

# Kickstand

THE DEVIL'S HOUSE

MC



PENNSYLVANIA

MHAIRI O'REILLY

BOOK TEN

# 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](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

[Chapter Nineteen](#)

[Chapter Twenty](#)

[Chapter Twenty-One](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Two](#)



---

## CHAPTER ONE

---



**COME ON, COME on....”** I waited patiently, my finger on the enter key. “Gotcha!” After months of waiting for the right moment, the perfect opening to embed the code into the computer that will give me access to the cameras, it’s happened. It was the only weak spot in the firewalls I could find on the computer of the hacker known as ‘Nightingale’ on the dark web.

The feeling of finally breaking through after so many months filled me with excitement that had my dick hard. I reach down to adjust my hard-on in my jeans. Most people won’t understand why I get aroused, but I’ve always been this way; when my anxiety or excitement goes up to a certain level, so does my dick. I read it is caused by increased blood flow or some shit. I’ve just learned to deal with it since it’s been that way since I was a teenager.

I hope to identify the hacker with facial recognition. I have spent months glued to my computer, keeping ‘Nightingale’ out

of our security systems. This guy is good, and it's taken all of my time to stay on top of the hacker. I'm exhausted and ready to take this guy down. I leaned back in my chair, stretching my arms above my head, trying to work out the stiffness caused by too many hours sitting at my desk.

I had to wait for 'Nightingale' to get online again, and I would be in, and now I would have something to report back to Shadow and Patch. Patch, especially, was biting at the bit to get his hands on the hacker. Not only has he been trying to hack our club, but Patch's computer guy, Scotch, is under the same pressure as me to keep the hacker out. Scotch is as good as they come, but he got lax, and the hacker broke through their firewalls and accessed their security cameras. Scotch caught it, but only after the hacker had gotten a look at the security systems in place, causing Patch to have to replace everything.

A knock sounded on my door, and I yelled, "It's open." Tessa entered with a tray of food. Tessa was one of the newer club girls; I think she has been here for about two years now. Tessa is a dark-haired beauty; I figured to be around my age of twenty-eight. I've fucked her several times since she's been here, but about three months ago, I overheard her and the other girls talking about me, and in a nutshell, they said I wasn't their first choice when it came to the men of the club, comparing me to my brothers and finding me lacking.

*Bitches.*

I haven't touched any of them since that day and have laughed as each one of the '*preferred*' men fell in love and moved on, not sparing them a second glance. "Honey, Jane had me bring you some lunch," Tessa purred in what I now know is a fake-as-shit voice, putting the tray down and sitting her ass on my desk, letting her short skirt ride up to show the goods.

I took the food off the tray and handed it to Tessa. "Tell Jane she's a sweetheart," I said, shoving the tray in her hands. "Thanks for bringing it up," I told Tessa politely, dismissing her. Tessa gave me a confused look but took the tray and

walked to the door, giving one last look over her shoulder before leaving.

I chuckled as I took a bite of my turkey sandwich. Even though I no longer will sleep with them, I'm still polite. My grandmother raised me to be respectful of women, and that will always stay with me. I won't dishonor her memory over some club pussy. And I will use my hand until it falls off before I touch one of them again.

I have some pride, for fucks sake.

My laptop gave a ding, and my heart started to accelerate. So this was it, the hacker was logging back in, and the code I embedded would activate the camera. I had my fingers crossed that the camera wasn't covered with tape like mine was; some hackers got cocky that no one would ever infiltrate their firewalls; I wasn't one of them and always took every precaution to protect myself.

I watched the screen, waiting to get my first glimpse of the bastard that had tested me over the past months, and then it happened on my screen a room appeared.

Fuck yes! It worked, and there was sound, perfect.

I could hear someone moving around in what looked to be a woman's bedroom. *What the hell?* There was a twin bed with a floral pink bedspread, a white side table, and a matching dresser. Lord of the Rings posters covered the pink wall, and small collectibles from the same movie were scattered on the dresser and nightstand. And were those stuffed animals covering the bed?

A big white fluffy cat jumped on the chair that was sitting in front of the desk, looking into the screen as if it could see me, purring loudly.

*I am so fucking confused right now.*

"Gandalf, get down from there," a husky female voice chastised the cat right before a set of long legs appeared in front of the screen. The woman was only wearing a long pink t-shirt that ended mid-thigh, and when she bent to pick the cat

up, I caught a glimpse of white cotton panties that shouldn't be sexy, but my dick thought it was hot and let me know.

There is no way my hacker could be this young woman. It just can't be her, but no sooner did those thoughts enter my head than I heard her say, "I need you to behave, Gandalf. I have firewalls to break through."

And then there she was in front of the screen. A young woman that couldn't be older than nineteen or twenty, with long dirty blond hair put up in a messy bun, brown eyes covered with glasses, a straight nose with a smattering of freckles, plump pink lips, and an oval face. This woman had bookish looks that some would call plain, but I found very appealing, and I shouldn't find anything attractive about her because right now, she was the enemy, and I was going to bring her down.

I picked up my sandwich again and settled in to watch the pretty young hacker; her days were numbered.

---

## CHAPTER TWO

---



**I PARKED MY bright pink Moped Scooter in front** of my apartment door, unlocked it, and pushed my Moped inside. In my neighborhood, you never left anything outside that you wanted to still be there in the morning. So I turned to shut and lock the door, and that's when I felt a shiver go up my spine.

*I was not alone.*

I turned, already knowing who was in my apartment; they always managed to get inside no matter how many times I changed the locks.

I turned around slowly, and sure enough, Argo and Briggs sat on my old worn leather couch, drinking beer and making themselves at home. These men belonged to the Fire Dragon's MC and were quickly becoming a nightmare I couldn't wake up from and saw no escape. They were keeping my father prisoner for a debt owed. They would only release him when I came through with hacking into The Devil's House MC



security and any other information I could access while I was in their systems.

“About time you got home, little girl,” Argo grouched without getting up. Argo had the kind of looks that made you walk the other way when you saw him coming. He was over six feet tall and just as wide as a muscled wall, shaved head covered in tattoos, a scar running down the side of his face, small beady green eyes, a bulbous nose, and a permanent snarl.

But, I was more afraid of Briggs than Argo, where Argo was all business; Briggs always gave me the creeps with his leering gaze and crude comments. Some women might find him handsome in a dangerous kind of way with his dark good looks but not me; he scared the shit out of me. Briggs was in his mid-thirties, six-two, all muscle. I had no doubt that if not for Argo, he would have raped me by now. Even now, his blue eyes were raking over my body. It’s not like I dress sexy; for Pete’s sake, I’m wearing a pink oversize sweater, light pink leggings, and light pink mid-thigh leather boots.

Hardly sexy attire, but the way Briggs was looking at me, you would think I wasn’t wearing anything. “What information do you have to pass on?” Argo asked, finally standing.

I picked up the printed information I had gained from infiltrating the West Virginia clubhouse and handed it to Argo. “I got into the West Virginia chapters security and was able to gather what you see there, but when I tried getting back in, I couldn’t. They must have figured out I had gotten inside, so they may have changed things,” I explained nervously.

“What about the Pennsylvania chapter?” Briggs wanted to know, standing and getting closer to me than I was comfortable with; I tried backing up, but my apartment was a small one-bedroom, and I had nowhere to move, hitting the wall. He’s so close I can smell the leather of his black vest.

“I’m still trying, but their guy is good, and everything I’ve tried, he’s combated right away, but I’m still trying.”

I cringed as Briggs ran his fingers down my face and neck, putting his face close to mine and saying, “You need to try harder; Papa Bear isn’t a patient man, and your daddy is going to end up nine feet under.” His hand went to my breast, giving it a hard squeeze, he put his face in the crook of my neck, kissing me there, and I started to shake, thinking my time was up when it came to Briggs. He would rape me, and I couldn’t stop him. I could feel his arousal when he pushed his hips into mine, making me want to gag.

“Back off her, Briggs,” Argo snarled, slapping him on the back. “Papa Bear said hands off, and you always seem to forget, and I’m not taking an ass-kicking because of you being a stupid fuck. With all the prime pussy back at the clubhouse, what the fuck are you doing trying to mess with this little girl? She don’t seem your type?” Argo looked to be in his sixties, so I figured I probably did look like a little girl to him, and I did look younger than most women at twenty-one.

Briggs reluctantly backed away, but not before running his tongue up my neck, making me cringe with disgust. “I don’t know, Argo, something about little Jaycee here that gets my cock going,” Argo smirked before leaning into me again and whispering, “This isn’t over, Jaycee. I will have your virgin pussy riding my cock.” Then finally, backing off, allowing me to breathe once again.

“Papa Bear is getting impatient for information; I hope you have more when we come back because I would hate to see something happen to you and your daddy. You both seem like nice people,” Argo threatened before signaling Briggs to follow him out the door; Briggs gave me one more lustful gaze and blew me a kiss before shutting the door behind him.

I gave a sigh of relief, sagging against the wall and giving myself a minute to get it together before moving away and going into my bedroom to check on my cat Gandalf named after a character in my all-time favorite trilogy Lord of the Rings. Gandalf was sleeping calmly on the bed, not bothered at all that two scary men had been there. I looked at my dresser, seeing the usual signs of disarray when Briggs visited.

The pervert always goes through my underwear drawer, stealing my panties.

*Stupid creep!*

For the millionth time, I cursed my dad for putting us in this situation. What was he thinking about when he borrowed money from those loan sharks? Only to gamble it all away, he had to know they would come for him and then promise them I could hack into their rival club's systems, putting me in their crosshairs.

Oh well, what's done is done, and no amount of why's will change the fact that I have no choice but to continue trying to hack into The Devil's House security systems. So, I might as well get a shower and get back to work; I still had my programming jobs to complete on top of everything else so I could still have a roof over my head and eat.

I turned my laptop on to boot up while I took a shower; I stripped out of my clothes and walked into the bathroom to get ready for a long night.



**OKAY, I'M OFFICIALLY a creepy stalker,** I thought as I watched my Nightingale strip her clothes off and shake her hair out of its messy bun while taking her glasses off and placing them on the dresser before prancing out of camera view.

My cock tightened in my jeans. I had seen a lot of strippers over the years but watching Nightingale strip just now was the

most erotic striptease I had witnessed.

*Even if she didn't realize she had an audience.*

She was taller than I first thought, maybe five-seven, with long legs and tits that would make a handful and a firm bubble butt that I could imagine pounding from behind. Nightingale has become the star of my fantasies.

I have been watching her for a week, and so far, I can't get a name. I ran her face through every program I could think of, and she didn't come up. No arrests. No social media presence, nothing. She might as well not exist as far as the internet goes. I'm still running her through the DMV but not knowing which state she is in has complicated things. But I'm not worried I'll find her.

I still can't believe this is the hacker that has made me stay on my game for months on end. Nightingale is good. Really good, and I would have never guessed the hacker was a woman, let alone someone so young. Chauvinistic, I know, but true. I picked up my laptop to take with me downstairs to get a drink. I've not taken my eyes off my little nemesis, and I even have an alarm that goes off when I'm sleeping to alert me if she logs on to her computer.

I walked into the common room, looking for a quiet seat to settle into for a few hours. I didn't want anyone interrupting my time with my pretty hacker. It was Tuesday evening, so nothing much was going on tonight. I headed to the corner, but Shadow caught my eye, waving me over to where he and Viking were sitting. Of course, Summer wasn't far from Viking's sight sitting a few tables over with Ann and Nikki, she was due to have their baby any time, and Viking wasn't giving the woman any room to breathe. Vampire just informed everyone that Nikki was pregnant, which will be fun to watch. Vampire will be way worse than Viking.

"Hey, Shadow, Viking, what's up?" I asked, taking a seat at the table, setting my laptop where I could see it but still talk to the men.

"Have you got any more leads on our hacker? Patch wants her brought here as soon as we find her location," Shadow

informed me.

“No luck yet, I’ve run her through the DMV in Pennsylvania and West Virginia but nothing, but I’ll keep looking and watching her until I get something. The girl is good. I can’t pinpoint a location; she’s smart,” I told them. I would show her mad respect for her skills if she weren’t the enemy.

Viking must have seen or heard something in my voice or expression because he gave me a suspicious look and smirk before asking, “What’s she look like?”

Shit, I already felt like a creep for watching her undress and sleep, but there was just something about her, but I didn’t want my brothers to know that, so I lied and said, “Young and the plain Jane type, bookish with glasses. Nothing special.” And I know most men probably would think she was plain, but I wasn’t one of them. Nightingale got all my gears roaring.

“Huh, is that so,” Viking responded like he knew I was lying and that Nightingale was slowly becoming a weird obsession for me. But, lucky for me, Summer stood from where she was sitting, and that captured Viking’s attention and had him rising from his chair to go to her without a backward glance.

Shadow also stood, getting ready to leave. “Let me know the minute you have something; Patch is driving me crazy. Scotch is good, but you’re better, and Patch knows it, and he fully expects you to be the one to bring her to us. That someone got into his security system has him pissed.”

“Will do, Shadow,” I assured him. I wasn’t sure how I felt about Patch getting a hold of my Nightingale. Though I know Patch would never hurt a woman, he had no problem scaring the shit out of one. But, no matter what I felt for her, the club came first, and she crossed a line when she started hacking into our systems.

I signaled for the prospect to bring me a beer and moved to the corner table where I could be alone. And no sooner did my beer appear that my computer dinged, letting me know she had woken her computer up and was getting to work. I sent Scotch

a text letting him know she was getting to work so he could watch his firewalls. I'm sure Patch lit his ass on fire for getting lax, giving her the opportunity to get inside. Scotch gave me a thumbs up to let me know he received the warning.

She was now wearing another pink t-shirt, and if she stayed true to form, a pair of white or pink cotton panties underneath. Her hair was wet, and her pink-framed glasses were back on her face.

The woman loved pink, that was for sure.

Her pretty face was determined as her slim fingers hit the keyboard. I cracked my knuckles, my fingers hitting my keyboard, and a determined smile hit my face as I settled into battle.

Show me what you've got, my pretty Nightingale. Are you going to live up to your namesake and catch the fly, or will the fly catch you?

---

## CHAPTER THREE

---



**I WOKE UP groggy from a lack of sleep.** I didn't go to bed until three in the morning. I had finally given up and almost cried with frustration. I have never had this much trouble hacking into a system before, and I can't figure out where I'm going wrong. Usually, this type of hacking is child's play to me, but I'm struggling. I threw my arm over my face, frustrated at my failure to get the job done.

I've always had a special talent when it came to programming; growing up moving around with my father from state to state while he gambled, he would leave me alone in whatever place we were staying, and he had given me a laptop to occupy my time and my love of coding and learning programming started. I was self-taught, and my father said gifted. I was more talented than even he knew because I never let on just how good my hacking was because then he would have me stealing money, and I wasn't comfortable doing that, just like I'm not comfortable hacking The Devil's House, but I have no choice.

I don't do illegal work even though it pays exceptionally well on the black market.

Though I have taken down some human trafficking sites on the dark web, that is one thing I have no problem with doing. That's so awful what those poor people go through, and I will continue to make it hard for human trafficking with any skill I possess. I just need to get my dad back so I can continue my crusade.

That's how I gained the moniker 'Nightingale' it was my calling card when I destroyed one of those monster's sites. I loved the Nightingale. The bird seemed ordinary but had such a beautiful, powerful song even though it likes to stay hidden.

I like to think I'm a lot like the Nightingale. Ordinary on the outside but so much more when you look deeper. Not that I've had time to find someone to look deeper. It seems like all I get done doing is taking care of my dad when it should be the other way around.

But I love my father, even if he's put me in this mess. He may have a gambling addiction, but he has always been a caring father, and that's why it surprised me he involved me in this hair-brained scheme of the Fire Dragon's; it wasn't like him. But what am I supposed to do? My father is the only parent I've ever known; my mom took off when I was a baby, so it's always been him and me.

I climbed out of bed. I needed to run to the store today, get some groceries, and then get back to work. Crap, I forgot to turn my computer off last night. I walked over, woke it up, and checked the location.

Shit, it was showing my actual location in Washington, Pennsylvania. I quickly changed the area to India. The reason I shut down my computer is to avoid this happening. It should be fine, though. I wasn't trying to get inside any of their systems when it revealed my location, so I should be safe. I was getting tired, and that was making me sloppy. And I can't move on like dad and I usually do. We moved here from Vegas a year ago so dad could hide from loan sharks that were after



him, only to turn around and get knee-deep with loan sharks here.

Only this time, he didn't have time to run before they caught him, and the only thing stopping him from being killed was if I came through for Papa Bear. I've never met him; I've only dealt with Argo and Briggs. I was shown a video of my dad tied to a chair, a gun to his head, and a gravelly deep voice speaking behind the camera. I assumed it was Papa Bear informing me of what I needed to do to keep my dad alive.

And I had no choice but to do what he wanted. I had no one to turn to, no family, friends, nothing. Sighing, I stripped off my t-shirt, threw on jeans and a sweater, slipped a pink pair of Vans on my feet, and ran a comb through my hair before putting it up in a messy bun. Then, I fed my furry friend before pushing my Moped out of the apartment. I didn't have a license, but I found that cops didn't take too much notice of someone on a Moped, especially a pink one with a pink and white wicker basket attached to the back.

I could easily pass a driver's test if only we stayed in one place long enough; I've even thought about getting a fake one on the black market, it would be easy, but again my guilty conscience won't allow me to do it. Pennsylvania is the longest we've stayed in one place, but I have too many other things to worry about than going to the DMV.

I buckled my pink helmet onto my head, started my Moped, and whizzed down the street toward the market. The sooner I got my errands done, the sooner I could get back to hacking into security systems that would save my irresponsible parent.



**I WATCHED AS her eyes got heavier and heavier until** she finally gave in and crawled into bed with her cat. I watched her as she slept, she kicked the covers off, and I could see her t-shirt had ridden up, giving me a perfect view of her pink cotton-covered pussy. The sight shouldn't be so damn erotic, but my cock was so hard I pulled it out, giving it a stroke.

Okay, this was next-level stalker shit, but I couldn't help myself as I leaned back in my chair and continued stroking my cock to the image on my screen until, with a loud grunt, I felt my release coat my hand. I leaned my head back against the chair, sighing. I needed to stop doing this; it wasn't right. My grandmother was probably rolling over in her grave. I got up and went into the bathroom to wash up before returning to my chair. I looked at an alert that popped up on my screen.

No fucking way! It couldn't be, but it was on my screen right there.

*Nightingale's actual location.*

Not only that, but the location marker had pinpointed her residence; unfortunately for her, my pretty hacker got sloppy with her exhaustion. I activated Google earth and could see she lived in an apartment complex that was only forty-five minutes from our clubhouse. All this time, she was right down the road.

I quickly saved everything to my computer and mapped out her location to report back to Shadow and Patch. I looked at the time. It was five in the morning. Shadow was an early riser and would be moving around, so I sent him the information. Sure enough, ten minutes later, I got a reply.

**Shadow:** *Black and Wrath will meet you out front in thirty minutes. Take the van, bring her here to the basement. Keep me updated. Will alert Patch when you have her. Good work.*

I gathered everything I would need to stake out the apartment building and shoved my boots on my feet. I should be tired since I didn't get any sleep, but I wasn't; my blood was flowing with excitement that I hadn't felt in a very long time.

I was finally going to meet my Nightingale.

I picked up my bag, went into the kitchen to grab a cup of coffee before leaving, and ran into Black and Wrath doing the same. "You couldn't wait a few more hours before you found the hacker?" Wrath complained, chugging down a cup of coffee.

"Yeah, brother, I was a little busy when Shadow called," Black smirked, stirring what looked like tablespoons of sugar into his coffee. Black likes to remind me he is with Ann since I had a thing for her, but I was over that; it wasn't a lasting thing. But I do admire Ann, she is one hell of a numbers whiz, and her skills are saving me a shit load of time by pawning off the legal finances of the club to Ann. I consider her a good friend, but that's all.

"Stop whining like pussies and let's get going," I snapped, anxious to start. "I'm not sure what apartment she is in, so we may have to stake the place out for a bit." Black and Wrath followed me without any more grumbling, and we got on the road.

Finally, at nine o'clock, we pulled into a parking space in front of the apartment building. It took longer to get here because of an accident blocking both lanes, setting us back an hour. I looked around the property; the complex was run down and didn't seem like a place someone with Nightingale's hacking skills would live. She should be able to make shit loads of money on the dark web.

A rumble of a motorcycle sounded as it parked five spaces down from where our van sat and on that bike, a Fire Dragon. "Well, lookie there, I'm sure that bastard will lead us right to

her door,” Black sneered as we leaned back so we wouldn’t be spotted.

We watched as he went to one of the ground floor apartments, using a lock pick to open the door and slip inside. “Why would he pick the lock? What’s the fucker up to?” I snarled, a bad feeling settling in my gut.

“What in the hell is that?” Wrath chuckled, pointing to the entrance of the parking lot as a bright pink Moped rolled into the lot and whizzed by us; if the color wasn’t ridiculous enough, there was a wicker basket hooked to the back and a bright pink helmet on the rider’s head.

And on the scooter was my Nightingale. And for some reason, my heart gave a lurch at the sight of her. She should have looked silly riding that thing, but somehow it fit her. The girl has some quirks.

“That’s our girl,” I informed them, watching their mouths drop open in shock.

“You’ve got to be kidding! How old is she?” Black asked, his face a mask of disbelief.

“I’m not sure of her age, but that’s our hacker,” I answered; she did look young from this distance, but I had seen her up close and knew she was older than she looked.

We watched her get off without even looking around at her surroundings; she should know better. It was apparent she had no idea there was a man in her apartment. When she opened her door and started pushing the scooter inside, I knew we needed to get moving. “Come on, let’s get inside and find out what the hell that Fire Dragon asshole is trying to pull,” I commanded my brothers.

I wasn’t about to stand back and let that bastard touch her, and I had no doubt that was his intention. I pulled my gun out of my holder and headed for her front door.

I’m coming, Nightingale.

---

## CHAPTER FOUR

---



**I LIKE RUNNING my errands early and getting back home.** I was still so tired from being up most of the night, and the stress I was under was really wearing on me. And then there was that feeling of being watched; I've felt it for the last few days. But I should probably chalk it up to nerves and fatigue.

I rolled my Moped inside and shut the door, then went to grab my bags of groceries, but before my hand could grasp the handles, a giant tattooed arm came around my waist, pulling me back into a hard body. Even before he growled a greeting, I knew who it was. "Morning Jaycee, I've come to collect that ride on my cock."

*It was Briggs.*

He lifted me off my feet and headed toward my bedroom. I struggled, trying to kick and buck out of his hold. "Now, now, sweet Jaycee, none of that. I don't want to hurt you, but if you force my hand, I have no problem with it. I like a rough fuck."

“Let me go, Briggs, and I won’t tell Papa Bear what you tried,” I hissed, still struggling to get loose. Maybe I could reason with him. I can’t let him rape me; I don’t know what that would do to me.

Briggs laughed as he shoved me onto the bed laying his body on mine before I had a chance to get away, “You’re not gonna say shit, Jaycee. I’ll fucking kill you before I let you snitch. So be a good little virgin and let old Briggs pop that cherry I know you still got.” Briggs leaned up, shoving my sweater up, trying to expose my breasts, and it was at this point I was ready to cry with defeat, but that’s when I heard it.

A click, and then a deep male voice threatened, “Get off her now motherfucker, before I put a bullet in your head.”

Briggs stiffened, and when I looked around his shoulder, I saw three men standing there, all with guns trained on Briggs; one man with dark brown hair and glasses had a gun pressed to the back of Briggs’s head. “Last warning,” that man repeated his handsome face dark.

“I’m gettin’ up; no need for that,” Briggs said, his voice shaky. Briggs slowly moved away from me and stood by the bed. The men never lowered their guns. “What the fuck is this about?” Briggs questioned with narrowed eyes. “Devil’s House trash messing in my business.”

“Are you okay?” The man with glasses asked me, ignoring Briggs. I could see now these men belonged to The Devil’s House MC, and I knew they were here for me. So, I nodded. I was okay, but I wasn’t. I knew I was in deep shit. He looked at one of the men and ordered, “Take her to the van.”

I knew it, and I had been caught. This situation was terrible on so many levels. What would happen to my father if I was taken away by these men? This was all too much; I felt so helpless. My head was spinning between almost being raped by Briggs and now these men here to take me. How had this become my life?

As the younger blond man came toward me, I stood feeling faint, and then it happened. I felt my world spin as I fell to the floor.



**SHIT, I WENT to catch Nightingale as she fell to the floor,** but none of us were close enough, and I heard a thump as she hit the wood floor. Her falling was the only distraction the Fire Dragon asshole needed, and he took off out the door with Black hot on his heels.

Fuck! I had hoped to take him back to the clubhouse along with Nightingale, where I could deal with him without fearing anyone hearing and calling the cops, but that wasn't happening. The bastard deserved to die for what he was doing when we walked into her bedroom. I had no problem killing him. You learned real quick when prospecting that you have to get used to violence and death. And to my surprise, I found it didn't bother me, and I only get uncomfortable when Stonewall and Vampire work someone over; that shit was hard to stomach.

I kneeled beside my pretty fallen hacker, where Wrath was already checking her over. "I think she just fainted and will be okay," Wrath said, feeling her pulse with her head on his lap. That I didn't like, I didn't want him touching her.

"Go see if Black needs any help. I'll stay with the girl," I ordered Wrath, my voice hard. Wrath gave me a curious look but gently laid her head on a pillow and went to find Black; once Wrath was out the door, I looked down at her, and as if my hand had a will of its own, it caressed Nightingale's pale face in a comforting gesture. It wasn't a minute later she started to come awake with mumbled words I couldn't

understand. Then her eyes popped open behind those large pink-framed glasses that had become so familiar.

She didn't panic as I expected, but instead, those dark brown eyes the color of chocolate focused on me and asked calmly, "Why are you here?" Her voice had a husky quality to it that I found arousing.

"Oh, Nightingale, I think you already know the answer to that question," I smirked, and sure enough, there it was in her eyes, the resignation that she had been caught. "We need to get out of here, so do you think you can stand? If not, I will carry you."

She slowly sat up, sighing, her hands dragging down her face; she looked at me, and I figured she was going to try and talk herself out of going with us, but my Nightingale surprised me again when she said, "I can't leave my cat here, I need to take him, I have a carrier." And then she moved to stand, using the bed for support. My hands itched to steady her to make sure she didn't fall, but I held back and stayed close in case she fell again.

I had forgotten about her cat; it would be cruel to leave it here. I didn't know how long Patch and Shadow planned on keeping her. "Fine, gather what it would need and a bag for yourself. You have ten minutes, no more," I grumbled, hating myself for being weak and wanting her to be comfortable. As of right now, she was our enemy.

I watched as she gingerly moved around her apartment, gathering items as I stood in front of the door so she couldn't escape. "The fucker got away on foot," Black growled, coming up behind me. "Wrath is guarding the van and keeping watch in case he circles back for his bike."

I looked at my watch. "Five minutes," I reminded her as she pulled a pet carrier down from a closet and went back into her bedroom, I assume to get the cat.

"What the fuck is she doing?" Black muttered, eyes on the pet carrier and huge tote bag sitting beside it.



“She has a cat, and I don’t feel right leaving it behind,” I told him just as she came back into the room with her pet and pushed the wiggling cat into the carrier. “Grab her laptop off the desk in the bedroom,” I said to Black, who hurried to do what I asked.

“That’s mine!” Nightingale hissed at me, giving me a nasty glare. The first show of defiance I had seen from her.

I gave her a cocky wink, “Was, Nightingale; now it’s mine.” Frustration crinkled her eyes as she stared me down, and her mouth opened to speak but closed again, thinking better of whatever it was she was going to say. Instead, she put her backpack on and picked up the tote bag and carrier.

“I’m ready,” she announced, starting toward me, with Black coming up behind her to make sure she didn’t run.

“Okay, you are going to walk quietly to the van parked out front, don’t try and make a scene. It will only make things harder than they need to be,” I instructed her, watching her pretty face closely so I knew she understood.

“I get it, okay? I just want to get this over with,” she answered hotly, struggling to hold onto the pet carrier as the cat continued to object to being inside the thing.

“Black, grab the tote bag,” I told him, pointing to the oversized bag stuffed full.

Once Black had the heavy bag, she was able to use both hands for the carrier, and I started out the door keeping my eyes on Nightingale in case she tried something. I didn’t think she would; she seemed resigned to her fate. And sure enough, she got into the van without giving us any trouble. “Black, you drive. I’ll stay back here with our prisoner.” Again both men gave me a curious look, wondering what was going on; being the senior member, I didn’t have to sit in the back on the floor.

But that’s what I did. I sat beside the woman I had watched and fantasized about for the last week, side-eyeing her and smelling her honeysuckle scent while she sat, her back stiffened and eyes hard, staring straight ahead as we drove back to the clubhouse. She never uttered another word the

entire time, ignoring me. I had already let Shadow know we were on our way, and I knew Patch was probably already there or close. My poor Nightingale had a lot to answer for when questioned.

We drove through the gates and parked by the side of the building, where a stairwell led to the basement. “Come on, Nightingale, let’s get you settled,” I said, leading her out of the van and down the stairs and into one of the rooms in the basement. It was a cold dismal room, all brick, a dull white containing a single bed and a toilet.

When she saw the room, I saw the first sign of fear cross her features, and I didn’t like the feeling I had when seeing it; it bothered me, so I tried to comfort her, saying, “As long as you’re honest and cooperate, you’ll be fine. Patch hates liars, so don’t lie to him. Same with Shadow, just tell the truth.” She nodded but didn’t say anything, just clutched the pet carrier, her knuckles turning white. She looked so young and vulnerable right now, and I wanted to protect her, but I knew things had to move forward as planned.

I moved toward the door and then looked back at where she still stood, not moving. “It’s going to be okay, Nightingale,” I said softly, walking out and shutting and locking the door. For the first time since I’ve been with the club, I’m questioning what I’m doing, but I know that she won’t be hurt; Shadow and Patch would never cross that line. The club has to come first.

---

## CHAPTER FIVE

---



**BEING CAUGHT IS a nightmare. When I came** to after fainting and looked into a set of amber eyes that seemed to shine behind his black-rimmed glasses, something in those eyes told me I had nothing to fear from him. And he was so handsome with his short brown hair on the side but longer on top; he had full lips and a square jaw covered in stubble. He wasn't overly tall, under six foot, but he had plenty of muscle flexing underneath his flannel shirt. His vest said Kickstand, so I assume that is his road name. I have never been that girl who drools over a guy, but he was hot, a stupid thing to notice when your life was in danger.

But he saved me from being raped by Briggs. That had to count for something.

So, I calmed myself and took stock of my situation. There was no use in panicking. It would do no good. I knew from dealing with the Fire Dragons that these men weren't the ones

in charge; if I wanted to talk my way out of this, I needed to wait until I was taken to the leader and decision-maker.

I looked around the sterile room; it was cold with its white brick wall and cement floors, and what was with the stainless steel toilet? This room was like a prison cell, and that's what scared me the most; how long were they planning on keeping me here? And was I to be held like a prisoner in jail? I didn't like enclosed places with no way out, and being stuck in here for days on end will drive me crazy, literally.

I fought back the tears as I set up what Gandalf would need, his food dishes and litter box, and then I let him out of the carrier, and he immediately jumped on the small twin-sized cot that had a pillow and thin blanket lying on it, just like a prison cell. I sat on the bed, leaning against the wall, and waited for someone to come back.

I didn't have to wait long.

The door opened fifteen minutes later, and five men entered, one being Kickstand, who gave me a pitying look as he moved to stand against the wall with two of the others while the two men who must be in charge came to stand in front of me. I looked at their vests; one was called Shadow, and the other Patch, which was fitting since he wore an eyepatch; both names were familiar to me, and both were Presidents of their club.

These were not friendly men, their eyes were hard, and they were scowling at me, especially the older one called Patch; his cold gaze studied me intently like he could see inside my head with that one eye that was so blue it looked violet. Where the other men had a clean-cut quality to them, Patch didn't; he seemed almost feral with his unruly long black hair, eyepatch, olive skin, and his lips curved in contempt, his face hostile. I started to squirm under his watch and wished he would just say something. Finally, Shadow asked, "What's your name, first and last."

I was going to give a made-up name, but I remembered what Kickstand said, so I was honest. "Jaycee Cromer," I

answered, my voice shaky. I saw Kickstand pull out a notepad and write it down.

“Okay, Jaycee, we’re going to ask you some questions, and you better answer honestly,” Shadow warned, backing up a bit and letting Patch take over. Just great, at least Shadow didn’t look like he was going to strangle me; I would much rather deal with him.

“How fucking old are you, little girl?” Patch wanted to know his voice low and growly to my ears.

“I’m twenty-one.” I hoped my voice would become steadier the more I talked because right now, Patch scared the shit out of me, and it was making me extremely nervous. Not to mention the men staring at me from where they leaned against the wall, one was name Viking the other was Vampire, and they kept a steady gaze on me. I tried calming myself by petting Gandalf.

“Shit, you look younger but still just a baby. How’d you get mixed up with the Fire Dragons?” Patch asked, his one good eye never leaving my face. “Be honest because it may be the only thing that saves your ass,” he growled.

I could lie, but what’s the point? I wasn’t good at lying, and they would be able to smell me lying a mile away. I was so frigging bad at it. And I needed these men to believe I would never have done anything had I not been backed into a corner. “My father....he gambles. He borrowed money from the Fire Dragons and can’t pay it back, so he told them I could hack into your security systems and embed spyware.”

“Why would you agree?” Shadow asked.

“They took dad prisoner and are threatening to kill him. I saw a video,” I answered, tears filling my eyes. I worry they will now just kill dad since I can’t help them any longer.

“What are the names of the men who took your dad?” Patch practically snarled. This was one angry man.

“I’ve only met two of the men, Argo and Briggs, but Papa Bear is the name of the man in charge.” The men didn’t seem

surprised by my answer, like they already knew who was behind the hacking.

“You got into my system, little girl. I know you got security information, but what else did you find? What do the Fire Dragons know about my club?” Patch demanded, his voice hard as steel. He was furious that I had hacked his club and wasn’t hiding the fact.

“Only the security information; it was the only firewall I could break into, and then your man reinforced it so I couldn’t get back in again.” Patch continued to stare me down, deciding if he could believe me. “I swear, I didn’t get any further into your system. You have to understand I had to do it to save my dad, and now that you have me...they will probably go ahead and kill him.” That’s when the first tear fell because I knew what I said was true, and there was nothing I could do about it, and it was killing me inside.

“Why would you worry about your father? He put your life in danger to save his own fucking ass,” Shadow growled, the other men grunting in agreement.

“I love my dad, and I don’t think he thought they would hurt me as long as I did as they asked,” I answered softly, wiping my tears away; I knew what Shadow said made sense, but my dad was all I had, and I couldn’t lose him.

“Surely your dad isn’t that fucking stupid.” Patch raised an eyebrow at me in disbelief.

“He loves me. He wouldn’t put my life in danger knowingly,” I murmured more to myself than to the men, moving my eyes to Kickstand, whom, for whatever reason, I seemed to gravitate toward the most. Something about him made me feel safe. He watched me, and when I caught his eye, he gave me a reassuring smile.

“Well, he did; what would have happened to you if my men hadn’t been there this morning? The Fire Dragons are dangerous, and there was no way your dad didn’t know, so don’t shed another tear over him,” Shadow informed me with all the warmth of a frozen winter day.

“He’s my dad; I can’t just stop caring,” I snapped, glaring at the two men in front of me who didn’t seem to understand how I was feeling, and it was starting to make me angry. I was trying to be cooperative until I could find a way out of there, but I was running on empty, and my patience was thinning.

Patch grunted his disapproval before signaling the other men to follow him out of the room. I leaned back against the wall, still petting Gandalf.

How in the world am I going to get out of here in time to save my dad? I had to find a way before it was too late. And the sad fact is it may already be too late; my heart ached at the thought of losing my dad; despite what these men believed, he loved me, and without him, I had no one.



**“FUCK ME; SHE’S just a kid!”** Patch swore from where we stood outside the door of the room we exited. “I figured I would be dealing with a full-grown woman with a nasty-ass attitude, and instead, I get a sweet-natured young girl and her kitty cat who only wanted to save her daddy! How in the hell am I supposed to deal with her? I’m a mean ass, but I don’t hurt innocents.”

“I agree, Patch; I have no idea what to do with her. Jaycee is not what I expected. We can’t let her go, and I can’t keep her locked down here in the basement,” Shadow said with frustration.

“And she doesn’t know any more than she already told us; that’s obvious,” Vampire said, from where he was leaning against the door listening.

“Here’s the thing, though, she will try to escape to save her father. She loves the man whether he deserves it or not,” Viking declared. And he wasn’t wrong; it was in her eyes she would take the first chance that came along and leave.

“She’s not leaving, that’s for damn sure! The fact remains little Jaycee hacked into my club, and until I’m sure she’s not a threat, she stays. Not to mention, they will likely kill her right along with her dad; she’s safer here,” Patch insisted, throwing his head back in frustration. “I’m getting fucking soft in my old age.”

“I’ll be responsible for Jaycee, she can stay in my room, and I’ll put a cot in my office to sleep. That way, I can keep an eye on her, and she won’t have to stay down here,” I blurted out before I could stop myself. But the thought of her being watched by anyone else didn’t sit well with me, and I knew that’s what Shadow would have done. I wanted Jaycee with me and not one of the other brothers.

The four men gave me a surprised look, quickly followed by curiosity. “Why would you volunteer to do this? It’s gonna take a lot of your time, and if she escapes, you’re responsible,” Shadow reminded me.

“Because I’ve already dealt with her, and she trusts me. And I’m the only one that has double rooms where I can work and sleep and still keep an eye on her. It’s the best option.” Shadow studied me for a minute, and I could see his mind working.

“I’m going to let you do this, Kickstand, but be careful. Women can be tricky, even the young ones, keep your guard up, eyes open, and dick in your pants,” Shadow warned me, his eyes telling me he knew there was more to me wanting to watch Jaycee than I was letting on to the men.

Patch gave me a hard stare; for a man with one eye, he could put the fear of God into you. “Warn our little prisoner that if she so much as breathes a word to any of the old ladies



that she is here against her will, I will throw her back into the basement where her ass will sit until I decide to let her out. I don't care what story she comes up with, but the truth is not an option. One soft heart is all it takes to have help escaping," Patch glowered, his expression leaving no doubt he meant what he said.

"Understood," I answered, wondering what I was getting myself into with Jaycee.

"Find out everything you can about her background, and let us know what you find on her laptop. Jaycee seemed to be honest in her answers, but for all we know, it's just an act," Shadow said, "And be very clear about what will happen if she causes any trouble. I would hate to have to lock her back up. Regardless of what she did, she seems like a sweet girl." Shadow started toward the stairs with Patch and Vampire following.

Viking came up beside me, slapping me on the back and chuckling, "Plain Jane, huh? Nothing special? You're so full of shit." With that ribbing, Viking followed the others up the stairs.

Running my fingers through my hair and sighing, I looked at the closed door. I hope I was doing the right thing by agreeing to be her guardian. I was just so fucking protective and possessive of Jaycee when I barely knew her. And the thought of being able to spend so much time with my Nightingale brought excitement to my otherwise dull existence. At least, that's how I've felt lately like something is missing. The club used to be all I needed, but now I just don't know.

I put my hand on the doorknob, turned the handle, and thought one last time. I hope I'm not making a mistake.

---

## CHAPTER SIX

---



**THE DOOR OPENED, and this time it was just Kickstand** that entered. I sat up straighter, taking my glasses off and wiping my face with the back of my sleeve. I hated this feeling of helplessness; over the last few months, it's all I've known. I was so dang tired mentally and physically.

Kickstand gave me a hesitant smile before sitting next to me on the cot, turning so he could look me in the face. "Jaycee, I'm sorry this is happening to you, and your father got you into this mess, but sadly he did, and there aren't many options for you right now. You have to stay here-"

I cut him off with a wave of my hand. "I can't stay down here. There are no windows....no way out," I cried, my voice sounding pitiful even to my own ears. I don't remember the exact point in my life when I became afraid of being trapped with no way out, but it started when I was very young.

Kickstand took hold of my hand, squeezing it, sending a hum of awareness through my body. I liked his touch; it was

comforting and something more. “Let me finish, Jaycee; you will be allowed to stay upstairs, but there will be conditions, so I need you to calm down and let me explain. Can you do that?” I nodded, and he continued, “I have agreed to be responsible for you, which means you will be staying in my room-”

I cut him off again, my eyes widening at what he just said, “I’ll be sleeping with you?” I asked, my voice high-pitched, almost sounding like a screech. Way to go, Jaycee; why not just scream you’re a virgin?

Kickstand held up his hands as if in surrender. “No, no, Jaycee, it’s not going to be like that. I’m not a fucking creep trying to take advantage of you.” He looked offended that I had thought he would. “I have a double room, one is my bedroom, and the other is my office. So you will be sleeping in the bedroom, and I will move a cot into my office to sleep on at night. It’s the easiest way because they won’t let you out of here unless there is someone watching you,” he explained.

“So, will I be allowed out of your room?”

“Yes, with me, but under two conditions. One, you don’t try and run; two, you don’t tell any of the ladies that you are being held here against your will.”

“What am I supposed to tell them if they ask? I’m not a very good liar.”

Kickstand thought for a few minutes before answering, “How about this? We’ll say you’re my girlfriend, and we met online. We’ll say you have traveled from...where are you originally from?”

“All over, but most recently, Las Vegas,” I replied, liking the idea of pretending to be his girlfriend for some reason. Well, a lot of reasons.

“Okay, we’ll say you traveled from Las Vegas to spend time with me and get to know me better. I’m always on my computer, so this will be a plausible reason for you being here. Are you okay with pretending to be my girlfriend?”

I looked at the handsome man waiting for me to answer, his sparkling amber eyes telling me to trust him. I gave him a shy smile, “Yeah, Kickstand, I’m okay pretending to be your girl.” Even if it was pretending it did something to me inside, thinking this man was mine. I had never had a boyfriend or even a date, real or otherwise, so this was uncharted territory for me. Pretty pathetic for a twenty-one-year-old.

He gave me a blinding smile, “Call me Seth, Seth Richards is my real name, and it would seem odd if you called me by my road name.”

“Seth, it fits you,” I told him, putting Gandalf on the floor. “When can we leave this room?” I hated it in here.

“Right now, let’s gather up your stuff and get the cat back in the carrier,” Seth said, helping me pick up Gandalf’s dish and litter box. Seth seemed so nice; maybe I could convince him to help me. I needed to find out about my dad and if he was okay. Seth went to open the door but stopped and turned to me. “Remember, don’t try to run. As you probably know from trying to hack our security, the clubhouse is well-guarded. I’m not being an ass, just trying to save yours,” he reminded me with a stern look.

“I won’t try anything, Seth, I promise,” I assured him, and I wouldn’t, at least not until I had no other options.

My father needed me.



**“WE’LL GO OUT the way we came in and circle back around** to the front. It would seem odd if someone spotted us coming from the basement,” I instructed Jaycee as I led her up the stairs and outside.

“I’ll follow you, so lead on,” she answered, smiling at me as she held onto the cat carrier, her cat once again trying to get out, not liking that he was confined. I liked her smile, her two front teeth were slightly crooked, and she had an underbite which, like everything else about Jaycee, I found to be perfect.

As she followed me, I thought back to her agreeing to be my pretend girlfriend, the thought had come to me last minute, and I thought it was an excellent story to throw out to the women. But when she said she would be my girl, those words went straight to my cock. And it’s crazy because Jaycee is not the type of woman I usually go for, but then again, being a part of a motorcycle club, I don’t come in contact with women like her. And if I was being perfectly honest with myself, the allure of club pussy and one-night stands was losing its luster long before I overheard the club girls discussing me.

Jaycee was the breath of fresh air that I didn’t know I needed.

We rounded the building to the front entrance, and I stopped to put in my code and stood back to let Jaycee enter, following behind her. “This way,” I said, pointing to the stairs. “My rooms are right at the top.” Luckily we didn’t run into anyone on the way. I wanted to get Jaycee settled and comfortable before she had to answer any questions. I stopped in front of my door, took out my key, unlocked the door, swung it inward, and waved Jaycee into my office.

Jaycee let out a gasp setting the pet carrier down and spinning to look around the room. “Seth, this is incredible! How long did it take you to set this up?” she asked, looking at me with awe.

I laughed at her excitement, “I have to say, Jaycee, I’ve never had anyone get so excited when they walked into my office. But, I suppose it takes a fellow tech junkie to appreciate the complexity of my setup.” Most people only saw wires and

monitors because they didn't understand what I did, but my Nightingale understood.

"I've always dreamed of having a room like this, but we never stayed in one place long enough for me to invest the time it takes to do something like this," she confided as she walked around looking at everything. As she bent over to look at something, I couldn't help but appreciate the roundness of her ass in those jeans. Jaycee's head turned to catch me ogling her ass, turning her face red with embarrassment. She smoothed her hands down the front of her sweater before standing beside the carrier again.

I got the feeling Jaycee was, indeed, genuinely innocent.

And I liked that; I liked it a whole fucking lot.

I turned to my bedroom door, opened it, and heard Jaycee pick the carrier up to follow. I looked around my bedroom, seeing it through her eyes; it wasn't much, with its brown king bed covered in a blue flannel comforter, night table with a simple blue lamp sitting on its surface, and a dresser. I had a leather couch that sat in front of a tv on the wall and a small refrigerator. I did splurge on a thick, cushioned blue carpet; I hate cold floors, and even my bathroom floor is heated. I had some framed motorcycle prints on the wall and pictures of my grandmother and me.

The only light in my miserable youth.

"You can set the litter and food box up in the closet; I don't use it for anything but storage. There are some empty drawers in the dresser for whatever stuff you brought; I will try to get some more of your things in the next few days. Give me a list of things you'll need for yourself, like bathroom items, and I'll send one of the ladies to the store," I said, trying to make her comfortable.

"Why can't I just go back and get what I need?"

"Because Shadow won't allow it, and it's not safe for you, that man Briggs along with the Fire Dragons, will be watching for you to return, and if they catch you, it's hard to tell what they'll do to you." I knew what they would do to her; how she

avoided it this long, I wasn't sure. The Fire Dragons bought and sold women like candy. She was lucky we got to her before they decided she wasn't of any use and sold her into the sex trade.

“How long will I be here?”

“Jaycee, that I can't discuss it's club business, and I know it affects you but just know you are better off here, safer than on your own.”

She gave a small huff of frustration throwing her arms up, “But my dad isn't safe. They might have already killed him! And I can't help him sitting around here!” she cried, clearly exasperated with the situation, her chocolate eyes snapping behind those pink rimmed glasses she wore. I liked that she had some bite to her personality and welcomed it but now was not the time.

I moved closer to her and placed my hands on her shoulders, resisting the urge to shake her. “Listen to me, Jaycee, you may not want to believe this, but those fucking men had no intention of letting your father go and I guarantee you that you would have ended up dead or wishing you were dead, fucking believe me on that! What I walked in on this morning is nothing compared to what was in store for you when your usefulness ended,” I snarled, needing her to understand there was nothing she could do to help her dad.

Jaycee looked at me stunned, eyes wide and somewhat fearful at my outburst. I let my body relax, and my grip loosened on her shoulders and said softly, “You're safe here, Jaycee; I know you don't believe that right now, but it's true. I will do my best to find out about your dad if that will make you feel better.”

I felt her shoulders relax under my hands, and after a minute, she spoke, “It would make me feel better to at least try and help him; I know you're right, but my dad is all I have in this world, and without him I'm alone.”

I pulled her into my arms, whispering in her ear, “You'll never be alone, Jaycee, that I promise you.”





---

## CHAPTER SEVEN

---



**YOU’LL NEVER BE alone, he had whispered in my ear** before releasing me and leaving, telling me he would be back in a few minutes to take me down for dinner. I shivered from remembering what it felt like being in his arms. I had never been that close to a man in my life, and I was feeling things I had never felt before, and it was messing with my senses. He smelled of leather and pine, and it still clung to me, making my stomach tingle.

Once again, I set up a litter pan and food dishes for Gandalf and put away the few clothes I had shoved into my backpack in one of the empty drawers. Gandalf made himself at home on Seth’s flannel comforter. Gandalf was so used to moving around that adjusting to new spaces was never a problem.

I went into the bathroom and put away the travel toiletries that I always kept in a ziplock bag just in case, and I would make a list like Seth suggested because I don’t know how long

I'm going to be here, and a girl needs things. Then, exiting the bathroom, I stumbled to a stop, sitting on the bed and petting my cat, a woman.

A barely dressed in a short skirt and half-top woman, a very pretty brunette woman. She stood when she saw me, confusion crossing her perfect features. "Who the hell are you?" she asked, her tone snotty.

Was this Seth's real girlfriend? I should have known someone like him would have a hot girlfriend. Beside her, I felt washed out and plain. Which I knew I was, and it never bothered me before meeting Seth. "Jaycee is my girlfriend," Seth's irritated voice sounded from the door, "Why are you in my room, Tessa?" Seth strolled over, putting his arm around my shoulder and pulling me into his side.

Tessa's eyes widened in surprise, and then her lips thinned, "I didn't know you were even seeing anyone; Kickstand; I'm sorry, I didn't realize I thought she might be someone's young daughter that got lost," she quipped, her eyes raking over me and finding me lacking by her dismissive expression.

"That doesn't answer my question of why you were in my room when I don't allow anyone in here," he repeated coldly. I liked hearing he never brought women in here; it made me feel better about sleeping in his bed.

Tessa gave a dramatic sigh, "I was checking to see if you needed anything, you barely leave this room anymore, and I figured you might need me to get you something to eat or...." She let the sentence drop with innuendo.

"As you can see, I'm fine. Don't enter my room again; it's off-limits. If I need anything to eat or....you can see that I have Jaycee to help me with whatever I need." He walked over to the door and stood there. "Bye, Tessa." I watched as Tessa stiffened her shoulders and strutted out of the room on sky-high heels that I knew I would look like a deformed ostrich if I tried to walk in them. I looked down at the pink Vans on my feet, comfortable and my favorite color but not exactly sexy footwear.

“Sorry about that; you ready to eat?” Seth asked me from where he still stood by the door.

“Yeah, are you sure it will be okay to come down with you?” I was nervous; I’m not good around people, having spent most of my time alone since I was small. I never even attended school, so my father homeschooled me with online courses. As a result, I was socially awkward and introverted.

“As long as you stick to our story, everything will be fine. The ladies will be nosey as hell, so be ready for that, but they are good people. Several of the old ladies are here today and are decorating for Christmas, and trust me, you will meet them; they will make sure of it,” he chuckled.

“Okay, if you’re sure,” I replied, following him out of his office and down the stairs, trying not to watch his butt as he walked in front of me down the stairs. Most men had what I think are flat behinds, but Seth’s butt filled out his jeans in two tempting globes that curved into his thighs, not to mention how his jeans hugged his package. I blushed at my thoughts; I was attracted to Seth.

*Really attracted.*

We walked into a room that looked like a bar; if I didn’t know I was in a clubhouse, I would swear I walked into a roadside bar, complete with a younger man behind the long wooden bar serving drinks like a regular bartender. Men and women were scattered around the room, doing various things, from simply talking to playing pool and, as Seth mentioned putting up Christmas decorations. As we walked further into the room, the men looked at us knowingly, while the women looked at us with curiosity. Seth kept his hand on my lower back as he guided me through the room and through another door that led into a big kitchen.

The wonderful smells coming from a buffet set up alongside the far wall had my stomach rumbling. I hadn’t eaten at all today, and it’s a wonder I haven’t fainted dead away. But eating had been the last thing on my mind with everything happening.

“Plates and utensils are here,” Seth said, showing me a table beside the buffet. “Jane is an excellent cook and puts out a variety; drinks are at the end.” I took a plate deciding on what I wanted, meatloaf, mashed potatoes, and green beans; yummy! Dad and I lived off takeout most of the time, and this food looked heavenly. I took generous portions, my stomach still growling, and I knew Seth could hear it but pretended otherwise. I followed him to a table where several men sat and one woman. I recognized the blond man he was with Seth this morning; he gave me a kind smile as I sat down. I was embarrassed that he had seen what Briggs was doing to me, even though it wasn’t something I could help.

“Jaycee, this is Wrath, Poison, King, and Lettie,” Seth pointed to each one and then pulled me close to his side, introducing me, “And this is Jaycee Cromer, my girlfriend.” The men didn’t bat an eye at Seth’s declaration, but Lettie raised two perfectly arched blonde brows at his words in surprise. Lettie was beautiful, with long blonde hair, smoky blue eyes, and full red lips, and she was tall and thin like a model. King put his arm around her shoulders, so he must be her husband, and they were wearing matching wedding rings.

“It’s nice to meet you, Jaycee. I didn’t know Kickstand had taken his nose out of his computer long enough to meet anyone,” Lettie said, her gaze calculating as if she knew something wasn’t right. How did Seth think we could pull off me being his girlfriend? I looked nothing like the women around the club.

“We met online. I flew in from Las Vegas this morning so we could spend time together,” I responded in what I hoped was a confident tone, sticking with the story we agreed to.

“Ahhh, that explains it; how long are you staying?” Lettie asked, still giving me an odd look, not hostile, but more curious.

“We haven’t set a time limit on it; who knows, she may never leave,” Seth replied before I could, looking at me with affection before kissing my cheek.

Damn, he was good at this.

Even I'm starting to believe we're a real couple.



**IT WAS EASY pretending to be into Jaycee.** Because I *was* into Jaycee. I liked everything about her, from her pretty, bookish looks, funny quirks, and sweet nature. I found all those things attractive, and the fact that we had so much in common was a plus. Also, my grandmother would have approved of Jaycee, which makes her extra special.

My grandmother has been gone now for twelve years, but I still think of her every day; when nobody else wanted me when my mom died when I was five, she took me in and raised me like her own son, even though she didn't have much. But she had love and spread it over me like rays of sunlight.

Being a skinny, sickly kid getting picked on was normal for me throughout my childhood, but it all faded as soon as I walked through my grandmother's door after school. She was waiting with a hug right up until she died of a heart attack when I had just turned sixteen.

That's when I quit school and started working lousy part-time jobs until I turned eighteen, and that's when I met a biker called Texas; he belonged to The Devil's House MC and was their tech guy. I told him about my skills with computers. I was a whiz with computers and numbers and had been messing with them since I was eight, and grandma gifted me a secondhand desktop computer. So Texas talked me into prospecting for the club, and the rest is history. Texas passed

away from cancer three years ago, and he's riding his Harley in the great beyond.

This club is my family.

"The story you came up with was perfect," Shadow said, taking the stool next to me at the bar where I was watching Jaycee put up Christmas decorations with Lettie, Mary, Nikki, Ann, and Tildie.

"Yeah, he even made me believe it," King said from where he sat on the other side of me.

"Did Patch already leave?" I asked, noticing he wasn't around.

"Yeah, he said there was something he couldn't leave long," Shadow said, taking a drink of the beer that appeared in front of him without even asking. I heard a small whimper and looked at Shadow's feet, where a baby carrier was sitting with Marilyn inside. Shadow used his boot to rock the baby, calming her back to sleep.

"Do you think Lettie bought it?" I asked King. Lettie was shrewd and no fool.

"I don't know. But trust me, if Lettie has doubts, she'll be peppering me with questions when we leave, trying to get information. And heaven help Jaycee if Lettie is able to corner the poor girl."

We stopped talking when we saw Tessa and Lexi sit at a table close to us and could possibly eavesdrop. Tessa was being very aggressive lately for a woman who found me lacking. She sure as shit won't leave me alone. I didn't like the fact she was in my room. I don't want anyone in there and not even in my office when I'm not there.

Jaycee is the exception for my bedroom. I like that she's in there sleeping in my bed. I looked over to where she was sitting, watching the women decorate the tree. I know she feels out of place, but given time she will fit right in with the other ladies. My eyes wandered to the next table over, where Wrath sat alone, his gaze fixed on Jaycee.

*What the hell?*

Fuck no, Jaycee was mine, and I wasn't about to compete with anyone, especially Wrath, who had the blond good looks women fought over; I'd seen it with my own eyes. Even now, Tessa and Lexi had gotten up and headed his way, but before reaching his table, he had stood and moved to sit with Jaycee, stopping them in their tracks.

"Problem, Kickstand?" Shadow smirked, knowing damn well why I was pissed.

"Seems Wrath has a little thing for your pretend *girlfriend*," King teased, elbowing in the ribs. Ignoring them, I stomped over to where Jaycee sat, took the empty chair, and pulled a surprised Jaycee onto my lap.

I wrapped my arms around her midsection, squeezing her. "I was getting lonely over there, Nightingale," I said, kissing her neck and feeling her tremble from my touch.

Wrath stood frowning, his displeasure evident. "We'll talk another time, Jaycee," he told her, giving her a warm smile before glaring at me again and walking away. I know the problem is Wrath thinks I'm pretending to want Jaycee, and so to him, she is available. So I need to set him straight.

"Are you ready to head upstairs?" I asked Jaycee, liking the feel of her on my lap. Her gorgeous ass was sitting right on my cock, but if I didn't move her, she would feel what having her so close did to me.

"Yeah, it's been a long day, and I need to check on Gandalf and feed him his evening meal," she replied, seeming reserved. I'm guessing worried about her dad and what will happen to her.

I pushed her to her feet and stood threading my fingers through hers, leading her from the room as we said our goodbyes. It was going to be a long night with her in my bed and not being able to join her.

Yet.



**SETH KEPT A hold of my hand even after we left the room.** If I didn't know we were pretending, I would think he really liked me. The possessive way Seth pulled me on his lap and kissed my neck made my body heat. I've only known this man one day and should be alarmed at the way he's touching me, but I'm not. I remembered how hot his lips felt against my skin and the feel of his strong arms holding me close.

I love how it makes me feel. At my age, these feelings are long overdue. I'm not a virgin by choice but by circumstances.

I saw Wrath walking down the hall in front of us and entering a room a few doors down. Wrath seemed like a nice guy, and a girl could get lost in his light blue eyes, but I didn't get the same tingly feeling being around Wrath that I did Seth. Wrath had come over to me to ask if I was doing okay and needed anything. But Seth coming over cut the conversation short. I honestly never thought to be treated so well when I arrived.

Even the women here were friendly, treating me like they've known me my whole life. It's all so strange to me. I especially liked Tildie. We were close in age and personality. And I was amazed at how easy it was to talk with her. Tildie can read lips and is learning to speak and seems to be doing very well; she said complete sentences to me. But, like with my fake relationship with Seth, it's all fake. A sham. And I can't let myself forget that, not for a minute.

Seth unlocked his door and ushered me inside. I still couldn't believe what a sweet setup he had in his office. My eyes landed on my laptop sitting on his desk, and I once again felt irritated that he had confiscated it; it was mine. I spent years making that laptop everything I needed, and I didn't like



someone else touching it. In the world of the dark web, your computer is your life.

Sacred, as I'm sure Seth understands.

"When can I have my laptop back?" I asked Seth. I did not turn around because I could feel him standing close behind me, his pine scent tickling my nose and his breath fanning my hair. And I just knew if I turned around, he would kiss me, and I was being a coward. Seth was older and experienced I was afraid I would make a fool of myself. I was no Tessa.

Seth realized I wasn't going to turn around, so he moved, leaning against his desk and crossing his arms over his chest, and gave me a cocky smile before answering, "After I go through it to make sure you don't have any information related to the club and when Shadow decides you can have it back."

"That's not going to work for me. I have jobs I have to complete, and I can't just flake on them," I insisted, folding my arms in frustration and resisting the urge to stomp my foot like a child whose toy was taken away.

He gave me a look of disbelief. "Don't you think hacking has got you in enough trouble? After all, that's happened, I'm surprised you will continue doing it. So I'm doing you a favor by holding your laptop."

*Well, of all the nerve!*

I narrowed my eyes, insulted by his assumption that I had made a habit of breaking the law. "They're legit programming jobs. Judge much from your throne of fake morality?" I bit out through clenched teeth. I know this club is not on the up and up. I did plenty of research and didn't like him judging me. I was trying to save my Dad's life. Seth breaks the law as a life choice, which is a big difference.

He gave me a knowing smile. "I'm sorry if I don't believe you, *Nightingale*," Seth smirked, emphasizing the moniker I earned by taking down flesh trade sites. But, of course, I don't think he knew how I earned the name.

"It's not breaking the law by taking down sites that sell people into slavery. It's disgusting, and I will continue to do it.

But until the Fire Dragons, I never used my hacking talents for anything else,” I explained, though I shouldn’t have to, for some reason, I wanted to.

Seth gazed at me, his face thoughtful, before sighing, “I’m sorry, Jaycee. I just assumed someone with your talents would profit from it doing jobs on the dark web. And I can understand wanting to take down the flesh trade, but that’s even more dangerous. Those organizations don’t fuck around. I’ve taken down a few in my time, but I’m in a position to protect myself if I’m found out. You aren’t.”

“And I understand it’s dangerous, but I have to do something. Seeing those poor people, *the children*, put up for sale makes me sick. It’s worth the risk.” Once you see one of those sites, you never forget the faces staring back at you as they are sold like cattle, peddled to sick perverts bidding like crazed monsters.

“Trust me, Jaycee, I fucking know what those sick fucks do. I’ll tell you what; I’ll talk to Shadow about your laptop, but I can’t guarantee anything. The fact is you tried to hack into our club for information. That puts you on a shit list until you gain the club’s trust.” Seth pushed away from the desk and, taking a seat behind it, opened my laptop. “In the meantime, I’ll go ahead and check it out so I can clear it. What’s the passcode?” he asked, looking at me expectantly.

Seth just reminded me why I’m here, and knowing he’s going through my personal information on my computer makes me angry and territorial. “Figure it out. I need to take care of Gandalf,” I snapped, jutting my chin in the air and strolling out of his office and into the bedroom, slamming the door. I was so over my life right now.

---

## CHAPTER EIGHT

---



**I ROLLED OFF** the lumpy cot I had the misfortune to sleep on last night. I needed to work myself into Jaycee's bed and fast. But if last night was any indication, I'm not even close. I understand her frustration with me having her computer. To people like us, our computers are like children and part of you. But, at the same time, I have to do what's best for the club, which means vetting her laptop.

I'm learning there is much more to Jaycee than you initially see when you look at her. Like her passion for helping the victims of human smugglers. That takes guts because those pieces of shit make examples of people who try to take them down. And it's not pretty. And that temper, she hides it well. I get the feeling I'm one of the first to witness it, and it makes my blood heat when I watch her pretty face twist with disapproval, and she gets mouthy. And when she dismissed me and slammed the door, it turned me on. I almost followed Jaycee into the bedroom to show her.

I stretched, trying to work out the kinks caused by that damn cot. After figuring out a way around her passcode, I only got a few hours of sleep. I removed any files related to the club. And, of course, I nosed around her computer. I was surprised there was no one in her contacts or any communications with anyone: no family, no friends, nothing. And I was starting to get a picture of a lonely Jaycee with only her father for any support or company.

Unless you count that damn cat.

Last night I waited until I knew Jaycee was asleep to use the bathroom. The cat stared me down from what should be my side of the bed while I crept around the room. I resisted the urge to throw it off the bed and take its place.

I listened at the door to see if Jaycee was moving around, and not hearing anything, I gave a soft knock and opened the door peeking inside the room. The bed was empty, save for the cat, and the bathroom door was closed. I walked further into the room and debated. I needed to shower and get my ass moving. I was meeting with Shadow this morning. I moved to the dresser to pull out some clean clothes, and without warning, the bathroom door flew open, hitting me, and a very naked Jaycee strolled out of the bathroom as pretty as you please.

I could be a gentleman and look away but fuck that; I was taking her in, my eyes roving over her body from where I stood behind the bathroom door. God, that ass was going to be the end of me. So round and plump for someone with her build. I never knew I had a type until Jaycee. My cock hardened, tenting my shorts as I watched her bend over the bend to pet the cat, giving me one hell of a view. I even caught a glimpse of her pussy, causing me to let out a pained groan.

Jaycee spun around and let out a screech, pulling the blanket off the bed to cover herself. “What the hell, Seth?” she shouted, her face turning a bright splotchy red as she tightened the blanket around her body. Her eyes moved to my hard cock, jutting toward her through the thin material of my shorts, and if possible, her face got even redder. I didn’t give her time to think.

I was making a move.

I stalked toward Jaycee, my eyes never leaving her. She watched me, her body stiff, but her eyes were shining with excitement spurring me forward. Then without a word, I placed my mouth against hers, threading my fingers through her hair. I wasn't going to hold back. I wanted Jaycee.



**HIS KISS WAS gentle and sweet. Like I always envisioned my first kiss.** However, the more we kissed, the rougher it became. He suddenly stuck his tongue into my mouth and began to assault my mouth, his tongue plunging its way through.

I slipped my tongue into his mouth, following his lead, tasting him as our tongues fought for dominance. After a few more seconds, we finally pulled apart, both out of breath.

“I want you, Jaycee,” he managed, his voice ragged and full of desire.

“Me too,” I breathed, looking at him. I know I shouldn't be doing this. I barely know Seth, but I'm a woman, not the child everyone refers to me as, and I have wanted to feel this for so long, dreamed of having a man touch me like Seth is doing.

I felt the blanket being pulled away. The cool air on my breasts caused me to gasp, and he gave an appreciative smile as he looked down at my breasts. “Beautiful,” he whispered as he pressed his hands against them, running his palms over my aroused nipples. I gasped at the contact, which felt amazing.

Then, Seth leaned down over my right breast and, with his warm breath caressing it, took my right nipple in his mouth. I moaned as his warm breath, and cool tongue glided over my nipple. As he sucked and nipped at it, his other hand moved to cup the other nipple, pinching and pulling it. Again, I moaned and threw my head back, feeling my whole body heat under his touch. This felt so good. Way better than my imagination that I conjured up from the erotic stories I had read.

Pulling away, he pushed himself up and proceeded to kiss me again while his hands moved downward, pushing his shorts off. And pushing me gently to the bed. I should stop this. I really should, but I can't bring myself to do that.

Moving in again, he began to suck on my other breast while his hand trailed down between my legs, feeling the wetness there. I moaned and ran my fingers through his hair as he nipped my nipple before he continued sucking my breast.

Then, his left hand suddenly stroked my wet center, and I let out another moan as he began to stroke my swollen clit with his thumb. Then, still sucking my nipple, he parted my wet pussy lips with his hand and started to stroke my clit much faster.

Oh, God," I groaned as he continued to rub my clit. Then, he inserted a finger inside me. "Fuck, you're tight," he growled against my breast, where his mouth still played.

"Mmmmm," I hummed as he began to move his finger in and out of my pussy. Throwing my head back, I continued to groan as he worked up a rhythm, his finger working inside me.

As I lost myself to the pleasure, I bucked my hips, unconsciously moving along with his finger. Finally, he pulled away from my nipple and kissed me just as he added a second finger. "Have you ever been with a man?" Seth asked, looking into my eyes as he used his fingers to play with me.

This was so embarrassing to admit, but I answered truthfully, "No, you're the first guy I've let get this close." I moaned as he did something with his fingers that made my body tremble. I could feel his cock hot and heavy against my

leg, and I wanted nothing more than to reach down and touch it.

He was still watching me, a look of satisfaction on his face. “I like that, Jaycee. I like that no other man has touched you. I’m gonna make you feel so good,” he promised, bringing his head down for a heated kiss.

Bang, bang, bang came a pounding at the door. “Kickstand, are you in there?” A male voice shouted from the other side, breaking the spell between us.

“What the fuck do you want, Fuse?” Seth growled, not moving. The handle started to turn. “Don’t you dare open that door,” Seth threatened, finally pushing himself off me. I scrambled to cover myself.

“You were supposed to meet Shadow fifteen minutes ago, and you’re not answering your goddamn phone, so he sent me to check on you,” Fuse explained. “Since I know you’re not dead, get your ass in gear. I got shit to do, so I’m out.” We heard the office door slam, and I relaxed against the headboard, watching Seth shove his legs into a pair of jeans, his cock still hard as he watched me back. Seth may not be as tall and intimidating as some of the men here, but he still has a muscular body, with several tattoos covering his arms and chest. And there was a boldness more subtle than the other men but just as potent.

I had never seen a cock in real life and found it interesting. It was thicker than the ones I glimpsed online. “If you keep staring at my cock, Nightingale, I’m gonna end up back in bed, and Shadow will have my ass, but I’m thinking it’ll be well worth it, but I need you to get dressed since you’re coming with me.”

I blushed at being caught ogling him and climbed out of bed, moving to the dresser with the cover still around me. I grabbed some clothes and went into the bathroom, which was silly since Seth had already seen all there was to see and touched me more intimately than even I’d touched myself. My body was still humming with awareness from his touch. I

splashed some water on my face and walked out of the bathroom, putting on my shoes.

Seth held out his hand for me to take, and I did. “I’m sorry we were interrupted but trust me, we are gonna finish what we started, that I promise you,” he said as he guided me out the door.

Good decision? I’m not sure, but I’m going to let him finish. I’ve never felt so alive as when he was touching me. Being with him was a side of me I’ve never had the opportunity to explore. I want more, lots more.

And maybe if Seth has more of a connection to me, he will help me find my dad. Not knowing is tearing me up inside.



---

## CHAPTER NINE

---



**I LEFT JAYCEE in the kitchen with Nikki and Jane while** I met with Shadow. I could keep an eye on her through the camera app on my phone. I want to get this meeting done to get back to Jaycee. My thoughts went back to how damn responsive she was, which surprised me. I wasn't expecting that, and that's why I asked if she had been with anybody; for a minute, I thought I had been wrong, and she wasn't a virgin.

Not that it mattered. I wasn't a hypocritical asshole who thought women couldn't have an active sex life when I took what they offered. But there is something primal about knowing I'm the only man to know Jaycee sexually. Is it right to feel that way? Who knows. But I do.

I knocked on the door to Shadow's office and heard an irritated Shadow yell, "Get your ass in here." I strolled into the room and took a seat, opening my laptop before looking at Shadow, leaning back in his chair, fingers tapping his desk with impatience. "Where have you been? You were supposed to be here thirty minutes ago," Shadow scowled at me. His

face reminded me so much of his old man when you pissed him off.

“I got caught up with Jaycee,” I answered, being vague.

Shadow narrowed his eyes at me, saying, “That better mean you were vetting her and not getting your dick wet.”

“I spent all last night going through her computer,” I replied, evading the question. I laid a jump drive on his desk. “Those are all the files I found that included any information on the club. Shadow picked up the jump drive plugging it into his computer, the other question now forgotten, at least for now.

“Jaycee didn’t lie when she said she only had information on Patch’s security. But Jaycee did investigate The Devil’s House and found quite a bit of data on the dark web,” I informed Shadow watching as his face darkened the more he read.

“She suspects we run guns and launder money. How did she find this out?” Shadow growled.

“Well, I would say she is mostly guessing based on chatter circulating the web. We’ve been too careful to cover our tracks for any concrete evidence. But there is always talk in the criminal underground, and if you’re good and know where to look, it’s out there.” And Jaycee is good. “But she doesn’t know anything above hearsay and nothing the Fire Dragons don’t already know.”

“What about a background check?”

“I did a quick run of her name last night. And nothing came up; a few old addresses in different states, but Jaycee is virtually non-existent, and her laptop didn’t show any family or friends. It appears to be just Jaycee and her dad. I’m going to dig deeper and see if I can find anything.”

“It’s starting to look like she is exactly what she says, a girl trying to save her fuck up of a dad,” Shadow said, leaning back in his chair again. “I will pass this information on to Patch.”

“There’s something else, Shadow, something she told me. Jaycee got her name Nightingale by taking down human flesh auction websites.” I watched as his eyes widened in surprise. “She doesn’t use her talents for anything illegal and does legitimate programming jobs.”

“Does Jaycee realize they’ll kill her if she’s caught?”

“I warned her how dangerous it was, but she doesn’t care,” I grumbled, hating the idea of her putting herself in danger.

Shadow shrugged his shoulders. “Ballsy but stupid at the same time, but if she understands. You know something has been bugging me about why Papa Bear didn’t take Jaycee, and he warned his men away from her. Papa Bear isn’t known for his kindness toward women; just the opposite. I mean shit, he deals in selling women into slavery,” Shadow said thoughtfully. “There’s a reason. Find it.”

“I’ll keep digging. Is there anything else we need to go over?”

“I think we’re good. I’ll get the money numbers at Church on Sunday,” he answered.

I stood beelining for the door. “Remember what I said about your dick and letting it roam. I’m thinking you already forgot,” Shadow advised to my retreating back.

I continued out the door without responding. I was going to be with Jaycee even if Shadow disapproved. I understand his concerns, but I’ll take the ass-kicking I’ll get for not listening when our relationship comes out. It wouldn’t be the first beating I took since joining the club. Rubbing my hands together, I headed to the kitchen to retrieve Jaycee.



**I SAT WITH Nikki eating my breakfast.** Nikki was beautiful and friendly, and she was talkative about her dream of becoming a professional Violinist and how she and Vampire are expecting their first child. I was curious about the collar tattoo around her neck but couldn't bring myself to be nosey. It was beautiful but odd at the same time. Vampire was one of the men in the room when Patch and Shadow questioned me. He seemed too dark for Nikki, but what did I know about relationships?

Jane seemed really nice too, she talked for a minute but left having work to do. Then, that woman Tessa came in with a blonde woman sitting a table over, and I wasn't imagining the glares and, at times, laughter that was sent our way. Nikki either didn't notice or didn't care. When I see the type of women Seth has been with, it makes me insecure that I will be a huge disappointment. I mentally went over how I must look right now with my hair hanging limply around my face, glasses, no make-up, oversized pink sweater, pink leggings, and my go-to pink Vans. I have always loved pink; since I was a child, the color has made me happy, but right now, I feel childish when I compare myself to the sexier women sitting at the next table.

“Hey, you!” Wrath said, taking a seat beside me. “Things going okay? Hey, Nikki.” Wrath greeted with a smile. He really was gorgeous, just not for me. Not that someone of his looks would go for a nerdy computer programmer. I had to remember when I answered that I am here because I was dating Seth. Which after this morning wasn't so much a lie.

“Things are great, and everyone has been so nice and welcoming.”

“I’ll see you guys later. I better get moving. It was great talking with you, Jaycee. We’ll get together,” Nikki said, and with another wave, left the kitchen, leaving me with Wrath.

“So, things are really okay?” Wrath asked, looking at me intently. Now that Nikki was gone, I didn’t have to pretend.

“For the most part. But I’m worried about my Dad,” I told him.

“I know it’s hard, but things will work out; you’ll see. I noticed your Lord of the Rings stuff when we were in your apartment, it’s a great movie, and until you, I haven’t met anyone else who has even seen it, let alone love it,” he said, changing the subject from my Dad.

I gave Wrath a big smile, “I fell in love with the movies. The journey they took you on was so amazing, and as a lonely kid, the movie was something I fantasized about being real and living in that world,” I responded, my voice wistful. Remembering all the lonely days I spent by myself.

“I had a...friend, and she loved the movie and would get on me because I refused to watch it, and one day she forced my ass to sit through it, and I was hooked. One day when you have time, we’ll watch it,” he offered. I noticed he hesitated on the word friend, and I’m guessing this girl was much more than a friend.

“That would be awesome. I’ve never watched with anyone, and my Dad always said he wasn’t interested in fantasy movies.” If it weren’t for being so worried about Dad, I would be so happy right now. I had a hot guy like Seth interested in me, and I’ve made new friends, both lacking in my life until I came to this club.

“It’s a date,” Wrath declared with a smile.

“A date?” I turned to see Seth standing behind us, and he did not look happy.



**WHAT THE FUCK? I leave Jaycee for an hour, and Wrath** tries to move in on her. I heard the word date. Did Jaycee agree to go out with him? After what happened between us this morning, I can't believe she would. "A date?" I repeated, giving Wrath a death glare. He has his pick of women and wants mine.

"Oh, not that kind of date," Jaycee hurried to say, blushing. "Wrath and I love The Lord of the Rings and decided it would be fun to watch it together one day."

"Yeah, that a problem?" Wrath challenged. He and I were gonna talk. I need to make my claim on Jaycee so he'll stop trying to make moves.

"No, not a problem," I replied. I didn't want to sound like a jealous asshole in front of Jaycee. I'm surprised at Wrath, though, a movie night, really? What are we in high school? I don't get Wrath right now; he's different around Jaycee. "Hey, Brother, I need to talk with you later," I told him.

"Sure, I'll be around," Wrath smirked, knowing what I wanted. "I'll see you later, Jaycee." Wrath left the table, leaving me alone with her.

"I hope it's all right saying yes to Wrath. I know I'm not actually a guest here."

"If you wanna watch a movie with Wrath, go for it; it's fine," I replied with a smile, hoping my jealousy didn't show through because I wasn't happy about it, not at all.

“Hey, did you ask Shadow if I could use my laptop for work? I really need to complete those jobs. The money I earn is how I afford to live,” she asked, her face looking hopeful. I know Shadow won’t allow it. But maybe I could help her out.

“Let’s go back to my office and talk about it,” I suggested. I noticed Tessa and Jenna were paying attention to us, I don’t think they could hear our conversation, but you can’t be too careful.

“Okay, lets’ go,” Jaycee agreed, standing and taking my offered hand. I want to finish what we started earlier, but it will take getting her back in the mood. Jaycee wasn’t the push-against-the-wall and took-what-you-wanted kind of woman. No, she deserved more than a quick fuck. But that didn’t stop me from pulling her to me and kissing her once we were back in my office. Jaycee was a damn good kisser, her lips and tongue played with mine, and I could get off on this alone.

I pulled back, putting her glasses back in place. Jaycee was breathing heavily and flushed, her pretty brown eyes bright. How is this woman a virgin? “Are we going to finish what we started earlier,” she breathed, her voice huskier than usual. I loved her husky voice to begin with, but when she was aroused, it was sexy as fuck, and went straight to your cock.

“Do *you* want to finish what we started?” I asked, knowing damn well she did. But I wanted to hear her say it in her husky tone that caused my cock to throb.

Without hesitation, she answered, “Yes, Seth, I want to finish.” Her breathing was still heavy, her aroused body leaning into mine.

“If we do this, there is no going back. I want you, Jaycee, all of you. Are you sure this is what you want?” I pressed, not wanting her to have regrets.

She nodded her head. “I want this, I know it’s happening fast, but it feels right; you feel right,” she said softly. Damn, I liked hearing her say she feels the same about me as I do her. I have the same feeling; this is fast but right.

“Then let’s finish, Nightingale.” I pulled her into the bedroom, and this time I locked the door.



---

## CHAPTER TEN

---



**I TURNED TO** see Jaycee standing by the bed, nervous and unsure. “Just relax, Jaycee. I promise I’ll go slow.”

“I trust you, Seth. I’m just not sure what to do,” she confessed, turning pink.

I walked over, putting my arms around her and drawing her into a kiss to help relax her once more. Once I felt her body go soft, I pulled back and instructed, “Take your clothes off and get on the bed.” I watched her lay her glasses on the table, lift her sweater over her head, and remembered those cotton panties. “Leave your panties on,” I added as I started to remove my clothing while continuing to watch Jaycee strip. I loved her body, firm upturned breasts that were a perfect handful, flat stomach, nice round ass, and long legs—and standing there in those white cotton panties that I had jerked off to over the last few weeks that had me hard as stone.

I closed the distance between us and plunged my tongue deep inside her mouth to taste her. My body crushed her

breasts as my mouth devoured hers and at that moment, I felt consumed with the need for Jaycee. I pushed her back onto the bed, following her there. My mouth made a path down her throat to the curve of her breast, causing her to moan in pleasure.

“I’ve wanted you from the first time I saw you,” I told her, my breath ragged. I looked into her eyes so bright with her arousal that they looked like liquid chocolate. She gave me a soft smile running her fingers through my hair.

“I was drawn to you too, Seth. It’s like a knowing,” she breathed. I kissed her and started again where I left off; her breasts were beautiful, just full enough to match her frame, with perky nipples, brown like her eyes. I feasted on one, then the other. I was sucking on each nipple, rolling my tongue around them. Her breathing and small moans encouraged me that I was doing it right. I wasn’t a talker during sex; I liked to hear the sounds and concentrate on the sensations that two people could bring each other. And I loved the sounds Jaycee was making, spurring me on.

While my mouth was busy with her breasts, my hand slipped between her legs and cupped her pussy. My middle finger slipped between the lips of her pussy and slid easily into her; she was as wet as I was hard. She gasped as I slid my finger up and down along her hard clit and into the depth of her pussy. I moved down between her legs, spreading them wide. I stuck my face in her pussy, tasting her arousal with my tongue, and then like a man starved, I licked and sucked until she was squirming on the bed, moaning, her hands holding my head. I knew she was close. I continued, using my fingers and tongue until I felt her pussy pulse around my tongue, and she gave a husky scream.

I couldn’t stand it; I had to get my cock into her. I grabbed a condom out of the side drawer and rolled it on, pushing myself between her legs. I grabbed my hard-on and aimed toward her opening. She spread her legs willingly for my cock as I drove into her wetness, going slow until I felt the barrier that proved her virginity, and a few short thrusts were all I

needed to be sunk into her to the hilt, our pelvic bones touching each other.

I heard her hiss and did my best not to move; I looked into her face, asking, “Are you okay? Do you want to continue?” Please don’t say no; I can stop but fuck, it’ll hurt.

She wrapped her arms tighter around me. “No, I’m fine; I want to continue. The pain has already subsided,” she assured me. I started to move again, still holding back, letting her get used to my cock. My cock was thick, and right now, she was hugging me like a vice. I started pumping in and out. Her pussy wrapped around my cock, and it felt so fucking good. I raised my head and stared into her eyes in the dim light of the bedroom. She pulled me close, and we kissed deeply as I began to pump in and out. I tried to go slow, pulling all the way up till just the head of my cock was between her pussy lips and sliding in all the way. She gasped louder each time I thrust inside her pussy.

I wasn’t going to last much longer. I needed her to cum, so I reached between us and started to rub her clit, and I felt her legs begin to shake on my back. I watched her throw her head back and close her eyes giving short high, pitched moans as she bucked against me, and then she let out a fucking scream that I’m sure anyone walking down the hall would hear, but that scream was all I needed. So I thrust into her hard and fast, losing myself in the orgasm that was building the feeling so incredible I didn’t want it to end; I growled as it hit, my cock pulsating so long I thought I would black out.

“Fuck,” I groaned as I fell on top of Jaycee, careful to keep my weight off her, but I wasn’t ready to let her go yet.

---

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

---



**I LOOKED OVER at Seth sitting beside me at his desk,** my mind wandering to a few hours ago. Finally, I did it; I lost my virginity. And Holy Moses, it felt so good. In my wildest dreams, I never thought I could feel like that the first time. And then the tender way he took care of me afterward when he guided me into the shower and cleaned me so intimately I'm still blushing. And even though he was aroused, he didn't try to take me again. Instead, we dressed and came out to his office, where he explained I could use my laptop as long as he could see the screen. So, We've both been working and talking about random things, from how we both learned computer programming as lonely kids and were self-taught with no schooling.

We both had a single parent in our life, his grandmother and my dad. I feel like Seth and I are doing this relationship backward. Sleeping together and then getting to know one another. But I have no regrets, I like Seth so much, and he seems to really like me too.

“Are you ready to get some dinner? After our workout earlier, I’m starving,” he asked with a satisfied smirk.

“I am getting hungry,” I agreed and closed my laptop, standing.

I watched as Seth closed his laptop and stood, stretching and his shirt riding up, showing me his toned abs. “Or we can go back to bed,” he mocked, watching me ogle his stomach. “But I need the energy to do the things I’m going to do to you, so let’s eat first.” He put his arm over my shoulder, pulling me close as we walked down the stairs and into the bar area. It wasn’t even six yet, but the place was packed, I’m guessing since it was Friday.

I recognized some men and women but others were strangers. The club women were floating around, and they stood out with their skimpy outfits. It was December; didn’t they get cold? Seth greeted several men as we passed through the room, but he didn’t stop and continued to the kitchen, never taking his arm from my shoulders.

The kitchen was quieter but still held several people. I saw Tildie with a man I assume is Reader sitting next to Ann and Black. Both women waved to me, and after Seth and I got our food, we sat with them.

“Hi...Jaycee...Kickstand,” Tildie said slowly, then smiling.

“Wow, Tildie, you are doing great!” Seth praised her, causing her to blush.

Reader looked at Tildie, saying, “She’s amazing.” Yep, I could see why Tildie always had a smile on her face. Reader didn’t hide how much he loved her.

“Reader, I don’t think you’ve met Jaycee,” Seth said, introducing me.

“No, I haven’t; good to meet you, Jaycee.”

“Same here,” I smiled, not sure what to say. But, again, I’m awkward.

“Kickstand, I have the monthly numbers ready for you to review. Do you want them emailed or put into a file to drop off?” Ann asked Seth.

“Email is fine. I’ll be on the lookout for them. I’d like to have them tomorrow.”

“No problem,” Ann replied. “How are you liking it here so far, Jaycee?”

“I like it; everyone has been welcoming.” I stuck with my go-to answer.

“That’s good; I hope things work out. Kickstand is a great guy,” Ann said, giving Seth a wink and making Black frown. What was that about?

“Eat, Nightingale; you’ll need your energy later,” Seth whispered in my ear.

“Us girls are going shopping tomorrow; you want to go with us?” Ann asked me. I wonder how I say I can’t without giving away I’m not allowed to leave?

Seth saved me from answering. “Sorry, Ann, but I’ve got Jaycee for the day. I planned a day for us,” Seth said, kissing my cheek.

“How nice; what are you doing?” Ann pressed Kickstand.

“That Ann is a secret. I’m surprising her.” Seth was really good at this.

“Okay, well, have fun.” Ann seemed to accept the answer, and we ate dinner and conversed. I sighed, wishing things were different, and I wasn’t basically a prisoner, and I could hang out with the friendly women I’ve met and grow friendships. I’m hoping Seth can find out about my dad; so far, he said there wasn’t any information.

We went back into the bar area after we finished eating, and Seth grabbed us a drink, him a beer, and me a coke. “I’m sorry about the thing with Ann. We’ll get things figured out, and things will change for you,” he promised after we sat down. I gave him a small smile even though I had doubts.

“Hey, there, chick!” Lettie gushed, taking the seat beside me, King taking the one next to Seth. “Kickstand rocking your world along with his bed?” I think my eyes just bugged out of my head at her question.

“Lettie...” King chastised her.

“What? King, it’s always the quiet ones that are the best in bed,” Lettie fired back at her husband.

“Is that so?” King replied dryly.

“Of course, you’re the exception, Baby,” Lettie soothed him, rubbing his chest. King shook his head and rolled his eyes.

I looked at Seth, and he shrugged his shoulders with a crooked smile, mouthing, “She’s right.”

I giggled, taking a drink of coke, I didn’t have anything to compare Seth to, but I would say he rocked my world. And I’m looking forward to tonight, I know there is more to learn, and I want Seth to be my teacher.

He squeezed my thigh as if reading my thoughts, promise in his eyes. I returned my focus to Lettie, who was asking me questions about Las Vegas. Luckily I had all the answers, having actually lived there. Lettie would have made a good interrogation officer. It was two hours later before Seth and I were able to leave the table.

“She is exhausting,” I mumbled. But I liked Lettie.

Seth chuckled, “King has his hands full. Come on, Jaycee, I’m ready to fill my hands with that plump ass of yours.” Seth palmed a cheek, squeezing.

I took Seth’s hand and followed him upstairs. I don’t think I was getting a lot of rest tonight.

---

## CHAPTER TWELVE

---



**I TOOK ONE** last look at a sleeping Jaycee with Gandalf snuggled against her side and left the room. I wanted to take it easy on her last night since she had been a virgin, but Jaycee wasn't having it, and we went at it throughout the night. Jaycee went by instinct and wasn't shy about touching and exploring. Lettie had it right when she said it was always the quiet ones because Jaycee and I are having some damn good sex, the best I've ever had.

Since I've been with the club, I've fucked a shit ton of women, but none of them have given the pleasure Jaycee does, and I now realize the difference between the club whores and hang around girls that want a property patch. Jaycee only wanted me, and that was something I'd never experienced. The women I've been around over the years only see the mousy guy with glasses and steer more toward what they perceive to be the more dangerous-looking men of the club, assuming I'm boring and not as dangerous when they are flat-out wrong.



I've paid and continue to pay my dues to the club whenever and however needed, the same as my brothers. I went to the kitchen to get a coffee before seeing Shadow; he wanted to see me this morning. I looked around and saw Wrath sitting alone at a table—perfect time to talk with him. I grabbed my coffee and took a seat beside him.

“We need to talk, Brother,” I said to him.

Turning toward me, he answered, “So, Talk.”

“I noticed you have an interest in Jaycee, and I'm telling you now to back off; she's with me,” I glowered at him.

Wrath narrowed his eyes and, keeping his voice low, said, “I thought you were pretending to be her boyfriend. Are you telling me you actually like Jaycee?”

“Yeah, that's what I'm saying.”

“She doesn't seem like your type. I mean, shit, I saw Tessa coming out of your room the other day. I don't want to see someone as nice as Jaycee used and discarded.”

“You don't know shit about my type, and it's not like she's your usual flavor either. And not that it's your business, but Tessa went into my room uninvited and encountered Jaycee. I told Tessa to get lost. And I'm serious about Jaycee; this isn't a game to me. So, watch the damn movie with her but keep your hands off,” I growled, standing.

“Look, Brother, I like Jaycee, but I'll back off if you're serious about her. But don't fuck with her; she isn't like the other women around the club.” I nodded at Wrath that I had heard him, picking up my coffee and leaving the kitchen. I wasn't stupid. I knew Jaycee was special.

I found Shadow as he entered the clubhouse. “What did you need me for?” I asked him as he took off his coat, shaking the snow off and stomping his feet.

“I have a meeting with Patch tomorrow at his clubhouse. You and Vampire are coming with me. I'm rescheduling Church for Monday night,” he replied, walking further into the room.

Shit, I didn't want to leave Jaycee. These meetings usually took hours. The club presidents never talked about illegal business over electronics and always met in person. "Am I needed?" I questioned. I don't usually care and am always up to get out of the clubhouse but not this time.

Shadow raised an eyebrow at me and answered, "Yeah, you're my numbers guy. Problem?"

"No, what time are we leaving?" If Shadow says I'm going, then I'm going.

"We leave at eight. I'll have the truck out front," Shadow told me before strolling toward the kitchen for some coffee.

I started up the stairs. Jaycee should be waking up; if not, maybe I'll crawl back into bed with her and keep her there all day.

---

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

---



**I TOOK THE stairs two at a time, anxious to see Jaycee.** I missed her today; it's the first day I've been away from her since she came here. I rounded the corner and stopped short; disbelief clouded my features; coming out of Wrath's room was none other than Jaycee with Wrath right behind her; they were laughing, Wrath was barefoot, and she was putting her hair up into a bun.

Why had it been down?

I should have known, fuck it; women are all the same. I'm out.

I turned on my heel, heading back down the stairs, not stopping when I heard Jaycee call my name. I thought she was different, that she was into me, but it was all a lie. Like every woman I have ever been with, Jaycee passed me over for someone better-looking.

But this fucking hurt because Jaycee meant something to me.

And Wrath...I trusted him, my brother.

I walked outside to the garage, straddled my bike, shoved my helmet on, and after gliding out of the building, I took off, only stopping for the gate. I didn't give a shit if it was supposed to snow tonight; I would worry about that later.

I welcomed the cold as I rode into Elkview parking in front of Scarlett. I wanted to get drunk and forget about Jaycee, and this was just the place. Poison was at the door, and his eyes lit with surprise at seeing me. "Hey, Brother, I haven't seen you here in a while," Poison remarked as I passed by him.

"Busy tonight?" I asked, looking around the strip club. It has been a while since I've been here; I don't usually come to Scarlett. I've always felt it was a waste of time and money to watch strippers, and who wants to get a boner while sitting with a bunch of men? I wasn't one of those men that were into public sex. I've tried it a few times, and it wasn't for me. I liked my privacy.

I suppose that's why the club bitches thought I was boring, I didn't do rough sex, and I didn't do sharing. And I thought Jaycee was okay with the man that I was.

"You bet your ass it's always packed," Poison replied, and looking around, I could see he was right. I groaned, seeing Nikki behind the bar; I didn't want her asking me questions about why I was there and not with Jaycee. I was hoping tonight was a night she would be playing her violin in Carnegie.

"I'm going to have a seat," I told Poison, making my way to the booth that was reserved for club brothers. I was relieved to see it was empty. Vampire was sitting at the bar where he could keep his eyes on Nikki.

I slid into the booth, and a waitress named Candy came over immediately. "Hi, Kickstand; what can I get you?"

"Bottle of Jack and a glass."

“Sure thing, be right back,” she promised. I watched the red-headed Candy walk toward the bar, hips swaying in the barely there white shorts and heart pasties covering her nipples; nothing was left to the imagination. And I felt nothing! My dick didn’t even twitch.

Damn you, Jaycee!

Since meeting my Nightingale, overblown women have lost their appeal, and now I’m even angrier. “Here you go, Kickstand.” Candy purred, setting the bottle down along with a glass. “Anything else I can do for you?” She made sure her breasts were at eye level, but all I could think about was that they were as fake as the attention she gave me.

“I’m good; maybe later,” I replied. Maybe once I got drunk, the women here would look more appealing. On the other hand, Jaycee had no problem being with someone else, so what was my problem? I pulled my phone out of my back pocket and pulled up Jaycee’s name. I had given her a burner phone that I fixed, only to receive calls from me. For one second, I was tempted to call and ask her why, but cursing, I shoved the phone back into my back pocket.

I sat there drinking, not really seeing anything around me, lost in my head, so I jumped a little when Vampire slid into the booth. “What the fuck are you doing, Kickstand? Vampire asked, giving me a disapproving look.

“What does it look like I’m doing?” I grumbled, pouring another drink and pretending to be absorbed in the stripper currently gracing the stage.

Vampire studied me for a minute before answering, “I think you’re making one hell of a mistake you won’t be able to fix.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I replied, keeping my eyes forward and taking a drink.

“Oh, I think you do. I don’t know what happened, but my advice is to put the bottle away and talk to Jaycee before you do something you can’t take back,” Vampire advised, watching me closely.

I adjusted my body nervously, hating that he could see how much I cared about Jaycee. “What makes you think this has anything to do with Jaycee?”

“I’m not blind, Kickstand; you like the girl, go talk to her.”

“I don’t care about Jaycee; it’s all pretend like we agreed to. Why would I want to settle for a plain boring virgin?” Candy picked that moment to stop by the table. I grabbed her, pulling her into the booth beside me, causing her to squeal. “Now, Candy here is a real woman, aren’t you, baby?”

“Yeah, Kickstand, I’ll take care of you for sure,” Candy breathed, moving to sit on my lap, and I groped her tits, putting on a drunken show but feeling nothing.

Vampire stood, giving me a pitying look. “You’re full of shit, and don’t say I didn’t try and stop you, dumbass.”

As soon as he was gone, I shoved Candy off me. “I need to take a piss,” I told her, feeling sick at what I had just said about Jaycee.

“You want me to wait for you?” Candy asked, fixing her pasties that had come loose while I was handling her.

“No, I’m gonna head out when I’m done.” I turned toward the restrooms, but my phone vibrated in my back pocket before I could take a step. I looked at the number and saw it was Shadow. What does he want this late? “Hey, Shadow,” I answered.

“Where the hell is Jaycee?” he demanded.

---

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

---



**WHAT IS GOING on with Seth?** Why would he look at me like that?

*So angry.*

*So hurt.*

And when I called his name, he kept walking and hurried out of the clubhouse. I had looked at Wrath, confused as to what was happening. Wrath had assured me he probably forgot something and would be right back. Wrath and I had just finished watching *The Lord of the Rings* to pass the time waiting for Seth to return from West Virginia. I was so confused by Seth's actions.

That was three hours ago.

And not a word. Seth never returned, and I sat in his bed watching a sitcom and petting Gandalf. I didn't know what to think. Did I do something? Did I not do something? I'm new to being in a relationship, and I'm bound to make mistakes.

I heard the burner phone ring from the night table and quickly grabbed it; swiping to answer, I put it to my ear, saying, "Seth-." I heard muffled music and men speaking. Seth had butt-dialed me. I listened closely when I heard my name mentioned. Why were Seth and another man discussing me? I turned the volume up on the phone and let out a sob when I listened to what Seth said about me.

Who would want a plain boring virgin? I let out a sob, and then I heard him with another woman named Candy, who was what he really wanted, and she would take care of him tonight. I had heard enough. I ended the call and threw the phone against the wall sobbing uncontrollably.

How could he do it? How could he be so cruel? I honestly thought he cared about me and found me attractive. I was such a fool!

I needed to get out of here. There was no way I was going to stay here; it would hurt too much. I looked at Gandalf, bending to pick him up. "I'm sorry, buddy, but you're gonna have to stay here; there's no way I can sneak out carrying you. I'll find a way to get you back." I held him to me, crying. I knew he would be taken care of by someone in the club.

I laid Gandalf back on the bed and grabbed my backpack, shoving my purse and a change of clothes, went into Seth's office, grabbed my laptop off his desk, and pushed it inside. I put on my sneakers and winter coat and went back into Seth's office, looking at all the security monitors on the wall until I found the blind spots. Of course, I could easily deactivate the cameras, but I knew Seth, and he would have alarms to alert him.

He's lucky I'm not the bad guy, or I would have taken advantage of him, leaving his system vulnerable to me. But even though my heart was breaking, I wouldn't do that. I just wanted away from Seth and the club.

I opened the door leading to the hallway and slipped out, hurrying down the stairs and out the front door without being seen. I stayed close to the building so the cameras wouldn't



pick me up. Once I reached the side of the clubhouse, I saw a truck that someone had started and was letting warm up.

Perfect!

That meant they were leaving. I quickly climbed into the truck's bed, which had a bed cover on it, making it easy for me to hide. It wasn't five minutes later I heard the truck door slam, and we started to move. I prayed whoever was driving was going into town where I could get a room for the night and figure out where to go from there. I was dang lucky I had some money.

We rode for a half hour when the truck finally stopped, and I heard the driver's door close. I waited a few minutes before peeking out and breathed a sigh of relief, seeing the truck was parked behind a building, and there was no one around. I crawled out carefully, swinging my eyes around to make sure the coast was clear and ran behind a dumpster.

I looked at the sign on the back door, which said The Unlimited authorized personnel only. Okay, this was the nightclub owned by The Devil's House MC. Which also meant I was in Elkview. This was good; there were plenty of hotels in this area.

I walked to the sidewalk out front, and as luck would have it, I saw a sign about a mile down the road for a Motel Six. As I walked toward the sign on the backstreets, I cursed Seth repeatedly for hurting me.

But all the cursing in the world didn't help when your heart had cracked down the middle.

I checked into the motel using cash, and once in my room, I opened my laptop, hacked into the motel, and changed my name in their system to Mary Pippens. Then I scanned my computer for spyware and gasped in surprise when I found my camera was compromised and knew that Seth had been watching me, and that's how he located me.

*Son of a Bitch!*

I quickly removed the spyware and covered my camera so it wouldn't happen again. I lay on the bed, exhausted, sad, and

missing my dad and Gandalf. I would get some sleep and then make a plan in the morning.

---

## CHAPTER FIFTEEN

---



**“WHERE IN THE hell is Jaycee?”** Shadow demanded, my body instantly alert at his question.

“She should be in my room,” I answered, suddenly aware I had fucked up and left her alone. I ran out so quickly that I didn’t even think to tell anyone I was going.

“Well, Kickstand, Jaycee is not in your fucking room. Get your ass back to the clubhouse now,” Shadow growled, his harsh tone telling me I was in fucking trouble. I wasted no time heading for the exit where Vampire was waiting for me.

“I’ll drive your stupid ass to the clubhouse since you’ve been drinking,” he grumbled. I’m guessing Vampire is the reason Shadow knew I was here.

“Fine,” I answered, not bothering to argue because I did drink a shit load of Jack tonight. I followed him outside, climbing into his jacked-up truck. Once we were on the road, I

took my phone out, preparing to call Jaycee, when my call log said I had already dialed her this evening.

That can't be right.

I felt my stomach drop when I saw the time I supposedly called Jaycee. I somehow butt-dialed her when I was talking to Vampire about her. What are the odds of that happening? I let out a curse when I thought back to what I had said about Jaycee and what I had said to Candy. I shouldn't feel bad since I suspect Jaycee and Wrath had something going.

But I did.

And what if I was wrong about them?

"What's the matter?" Vampire asked.

"I butt-dialed Jaycee when we were talking," I told him, feeling like a total ass.

"I warned you, Kickstand. You should have just talked to Jaycee instead of being a little bitch and running. It's not like you to be so hot-headed."

I knew he was right, but as we pulled in front of the clubhouse, I needed to focus on finding Jaycee; she had to be here somewhere. I know she didn't touch my computer. I have several alerts set up if someone tries to log on.

Vampire and I hurried inside to find Shadow, Stonewall, and Lord waiting for us. It was late, almost midnight, but there were several members and women scattered around having a good time. Shadow signaled for us to head to my office.

I tried my door, finding it unlocked. Yeah, I fucked up. I went inside, going into my bedroom, and sighed in relief when I saw Gandalf sleeping on the bed. Jaycee wouldn't leave her cat. Those thoughts were shot to hell when Shadow said, "That damn cat is still here, but Jaycee isn't. I have men searching the clubhouse and grounds, but there's no sign of her."

"Let me check the security feed," I said, going into my office and booting up my computer. I pulled the feed from my bedroom first.

“You have a camera in your bedroom? Film a lot in there?” Stonewall smirked, his meaning clear.

“It’s not like that, you perverted fuck,” I shot back. I found the feed for the time I wanted and played it back. Jaycee seemed fine as she relaxed on the bed, watching Tv with Gandalf. But things changed when she picked up the phone, and I watched her pretty face crumble in hurt and tears, listening to me on the other end say those horrible things.

“What’s wrong with her? Who is she on the phone with?” Shadow asked.

“I’ll explain in a minute. Let’s see what she does next.” The hurt I witnessed tore me up, but I hit play and continued the feed. Jaycee threw the phone, and we listened as she told Gandalf she was leaving him behind but would find a way to get him back, that she couldn’t stay here. She then grabbed her backpack and stuffed various items into it before entering my office. “Let me load the office feed,” I said.

A knock sounded, and Wrath walked in the door. “I’ve looked everywhere. Jaycee is not here. Why would she leave? She was fine when I left her,” he said.

I snorted. “I bet she was.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Wrath snapped.

“What’s going on with you two? We don’t have time for this shit,” Shadow asked.

“I believe Kickstand thinks our brother Wrath here moved in on Jaycee, and that’s part of why she probably took off. Kickstand being an even bigger dick the other reason,” Vampire explained.

Wrath looked puzzled before understanding dawned, and I just knew I had been wrong. “You mean you thought we were messing around when you saw us this evening? Is that why you walked off?”

“Why was she coming out of your room putting her hair back up? And you were half dressed?” I knew I sounded like a jealous teenager making this situation even worse.

“Shadow asked me to keep an eye on her since you were gone for the day. So we watched Lord of the Rings, that was all. I like Jaycee, for sure. She reminds me of someone who I was close to in the past. But I would never go there, and she has it bad for you anyway; everyone sees it.”

“Apparently, not everyone. Now get back to the feed,” Shadow ordered, giving me a pointed look and telling me without words I was a dumb fuck. I continued the feed. Jaycee studied the security monitors before sneaking out. I switched to the outdoor feeds, looking for any motion detected, and there she popped up. Crawling into the back of Viking’s truck a few minutes later, Viking strolled out and drove off, never knowing he had a stowaway.

“Patch is gonna rip me a new asshole! You better get busy finding Jaycee. I don’t believe she’s a threat to the club any longer because she could have easily taken advantage of your stupidity and didn’t. But if the Fire Dragons get a hold of Jaycee, her life will be over.” Shadow was furious; this is the first time it’s been directed at me. “While Kickstand does his magic on the internet, I want you guys to go check out the area around The Unlimited because that’s where Viking was headed when he left here,” Shadow told the others.

My fingers worked the keys pulling up the security feed from the nightclub. I focused on the camera in the alley where Viking parked. “I got her on The Unlimited security feed. She took off on foot. It’s nighttime, so my money is on hotels in the area,” I said, already pulling up places to stay close to the club.

The men left except for Shadow, who continued to watch me over my shoulder, anger coming off him in waves. “How could you be so lax? If it weren’t for Vampire calling me and telling me you were getting drunk at Scarlett, I wouldn’t have checked on Jaycee. So what’s going on with you?”

“I care for her, Shadow, a lot. And I fucked everything up, jumping to conclusions. I said some hurtful things about Jaycee when I accidentally butt-dialed her, and that’s why she was upset and left. But, I’ll find her and bring her back,” I promised as I went to work hacking into the area hotels.

“You bet your ass you will, and hopefully by morning so I don’t have to let Patch know,” Shadow grumbled, finally moving to take a seat, allowing me to breathe a little easier. I needed to find my Nightingale and grovel.

---

## CHAPTER SIXTEEN

---



**I WOKE UP** after only a few hours, and my mind, too, worked up to rest. I moved from the bed to look out the window, and there in the parking lot, standing by a big black truck, stood Vampire and Stonewall.

And they were heading inside the motel. I had to get out of there before they bullied the night attendant into telling them I was there. I could change the name in their system but not my face. Once they described me, I was toast. I couldn't go back, not only because of Seth, but Patch promised to put me back in that basement.

That man scared the shit out of me.

Plus, I needed to find my dad.

I dressed fast, grabbed my stuff, and left the room, taking the stairs down to the ground floor and going out the side exit, avoiding the front desk altogether. What was I going to do now? I had no phone to call for a ride or anything. I guess I could find another hotel or an all-night diner. I had just



stepped off the curb when an arm snaked around my body. “Hello, Kid,” Argo sneered.

“Let me go, Argo.” I struggled to get out of his hold, but he held fast, putting one hand over my mouth while another man I didn’t know pushed a needle into my arm.

My whole body relaxed, the fight leaving me. “Time to go be with daddy,” I heard Argo say, his voice coming down a long tunnel.



**AS SOON AS I saw the name Mary Pippens,** I knew it was Jaycee. Even spelled differently, the reference to The Lord of the Rings was glaringly her. So I alerted Vampire she was at Motel Six and hacked their cameras. I saw Vampire and Stonewall pull into the parking lot and get out, then head inside. I flipped to the other cameras, and fuck me; there she was, sneaking out. She must have seen Vampire and Stonewall.

“Alert Vampire that Jaycee is sneaking out the side entrance,” I told Shadow as I watched her exit through the side door. And then I saw them, two Fire Dragons coming up behind her. “Look out,” I yelled at the monitor causing Shadow to move behind me as we watched helplessly as Jaycee was sedated and thrown into a van that pulled out just as Vampire and Stonewall shoved through the door.

*Too late.*

We were fucking too late, and this was my fault. I slammed my fist into my desk, so pissed at myself right now. They had Jaycee, and god only knew what they would do to her. I listened as Shadow talked to Vampire, who was now trying to track the van. “Get your shit together, Kickstand and figure out how we can find her,” Shadow growled at me. “If anyone can find her, it’s you, so get busy.”

Of course, he was right. I needed to think. Where would they take Jaycee? To their clubhouse in West Virginia or some other location owned by the Fire Dragons. Patch would know more about that chapter’s dealings, shit, Patch is going to beat the shit out of me. But I deserved it. “I called Church in one hour. I’m going to call Patch and let him know what’s going on and see where he can help,” Shadow said, slamming the door on his way out.

The brothers are gonna love me, it’s four in the morning, and they’re getting called into Church, not to mention the brothers who haven’t even gotten to bed yet. I picked up my laptop and headed down to the kitchen. I needed coffee. I forced myself to shut down all the horrible images that were circling my brain, imagining what was happening to Jaycee. I needed to focus, and that would require blocking everything else out.

I’ll find you, Jaycee, I promise.

---

## CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

---



**“JAYCEE, PLEASE, HONEY, wake up.”** I heard my father’s voice filter through my groggy mind. I heard myself groan as I tried to move my body. I felt listless, and I was lying on a hard surface. “Jaycee, are you okay?” Again, my father’s voice. I opened my eyes, giving them a few seconds to clear, and I saw my dad chained to a wall not far from where I had been placed.

“Dad,” I managed, forcing myself to a sitting position. I let out a cry when I got my first good look at my father. He was beaten, dirty, and had lost so much weight. “Oh, Dad, what have they done to you?” I cried, crawling over to him and throwing my arms around him.

“Don’t worry about me, honey. I deserve everything that’s happening to me. I should never have involved you, but Jonas promised not to hurt you,” Dad said, his voice scratchy, giving me a weak squeeze.

“Dad, we need to find a way out of here,” I said urgently, my eyes doing a sweep of what looked to be a huge warehouse. And then I heard something that turned my blood cold.

The sounds of women weeping and crying for help. I listened closely to the sound coming from behind a door at the other end of the large space. Then, I remembered what Seth had said; the Fire Dragons dealt in the sex trade. The women I heard crying were being held captive. I needed to find a way out, and then I could get help.

“Jaycee, there is no way out. They have guards at the doors, and they make rounds every thirty minutes and look up security cameras.”

I looked up, and sure enough, two cameras were watching the area. Crap! By now, Kickstand had noticed I was gone, and the club was looking for me. But how in the heck will they know what’s happened?

A rattling alerted us to someone entering the building. One of the many doors in the warehouse opened, and several men walked inside. I recognized Argo and, unfortunately, Briggs, who gave me a mocking smile. But one man was the obvious leader. He was easily six-five, built like a large mountain man, and looked like one, too, with his long brown hair, bushy mustache, and matching beard that was partially braided. Moreover, he had soulless brown eyes; I knew this was Papa Bear even before I saw his name on his vest.

Papa Bear gave me a penetrating gaze, his eyes cataloging my features, not in the way Briggs did; Papa Bear seemed to be looking for something. Then, finally, he spoke, “Well, look at you, Jaycee, all grown up and lookin’ an awful lot like your mama.” His voice was as gruff as the rest of him. He spoke like he had met me before.

*And he knew my mother?*

“You know my mother?” I asked, looking over at dad, but he was looking down at the floor, a sad look on his face.

Papa Bear gave me a curious look. “Yeah, I knew your mama. She was my little sister.” The first thing that I realized was that he said he *knew* not *know*, and the second thing was if mom was his sister, that made him my uncle. “Ahhh, I can see your good for nothing daddy didn’t tell you about your mama,” he sneered, giving my dad a kick.

“Why would I tell her about Marie? She left Jaycee without a backward glance,” my dad responded. Papa Bear brought his leg back for another kick.

“Stop,” I yelled. “What is going on?”

Papa Bear focused his attention back on me. “We’re blood, Jaycee, so I’ll let the fact you demanded anything of me go *this time*. But make no mistake, I may not kill you, but I have no problem showing you your place. Now let’s get down to business. You still need to pay your dear old daddy’s debt. I know The Devil’s House had you in their compound. What did you learn while you were inside?”

I needed to lie and be convincing, so here goes nothing. “They kept me locked in a cell in the basement. I never got a good look at anything,” I said, trying to keep my face blank.

Papa Bear looked at me, his face unreadable. “Then how did you escape?”

Think Jaycee, think. I got it. “There guy that was watching me got drunk and tried to force himself on me...I panicked, hitting him over the head with a steel lamp, grabbed my bag, and ran outside, crawling into the back of a truck that was getting ready to leave. It happened so fast that everything is a blur.”

Papa Bear gave me a shrewd look telling me he didn’t quite buy my story. “That doesn’t sound like something one of Shadow’s men would do. So who was it?” he questioned.

“His road name was Kickstand. He didn’t hide that he wanted me but never tried anything until he got drunk and became aggressive.”

I still don’t think he truly believed me, but he let it go and said, “I still need you to hack their systems. I’ve been a very

patient man when it comes to waiting on information, but it's time to end this, you'll have twenty-four hours to get what I need, or I'll kill your daddy in front of you. And if you double cross me, I'll kill you too, blood or not," Papa Bear told me, and looking into his cold eyes, let me know he meant every word. This man did not make threats he didn't keep.

I felt faint. What was I going to do? "I need my laptop if I'm going to be able to do anything."

He signaled to Briggs. "I've already thought of that. Briggs has set up a place for you to work in one of the storage rooms. Briggs will also be guarding you and watching over your shoulder. We'll even move your daddy in the room with you for motivational purposes."

Dread filled my body at his words. Briggs was guarding me. Of all the men, why him? "I will be back here in twenty-four hours, Jaycee, don't let your dear old daddy or me down," Papa Bear said, giving me a cool smile before turning and heading out the door, the other men following, leaving me with Briggs.

Briggs came and stood over me, his blue eyes heated. "We have unfinished business, sweetheart. But, first, let's get you started on what Papa Bear wants." Briggs looked up at the cameras nervously before taking out a key to unlock the chain that held my dad. "Don't try anything, Jaycee, and walk beside me while I move your fucking daddy," he growled, jerking my dad to his feet.

I followed Briggs as he practically dragged my dad down a hall and into a room. The room was empty except for a desk where my laptop had been placed, two chairs, and a chain bolted to the wall that he hooked my dad too. "Sit that sweet ass down and get to work. You and I are taking a break later to finish what we started." Briggs smacked me on the ass and then shoved me toward the desk.

I knew what I had to do; it was the only way. It was a risk and could backfire, but I had no other options left on the table. So I sat in the wooden chair, opened my laptop turned it on,

ran my hand over the top, removed the tape I put over the camera, waited for it to light up, and then I got to work.

---

## CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

---



**I SAT IN the chapel listening to Shadow update** all the club brothers on what was going on, every single member of the club was in attendance, so the room was packed, and more than one man gave me a disappointed look at how bad I had fucked up. I looked down at my laptop in shame. I let the club down, and Jaycee is now in danger.

“I called Patch to tell him about the situation, and after he lit my ass for the fuck up, he and his men are going to see what they can find out. Patch knows that Papa Bear has several warehouses, but he’s constantly moving locations to throw off the feds,” Shadow said.

“What about the Fire Dragons clubhouse? Could they have taken Jaycee there?” Vampire asked.

“No, Patch said the Fire Dragons would never take her or anyone else there, Papa Bear is paranoid and worries about snitches, so he never shits where he eats,” Shadow explained.



“Well, shit. Where do we begin? I know Jaycee fucked up when she tried hacking our security, but she doesn’t deserve what those sick fucks will do to her,” Stonewall said, giving me a look that said he was going to beat the shit out of me at the first opportunity. He might as well get in line.

*Ding, Ding, Ding.*

It couldn’t be. I looked at my laptop, and sure enough, someone was trying to break into one of my firewalls. I knew right away it was Jaycee. “I don’t think we will have to find Jaycee; she will lead us to her.”

“What the fuck are you talking about,” Shadow snapped, moving to stand behind me, several other brothers doing the same.

“Jaycee is trying to hack into our security, but she’s being obvious about it, so I’ll catch her, and she’s staying in too long, leaving her weak, which she knows will allow me to embed spyware on her computer.” Which I was doing right now. “And once I embed the spyware, I will now have her location and be able to activate everything on her computer, including her camera and voice recorder.”

Jaycee was playing around, allowing me all the time I needed, and then there she was in front of me. “That’s some fucking crazy shit that you do,” Fuse praised, slapping me on the back.

I saw Jaycee sitting in what looked like an empty room with a man standing behind her, and when he bent over and stuck his face in her neck, murmuring, “It’s almost break time, my sweet little virgin.” My blood started to boil; it was that fucker that tried to rape her.

“Find her, Brother,” Wrath snarled behind me, also recognizing the rapist pig.

I activated the location and waited for google maps, and within a minute, I had directions. “The Fire Dragons are holding her at a warehouse in Fairmont, West Virginia. It looks isolated. I’m sending the coordinates to Patch,” I informed everyone.

“Okay, let’s set up a plan,” Shadow said, taking his seat at the head of the table. “I’m gonna dial Patch in on this.” Shadow picked up his phone to call Patch. His club was closer and could get there faster.

I kept my focus on playing along with Jaycee. I know she needs to look like she’s giving in to their demands, and I’m going to help her do that by feeding her fake information to give those assholes. I watched her pretty face, so pale and exhausted, as she looked into the camera, begging me with her eyes to get there fast.

Hang in there, Nightingale; we’re coming for you.



**IT WORKED, AND Seth was now watching and listening** to everything that was happening. Plus, the location was now trackable. I’m hoping they come for me, but a part of me wonders why they would bother. I’m nothing to them, I thought I was to Seth, but I had been wrong. But, fingers crossed, they do come and get here and fast.

I glanced over at Dad, and he wasn’t looking so good. He was sitting against the wall, his head lowered, eyes closed. He hadn’t said a word since Papa Bear left, and I had so many questions to ask him about my mother. But that could wait until we were out of this warehouse. I focused on the screen once more, half-heartedly pretending to break through Seth’s firewalls, and at the bottom of the screen, a triangular symbol appeared and spun in circles, a word appearing every spin. If

you weren't paying attention, you wouldn't see it. I put the sentence together in my head.

Help is on the way.

It was all I could do not to give a big whoop, but I continued playing on my laptop, looking busy. Then, I felt Briggs behind me, his hands going to my shoulders as he leaned his head forward to rasp in my ear, "It's time, Jaycee-." His phone went off, interrupting what he was saying. "I have to take this. Don't try anything stupid," Briggs ordered, walking outside the door to take the call.

"Jaycee, look at me," Dad whispered, his blue eyes alert, gaining my attention. "I'm going to distract Briggs, and when I do, I want you to run like hell and hide somewhere. Don't worry about me, understand?"

"Dad, I can't leave you," I insisted, my voice low.

"He's going to rape you! Do as I say!"

I heard a ding, and on the screen, a sentence scrolled at the bottom. *'Listen to him, Nightingale. We will be there soon.'* I looked at Dad and nodded that I understood, relief washing over Dad's face.

Briggs came back into the room and held out his hand to me. "Come with me, Jaycee," he said politely like we were going on a date and he wasn't about to rape me. Then, suddenly, my dad started gasping and holding his chest.

Briggs jerked his head toward my dad, growling, "What the fuck is wrong with you?" And then he went over and kneeled to look at him, and that's when dad kicked his feet out from under Briggs, causing him to lose his balance and fall backward.

That was my cue. I ran as hard as I could out the door Briggs had left open and down the hallway. I heard yelling and a gunshot, almost causing me to stop and run back, but I knew there was nothing I could do; I needed to hide. I had promised dad I would. I heard Briggs calling my name, so I took the first door I came to, which was a storage room. I frantically looked for a place to hide and noticed a small door. I opened it, seeing

it was some sort of passageway. But, oh, god, could I do it? It was so tight. I felt myself panicking with every loud bang I heard telling me that Briggs was getting close.

I took a deep breath, climbed inside the passageway, shut the door, and crawled through the narrow tunnel. I kept reminding myself this was the only way to stop myself from hyperventilating from being in the confining space. I'm not sure how long I had been crawling through the tunnel when I saw the end up ahead. There was no door, just light.

I stopped and listened, not hearing anything but birds chirping and trees rustling. I peeked out, seeing only the woods. This must be a secret escape tunnel, and my only hope is that Briggs doesn't know it exists. I climbed out, looking around. I was in a forest but could see the warehouse above the treeline. I needed to move because maybe Briggs didn't know about the tunnel, but I'm sure Papa Bear did, and I needed to hide.

Maybe I could find a road. I pushed through the overgrown thicket looking for a way out. It was so frigging cold outside today that my teeth started to chatter. I wasn't dressed for a walk in the forest. My heart felt so heavy as I worried about Dad and what that gunshot meant.

"There you are, you little bitch," Briggs snarled, crashing through the brush and running toward me.

I took off running as fast as my feet would go praying that there was a road or something up ahead. I could hear him not far behind me; if I slipped or slowed down, he would be on me. "You're gonna pay when I catch you; that tight cunt is gonna bleed." Briggs threatened his voice too close for comfort.

I could hear loud vehicles from up ahead somewhere. I tried to listen without slowing down, but that little distraction cost me as I tripped and my body hit the ground. I scrambled to get back on my feet, but Briggs was too fast and tackled me into the dirt. "Caught you; now you're gonna pay for that little stunt. Rough is what you want, then rough it what I'll give

you.” Briggs straddled me, using one to hold my arms above my head so I couldn’t move.

“Please don’t do this,” I begged, tears of frustration coursing down my face as I watched him undo his pants, pull his hard dick out, and stroke it while looking down at me. “I was going to go easy on you; make it good for your first time. But not now, little bitch, now I’m gonna shove my cock so far down your throat it’ll hit your pussy. And then I’m gonna pop that cherry hard.”

I started struggling and screaming for help. “Shut the fuck up,” he growled, backhanding me across the face so hard I saw stars. And then his weight was gone with a feral growl, and a gunshot rattled my ears. When my vision cleared, I cried in relief at seeing Seth, Viking, Stonewall, and Wrath surrounding me.

---

## CHAPTER NINETEEN

---



**PATCH LET US** know he had eyes on the warehouse, and there were only two guards outside, and his gut said there were probably only a few inside the place. The warehouse was located five miles up a back road surrounded by forest. I knew Jaycee had run; I watched it as we drove to the location. I also watched Briggs shoot her father and go after her.

The question is: *Did she get away?*

My gut clenched at the thought that she didn't, and we were too late.

It was too cold to ride our bikes, so we had to load into trucks to make the trip, and it was an hour and a half to the location. I was in a truck with Shadow, Stonewall, and Black. And when the gunshot sounded, we knew Patch would have to head inside instead of waiting on us; we still had a half-hour to go. The risk to Jaycee was too great to wait another minute.

Finally, we turn on the dirt road bumping along in the deep ruts and throwing us around in the truck. “What was that?” Stonewall said from the front seat.

“What do you mean?” Shadow asked.

“I saw something run through the woods, a flash of red, right over there,” he clarified, pointing into the thick forest that, even without leaves on the trees, was dense. Shadow stopped the truck. Viking and Wrath jogged up to the truck as we got out.

“You see what we did?” Viking wanted to know.

“Streak of red in the woods?” I asked.

“Viking, Stonewall, Wrath, and Kickstand, you men go check it out, and the rest of us will continue on in case Patch needs backup,” Shadow ordered. I felt it in my gut, Jaycee was in these woods, and I was gonna find her. So I pulled out my gun, and we headed into the forest in the direction the figure ran.

We didn’t even get five minutes in when we heard her scream for help and realized she was close. I ran toward the sound of Briggs as he threatened and attacked Jaycee; hearing her fear and what he was doing to her enraged me, and when we finally saw Briggs straddling Jaycee with his cock out, I was a full-blown madman. I pulled that bastard off Jaycee, threw him back, and put a bullet in his head before he could blink.

Nobody touches Jaycee like that, and lives another minute.

“Wrath and I got this. Take care of your girl,” Stonewall said, indicating he and Wrath would take care of the body and clean up. I turned to see Viking already kneeling beside Jaycee, asking her questions. I took a deep breath, trying to slow my racing heart, and joined Viking by her side.

Her face was bruising where he must have hit her, and I wished I could kill him all over again. She looked at me as I got on my knees next to her. Her expression was unreadable, and that worried me. “Are you okay, Nightingale?” I asked, my hand going to her bruised cheek.

“Like I told Viking, I think I’m okay. I hit hard when I fell, so I’m sure I’ll be feeling it in the morning. But I need to get back and check on my dad. I think Briggs shot him,” she said, trying to sit up. “And women are being held in that warehouse. I heard them; we need to help.”

Fuck! Viking and I looked at each other in shock. Viking took out his phone to call Shadow. But my guess is they’ve already found the women. “Patch and Shadow are inside the warehouse and will do what is needed,” I assured Jaycee. “Here, let me help you up.” I stood, getting ready to lean down and help her stand.

She pushed my hands away. “I’m fine, Seth; I can get up on my own.” So there it was; the hurt I caused flashed in her eyes. And it was deserved, and I was going to fix it.

I put my arms around her, lifting her to her feet before she could protest, and held her to my side, letting Jaycee regain her footing. She leaned on me for a minute and then pushed away. “Does anything hurt now that your standing?” Viking asked her watching her closely for any signs of pain. Jaycee was covered in dirt, but if she was in any pain, she wasn’t showing it.

“No, really, I’m fine. Can we check on my dad now? I’m really worried,” she pleaded, her eyes glassy with unshed tears.

Viking gave me a nod and thumbs up. Shadow must have confirmed her father was alive. “Okay, let’s head out of here,” I told her, putting my arm around her shoulder, and even though she stiffened, I didn’t remove it. I’m in love with Jaycee, and I know I was an ass, but I’m not letting her go.





**I TRIED TO stay calm and not let on how much I was hurting** inside and out. I needed to focus on my dad and not the feeling of disgust and shame about what Briggs tried to do. Or, how much it hurt to see Seth. He seemed so caring and concerned, and his amber eyes glimmered with affection. But I knew better, heard it from his own mouth. I may be naïve in a lot of ways, but I'm no fool, and he can take a flying leap because I won't be put in a position to be hurt again. He and women like Candy can have their fun, but I won't be around to see it happen.

We walked a short distance to a dirt road where a black truck sat, and Stonewall, along with Wrath, stood beside it waiting. "Shadow says the location is secure for now, but we need to move, and they're packing up and heading out before the cops get here for the women inside. So we are going to meet at Patch's clubhouse to regroup." Stonewall informed us as we loaded into the truck. Seth helped me into the cab next to Wrath, following to sit next to me.

"What about my Dad?" I questioned, needing to know good or bad. I waited with bated breath for one of the men to answer.

Stonewall turned around in his seat to face me; his face held pity, causing my stomach to sink with dread. "I know he was shot, but alive and being brought to Patch's clubhouse where Doc will look at him. But, I'm sorry, I don't know any more than that, Jaycee."

Seth put his arm around me, and I tried to shrug it off. I was an emotional mess right now, and I didn't need him giving

me his false signals. I had enough crap to deal with and didn't need him added to the mix. If I lost my dad, I don't know what I would do with the only person I had in this world gone.

"Jaycee, let me be here for you. I know I have explaining to do, and they'll be time for that, but let me comfort you," Seth whispered next to my ear.

I leaned closer to Wrath, telling him what I thought about his words. "I'm fine, really," I murmured. Turning my attention out the window to the passing scenery as we drove to the clubhouse. Wrath gave me a warm smile squeezing my hand in support. I could feel Seth's gaze burning into the side of my turned head for the rest of the ride.

Finally, we pulled onto a paved road that led into a wooded area that slowly opened into a clearing where a fence surrounded a huge building. Patch's clubhouse had a look similar to Shadow's but seemed drearier and unkempt, which somehow fit Patch's personality. We stopped at a little building, where a man came out and talked with Viking before opening the gate.

We parked out front of the dull gray two-story building. I followed the men inside and let out a little gasp; this place was nothing like the one in Pennsylvania. For starters, it smelled, and I couldn't pinpoint the odor, only that it wasn't pleasant. Second, it resembled a dive bar, *not* the good kind. Third, the men looked rougher and were sitting around the room where half-naked women were scattered about doing all manner of things to the men. Some just sit on their laps others are involved in sexual activity with the men. I felt my mouth hanging open in shock.

Seth took me by the arm and steered me out of the area into a room off to the side that opened into a kitchen. Again, nothing like the one Jane handled. At least here, there were only a few men having coffee. I found myself looking at Shadow's men and wondering if they had participated in this kind of thing. Seth reading my mind, said, "No, this isn't something my brothers take part in if they're taken. They love their old ladies."

Thank goodness, I would hate to think those nice women had cheating men, as I'm finding out it hurts to know you're not good enough. And it didn't pass my notice that he said the men that were taken, and since he wasn't, he participated. He was here a few days ago. Seth guided me to a seat at an old wooden table that looked to seat twelve. I sat tense and worried as the men talked, praying my dad was going to be okay.

---

## CHAPTER TWENTY

---



**JAYCEE HAS SET up a wall against me that she** has barricaded with a lot of force. I figured I could explain what an idiot I was, and she would understand.

I was dead wrong.

And then, to walk into Patch's clubhouse and see the shit that goes down here, I could see the disgust on her face and the assumptions she came to about my brothers. Only after I told her the taken brothers didn't participate in anything that went on here I realized how it sounded. When, in fact, very few of my brothers, taken or not, didn't sleep with the women here. I only did a few times in the past; the women were rougher here, which didn't appeal to me. But I caught her look, and she thought I was sleeping around.

My phone dinged with a text from Shadow letting me know we have Church in ten minutes in Patch's chapel. My gaze went to Jaycee, who was sitting beside me, her back turned against me as she talked quietly with Wrath. It ate at

my gut that she was turning to Wrath for comfort, but I would fix this with Jaycee, but for right now, I needed Wrath to sit with her while I attended Church. So I stood signaling Wrath to talk with me.

Wrath stood, coming to my side. “I need you to sit with Jaycee while I go to Church. She can’t be alone here; these men don’t know she’s off limits,” I told him, glancing at Jaycee once more. She was uncomfortable in this clubhouse, and her stiff posture gave her away.

“No problem, Brother, I got this. I won’t leave her side,” Wrath promised. “Find out about her old man not knowing is driving her crazy,”

“I plan on it,” I replied, slapping him on the back and making my way toward the chapel. I saw the common room was crowded now that everyone was coming back from the warehouse, but things were more subdued; the club whores were gone from the room. Patch must have ordered it. I went in and took a seat next to Fuse. “Hey, Kickstand,” he greeted as officers and senior members of each club filed into the room, quickly taking a seat. Patch took his seat at the head of the table, banging his gavel.

“First, how’s our little hacker doing?” Patch directed the question at me.

“Okay, just worried about her father,” I answered.

“Her dear old daddy should be okay. Doc is treating him, took a bullet to his left side, but Doc is fairly certain it didn’t hit anything major, and he’ll recover. He is being transported back to Pennsylvania as we speak.” Patch gave me a look that told me he wasn’t done with me. “Now, we got into the warehouse easily, finding only three guards, but once inside, we found a terrible scene. Twenty-five young women caged like fucking animals, dirty and half-starved.”

“We don’t have the resources to take care of that many women, so we erased all evidence that we had been there, not wearing our cuts around the women, covering our faces, and used a burner phone to call in a tip to the local police. And we

waited out of sight until we heard the sirens turn onto the road. The women were rescued,” Shadow explained.

“But because we had to destroy all the cameras and equipment, they won’t be able to link Papa Bear to being the one who was holding the women. And now he will be out for our blood,” Patch barked. “And another thing we learned from Jaycee’s daddy is that she is Papa Bear’s niece. Jaycee is his dead sister’s kid.” I was floored by what Patch had just said. So Jaycee is related to Papa Bear; that’s some crazy shit I didn’t see coming.

“That explained why his men were warned not to touch Jaycee,” Shadow said, giving me an I told you so look.

“Yeah, but his man Briggs was trying to rape Jaycee, and not for the first time,” Stonewall growled, remembering the scene we had walked into this afternoon.

“He was acting on his own, according to her daddy. Papa Bear was firm that she not be touched by his men,” Patch said. “The question is, who is Jaycee going to be loyal to, do you think? Will it be our club and Kickstand or her dear old uncle?” Yep, Patch knew about Jaycee and me and all the shit that went down.

“I’m one hundred percent certain Jaycee won’t want shit to do with Papa Bear, she’s too honest and good to get involved with them, and she works to bring down sex traffickers and will be out to take him down,” I assured Patch.

“I agree. Jaycee isn’t the type; she’s too innocent,” Shadow backed me up. And my other brothers voicing their agreement, having my back as well.

“You claiming her? Because that’s the only way she’s walking out of my clubhouse today,” Patch informed me.

“Yeah, I’m claiming Jaycee; she’s leaving with me today,” I declared, not looking away from Patch’s relenting one-eyed stare.

“I hope you can handle that little girl because you haven’t done a good job so far,” Patch scoffed with a raised eyebrow and continued without waiting on a reply. “But, I’ll leave that

for Shadow to handle. I got too much other shit on my plate right now.”

I let out a breath of relief that Patch wasn't going to fight me on Jaycee going back to Pennsylvania. I listened impatiently while Patch and Shadow finished discussing game plans for when Papa Bear retaliated, and he would come for Jaycee and her dad too. I will feel better when we get her behind our clubhouse walls.

Finally, Patch banged the gavel, and I stood ready to hurry back to Jaycee. “Don't fuck this up,” Shadow said, his hand landing on my shoulder. “Grab Jaycee and meet me out front. I'm ready to hit the road.

“I'll be there in fifteen,” I answered and hurried to the kitchen to get Jaycee and get back to our clubhouse.



**I SAT WITH Wrath, waiting patiently for Seth to return** with information on my father. The kitchen was filling up with men coming in to eat. I saw a rough-looking man with gray hair and a long braided beard cooking in the kitchen and putting food out buffet style, just like Jane. The cook was a club member, and keeping things simple; his road name was Cook. When I met his eyes, Cook seemed nice, giving me a kind smile. He brought me a glass of iced tea, sitting it down without saying a word. The other men in the room openly stared at me, their faces showing nothing about what they were thinking.

“The men here just take some getting used to,” Wrath explained, seeing my expression of confusion. “Most of the men here are older and old school. But they are good men, just a little rough around the edges. Shadow has a younger generation of club brothers and runs his club differently, but the goals of The Devil’s House MC are the same.”

“I prefer Shadow’s clubhouse,” I replied, thinking about what I had seen when I walked into this building.

Wrath chuckled, “I do too, but the Pennsylvania chapter wasn’t always the way it is now, just in the last few years since Shadow took over.”

“Kickstand, brother, how’s it goin’? I heard a man ask, and I jerked my head around, relieved to see Seth was back, not because he still made my heart skip a beat, which he did. I needed to know about dad. Seth gave the man a quick reply before coming to my side.

“Let’s head out of here; Shadow is waiting out front,” Seth said, reaching for my hand. I kept my arms at my sides and stood, ignoring his gesture.

“What about my dad?” I wanted to know before I moved.

“I’m told he’s gonna be okay, and your dad is already on his way back to our clubhouse.”

Thank goodness! I was so worried, making myself sick with the feeling. “Thanks for letting me know. I appreciate it. I’ll follow you out.” I looked at Wrath. “Are you coming?” I didn’t miss Seth’s glower at my question.

“I’m going, but I’m riding with Viking, who will probably kill us trying to get home to Summer. I’ll be glad when she has that baby, and he chills the fuck out,” Wrath mocked with a laugh. And then we walked out of the clubhouse together to see five trucks parked and loading up with men.

Seth led me to a big black truck with tinted windows so dark you couldn’t see anything inside. When he opened the back door, I saw Shadow behind the wheel, Stonewall in the passenger seat, and Black in the backseat. “Up you go,” Seth said, lifting me into the back beside Black and climbing in



beside me. Shadow pulled out before we even got our seat belts fastened. I guess Viking isn't the only one in a hurry.

"You doing okay, Jaycee?" Black asked from beside me.

"Yeah, things could have been a whole lot worse."

"You shouldn't have left the clubhouse, Jaycee," Seth admonished me, snaking his arm around my shoulders.

I let his arm stay where it was since I didn't want to create a scene where the other men would hear our conversation. I just shrugged my shoulders, letting him know without words to let it go.

I felt his hair tickle my face when he leaned close and whispered, "I understand your anger, but we will talk this out. You're mine, Nightingale, and I won't let you go." He pulled back and never said another word the rest of the ride back to Pennsylvania. He slept with another woman! How could he expect me to forgive him? I may be new to relationships, but I wasn't stupid. And calling me a plain, boring virgin!

*Screw him!*

Finally, we pulled through the gates to the clubhouse. Shadow parked in front, and when Black opened the door, jumping out, I quickly followed, not giving Seth a chance to touch me again. Instead, I walked up to Shadow and asked, "Where did they take my dad?"

Shadow looked at me for a minute before calling Seth, "Kickstand, show Jaycee to the infirmary so she can see her father." Gee, thanks a lot, Shadow, I thought. Then, seeing my disgruntled look, Shadow chuckled, walking around the side of the clubhouse, not going inside.

Seth came to my side, taking my arm, and I shook it free. "You don't have to touch me to show me to my dad," I hissed at him. Now that we were alone, I could give him my anger.

He held up his hands in surrender. "Fine, Jaycee. But once you see your dad, I want us to talk. I know what I did looks bad, but I swear I didn't mean any of what you heard," he explained, signaling me to follow him.

“Yeah, sure, buddy. Go back to Candy,” I muttered under my breath, falling into step behind Seth.

Seth looked over my shoulders, hearing me. “You got it wrong, but see your father, and we’ll talk.”

I don’t know what he thought he could possibly say to change my mind, but if it would get him off my back, then I would let him spout his excuses.

---

## CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

---



### **I WALKED JAYCEE to the infirmary to see her dad.**

Grace was standing outside the door and smiled as we approached, “Hi, Kickstand, and you must be Jaycee. I’m Grace.”

“Nice to meet you, Grace,” Jaycee responded.

“Is Doc with her dad?” I asked Grace.

“He and Summer are finishing up and getting Jeff settled,” Grace informed me. It took me a second to realize Jeff was her dad. “Let me see if you can see him.” Grace went into the room and came back a minute later. “You can go in,” she held the door open, giving Grace a sympathetic smile. I still can’t believe Grace and Stonewall are related.

Inside the infirmary, a man lay on the bed resting while Summer was fiddling with something on his hand. Summer looked tired. Viking was gonna flip when he looked at her. I returned my gaze to her father. Jaycee didn’t resemble her dad that much. The only thing they had in common was their dirty

blond hair. He looked to be in his forties, pale and sickly from everything that he had been through over the last few months.

And, in my opinion, deserving to involve Jaycee in his problems.

Doc came over to Jaycee and explained, “He is sedated, so you won’t be able to talk to him right now. But I figured you would want to make sure your father was okay. The bullet didn’t hit anything vital, and he will make a full recovery. I don’t think he will even be off his feet for too long, a week of bed rest, and then as long as he’s careful, he should be able to move around. He’s weak, but that will change with rest and proper nutrition.”

Jaycee walked to the side of the bed, taking her dad’s hand. “When will he wake up?” she asked Doc.

“Tomorrow morning, you look exhausted yourself and should get some rest. I promise you I will be monitoring your father. If something happens, I will let you know immediately.”

“Okay, I will come back in the morning if you’re sure he’ll be okay,” Jaycee said, wrapping her arms around herself as she looked at her dad.

“I’m sure. Now, let Kickstand get you something to eat and get some rest,” Doc instructed.

The door opened, and Viking stalked inside, his eyes going to Summer, and his face grew concerned. “Let’s go, Summer, you’re exhausted,” he shot an accusing glance at Doc holding out his hand for Summer.

Summer went to Viking, grumbling, “I’m fine, John. I know what my limits are for my body.”

“Obviously not, because I can see how tired you are,” he scoffed, leading her out the door with one last dirty look at Doc. Doc didn’t seem fazed by the bigger man’s silent threat.

“Come on, Jaycee, you need to eat and rest,” I said, reaching for her and then pulling my hand back, remembering her rejection earlier.

Jaycee looked at me and then her dad one last time before giving me a nod of agreement and following me out the door. “I really just want to see Gandalf, take a shower, and lay down,” she said as we walked down the hall.

I reached into my pocket and handed her my room key. “Go on up and get comfortable. I will have Jane make a tray for you. You still need to eat something,” I insisted, watching her palm the key.

Her shoulders slumped with exhaustion, resigned to me helping her. “Fine,” she replied the one word before walking ahead of me and disappearing around a corner.

Running my fingers through my hair, I let out a frustrated growl. How was I going to excuse my behavior? First things first, I would get her comfortable and let her rest before talking to her about what happened. But, unfortunately, Jaycee isn’t in the mood to hear me out right now.

I went to find Jane and have her put together a light dinner for Jaycee. On a positive note, she’s still sleeping in my bed. And when I finally got to my room, she was curled up under the covers, sound asleep. So I moved into the bathroom, took a shower, and then climbed into bed beside her, curling myself around her and going to sleep.



**I WAS WARM. There was something heavy against my back.** The tattooed arm slung over me told me the reason. I was in bed with Seth. And his hard cock against my ass let me know he was naked. I stiffened. How dare Seth think he could hurt me and then sleep with me?

“Sheath your claws, Jaycee. We both needed to sleep, and nothing else will happen unless you want it to,” Seth murmured behind me but still held me close.

“Why are you doing this, Seth?” I asked, sitting up and turning to face him.

“What do you mean?”

“This!” I snapped, waving my hand between us. “You made it clear how you felt about me to your lady friend Candy. So why are you pretending to want me?”

Seth sat up and took my face in his hands, saying, “I’m not pretending, Jaycee. I want you, shit; I love you.” My eyes widened at his declaration, but that couldn’t be true if he slept with someone else and disparaged me to her.

“If that’s true, why would you hurt me with nasty words and sleep with someone else? I’m no fool,” I challenged, not understanding this whole situation because Seth looked sincere.

Still holding my face, Seth growled, “ I never slept with Candy. I was being a jealous asshole because I thought you had been with Wrath when I saw you walk out of his room, and you both looked ruffled like you had been in bed.”

I let out a gasp, jerking my face out of his hands. “You thought so little of me that you figured I would jump into bed with another man after what we shared?”

“I know it was stupid, and I overreacted, but I’ve never cared about anyone like I do you, and instead of talking to you, I ran away like a pussy getting drunk and spouting stupid shit to make me feel better. But I didn’t want Candy and never intended to sleep with her. I used her for a show so that Vampire would get off my back.”

“You called me a plain boring virgin. My dad always said alcohol is the best truth serum out there,” I said sadly, a tear escaping and running down my cheek. Those words hurt me so much.

Seth wiped the tear from my cheek. “Jaycee, I swear to you I don’t see you like that, I was angry and spiteful, but you have to believe me when I say I have never wanted a woman like I want you. I love everything about you; I’m even looking forward to seeing you on that bright pink scooter with the odd wicker basket attached because it’s so you, you are different and unique, and no one could ever mistake you for plain. Hell, you caught Wrath’s attention, the man has women begging him for a glance, but he noticed you.”

I gave a little laugh when he mentioned my beloved scooter. I know it looked silly, but I didn’t care. Seth continued, “And as far as sex goes, I have never been so satisfied sexually as I have been with you. You were so good in bed. If I didn’t take your virginity, I would have thought you were experienced. I’m getting hard just thinking about you riding my cock.” He growled the last part, letting me feel his erection. And I wanted nothing more than to climb on top of Seth and ride him into next Tuesday.

“How can I trust you? For all I know, you did sleep with her and are lying to me.”

“I know I don’t deserve your trust, but I want it. You can ask Vampire or Nikki; they were there. I left the club with Vampire.” His eyes pleaded with me to understand, and I wanted to give him a chance. I had fallen in love with this biker who was so like me in a lot of ways, and the thought of not having him in my life hurt.

“Do you swear not to hurt me like this again? To talk to me instead of running to a strip club if we have problems?” I pressed, looking him in the eye.

“I promise you, Nightingale, I’ve learned my lesson. Will I still fuck up? Probably. But I won’t run out on you again. Just give me a chance to prove it,” he asked, pulling me on top of him.

I could feel how hard he was and couldn't help rubbing my pussy against his cock, the action drawing a groan from Seth. "I hope to god your gonna finish what you're starting," he growled from underneath me, his hands going to my breasts, playing with my nipples. I always knew I would like sex, but I honestly never thought I would crave the feeling like I do. Just the thought of Seth's cock stretching and filling me makes me wet. I leaned forward, kissing my way down his muscled chest, licking his nipples, feeling powerful with each moan I drew from Seth. I licked my way down until I was at eye level with his thick cock. I took him fully in my mouth, choking as his tip met the back of my throat. He growled in appreciation as I sucked him steadily.

"Fucking hell, Jaycee," he moaned, his knees falling apart, giving me complete access to him. His arousal was stirring my own, and I wanted to feel him inside me.

I reached over, grabbed a condom from the nightstand, and made quick work of rolling it on his cock. I grabbed him and lowered myself onto him. Seth's hands palmed my ass cheeks and thrust all the way inside me, and I moaned at the sheer pleasure it caused. Seth took control, using his fingers to dig into my ass as he jackhammered in and out of me. I held onto his shoulders, closing my mouth over his in a heated kiss. He angled his cock, hitting my sensitive spot, and I panted, my moans getting louder, and with a high-pitched scream, I came hard. Seth gave one last hard thrust and a growl stilling inside me.

I let myself drop onto his sweaty chest feeling his hands rubbing my back. "I don't think I'll ever get enough of you," he murmured. "I know things moved fast, but I do love you, Jaycee."

I pushed up, bracing myself with my elbow to look into his face. "I love you, too. It's something I just know," I said softly.

He brushed my hair back with his fingers, saying, "I'm so glad I found you, Nightingale."



---

## CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

---



### EPILOGUE

**IT'S BEEN two weeks since everything happened** with Papa Bear. Dad is recovering from the gunshot wound and now walking around. He wants to talk to me today. We haven't really talked much about what was said that day with Papa Bear, and I didn't want to push since he was recovering.

But, first, Seth is pulling in front of the clubhouse with my Moped strapped to the back of a truck. He and Wrath went back to pack up my apartment. I wanted to go, but Seth said it would be too dangerous. Lord and Fuse were walking from the garage, "What in the hell is that?" Fuse laughed, pointing to my scooter.

"That's my Moped," I said defensively.

"It's a sweet ride," Lord hurried to say, giving a Fuse a look that said knock it off.

Fuse got his meaning and pretended to clarify, "I only meant what brand? I don't think I've ever seen one that bright pink

before...or with a basket.” He gave me a smile that I’m sure made women drool. But not this one. He insulted my ride.

Seth climbed out of the truck and moved to my side, pulling me into him. “I think we got everything; we left the furniture there since you won’t need it. We marked the boxes so your dad can find his stuff.”

“Thank you for getting my stuff,” I said, including Wrath.

“No problem, glad to do it,” Wrath answered, going to the back of the truck to unstrap my scooter.

“We’re going to put your Moped in the garage,” Seth informed me, joining Wrath.

“Okay, I’m going back inside,” I said; it was time to talk to dad. I heard Fuse ribbing Seth about riding bitch on my scooter as I shut the door behind me. I shook my head and went to find my dad in the common room. He was sitting at a table near the back. Dad was looking healthier every day. The club has been great with letting him stay here to recover.

I kissed him on the cheek before taking a seat. “How are you feeling today, dad?” I asked.

“I’m feeling fine, Jaycee, and that’s why I wanted to talk to you,” he said, his blue eyes serious.

“What do you mean?”

“Jaycee, I’m leaving. I’m well enough to travel and need to move on.” I started to interrupt, but he stopped me. “Let me finish, honey. I have a gambling problem, and that addiction almost got you killed. I have to quit being selfish and let you live your life. I’m going to try to get my life together, but the sad fact is your Uncle Jonas isn’t going to forget what happened. He will come for you and me. You’re safe with Seth and the men here. Jonas loved his sister, but that may not be enough to keep him from hurting you.”

“Why did mom leave?” I wanted to know. I *needed* to know.

Dad took my hand and thought a minute before answering, “Jaycee, your mom had a drug problem. I didn’t know until it was too late. I came home one night when you were three months old, and she had another man in my bed, a needle

sticking out of her arm. You were on the floor, naked, with no blanket, nothing; you were cold and crying because she hadn't fed you, and with no diaper, you were lying in waste. I was furious; I threw her out the next day and told Marie she could see you again when she got clean. Unfortunately, your mom overdosed on heroin a year later. I'm sorry, Jaycee, I thought it was better you didn't know."

I should feel something hearing about the death of the woman who gave birth to me, but I didn't. I never knew her, and from what dad revealed, she didn't care about me and walked away. "You don't have to leave," I said, my voice sounding small.

"Jaycee, I will always stay in touch and visit. But it's better this way. I'm leaving in the morning. Trust me, I will always be here for you and you have found a brand new family in this club, and I think it won't be long until I have grandchildren to visit."

I blushed at the thought he knew I was having sex even though I was an adult. "I'm going to miss you so much," I cried, standing and leaning down to hug him.

Dad returned my hug, patting my back. "I'm going to miss you too, honey. But we still have this evening." He stood, hugging me tightly before releasing me. "I'm going to go lay down before the party. I'll see you after a bit, honey."

I watched dad walk slowly from the room, his shoulders hunched, his face sad. I know this is hard for him. We've always had each other, and now he will be alone. He's right. I have a whole new family with Seth and this club. But I know he needs to do this on his own, and I pray he will get help for his addiction.

I had some work to do before the Christmas party tonight, so I went upstairs to get busy. It was Christmas Eve, and the club was having a party. I've never been to a party of any kind and am looking forward to it. I still can't believe all that has happened and how my life has changed in such a short period.



**JAYCEE AND I finally made it down to the party.** We showered together, which led to sex in the shower, Jaycee likes my cock, and I'm not complaining. The place is packed, and the party is spilling into the other rooms off to the side. Mary insisted everyone come, even the club women. Christmas music is playing, and with the decorations, it's festive. This is the first year the club has had a Christmas party, and the old ladies insisted on one. Jaycee is wearing a pink sweater dress with pink ankle boots. Even at Christmas, the woman won't go without her signature color. Lettie has promised to give her hair pink stripes, and Jaycee is looking forward to it.

I guided Jaycee over to Shadow's table; he was holding baby Marilyn and looking like he would rather be anywhere but here. Of course, Mary was all smiles as she talked with Brooke and Tildie. Reader and Stonewall standing behind their women, talking. All the women were wearing their property cuts. I have one for Jaycee, but I'm going to wait until Christmas morning to give it to her.

Jaycee took a seat next to Tildie, and the women greeted her and pulled her into the conversation. I looked at Shadow. "You look like you're having fun," I kidded him, looking down at a sleeping Marilyn. She looked more like Mary every day.

"What gave it away?" Shadow retorted with a mocking smile.

"Where the fuck is Doc?" Viking bellowed, rushing into the room with Summer in his arms.

"I can walk, John," Summer insisted. Viking ignored her and continued crossing the room.

“I’m right here, Viking. Is it time?” Doc asked, approaching the panicked Viking.

“Yes, my water broke, and the contractions are a minute apart; it won’t be long,” Summer provided the information. Her demeanor is calm compared to her husband.

Viking started out of the room, growling at Doc, “Get your ass moving! You heard her. It won’t be long.” Doc just shook his head, chuckling, following the couple out of the room.

Mary clapped her hands together and gushed, “It looks like we’re going to have a Christmas baby.” Then, the other women started talking excitedly among themselves.

Stonewall smirked, “I would give anything to be in that room right now and see Viking lose his shit.”

“You wait until it’s your turn. The feeling is like nothing you can imagine,” Shadow told him, looking down at the sleeping baby.

I looked at Jaycee and imagined what she would look like, swollen with my child. I like the image and couldn’t wait to make it a reality. Jaycee was it for me, and I couldn’t wait to make everything official and start a family. I love my Nightingale.

The party continued, and eyes would occasionally go to the door waiting on word of the birth. It was taking longer than we thought. I looked at the clock. It was now after midnight, and we hadn’t heard anything. Grace had gone into the room with the couple in case Doc needed help. Then, finally, Viking came out looking like he had been to hell and back. But then he smiled and shouted, “It’s a girl, Charlotte Addison. Seven pounds, eight ounces, and hair as red as her mother’s.”

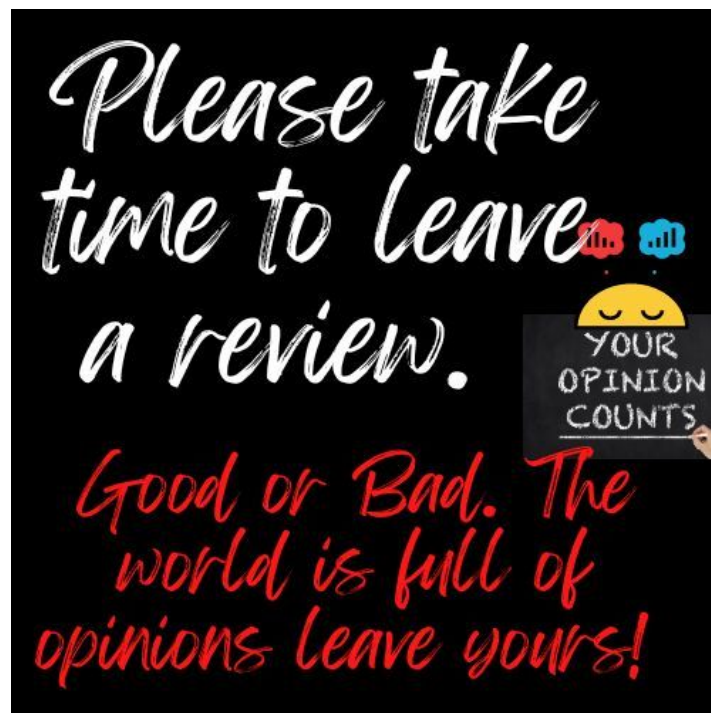
As a group, we shouted, “Merry Christmas.” And raised our arms in a toast to the new parents. Viking chugged a beer before heading back to be with Summer.

I pulled a smiling Jaycee to my side and said, “I love you, Jaycee.”

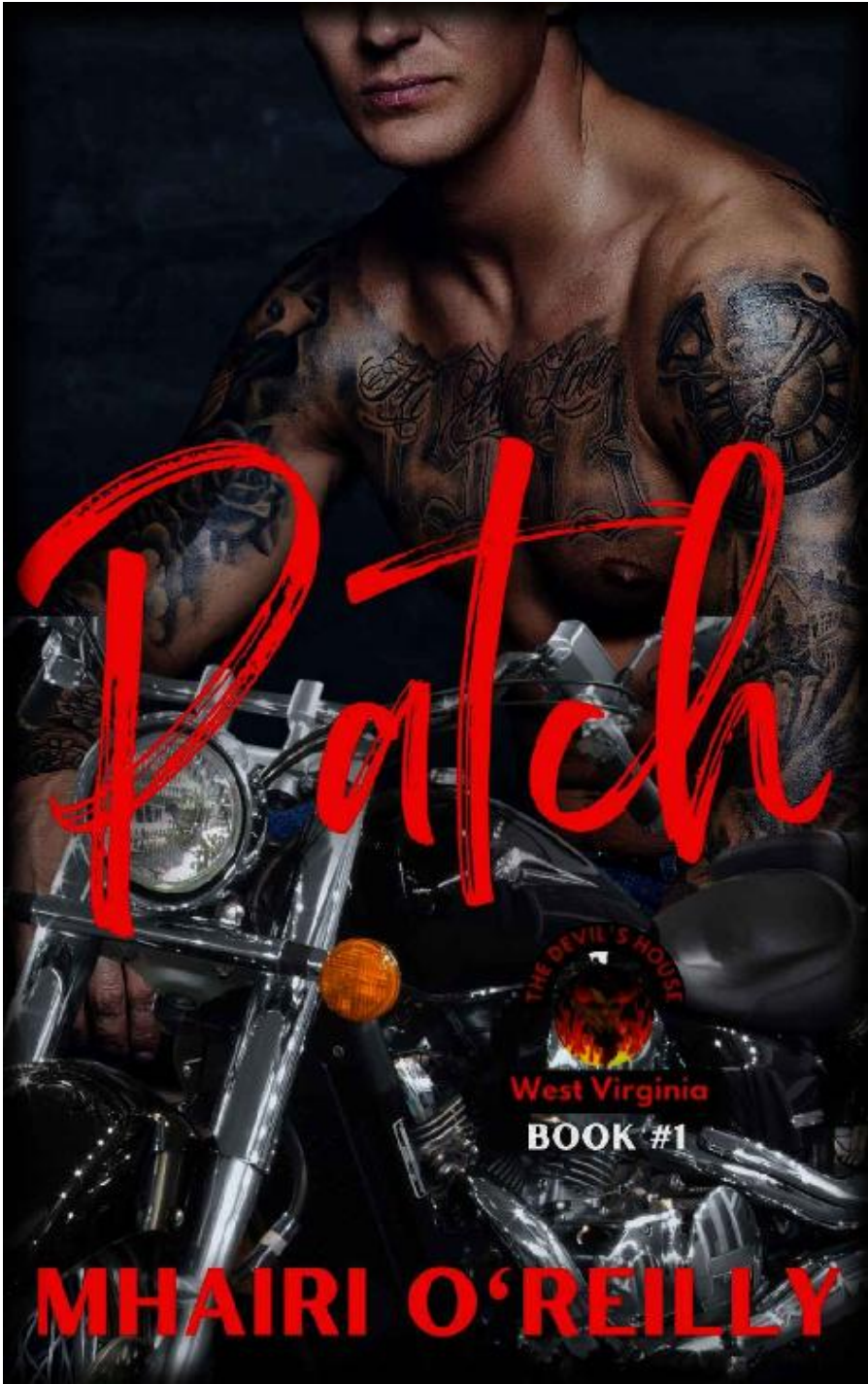
“I love you too, Seth,” she said softly, hugging me tightly.

## The End For Now

**Authors note:** This is not the end of the Pennsylvania Chapter, just a break so we can check in on the West Virginia Chapter with the next book, Patch. I will be revisiting Shadow and his club in the future, and they will be making appearances in the West Virginia series. With one Pennsylvania member finding his story with Patch and his club.



**JANUARY 28TH, 2023**



# Patch

THE DEVIL'S HOUSE  
West Virginia  
BOOK #1

MHAIRI O'REILLY



# THE DEVIL'S HOUSE



PENNSYLVANIA

MC



Amazon And Kindle Unlimited



# About The Author



Mhairi O'Reilly

Mhairi O'Reilly lives in Upstate, South Carolina. A native of West Virginia, Mhairi loves to read. Devoting many hours of her life to it. She always dreamed of writing her own stories. when the time arrived that she had the time, she jumped into it, not looking back.

Copyright © 2022 Mhairi O'Reilly

Kindle Edition

Paperback

Hardcover

Written by Mhairi O'Reilly

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in a database or retrieval system, without the prior written permission of the publisher.

Disclaimer: The material in this book is for mature audiences only and contains graphic content. It is intended only for those aged 18 and older.

This book is a work of fiction. Any names, places, characters, or incidents are a figment of the author's imagination. Any resemblance to persons living or dead or actual events is purely coincidental.