with a loud pop, and he smiled evilly as he dabbed at his mouth with his fingers. "There, now we can both say we made each other cum before we die."

He gave me one fleeting kiss, then moved toward the back door, watching it for any movement.

I came up behind him, squeezing his ass as I gripped it in my hand. "You'll pay for that later," I said playfully.

He opened his mouth to respond, but it was silenced by the first shot, which sounded like it came from the bunkhouse.

"Shit, they're moving, we got to get inside," I said, immediately springing into action.

Kicking down the door, we entered the farmhouse, taking out two guys who were asleep in some beds. They were dead to the world, not even the door breaking down woke them.

Fortunately for us, they were the only two in the house, and our sweep was short and easy.

"See, they'll just think we were busy taking care of business in here," Skid said with a wink.

We then joined up with the others at the barn house doors.

"House is clear."

"So is the bunkhouse," Clash stated.

Sabbath had just finished tying up the doors with chains as we walked up. "Good. These bastards are so comfortable they didn't even post up guards. Fucking morons. Anybody get a location on Shasta or Hoax?"

Everyone shook their heads.

Jackyl waved to get our attention from the window. “He’s on the move, about to exit the side door with some bitch.”

Sabbath’s eyes darkened with rage. “Let him out, but then lock that door down too. Nobody gets out but him.” Riot was just finishing up with the last of the gasoline, before he came to a stop near the front door.

“Riot, on my go, light this bitch up.”

The side door to the barn opened up, and a drunk Hoax stumbled out with a girl attached to his arm.

“You ready to make Hoax a happy man?” he asked her.

She giggled. “Of course, baby.”

“How about me, Hoax? Can I make you happy?” Sabbath asked, appearing out of the shadows.

He pulled the trigger, taking out Hoax’s left kneecap.

The girl screamed.

“Shut the bitch up!”

Slaughtermen grabbed her from behind, then covered her mouth as she screamed against his palm.

“Did you really think you could get away with it, Hoax, and kidnap my girl once again. Where the fuck is she?”

“I don’t know! Why don’t you ask one of your officers. Rumor is they all have been up close and personal with that little slut.”

“LIAR!” Sabbath raged, striking him in the face with the gun.

“Are you stupid or just fucking blind? Your whole goddamn club is turning their backs against you Sabbath, each of them tasting that forbidden treat you’ve been trying to keep all to yourself. Well, newsflash, Sabby. It wasn’t just my cock that has tasted her sweet pussy. Those bitches have too, especially your VP. Must suck to have no loyal men among your ranks.”

He shot Snyder a look, but kept his cool, obviously not believing what Hoax had to say. “Is that what your little birdie told you, Hoaxie? Well, guess what? I flushed that bitch out and made her sing. Didn’t take much for her to tell me where the fuck you’ve been hiding.”

Hoax’s eyes rounded.

“I hope Magnus and his fucking Ol’ Lady are ready for the hellfire that’s about to rain down on them.”

“Riot... start a fucking riot.”

Riot lit up a cigarette, took a few puffs, then threw it onto the gasoline. Within seconds, a giant flame engulfed the building, and you could hear people start to scream inside.

Sabbath laughed evilly. “God, don’t you love the smell of burning Crow in the evening, Hoax?”

“Fuck you!” he shouted.

“You threatened me once and said you were going to bring my whole club down. Well, how’s it feel to be wrong? How’s it feel to be the one to watch their whole club get annihilated right before your very eyes?”

“Keelie was right! You are fucking insane.”

“Better than being dead. Now, tell me where Shasta is, or I’ll blow your fucking brains out right here and now.”

“I don’t fucking know! I didn’t steal your bitch. I’m sure she’s out whoring around with another one of your men.”

The gun went off, and Hoax’s body hit the ground hard, the bullet moving from one side of his head to the other.

The girl in Slaughterman’s arms started to scream louder, and in one swift movement, he snapped her neck, dropping her body to the ground.

Everyone looked at him in shock.

“What? The bitch wouldn’t stop screaming.”

I shook my head. Too many women have been hurt by this club lately. This wasn't what I signed up for.

Sabbath started frantically searching his body, then produced a piece of paper. Everyone else was trying not to vomit from the smell of burning flesh that was starting to permeate the air. It was disgusting and turned my stomach sour, but my eyes were focused on Sabbath.

His sleight of hand didn't go unnoticed by me.

"Looks like she's in a warehouse on the other side of town. Come on, let's get the fuck out of here before the cops show up."

Someone started pounding on one of the walls, and the worn wood started to crumble. The second we could see the flames on the other side, and the frightened eyes of one of their members, slowly burning alive, I put a bullet in his head, saving him from any more pain.

"Prospects, make sure no one else gets out. Then hide before the cops get here. The rest of you, let's get the fuck out of here and go save Shasta."

An hour later, we pulled up to the warehouse. The strong stench of bleach filled the air as we pulled open the doors, revealing Shasta's hiding place. The place had been cleaned... Priest works fast.

Sabbath kicked down the door, then rushed toward her, gripping her face like he wasn't behind this sadistic mess of shit.

"Baby, I'm here! You're safe! The Crows can never hurt you ever again."

"Oh, yippie," she said sarcastically, her arms hanging loosely by her sides as he hugged her and she refused to hug him back.

Anybody smart would've seen through the facade, but the naïve ones soaked this shit up, believing Sabbath's load of bullshit.

“Come on, let’s get you home,” Sabbath said, carting Shasta back to the original prison he held her in.

The clubhouse.

Chapter Thirteen

Shasta

I don't know why I played along with Sabbath's little game, but I was honestly wondering if shit would change now that the Crow's had been dealt with. Hearing what happened to them left me feeling guilty as hell. I never really got my closure with Hoax like I hoped I would.

Part of me wanted to be the one to pull the trigger that ended his miserable life, but hearing he died watching the rest of his club burn to the ground, helped a little.

"Okay, so what really happened?" Snyder asked, bringing me into his arms when it was just me and him.

"What do you think happened?"

"I think that Sabbath had something to do with your kidnapping. Am I wrong?"

"You know, you're pretty smart for an Outlaw," I said with a laugh.

He moved some fingers through my hair, then bent down and gave me a toe-curling kiss. Damn, I was silently falling for this man.

"Shasta, I want to get us out of here. We can leave together, just you and me. I'll take you somewhere where the club can never touch you again."

I hung my head in shame. "Why? When half the club already has."

"Hey, now. That's enough of that."

"Well, it's true. While you guys were playing Crow annihilation games, I got Skid and Warrant to turn."

"How?"

I kept their secrets to myself. That was their secret to expose, not mine. “I’m very good at convincing men to sleep with me. All I had to do was give them all they could ever desire.”

“I’m serious, Shasta. Let’s get out of here. Just you and me. We’ll leave Texas and find some place safe for us to hunker down in.”

Moving out of his grasp, I forced myself to look out the window, desperate to look anywhere but his eyes. I could get so lost in those pools of blue.

“I’m not leaving without Ramona.”

“Wait, what?”

“If I leave, Ramona’s coming with me.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m not leaving her here in this fucking shit show alone.”

“She’s one of the girls who fucked Sabbath.”

“I know. And I’ve forgiven her for that.”

“So why would you want to protect her?”

That was another secret that wasn’t mine to share. If I was going to keep Ramona safe, her pregnancy needed to remain a secret, even from Snyder.

“That’s my rules. If you want me to go with you, then Ramona comes too.”

He nodded.

“Okay then, how about Friday? We’ll slip out in the middle of the night. You, me, and Ramona, of course, then we can leave the Lewd Outlaws and never look back?”

“It sounds wonderful,” I said sadly.

“Why do you sound so sad?”

“I feel like it sounds good on paper, but you know the rules. You can’t turn your back on an Outlaw.” Cupping his cheek, I looked deep into those dangerous blue eyes. “I don’t want anything to happen to you, Snyder.”

He took my hands, then brought me into his arms. “Shasta, nothing is going to happen to me. I promise you that. With you turning Skid and Warrant, it’ll make things so much easier. We can move in on taking Sabbath out. But I think my plan is better. It gets you away from all the drama once and for all.”

We heard footsteps coming down the hall, and I pulled away from him, knowing his words were just a pipe dream neither of us could live.

A heavy knock on the door drew him even further away from me, and he opened it, allowing Clash to enter.

“Sorry to bother you guys, but Sabbath has a run for us.”

“Us?”

“Yeah. He’s sending you, me, Ranger, Wasp, and a few prospects out to collect some shit. But he didn’t specify what exactly we’re picking up.”

“When’s he want us gone?”

“Like ten minutes ago.”

Snyder grabbed my wrists, pulling me into him. “Think about what I said, Shasta. My offer stands, and I’m serious about it.”

I nodded, but deep down, we both knew it would never happen.

The two men left me alone in the room, giving me time to stew in my own thoughts. I didn’t want to stay in the clubhouse for too long, especially if Sabbath was lurking about, so I headed back over to Ramona’s place, desperate to put distance between me and the men who turned my whole world upside down.

“You look terrible,” Ramona observed, staring at me with wide eyes.

“I feel terrible.”

“What’s wrong?”

“Snyder just asked me to run away with him.”

“That’s good, isn’t it?”

“Sure, if it could actually happen. But we both know that’s not going to happen in this world. Sabbath would find me, Ramona. I have to see this through. Until Sabbath’s dead, I’ll never feel safe.”

“So, why don’t you just do it yourself?”

I sighed. “Because deep down, I know I’d never be able to pull the trigger. Anytime I look at him, I don’t see Sabbath, I see Adam. And that’s who I fell in love with.”

She nodded, taking a drink from her water jug. The doctors said she needed to drink a lot of water along with her prenatal pills.

“What happened with you and Axl the other day?”

She shrugged. “He wants me to be his Ol’ Lady.”

“Wow! That’s amazing.”

“I told him no, Shasta,” she said, rolling her eyes. “For obvious reasons.”

“But he’s trying, that’s more than we can say about the others. Hell, he’d be the first one to declare an Ol’ Lady since I was brought in. It means he really cares about you. I haven’t seen him with anyone else. When it comes to other girls, he pushes them away.”

She shrugged again, then laid her head back on the couch. “He’s a nice guy, and a lot better than the rest of those assholes. But I just don’t see a future with him, even if he’s the father of my child.” Her hand rested on her stomach, and she rolled her head to look at me.

“What would you do if Snyder asked you to be his Ol’ Lady? You know, in a perfect world where Sabbath didn’t exist?”

I mirrored her stance, lying back against the couch in complete exhaustion.

“In a perfect world... there would be no bikers or clubs. I’d be free to live my life the way I want to. My parents wouldn’t be stuck-up assholes who don’t give a shit about me, and I’d be a successful businesswoman just like I had planned all along, instead of dropping out of college. But this isn’t a perfect world. My parents are still the worst people ever. There’s still a club with asshole alpha bikers who use me for their own advantage, and all my hopes of running my own business died the day I put on Sabbath’s cut and quit college.”

She laid a friendly hand on my arm. “You never talk about your family. Is that why?”

I nodded, willing the tears away. “My parents liked to control me. For most of my life, I was told to sit up straight, always look pretty, never talk to that person, and annunciate my words. My brother and sister have these big fancy jobs, and always lived up to their expectations, but I was the family disgrace. I had plans to open my own book store one day, but it would have some cool gimmick that drew people in. When I told my parents about it, they called me worthless, and told me that I was going to end up a deadbeat just like my loser boyfriend. I was dating Monte at the time. Eventually, their harsh words caught up to me and I dropped out of school, turning my back on my dreams forever. I’ll never be more than Sabbath’s Ol’ Lady, Ramona. I’m completely useless and fucking worthless.”

Ramona’s brow narrowed. “Shasta, I don’t know where this self-pity bullshit is coming from, but you’re far from worthless. You’re one of the strongest women I know.”

She brought me in for a much-needed hug. “I told him if I ever left, I’d take you with me.”

“Who?”

“Snyder. I told him I would only leave the Outlaws if I knew you were safe. And the only way I can ensure that is by taking you with me.”

“Girl, where I really appreciate the sentiment, I can honestly take care of myself. I’ll know when it’s time for me to get out of here. I’m just saving up enough money until I can get my own place.”

“How are you getting money?”

“The girls have been paying me to do their hair. I have my own salon set up over there. Haven’t you seen it?”

I shook my head. “No, I’ve been so consumed with my own bullshit, I wasn’t paying attention. Sorry.”

“It’s okay. I know you have a lot going on.”

“Even more so now.”

“Why do you say that?”

“Because while I was being *kidnapped*.” I air quoted the word. “I might have sorta fucked Warrant and Skid.”

“Oh shit! How the hell did you pull that off?”

“I found out their secrets and exploited them. But I’m worried they’re going to say something. Especially Warrant. He’s a loose cannon that I don’t quite understand. He said if I ever said anything, he’d kill me before Sabbath ever got a chance.”

“Well, maybe you should expose their secrets before they expose yours?”

I shook my head. “Unfortunately, I don’t believe in revealing other people’s personal business. If they expose me, then I guess I’ll face my fate. But I’m going to do my best to honor both of them and hope they join the let’s kill Sabbath bandwagon.”

She giggled. “Can I sign up for that, too?”

“Sure! I’m hoping that when his time comes, we’ll make it painful, torturous, and fill him with millions of holes.”

Her head bobbed in agreement. “Yes, please allow me to administer one of those holes, or twenty, when the time comes.”

“I’ll do my best, but that’s only if he doesn’t get to me first.”

Silence settled between us. Deep down, we both knew it was only a matter of time before Sabbath found out just how deep the deception in this club cuts. And that deep, irreparable wound started with me.

Chapter Fourteen

Skid

I stood outside Warrant's door, my heart metaphorically in my hand. The man was everything I ever wanted, and I'd be damned if I go another day denying my feelings for him. What happened in that warehouse was exactly what needed to happen. And that tiny intimate moment between us before we took the Crows down, had been in a constant loop in my mind.

I couldn't get the image of him down on his knees sucking my cock, or when he moved in behind me and took my ass with such force and precision on that unforgiving mattress, out of my head. I could still feel his cock in my hands, and visions of his head sliding back as that orgasm rocked his world, cum spilling out onto the grass in front of him, was fucking hot as fuck.

I may have been drunk, but I remember all of that and more. The sad part is, I don't even remember half the shit that happened with Shasta that night. All of that was a blur and blocked out of my mind. All I could focus on was the big, long cock attached to the man of all my fantasies.

It had been almost a week since we had been together, and he's been avoiding me ever since. I wasn't sure what I did wrong. All I knew was that I needed to fix it, so we could finally be together. I didn't care if it was in the dark and we kept it all a secret. I just knew that I needed Victor more than I needed my own breath.

I inhaled sharply, then knocked on the door, hoping he was behind it.

"Come in," his deep voice boomed, sending shivers up and down my spine—aroused shivers that shot straight to the head of my cock. A cock that was aching to get its own taste of some hole. I wasn't granted that privilege the last time we were together.

Carefully, I opened the door, glancing around the hallway to see if anyone was watching me. From what I could see, they weren't.

"Hey," I said quietly.

He was sitting at a desk, writing something in what looked like a journal. His back straightened when he heard my voice, but he didn't turn around.

"Hey," he said gruffly. The cold shoulder hadn't gone unnoticed. It was obvious he wasn't happy to see me.

"Did I do something wrong?" I asked his back.

He took a long, exasperated breath, then slowly rose from the chair.

"No, Jason, you did everything right. That's the problem."

Confusion overtook me as I tried to process what the fuck he was saying. "I don't understand. What do you mean?"

He moved slowly towards me, then stopped inches away, the smell of his musk cologne weakening all my senses. His big, beefy hand cupped my cheek, and those big blue eyes drank me in, like he was staring directly into my soul.

My head moved on instinct, nuzzling his palm as I became putty in his hands. "Victor, please. Tell me what's wrong."

"We can't be together, Jason. Don't you see? They'd kill us. There's no room in a MC for two faggots."

The word made me cringe. I fucking hated it. I'd heard it enough during my short life on this earth to be triggered by it.

"You started this!" I shouted back at him. "How can you say we can't be together when you were the one actively pursuing me?"

Warrant rolled his eyes. "I wouldn't call what I did pursuing. I was drunk. You were drunk. We got stupid. End of story."

The kind, gentle bear who just so lovingly stroked my face like I fucking meant the world to him was gone, replaced with this narcissistic asshole I didn't understand. How can he go from hot to cold so easily?

I took a step back, giving him some distance. "Bullshit! You can sit there and say it meant nothing, Warrant, but I know how I felt that night. I felt you right in my goddamn soul. I've felt you there since the day I fucking met you. You're denying this chemistry we have to save face."

His chest puffed up, and I suddenly felt very small. "Save face? What the fuck are you talking about? I know you're in love with me and shit, but I'm not gay, Skid. I'm one hundred percent male and into pussy."

I laughed. I had to. The audacity of this man! How the fuck can he say he's straight when he fucked me in the ass a week ago? The asshole got down on his knees and deep throated my cock. I caressed and jiggled his balls for god's sake! The man was far from straight.

"You're the first man I've ever been with, Victor. I was a fucking virgin to cock before I met you, but you guzzled my cum like you'd done it a thousand times before. I can honestly say that I'd never been with a man before you. Can you do the same?"

"Fuck you, Skid. Get the fuck out!" he screamed at me.

"How long were you in prison, Warrant? Long enough to get a few boyfriends while you were in there? Did you suck cock to keep yourself alive? You must have with how good you are at it. Face it, you're not straight, you're as gay as they come."

He moved fast, his hands gripping my throat as he slammed me against the wall. "Call me gay again, motherfucker, and I'll slit your goddamn throat."

The problem with his hostility became evident in his pants. He was rock hard, his cock straining against his jeans. I wasn't afraid of him because this was like foreplay for me.

My hand shot out, gripping his bulge until I had it clenched in my fist and his eyes closed together euphorically.

“I see through your bullshit, Warrant. I know you fucking want me, because I want you just as much.”

Slowly, I began rubbing him over his jeans, and a soft moan escaped his throat. “Stop fighting this. We’re good together.”

His fists clenched as he fought the skeletons he tried so hard to bury. But he had one bone he couldn’t hide, and right now my mouth was watering to get a hold of it.

Warrant’s grip lessened as I unzipped his pants, letting the jeans fall to the floor in a pool by his feet. He wasn’t wearing boxers, which made everything so much easier.

Dropping to my knees, I didn’t wait for permission. My mouth devoured his cock, sucking him back into my throat until I was gagging on the engorged length.

“Stop!” he whispered. “I—I can’t do this again.”

“Last time you were in charge, Victor. This time, you’re fucking mine.” My hand gripped his length, stroking him hard while my mouth sucked around him. His meaty fingers dug into my scalp, pulling at my blond locks aggressively as he started pumping into my face.

“Oh fuck!” he gritted out.

Making him come was my only fucking mission, and when his load shot to the back of my throat, I guzzled each drop greedily, knowing the big guy was all talk.

Standing up, I slowly worked my pants to my feet, stroking his length and mine simultaneously.

“We need to stop,” he said brokenly.

“No, we need to keep going. I don’t give a fuck what you think you need, Victor. My needs are all that matters right now. And what I need is to shove my cock in your big fat hole and claim what’s rightfully mine.”

His eyes widened, and before he could protest, I pushed him toward the bed, his naked ass slamming down as I worked my erection. I grabbed a condom from off his desk and quickly put it on. I wasn't going to let him say no. It was my turn to play.

"I've waited for this moment for my whole fucking life, Victor." My fingers probed his entrance, and he moaned as it pulsed in and out of him.

"Fuck!" he growled.

"That's it, spread for me." He tucked his knees up to his chest as I lubed up, the clear goop dripping off my dick.

"Please, Jason. They'll kill us! Don't do this. Not when they can hear us."

"Let them try," I said, growling against his ear as his satisfied gasp hissed against it. My cock slid into him so easily, his hole stretching around me. "Because you fucking belong to me!" Slamming into him, I punctuated my sentence with a hard thrust, taking him hard just like he did me.

He was loud as hell as my cock pulled in and out of him, giving me everything I ever wanted. I started stroking his cock as we fucked, making sure he was getting double stimuli.

"Oh god!" I growled out. "You fucking feel so good, Daddy." Yes, I called him Daddy. Just like he begged for me to do in the warehouse, but this wasn't about his fantasies. This was about mine, and right now I was seconds away from unloading everything I had in him.

Spurts of cum leaked out of his cock as I felt my own release, jerking into him as my come filled the balloon separating us. I know he's clean. He showed me the results after sleeping with Tiffani, but condoms would always be a necessity for me.

Spent and exhausted, I collapsed on top of him, finding warmth in the thicket of hair smattered on his chest that was hiding beneath his shirt and had somehow lifted up during our time together.

“Jason, I need to let down my legs,” he said with a gasp.

Reluctantly, I pulled out of him, staring down into those huge blue eyes as he uncurled his body, wondering what was next for us. Should we leave the club and find some place where we can be happy together? I’d go anywhere with him that he asked me to.

That look of warmth in his eyes quickly faded, and he moved away, putting distance between us. “Stop looking at me like that,” he snapped, the heat of the moment vanishing just as fast as it came.

“Like what?”

“Like that shit meant something.” He pushed me violently away, quickly reaching for his pants on the floor and a towel to wipe away his cum. The cold shoulder was back and as icy as ever. It was almost as cold as his denial.

“You sure seemed to be enjoying it.”

“Fuck you, Skid. I told you. I’m not fucking gay. A hole is just a hole in my eyes.”

“How can someone who screams homo be so fucking homophobic?”

His brow furrowed as his eyes narrowed. “Get the fuck out!” he screamed.

But I wasn’t going to let him get away that easily, not when I just had a taste of all my forbidden fantasies once again.

“Admit it, Warrant. You’re just as much of a *fag* as I am.” Yeah, I fucking hated that word, but it felt damn amazing to throw it back in his big dumb face. The man was fucking out of his mind if he thought he could keep denying this connection we have together.

“I said get the fuck out.”

“Not until you admit what you are—who you are. My soulmate.”

“Never,” he said sinisterly. His fist met with my face, catching me off guard. Then the next few punches I tried to deflect, but it was too late, that first one wrung my bell, and he kept hitting me until my head got fuzzy and I started to black out.

I hit the floor, my whole body crumpled in a half-naked mess.

“Shit, Skid. I’m sorry,” he said, his Jekyll side drifting away as he dropped down next to me. “I blacked out... I—I didn’t mean it,” he stuttered.

But it was too late. Whatever hopes I had for a future with Warrant were gone. No relationship was worth this—not even to the man of my dreams.

His hand fit around my bicep, but I flinched, moving out of his grasp. “Don’t you dare touch me!” I shouted.

“Skid, I’m sorry!”

It brought me back to my past, to the day my stepdad beat the fuck out of me for finding a gay magazine under my bed.

“I won’t have some faggot living in my house!” the bastard roared.

His fists rained down on me, beating me senseless. I was powerless against him. So powerless that I just gave in, pretending to be something I wasn’t for the sake of everyone around me. I didn’t want to be an embarrassment to my mother or anyone else.

Blocking out my hidden desires from the world was easy, but keeping the thoughts from entering my brain, not so much. I still found men attractive, just not men who used force as a way to insert dominance over others like Warrant and my stepdad. I found out later, when my mom finally divorced that bastard she married, that he was in the closet. It wasn’t until she found him fucking the next-door neighbor that she finally figured out what a piece of shit he was.

Not that the damage wasn't already done, he'd broken my spirit, shaming me into the man I was today. A man so consumed by fear he couldn't even admit who he really was out loud. But then Warrant came into my life, and I felt like my stars were finally changing, that look of utter devotion in his eyes was real. But I was wrong. I was wrong about so many things.

Throwing on my clothes, I put as much space between Warrant and I as I could.

"Skid, please. I'm sorry."

I held up a hand, silencing him. "Just shut the fuck up. We're done, Victor. Forget I even came here."

He grabbed my wrist, whipping me back toward him, then I felt his mouth cover mine. For a moment, I got lost in his possessive kiss, but then the pain he inflicted on my lip returned and everything he did to me came rushing back.

My hands pushed against his bare chest, and I violently shoved him away. "Stay away from me, Warrant, I have no time for closeted assholes that use their fists as weapons."

Without another word, I marched out of the room, leaving Warrant behind me for good.

Chapter Fifteen

Warrant

What the fuck was wrong with me? Why was I pushing him away? He wasn't asking me to flaunt our sexuality in front of the club, he was asking me to keep it a secret, both of us living the life we always hoped we could.

I stared at my reflection in the mirror, hating the man who stared back at me. "You're such a fucking coward." I was nothing more than chicken feathers with muscles, too afraid to stand up for what I really wanted... Skid.

No, I couldn't give in to the temptations. I had to stay strong.

A soft knock on my door had me hoping it was him, but when I found Mitzi standing there instead, my heart dropped, realizing I really fucked shit up.

"Hey, big guy. Want some company?" Mitzi was my normal go-to girl. She was down for pretty much anything and loved getting rammed in the ass. A lot of times when I fucked her, I pictured Skid, and the fact that my room still smelled like sex didn't help the situation. My ass was in some serious pain, but maybe fucking someone else could cover up these feelings of regret I was having inside.

I pulled her into me, kissing her hard and fiercely like she was everything I had been craving. But her lips didn't feel right, nor did her body feel good in my arms. Not like Skid's did.

"What's wrong?" she asked, pulling away to look in my eyes. "You're usually pretty into this?"

It was then I realized her hand was on my cock, but it was limp and not aroused.

"Why don't you try sucking it? That always seems to help."

She dropped to her knees, pulling my length between her lips. Mitzi made some obnoxious sounds with her mouth, like she somehow thought it would arouse me in some way.

It had the opposite effect.

I tried to block it out, picturing Skid down on his knees in front of me instead, but it wasn't working.

My mind started to play tricks on me. And the image of him down on his knees replaced her vibrant red hair and freckles.

“Fuck, Jason. Just like that.”

She pulled away, eyes widened in horror. “Jason? Who the fuck is Jason?”

“Shit, that just slipped out.”

“Are you some kind of faggot?” she asked, laughing like a bitch. “You are, aren't you? Figures, you always liked to give it to me up the ass. Wait till the other girls hear this. Big, bad Warrant is a closeted fag.”

“Shut the fuck up!” I yelled.

She smirked at me. “Yeah, nice try. But this is just too good of gossip to keep to myself.”

She started walking for the door, but I whipped her back to me, holding a knife to her throat. “Say one fucking word, and I'll slit your goddamn throat.”

Her eyes widened. “I was just joking, Warrant, calm the fuck down.”

The blade dug even deeper, pricking her flesh. “I'm fucking serious, Mitzi. If you want to live to see tomorrow, you won't speak a word of this to anyone.” When she didn't say anything, I shook her, digging the blade in more. “Do you fucking understand? I'll slit your goddamn throat if you even think about saying anything.”

She gulped, tears streaming down her face. “I hear you,” she said. “I'm sorry.”

I pushed her towards the door. “Get the fuck out of here before I second guess myself.”

She ran from the room, tears streaming down her face. But the damage was done. If I didn’t do something fast, the club was going to find out about our dirty little secret. I couldn’t let that happen. The hard part was, there was only one thing that would tear this club apart enough to take the heat off me. But that was a death sentence in itself.

I didn’t know what was worse. The club finding out I liked men, or Sabbath finding out his Ol’ Lady’s been sleeping with every man in his club, me included. Shit, there really was no good outcome that could come of this.

It was either expose Shasta and all her wrong doings, or expose my secret to men who just wouldn’t understand.

“Hey, was that Mitzi running out of here?” Skid asked, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

“Yeah.”

“Why was she crying?”

I sighed. “Because I said something I shouldn’t have, and now everything is all fucked up.” My hand found his neck, and I pressed my forehead to his. “Don’t worry, though. I’m going to make things right, Jason. I swear to you I will.”

“What’s that even mean?” he asked, his eyes widening after I gave him an unexpected kiss. The man was pretty much done with me, and I was throwing him so many mixed signals, but I had to do this. It was the only way to protect us both.

“You’re scaring me, Warrant. What the fuck are you going to do?”

“Whatever I have to, to protect us.”

Before he could say anything else, I fled my room, looking for the only man that could create enough chaos to take the heat off me.

Sabbath.

Chapter Sixteen

Skid

The way Warrant ran out of the room had my heart pumping violently in my chest. After everything that happened in the room, him pushing me away, sending me all these mixed signals, then beating the fuck out of me, the last thing I expected was for him to kiss me like that.

But he did. And the finality of that kiss hit me deep inside my soul.

Something told me that I should race after him, and before I could think of anything else, my feet were moving, heading in the same direction Warrant fled.

I didn't have to go far to find him, he was standing outside the clubhouse doors, flagging Sabbath down.

He wouldn't.

“Yo, Sabbath, I need to talk to you.”

Sabbath stopped walking and turned to face him.

“What's up?”

Warrant ran a hand through his dark brown locks, those blue eyes shining with worry. He looked reluctant and hesitant, but it was definitely evident he had something on his mind, something he desperately wanted to tell Sabbath. And if my gut was telling me right, he was about to knock this whole club on its ass.

“I have something I need to tell you.”

Please no.

“Well, out with it. The rest of the club is going to be back soon, and I have some shit to do.”

“It's about Shasta.”

Fuck! He's really doing this!

Sabbath's back went ramrod straight, and I could see his brow narrowing. "What about her?"

"Well, I don't know how to tell you this. But Hoax wasn't lying."

"Hoax wasn't lying about what?"

"About her..." Warrant paused.

Stop, before he hurts you. Shit, he's really fucking doing this.

He continued, "You know when he accused her of fucking other guys in the club? Well, he wasn't wrong. She's been fucking any guy she can get her hands on."

Sabbath's eyes narrowed even further.

"And how the fuck do you know this?" he asked, his mouth pulling into a sneer.

"Because we all agreed to it a long time ago."

"Agreed to what, exactly?"

Warrant's fists clenched by his sides, and I could see the literal war going on inside his head. He knew he shouldn't be saying anything, but he couldn't stop now. He'd already said so much.

"We agreed that if Shasta was ever down to fuck any of us, it be called a Hall Pass. It was a play on her last name. A free pass to fuck your Ol' Lady behind your back. The only rule is that no one could tell you about it." Warrant looked at his feet. "But here I am, breaking that rule now. I know you love her, Sabbath, but she's been skating around on you, and everyone in the club has been cashing in their Hall Passes for the last few months."

"Everyone?"

Warrant's eyes widened, realization hitting him.

He's not that stupid, is he?

“Well, Snyder and Clash for sure, and I believe maybe Ranger and Wasp as well.”

“And what about you, Warrant?” Sabbath sounded eerily calm, and it was making the hair on my arms stand up straight. “Did you cash in your Hall Pass?”

He hesitated. *Shit! Why the fuck is he hesitating?*

A look of pure carnal rage pierced Sabbath’s eyes, and before Warrant could react, his gun was drawn, the bullet moving straight through his chest.

I wanted to scream, but I couldn’t. So far, Sabbath hadn’t noticed me spying on him, and since the cat was out of the bag, I needed to get out of his line of fire. Tears streamed down my face as I watched my lover hit the ground, and the brutal man who shot him, stand over him with a wild look in his eyes.

“I’ll fucking murder you all,” he seethed, his hands shaking violently. The man had literally lost his shit, hijacking the crazy train and derailing it completely.

I wasn’t sure what to do, but when I saw him raise his gun, shooting Warrant again and again, Warrant’s body jerking from each vindictive blast, I did the only thing I could do... I ran.

I covered the sob that worked its way up my throat, and took off, putting distance between me and the crazed maniac that was out for blood.

Fishing my phone out of my pocket, I called the only man who could help in a situation like this.

“Yo, Skid, what’s up? We’re on our way back. We should be there in about an hour.”

“He knows!”

“What? Who? What the fuck are you talking about?” Snyder asked, his voice etching with concern.

“Warrant’s dead. Sabbath knows. Fuck, she’s here alone, Snyder. He’s going to fucking kill her. I don’t know what to do?”

The line went dead.

Snyder had hung up the phone, but who could blame him? Death was on the horizon for all of us, and now that the cat was out of the bag, none of us were safe, especially Shasta Hall.

Chapter Seventeen

Shasta

My cell phone rang loudly in my pocket. I shot Ramona a grin when I saw his name flash on the screen.

Snyder:

“What’s up?” I asked.

“Where are you?” he questioned, panic and urgency prevalent in his tone.

“I’m at Ramona’s. Why?”

“Run!” he said. “We’re too far and can’t get to you in time. Get the fuck out of there and hide!”

“What do you mean?”

“Get away from the clubhouse, Shasta. Now. You have to go... you have to—”

Snyder’s urgent pleas were interrupted by the door being kicked in, splintering the wood as Sabbath’s heavy foot crashed through it. He looked like a crazed maniac standing in the door frame, his eyes darkened with rage and discontent. I could feel his hate through his heated gaze, one that made me feel even closer to my miserable ending.

Shit! He knows.

Death felt like it was blowing a cold wind on my shoulder, marking me for the inevitable. It was only a matter of time before he found out anyway. And now he was here, ready to end my life.

Ramona screamed as Sabbath stalked toward me, smatterings of blood covering his face.

“S—Sabbath what’s wrong?”

“You stupid, ungrateful, fucking bitch!” he roared. He gripped my hair, pulling me violently toward him. “I

FUCKING LOVED YOU!” he shouted, his spit spraying my face like venom. “I FUCKING TRUSTED YOU!” he growled out, manic rage throbbing in his eyes. “This is how you fucking repay me? By turning my club against me and using your pussy as a fucking bargaining chip?”

Bile rose in my throat. “S—Sabbath, I—I—” His hand connected with my face, cutting and splitting my lip.

“SHUT THE FUCK UP!” he roared.

“Are you going to kill me?”

He looked at me sinisterly, his mouth curling into a snarl. “Oh no, Shasta. Killing you would be far too easy.” He moved his mouth against the lobe of my ear, his whisper creating frightened shivers rolling over every inch of me. “First, I’m going to kill every man that dared to fucking touch you, and you’re going to fucking watch.” He paused. “By the way... one down, so many to go.”

My heart raced. *Who did he kill? What life did Sabbath take this time?*

He continued, breaking my train of thought. “Then I’m going to fuck you on their rotting corpses. You wanted a harem, Shasta. So, I’m going to give you one, complete with necrophilia and blood play.” He laughed evilly. “Then when we’re done desecrating the bodies of my enemies, I’m going to end your miserable life, leaking every ounce of blood out of your pathetic body until you’re nothing more than used up tits and a rotting pussy.”

“Sabbath! Please. I—I never meant—I’m so—” But the word *sorry* never left my lips. Because deep down I regretted nothing.

“Fuck your pathetic pleas for me to spare your life. Your life on this planet is over once I’m done ridding it of all the men who dared to touch what was mine!” His voice was nothing but rage and power, but before he could push me towards the door, a loud clang vibrated off the back of his head and that firm grip he had on me lessened.

Sabbath crumpled to the floor, a large bump already forming near the nape of his neck.

“Go!” Ramona shouted. “Now, before he wakes up.” She was holding the enormous metal vase she kept near her mantle, her body heaving with frustrated sobs.

Tears dripped haphazardly down my face as all the guilt of what happened came slamming into me. I caused Sabbath to go crazy. I was the reason he was so fucked up and deranged.

“Shasta! Get the hell out of here.”

I wasn't sure where I could go to hide. Sabbath would find me no matter where I went. That was the problem with sins. They have this uncanny way of catching up to you, eventually.

“What about you?”

“I can take care of myself. Just go! Now! Please, before he wakes up.”

Everything was so messed up, and the men who swore they'd protect me were all gone, sent on some bullshit mission that Sabbath obviously set up as a decoy.

“Shasta, go!”

But I had nowhere to go. My sins had caught up to me, dragging me down into my own inner Hell, that felt morbidly good at that moment.

I felt a shove, and my body moved robotically, floating down the steps until I almost pitched forward, tripping over something on the ground. It took me almost a full minute to realize it was a body.

My scream pierced the air, and when I saw Warrant's lifeless eyes staring up at me, I took off running, jumping into my car that was only a few feet away.

He was dead!

It was all my fault!

I fucking did this.

Every man in this club was going to die because of me—because I was too stupid to see the outcome of my own selfish actions. I put everyone in danger, and now their death sentences were on my head.

Peeling out of the club's parking lot, I left it all behind, too consumed with my own guilty conscience to realize I left my only friend to be feasted on by the wolves. I started hitting my wheel as the tears spilled down my face, mirroring the torrential downpour that magically opened up in the heavens.

This was God's way of pissing on me. It would figure that he'd have some weird sick sense of humor that involved a mockery of my own guilty tears.

The road started to blur in front of me, then I just couldn't see it anymore, washing away the markers that normally were on the ground. My car hit a deep pocket of water, and it started to hydroplane, sending me skidding all over the place until I hit the embankment and my car soared through the air, crashing into the ditch that was quickly filling with water. Upon impact, my windshield shattered, and shards of angry glass cut into my face, slicing me open like a punishing whip.

The thought made me momentarily think of Wasp, and then the sob caught in my throat, because the train that followed brought me back to those dead eyes and open mouth, lying lifelessly in the parking lot of the clubhouse.

The violent snap my head made as it whipped forward then bounced off the airbag was creating havoc inside my head.

All I could hear was a horn, muffled by the heavy droplets of rain that was flooding the inside of the vehicle. Carefully, I found the strength to unbuckle myself, then attempted to open the driver's door, only to find it jammed shut and not budging. My only hope of escape was to crawl through the jagged shards of glass sticking out of the windshield. I gripped the steering wheel, then very weakly pulled myself up and out of the newly formed hole in my perfectly good car.

Agony ripped through me as my wrists impaled themselves on a few jagged pieces of glass, cutting a line perfectly down the vein of my forearms.

Blood trickled out of the wounds, gurgling out of me as if it was retreating from my betraying body and ridding itself of dead weight.

Crawling over the hood, I found myself on the muddy embankment, clawing at the dirt as it melted beneath my hands.

After what felt like an eternity, I found myself back on solid ground—solid, mushy ground, that slurped and squished beneath my footing.

I was losing too much blood, and even though I could've attempted to cover up my wounds and try to stop the bleeding, I let the crimson liquid leak from my body, allowing the universe to do its worst.

“IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED!” I shouted up to the heavens. “For me to die and beg for your mercy?”

My body collapsed, dizziness overtaking me as I fell to the ground. A bolt of lightning zapped off in the distance, and the sound of thunder roared through my ears, alerting me to the storm that was brewing on top of me.

I was going to die out here.

Alone.

Forgotten.

A fitting end to the betraying bitch I had become. The avid cheater who slowly turned a whole club against the only man she swore to love indefinitely. A man so filled with rage that he would kill everyone close to him just to get his revenge.

And what did my revenge bring me besides confusion and pain? How could I go from only loving one man, to loving so many?

As I clawed at the ground, my fingers digging into the muddy earth below me, staring up at the sky that lit up with bolts of jagged lightning, my thoughts went back to the men who had changed my life forever.

Pain hit my heart when my mind drifted to the man who lost his life because of me, the man I forced into a situation he should've never been a part of in the first place.

This blood was a symbol of my decaying soul. And now God was punishing me for all the mortal sins I so blatantly slung in his face.

The lust and passion I felt for the men who were off limits to me.

The greed I endured while gathering them to be my own personal fucked up harem, as Sabbath called it.

The wrath that consumed me as hate took over my heart, calling out for vengeance against the man I pledged my life to, and needing justice to be served to him for straying on me.

The fucking envy I felt in my core when I watched the other women make him feel things I couldn't anymore, slowly taking him away from me.

The gluttony as I engorged myself on muscled meat, enjoying the treasure trove of cock my pussy so eagerly consumed.

I was stewing in my own goddamn pride, delusional grandeur ruling my whole being as that cocky sense of vindication became all I thirsted for. I was stupid to think I had won the war. I was stupid to believe my sins wouldn't catch up with me. Now I was sluggishly crawling across the ground, refusing to fight for this miserable life I created, invoking my inner sloth as my sins swallowed me whole.

One fucking sin for every man I used to even the score. Only, I wasn't even. Sabbath was still in the lead, adding to his fuck account like he was Scrooge McDuck swimming in a bank vault of money.

It was all for naught. And now I was going to die out here in the middle of nowhere, bleeding out in the middle of a ditch. *Wait, is that a house?* My bleary eyes focused on the outline of a building. The faint glow of light filtered out through a crack in the curtain.

Someone was home.

Someone who could save me.

But why would there be a house in the middle of nowhere? And why was I now only a few feet away from the doorstep?

It wouldn't matter if I crawled up the creaking steps or not, my time was fading fast, and I was seconds away from slipping away completely. I could almost feel my unborn child up in heaven reaching out for me, calling out for the mother he never received. Is this what Hell actually felt like? To feel the presence of those you wronged, but still feel their undying love even if you didn't deserve it? I was sinking even further into my own personal purgatory, driving myself to inner madness as agonizing pain took over me.

"Is this what you wanted?" I shouted.

"Was this your fucking plan?"

A bolt of thunder flashed directly over me, then the thunder clapped back, taunting me from above.

"Fine! You win!" I shouted as my body hit the ground, and I let the puddles of rain form around my figure. "Take me!"

I heard a door crack behind me, and heavy footsteps step out onto the porch. Then I was being cradled into someone's arms, as murmurs of prayers were whispered into my ears.

My body weakly gave in to the darkness, but as I slowly drifted in and out of consciousness, another streak of lightning lit up the sky, illuminating the face of an angel—a face I knew all too well.

My shaking hand lifted to cup his cheek, admiring the familiar face that had been sent to help me cross over.

The alive part of me that was barely hanging on, was still questioning the world, wondering all the things I couldn't quite explain that brought me into his arms.

Why was he here?

How did I find him in this moment of weakened darkness?

His deep green eyes looked so stricken with fear, and I could feel him assessing my wounds, even though I felt out of body.

“Come on, Shasta. I got you,” he said.

“Just let me die,” I murmured, embracing death as he breathed over my shoulder. “Please,” I whispered. “I deserve —”

“You're not done yet,” he gritted out, hoisting me up into his arms. “God brought you to my doorstep for a reason, Shasta, and I think you've been sent here for me to save you.”

Thank you!

I hope you enjoyed Warrant, Skid, and Shasta's part of the story.

If you enjoyed this book, please leave a review, reviews help authors tremendously and I so appreciate every single reader that takes the time to read and review my books.

Thank you for continuing to read the Lewd Outlaws MC Reverse Harem Series, I hope you will stick around for the rest of the guy's stories and the conclusion to this fucked up crazy harem.

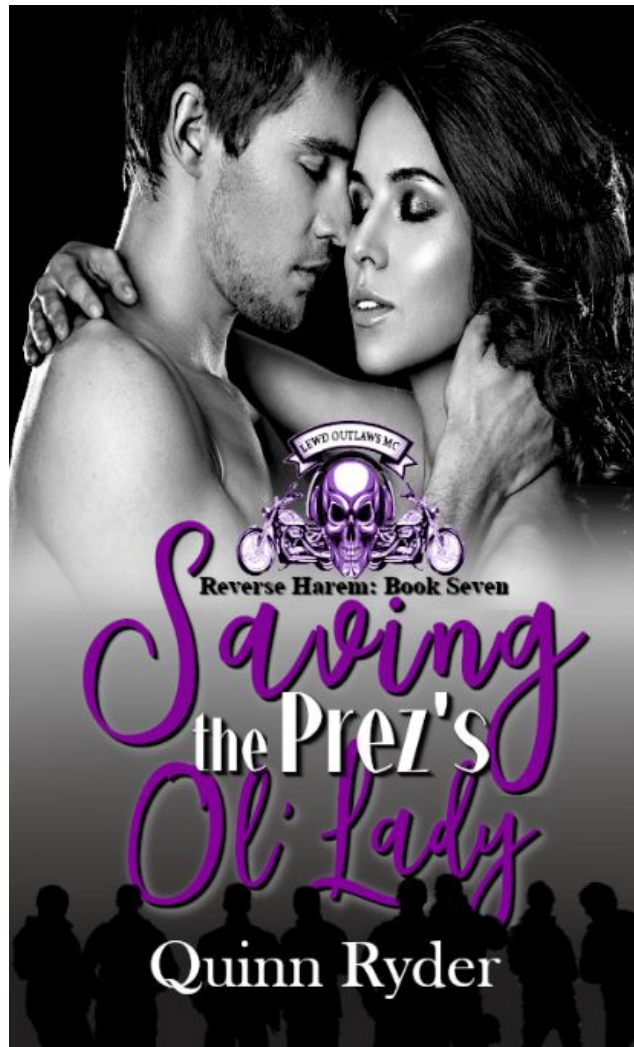
XoXo

Quinn Ryder

Next Book in the Lewd Outlaws MC Reverse Harem Series.

Saving the Prez's Ol' Lady

Book Seven



Purchase here:

[Saving the Prez's Ol' Lady](#)

Synopsis:

I vowed long ago never to let sin rule my life again.

It's why I found sanctity behind the walls of the Lewd Outlaws' clubhouse, and a brotherhood among men I now trusted and respected. I was running from my past, a past filled with so many lies and deception that it was only a matter of time before it caught up to me. Hiding my sins behind my faith wasn't easy, but I took a vow, pledging my heart, body, and soul to the man upstairs. Temptations were thy enemy, and the biggest temptation of all was the Prez's Ol' Lady.... Shasta Hall.

Getting involved in club drama was never my intention, but when I suddenly found myself cradling Shasta in my arms, I knew God had placed her in my path to be saved.

I never thought I'd turn on Sabbath, but even loyalty falters when you're pushed to your breaking point. So, when Sabbath asked me to do the unthinkable, he crossed a line with me that there was no coming back from. Now my loyalty was pledged to the woman that was hiding from him, and even though the rest of the club had vowed to protect her, I knew deep down that Shasta Hall was mine alone to save.

Lewd Outlaws MC Reverse Harem Series.

(Click the name below to purchase the next books in the Lewd Outlaws Reverse Harem Series)

1. [Tempting the Prez's Ol' Lady](#)
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Other Books by Quinn Ryder

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[Dusty's Tracks](#)

[Cami's Connections](#)

[Filly's Remorse](#)



# **The Celestial Sons MC Series**

(Co-Write with Annelise Reynolds)

*(Light MC)*

[\*\*Zodiac: Book One\*\*](#)

[\*\*Scorpio: Book Two\*\*](#)

[\*\*Pincher: Book Three\*\*](#)



# Harriers of Vengeance MC

*(DARK MC/PILOTS)*

[Hawk: Book One](#)



# **The Santoyo Brothers Trilogy**

(Mafia Cartel: Part of the Social Rejects Syndicate Universe)

[\*\*Sergio: Book One\*\*](#)

[\*\*Emilio: Book Two\*\*](#)

[\*\*Mateo: Book Three\*\*](#)

# Standalones and Collaborations

## Sinful Valentine

*(BDSM, KIDNAPPER, MAFIA)*



## Voodoo

*(VOODOO, DEMONS, HORROR)*

# Author Links:

**Click the links below to find out new information on Quinn Ryder and the men in the Devil's Armada.**

- Facebook Page: [Author Quinn Ryder](#)
- Join her Facebook Group:
- [Quinn Ryder's Ride-or-Diers](#)
- Join the Celestial Sons MC Group: [Fallen Stars](#)
- Follow her on Amazon:
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# About the Author



The Devil's Armada—Don't mess with the Devil if you can't stand the flames.

Quinn Ryder lives in a fantasy world full of badass bikers, feisty heroines, and chrome that's twitching to rumble between your legs.

She's been in the business for five years, so this author is no stranger to written words, but she must admit that the MC world is a bit new to her. Tempted by the corruption and chaos that follows the open road, Quinn created the Armada after one burly biker refused to leave her head until she finished telling his story. Now, Specter and all of his brothers are ready to suck you in with their rough exteriors, foul mouths, and hearts full of steel and chrome.

Are you ready to dive into the world of the Devil's Armada? Come join Quinn Ryder and her men of steel and be prepared to hang on for one hell of a ride!

Quinn Ryder, creating worlds full of danger and intrigue, while riding the road one word at a time.