

The background of the cover features a man from the chest up, shown in profile. He has a large, dark, intricate tattoo on his left shoulder and upper arm. The tattoo appears to be a complex, possibly demonic or occultic design. In the foreground, several human skulls are scattered across the bottom half of the image. The overall color palette is dark, with shades of black, grey, and brown, accented with red speckles and the red text of the title.

Johnston

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

T . O . S M I T H

JOHNSTON

AN MC ROMANCE

SATAN'S WORSHIPPERS MC

BOOK 1

T.O. SMITH

Copyright ©February 2023 by T.O. Smith

All rights reserved.


No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Cover Design: Tiff Writes Romance

Formatting: Tiff Writes Romance

Editing: Tiff Writes Romance

Proofreading: Kimberly Peterson

 Created with Vellum

For Riley, my reason for everything I do.

For every reader who kept asking for more MC romances inside of this world I've created, here you go! I hope you love this fourteen book series as much as you love both charters of the Savage Crows MC.

CONTENTS

Chapter One

Chapter Two

Chapter Three

Chapter Four

Chapter Five

Chapter Six

Chapter Seven

Chapter Eight

Chapter Nine

Chapter Ten

Chapter Eleven

Chapter Twelve

Chapter Thirteen

Chapter Fourteen

Chapter Fifteen

Chapter Sixteen

Satan's Worshippers MC Book Two

Also by T.O. Smith

About T.O. Smith

CHAPTER ONE



Johnston

I stepped down the stairs, trying to be quiet so I wouldn't wake Wendy up—if she wasn't up already. She and I had been sleeping in separate rooms for the last year. I'd married her at eighteen when I'd been young and dumb as fuck. Thought I loved her and *thought* she loved me. But the deeper I got into the life of an outlaw, the more tension threaded between us.

We argued all the time. Fought all the time. I'd tried filing divorce papers, but she refused to sign them, which I didn't fucking understand until we'd had a fight a year ago, in which she told me she wasn't leaving because she deserved the access to my money after all the hell I *supposedly* put her through over the years.

I'd shoved her and all her shit out of what was once our room. And then, I hauled our fucking bed down the stairs and lit the whole goddamn thing on fire in the middle of the front yard, not giving two shits if the neighbors saw and called the fire department. She had yelled and screamed, beat on my chest and back, but I'd stood silent and still, only watching the flames eat at the wood of our bed and the cloth of our mattress until all that was left on the ground was a smoking, hot pile of springs, nails, screws, and the bed frame.

Then, I dug a hole and buried all of it.

Wendy was a fucking nightmare, and one I wanted to get rid of. But getting rid of her was the equivalent of getting rid

of a bed bug infestation. It was nearly goddamn impossible without putting a bullet through her skull. And with how well-known she was in this little town, doing that wasn't as easy as I'd like it to be.

Because trust me, if it was, I would have done it a long damn time ago.

I spent most of my days at the clubhouse now, but for some fucking reason, I'd decided to come home and sleep in my own bed last night. Hell, I didn't even have clothes here, so I was sneaking out of my own fucking house in the clothes I wore the day before.

The classic walk of shame without even getting any pussy.

I had no idea why I'd even come home. I should have just went to the clubhouse like I always did.

The club had no idea I had problems with her—well, expect my VP and best friend, Blayke. I was pretty sure most of them suspected, but they kept their mouths shut about it. They knew better than to question me about my own life. As long as it didn't interfere with club shit, they had no reason to know.

I heaved a tired, heavy sigh when I saw Wendy sitting at the breakfast table in the corner of the kitchen, a mug of coffee in front of her. She'd been up for a while, judging by the curls in her hair and the flawless makeup on her face.

What the fuck did I ever see in her? She was fake as fuck. I wasn't one for a woman wearing makeup, though I sure as hell wasn't going to tell a woman what she could and couldn't do with her own body. The government did enough of that shit for them. I kept my opinions to my damn self.

“Nice of you to come home for once,” Wendy bit out.

I just ignored her and strode to the coffee pot, pouring myself a cup. I probably should have just walked out of the house while I had a chance, but I needed coffee. I'd barely slept the night before, and I needed to wake the fuck up before I got on my bike and tried to ride any kind of distance. Not being fully awake put not just myself, but also other motorists,

at risk. And while I was a grade-A asshole, I wasn't reckless. I wouldn't potentially harm or kill innocent civilians. They were off-limits.

I may be an outlaw. I may put bullets in skulls without a single fucking thought or feeling of remorse. But I didn't put innocent lives in danger. That was my number one rule—maybe my only rule, to be honest.

“Are you going to just fucking ignore me in my own house, Johnston?”

I turned to face her, narrowing my eyes at her. “Better check yourself, Wendy. Your name is not anywhere on this fucking house since I bought it *before* we got married.” And I had. At eighteen, I busted my ass to finally get a bank to allow me to purchase. Took a lot of document plagiarizing on my end and some fake numbers for my “job”, but I eventually got it in the end.

Red crept up her neck, anger flashing in her hazel eyes. “Are you threatening me now?”

Jesus Christ.

She truly was a damn work of art—and not the good kind.

“I'm merely warning you that you don't have shit without me, Wendy. I may not have bothered dragging your ass to court yet, but if you keep pushing your fucking luck with me, I will. And I'll make sure you're broke and fucking homeless, too.”

“You can't do that!” she screeched, slamming her hand on the table.

I arched a brow at her. “I can't?” I asked, my voice still calm. She hated that I always seemed unaffected by shit. But I didn't get this far and become a fucking king in this world by being hot-headed. I always had a level head on my shoulders, and I didn't feel shit unless I *wanted* to feel it. I was a goddamn master at shutting shit off.

She jerked up from the table and grabbed her coffee. I stepped aside when she threw it at me, letting it crash against the wall. My fingers itched to curl around her neck, but I knew

she'd go screeching to the fucking cops like the snitch she truly was.

What I ever fucking saw in her, I'd never know. I wondered about that shit multiple times a day.

“Clean that shit up,” I told her, pouring the rest of the coffee down the drain before sticking the mug in the dishwasher.

“I hate you, Johnston Trim!” she screamed at my back, stomping her foot like a petulant child.

“Feeling is a hundred percent mutual,” I assured her, not bothering to turn around. Then, I smirked and walked out of the house, pulling my bike keys from my pocket.

She screamed at the top of her lungs like a petulant child.



A knock sounded on my office door. I grunted and pulled the cigarette from between my lips. “What?” I barked. I was neck-deep in checking over the books. I trusted Geek to always have everything done right; I hadn't ever found a mistake. But he and I both agreed that two sets of eyes were better than one. So, for years now, we had a system of him doing the books, and then I would check over them to make sure nothing was messed up anywhere.

Trigger pushed the door open. Trigger was my Sergeant at Arms. When I'd still been trying to build this club up, he'd been nothing but a prospect, a kid eager to belong to something. Barely eighteen, a high-school drop-out, determined to not be addicted to drugs like his parents.

We'd been involved in a shootout during a run, and he'd taken two shots for me—one to the stomach and one to the thigh. He'd barely fucking made it to the hospital in time to save him, but when he came out of the woods, I patched him in as my Sergeant at Arms. I trusted him with my life, and he didn't take that trust lightly.

“Texas charter just rode in. Scorpion's ready to see you.”

Scorpion was the president of my Texas charter. He was cold, calculated, and ruthless—the best president I could have for that charter. He'd been pulling in a fuck ton of profit for the entire club because of his connections to the Savage Crows MC—both the Texas charter and the mother charter—the Sons of Hell, Fathers of Mayhem, and the Mexican cartel.

He'd crossed me wrong by blowing up my Texas charter clubhouse a while back in retaliation for the shit they did to his old lady, the then-president's little sister, but after looking into him, I knew he'd be a good addition to my club.

So, I made him the president. I prided myself on having only the best men in this club, so I had a “law” that if you took out the president, you took that patch. But I'd been planning on killing Scorpion. He'd sabotaged me. But he had a damn good head on his shoulders and too many connections to not take advantage of making him the prez.

One of the best decisions I'd made.

“Send him on in,” I told Trigger.

He nodded once and slipped from my office, returning a few moments later with Scorpion, but still giving me enough time to clear my desk of the books, locking them in the filing cabinet behind me. Anything to do with my club, I kept locked up tight. Fuck a filing cabinet. They were too damn easy to break into.

I stood when Scorpion stepped into the room. Trigger waited for my command. I nodded once at him, and he quietly shut the door behind him with a soft click, leaving Scorpion and me to discuss his recent run with the SCMC Texas Charter.

I clapped him on the back. “Take a seat,” I ordered while I dropped into mine behind my desk. I glanced over at him, noting the bags under his eyes. “Didn't get much sleep?”

He just smirked. “You know how old ladies are—they hate being apart. Can't say my dick complained though.”

I barked out a laugh, nothing showing on my face at the old lady comment. I might have known if I'd been smarter

when I was younger, but I chose the wrong woman to marry, and it had caused me nothing but hell since. I had to instead either rely on my hand or one of the club bunnies to get off. I knew Wendy was fucking around, too, but I didn't give a shit.

She could fuck whoever she wanted as long as she didn't bring them into my house, and so far, she hadn't. She was at least *that* smart. We just had a silent agreement of sorts to make sure neither of us was caught.

"How'd the run go?" I asked him, ready to get down to business.

"Smooth. Met up with Grim, Alex, and Bullet in Houston. Did the exchange. Headed back home. I'm waiting on a call from River to find out when he wants his shipment."

River was the president of the Fathers of Mayhem MC. He was a silent, broody type, and he never expanded his empire, only keeping what he needed and never taking over more territory. Men that were powerful but weren't power-hungry were the ones you needed to watch out for, and also the ones you wanted to keep on your side.

Especially since River's old lady had an attachment to the president of the Sons of Hell, whose stepson was the son of Alejandro, the Mexican cartel's leader. One fuck-up with River could send everything Scorpion and I had worked together to build into destruction.

Scorpion reached into his cut and pulled out an envelope, handing it to me. "Do your count so I know we're good," he said, inclining his head to the envelope in my hands.

I pulled out the wad of cash and began to count. Scorpion sat quietly, his eyes shut, but I knew he was aware of every single thing happening around him. He was like me—didn't let his guard down a single bit, not even during sleep.

Once I'd counted twice, I put it back in the envelope. "Count's good," I told him. "Go on out and enjoy the party. I'll be out in a bit."

He nodded once and left my office. I got up and put the money in the safe to deal with tomorrow during church, and

then I pulled the books back out to finish looking over them.

Work now. Play after. That was how I always did shit.

And fuck knew I needed to play—preferably in some wet pussy that didn't fucking argue with me about petty bullshit.

CHAPTER TWO



Aaliyah

It was too early for this bullshit.

I'd worked late last night at the clubhouse, making sure liquor was stocked, there was enough beer, and making sure all the glasses were cleaned and spotless so the guys would have what they needed before the scheduled bartender for the evening came in. The Texas charter of Satan's Worshippers MC was riding in today, and I knew there would be a party. I was off tonight—the other bartender, Lani, taking the shift—but I still needed more fucking sleep.

Which was near impossible to get when your boyfriend was on one of his fucking rampages, thinking I was sleeping with one of the club guys. And trust me, the thought had crossed my mind since I had seen the way they fucked and knew they'd be good at it. They fucked like savages and had their women screaming like porn stars.

Unlike my jackass of a boyfriend who couldn't find the clit even when I fucking pointed it out to him. He was the “get my nut and fall asleep” kind of guy. My sex life fucking *sucked*. I didn't know what it was like to get off with a dick. The only orgasms I'd gotten had come from my own toys or my fingers.

I wouldn't even still be with him if I didn't fucking need somewhere to stay. He was a grade-A asshole who thought his shit didn't stink.

News flash, it did.

“Dirk, I’m trying to sleep,” I groaned.

He grabbed the blanket and flung it back. I snapped my eyes open, glaring up at him. “Resting up from being a fucking slut last night?” he seethed down at me. I sat up and swung my legs over the edge of the bed before standing up to my full height. Like fuck was he talking down to me.

“I was *working*—pouring fucking drinks, restocking liquor, and cleaning fucking dishes, Dirk. How many times do we have to fucking go through this?”

It was a constant argument with us, but my earnings paid most of the bills here. Dirk couldn’t hold a steady job to save his fucking life. Even now, he was working for a temp service in the city that was an hour away from where we lived because no one around here would hire him.

He gripped my arm tight enough that I knew it would leave bruises, but I didn’t even flinch. I was used to his shit by now. I just kept my eyes steady on his, not showing a hint of fear. Even my heart rate was calm as could be.

He had stopped scaring me long ago. Now, I was just numb to his bullshit.

“You’re an ungrateful fucking whore,” he snarled down at me, his spit coating my face. I grimaced and reached up to wipe it away. He smacked my arm away, leering down at me. “What—you’ll allow those biker fucks to spit on your face but not me?” He shoved me down onto my knees. I barely bit back a sigh—already knowing what was coming.

“Maybe you want to be treated like they treat their women,” he taunted, yanking down his zipper and pulling out his dick. I barely refrained from rolling my eyes as he began jacking himself off.

“They treat their women better than you do me,” I told him, sounding bored. “At least they can find the clit and get their women off.” It was the first time I’d ever said that to him, but I was beyond dealing with his shit today.

He gripped my hair hard enough to make it smart and yanked my head back, glaring down at me. “Get the fuck out,”

he seethed. “Get your shit, and *get the fuck out.*”

I rose from my knees and walked to the closet, grabbing my duffel. I threw what I could into it while he stormed outside, most likely going to his friend’s house to get high and wasted. It was his usual routine once I’d pissed him off enough.

Once I had what I could fit in the duffel, I jogged down the stairs, not wanting to be here a second longer. I just had to figure out where to go from here.

I gritted my teeth at the sight of my busted, passenger-side window. A tire iron lay on the ground by the door, a clear indication that my fucker of a now ex-boyfriend had busted it before he left.

What a dick.

It was cold as shit outside, and the ride to the clubhouse was going to be even colder with the wind blowing into the fucking car. Muttering under my breath about the jackass, I stowed my bag in the backseat and slammed the door shut before stalking around to the driver’s side, preparing myself for the cold as fuck ride.

Probably should have changed out of my pajamas first and maybe put a bra on, but too fucking late now. I wasn’t going back in that goddamn house.

I just hoped the MC might be able to take me in until I could figure something else out.

I pushed my foot on the accelerator when I hit the highway, my slippered foot almost slipping off the gas pedal. I sighed. I hated driving in these things, yet more often than not, I always forgot I was wearing them until I got on the fucking road.

How many times had I shown up to the clubhouse in my house slippers? Too many damn times to count, enough that Johnston had taken it upon himself to keep a pair of boots in his office for me.

Johnston... if that man wasn’t married, I’d be trying my luck with him. But thing was, he *was* married—and

apparently, happily at that. They got married at eighteen—some young love kind of shit that I didn't believe in.

In fact, I didn't really believe love existed at all. I thought it was a load of horse shit. I mean, look at me and Dirk. We'd been together since high school. I thought he was *the one*. Until he rented the house I just left, moved me in with him when I aged out of foster care, and then started treating me like dirt.

Love was nothing but a pile of shit that people made up so they could believe in something they thought was good. Truth was though, love didn't exist, and believing in it only got you hurt.

I frowned when I pulled through the clubhouse gates, seeing the number of motorcycles on the lot. Looked like the Texas charter had ridden in early. I even glanced down at the dim clock on my dashboard to make sure it wasn't later in the day, but nope. It was only lunchtime.

Scorpion worked fast, apparently.

I slipped out of my car and headed for the clubhouse doors. Lawson, the road captain, looked up when I walked in, a frown pulling at his lips. "Girly, you're still in your PJs," he commented, looking hella confused.

I snorted. "No shit, Law," I said, calling him by his nickname. "Where's the prez? I need to talk to him."

Lawson stood up from the table he was sitting at, striding over to me. "Everything okay? Not like you to show up on your day off like this, especially wearing that," he said, scanning his eyes over me. His eyes momentarily stopped on my tits, but he was quick to put those eyes of his back on my face.

"Just need to talk to the prez," I told him, pretending like I didn't see his wandering eyes.

He grunted and pressed his hand to my lower back before leading me down the hall to Johnston's office. He knocked. "What the fuck?" Johnston snapped from behind the door, and my lips quirked with a smirk. He *hated* being disturbed when

he was working. I was probably the only person he hadn't lashed out at yet. Had no idea why. The man apparently had a soft spot for me.

I'd once accidentally dropped an entire tray of glasses, shattering all of them, and all he did was pick me up and set me down at a table, ordering someone else to clean it up. Yet, when someone merely *cracked* a glass a few weeks ago, he'd lost his shit.

"Got a problem, prez."

"For fuck's sake!" Johnston exploded before he swung open the door. "What the—" He abruptly cut himself off when his eyes landed on me. "Get the fuck in here, Aaliyah," he barked.

I slipped into his office and took a seat in one of the chairs in front of his desk. He shut the door in Lawson's face, making me snort out a laugh, before turning to face me. "The hell are you doing here on your day off?" he asked, his voice a bit calmer now. "And in your goddamn pajamas, at that."

I sighed and pushed my fingers against my forehead, where a headache was beginning to come on. "Got into it with Dirk. Pretty sure we broke up. He kicked me out." I looked up at him. "I don't have anywhere to go right now."

Johnston leaned against his desk, crossing his bulky arms over his chest. His tattoos peeked out from beneath his long sleeves and crawled up his neck from beneath the collar of his shirt. "Always got somewhere to go, Red," he said, calling me by that name he'd taken to calling me since I'd gotten hired. It made a weird feeling stir in my chest each time—a feeling I liked and probably shouldn't. "You can stay here. I'll put you in the room next to mine, make sure no one bothers you. You got your stuff with you, or do we need to gather up some guys and go get it?"

I shook my head. "I grabbed what was important," I told him. "Don't need the rest of it."

Johnston arched a perfect, dark brow at me. "You sure? We can go. Fucker won't touch you."

I smiled up at him. He was always looking out for me, and it made warmth spread through my veins. “I’m sure, Johnston. I’d just really like to get in a bed. I’m still tired as fuck.”

He nodded and stood up straight. “Come on. I’ll have one of the guys get your bag out of your car while I get you in a room. How much sleep did you get?” He ran his eyes over me, and my nipples pebbled behind my shirt. His gaze stopped there for a moment, his eyes darkening the slightest bit, before he trailed them lower, stopping on my feet. He barked out a laugh. “Those fuckin’ slippers, I swear.”

I shrugged. “I was in a rush.”

Shaking his head, he opened the office door and beckoned for me to walk out ahead of him. I stood up and slipped by him, ducking under his arm that was holding open his door. He walked out behind me before shutting and locking his office, dropping the key into his pocket. “Geek,” Johnston called, grabbing the attention of the club Secretary, “go out to Aaliyah’s car and get her bag.”

“Already got it,” Law said, coming inside. He looked at me. “The fuck happened to your window? Dom and Drew are getting it fixed for you.”

I grimaced. Johnston tensed beside me. I could feel his gaze boring into the side of my head, but I didn’t dare turn around to look at him. “Dirk got pretty pissed this morning,” I said with a shrug, trying to blow it off.

“He touch you?” Johnston snarled, sounding dangerous and every bit of the outlaw I knew he was.

I quickly shook my head, lying to them, but what they didn’t know wouldn’t hurt them. Wouldn’t have been the first time Dirk put his hands on me. These men were protective of women.

Johnston growled quietly before grabbing my bag from Lawson and leading me down one of the halls where the living quarters were. He pushed open a door that was one up from the last one. “That one is mine,” he said, pointing at the last

door. “If you need me, don’t hesitate to bother me.” He pushed open the door in front of us. “It’s not great, but it’ll do.”

I shrugged, taking in the mostly bare room. It had the necessities, and that was really all I needed. “Long as I can sleep and take a shower, that’s all I need,” I assured him.

He set my bag on the floor beside the bed. “Stay as long as you need, Red. No time limit for you, you hear me?” He pointed to the bed. “Get some sleep, and when you’re ready, come join the party and unwind.”

With that, he slipped from the room. I sank onto the bed, sighing at the softness of the mattress—so much better than Dirk’s piece of shit bed.

I glanced down at my duffel and grunted. I’d deal with it later. Sleep was calling my name, and this bed was way too comfortable. I’d sleep now and worry about everything else later.

CHAPTER THREE



Johnston

I felt like my teeth were going to vibrate out of my gums. The bass was thumping from whatever hip-hop song was playing—something from the early 2000s. The walls were shaking, and the floor was vibrating beneath my feet.

But so far, the party was a hell of a good one. I was pretty sure Gidget, the Texas charter’s Sergeant at Arms, and Blayke, my Vice President, were both right on the verge of getting one of the club girls naked and sharing her between them. Fuck—couldn’t blame them. She was curvy in all the right places, and those heels she had on would make any man want to fuck her.

“Yo, Aaliyah!” Drew shouted. I snapped my head up, almost dropping my beer. When the fuck had she gotten down here?

Sure enough, she was coming out of the back hallway, a pair of tiny ass shorts on with a crop top, her nipples straining against the tight, black fabric. The curve of her ass cheeks were visible at the bottom of her shorts as she turned and accepted Drew’s hug.

Jealousy crawled through my veins. Aaliyah was family; I knew that. She’d been working here for two years now, had taken all the guys’ shit and given it right back to them time and time again, never backing down. She was tough as nails, and the guys loved her. And even though I knew that love was just familial love—at least, that’s what I told myself so I didn’t feel murderous every time they touched her—it still pissed me

right the fuck off when I saw any of them even breathing too close to her.

“Dance with me?” I couldn’t hear him, but I saw his lips form those words, and red momentarily tinted my vision.

Growling, I lurched up from my chair and made my way over to the dance floor just as they reached it. I quickly cut in. “I think the prez deserves a dance with her first.” It was an asshole move, and I knew it. But fuck if I was letting *anything* happen between the two of them tonight.

“Sure thing,” Drew said, quickly taking a step back from Aaliyah and dropping his hands. I grasped her hips and dragged her forward so she was flush against my body. I had no doubt she could feel how hard I was for her, but I was beyond the point of giving a fuck.

She quirked a single brow at me, a playful smirk tilting her lips. “The prez deserves a dance with me first, huh?” she teased, amusement lingering in her eyes.

I just grunted. We weren’t moving, but I didn’t care. I was afraid if she moved even the slightest bit, I’d lose whatever last bit of control I had and drag her to my room. Heat thrummed through my veins. Her curves were soft against my hardened body, the skin of her hips smooth against my calloused thumbs.

My mouth was practically watering at the mere thought of tasting her. Would she be sweet? I bet she would be. Fucking addictive, too. I’d been addicted to her from the very first moment her gorgeous, blue eyes met mine, her curly red hair unable to be tamed that day, so she had it piled on her head in a messy bun.

If my marriage hadn’t already been over that day, it fucking would’ve been just from the sight of her. For the last two years, I’d only been able to get off to the image of Aaliyah, even if I was inside of another woman. I pictured her on her knees in front of me, my cock filling her mouth. I pictured bending her over my bed, my hand fisting her hair as I railed her from behind.

Christ.

“Would your wife approve of you being turned on by another woman?” Aaliyah suddenly asked, jerking me from my *very* intimate thoughts. She was walking her fingers up my abs and onto my chest, a sultry look in her eyes.

Fuck, she was killing me.

“I don’t give a fuck about my wife, Red,” I softly growled down at her, my voice barely carrying to her over the pounding music. “So tread carefully.”

She flicked her tongue out over her plump, pink bottom lip, and my restraint snapped.

I grasped her wrist and tugged her off the dance floor, weaving a path for us through the mass of bodies swarming the main room of the clubhouse. Finally, I made it into the hallway. Forcing myself to stop, I turned to face her, my dark eyes trailing down her barely clothed body.

“If I get you in my room, Aaliyah, I’m going to fuck you. So you better run now.”

She shook her head, taking a brave step closer to me. Her blue eyes had darkened to an almost gray color, and her cheeks were flushed. I could see the pulse in her neck rapidly fluttering.

“I want you,” she whispered.

I grasped the back of her neck and crushed my lips to hers. She moaned and opened those pretty, soft lips, tentatively sliding her tongue against mine. I growled and kissed her harder, deeper, showing her it was okay to kiss me how she wanted. And fuck, did she. She thrust her tongue against mine, her hands sliding under my shirt to claw at my chest and abs.

“Fucking hell,” I swore, ripping my mouth from hers. I snagged her wrist again and tugged her the rest of the way down the hall to my room. I was so lost in lust, I could barely get the fucking key in the door to unlock it.

“Finally,” I growled, shoving the door open. I pulled her inside and then kicked the door shut before shoving her

against it, dropping the key somewhere on the floor. She gasped when I shoved her arms above her head, thrusting my tongue back into her mouth.

“Johnston,” she whimpered when I finally pulled back to let her breathe.

I gripped the bottom of her scrap of a shirt and tugged it up and over her head, letting it drop to the floor. “*Fuck,*” I groaned, admiring the sight of her bared tits. “Fucking perfect, Red.”

The sexiest little whimper fell from her lips as I sucked a nipple into my mouth, laving my tongue over it before gently nibbling on it. I gripped her other tit with my hand, twisting and pulling her nipple. She cried out, her head falling back against the door as she became lost in what I was doing to her.

With my free hand, I unfastened her shorts and yanked them down her legs. I pulled back, her tit glistening. I grinned at her. She looked dazed, her chest heaving, her face rivaling the color of her hair.

“A thong, Red?” I hummed, fingering the delicate lace. “You attached to these panties?”

Her brows creased. “What–no.” She gasped when I ripped them off of her. “Johnston!”

I sank two fingers inside her sopping cunt. *Shit*, she was so warm and soft. Her walls clutched at me. I could feel her pulse throbbing through the walls of her pussy. And she was tight as fuck. Either she and her ex hadn’t been fucking, or he just wasn’t big enough to stretch her.

Her knees buckled, but I pinned my body to hers, holding her in place. “Arms above your head,” I ordered.

She complied, and I wrapped my hand around them, pinning her against the door before I began to pump my fingers in and out of her sopping channel, my thumb rubbing her clit at the same time. The sounds falling from her beautiful, kiss-swollen lips were fucking pornographic.

“Johnston, I’m going to—I’m—*oh!*” she screamed, her body trembling as she drenched my fingers, her walls clutching at

me.

I lifted her up and laid her out on my bed before working on stripping out of my clothes while her body cooled down some, her heartbeat regulating a bit.

Her eyes widened when I dropped my jeans. They were locked on my cock, and she was practically salivating at the sight of it. I'd let her taste me one day; I had fantasized about her mouth wrapped around my flesh more times than I could count to *not* let her taste me, but if I didn't get inside of her within the next few seconds, I was going to lose my ever-loving mind.

“Spread those thighs for me, Red.”

She gripped her thighs and pulled her knees out and back, baring her pretty pussy to me. I groaned and rolled a condom onto my shaft, licking my lips at the sight of her. I was going to taste her one day, too—make her cum so much she squirted all over my face.

Just not today.

I moved over her. “You're so fucking beautiful, Red,” I rumbled, trailing my fingers between her breasts and over her quivering belly before sliding them down her wet sex. Then, I gripped my cock, tightening my hand on it to the point it was painful to keep myself in check. “You ready for me?”

“Yes,” she answered without hesitation, those stunning blue eyes locked on mine.

I eased my way inside of her. I was big, and I didn't want to hurt her. She gasped, her back arching a little. “Still good?” I asked, bracing myself above her with my hand beside her head.

She nodded. “So big,” she gasped out.

“I know, Red, but it's going to feel so fucking good once I'm inside of you.”

I finally slid home, and a whole body shiver wracked her frame. She wrapped her thighs around my hips and grasped

my face in her hands, pulling my face down to hers so our lips brushed.

“Fuck me, prez.”

I slid a hand under her head and gripped her hair before pulling out and shoving back inside of her. She cried out, and I grinned. “Sure you want me to fuck you?”

“Please,” she begged.

I began to pound into her, keeping myself braced above her with my hand in her hair. My other hand groped at her body, feeling her soft curves, no doubt leaving bruises on her beautiful, pale skin. She cried out, begging me for more, her silky walls clutching at my dick like it was a life raft.

“Need you to come for me one more time, Red,” I rasped, licking up a tear as it rolled down her cheek.

She nodded despite the fact that I could tell she’d just about orgasmed all she could manage. Reaching between us, I pinched and rolled her clit, hitting that perfect spot inside of her, and she lost it. She screamed my name, squirting all over me as I erupted into the condom, growling her name.

I quickly rolled us to the side and wrapped my arms around her, holding her trembling body close to mine. The comforter was drenched, but I’d deal with that once I was sure my knees wouldn’t give out on me and she wouldn’t go into shock.

“That was...” her voice trailed off, obviously lost for words. She glanced up at me. “Is it always like that for you?”

I huskily laughed and shook my head, leaning down to softly kiss her. “That was a first for me, Red.” I slid a hand over her curves. My cock hardened again between us, but I ignored it. She needed rest. I pressed my lips to her forehead. “Get some rest. I’ll cover you with a clean, dry blanket in a bit.”

She nodded and pressed her lips to my chest. It didn’t take long for her breaths to even out and for her body to sag in sleep.

I eased her up the mattress and placed her head on a pillow before getting out of bed. After disposing of my condom, I grabbed a blanket from the closet and covered her up before pulling my comforter off, tossing it across the room near the door.

Then, with my wife the last fucking thing on my mind, I slid into bed beside her, easing her back into my arms. This—*this* was what it was supposed to feel like—warmth, home, security.

CHAPTER FOUR



Aaliyah

“Red,” Johnston whispered, nuzzling against my neck. I groaned, trying to roll away from him. I absolutely detested being woken up when I wasn’t ready to be awake yet. I didn’t care how good the dick was. Sleep was *always* more important than sex.

Even with a god-like being trying to go for round two.

“Red,” he whispered again, this time flicking his tongue out to taste me. An involuntary moan slipped past my lips. I tried rolling away again, but he just huskily chuckled and tightened his arm around me, holding me against him.

“Not so fast, Aaliyah,” he murmured. “You think I’m letting you go when I’ve barely had a taste of you? Got another thing coming.” He nipped at my skin.

I slowly opened my eyes, thankful he kept his room dark. If there was one thing I hated even more than being woken up before I was ready to be awake was fucking light blasting through the damn room I woke up in.

“Sleep is vital to your health,” I grumbled.

He snorted, pressing a kiss to my collarbone, his fingers trailing up my spine and then back down again. “My health?” he questioned, looking up at me from beneath his dark lashes.

I nodded my head, yawning. “If you don’t let me sleep, prez, Blayke’s going to become the new president.”

Johnston cracked a grin, his shoulders silently shaking as he laughed at me. “That’s the cutest little threat I’ve ever heard in my life, especially when I can just do this,” I gasped when he suddenly spread my thighs and curled two fingers inside of my already wet core, “and have you succumbing to me, Red.”

I whimpered when he curled his fingers just right, brushing against that sweet spot inside of me. “Johnston,” I whimpered when his thumb began rubbing my clit in a circular motion, his fingers slowly pumping in and out of me, always curling just right to keep hitting that perfect spot. “Oh fuck,” I whimpered, my chest heaving.

How was he so fucking good at this?

“You like that, Red?” Johnston hummed and gripped my chin with his free hand, his fingers digging into my cheeks as he turned my head to face him. His lips met mine in a hungry kiss, stealing the breath from my lungs. My body trembled, already drawing so close. “Which is better, Red—sleep or orgasms?” he rasped.

I gasped, my back bowing off the bed, my eyes practically rolling to the back of my head when the first wave sucked me under. Johnston covered my mouth with his, kissing me savagely, not allowing me to breathe. I whimpered, my hands coming up to claw at the back of his neck, needing air but at the same time, not wanting it ever again because the sensations rolling through my body were out of this fucking world.

Ripping his mouth from mine, both of our chests heaving, he rolled onto his back, pulling me on top of him. I panted, watching as he fished a condom out of the drawer, and impatiently, I snatched it from his hand, ripping open the packet before rolling it down his thick shaft.

“Ride me,” he growled, his dark eyes narrowed on my face. “Fuck me, Red.”

I gripped his cock and eased myself down on him. And then, just like he asked me to, I began to ride him.



I shrieked when Johnston's door burst open, slamming against the wall with a loud bang. I jerked into a sitting position at the same time Johnston lurched out of bed, a gun in his hand, trained on his wife. I swallowed thickly, my heart pounding with fear. Somehow, with shaky hands, I managed to pull the blanket over my breasts, hiding my body from her view.

"What the fuck, Johnston?" she yelled at him. She waved her phone at him. "You apparently dialed me by accident last night, and I got to listen to you and this fucking whore go at it on the fucking voicemail!" She glared at me. "You—get the fuck out!" she screeched.

I moved to get up, not wanting to deal with this shit, but Johnston pointed a finger at me, pinning me in place with a single, dark look.

"Don't you move from that fucking bed, Aaliyah," Johnston growled, setting his gun down. He snatched his jeans off the floor and pulled them up, not seeming bothered by her finding out about us in the slightest. He just looked *highly* pissed off.

I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to get out of bed, because then his fucking *wife* would see me naked, and I sure as hell wasn't slim and perfect like she was. But I didn't want to stay in this damn room either, in this hostile environment. There was a look in his wife's eyes that told me she wasn't all there, and it was a little terrifying to be faced with someone you couldn't one hundred percent predict.

"No! She doesn't—"

"Shut the fuck up, Wendy!" he roared at her. I flinched back from the scene, my heart racing in my chest. I'd probably piss my pants if I was ever on the receiving end of his rage like that, but she was standing there like he was merely a troublesome bug. Did she not have an ounce of fucking sanity?

"What the fuck are you doing here? I don't give a fuck about the voicemail either, Wendy!" he barked when she opened her mouth. He snatched the phone from her hand and threw it against the wall, shattering the screen. I flinched. She

was fucking *fuming*. “I fucking told you this goddamn clubhouse was off-fucking-limits for you,” he snarled at her.

Well, made sense why none of us had ever seen her around here. Why had he banned her?

He gripped her arm and jerked her around, marching her out of the room. She stumbled, but he didn't give a fuck. I was pretty sure he would've dragged her out if he had to. The door closed behind them with a slam, and I flinched again.

What the fuck had I gotten myself into?

I'd known Johnston was married, but his wife *never* came around here. I thought I would've been okay. But fuck, she'd chosen *today* to come, all because he dialed her and left a voicemail, even if it was just an accident.

Had he used me to get back at her for something?

An ache spread through my chest, and tears burned in my eyes. Why did it hurt so much that he might have just been using me to get a rise out of her? To get back at her?

Why did I always choose the men that were douchebags?

I slipped from the bed and quickly got dressed again before opening the door. After making sure the coast was clear, not wanting anyone to see my walk of shame, I slipped from Johnston's room and darted into mine, my bare feet silent on the hardwood floor.

I locked my door, not wanting to be bothered by Johnston, his wife, or any other member of the club, before stripping out of my clothes and heading to my connected bathroom, just needing a shower. My entire body was sore, a reminder of how thoroughly Johnston had fucked me the night before and how well he'd let me ride him this morning. But after that episode in his room, I didn't want to remember anymore.

I wanted to pretend it hadn't happened. Because the longer I sat there thinking about it, the more I felt like he'd fucking used me.

And I really didn't want to fuck up my employment status by being a royal bitch to the president of this MC. I'd known

he was married when I slept with him. This fell on my shoulders as much as it did his, and I needed to get my shit together.



It was eerily quiet in the clubhouse, but I was pretty sure it was because everyone was giving Johnston a wide berth. No doubt he was in a foul fucking mood. The Texas charter had ridden out about an hour ago. I hadn't seen them off because I was a chicken shit too afraid to leave her room. No doubt everyone knew what Johnston and I had done last night, and no doubt, everyone also knew what had happened this morning. Wasn't like Wendy had tried keeping her voice down.

Shame washed over me. I fucking knew better than to sleep with a married man.

A knock sounded on the door. I heaved a sigh and stood up from the bed, walking to the door. I unlocked it before swinging it open, surprised to see Blayke standing there. He trailed his dark eyes over me before shaking his head with a grunt. "You can't hide out in here forever," he told me.

I grimaced. *Fuck*. if he knew, then I bet everyone else did, too. "So, everyone knows then?"

He shrugged. "Pretty sure, yeah. Wendy was yelling loud enough to bust someone's eardrums if they stood close enough to her. Johnston sent her home and has been holed up in his office since. Pretty sure he's trying to make sure he doesn't explode at any of us."

I was surprised. Normally, Johnston took out his rage on whoever was closest. I didn't like the feeling that he felt out of his element with his own wife. It left a sour, bad feeling in the pit of my stomach.

I pushed my hand through my red hair. I hadn't done anything with it, so the curls were frizzed and an absolute mess, my fingers getting caught in the tangles. I huffed and

dropped my hand back to my side, unsure what to do now. I sure as hell wasn't ready to face the music that awaited me.

"Not sure if I'm ready to show my face," I told him honestly. "What is everyone going to think? I slept with a *married* man—your fucking president, Blayke."

Blayke shrugged and leaned his shoulder against the doorjamb to my room, crossing his bulky, colorful arms across his chest. "Okay? That *married man* dragged you to his room last night. He wanted you. And no one's going to give a fuck, Aaliyah. You're family. None of us have been blind to the tension between you two. What happened last night was only a matter of time."

My heart clenched in my chest. Everyone had seen how badly we'd wanted one another. I wasn't sure how to feel about that. I blew out a soft breath. "Let me fix my hair, and then I'll come out," I quietly told him.

He nodded, his lips quirking up just slightly at the corners. "Good. Don't let that bitch win." He smirked at me. "We all like you better anyway, Aaliyah. Prez does everything for a reason, and if he never let Wendy around, well..." He let his voice trail off, shrugging again.

It meant Johnston didn't trust her. My heart sank to my feet, completely bypassing the acid in my stomach. If he didn't trust her, what the hell might happen?

With that, Blayke went back up the hall. I blew out a soft breath and closed my door before heading into my bathroom to tame my red curls into a bun before facing the music.

Because it was waiting for me. No doubt about it. And while the club members and even the club girls might not give a fuck that I slept with Johnston—hell, some of them might even praise me for it—that didn't mean Johnston's wife wasn't going to be a problem.

Something in my gut told me I needed to be watching my back, and I needed to be extra careful. I hadn't missed the look in her eyes, and I hadn't missed how Johnston kept her away from me. Looking back on the scene with eyes that were now

opened a little more, it was clear Johnston was doing his best to protect me from her.

Men in this club didn't protect women from other women...

Unless one of the women in question was in real danger.

I rubbed my forehead, blowing out a harsh breath. What the fuck had I gotten myself into?

CHAPTER FIVE



Johnston

Wendy screeched all the way outside, her voice like nails on a chalkboard. I knew I was hurting her. No doubt, my grip on her arm would leave bruises on her pale skin, but I didn't give a fuck.

She'd come into *my* clubhouse, yelled at Red, and broken the biggest rule I fucking gave her. If she didn't think she was about to pay for that shit, she had another thing coming.

I wasn't the one to fucking cross. And obviously, I'd been letting her slide with her bullshit for way too damn long. It ended *now*.

Because like *hell* was she coming at Red sideways. Red was *mine*, and I protected what belonged to me.

"The fuck do you think you're doing?" I shouted at Wendy, finally releasing her arm now that I had her outside, away from the prying eyes of all my brothers.

Goddammit, this was *not* how I'd wanted my first fucking morning with Aaliyah to start. We'd started it off great. I couldn't get enough of her sinful little body. But I'd planned to take her out for breakfast, share a cup of coffee together.

Instead, Wendy had barged in and destroyed *all* of those plans in the blink of a fucking eye.

How the fuck was I supposed to make this up to Aaliyah? Shit, would she even still want me after this? I knew she

hadn't signed up for this. Hell, Wendy *never* came around here. I'd forbidden it.

Fuck, I hated my wife for this shit.

"You're *cheating* on me!" she yelled, jabbing her finger against my chest. I smacked her hand away so roughly, she cradled it against her chest. "You thought I was going to sit around while you fucking humiliated me in front of all the club members?!"

"No one here gives a shit about you!" I barked at her. And that was the damn truth. The guys had never asked about her, though they all knew I was married. They'd never batted an eye when I fucked one of the club girls either.

If I didn't have Wendy around, they knew it was for a good reason. I didn't trust this bitch, and I'd made a huge mistake in marrying her. I just hadn't known it back then.

"What I do is my own goddamn business." I took a step closer to her, and she swallowed thickly, taking a nervous step back from me, fear spiking in her eyes. Her fear sated my soul a little. "And you want to talk about cheating?" I snarled at her. "I know about *all* your indiscretions, Wendy—*all of them.*" She swallowed thickly, now no longer feeling as sure of herself. She had no idea how far my connections went. *Nothing* happened in this tiny ass town without me knowing. "You're not as sneaky as you think you are. I've known for *years.*" I wrapped my hand around her throat and dragged her closer to me, tightening my hold to the point she couldn't get air into her lungs.

Fuck, what I wouldn't give to just snap her goddamn neck.

"Get the *fuck* off my clubhouse grounds, and don't you *ever* step foot back on this property, do I make myself clear? Expect divorce papers by the end of the fucking week," I snarled.

I shoved her away from me, sending her on her ass on the ground. Her neck was red, the shape of my handprint imprinted onto her skin.

I fucking hoped it bruised so every time she looked in the mirror and tried to cover it with makeup, she'd be reminded of the bastard she married and what he was capable of.

I turned on my heel and stormed into the clubhouse. Once the doors closed behind me, I pointed my finger at Geek, who was already watching me. Hell, all of them were. "Make sure she fucking leaves," I ordered.

He nodded. "Got it, Prez," he told me right before he slipped outside. I heard Wendy screeching some more, but I ignored her, heading down the hall to my room. I slammed my door behind me, even more pissed to see that Aaliyah had fucking left.

Wendy had driven her away.

Fuck!

I wanted to go after her, but fuck—I couldn't speak to her in this condition. I was too pissed—too out of control. I needed to take some time to cool the fuck off. Because I was self-destructive. If I wasn't careful, I'd fuck up everything with her before it even got started. And then, I'd *really* fucking hate myself more than I already did.

I got a quick shower and then got dressed before heading back up the hall. I paused for a moment in front of Aaliyah's door. It took every ounce of my restraint to keep my hand from knocking. I wanted to know if she was okay, but she needed space, and I'd give that to her.

Even if it damn near killed me to do so. I hated not knowing what was happening between us, if she blamed me. She was the only woman in this world I cared about, and the only person's opinions I wanted.

I scrubbed my hand down my face before heading to my office, locking myself inside. I didn't want to be bothered. I needed time to myself, and I knew the brothers would respect that. And hell, Scorpion and his crew were so used to my temper that it wouldn't even faze them to see me like this. Scorpion would check in with Blayke before riding out, and he'd connect with me in a few days.

I pulled out the books and buried myself in the numbers in front of me. At least numbers made sense and rarely let me down. And if they did, it was an easy problem to solve.

Unlike the fucking mess I was currently in.



I jerked up to a sitting position, my hand reaching for the gun inside my cut. Someone was banging on the office door and shouting my name. I quickly lurched up from my chair and stormed to the door, unlocking it before I yanked it open. Drew's blue-gray eyes locked on mine, his jaw clenched.

"We've got a fucking situation," he growled, already turning on his heel and storming up the hall. I quickly followed him, making sure to lock my office door.

What the fuck now? Couldn't a man get a fucking moment of peace?

The clubhouse was suspiciously empty when we emerged from the hall. Where the fuck was everyone at? Even the club girls were missing. It had *never* been this silent in here, even when we were all sleeping. Someone was at least always snoring.

Then, I heard it.

"You thought I would just walk out of here without making sure you understood your place?" Wendy bitched. I rushed past Drew and outside onto the lot. Geek and Blayke were blocking Aaliyah from Wendy, and my crazy ass wife was waving a gun around in the air, her finger on the trigger, the safety off.

Fuck.

Trigger and Dom had their guns aimed at her, and Lawson was easing up behind her, most likely to try to disarm her.

"What the fuck did I say?!" I roared, glaring at Wendy. I didn't dare look at Aaliyah, though I could feel her eyes on me. If I took my eyes off my wife, it could be deadly for any of us standing there, and I wouldn't risk that. I *definitely*

wouldn't risk Aaliyah's life like that. She was the most important person standing on that lot.

"I gave you everything, Johnston, and now you want to *divorce* me?!" she yelled, ranting about my words to her this morning. "You're fucking crazy to think I'd let you divorce me *and* get your bullshit happily ever after with that fucking cunt!"

I stormed over to her, not even giving a shit when she aimed her gun at me, her hand shaking. It was a deadly combination with her finger on that fucking trigger, but I wanted the attention on me. If I could keep her distracted, Blayke and Geek could get Aaliyah in the clubhouse, where she'd be safe.

I could survive a bullet wound. I'd survived many others.

But Aaliyah may not be so lucky.

"Johnston!" Aaliyah screeched. Blayke shouted her name. The scuffle reached my ears, and I glanced their way, finally turning my entire body when I saw what was happening.

She had gotten past them.

I moved to block her, to catch her, to stop her, but I was too fucking late.

Too.

Fucking.

Late.

Wendy screamed and pulled the trigger. The bullet whizzed right past my side—fucking *heard* it as it passed me by. Aaliyah's body jerked from the impact, and she fell to the ground, her hands going to her abdomen. A blood-curdling scream ripped from her lungs, chilling my bones, echoing and bouncing off the inside of my skull.

Rage pulsed through my veins. Blayke and Geek quickly worked on stabilizing Aaliyah, and I saw Lawson pull his phone to his ear, more than likely calling 9-1-1. I turned and punched Wendy in the face, sending her crashing to the ground. Blood spilled from her lips. I stepped on her hand that

was holding the gun, crushing her fingers as I kneeled over her, getting ready to snap her fucking neck, too.

She deserved to pay for this in the deepest pits of Hell.

“Prez!” Trigger roared, gripping the back of my cut and pulling me back. I sneered, swinging on him, but he didn’t back down. He met me with a steely look of his own. “Cops are on the way. You hear me, Prez?” He jabbed a finger against my chest. “You kill her, and you fucking go inside.”

I curled my hands into fists, my chest heaving. Trigger shook me, forcing my eyes on his when I looked back at Wendy’s pathetic, sobbing form. “Prez, Aaliyah needs you. She’s out. There’s too much fucking blood.”

I spun around to face the fucking woman of my dreams, my face paling. She was covered in red—and not the kind of red I liked to see on her. Blayke and Geek were doing everything they could, but Trigger was right.

There was too much fucking blood.

“Aaliyah,” I rasped, kneeling down beside her. I cupped her pale face in my hands, gently shaking her, but she wasn’t responding.

Fear gripped my chest.

I’d just gotten her. I couldn’t fucking lose her. Not like this. We couldn’t end like this.

Sirens reached my ears. Dom gripped my shoulder, giving it a squeeze. “Help is almost here, brother. She’s not dying—not today.”

I swallowed thickly, trying to find the silver lining. She was still breathing, but she was growing paler by the second.

He was right. She wouldn’t be dying today, but what would stop her from dying tomorrow?

My chest painfully squeezed at the thought.

Cops poured onto the lot, quickly followed by an ambulance. I jerked to my feet, pointing at Blayke. “Make sure she gets help, you hear me? Fuck everything else.”

He nodded once. “Understood, brother.”

I walked over to the sheriff. He frowned at me. “Not exactly flying under the fucking radar, Johnston.”

Sheriff Rhodes and I had a sort of agreement. I flew under the radar with my shit, and he turned a blind eye to what I was doing. But if he had to step in on anything, he would do his job. I couldn’t fault him on that.

I’d deal with the consequences of this shit. I’d made my bed—I’d fucking lay in it. But I would *not* protect this club and my brothers at the expense of Aaliyah’s life. And I knew the men of this club agreed with that because Lawson had been the one to call for help. I knew how to read between the lines.

“My wife shot Aaliyah,” I told him. “I’ve got cameras you can watch if you don’t believe me.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw paramedics swarming over Aaliyah, getting her stabilized so they could transport her to the emergency room. Sheriff Rhodes arched a brow at me. “Want to tell me what the conflict was about?”

I shoved my hands in the pockets of my jeans. “She caught me cheating.” I shrugged. I didn’t hide my shit. I owned it, and not a damn thing in this world would make me hide anything I did with Aaliyah. She meant too much to me to ever hide her.

She wasn’t some dirty little secret. Hell, she was probably the purest thing in my life.

Sheriff Rhodes sighed and shook his head. “Fucking hell, Johnston.” He rubbed his jaw. “I need to get a statement from you and the rest of your club members. Then, when Aaliyah is awake, I’ll need to get a statement from her, too.”

I nodded once. He pulled out his notebook. “Alright. Give it to me so we can get this shit over with.”

I looked over at Blayke, making sure he was still with Aaliyah before I began telling him what I knew of the situation. “Go with Aaliyah to the hospital,” I commanded. “She doesn’t leave your fucking sight, am I clear?”

He nodded once and followed the paramedics as they wheeled Aaliyah to the back of the ambulance. I watched until the doors were closed behind her and Blayke, blocking her from my view.

Please fucking survive this, Red. I can't lose you.

I looked back at Rhodes and began telling him what I knew. Wendy was screeching and yelling, but it finally got muted when they shoved her into the backseat of one of the cars and closed the doors. Rhodes arched a brow when I paused, taking in the peacefulness of her being shut the fuck up.

“She’s a mouthy one, isn’t she?”

I nodded. “And it only gets worse the older she gets.”

He snorted. Once I was finished speaking with him, I pulled my keys from my pocket, striding to my bike so I could head to the hospital and relieve Blayke. He’d get the club back in order and act in my place.

Because I wasn’t leaving Aaliyah’s side until she was awake.

“I fucking hate you, Johnston Trim!” Wendy shouted when I walked past the car door.

I just ignored her, but a sick, twisted part of me was glad she was going to jail, and then more than likely headed to prison. It was a much worse punishment than death for her.

I made a mental note to thank Trigger later for stopping me from snapping her neck.

CHAPTER SIX



Johnston

H ell.

I felt like I was sitting in fucking Hell. Like my entire world was collapsing around me while I waited on some kind of news about Aaliyah.

All I knew was that she was in surgery. That was all they could tell me.

Well, that and the classic ‘we’re going to do everything we can save her, Mr. Trim.’

I *hated* that line with every fiber of my being. Because it made it sound like there was a chance she couldn’t make it, and I *refused* to consider her dying as a fucking option.

I wasn’t losing her. I *couldn’t* lose her. If I lost her, this club could kiss my ass goodbye. Because I’d either die getting revenge on my wife, or I’d go to prison for the rest of my life for it.

And I wouldn’t give two fucking shits.

I glanced out of the corner of my eye when the emergency room doors slid open, Geek and Trigger walking through. I didn’t move—just watched them as they scanned the room before locking their eyes on me. I sat up straighter in my seat as they made their way over to the chair I was sitting in.

I didn’t really want company, but I knew my brothers wouldn’t hear that shit. They would only let it go in one ear

and out the other and do whatever the hell they wanted despite my wishes. If there was one thing we didn't do in this club, we didn't allow brothers to suffer in silence by themselves.

Sure, they let me have my space, but they wouldn't leave me alone. And though I wanted to be alone, I was also thankful for their presence. It would keep me from completely self-destructing.

I was just honestly surprised it took them this long to come here. Guess cops held them up longer than I thought they would.

“Any news?” Geek quietly asked, taking a seat beside me.

I shook my head. “No news yet. All I know is that she's in surgery, and they're doing everything they can for her.”

And fuck, that was like a punch to my gut. I prided myself on being able to protect everyone attached to the club, and yet, I hadn't protected Aaliyah. She got shot on my grounds by my fucking *wife*.

Someone I should have been able to easily protect her from, I *couldn't*. It made me sick to my stomach every time I thought about it.

Guilt rode hard on my shoulders.

There was no telling what damage she would be left with if she survived this. The surgeon had promised me that he would do everything he could to help her, but he couldn't make any promises. There was too much blood, and the bullet ripped through her stomach—ripped right through her fucking organ.

She would have a hard time recovering. I knew that much. But I'd be there every step of the way, even if she didn't want me to be. I *had* to. Not only because I was responsible for what the fuck happened, but also because Aaliyah was it for me. She was mine.

My Red.

“Doc know what was hit?” Trigger asked me.

I scratched at the stubble on my jaw, hating the scratchy feel. I hadn't shaved this morning after the shit with Wendy

went down, and the stubble was irritating the fuck out of my skin. Normally, I was clean-shaved.

“Ripped through her stomach.”

He winced, and I had to bite back a scowl. The fuck was he wincing for? He wasn’t the one that had gotten shot. “Fuck,” he whispered.

I nodded in agreement, biting back my irritation. We all knew how much gunshot wounds hurt. They were a bitch to deal with and recover from. But none of us had taken one to the gut. So, we could only imagine how she would feel when she woke up.

And I knew it wouldn’t be pleasant. She was going to be in a shit ton of pain.

I leaned forward and braced my elbows on my knees, lacing my fingers together in front of me. “She was trying to protect me.” A bitter laugh spilled from my lips, and I shook my head in frustration at her, me—this entire fucking situation. Rage pulsed through my veins, spreading like lava from a volcanic eruption. Despite knowing that Wendy was going to suffer in prison, which was the best punishment possible for her, I still wanted to put a bullet through her skull. “She was worried about me getting hurt, and she took that fucking bullet because of it.”

Trigger clapped a hand to my shoulder. “Try not to think about it too much. Guilt can turn some of the best men into train wrecks, and you need a strong head on your shoulders, Prez. Let’s just wait until she wakes up and go from there, yeah?”

I blew out a harsh breath and nodded my head. “Yeah, I hear you,” I muttered.

But that shit was easier said than done.

I was already turning into a damn train wreck. I just hadn’t let them see it yet.



A surgeon dressed in ugly, pale green scrubs stepped out of the back. “Aaliyah Fields,” he called, following hospital protocol. He knew us well, and he was always our go-to surgeon. The man has even flown back from vacation once to operate on Blayke.

I quickly stood to my feet and made my way to him. Trigger and Geek stayed seated, letting me talk to the doctor in private, which I was thankful for. They hadn’t given me a moment of peace since they’d gotten there, though I knew they were only being annoying solely to keep me out of my head, which had worked. The surgeon gestured for me to follow him, and eventually, we stepped into a consultation room. He shut the door before taking a seat at the table, gesturing for me to do the same.

He waited until I was sitting before he began speaking. “She’s alive,” he started. I scrubbed my hands down my face, relief flooding my veins. My shoulders sagged like a trillion-ton weight had been lifted off. “Her recovery is going to be rough, Johnston. She took a bullet and managed to survive a shot that would have usually killed anyone else. Blayke is the *only* reason she’s alive because he was able to plug that wound.” *Perks of his combat medic training, no doubt.* “I’m going to keep her here for a while, if you’re comfortable footing that bill.”

I nodded—no hesitation on my part. “I don’t give a damn about the bill. It’ll be paid.” And that was the truth. I’d pay any cost to keep her alive, to save her life.

He nodded once. “Didn’t think you would. She’s undergoing a blood transfusion at the moment. She lost a shit ton of blood. Medication is going into her bloodstream through an IV to help prevent infections while she’s healing and to help reduce her pain levels. She is, thankfully, breathing on her own. The nasogastric tube should come out in a day or two. I just want to make sure we get everything out of her stomach—blood, air.”

I nodded, swallowing thickly. “When can I see her?” I was damn desperate at this point. Though he’d assured me she was

alive, I needed to see her breathing for myself. It was the only way I'd completely calm the hell down.

Aaliyah was the only person—only *thing*—in this world capable of keeping me completely sane. Even weed didn't have that calming effect on me that she did.

He checked his watch. "I can take you to the recovery area now, and I'll let the nurse know not to bother you until she's being moved to a room where she'll finish her recovery. Not our normal protocol, but with the amount of money you donate to this hospital every year, we can make some exceptions."

At least all that money I put into this place was good for something. I'd selfishly done it to keep some big corporation from buying it up and making it hard for the employees to turn a blind eye to us when we came in bloody, beaten, and shot. Good to know my selfishness finally went to something good.

He stood, and I followed him out of the room. We went down a few halls, and then he opened a door before leading me over to Aaliyah's hospital bed.

Her face was extremely pale, and she was lying deathly still. Honestly, if her chest wasn't slowly rising and falling, I'd have thought she was dead. Her red hair was a dirty, tangled mess. Pain lanced through my chest, and I clenched my jaw, reaching forward to grab her hand in mine. It was cool to the touch, but the steady and slow rise and fall of her chest let me know she was still alive.

She hadn't left me.

"He goes where she goes," the surgeon quietly told the nurse sitting there, monitoring Aaliyah's vitals.

She nodded. "Understood, Dr. Quin."

Dr. Quin held his hand out to me, and I quickly shook it with my free hand, not even giving a shit that it wasn't my right hand like it was supposed to be. We all knew I wasn't an upstanding citizen. Couldn't expect my handshake to be much better.

His lips quirked in amusement. "Thank you for everything you did for her," I quietly told him.

He nodded. “She’s a trooper—that one. Keep her around.”

With that, he left the large room, more than likely going to rescue someone else’s day like he’d just rescued Red’s.

I looked down at Aaliyah and brushed my thumb over the back of her hand.

“I’m so sorry, Red,” I whispered.

CHAPTER SEVEN



Aaliyah

I stared up at the bright ceiling, the light burning my tired eyes. I never understood why hospitals kept the lights so bright. Surely, they knew it was uncomfortable for patients who just woke up, right?

Lowering my lids so I was squinting, a frown pulled at my lips. A dull throb was pulsing through my abdomen, making it a bit uncomfortable to breathe. I was sluggish and weak, exhaustion pulling at my extremities and making it hard to focus my brain on any one particular thing for very long.

Once my eyes adjusted, I slowly turned my head, surprised to find Johnston sitting in a chair beside my bed. His chin was resting on his chest, and his arms were crossed, his eyes closed. He was more than likely asleep, and it didn't look comfortable at all.

How long had he been there? How long was I out?

I was honestly surprised to see him sitting there at all, really. We'd had sex once, and I'd never expected anything, especially after Wendy came ranting and raving—

Wendy.

She fucking *shot* me. Was that why he was here? Was here to make sure I didn't press some kind of charges? Was he here to apologize?

If he was here to apologize, I didn't want his apologies. He didn't control what his wife did, and while he'd cheated on

her, it didn't make shooting me okay. Besides, she was obviously ill and needed real help.

But despite her needing help, I hoped she'd been arrested. I hoped she would suffer for what she'd done to me.

I knew I should've listened to the guys when they tried to keep me behind them, but she'd trained that gun on Johnston, her finger on the trigger, and a need—a fucking desperation—to protect him crawled through me, latching onto me like a parasite.

Was this one of the stupid things loving someone made you do? I couldn't ever imagine taking a bullet for my ex—not ever. But Johnston? As stupid as it was of me, I knew I'd do it all over again.

I tried to move a little to get more comfortable, and a low moan of pain crawled up my throat, pain slicing through me. I gasped, my hands clenching the sheets, the agony momentarily turning my vision white.

Johnston lurched from the chair and gripped my wrists, his eyes steady on mine. “Easy now, Red. Focus on leveling your breathing.”

He was still calling me Red.

I whimpered, trying to breathe normally like he'd instructed all while it felt like someone was slicing my insides open. I wheezed, closing my eyes, trying to find a happy place until the pain dulled again. But I *couldn't*. Why did it have to hurt so goddamn *bad*? I wanted to scream, and I kept my lips tightly pressed together so that bottled scream couldn't come forth.

The agony slowly eased, and I relaxed a little, blowing out a soft breath. *Fuck*. I *never* wanted to go through that again.

“Better?” he quietly asked once I opened my eyes again. He was still leaning over me, his hands still circling my wrists, concern lingering on those dark eyes of his.

Concern for *me*.

My insides turned all warm and fuzzy.

“*Mhm*,” I mumbled. “Water?”

He quickly left my side and grabbed a bottle of water, bypassing whatever the hospital had set up for me. All he did was snatch the straw out of the hospital cup and stick it in the bottle of water before placing the straw at my lips. I greedily drank, the cool liquid soothing my dry throat. I hadn't realized how thirsty I'd been. It was like I'd been in the middle of the desert for days on the verge of dehydration.

“How long have I been out?” I asked him once I'd finished off the water. I hadn't realized I would drink the entire bottle, and my cheeks warmed. He didn't pay it any attention, though. He just stuck the straw back in the hospital-provided water and tossed the empty bottle in the trash.

“A little over twenty-four hours,” he informed me. I grimaced. He sighed, pushing his fingers through his dark, curly hair. “You were in surgery for a lot of it.”

I stayed quiet for a moment. He took a seat again, lacing his fingers on his lap, his eyes never leaving my face. Even though I wasn't looking at him, I could *feel* his stare boring holes into me. It wasn't unnerving. It comforted me, made me feel safe, protected.

Which was insane considering the reason I was here was because of his crazy ass wife.

“Why are you here, Johnston?”

He growled. “The fuck kind of question is that, Red? Why the fuck *wouldn't* I be here?”

I swung my sharp, angry gaze to him. His eyes were narrowed on me, his jaw clenched, fury and confusion lighting up his eyes. He had no right to be angry. He wasn't the one lying in a fucking hospital bed with a gunshot wound to the fucking abdomen provided by his little wife he should've obviously gotten rid of a long damn time ago.

“Maybe because it was your wife who put me here?” I snapped at him. His jaw tightened so much, his molars ground together, fury coloring his expression. But I didn't care how

pissed he was. “She pulled the trigger on me, Johnston. Or did you forget that?”

“I also fucking remember Geek and Blayke standing in front of you to protect you, but you decided to do what the hell you wanted anyway,” he seethed. *Was he fucking serious right now? He was trying to pin this on me?*

He jerked up to his feet and scraped his hands over his face before dropping them to his sides. “*Fuck,*” he swore. He looked over at me. “I’m not trying to argue with you when you’ve barely been awake, Aaliyah.”

Tears sprang to my eyes. Agony washed through his at the sight of them. “Where is she?” I demanded, a lump clogging my throat, making it hard to speak. I forced myself to swallow it down. “You protect her even though she’s a crazy, psychotic bitch?”

He leaned over me, placing his hands on either side of my head. I swallowed thickly, my heart hammering in my chest, and it was even worse when the heart monitor mimicked those beeps, letting Johnston know just how he made me feel.

Afraid. Turned on. Worried. Needy.

I was everything all at once, and it was confusing.

“I let her ass get carted off to prison,” he told me quietly. My lips softly parted in surprise. I hadn’t been expecting *that*, though I’d been hoping for it. “I did *not* protect her, and the only reason I didn’t kill her was because Trigger stopped me. He didn’t want me getting locked up. Said you needed me. So make sure you fucking thank him because I was beyond the point of giving a fuck about anything but revenge for what happened to you.”

Those tears came right back. I was defenseless against this man. I could hear the raw fear in his voice as he recalled those memories, the rage.

“You...you let your wife get arrested?”

He nodded, moving one of his hands to cup my cheek. I couldn’t help but lean my face into his palm, seeking his heat and comfort. The pad of his thumb brushed against my

cheekbone in soft, rhythmic movements. “I did, Red. And if I fucking could go back and shoot her, I just fucking might. She deserves to suffer for what she did to you. But, as much as I hate to spare her fucking life like this, prison is probably better. It’ll kill her in a way a bullet won’t. And I want her to suffer, Red. I *need* her to suffer for what she almost took from me.”

My lips trembled. A tear spilled down my cheek, coming down to meet his hand. He watched it, anger and sadness washing through his eyes. A man normally so guarded, a man that usually held his emotions extremely close, was letting me read everything he was feeling, and it broke my fucking heart.

I never wanted to see him like this again.

“What she almost took from you?” I whispered, still hanging onto those words.

He nodded, his eyes running over my face. “Red, she almost took *you*. I’ve wanted you ever since you started working at the clubhouse. I’ve needed you—craved you. And just when I finally got you, I almost fucking lost you. And that shit? That shit gutted me, Red.” I bit back a sob. “I’ve never felt so terrified, so fucking lost, than I did when I saw you laying on the ground in a pool of your own blood, your face paling more and more with every second that passed.”

His hand shook as he brushed more tears from my cheeks, but they just continuously fell. “I will live with this guilt for the rest of my fucking life, but if you’ll let me, I promise to take care of you, to never let you down like this again. I’ll *never* let anyone or anything harm you again, Red. I *promise*.”

I sniffled. “Even if I’m handicapped for the rest of my life because of this?” I roughly asked him, my voice hoarse with my tears. The door opened behind him, a doctor and a nurse stepping in, but he never ripped his eyes from mine.

“Even then, Red. Even fucking then.”

CHAPTER EIGHT



Johnston

Doctor Wilson ran his eyes over the machine reading out Aaliyah's pulse before he nodded. "Everything looks good, girly, and your vitals are good. That blood pressure is spectacular." He looked down at her. Thank God he was seeing improvement. Her blood pressure certainly hadn't been good when she'd first come out of surgery. "I'm gonna keep you for a few more days just to monitor you before I send you home. That sound like a plan?"

She frowned. "I don't know how I'm going to afford this," she mumbled, not looking at either of us.

Dr. Wilson frowned down at her chart, taking note that she obviously didn't have health insurance. I just waited for him to read the rest—that I was footing her entire medical bill. It wasn't even going to the club. I was taking on the entire financial weight of it. Just as soon as they mailed me the bill, I'd pay the full amount.

She was mine to take care of. I'd failed her once. I'd never fail her again. Fuck, my soul was still bleeding out into the rest of my body even though she was now on the other side of her injury, on the road to recovery.

"Ah, I see," Dr. Wilson murmured, nodding his head as he finished reading through her chart, obviously taking note of who would be covering her bill. He gently patted her thigh with his aging, wrinkled hand. "Don't worry, sweetheart. You're in good hands. You get some rest now, you hear?"

He left the room before Aaliyah could ask him any other questions. She looked confused, not understanding why they were keeping her so long when she didn't have insurance.

Aaliyah looked up at me, a frown pulling at her lips. "I'll be in debt the rest of my life," she finally huffed, turning her head to stare at the ceiling, taking those pretty blue eyes away from me. And I didn't like that. Not having her eyes on me left me feeling cold and empty, and it wasn't a feeling I was acquainted with. In fact, I *never* wanted to be familiar with it.

"Red, I'm footing your medical expenses," I told her so she'd stop damn worrying. And selfishly hoping it would make her focus those pretty eyes back on me.

She swung her head back around to face me, and I relaxed when I had those blue eyes on me again. "That's expensive, Johnston. Have you even discussed this with the club? What if they're not—"

I snorted. Fuck the club. This didn't involve them.

"The fuck does the club have to do with this?" I demanded, narrowing my eyes at her. Confusion crossed her features. "I said *I'm* footing the bill, Aaliyah—not the fucking club."

She shook her head. "No. Johnston, I can't—"

I wasn't listening to her arguments. She didn't have a say in this. And she could be angry or upset with me about it all she wanted, but I was the reason she was in this predicament. And even if I wasn't, I'd *still* foot the bill because she was *mine*.

Mine to take care of. And *no one* would take that right away from me.

"You can," I interrupted her for the second time. She scowled at me, and a smirk twitched at my lips. I loved it when she got all fired up. She was probably the only person in this world I'd ever let talk to me with some kind of attitude and sass. She was *definitely* the only person I'd ever let get away with it. "You're mine now, Aaliyah. I take care of what's mine."

She scoffed and turned her head away from me again. I *hated* it when she took those eyes of hers away from me. It made me feel volatile, especially when I knew she was upset with me.

Narrowing my eyes, I gripped her chin and yanked her head back around. She clenched her jaw, glaring at me. “Got something you want to say, Red?” I taunted her. I was daring her to say she wasn’t mine because I’d *quickly* prove her wrong. I’d pin her to this bed and rub her clit until she squirted all over these sheets.

Her face was turning red with rage, and fuck, if I didn’t just get harder. I hated that she was laid up in this hospital bed because if she wasn’t, I’d already be buried inside of her, fucking the argument and attitude right out of her system.

“You take care of me until when, Johnston? Until you get bored of me like you did your wife?”

A growl sounded from my chest, and my fingers momentarily tightened on her chin, making her wince. Forcing myself to loosen my grip so I wouldn’t hurt her, I quietly snarled, “You’re mine for eternity, Aaliyah. We don’t end when one of us breathes our last breath because I will find you in every life after this one and claim you all over again.”

Tears welled in her eyes at my words, and it was such a polar-opposite response from what I’d been getting that I blinked, sort of feeling like I’d just gotten whiplash. “You mean that?” she whispered, her words trembling.

I brushed my thumb over her bottom lip, my grip softening on her chin even more, my heart clenching in my chest. “I don’t say shit I don’t mean, Aaliyah.” She should know that by now. She was mine. And anyone who ever tried to take her from me would suffer and pay dearly for it.

A small smile tilted her lips. “I’m not an obedient kind of woman, Johnston.”

I grinned and chuckled, my muscles relaxing. “If I wanted one of those, Red, I’d have never given you the time of day.”

She giggled. And fuck—that giggle? It was music to my damn ears.

Leaning down, I softly kissed her.



BLAYKE

Get to the clubhouse. Cops are crawling the lot, and they've got a warrant.

“Fuck,” I snarled, standing from my chair. I’d been watching some dumbass cartoon with Aaliyah, just enjoying the peace and quiet. Fuck knew I needed some. Things were always happening, always needing my attention. At least in here with her, even if we were here under shit circumstances, I could take a damn minute to breathe.

And now, everything was falling apart. And I had no doubt Sheriff Rhodes’s hands were tied. Someone was pressuring him after the shooting that happened.

“Club?” Aaliyah asked.

I nodded and leaned over her to press our lips together. I didn’t deepen it—didn’t have time to get lost inside of her like that. I quickly pulled back, already heading to the door. “Fucking cops.”

“Shit,” Aaliyah whispered as I opened the door. She’d been around long enough to know cops were bad fucking news. “Johnston?” I stopped, looking at her over my shoulder. “Be careful.”

My lips tilted up at one corner. “Always, Red.”



Sheriff Rhodes strode up to me as I slid off my bike, yanking my helmet off my head. I narrowed my eyes at him as I set my helmet on the seat. I wasn’t in the mood for his shit.

We might have had a working relationship, but that didn't mean I wanted his fucking cops crawling my goddamn lot.

"You better have a good goddamn reason for this, Sheriff," I snapped at him as soon as he was close enough to hear me without me having to raise my voice.

"Feds stepped in on the shit that happened with your wife and Aaliyah." *Fuck*. Just what I needed—fucking feds. They were like roaches—couldn't get rid of them for good. "And your wife is running her mouth." Fury slid through my veins. *Fucking Wendy*. He shrugged at me. "I've got to do my job when the feds are breathing down my neck, Johnston."

Couldn't damn fault him for that one, even if it set my blood boiling. Cops always put me in a bad mood. I hated dealing with any of them—even the crooked ones like Rhodes. "Go ahead and do your search," I told him. "We're clean here. You know that."

He nodded. "I know. Feds want to snoop anyway. Just keep your cool and let them search."

I crossed my arms over my chest and waited with Rhodes as the feds crawled my lot. Blayke walked up to me, his jaw clenched. "Fucking bullshit."

I nodded in agreement. "They won't find shit," I reminded him. He nodded in agreement. But just because we kept our hands clean here didn't mean we liked having them around anyway. "They'll snoop, realize we don't have shit here, and they'll move the fuck on. They do this shit all the time, but we're careful."

"How's Aaliyah?" he asked me. I tracked Rhodes as he walked up to a balding man in a suit. The balding man seemed angry—agitated. His men were coming back out of my clubhouse empty-handed. I almost smirked, but I kept my face in check. Smirking would make me look too cocky and would just start unnecessary shit.

"She's dealing," I told him. He grimaced. "In pain. Dr. Wilson is slowly weaning her off the morphine so he doesn't

shock her system with all the pain. Alternating between doses of morphine and oxy.”

“She’s a tough one, Prez. She’ll make a good old lady.” I arched a brow at him. He just grinned at me. “None of us are blind, Prez. We all knew you wanted her. Just a matter of time before you made your move.”

The balding federal agent made his way over to me, an ugly scowl twisting his aging features. I sighed. *Here we damn went.* “I don’t know how you sons of bitches always get so goddamn lucky,” he snarled.

I grinned at him. “Not lucky. We’re just clean, and you hate to think men like us could clean up our acts.” All of us had records, but none of us had been locked up in *years*. We’d gotten smart. But the problem was, men like him expected men like us to always end up behind bars, never staying out long. And it bugged the shit out of them when we learned how to defeat the system.

He clenched his fist. For a moment, it looked like he contemplated hitting me. I dared him to. I’d be the last son of a bitch he ever put his hands on—that was for sure.

“Your wife sure thinks you’re dirty.”

I barked out a laugh. “Did she also tell you that she and I have been separated for years? I can’t even remember the last time we slept in the same bed together.” I arched a brow at him. “She’s a crazy woman, agent. I’d steer clear.”

With that, I strode away, heading inside the clubhouse to see what needed to be replaced this time. The agents never searched neatly. They destroyed everything they could—mattresses, stools, couches, glasses.

If they thought I’d be pissed, the joke was on them. Our furniture needed to be replaced soon, anyway. This just gave me an excuse to finally get it done.

CHAPTER NINE



Aaliyah

I unlocked my phone for the umpteenth time, checking to see if I had a message from Johnston. I felt like one of those women that couldn't survive without her man, but I didn't like not having him by my side. Cops showing up at the clubhouse was *never* a good thing. Usually, it only ended in trouble, especially if Johnston wasn't in control of it somehow.

And he definitely wasn't in control of this. This had been sprung on him. Otherwise, he wouldn't have rushed out of here like his feet were on fire.

I sighed and unlocked my phone again, glaring at my empty notifications.

I hated this. He'd been gone a good minute, and I was worried about both him and the club.

What if the cops found something? What if Johnston or one of the other guys got arrested?

My chest tightened at the mere thought of Johnston being arrested. Why did I feel like the world was so against us? And if it was, well, I wasn't taking a fucking hint. I didn't give up when I wanted something, and I wanted Johnston.

As long as he would have me, I'd be sticking around.

I just hated that I wasn't privy to what normally happened in the club. I understood why Johnston kept patched members out of the loop. It protected us and them. If we didn't know

anything, we couldn't be held accountable. And by not knowing anything, we also couldn't jeopardize them.

But I also wasn't stupid. I knew Satan's Worshippers were one-percenters, and I knew the people they dealt with were just as bad, if not worse. I knew and understood every single member, especially Johnston, would forever be scrutinized by law enforcement officials.

I sighed and locked my phone again before placing it facedown on my lap so I wouldn't be forced to stare at my blank, black screen. Johnston was probably just busy. He'd reach out when he could. And if he couldn't... well, I hoped one of the club members would remember me laid up in a hospital bed and would let me know what was going on.

But I didn't even want to entertain the thought of him not being able to tell me himself. Because if he couldn't, then that meant he was more than likely locked up.

I refused to think of the other possible outcome.

A light knock sounded on the door, and before I could say anything, it swung open, and Dirk stepped in, quickly pushing the door shut behind him. I tried to move but flinched in pain, sucking in a sharp breath of air. My heart rate picked up on the monitor, and I prayed a nurse would pick up on my distress and come to check on me.

Dirk did not give two shits about me, and that gleam in his eyes told me he sure as fuck wasn't here to check on me and wish me quick healing.

He was here for revenge, for what he thought I did while we were still together. He wanted me to suffer, even if he didn't care anything about me.

That made him even more dangerous. He wasn't a man in love that lost. He was just a fucking psycho.

"Don't touch that fucking button," Dirk snarled when I tried sliding my hand over to the red nurse button on my bed. Nausea swirled in my gut. He was holding flowers, but he tossed them onto my bed without a care for the bouquet.

“Been waiting for those fucking asshole bikers to leave since I found out you were here.”

I swallowed thickly. Why hadn't Johnston warned me he was loitering around the hospital trying to see me? I would have been more prepared. Why hadn't he at least warned the front desk? Did Johnston really think threatening Dirk away from me would make him stay away?

He was fucking stupid if he did.

“You need to leave,” I snapped at him, thankful my voice came out strong. I could see the cruel intent in his eyes, and I was in no condition to fight against him. I was weak and in a lot of pain. There was no way I'd have the strength or mentality to fight him. I wouldn't be able to see past the blinding pain that I knew would engulf me.

“You ran from my bed and right into his, didn't you?” he seethed, stepping closer to my bed, anger flashing in his eyes. He leaned over, using the bed to brace himself, and placed his hand right on top of the flowers, crushing them. “You're *mine*, Aaliyah.”

“I'm not your *anything*,” I hissed, anger fueling my fight. Where the hell were the nurses? Why hadn't anyone noticed I was distressed?

He lurched forward and wrapped his hands around my throat. I choked, reaching up to claw at his hands, but just as I knew it would be, the fight was useless. Pain blinded me when I moved, trying to use my muscles to grip his wrists.

He shook me, and a choked scream ripped from my throat, pain lancing through my abdomen. Tears spilled down my cheeks. I drew blood with my nails, but he was so lost in his rage and jealousy that he didn't even notice I was making him bleed. He didn't even feel the pain.

“You're mine!” he sneered, bringing his face closer to mine all while he tightened his grip even more. I couldn't breathe. I beat against his chest and face, desperately needing air, my abdomen burning. The machines that monitored my

vitals were going wild next to me, and black spots began to dance in my vision.

I was going to die here. I was going to die in a hospital right after their surgeon had worked so hard to keep me alive.

“If I can’t have you, *no one* gets to have you,” was the last thing I heard as my vision darkened, and blissful darkness wrapped me in its arms.

My only regret was that Johnston and I hadn’t gotten near enough time together. And I hoped Dirk got his karma for this.

And I hoped Johnston delivered that karma.

CHAPTER TEN



Johnston

“Chapel—now,” I barked once the officers and feds cleared off the lot, heading back to the police station. They hadn’t found a goddamn thing, but I needed to get shit in place to make sure we continued riding under the radar.

Rhodes’s hands were tied, just like I’d thought they were. But it didn’t make me any less pissed. But fuck if I could take that rage out on a cop. That’d only do nothing but make all this shit worse.

And land my ass in prison, unable to be out here with Aaliyah. It would leave my club without their president.

The king of this shit couldn’t go away like that.

Every fucking second those cops were here was a waste of time. And then when they left, every second all of us had to spend checking this clubhouse top to fucking bottom for bugs was more time I was away from my woman. I was in a foul mood, and all of the members were giving me a wide berth. I wasn’t above taking my shit out on them.

I pushed open the chapel doors and strode inside, growling at the gouge marks on the table I’d spent hundreds of fucking dollars on. I’d need to call someone to get it fixed. Just another thing to do on my endless list. I was used to officers, especially federal agents, tearing up my shit, but they’d never touched my table.

This time, they'd gone too goddamn far. But did they give a shit? Nope. They knew we'd never file anything against them, and even if we wanted to, it was all too easy for them to make it disappear. No goddamn point in stressing myself over it.

Once everyone was at the table and the doors were shut, I placed my hands flat on the stained wood, looking at each of my members. "Get this fucking place cleaned up." They nodded. "Blayke," I said, looking at my VP, "find out what the hell Wendy is running her mouth about. When she goes to jail, she gets permanently shut up. Order the hit."

He grunted. "You sure you want to order that hit, Prez?" he asked. I narrowed my eyes at him. He was treading on thin ice. "Look, Johnston, all I'm saying is, those fucking feds are going to be watching her, lurking and waiting. They're going to constantly be pressing her for information. May not be smart to order a hit, at least not right now."

I scrubbed my hand down my face before scratching at the stubble along my jaw. Fuck, I needed to shave. I hated the scratchy feeling of having a damn beard.

Blayke had a point, and he was thinking clearer than I was at the moment. I had too much shit to deal with. Felt like the weight of the world was on my damn shoulders.

"I'll think on it," I finally grumbled.

He nodded. "Let me know what the final decision is so I can get whatever needs to be taken care of done."

"You'll be the first to know," I assured him. Sighing, I stood up to my full height. "I need to get back to the hospital," I announced. "Whatever needs to be replaced, make sure it's thrown out and something new is put in its place. I want this fucking clubhouse spotless the next time I walk in here."

A chorus of acknowledgments rang up around the table. I slammed the gavel and stepped out of the chapel, already pulling my bike keys from my pocket. I needed to get back to the hospital to see my woman. Only been a mere few damn

hours, and I already missed her like a fucking missing appendage.

That woman had no damn idea just how badly I needed her.

But I was determined to make sure that one day, she *would* know.

I could barely breathe without her.



My body tensed when I saw two officers standing outside Aaliyah's hospital room door. I swore to God, if they were harassing her because of her attachment to the club, to me, I'd lose my fucking shit and get arrested today.

She was off goddamn limits.

No one spoke to her without my fucking permission, and I was about to make shit that clear.

"The fuck is going on?" I snarled.

The youngest deputy held his hand out to me to shake. I just stared at it in disgust. Was he fucking serious right now? He expected a goddamn handshake after what just happened at my clubhouse? "Johnston Trim, right? We were called by a nurse. Apparently, a man tried strangling the woman inside."

Strangled?

Nah. No fucking way someone had just tried to strangle her. No one would be that goddamn stupid.

"That woman," I growled, "is my fucking old lady. The fuck do you mean someone tried to goddamn strangle her?"

He swallowed thickly and dropped his hand by his sides again. The other officer remained quiet, but he took a little step away, creating just a tiny bit more distance between us. In any other situation, I'd have been amused, but not this one. My fucking woman had just been assaulted.

Why the fuck hadn't I immediately been notified?

“I, um, I—” the officer stuttered, tripping over his words.

I was about to bash his skull into the wall to maybe rattle something loose in his fucking brain when the hospital room door opened, saving the stumbling kid.

“Let him in,” the doctor ordered from inside the room.

The two officers stepped out of the way, and I shoved past them, shoulder-checking the one that started stuttering, storming inside. I stopped at the sight of Aaliyah. Breathing tubes were up her nose. The dark, hand-shaped bruises on her neck were a stark contrast to her pale, creamy skin.

I clenched my fists at my sides, my entire body thrumming with rage. I was ready to fucking destroy something.

“Who the fuck did it?” I snarled when the doctor shut the door behind us, giving us some privacy. I swung around to face him. “Dr. Wilson, who *the fuck* touched her?”

Because they were about to goddamn die. And the goddamn guilt riding on my shoulders was eating me alive. This was the second fucking time I hadn’t been able to protect her.

If the universe was trying to send a message, it could fuck right on off. Everything in this world bent to *my* will. I didn’t bend to anyone else.

“Dirk Wilson,” he informed me, keeping his voice low so there were no chances of our voices carrying past that door. “He was arrested—with a fight, might I add. He was out of his mind. High as hell. Alcohol on his breath, too.”

Dirk Wilson.

Her fucking ex that she’d left.

I strode over to her bed and gently trailed the backs of my fingers across her soft cheek. *Fuck*, her skin was so pale. It wasn’t supposed to be like this—not with her. She always had a pretty flush to her cheeks. She was my Red, goddammit.

“She almost died,” Dr. Wilson quietly informed me. I gritted my teeth, my molars grinding together, echoing loudly

in the room. “We’re not sure what we’re facing when—or if—she wakes.”

Or if.

My heart clenched in my chest. I’d just gotten her. I couldn’t fucking lose her. Not like this. I couldn’t fucking live without her. Couldn’t breathe.

Without her, everything else would cease to matter anymore. I’d let the club fall, let the officers do whatever they wanted.

“Why the fuck wasn’t someone in here in time?” I asked, not once taking my eyes off her face. If I took my eyes off her or my hands off her soft skin, I’d destroy this entire fucking hospital room. My soul was thirsting for blood, practically salivating at the thought.

And we wanted the blood of one man—the same man that put these marks on my woman.

“We tried. He had the door locked.”

Fucking Christ. I was never leaving her side again—not while she lay vulnerable in a hospital bed. Not while she was where I couldn’t put proper protection on her. She was a queen, and I had to start guarding her like one.

I brushed my thumb along her jaw. “I’d like some privacy.”

The door clicking shut was the only signal I’d gotten that he was leaving. Clenching my jaw, I pulled my phone out of my pocket and held it to my ear, calling Blayke.

“Prez,” he answered.

“Dirk Wilson—he just got arrested. Keep an eye on him. I’ll give you details later.” I wouldn’t risk saying more where there were cameras. I wasn’t stupid enough for that. My head might have been a mess, but I wouldn’t risk being taken away from her.

Both times she’d almost died, I’d been away from her.

Never fucking again.

Only giving him that little bit to go off of, I hung up the phone and then sat down in my chair beside her bed, grasping her cool hand in mine.

“I’ll *never* let a goddamn thing happen to you again,” I swore. “They’ll have to fucking kill me first.”

And I’d carry that promise all the way to my fucking grave.

CHAPTER ELEVEN



Johnston

I was going stir fucking crazy.

At least, that was how it felt. And I didn't like feeling like this—all out of control.

I'd always been able to keep a level head on my shoulders. But with Aaliyah unconscious, unresponsive?

Control was lost to me.

A week—an entire fucking week—and Red still wasn't awake. Brain scans showed there was still activity up there, but I guessed almost being killed took a bit to come back from—a hell of a lot longer than I'd like it to.

I wanted to see her hazel eyes—*needed* to fucking see them. I missed them, yearned for them.

Her skin was slowly gaining its color back, but nothing would be the same until she was smiling at me, flushing under my gaze as I made her think about how fucking *incredible* we were together.

And we were incredible. She was never getting rid of me. A woman like her was a once in a lifetime kind of thing. I'd trap her in my clubhouse if that was what it took to keep her with me.

I was obsessed with her. And the time I'd spent sitting here, staring at her, waiting on her to wake up, only made my obsession with her that much worse.

“Prez, you look like you’re ready to rip this hospital apart,” Trigger commented as he strode into the room. “I think you need a break.”

I glowered at him. “I think you need to mind your own fucking business.”

He smirked. He was probably one of the only members besides Blayke who could take my shit and just brush it off his shoulder. He wasn’t intimidated by me, though I knew he respected the shit out of me.

“You sound like a toddler, Prez. Come on. Go to the clubhouse. Do some president shit. Get a round of boxing or working out in, then come back. She’ll still be here when you get back. None of us will allow anything else to happen to her.”

I thought that the last time too, only to come back and find two officers standing guard outside her room because her ex had attacked her—strangled her. And according to his drunk ass report, he’d been waiting for me to leave, biding his time until he could get her alone and punish her for leaving and jumping into bed with me.

How did she and I *both* end up choosing psychos to be with? Were we cursed or some shit? Or were we just the ones making them fucking crazy?

That thought made me smirk. If we were the ones making them crazy, then the two of us together would be beautifully catastrophic. I couldn’t fucking wait.

But how did she end up with the shit end of the deal for both parties? If Wendy had a problem, she should have taken it up with me—not Red. And her goddamn ex—too much of a pussy to take shit up with me like a real man. How did he think strangling Aaliyah in a hospital room was going to end?

“Come on, Prez,” Trigger tried again. “I’ll even sit here with her. You *know* I won’t let anything happen to her.”

I sighed and scratched at the beard on my jaw before standing to my feet, deciding to take a break while I had the opportunity. And I knew Trigger was right; he’d protect her,

and I trusted him to do that. Besides, I wasn't good at being cooped up anywhere, and even though I was here because I felt like I couldn't goddamn breathe without Aaliyah, I knew I needed a bit of time to get myself back together.

And shave this God awful fucking beard while I was at it. I scratched at it, wishing I could just peel the shit off.

“You armed?” I asked him, lowering my voice.

He nodded once at me, looking at me like I'd lost my fucking mind for even thinking I needed to ask that question. I snorted and shook my head before leaning over the bed, pressing a soft kiss to Aaliyah's lips. Sighing, I ran my hand over her wild, red curls. “I'll be back, Red,” I whispered.

Trigger clapped a hand to my shoulder. “She's in safe hands, Prez. I'll protect her with my life.”

I pointed at her and narrowed my eyes at him. “You protect her like you protect me when someone has a gun pointed at my fucking head, you hear me?”

He nodded, his face completely serious. “Crystal, Prez. I'll protect her. You've got nothing to worry about.”

I may not—not with him standing guard over her—but it wouldn't stop me from worrying about her. If Aaliyah wasn't by my side, my mind was with her. That just seemed to be how my life would go from here on out. I'd come to terms with it. My life had to adjust to accommodate her.

I clapped a hand to Trigger's back. Then, I strode from her hospital room, feeling like I was leaving my soul in that damned room with her.

Maybe I was. She was the only thing capable of making me feel like I had one.



Blayke was sitting in the chapel when I walked in, so I headed straight for him, wanting to find out if he had any new information on Dirk—if there was anything new. So far, the

feds were trying to press him, but he didn't know shit. He was never allowed on the clubhouse grounds.

He was just a fucking weasel that tried to murder my old lady.

“Nothing new,” he told me as soon as I stepped into the room, obviously already having a feeling what I was coming in for. “But I’m thinking they’re going to be moving him to jail until his trial. You ready to discuss a hit? Once he’s in jail, shit should have died down by then—feds aren’t going to want anything to do with him. Got enough people in our pockets there to make it look like he started shit with someone. Or if you want to wait until he goes to prison, we can do it then.”

I shook my head. “Make the hit happen in jail.”

He nodded. “Got it.” He stood to his feet before jerking his head in the direction of the gym. “Come on. You look like you’ve got some shit to get off your shoulders and out of your head.”

Did I fucking ever. So glad these guys knew me so damn well.

I stripped my shirt off as soon as we entered the room, tossing it over one of the ropes before I climbed into the boxing ring. Law passed me a pair of gloves. Dom, Geek, and Drew moved to stand around the ring, wanting to watch. Sometimes, we fought as a fun way to bet on each other. Other times, like this time, we did this shit to let the storm raging inside of us die down some.

Blayke didn't waste a beat. He never did. He swung out. I ducked and sent an uppercut into his abdomen. He grunted but then swung, taking a jab at my side that almost knocked me off balance. I grinned and swung again, hitting him twice in the abdomen before jabbing into his side.

We always did our best to avoid faces unless we were pissed at each other. Then, it was free reign and no gloves. And you walked out of here with whatever broken bones you'd received. But we never let shit simmer between us. We

got that shit out of our systems. Tension between brothers never ended well if you let it simmer.

“Fuck you,” Blayke wheezed, hitting me in the same spot again. I grunted, adjusting myself to block that part of me. He danced back on the balls of his feet, cracking his neck. “That all you fucking got, Prez?”

I barked out a laugh and knocked him on his ass.



A small groan jerked me out of my sleep, my hand immediately reaching for the gun hidden by my cut. I snapped my eyes open, but nothing was out of place and no one was in the room. The door was still shut, and the light over by the bathroom was still on, casting the room in a soft, yellow glow that barely permeated the space.

Another small groan had me jerking my head toward Aaliyah’s hospital bed. Her eyes were slowly fluttering open, her fingers twitching, no doubt stiff. I quickly lurched from my chair, my heart thumping wildly in my chest.

She was waking up.

Holy fucking shit.

Finally.

I quickly pressed the button for the nurse before grabbing her fingers in mine. “Aaliyah, baby, can you hear me?”

She moaned softly in acknowledgment before her eyes slowly slit open. Slowly, so fucking slowly, she raised her left hand and patted the tubes inserted into her nostrils to help her breathe. I quickly grabbed her hand. “Easy, Red. Let the doctor and nurse come in to remove them,” I coaxed. “You’re okay.”

She tried moving her right hand, and her face scrunched up in discomfort. My heart dropped to my feet, but I kept my mask in place so she wouldn’t see the worry for her in my eyes. I needed to be strong. The doctor had warned me that due to the lack of oxygen to her brain, there may be some

changes she'll be faced with when it comes to bodily movement as well as thinking.

If she couldn't move her right hand, then that was a sure sign she was about to spend the foreseeable future in physical therapy.

But no matter what, I would never leave her fucking side. She was mine, and even if she lost some of her bodily functions for the rest of her life, I'd still never choose anyone else.

“Just relax, Red. It's okay now.”

She slowly closed her eyes, her fingers *very* loosely wrapping around mine.

Fuuuuck. It felt so good to have her touching me like this again, but I was so damn worried about what to expect now.

CHAPTER TWELVE



Aaliyah

“E asy, Red,” Johnston soothed as he helped me off the bed. I slumped against him, the right side of my body not doing much to hold me up. I was still too weak on it, courtesy of my stupid ex, who was now hopefully rotting in a prison cell for attempted murder.

I was torn between being angry and wanting to cry. I hated relying on others, and that was all I could do until my body decided it was ready to operate correctly again.

If it ever decided to. If was a word the doctor usually avoided when he talked to me about my recovery process, but he’d slipped up a couple of times.

Johnston hated the word. He had some kind of gut feeling that I’d recover.

I thought he was full of shit.

My optimism was pure shit right now. I wasn’t hopeful about anything anymore.

“I don’t know if I can walk,” I mumbled, part of my face feeling slack. I hated this shit. How the hell could Johnston still look at me like I was everything in the world to him when half my damn body didn’t work, and I was also recovering from a gunshot wound still?

There were so many other available women out there who would make a much better old lady than me. Why the hell was he sticking around still?

Time had passed since my surgery and since I'd been strangled. The doctor had kept me in the hospital for weeks, and he *finally* deemed it okay for me to go home, but I had to have around-the-clock supervision. Johnston didn't even seem to care about how much trouble I would be—like he wasn't even really taking into consideration what around-the-clock care actually meant. He just nodded at the doctor, promised I'd be back at the hospital for all my physical therapy sessions and all my follow-ups, and signed off on my paperwork without even blinking an eye.

He was being way too good to me. I wasn't sure how to deal with it, to be honest. I didn't understand his actions right now, and when I didn't understand things, I got agitated.

“You want me to carry you?” Johnston asked me. “Or I can get a nurse to bring a wheelchair. Just tell me what you want.”

I shook my head. I wanted him to tell me what he was thinking so I could figure out where the hell my life was going from here. But right now wasn't the time to ask those kinds of questions. I just needed to focus on getting the hell out of his hospital. I was sick of it—been had enough of these endless white walls and overly-friendly nurses.

“Just carry me. I've bothered all of them enough lately as it is.”

He sighed as he lifted me, obviously not agreeing with me calling myself a bother. He cradled me against his chest like I didn't weigh a thing, though I knew I'd gained weight while laid up in that hospital bed, since I hadn't really been able to move around, and the hospital made sure I ate three meals a day. I grimaced at the mere thought of looking at myself in the mirror now. I'd been thick before, but it had been a good-looking kind of thick where my body was evenly proportioned. Now, I felt like a blob.

I linked my left arm around his neck, my right arm just resting over my chest, just about fucking useless.

Like most of me was. Fuck, I hated myself right now, and I hated my ex and his stupid wife even more.

Johnston pressed a kiss to the top of my head before striding out of the hospital room. “Let’s get you home, Red.”

Home.

Was home with him now?



Tears sprang to my eyes when Johnston stepped into the clubhouse with me cradled in his arms. The club girls had strung up balloons and party streamers with a big “Welcome Home, Aaliyah” banner dangling from the ceiling. The guys were swarmed around us, greeting me with half hugs the best they could, all of them beyond happy to see me back home.

Home. Because I guessed this was my home now. This was my family now.

I was pretty sure I was about to cry. I was feeling overly emotional.

“Guys, give her some breathing room,” Johnston ordered, stepping back from them a bit. I was cradled against his chest, and so far, it didn’t seem like he had any plans of letting me go. “She’s still tired and needs her rest.”

They parted for their president like the red sea, and he strode through them with ease, heading over to the couch, which had been replaced since the last time I’d been here. The old worn, brown pleather couch had been traded out for a U-shaped gray cloth couch with a matching massive ottoman in the center.

“Redecorated?” I asked him, looking around me, taking note that some of the tables had been replaced and the flat screen TV mounted on the wall was bigger.

He shrugged once he had me settled on the comfortable cushions. I sighed in contentment, closing my eyes for a moment. God, this couch was comfortable. “Had to. Feds destroyed this place.” He brushed his fingers over my cheek. “You good?”

I opened my eyes again and nodded. "I'm fine." My stomach rumbled, making me flush. "Any food?"

He snorted. "When isn't there food around here, Red?"

He walked away from me, and Law took a seat beside me, lounging back, kicking his boots up on the ottoman. "I love this fucking couch," he muttered.

I snorted, but before I could open my mouth to say anything, Johnston whistled, dragging our attention over to him. I frowned in confusion. He arched a brow at Law. "The fuck do you think you're doing?"

I glanced over at Law, only to see him grinning. "Chatting up a pretty woman," he retorted, but there was a teasing note in his voice. I didn't think Johnston found his teasing very funny though, because he looked a bit murderous, which had warmth spreading through my veins.

Johnston narrowed his eyes at Law, and that was enough to make Lawson slide away a bit, putting some space between us. I bit back a giggle. Without a word, Johnston turned back to what he was doing, which was grabbing a bowl of something steaming from one of the club girls and a spoon. He walked over to me and wedged himself between me and Lawson. Law grunted and moved over more.

"Can't leave you alone for two goddamn seconds," Johnston muttered, spooning up some of the stew in the bowl and blowing on it. "Open for me, Red."

My cheeks heated, my lip softly parting. Johnston's eyes darkened in response to what was no doubt a lust-stricken look in my eyes. He hadn't done more than kiss me in *weeks*, and despite my confusion over what we were and what my future looked like from here on out, I wanted him.

"Later, baby," he rumbled. My nipples pebbled, my core tingling. "Let me feed you."

I obediently opened my mouth, my eyes never leaving his as he fed me a bite of the stew. I hummed, letting my eyes fall shut, chewing the delicious beef and rice. "Fuck, it feels good

to eat something homemade,” I murmured once I was done chewing.

Johnston fed me another bite. “I’ll never let you get put in the hospital again,” he swore.

Opening my eyes again, I arched my brows at him. “You can’t prevent everything, Johnston.”

He fed me yet another bite. “I’ll damn well die trying then.”



Johnston’s calloused hands ran over my skin as he undressed me. I shivered, my breath hitching in my throat. My body was tightly coiled, desperate for him to touch me, fuck me—something. We’d been forced to go way too long without each other, and now I was deprived.

Way too goddamn deprived.

He pressed his lips to mine, coaxing mine apart, though it didn’t take much. I moaned into his mouth when he deepened the kiss, his hands grasping my ribcage, a low growl sounding from the depths of his chest.

“Let me get you undressed,” he rasped, nipping at my bottom lip. I whimpered. “I’ll take care of you, Red. I promise. Just need you undressed first.”

I nodded, trusting his word. He hadn’t given me a reason not to yet.’

Might be stupid of me to trust him, but I wasn’t always known for my smart decisions.

I mean, I did sleep with a married man, which got me shot.

Once I was naked, he quickly stripped out of his own clothes before carrying me into the shower and beneath the spray of hot water. Once he sat on the built-in seat in the corner, he turned me so my back was facing him, his hands gentle despite the need that had clearly been burning in his eyes.

He was wrecking me just from how carefully he was taking care of me.

I trembled when he spread my legs, hooking my knees over his rough, hairy thighs. Then, he collared my throat, holding me in place against his chest as his other hand slid between my thighs, finding my clit.

I cried out, gasping his name as he quickly worked me to an orgasm, pumping his thick, rough fingers in and out of my wet heat as the heel of his hand worked my clit with the perfect pressure and rhythm.

“Let me hear you, Red,” he growled. “I *need* to hear you.” He nipped at my earlobe before sucking it into his mouth. I cried out. “Been too long since I heard you fall apart for me.”

I came undone, a choked scream ripping from my lips as he continued working me through my orgasm, prolonging it until I was nothing more than a gasping, shaking mess on his lap.

He turned my head to face him and stole the rest of the breath in my lungs with a hot, deep, needy kiss that made my head spin.

“Better?” he quietly asked once he parted our lips, allowing me to breathe again.

I just weakly nodded my head. He grinned and kissed me again.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN



Johnston

I slowly eased out of bed, being careful not to jostle Aaliyah. She was sleeping peacefully, her lips parted just the slightest bit, her red, curly hair spread out over her pillow. She looked so damn beautiful and peaceful. I could stare at her all day and never grow tired of it.

Before I really realized what I was doing, I had grabbed my phone off the nightstand and snapped a picture of her. Fuck, I was so in love with her. I used to think love like this was impossible, at least for a man like me. But being with Red had quickly proven me wrong.

I stared down at the photo of her, a slight grin tugging at my lips. This was definitely becoming my wallpaper. She might pitch a fit when she saw it, but eh. I knew how to shut her up and make her agree with me.

She was addicted to the orgasms I could give her.

Setting my phone back down, I quickly got dressed, moving silently around the room as I did so. She never stirred, which I was thankful for. I wanted to be done with church and make sure someone had some food ready before I came and got her out of bed and ready to face the day.

And today, I was making an extremely important announcement to the club. I didn't want that announcement disturbed.

After pressing a light kiss to her cheek, I pocketed my phone and quickly left the room, heading for the chapel. The rest of the club members were already seated around the table, coffee mugs in front of them. Blayke got up and made me a cup from the Keurig in the corner as I took my seat.

I nodded in thanks to him when he set it in front of me.

“Alright, first order of business.” I looked at my VP. “Any word on what’s going on with Dirk yet?”

He nodded. “Just got word about five minutes before you got in here that he was being transported to state until his trial since no one is posting bond for him.” He smirked, lifting his coffee mug to his lips. “He won’t make it to his trial.”

I relaxed back in my seat, pleased with that news. Finally, I’d have one less thing to worry about.

I nodded once at him before clearing my throat. “I need to make an announcement.” The room went deadly silent. I drummed my fingers on the table, looking at each man sitting there with me. “Aaliyah is my old lady.” There were no questions about that. I wasn’t even asking if they were okay with her being their president’s woman. This wasn’t up for debate.

The guys instantly began congratulating me. They’d taken the news better than I thought they would, considering I’d never brought around Wendy. I’d kept her far from this club, and obviously for good reason. The second she was locked up, she was trying to run her mouth. I’d done the right thing by keeping her and this club separate.

She’d been served divorce papers a few days ago, and my attorney had assured me she’d signed them. I was just waiting on the official court documents that stated I was a divorced man before I took Aaliyah to the courthouse to officially tie her to me in the eyes of the law. Not that I really gave a damn about the law since being my old lady was essentially a marriage vow in my world, but I knew she’d want that legal document.

“You men are okay with that?” I asked. I was going to do what I wanted anyway, but if they had any reservations about us being together, I needed to know so I could work on it. I needed my men to have the utmost trust in me and the woman I claimed as mine.

“The fuck would we have a problem with it for?” Trigger asked, arching a disbelieving brow at me. “The only reason none of us ever tried to touch her was because we saw how you looked at her.”

Drew cracked a grin. “Yeah, Prez. We value our fucking lives.”

I barked out a laugh and slammed my gavel on the table. “Someone make sure food is getting cooked. Aaliyah needs to eat.”

“Way ahead of you,” Law told me as he rose from his seat. “Like we’d let the queen go without what she needs.”

I ignored his last remark and stood as well, heading back down the hall to my room to get Aaliyah. She was playing on her phone when I walked in, scrolling through social media. She lowered the phone to look at me, a small smile on her face.

Fuck, it felt so good to see her smiling again. I still woke up in the middle of the night every night with the image of her pale face and those bruises around her neck haunting me. And when that image wasn’t, the image of her laying in a pool of her own blood was.

“You’re up early,” she grumbled.

“I’m always up early, Red.” I strode around the bed and helped her sit up. “I need to get you dressed so you can—” My words were cut off when the blanket slipped down, revealing those perfect tits. I groaned. Fuck, she had a way of making a man lose his train of thought. And I knew she didn’t even damn mean to. It was my fault she was in bed naked. I hadn’t bothered dressing her after our shower. I’d wanted to feel her naked, soft curves against me.

“You going to fuck me?” she breathlessly asked, jerking my eyes to hers. They were needy and filled with lust. My cock surged behind my jeans at the sultry look.

Goddammit, she was killing me.

“Not until you’re completely healed, Red. I won’t risk hurting you, and I’m not gentle. You know that.”

She sighed, leaning her head back against the headboard. I just dropped a kiss to her forehead before going over to my dresser, grabbing out the clothes I’d pulled from her room last night. My cock was aching something fierce, but my hand would continue to do the job until her doctor cleared her one hundred percent. I wouldn’t risk her health or her recovery just to get a fucking nut in.

I managed to get her dressed without teasing her or myself, keeping my hands only where they needed to be. I knew it was frustrating for both of us, but we’d make it through this. I’d get her off later like I did the night before. Hopefully, that would sate her for a little while.

I had no idea this woman would ever want me so damn badly. It was a dream come true, to be real. I’d never take it for granted either. I *loved* sex.

Sliding my arms beneath her, I easily lifted her against my chest. “Let’s get some food in you,” I gently commanded. “You’ve got a therapy appointment later.”

She sighed and rested her head against my chest. “I hate physical therapy,” she muttered.

I pressed a kiss to the top of her head. “Yeah, well, it’ll help you in the long run. Just keep that in mind, Red.”

She rolled her eyes at me, and if I hadn’t had my hands full of her, I’d have swatted her ass.

She smiled at me like she knew exactly what she was doing, too.

I just shook my head with a sigh.



I watched as the physical therapist began working Aaliyah's arm. Aaliyah was trying—I'd give her that. But I knew this wasn't easy.

She grunted when the therapist finally put her arm down. Red slowly shut her eyes, taking a moment to rest. She was no doubt going to need a nap later. It didn't take much to wear her out these days. Her body had a long way to go before she was back at the level she was before she got shot.

Even now, her face was a bit pale. I fucking hated having to watch this shit, but I wouldn't leave her alone. But it just seemed like every physical therapy appointment was harder than the last for her.

I wanted to carry her out of the room and never bring her back, but I knew she needed this. It was literally the only thing stopping me. I hated seeing her being pushed to her limits like this.

I growled when the therapist began to work her arm again. They both snapped their eyes to mine. Aaliyah shook her head at me, a warning to keep my cool. The therapist was staring at me with wide eyes.

I clenched my jaw and stood to my feet, my boots silent as I strode to the door.

"Johnston?" Aaliyah quietly called, worry coating her words.

I looked over my shoulder at her as I pulled my cigarettes from my pocket. "Just need to take a smoke break, Red. I'll be back. I promise."

She nodded, relaxing again as much as she could. I slipped out of the room and headed for the exit of the hospital. If I didn't get some nicotine in my lungs here soon, I was going to knock that therapist on her ass. I knew she was just doing her job, but it didn't make it any easier for me to deal with.

As soon as I stepped out the doors, I lit a cigarette and moved to the side, out of the way of other people. The sky was gloomy, no sun, the perfect day for a leisurely bike ride. But I wanted Aaliyah with me today.

Guess we'd be taking the truck instead. I could ride with the windows down, yet I knew it wouldn't be the same. But I wasn't taking a random ride again without Aaliyah on the back of my bike.

I rolled my neck around and watched the parking lot as people came and people left. Kids screamed, not wanting to go inside. An ambulance whizzed past, heading toward the emergency room.

Crazy that there was this much activity for such a small town.

Once I'd finished my cigarette and felt relatively calmer, I headed back inside. Aaliyah looked up at my entrance, a small smile tilting one side of her lips. "You good, Red?" I asked her.

She yawned and nodded. I took my seat again, watching for the next thirty minutes as she went through more therapy before they began to stretch out her muscles to wind her back down.

As soon as her appointment was over, I paid the bill and then carried her out to the truck, ignoring the nurse that tried getting me to use the wheelchair, saying it was hospital policy.

Fuck their policy.

"How do you feel about a drive?" I asked Aaliyah as I set her in the passenger seat of my truck.

She smiled at me as much as she could. The right side of her face was doing a little better, but she still had a bit to go before she was back to normal. "A drive sounds perfect. But I might fall asleep."

I buckled her in before pressing my lips to hers. "Sleep all you want, Red. You need the rest. Let me handle everything else."

I closed her door and got in on the driver's side before I pulled out of the hospital parking lot, heading toward the county line. We both needed this, even if she slept for most of it.

And just as she warned me, not even five minutes into the drive, she was softly snoring.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN



Aaliyah

Johnston sighed as he pulled onto the clubhouse lot, shifting his truck into park as Blayke made his way to the truck, his stride determined. I watched as Johnston leaned his head back against the headrest of his seat, a deep frown pulling at his lips.

I didn't like seeing him so stressed. I wanted things to go back to the way they were before I'd gotten shot. I mean, I didn't want to give him up, but I just didn't want him to be dealing with all this shit. Everything had been peaceful a few weeks ago.

"Swear a man can't catch a fucking break," Johnston muttered. "Give me a minute, Red."

He slid out of the truck and shut the door, meeting Blayke a few feet from the hood of the truck. I watched as Blayke quickly spoke to him, his voice low enough that I couldn't hear him. Johnston cursed and nodded his head before moving away from his VP to round the truck. He pulled my door open and then reached in, lifting me out of the truck.

"One of the club girls is going to help you to my room," he told me as he carried me to the clubhouse. "You think you can walk that distance if I can at least get you to the chapel doors? This is an emergency, and I need to get inside as soon as possible."

I frowned, worried about what was happening, but I didn't ask questions. I knew my place. Women weren't told anything

—only if we *really* needed to know. And even then, it was normally just a matter of life or death.

“Of course,” I assured him.

He sighed, clenching his jaw for a moment before he forced it to relax. “I’m sorry, Red. I wanted to have a relaxing evening with you after the rough day you’ve had.”

I instantly shook my head at him. He was the president. When shit popped up, he had to take care of that. I understood and respected his position within this club. He never had to apologize for putting the club first.

“You’re the president, Johnston. The club comes first—always. I know that; I understand it. And I respect it.”

He shook his head, pressing his lips to the top of my head. “You’re too good for a fucker like me, Red.”

I just rolled my eyes at him. He muttered something I didn’t catch. I arched a brow at him. “What?”

He grunted. “I said if my hands weren’t full of you already, I’d smack your ass for that sassy little eye roll.”

My cheeks flushed, my core clenching. A wicked smirk pulled at his lips as he set me on my feet in front of the chapel doors. No doubt, he knew the effect he had on me. I didn’t even have the decency to be the slightest bit embarrassed. I *wanted* him to know how badly I needed him.

As soon as I was on my feet, Lily was there, wrapping an arm around my waist to steady me. Johnston strode into the chapel without another word, shutting the door behind him. I blew out a soft breath, hoping whatever had happened was easily dealt with. Johnston really didn’t need more shit piled on his plate.

“So, you and Johnston, huh?” Lily asked as soon as the door was shut behind Johnston, locking all the men in that room. “We’ve all been wondering when he’d finally leave his wife and make you his old lady. Man’s had eyes for you since you started working here.”

I frowned at Lily as we slowly made our way down the hall. I hated being so weak on one side of my body. I couldn't heal fucking fast enough. I was beginning to not mind having Johnston dote on me and carry me everywhere as much, but the sooner I didn't have to rely on anyone, the sooner I could move on with my life.

"I'm not his old lady," I told her. I didn't know where she'd heard that, but she'd heard it wrong.

She snorted. "Not what the rest of us were told. Blayke made it clear you were Johnston's old lady and were to be respected as such, per the president's orders."

I gritted my teeth. So, Johnston was making me his old lady. And while that had sounded nice in the hospital when I was alone and afraid, now I wasn't sure how I felt. Because what happened when he got tired of me like he got tired of his wife?

What happened if I never got better? What happened if I never got all of my mobility back and was forever handicapped?

Would he truly still want me as his old lady then?

"Take me to my room," I told Lily.

Concern washed through her eyes as she looked at me, but Lily pushed open the door to my room, thankfully, and not Johnston's. Once I was on the bed and comfortable, she quietly left, more than likely realizing she'd said something she probably shouldn't have. But despite my silence toward her, I was glad she had said something.

Because it was clear that Johnston wasn't going to.



The door to my room burst open, and I glanced up at Johnston. He looked worried, but as soon as he laid his eyes on me, he breathed a sigh of relief.

What was wrong with him?

“Why aren’t you in our room?” he asked, making his way to me after he shut my room door.

I glowered at him the best I could. “Why didn’t you tell me you decided to announce to the club I’m your old lady?” I demanded, answering his question with another question.

He stopped in his tracks and studied me for a moment, his eyes shuttering. He could feel a fight on the horizon, and fuck if I wasn’t ready to give him one. I was feeling downright volatile. He should have talked to me first before just doing his normal thing of making all the decisions.

I wasn’t one of the club members. I didn’t wear a cut. And I wasn’t a club bunny. I was just the fucking bartender.

He shoved his hands in the pockets of his jeans, keeping his distance from me. “I thought we discussed this in the hospital,” he said calmly.

“Did we?” I retorted, arching my brow at him—the only one I could fucking arch. “Because I don’t recall a single instance when you said *will you be my old lady*. Do you?”

He clenched his jaw because he knew as well as I did that he hadn’t said that. I sighed. “Johnston, you said I was yours. I know that. But being your old lady is a hell of a lot different than just being yours, and you know it. That’s a fucking life vow for you men. Was your wife your old lady?”

Silently, he shook his head. I released a laugh. “Exactly. Figured she wasn’t since you divorced her, right?” He nodded, keeping silent, more than likely so he wouldn’t say something stupid. He’d always been careful with me. I’d just never realized why until the night we fucked. “Are you going to cheat on me like you did her? Because regardless of her being your old lady or not, Johnston, you were still married. And I was the other woman.”

He moved toward me then, and I squeaked when he grasped my chin in his hand, yanking my head up so I had nowhere to look but into his eyes that were brimming with anger...and adoration.

That was an odd combination. I swallowed thickly.

“I will tattoo your fucking name on my cock if it means you’ll agree to be mine, Aaliyah.” I blinked. I hadn’t been expecting *that*. “I’ll bind myself to you any way you see fit. You’re it for me. I’ve wanted you for two goddamn years, and even after I got a taste of you, I just wanted you *more*. I’m constantly half fucking hard around you, and my chest *aches* for you when you’re not around me.”

Tears welled in my eyes at his fiercely spoken words. He lowered his face until his lips just barely brushed mine.

“Those hours you were in surgery, those days you were lying unconscious on that hospital bed—Red, I never want to experience that again. I was losing my fucking soul—the soul *you’re* responsible for breathing life back into.” He leaned back a little, brushing our noses together, his eyes boring into mine. “I *love* you, Aaliyah. Let me love you, Red. I’m *begging* you.”

I blew out a shaky breath and slowly nodded my head. How the hell could I deny him after all that he’d just said? He’d just laid his heart and soul bare.

He pressed his lips to mine, coaxing them apart before tasting every inch of my mouth. I moaned, my hand coming up to clutch at the back of his head.

“*Never* fucking letting you go,” he growled when he parted our lips, leaving me panting for breath. “That means you’re my old lady, Red.”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “I’ll put a bullet in your skull if you ever cheat on me,” I warned him, my words a bit choppy since I was still trying to catch my breath.

He smirked at me. “Red, if you ever catch me in that position, I’ll already be on my knees in front of you, begging for you to kill me. Because that would mean I hurt you. And if I ever hurt you, Red, I’ll already be begging for death.”

CHAPTER FIFTEEN



Johnston

I drummed my fingers on my desk as I stared down at the thick-ass folder Law had gotten me on the Ghosts of Chaos MC. They used to be a clean club, but my guess was, money got tight judging by their finances, and they went dirty to make up for the loss of funds.

And now, they were hedging in on my Texas charter's territory. I put in the phone call to Scorpion a few hours ago and warned him trouble might be headed his way. Wasn't much else I could do though besides wait.

After their initial trespass, they'd stayed away. But a desperate club was a dangerous one, and I knew they'd be back.

They always were.

And they always went for what others had instead of trying to build on their own. They were desperate, and desperation made for dangerous, unpredictable enemies.

This was the last fucking thing I needed with Aaliyah still trying to recover.

A light knock sounded on my office door, and then a key slid into the lock. I leaned back in my chair, linking my fingers together over my midsection with my elbows braced on the arms of the chair as I watched Aaliyah open the door.

I could've cried the day she finally walked on her own. And I wasn't an emotional man. But fuck, after watching her

struggle for months, I'd been slowly losing hope, though I would've never told her that.

But she did. She defeated the odds stacked against her.

Red was a hell of a woman.

Weeks of physical therapy had helped her gain her strength back and full mobility of her body. She'd taken to working out every day to rebuild her muscles. I couldn't lie and say I wouldn't miss the extra softness she'd gained while she was recovering, but if she was happy working out, I wouldn't stop her.

Her happiness was all that mattered at the end of the day.

Red was dressed in a pair of black slacks that hugged her curvy ass and hips, and a plain black blouse completed the outfit. Her red hair was pulled back into a tight bun, and I wanted to do nothing more than bend her over my desk and pull at that bun as I rammed my cock into her until those red tresses spilled down her back and shoulders again.

Fucking hated it when she tied them up. The *only* plus was that her freckles were more prominent when she had her hair tied back.

She arched a brow at me. "You ready?"

I grunted and looked at my watch, muttering a curse. I hadn't realized how much time had passed.

"Yeah, I'm ready," I rumbled, standing from my chair. Gripping her chin in my hand, I slid my lips across hers.

She rolled her eyes at me when I released her. "Don't seem so excited, Johnston," she teased, a small smile tilting both sides of her lips. That was another thing I'd missed like fucking crazy—seeing her entire face change with her smiles.

Today, Wendy would be having her trial, and I wanted to be there to see her get sentenced to prison. And I wanted Aaliyah to have that closure, too. She'd almost lost her life because of my crazy-ass wife, who had no qualms about cheating on me but lost her fucking mind when I did the same.

Two wrongs didn't make a right, but fucking hell. If I lost Aaliyah that day, someone would have had to put a bullet through my skull. I would have lost my shit on *everyone*.

“Just want her behind bars, Red.”

Aaliyah slid her hands under my cut and along my sides, looking up at me through those stunning blue eyes I loved so goddamn much. I'd never get tired of staring into them. “And she will be. I almost bled out on that lot out there. There's no way she's getting out of this, and that judge will laugh in her face if she tries to plead insanity.”

I grinned down at my spitfire of an old lady. “Baby, I paid that judge to make sure she doesn't get off easy. Pleading insanity is the last thing you have to worry about her being able to do.”

Having people in positions of high power in your pocket paid off.

She hummed low in her throat and leaned up on her tiptoes. I quickly grasped her hips since her balance could still sometimes be shaky, and I didn't want her falling. “I'll properly thank you for that later.” She teased her lips along mine.

I growled, sliding one hand around to palm her thick ass. She softly giggled, pushing herself closer to me. “We don't have to go to the hearing, Red.” Fuck, when she made promises like that, I didn't give a damn about anything else.

She giggled again and slipped out of my reach. I narrowed my eyes at her. She was such a fucking tease.

But I loved her. I loved her with every fiber of my being. Every bit of my soul belonged to her.

“Yes, we do. Now let's get going before we're late.”

With that, she strode up the hall, and I sighed, scrubbing my hand down my face.

Aaliyah had me wrapped around her finger, and she didn't even fucking realize it. The depth of my love and feelings for her was unmatched by anything else in this world.



Aaliyah held my hand in hers. We were sitting in the very back, the club standing along the wall. Aaliyah was the only one that had dressed up for the occasion. The rest of us were wearing our normal attire of dusty, scuffed-up boots, worn jeans, t-shirts, and our leather cuts. We didn't have a goddamn thing to hide, and we wanted everyone to know it.

And I wanted everyone to know and understand who the fuck was standing behind Aaliyah if they *ever* decided they wanted to fuck with her.

I didn't want to give Wendy the satisfaction of us dressing up. I believed the only reason Aaliyah did was because she wanted Wendy to see she was alive and well despite taking a bullet to the gut and almost losing her life not once, but twice.

Red's ex was already dead—died in a random food fight gone horribly wrong. And I could make anyone else disappear just as easily as I had him.

You didn't touch what was mine and live to tell the tale.

And the only reason Wendy was surviving was because I wanted her to suffer. Death was too easy for her. She'd die on the inside being trapped in that prison, and I'd make sure her life was a living hell. I had people in my pockets.

Wendy had no idea how much power I held.

And when Wendy would eventually get out a few years down the road, we'd be waiting on her. And I wanted her to live with that fear, that knowledge, that we were never going anywhere.

It didn't take the jury long to come to a decision, and that was because they were in my pocket, too. Wendy wasn't getting out of this. She had no attorney, no money, and she had nothing to offer anyone to help get anyone on her side.

So, when she got fifteen years in prison with a chance of parole after ten, I just smiled. Aaliyah relaxed into my side and

turned her head to brush her lips with mine. Wendy screeched and began yelling, but I ignored her.

“Do I get my reward now?” I asked in a low voice, sinking my teeth into her lower lip until I tasted her blood on my tongue. She moaned into my mouth.

“Take me home, prez,” she begged.

I sure as fuck didn’t have to be told twice. I stood from the seat and pulled her up too before grabbing her hand in mine and leading her out of the courthouse.



As soon as I kicked our door shut behind me, I deposited Red on the bed before following her down, my mouth taking hers in a deep, hungry kiss. She moaned, her fingers sliding into my hair, tugging on the curls as she opened her lips beneath mine.

I groaned when she parted her thick thighs, allowing me to settle between them. Thrusting once against her, she rewarded me with a long moan, her legs wrapping around my waist to keep the friction up.

Fucking hell, she knew how to drive me nuts. I literally could not get enough of her.

Ripping my lips from hers, I leaned up on my knees and gripped her shirt, ripping it open, the buttons popping everywhere. She wiggled out of it the rest of the way, and I tossed it aside before reaching beneath her and pulling her bra off, tossing it somewhere random, too.

“Fuck, you are perfect,” I rasped, lowering my head. I took one of her pretty, rosy nipples into my mouth, suckling at it before I gently sank my teeth into the tender nub. She cried out, her back arching, her thighs squeezing my hips. Then, I lashed my tongue over the sensitive bud before doing the same to her other.

“Need this off,” she panted, shoving at my cut with one hand and tugging at my shirt with the other.

Grinning, I sat up again and shrugged my cut off, tossing it to the foot of the bed before peeling my shirt over my head, tossing it to the floor with her things. She wistfully sighed and slid her soft palms over my tatted chest and stomach.

While she was distracted by my body, I unsnapped her slacks and began tugging them down her legs. She helped me by lifting her sweet ass into the air, and I took that opportunity to yank her panties down with them. Her hands moved lower, and she unfastened my belt and then unsnapped my jeans before shoving them down with her feet. I yanked her slacks off completely, and she spread her thighs apart for me, baring her pretty pussy to my eyes.

“Fuck, Red,” I growled, my dick jerking.

She just shot me a coy smile, and once my jeans and briefs were kicked off, she wrapped her hands around the back of her knees and pulled her legs further apart and back, giving me everything I fucking wanted.

I flattened my body to the bed and then dove in, feasting on her like I hadn't eaten in weeks. I lashed my tongue at her clit, sliding two fingers into her, spreading her wide. She moaned and writhed on the mattress, whimpering my name. Her body trembled as she began to come, and I greedily drank from her, the scent of her arousal spreading through the room like the sweetest perfume.

I never wanted to smell anything different for the rest of my life.

She cried out, her back bowing off the bed as she came. I moved my body over hers and grabbed my cock in my hand. As soon as I was aligned with her entrance, I pushed into her. She wrapped her arms around my shoulders and met me thrust for thrust, just as hungry for me as I was for her.

“I love you,” I rumbled. I gripped her hair in my hand and yanked her head back. Her eyes snapped open, her kiss-swollen lips parting. “I fucking love you, Red.”

Tears washed in her eyes. “I love you, too, Johnston,” she croaked.

I kissed her again—so hard that I tasted her blood on my tongue. But it seemed to only unlock something within her because she flipped us over and began to ride me, her palms flat on my chest. I gripped her hips, thrusting up into her, making sure to bump her clit every time.

She fell apart around me, her head falling back on her shoulders, those luscious, red curls spilling down her creamy back as her walls began to milk me for all I was worth.

“Red!” I roared, shooting deep inside of her. I yanked her body down to mine, pumping my hips until I was spent. Then, held her tight to me until her trembling eased.

“I need a nap,” she whispered a few minutes later, yawning right after.

I gently rolled her to the side before easing out of her. My cum spilled out of her, leaking onto her thighs. Pride swelled in my chest at the sight.

This woman was *all fucking mine*.

“Let me get you cleaned up.”

She yawned again and nodded, her eyes already closed. I quickly strode to the bathroom, and after grabbing a damp wash cloth, I headed back into the room, gently spreading her legs so I could clean her up. Then, I pressed a kiss to the scar on her abdomen. Her fingers lightly sifted through my hair in a tender response that spoke volumes.

“Get some rest,” I whispered, leaning up to press a gentle kiss to her lips.

She nodded, already slipping into sleep.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN



Aaliyah

Johnston was passed out on his back, one arm thrown over his head, his other arm over his stomach. After the hot sex we had yesterday and the small nap I took, we joined the party going on in celebration of Wendy getting sentenced to prison. I drank too much, and I was pretty sure Johnston did, too.

It was honestly a miracle that my head didn't feel like it was splitting open.

Johnston moved slightly, his chest muscles tightening with the movement before relaxing again, his lips softly parting. His dark curls were a mess, and he had stubble forming along his jaw, that I knew he hated. Said it made his skin itch.

Hell, I thought he'd never looked hotter.

I eased out of my panties and slowly slid my t-shirt off, being careful not to wake Johnston up, before I slowly moved to straddle his naked hips. I quietly gasped when his hard cock slid against my slit, and my belly tightened, warmth rushing through my veins.

My body was tingling, my core already clenching, ready to accept him.

I slowly lowered my upper body until my nipples brushed his tattooed chest, and I bit my lip when the sensitive tips shot pleasure through my body, sending it straight down to my core. I squeaked when Johnston's hands suddenly gripped my

hips, and he ground me against his cock, drawing a desperate moan from the back of my throat.

“Thought I was asleep, Red?” he rasped. His dark eyes were open and locked on mine, need and hunger burning brightly within. His hand slid up my back until he gripped a handful of my red hair, yanking my head back so he had a better look at my eyes. “I’m always aware of you, Aaliyah. I felt you the moment you began moving.”

I sank my teeth into my bottom lip, chills rushing down my spine. The way he said it—it sounded so possessive. So obsessed.

So fucking hot.

I moaned and rocked against him. He gritted his teeth, his dark eyes blazing with need. “I’m going to put you on your stomach and fuck you if you don’t stop,” he warned me, his fingers digging into the soft flesh of my ass.

I just rolled my hips in response, desperate to have him inside of me. I knew I was teasing a beast, but I didn’t care. I wanted his savagery.

With a growl, he rolled us over and then leaned up on his knees, flipping me onto my belly. Then, he yanked my hips up into the air before shoving inside of me, bottoming out. I cried out his name, my hands fisting the sheets and blankets as I pushed back against him, meeting him thrust for thrust, desperate to let him fuck me like a man possessed.

“You are *mine*,” Johnston snarled, his hips audibly smacking against my ass as he thrust inside of me. “I own every fucking part of you, Red.”

He was obsessed, and I couldn’t get enough of it.

“Yes,” I mewled, encouraging him. He felt so *good* inside of me like this. Possessing me. Owning me.

“God, this pussy,” he groaned. “You’re so fucking *wet*. Love how soaked you get for me.”

“Always,” I moaned, my head dropping onto the mattress just as my body tightened before I came all over his cock, my

scream muffled by the sheets.



“Red!” Johnston called as he stepped out of his office. I looked up from the bar where I was wiping water spots off of the glasses, watching as he emerged from the hallway. “Woman, you better not be fucking cleaning.”

I shot him a sheepish smile. Since I’d become his old lady, apparently I couldn’t clean anymore. But what the hell else was I supposed to do around here when he was locked up in his office, dealing with club shit?

“I got bored.”

He rounded the bar and took the towel from me before handing it off to one of the club girls. I set the glass on the counter with a soft sigh. I needed to find a hobby.

“Finish what she was doing,” he ordered. He looked back at me. “You and I have an appointment to get to.”

I arched a brow at him. “We do?” First I was hearing about it.

“Yes, we do.” He grabbed my hand in his, linking our fingers together before he pulled me out from behind the bar. “Blayke, you ready?” he called over his shoulder as he led me to the clubhouse doors.

“Right behind you, Prez,” Blayke said, coming out of the back hallway. I frowned in confusion. Why did Blayke need to come with us?

“Do either of you want to tell me what’s going on?” I asked, getting ready to throw what the guys called a ‘bitch-fit’.

“We’re getting married today.”

Say what?

I dug in my heels, glaring at Johnston’s back. He growled before stopping, turning to face me, a scowl on his face. I narrowed my eyes at him, standing my ground. He didn’t scare me. I knew Johnston would kill himself before he ever touched

me inappropriately. “What do you mean we’re getting *married?*” I demanded.

His scowl deepened. “Exactly what I said, Red.”

“I’m not getting married in this!” I yelled at him, gesturing over myself. I was in a pair of ripped jeans and a baggy, stained t-shirt. Was he out of his goddamn mind?

He wrapped his hand around my throat and dragged me closer to him, narrowing his eyes at me. I didn’t back down, though my panties were definitely fucking ruined now. “Won’t matter what you’re wearing, Red. I just want your name attached to mine in the eyes of the law.”

“And I would have liked to have dressed a little bit nicer for the occasion,” I spat at him, my words a little strangled from his grip on my throat. But was that going to make me back down? Nope.

“You want to argue with me right now, Red?”

I had the audacity to arch a brow at him. “Until I pass out,” I rasped, smirking at him.

He released me with a low growl. “You have ten fucking minutes.”

I leaned up and kissed him before rushing back into the clubhouse, my heart in my throat. Johnston was going to fucking marry me! I knew I was his old lady, but his agreeing to tie himself into another marriage after how his last one ended meant a lot.

It meant he really did see an amazing future with me.

I rushed into our room and quickly donned a simple, white sundress before rushing to do my makeup and tame my curls. If there was one thing I knew how to do in a rush, it was to doll myself up. And I had no doubt if I wasn’t done in the ten-minute time frame Johnston gave me, he’d drag me out without a single fuck given as to how I looked.



Cheers rang throughout the room when we entered the clubhouse later that afternoon, my name officially changed to Aaliyah Trim.

I was officially Johnston's wife.

"Fuck yeah!" Law yelled, wrapping me up in a hug and swinging me around. As soon as I was back on my feet, Johnston possessively wrapped an arm around my waist, tugging me against his side as he narrowed his eyes at Lawson.

"Thanks, Law," I grinned, so fucking happy I *knew* I was glowing. I was Johnston's wife!

"Here." Geek shoved a glass into my hands. "It's time to party!" he cheered.

I laughed and sipped at the alcohol, pleasantly surprised to find out it didn't taste like someone mixed fifty kinds of liquor in it. It was perfectly fruity, just how I liked it.

Johnston led me over to one of the tables and sat down before pulling me down on his lap. He settled his hands on my thighs before striking up a conversation with Blayke. I leaned back against him, enjoying this.

This was where I belonged now. This was my family.

And even though being with Johnston meant I almost lost my life not once, but twice, I still wouldn't change it for anything.

I loved him with every fiber of my being.

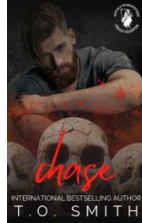
Bring on the insanity. I was ready for it.

Want a little more of Johnston and Aaliyah?

Get the bonus scene here!

<https://dl.bookfunnel.com/lleb0ejul2>

SATAN'S WORSHIPPERS MC BOOK TWO



**Meet Chase: the Vice President of Satan's Worshippers
MC's Texas Charter.**

<https://mybook.to/chase-tosmith>

CHASE

I've been obsessed with her since the moment she opened up
her little bookstore/coffee shop in town.

And despite her obvious hatred of me, it hasn't stopped me
from pursuing her.

The club runs the security at her store, and not going to lie—I
stalk her. I follow her every move every second that I can.

Which is how I see the two shadowed figures right before they
break into her store.

Will I be too late to save her? Or am I going to be left picking
up her pieces?

~*~*~

SOPHIA

I've dealt with my fair share of dangerous men, criminals who
live by their own codes and morals.

So, I don't want anything to do with Chase, the Vice President
of Satan's Worshippers MC's Texas Charter.

He's dangerous, even if he hides it well behind that crooked
smile and that trimmed, neat beard.

I won't fall for his charms. I refuse to. I won't fall back into the same trap I managed to dig myself out of just two years ago.

But someone's targeted my store. Someone has targeted *me*.

And Chase may be my only hope of survival.

***Trigger warnings: cheating (during a split), criminal activity, sexual assault*

This is book two of a fourteen-book series. It is highly recommended to read Scorpion (Savage Crows MC Book 11) and Johnston (Satan's Worshipers MC Book 1) before reading this book.

ALSO BY T.O. SMITH

Want to stay up to date on new releases, preorders, sales, and freebies?

Join my newsletter and be one of the first to know!

<https://www.tosmithbooks.com/newsletter>

[Facebook](#)

[Instagram](#)

[Facebook Group](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Pinterest](#)

[Patreon](#)

[TikTok](#)

<https://tosmithbooks.com>

[Click here to access my merch store.](#)

ABOUT T.O. SMITH

T.O. Smith believes in one thing - a happily ever after.

Her books are fast-paced and dive straight into the romance and the action. She doesn't do extensively drawn-out plots. Normally, within the first chapter, she's got you - hook, line, and sinker.

As a writer of various different genres of romance, a reader is almost guaranteed to find some kind of romance novel they'll enjoy on her page.

T.O. Smith can be found on Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, and now even TikTok! She loves interacting with all of her readers, so follow her!

