

NICHOLAS
BELLA

5

Never Cross a Lord.

LORDS OF CHAOS MC

PAYBACK



ROAD TO CARNAGE SERIES



NICHOLAS

BELLA
NO INHIBITIONS. NO APOLOGIES.



LORDS OF CHAOS MC

PAYBACK

ROAD TO CARNAGE
SERIES
BOOK FIVE

BY
NICHOLAS BELLA

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Payback: Road to Carnage Series
by Nicholas Bella

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HAVE YOU READ THE PREQUEL?
"MAN OF CARNAGE: ROAD TO CARNAGE"
IS AVAILABLE IN EBOOK, PAPERBACK, & AUDIO.

YOU MAY WANT TO READ THAT SO THAT YOU
UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE REFERENCES
AND CHARACTERS IN THIS BOOK.

Thank you to everyone for your support and I'll always do my best to keep you entertained.

Special Thank You to Heidi Ryan for editing your ass off. We make one hell of a team. Thank you to my amazing PA, Lindsay Crook. Seriously, my scatterbrain would be lost without you. I bet I'm forgetting something right now. LOL. Thank you to all of my readers who make doing what I love that much sweeter. I really appreciate you so much.

Much Love to you all,

Nicholas Bella

SERIES WARNING

Mature readers only.

This MC series will have harsh language, dark themes, graphic violence, adult situations, sexual, etc, that may be too extreme for sensitive readers. You see, it's going to go hard,

give your emotions a pounding, then it's going to ease up, stroke your nerves lovingly, before claiming you, like a power top working over a hungry bottom.

THE VIPS

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR GENEROSITY AND SUPPORT. I CAN'T EXPRESS LEVEL OF MY GRATITUDE, BUT PLEASE KNOW THAT I AM EXTREMELY APPRECIATIVE AND BLESSED TO HAVE FANS LIKE YOU. WITH ALL MY LOVE

N.B.

MICHELLE DUNCAN TORRES
CAROL HUGHES
DARIA BRIAND
EVA BUETTNER
MARTINA HUTCHINSON
JEWEL BARNES
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AMANDA STAKLEY
KATHLEEN STEWART

B A D A S S E S



ONE





FABIAN “BURGER” MURPHY

“SO, YOU AND AKARI still going at it?” Ace asked Burger as the two men waited in the visiting room to see their brother, Dragon.

Burger smiled and nodded. “It’s only been a little over a month, but I’ve never felt anything like how I feel when I’m with him. He’s special, ya know?”

Ace chuckled. “You sure it’s not just because you know he’s forbidden in a sense... because he’s mafia and you can’t really have him. So, it’s exciting on that level?”

Burger’s smile faded and he shook his head. “Who says I can’t have him?”

Ace frowned. “He can’t pledge to us. Can’t prospect for a year, he’s already a part of the Castiello Family. Please don’t tell me you’re getting attached to him.”

Burger shrugged. “I like being around Akari, is all.”

“Yeah, and maybe that’s becoming a problem,” Ace pointed out.

“I’m a grown fucking man, Ace. I know what I’m doing,” Burger snapped. “Besides, it’s not even that serious.”

Ace held up a hand and shook his head. “Fine. But fuck him and let him go, Fabian. Because if you let this go too far, you’re going into uncharted territory and no one in the club is going to back you breaking tradition. You know that.”

Burger grunted because the last thing he wanted to hear was anyone, let alone his big brother, whom he greatly admired and looked up to, telling him to give up on happiness. He sighed but nodded. “I hear you.”

“I hope so,” Ace said.

“I *heard* you,” Burger reiterated with emphasis.

“Good. I just don’t want to see you hurt,” Ace said.

To that, Burger remained silent. Both men turned when the door opened and their brother, Dragon, entered the waiting area. It’d been a week since he was in the SHU for nearly beating a guard to death, and they were happy to see him. Ace and Burger rose, smiles on their faces, and all three men shared quick hugs and pats on the back before settling back down at the steel table with the attached steel seating.

“Damn, every time I see your ugly mug, you get bigger,” Ace said as he took in Dragon’s appearance.

Dragon ran his hands through his long, dark-brown hair and smiled. “Shit, I was in the SHU for a fucking month. Nothing to do but work out and jack off.”

“Yeah, your right arm *is* looking more muscular than the other,” Burger joked, and all three laughed.

“So, you didn’t have any issues while you were in the SHU?” Ace asked, because he wanted to make sure the warden kept his promise.

Dragon shook his head. “Not one.”

Ace nodded. “Yeah, good to hear. You know dad and Maverick had to have a little chat with a friend, so I’m glad to hear all went well.”

“He’s playing nice,” Dragon said, referring to the warden of the prison.

“I bet,” Burger said, and all three men laughed.

“Speaking of dickwads in this place, I need you to give a grand to an officer named Fred Delany,” Dragon said.

Burger frowned. “Why?”

“Fucker did me a solid in here. If not for him taking me to the laundry room that day, I wouldn’t have seen that bitch raping Richie,” Dragon said, and the last few words came out like a growl. For a second, Burger could see the white-hot fury boiling within his brother and the need to finish the job he’d started. He was sure Ace could see it in Dragon as well.

Both brothers nodded. “You got it, man,” Ace said.

Dragon took a deep breath and let it out slowly to calm his mounting rage. “So, how’s it going with the club?”

“Shit, same old, same old,” Ace said. “Sofia is going on eight months now; she’ll be ready to burst the demon out next month.”

Dragon laughed, then sighed. “Damn, I hate that I’m going to miss the birth of yet another fucking niece or nephew.”

Burger patted his back. “Yeah, we hate it too, man. But we did record all of the births so far and we’ll get this one too.”

To that, Dragon smiled. “Oh cool, I can’t wait to see them. So, is she and Footlong excited?”

Burger and Ace both nodded. “Happy as hell, can’t wait to be parents. They have the nursery all set up and everything.”

“That’s awesome. What about Maverick and what’s her name?”

Ace rolled his eyes and that made Dragon laugh. “That damn fool.”

“She’s going to be giving birth in about two or three months, I think. Twin boys, Maverick sure knows how to plant his seed. But I don’t like her ass. I need to talk to him about her,” Burger said.

Dragon’s brows creased. “Oh, why don’t you like her?”

“Hell, she’s a LOC cockchaser for one. I think she got pregnant on purpose just to try to make Maverick choose her to be his old lady,” Burger said, revealing his suspicions.

Ace shrugged. “She’s manipulative enough to have pulled that stunt, but it wouldn’t have worked if Maverick hadn’t

fucked up. Screwing bitches without a condom is dumb as hell, and he didn't listen to me when I told his ass to steer clear of her. Hell, his stupid ass is still fucking her.”

Dragon shook his head then because he knew how his little brother was. “Pussy is Maverick's kryptonite, that's for sure. Well, he's not alone. He has family and the club.”

“I don't know why Melissa thinks she has the ‘Midas Touch Magic Pussy’, when Stacy and Rachel couldn't snag Maverick. He's not looking to settle down with anyone,” Burger said.

“Man, who knows,” Dragon said. “What about that issue we had?” he asked, referring to the Hellraiser Knights. He'd been in the SHU at the time when Burger had informed TT about their war.

“Not an issue any longer,” Burger said.

“Shit, especially not after our friend sent them a gift,” Ace added.

Dragon cocked an eyebrow. “A gift?”

Burger decided to sign in code. *Rico sent the head of their dead president to the president of their original chapter in Alabama. It was gift-wrapped all fancy and shit, too—bow and all.*

Dragon laughed. “Well, after a gift like that, one would have to be satisfied. And I guess he's not a bad friend to have.”

Ace nodded. “So far, so good.”

Dragon nodded. “And what about our other issue, is the club being built?”

“Ahhh, yeah, we handled that shit,” Ace said. “The intel you gave us was golden, brother. We had his ass by the short and curlies. Not to mention, Bear paid him a visit to make sure he understood how serious we were.”

Dragon chortled. “I bet seeing Bear’s big ass gave him some perspective.”

Burger laughed. “Oh, you know it, brother. We began construction of the club about three weeks ago.”

“That’s good to hear, love when my fam and club prosper.” Dragon winked.

“So, getting back to you. What’s this I hear about you and this guy?” Burger asked.

The smile that spread across Dragon’s lips spoke volumes.

“Oh shit, he’s in love,” Ace said.

“Fuck yeah, I am. I love that motherfucker hard,” Dragon said. “I mean, shit... Richie is everything I didn’t even know I wanted. He challenges me, teaches me, respects me, and loves me too. And club material, every inch of him.”

“Well, that’s high praise,” Ace said.

“He’s a tough son of a bitch. You know he punched me in the dick when he first got here?” Dragon said and chuckled at the memory.

Both of his brothers gasped, their expressions full of shock and curiosity.

“And that was funny to you?” Burger asked.

Dragon shrugged. “Not at the time. I was furious at the time. But thinking back on it now, yeah.”

“Why?” Ace asked.

Dragon smiled wider. “I made him cum, mocked him, and forced him to confess that he wasn’t straight. He’s a spicy fucker and that pissed him off ‘cause I was laughing at him. So, he clocked me dead in the dick.”

“I’m surprised you let him live after that shit,” Burger stated. Ace nodded in agreement.

Dragon chortled and nodded. “I was so pissed off, I wanted to beat his ass, but I also wanted to fuck him again. I liked his fearlessness.” He shrugged. “We made up the next day.”

“He must be really special,” Ace said.

“He is,” Dragon replied.

“Damn, I’m happy for you. So, you see this relationship going the distance outside of these walls?” Burger asked.

Dragon nodded. “Oh, for damn sure. We’ve already discussed it. He’ll be out six months before me, if all goes well. And I plan to make sure that it does. But we’re going to wait for each other. I know one thing, I’m going to tear his ass up when he picks me up from this shithole.”

“Well, when he gets out, the club will take care of him. We’ll finish out his year of prospecting, and if he passes, he’ll get his patch,” Ace said.

“Oh, I don’t doubt that he’ll make patch,” Dragon said, then shifted in his chair. “So, what about you? I heard there’s someone special in your life.”

This time, it was Ace’s turn to showcase his heart’s desires on his face.

“Oh, I know that look. I see it when I look in the mirror,” Dragon said. “You’re in love too.”

Ace nodded. “In love like a motherfucker, brother.”

All three brothers laughed. “Shit, tell me about him?” Dragon inquired as he leaned forward.

Ace began telling his brother the safe version of how they met and that Kenshin—now known as Ahiga—was prospecting. “He’s a hardcore twink, for sure. Sexy as sin and everything I could have wanted. I claimed him as mine within days. It’s like... I knew we were meant to be.”

“Yeah,” Burger said absently as he nodded. “I know that feeling.”

Both of his brothers looked at him. “You do?” Dragon asked. “Who?”

“Please don’t tell me you’re falling for Akari,” Ace stated.

“Who’s Akari—oh, wait... is that...” Dragon nodded knowingly. “Yeah, TT told me about him. This isn’t smart,

Burger.”

Burger huffed. “Look, I’m not getting into this. Not here, not now.”

“Fine, but we are going to have a serious conversation about this before we get home,” Ace said.

Burger held his hands up. “Fine.”

Dragon looked at both of his brothers for a few seconds, then decided to change the subject. The three made small talk and caught up before they had to part. They gave each other big hugs, then went their separate ways.



The two brothers sat across from each other at a bar located an hour and a half from their clubhouse. A few of the patrons tossed some glances their way, but no one made any issues about the outlaw bikers being there. Ace took his beer he ordered from the barmaid as did Burger before she walked off.

“So, when you told me it wasn’t serious, you weren’t being completely honest,” Ace said, then took a swig of his beer.

Burger leaned back in the booth and sighed. “I mean...” He shrugged. “We’ve only been dating for a month. We just really connected and I think there is something there between us that can go the distance.”

Ace groaned and ran a hand down his face before leaning forward and resting his beer and elbows on the table. “Say you do fall in love. What then? He’s mafia, his loyalty is to Rico. What if Rico decides to stay in New York and sends for Akari to join him? What then?”

Burger didn’t really want to think about a scenario where he’d have to say goodbye to Akari. “Maybe that won’t happen.”

Ace snorted. “Now, you’re just being stupid because you know damn well it can happen. Akari is Rico’s attack dog, let’s just get that out in the open. Bought and paid for, and he’s been with him for ten years. If Rico doesn’t want him mixed up with us, he can put a stop to it and it would be Akari walking away from you. Can you handle that?”

“Man, fuck you, Ace. I’m not some piece of glass that shatters when dropped,” Burger snapped.

“You say that now, because it’s all fresh and new—these feelings. But if you allow them to grow deeper, can you let Akari go?” Ace asked the difficult question.

“I... I don’t know, Ace,” Burger said, then took a few swallows of his beer.

“For your sake, brother, you need to break up with him before it gets to that point.”

“No.” Burger’s response was snappy and Ace cocked an eyebrow.

“Listen to me, I’m speaking to you as your Sergeant-at-Arms right now, not your brother. Break up with him, because I’m not going to let whatever this is put a rift between our club and the mafia, Fabian,” Ace warned.

“What are you going to do?” Burger challenged and Ace cocked his eyebrow, the serious one.

“I’m going to let our president know if you choose to pursue him. Because we need to be ready if there’s backlash. Akari can’t pledge to us. You need to find someone without ties, Burger,” Ace said.

Burger frowned, but nodded. “Fine... I know the club comes first. I’ll break it off,” he lied.

Ace stared at him.

Burger grunted. “Stop looking at me like that, fucker. I said I’ll break it off. I mean, I was supportive of you and Ahiga—”

“Don’t even try to compare my relationship to yours. Ahiga isn’t a part of a mafia that could annihilate us if their boss so wished for it and probably have Akari do the honors along with his sister,” Ace said. “We’re badass motherfuckers, but the Castiello family is the boot that can squash us if we cross them. So yes, Burger, the safety of the club’s needs to come first.”

“Like how your relationship brought crooked cops into our lives,” Burger shot back.

Ace sat back and looked at him, then took a swig of his beer. “Crooked cops we can handle. Highly deadly assassins

trained since childhood to be able to kill with the level of efficiency Akari can is another story. Stop with the false fucking equivalencies, you're acting like a bitch."

Burger's expression grew hard. "Don't call me a fucking bitch, *Noah*," he snapped, using his brother's birth name to show the level of his annoyance.

"Stop acting like one, *Fabian*. Because you know I'm right."

"Man, fuck you. I've already told you I'm going to break up with him. Stop stomping my balls, asshole," Burger said.

Ace sighed. "I just don't want to see you or the club hurt, Burger."

"I know. But just at the thought of breaking up with Akari, brother... I'm already hurting." Burger finished his beer, then slid out of the booth. He pulled his wallet from his pocket, it was connected to his jeans with a heavy chain. He tossed a few bucks on the table, paying for both beers and the tip. He didn't wait for Ace before walking out of the bar. His brother caught up with him a few seconds later and they mounted their bikes and headed home. The entire time he was on the road, Burger was trying to figure out how he could continue to date Akari without his club finding out. That was going to be a challenge.

TWO





MAKADE-MA'INGAN "WOLF" SANDERS

“I TOLD YOU WE’D make a profit,” Wolf said as he watched one of Vito’s soldiers count the money he’d brought in from selling the drugs they’d been given. He stood in Vito’s office at Desire with his best friend and SA, Devonte “Python” Barnes at his side. Both bikers were a menacing sight and if they were in the presence of anyone else, they would have been the most dangerous men in the room.

“Indeed, and only a month after we gave you the product. I see that our partnership will be a very beneficial one,” Vito said, his Italian accent as smooth and sexy as the cologne he wore. He nodded at his guy. The soldier closed the duffle bag full of money, then handed it back to Wolf.

Wolf cocked an eyebrow inquisitively and took the bag, then looked at Vito. “You don’t want it?”

Vito smirked, then shook his head. “That was a test run. We wanted to see if you could transport our drugs successfully, and you did. Then we wanted to see if you could sell them, which you did and in record time. Consider that a gift. From

now on, we will be taking our cut and going according to the deal Dasan arranged for the chapters.”

Wolf gave a crooked smile, because he was more than happy to take the six-hundred grand and he was sure his club was going to have one hell of a party this weekend. “Much appreciated.” He handed the duffle bag over to Python, who took it.

“By the way, did you encounter any problems selling it?” Vito asked as he sat in his chair, one leg crossed over the other, hands clasped and resting in his lap.

To the untrained eye, he looked like a man completely relaxed, but Wolf knew all the Underboss would have to do is signal to the man on his right and action would be taken. Speaking of that particular man, Wolf checked out Demir, who was standing quietly behind Vito’s chair. The suit he wore fit him perfectly, but more importantly, it made Wolf want to undress him even more and take him for himself. Seeing him this second time made his dick harden like granite. Yeah, Demir was just his fucking type, damn!

Wolf shrugged, because they had run into an issue. “We had a little scuffle with the Mancini crew.”

Vito cocked an eyebrow. “‘A scuffle’ Can you be more specific?”

“They roughed up some of our contacts that we had selling for us. We got our payback and put two of theirs in the hospital. One of their goons came by the clubhouse, told us

that the drug market was theirs on the South side. We told them to take it up with the Castiellos,” Wolf said.

Vito snorted. “Sent them our way, did you?”

Wolf huffed. “It’s your drugs. What the fuck I look like I’m claiming they’re mine? Deal between our club and your family is that we help you sell, distribute, and if shit gets hairy, we’ll offer manpower. This is your ballgame, we’re just players.”

Vito studied Wolf carefully, then nodded slowly. He liked that he was calculating—smart. He was starting to see what his brother, Rico, saw in the Lords of Chaos. “You did the right thing. The Mancini Family are weak, nothing we won’t be able to handle. My concern will come from the Jade Dragon Triad. Once we take over the South side, they’ll really take notice. We need to be prepared for when they do.”

Wolf nodded. “With money like this coming in, the brothers are ready to fight for it.”

“That’s reassuring to hear. From now on, you will be making your transactions with my Capo, Daniel Demarco. Demir...” Vito said, then motioned for his right-hand and best friend to give Wolf his capo’s information.

Demir stepped up to Wolf, he let his gaze roam over the big man before him, drinking in all the sexiness. He’d been attracted to the biker the first time they’d met, but he was all about business then, as he was now. Besides, it wasn’t wise to mix business with pleasure, just in case he’d have to handle them with extreme prejudice if they crossed his family. He reached into his pocket, pulling out a slip of paper. “Mr.

Demarco's number and location where you'll be making the drop offs."

Wolf looked at Demir, giving him one of his charming smiles as he took the paper. "Such a sexy accent you have, baby. So, what about you?"

Demir arched an eyebrow. "What about me?"

"You going to give me your number?" Wolf flirted.

Demir sighed. "I already told you, I'm out of your league."

"And I told you, no one is ever out of my league. I don't see why we can't have a bit of fun, unless that goes against your family's rules. No fraternizing with the business partners?" Wolf asked, then his gaze panned to Vito, who scoffed.

Python snorted, but didn't say anything. Wolf tossed Python a look, then rolled his eyes before returning his attention back to Vito.

"I don't govern who my people fuck as long as it's not an enemy. Seeing as we're on friendly terms, and that I'm fucking the brother of one of your members, far be it from me to cockblock," Vito said, then held up a finger. "I will say that you may want to find another man to flirt with. Demir can be... complicated."

Wolf chuckled and looked at Demir, who remained stoic even as he was being discussed. Wolf winked. "Oh, well, now that just makes me more ambitious, as I do love a challenge." He couldn't quite put his finger on why he wanted Demir so damn much. Was it because Demir was the candy on the top

shelf that was so delicious but out of his reach? He had to have him. “How about dinner?”

“No,” Demir said, then walked back to where he’d been standing before.

“You’re going to stop playing so hard to get with me one of these days,” Wolf said, then looked at the information on the paper. “So, I take it we won’t be meeting again?”

Vito shrugged. “Oh, we’ll meet again, I’m sure. But as far as these little transactions, no. I have people who handle this.”

Wolf nodded, because he also had people who could handle meetings of this nature. “Works for me, because I’ll be sending my people to meet up with yours for the next exchange.” He slid the piece of paper in his pocket, then looked at Demir once more. “We’ll see each other again.”

“And my answer will still be ‘no’,” Demir said.

Wolf laughed, then looked at Vito. “Are you attending the wedding?”

Vito sighed. “Of course.”

Wolf pursed his lips, then looked at Demir. “So, I’ll be seeing you then, Sweet Thang.” Demir took a deep breath, but remained silent. Wolf blew him a kiss, then turned, leaving the mob underboss’ office with his SA at his side. It wasn’t until they got outside and were mounting their bikes did Python have something to say.

“You need to leave that motherfucker the hell alone,” he said as he started his engine.

“Why?” Wolf asked.

Python snorted. “Well, for one fucking thing, we don’t need to be getting entangled with them on that level.”

“And the other?” Wolf asked.

“You heard them, even the man’s boss told you to leave his ass alone, said he was dangerous.”

“He said ‘complicated’,” Wolf corrected.

“I heard dangerous,” Python shot back.

Wolf shrugged. “We’re already mixed up with them. Like Vito said, he’s already fucking Ze’s little bro.”

“Yeah, and Zindel isn’t a member of our club.”

Wolf scoffed. “Like that fucking matters when he’s as much family as Ze is.”

“Fair enough. Still, you need to not be trying to stick your dick in Vito’s right-hand man. I know you enjoy living dangerously, but there are limits,” Python said, then slipped on his helmet.

“I’m a Lord of Chaos, if I was afraid of danger, I don’t deserve to wear the patch, let alone be the president.”

Python smiled and nodded. “Okay, yeah, you got me there. I just think it’s a bad idea is all. There’s being wild at heart, and then there’s being reckless, brother.”

“It’s a fuck I want, not a relationship. No strings attached. You know I love ‘em and leave ‘em and he looks like the type who can get his walls banged, then move on. I just think he’d

be hot as hell between the sheets and I want my cock inside his holes,” Wolf said, then snapped his helmet in place.

“He looks like *something*,” Python commented.

Wolf laughed. “Well, in any case, we’re six-hundred grand richer. I’ll pay our brothers who earned it and set the rest in the club fund. Saturday night’s party is about to be legendary.”

“Fuck yeah.” Python smiled at that and then the two rode off back to their clubhouse in Hyde Park.

THREE





VITO “THE VISE” CASTIELLO

TWO WEEKS LATER

VITO RINSED THE CONDITIONER from his hair, the best that money could buy, and it left his black locks feeling silky, which was his preference. He turned the water off once he was done and stepped out of the large shower that was big enough to fit six people. He grabbed a towel and began drying his body before exiting the bathroom. He stopped the moment he saw Zindel sitting on the bed looking like he was up to something.

Zindel looked up at Vito standing there, naked except for the white terry cloth towel wrapped around his tapered waist with the chiseled abs he loved to lick. They’d been together almost two months now, since the day Vito shoved his thick, beautiful cock inside Zindel’s hungry hole. That day was like a fantasy come true for Zindel. To have an assertive and aggressive lover like Vito was what his wet dreams were made of.

Vito had a voracious appetite, too, and it matched Zindel’s. He’d taken Zindel at the office, in the car, in bathrooms of restaurants, dressing rooms of clothing stores, and damn near

every room in the house. For Vito, Zindel was his to claim whenever and however he wanted and the little minx surrendered every time, which stoked the fire raging inside Vito. And that was why he just couldn't get enough. No woman had ever touched the flames that burned within him the way Zindel did.

Vito took in Zindel's appearance and frowned. "You showered before me, why aren't you dressed?" he asked as he toweled off his hair. Vito walked over to his dresser and began searching through his cologne collection for the scent he wanted. "Should I wear the Dior or Armani?"

Zindel didn't care what he picked, they all smelled amazing on Vito to him. "Either will be great," he said, his tone somber.

Vito looked at him through his reflection in the mirror and snorted. He knew Zindel had an agenda the way he was sitting on the edge of the bed in his bathrobe, hands in his lap, head down as if he had the weight of the world balancing on his shoulders.

"What's wrong with you?" Vito asked, his sexy Italian accent caressing every word he spoke.

Zindel looked up and sighed. "Nothing."

Vito was still looking at him through the mirror as he rubbed moisturizer on his arms. "You should already be dressed, Minx. Not to mention, my suit should already be laid out for me. Those are your duties as my personal assistant. Besides, this is your brother's wedding you're dragging me off to."

“I know... I’ll pick out your suit now,” Zindel said, then rose slowly, his feet shuffling as he walked toward the closet.

“I asked you what was wrong with you. Why are you putting on this bratty performance?” Vito turned around to face the man who made him accept that he wasn’t as straight as he’d once thought he was. The moment he’d seen Zindel in that tank of water, he knew there was no way he could ignore his attraction... his need.

Zin stopped and turned to Vito. “I’ve just got a lot on my mind.”

Vito rolled his eyes because he knew a con when he saw one. The only question was whether he should take the bait or call his minx’s bluff. He decided to do the latter. “Well, I’m sure you’ll work it out. I’ll pick out my own suit, you just get dressed,” he said, then walked into his large closet, a nice portion of it now packed with the wardrobe he’d purchased for Zindel. He knew Zindel loved the clothes he’d bought him, and only after he had did he learn the outfits were exactly Zindel’s style. He hadn’t taken that into account when he’d selected the clothes, just that he had wanted to see Zindel in them.

Vito exited the closet carrying his chosen suit on a hanger along with a pair of patent leather shoes. Again, he stopped dead in his tracks when he took in the seductive vision on the bed before him. Zindel sat on the edge of the bed, naked with a bottle of lube in his hand.

“What are you doing?” Vito asked as his cock began to fill with blood, making him as hard as he was horny.

“I’m stressed,” Zindel said, then poured a generous amount of the lube onto his slender fingers. He laid on his back, legs spread wide, and slid the two slicked-up fingers inside his tight hole.

Vito watched, transfixed as Zindel licked his lips and he rotated his hips while moaning in pleasure as he teased his prostate. Vito’s cock was fully engorged now, and poking a tent in the towel he had wrapped around his waist. He smirked and put his clothing on the chaise lounge by the gas fireplace.

“What the fuck are you up to?” Vito asked as he walked toward the bed. He reached down, running a finger along the length of Zindel’s stiffening cock to the silver piercing he had his minx get. The one that vibrated, driving his minx insane with pleasure, and also functioned as a tracking device.

Zin moaned again, his breath catching as he quaked. “When I’m this stressed, I need to get relief somehow.”

Vito stood at the foot of the bed, then grabbed Zindel’s ankles and pulled him closer so that he was positioned between Zindel’s legs. “Oh? And what has you so stressed?” He grabbed Zindel’s wrist and pulled it away, forcing Zindel to remove his fingers from the hole that belonged to him.

Zindel whimpered and pouted even more now that his fingers were free from his ass. “I’m sure it’s nothing you’re going to help me with.”

Vito raised an eyebrow. “Stop playing games with me, minx. You know I don’t have the patience for that.” He yanked the towel from his body, revealing his throbbing cock jutting forward, ready to take action.

Zindel’s green gaze zeroed in on the mouthwatering flesh between Vito’s muscular, hairy thighs and he nearly swooned. He licked his lips and sat up, taking hold of Vito’s throbbing dick. He looked up at Vito and the mob underboss met his gaze. “Well, if you insist on knowing what has me so upset...”

“Tell me, now. I won’t ask again,” Vito said, then slid his fingers through Zindel’s soft curly locks. He grabbed a handful and pulled Zindel’s face closer to his drooling cock.

Zindel opened his mouth and took Vito inside, and the deep, throaty moan Vito released made Zindel feel a sense of pride like no other. He bobbed his head and stroked Vito’s rigid flesh for a few minutes, then he pulled away, causing Vito to grunt his dissatisfaction.

“I’m upset my best friend is still whoring for you,” Zindel said, then leaned forward, swirling his tongue around the purple tip of Vito’s aching cock.

Vito threw his head back and shivered from the pleasure. “Ahhhh, you sneaky fucking minx. This... ahhh fuck... little game of yours... yeah... swirl your tongue just like that.”

Zindel’s pink tongue circled around the sensitive head of Vito’s dick, making the mobster feel indescribable pleasure. Vito quaked and bit his bottom lip as he relished the expert skill of his minx. If he thought about how many men Zindel

had to suck to get to this level, he found himself on the verge of pure jealous rage, so he tried not to think about it. Instead, he allowed himself to simply enjoy what was now and would always be his to indulge in. The way Zindel's tongue teased his slit and crown nearly made him weak in the knees. The sucking, licking, and stroking, how Zindel took him deeper than most women who'd sucked his cock, had him moaning and panting. He felt his balls draw up as the ecstasy mounted, fuck... he was about to cum hard!

That was when Zindel pulled off his cock with an audible pop.

Vito's eyes shot open and he looked down. "I'm going to cum," he said, then tried to shove his cock back into Zindel's mouth, but he hit closed lips.

Zindel turned his face away and leaned back as he released Vito's cock. "I'm too sad to keep going," he proclaimed.

Vito reached out, snatching a handful of Zindel's long, curly locks, and jerked him forward. Zindel cried out from the rough treatment, but Vito knew—like with his so-called mood—that it was just an act. "Don't you fucking play these types of games with me," he growled in his lust and anger at having his orgasm held for ransom.

"I'm not," Zindel claimed.

Vito released Zindel's hair, and shoved him back on the bed, then mounted him, making sure to position his body between Zin's legs. "I don't like this manipulation you're pulling, boy,"

he snarled as he lifted one of Zindel's legs and tossed it over his shoulder.

"I'd be so much more in the mood if you moved Bailey from the bordello to anything else," Zindel said, then licked his plump bottom lip the way he knew sparked a fire in Vito.

"Mmmm," Vito moaned, then leaned down and kissed Zindel, he made sure to suck on that sexy bottom lip before pulling away. "Is he the blond twink with the blue eyes and bubbled ass that makes me a lot of money in the bordello, especially now that you aren't working there?"

Zindel reached down between them and took hold of Vito's rock-hard cock and rubbed his thumb over the sensitive head, making Vito shiver in pleasure. "He really saved me when I first came there. He hates whoring. He'd rather do anything else in Desire. I'm sure you can find something for him."

Vito took his cock from Zindel and aimed it at his minx's lubed-up hole. "He's fine where he's at," he said, then pushed forward.

"Ahhhh, fuck," Zindel gasped, his back arching as Vito slid in deeper, rubbing his prostate. "Fine... but not happy."

Vito slammed his hips forward and Zindel cried out in a mixture of pleasure and pain, a sound that drove Vito wild. He loved the look on Zindel's face as he pounded his cock into him, rubbing his prostate with every thrust. Zindel grabbed his bicep and asscheek, digging his nails into Vito's flesh, and that bit of pain fed into Vito's own dark desires. The bed rocked

with their motion as he staked his claim on Zindel once again and when he came, he'd be marking his territory. His property.

"I... don't... give a fuck... if he's happy," Vito grounded out as he pounded away, working himself and Zindel to climax.

Zindel only moaned in pleasure and urged Vito to fuck him harder and faster, which the mob boss couldn't help but do. He watched the muscles flexing under Vito's skin and loved how strong his man was, how damn desirable he was. What he was about to do was harder for him than it would be for Vito, because he reveled in every stroke of Vito's cock inside of him. But he could sense his man about to reach his climax and well... he wanted his way.

Tingles flowed up and down Vito's spine, the intense pleasure of his orgasm building in his groin. He threw his head back, groaning low from the sensation he'd been striving for.

Zindel reached down and pulled Vito's cock free, cutting off all pleasure and shocking his system.

Vito opened his eyes and looked down at the man who was trying his patience. He snarled and grabbed Zindel by his neck and pinned him to the bed. "Don't fuck with my climax," he snapped. "This is twice now. I don't like it."

"I want you to move Bailey," Zindel said, and he didn't release his grip on Vito's slicked-up cock, even though Vito was trying to slip his cock back inside Zindel's tight hole.

Vito panted in a mixture of frustration, anger, and lust. He didn't like being manipulated like this... but he also didn't like when his minx was upset and he could tell by the look in Zindel's eyes and by his sincere expression that he really loved and cared for his friend Bailey. Vito huffed. "Let me finish and we'll discuss this."

"Not good enough."

"Let. Me. Cum," Vito said, his tone dark and full of warning. He'd only tolerate so much of this behavior from Zindel.

Zindel nodded and guided Vito's hard cock back inside of him. This time, he didn't interrupt him as Vito's hips pumped and swirled against him. It didn't take him too much longer before his rhythm stuttered, then he shook from his release. Zindel moaned as he felt the flood of Vito's cum squirt inside of him, hot and sticky.

"Ahhhh shit... fuck!" Vito huffed and quaked through the pleasure of his orgasm. When it was over, he lowered Zindel's leg from his shoulder, pulled out, then climbed off the bed, still breathing hard.

Zindel lay on the bed, his legs obscenely spread to show Vito's cum streaming from his hole. He reached down to stroke his own hard cock, fingers playing with his cock ring. He shook from the sensation it gave him.

Vito grunted and slapped Zindel's hand away from his cock. He grabbed both of Zindel's wrists and pinned them to the bed over his head with one hand, leaving his minx helpless.

“You don’t deserve to cum after this little stunt you pulled,” Vito said, then he slapped Zindel’s balls with his free hand.

“Ow!” Zindel cried out, his face flushed from the pain of his balls aching. His cock wilted, his need to come no longer present. “Oh fuck!”

Vito smirked then let his wrists go. Zindel grabbed his tender jewels and curled into a fetal position on the bed. “It’s not fun when people play games with your dick, is it?”

Zindel tossed Vito a scornful glare. “Not the... same,” he protested through strained breathing.

Vito shrugged, then walked into the bathroom and took another quick shower to wash off the sweat, cum, and smell of sex. He exited the bathroom, drying his hair briskly with the towel and stood there, looking at Zindel still sitting on the bed.

“I didn’t hit your balls that hard, stop sulking,” Vito said. “Go shower and get dressed.”

The throbbing in Zindel’s balls did ease, but he wasn’t done talking with Vito about his friend yet. “I’m not done talking.”

Vito scoffed. “If we’re late, it’ll be on you. Aren’t you his maid of honor or whatever the fuck?”

Zindel rolled his eyes. “I’m his Best Man, just like Nathan is Tiger’s Best Man.”

“Whatever. You won’t be anything if you keep pissing me off.”

“Is that a threat on my life?” Zindel asked, his expression showing concern.

Vito tossed the towel on the floor. “No. I was only referring to your position in the wedding, not Best Man or guest, because I won’t allow you to go.”

Zindel leaped from the bed and ran over to Vito, pressing his palms to Vito’s muscular chest. “Please don’t do that. I know I made you mad just now; I know I did. I had no right to try to play you like I would—”

“Anyone else,” Vito interjected.

Zindel lowered his head and nodded.

“So, why did you?” Vito asked.

“I’m sorry.”

“I’m not one of your fucking johns,” Vito snapped.

“Former johns,” Zindel corrected.

“Answer my fucking question, Zindel,” Vito said, using his minx’s name.

“It...” Zindel sighed, his shoulders slumping. “It’s what I know how to do. How I’ve survived this long.

Vito reached behind Zindel, grabbing both asscheeks. “Your days as a whore are in your past. You don’t need to play those games.”

Zindel shook head. “Not just when I was at Desires. I’m talking about way before that, when I was on the streets, starving, sleeping in doorways and abandoned buildings,

eating food other people didn't want. My brother, Ze, was only six years older than I am, but he was my protector. Did what he had to do to make sure we survived. Was he born the way he is now..." He shrugged. "Was I? Who knows. But we are what we are now. I didn't mean to... make you mad like that."

Vito was silent as he listened to what Zindel had said, and he'd heard plenty of sad stories from people over the years. But only the strong made something of themselves from what'd he'd gathered. He hadn't liked the con game Zindel had played on him, first mental, then physical, but perhaps, he'd forgive his minx for misbehaving. "Don't do it again."

Zindel raised up on the tips of his toes and kissed Vito. "I won't. From now on, I'll just give you attitude when you do and say things I don't like."

Vito frowned. "I don't like that either."

"Too bad," Zindel said. "What about Bailey?" he asked and looked at his man expectantly.

Vito scoffed. "What about him?"

Zindel took a step back and crossed his slender arms over his chest. "He's my best friend, Vito. He got me through some of the roughest times I had at Desires."

"And?" Vito snapped as he glared down at his troublesome minx.

"And I don't want to see him being a whore anymore, it's that simple."

Vito rolled his eyes, then walked over to his clothes and began to put on his undershirt, then his underwear. “You think because you share my bed and I dump my cum into you that you have some sort of sway over me?”

“No, I don’t think that—”

“Yes, you do. That little game you played, seducing me to get your way. You think your cunt is that fucking sweet? To convince me to make bad financial decisions?” Vito asked as he slipped on his dress pants.

Zindel huffed. “I thought we were past that.”

“I did too, until you brought up that whore again,” Vito said, one eyebrow cocked. “If I say no, you think you can deny me what I want?”

Zindel shrugged. “I’m used to using my body to get what I want. What’s the point of being bothered if I can’t?”

“Did your whore friend teach you that shit as one of his lessons to surviving brothel life?” Vito’s sarcasm and words were cruel even to him, but he was annoyed at the moment, and when he was annoyed, he wasn’t his best self.

Zindel frowned. “You’re being mean.”

Vito stepped up to him and gripped his chin, forcing Zindel to look up at him.

“You haven’t seen me be mean. If you don’t want to find yourself back in the bordello with your friend, you will keep your opinion out of my business,” Vito warned.

Zindel slapped Vito's hand away as he snarled up at him. "Fuck you!" he snapped. "You're making a big deal out of me manipulating you, but you feel entitled to say shit like that to me. I'm not some throw away bitch you're used to."

Vito was standing there, listening to Zindel speak to him the way no man in their right mind would dare to do. Not if they wanted to live afterward, but he knew he'd never hurt Zindel, and maybe his minx knew it too.

Zindel stepped up to Vito, poking his chest. "And let me make one thing perfectly clear. I'd rather you put me back in that whorehouse if you're not going to respect me or my body. Don't worry, I'll never forget my place again. I'm your personal assistant, but if you don't care..." He cut himself off and looked away, and took several breaths before returning his gaze to Vito. "I'm not someone you fuck when your cock is hard. That's not why I—Fuck it. I'm going to get dressed, unless you want to deny me seeing my brother get married to add more salt in the wound?"

It took Vito a few seconds to find his voice as he looked into the fury of Zindel's eyes. He licked his lips. "No. Get dressed."

"Fine," Zindel snapped, then snatched up his suit he had laid out earlier and stormed off into the bathroom and slammed the door shut behind him, making sure to lock it as well.

Vito ran his fingers through his still damp hair and sighed. He decided to finish getting ready by blow-drying his hair

before putting on his suit. He looked at himself in the mirror as he put on his cufflinks and frowned. The things he'd said to Zindel were uncalled for. Zindel wasn't some human scum he needed to terrorize to get them to act right. He wasn't some mark that needed elimination. He wasn't some asshole that needed to be ruled with a heavy hand in order to keep him under his thumb. No, Zindel was so much more than that. Out of all the women who'd shared his bed, never had he been with one who made him feel...normal. Zindel was his first relationship because he felt like Zindel accepted who he was. Never had he been with one who could take it as good as he gave it until he met Zindel.

“Fuck!” he cursed as he gave himself a chastising glare. “You went too far.”

Vito took a seat on the chaise lounge and waited for Zindel to come out of the bathroom and when he did, the beautiful vision of him in his tailored tuxedo nearly took Vito's breath away. The man was his and would always be his if he had anything to say about it. Time to make it up to him.

“Are you still mad at me?” Zindel asked. “I'm still mad at you.”

“Be quiet and come here,” Vito commanded and Zindel obeyed, and he slipped his arms around Zin's waist, pulling him down onto his lap. “I don't do this often, but I owe you an apology. I was cruel to you, it was unwarranted.”

Zindel placed his hands on Vito's shoulders. “I was wrong too. I didn't think what I was doing was that bad. But I had

time to reflect while cursing your name in the shower.”

Vito chuckled. “Oh? And what conclusion did you come to?”

“That you were mad at me because I tried to play you for a fool.”

Vito arched an eyebrow and nodded. “You did, and you know that I’m not that kind of man.”

Zindel kissed his cheek. “I do know.”

“Why didn’t you just come at me straight?”

“Because I didn’t think you’d be receptive. I mean, even after everything I did, you still weren’t.”

Vito didn’t say anything because Zindel was right. He had still disregarded Zin’s plight, which if he could label the extremely rare emotion he was feeling at the moment, it would be guilt. “I’m sorry about that, minx.”

“My feelings for you, Vito... they blinded me.”

“Your feelings?” Vito asked.

Zindel shook his head. “Let’s just say that I hope I’m not just some experiment to you. Some hot, sexy, and gorgeous piece of ass you’re fucking for pleasure and exploration.”

“Hot, sexy, and gorgeous?” I’m glad you don’t have a low opinion of yourself,” he laughed.

“And if I did, I doubt you would have even noticed me.”

Vito smiled. “You’re right. I wouldn’t have. But to answer your question, minx, no... you aren’t some phase. You’re

mine. Just the thought of any other man touching you..." he trailed off, his nostrils flaring as he calmed his anger and annoyance at the sheer notion.

Zindel leaned forward and kissed him, because as far as he was concerned, no more words needed to be spoken. He realized Vito was a complicated man and one who didn't express the softer side of himself well. He was used to men like him having lived with a bunch of badass outlaw bikers since he was ten years old. Vito's tough exterior wasn't an act, it was a part of him and something that turned him on. But like a double edge sword, it could also cut him.

"What am I to you, Vito?" Zindel asked.

"Mine, and that's all I can tell you right now," Vito said.

Zindel nodded. "What you said earlier... it hurt me."

Vito pressed his forehead to Zindel's. "I know. I'm sorry," he whispered.

"Apology accepted," Zindel said, then placed another peck on Vito's soft but full lips. Lips that could be just as sensual and generous as they could be vicious.

"Tell me about your friend." Vito looked at his minx.

Zindel smiled and wrapped his arms around Vito's neck and was careful not to mess up his hair that had been perfectly styled. "He's twenty-four, been working at Desires for four years already. He had a lot to work off because he paid for his little sister's hospital bills. She's alive today because of his sacrifice and I really respect him for that," Zindel said.

Vito nodded once, then slipped his hand inside Zindel's pants and underwear to grab that plump ass he couldn't get enough of, and Zindel moaned as he bit his lip. "He's noble... unlike a certain minx I know, who had to pay off a debt he'd made by robbing the wrong man."

Zindel rolled his eyes and sighed. "At least my brother and Hound Dog got to keep the motorcycles I'd purchased. And I got to keep everything I'd bought for myself."

Vito chuckled. "So, Bailey, he has another year and a half to work off. That's if he keeps working in the bordello and strip club. If he drops the bordello, he'll have to work longer. None of the other sections of Desires pay as well."

"Can't you just forgive the debt?"

Vito shook his head. "I could, but I won't. It sets a bad example for everyone else."

"I would think that example was set when you made me your personal assistant," Zindel pointed out.

"I think everyone knows by now that you're more than my personal assistant," Vito stated.

Zindel smiled. "Still, can't you just..." He shrugged. "Let it go?" he asked in his sweetest voice.

Vito sighed and slapped the plump asscheek he'd been massaging. He pulled his hand away and motioned for Zindel to rise and he did. Vito stood up too, and adjusted his suit. "Let me think about it. For now, we need to go if you want to make it on time."

“Let me just do my hair,” Zindel said.

“Don’t take too long, I don’t like arriving late to anything.”

Zindel looked at him as he brushed his hair. “You’re going to really think about it, though, right?”

“Hurry up,” Vito said, then walked out of the bedroom, leaving Zindel to wonder if he managed to change his mind or not. At least he was willing to think about it, and that had to mean something to Zindel, he hoped.

FOUR





WOLF

“ARE YOU NERVOUS?” WOLF asked Zaire “Ze” Esai as he watched Kevin “Hound Dog” Hunt adjust the young groom’s bowtie. The latter had about sixteen years on Ze, was thirty-three when he took Ze and Zin into his home. A testament to how mature the man was and how much he loved the two brothers.

Ze shook his head. “Nope, why would I be? We’ve been living together for two years.”

“And they have a son, to boot,” Hound Dog added.

“Seth’s a handful, too. Love him,” Ze said.

Wolf shrugged. “Some people, even though they’ve been living together, can get cold feet at the altar. It’s the whole commitment issue. Their money is your money, their debt is your debt sort of shit, I guess.”

“It’s because once you’re married, you are officially responsible for each other,” Hound Dog said, then patted Ze’s shoulders. “I’m happy for you, Ze, and proud to have been a part of your life, to help raise you into the man you are today.”

Ze gave the man he considered his adoptive father a wide, toothy grin and hug. “Thank you, HD. You’ve been amazing to both me and Zindel. I can’t thank you enough.”

Wolf watched the two men embrace, then he rose and walked over to Ze, checking him out from head to toe. “Well, the look isn’t anything we’re used to when club brothers get married. The whole tuxedo get-up. I’m used to brothers wearing their cuts.”

“Hell, none of us can wear our cuts for this event,” Hound Dog fussed as he fiddled with his cufflinks. “This shit is so constricting,” he continued to complain. His long salt and mostly pepper beard had been trimmed just a bit and looked very lavish with the scented oil Helena Bridger had bought him.

Wolf scoffed. “Didn’t nobody tell your ass to bust out a three-piece suit. The invitation said dresswear, but a regular old suit sans tie would have sufficed. Check out how I’m flexing.” He held his arms out at his sides, showing off just how good he looked in the black slacks and shirt combo that hugged every muscle and line of his figure just right.

“Shut up,” Hound Dog retorted, then adjusted his tie.

Ze shrugged. “Colton’s mother insisted we keep his relationship to the club as much under wraps as possible. I think her words were ‘Keep the thuggery to a minimum’.” He shook his head. “His mom is such a b—.” He cut himself off when he saw the stern look coming from HD and he remembered the two were dating of a sort.

“Yeah, watch what you say about her, boy,” Hound Dog said, and pointed a finger at Ze.

Ze rolled his eyes. “You’re fucking her cougar ass. I’d hardly call that a relationship.”

“Still, show her some respect.” HD gave him a warning look.

“She your secret old lady?” Wolf asked, then put his black suit jacket on his wide, muscular shoulders. The suit had to be tailor-made to fit his six-six, two-hundred and seventy-six pound frame. His long, wavy black hair was in a single braid down his back. His beard was neatly trimmed and as always, he was blinging with his jewelry. Earrings, a silver bracelet that had the club’s patch charm on it, and a few signet rings on his fingers that served dual purposes. One, they made his fingers look good, and they made for impromptu knuckles to deliver extra damage when he punched someone.

Hound Dog shook his head. “Not yet, but god knows I’m trying to make it something more than just mind-blowing sex.”

“Ewww,” Ze said with a shiver.

Hound Dog stepped up behind him, slapping him on the back of his head. “Shut the fuck up.”

Ze laughed as he rubbed the sore spot, and his hair back into place. “My future husband’s mother is fucking the closest person I have to a dad. Excuse me if I find that gross. So, like if you two manage to get married, it quasi makes Tiger my stepbrother.”

Wolf chuckled. “Let the man be, Ze.”

“Yeah, let me be great, as Zin would say, you little bastard,” HD added.

Wolf pulled out one of his joints made with the quality weed he grew himself, then lit it. He took two puffs, then offered it to Hound Dog, who accepted it. After HD partook, he offered it to Ze, who obliged. The three men enjoyed the joint until it was gone and left them feeling very relaxed.

“It’s been a long road for you two. I mean, you met under the craziest of circumstances,” Wolf said.

Ze nodded. “If it hadn’t been for a rat spooking me, I’d be dead. So, yeah, crazy is an understatement. But it was also the best thing that could have happened to me. Meeting Tiger–Colton was a gift. That’s the best way I can put it. I love that man with everything I am.”

“Damn, that was sappy as fuck,” Wolf teased and Ze punched their president in his huge bicep.

“Did you finish writing your own vows?” Hound Dog asked.

“Yep, and that’s one of my lines,” Ze said.

The door opened and all three men turned to see Ze’s little brother, Zindel, enter wearing his tuxedo. His shoulder-length curly black hair was tied in a ponytail. He had a slender build with compact muscles perfect for his agile body. He smiled at Ze. “Hey bro, are you ready to become a rich man’s wife with your high ass? I can smell the weed all the way out there.”

Ze snorted. “I’m not high, and don’t be an asshole. Come here.”

“That’s because it’s high-quality shit,” Wolf said proudly.

Zindel chuckled and walked over to his brother, hugging him.

“God, I’m so happy you can be here. I didn’t want to get married if you couldn’t be my Best Man,” Ze said.

Zin pulled back and looked up at his brother. “I know, and I’m honored you waited for me. This is just awesome. My big bro getting fucking married. I swear, I didn’t see this day coming. Not with your crazy ass.”

Ze scoffed and playfully shoved his brother away. “Don’t make me regret waiting.”

Zindel laughed. “Never.”

“Better.” Ze winked. “Speaking of odd relationships, where’s your mafia boyfriend?”

Zin sighed. “Out there in the crowd sitting down with his bodyguards.”

Wolf cocked an eyebrow, because Vito had one bodyguard in particular that he wanted to get better acquainted with. They’d only had a few encounters, but he wanted the man and looked forward to seeing him again. “Is that sexy Middle Eastern delight with him?”

Zin cackled. “Demir never leaves Vito’s side. They’re like best friends too.”

Wolf crossed his arms over his chest. “Is that so? What can you tell me about him?”

Zin shrugged. “He takes his job seriously, I know that much. He’s fearless, not sure if he’s gay or bi or whatever. He keeps his emotions and shit so constrained, I have a hard time reading him.”

Wolf smirked. “Naw, he’s into men, bi, at least.”

“How can you even be sure?” Ze asked.

“It’s not because he’s given me any looks or anything like that. As you said, the bastard has the ultimate poker face. It’s more what’s been said that leads me to believe he swings my way. Like him telling me he’s out of my league. Not once has he said that he was straight,” Wolf pointed out.

Zin giggled. “Good luck, even if he is, you couldn’t get your cock inside his wired tight asshole. I bet when he comes, it’s just cock dust, that’s how long it’s been since he’s been fucked. He’s so intense.”

Wolf laughed then and raised an eyebrow. “I do like a challenge.”

“How intense is he?” HD asked, surprised.

Zindel shrugged his shoulder. “He kind of reminds me of Ze in the sense that there’s a darkness in him, but his is calculated. It could just be because he cornered me once in a dressing room one day.”

“He did what?” Ze asked, his body tensing at the idea of someone hurting his little brother.

“He didn’t hurt me, so calm down, Ze. He just wanted to test me, I think. I was going after Vito really hard, because God, that man is gorgeous and all the hot hell can’t handle. Wooh,” Zin said, then fanned himself.

“Getting back to Mr. Intensity,” Wolf commented, wanting to get back to the story.

Zindel sucked his teeth and rolled his eyes, but went on. “Anyway, he was really protective of Vito and wanted to make sure I wasn’t trying to trick him and kill him or some shit like that. I told him all I wanted from Vito was his cock in me.”

“Jesus, Zin,” Ze said and shook his head. He knew his little brother well.

Zin shrugged. “What? The man is fine, I’ve got excellent taste.”

Wolf chuckled. “I guess your blatant honesty did the trick.”

Zin nodded. “Oh yeah. I mean, Demir has two sides to his personality, and he can snap to one or the other like that.” He snapped his fingers for emphasis. “It’s different from you, Ze. You slip into that darkness. With Demir, it’s just there.”

“It’s just there for me too,” Ze said.

Wolf scoffed. “What is this, a competition about who’s craziest?”

Ze smirked. “Maybe.”

Zin shook his head. “With you, Ze, it’s like you have to be in that mood. You get excited about it, you anticipate it, then

once you're satisfied, you can return to normal... is the best way I can describe you. With Demir, he just is. Like, even when he's joking around with Vito, he's drenched in that darkness."

"So, what you're saying is he's dangerous?" HD asked, then tossed a knowing look at Wolf, who rolled his eyes.

"Oh yeah, he's dangerous," Zindel said.

"So are we," Wolf stated, because he wasn't one bit deterred from getting his cock in between Demir's luscious asscheeks. He returned his gaze to Ze. "Back to you. So, are you ready? We need to get out there."

"Yeah, now that my baby bro is here, I'm ready," Ze said.

Zindel looked at Hound Dog and whistled. "Check you out, HD. I didn't think you'd ever put on a suit."

Hound Dog harrumphed. "Only for Ze's wedding." He was looking quite dapper in his three-piece suit. Wolf suspected he made the extra effort for Helena's benefit. The battle ax matriarch of the Bridger Family, which also meant she was the boss of a family of highly trained assassins.

"And to impress a certain silver-haired harpy," Ze added. He dodged a blow from Hound Dog and ran out of the room. Zindel giggled and followed his brother, leaving Wolf and Hound Dog alone.

"So, Helena's got your number? Really?" Wolf asked.

Hound Dog smiled sheepishly. "Man, she's something else. I've never met a woman like her. The level of confidence and

control makes my dick pop up like a jack-in-the-box. It's not one-sided either, she wants me too. But we're just taking it really slow."

Wolf nodded. "She's over seventy years old... how's the sex?"

"That is one spry ass senior citizen, you hear me? Her body is sexier than some women more than half her age. Shit, she wears *me* out!"

To that, Wolf cocked both eyebrows. "Damn, alrighty then." He sighed with a smile. "Let's go get our boy married off," he said, then put his arm around HD's shoulders and the two men joined the other men of their club and their families in the audience. The wedding was being held in a botanical garden the Bridger family owned. A rather small private affair in order to minimize the exposure, as paparazzi were located outside photographing all who attended. Which was one of the reasons the club brothers arrived in their cages. The other reason being, it was cold as hell and snow was on the ground. Unlike most of their chapters located in warmer cities, the Chicago chapter allowed brothers to wear their cuts inside their cages when they couldn't ride their motorcycles. They always had to represent.

As for the location, the scene looked beautiful, colorful and fragrant exotic flowers everywhere surrounded the hundred chairs that lined either side of the aisle to accommodate the two-hundred guests. Not an empty chair in the place as both grooms had support. The minister was standing under the arch

that had vines and flowers entwined through the lattice. Everything was rather elegant and Wolf knew that it had to be all Helena's work. The woman ran her family with an iron fist that had an iron gauntlet on it. As badass as Colton was, the fifty-two-year-old did what his momma told him.

Wolf adjusted himself before settling down into his chair. He looked around as he did, trying to spot who all was there. He saw Helena and members of who he assumed were her family and Colton's associates and friends. To Wolf, most looked like they'd shit their pants if the bikers had come in wearing their cuts. Which was the reason Helena did not want them to look as intimidating as they actually were. There had been some pushback on the request and it was at that point that Wolf put his foot down. If any brother didn't want to part with their cuts for their brothers' wedding for one day, then they didn't have to attend. That ended any debate and all of the brothers agreed to not wear their cuts. Everyone wanted to support their club brothers getting married.

Wolf looked behind him and caught the powerful mob underboss, Vito Castiello, sitting with his bodyguard, Demir. The three men locked eyes and Wolf winked at Demir, whose eyes narrowed at the flirtation. Wolf smiled, then turned back around. *Yeah, there's definitely something there*, he told himself.

"I feel out of place without my cut," Brian "Bruiser" Ried fussed and fiddled with his tie.

Wolf snorted. "It's just one day, calm down."

“I know... but you know as good as I do that cut becomes a part of our soul,” Bruiser said. He looked very handsome in the outfit, mohawk, tattoos, and all.

Wolf nodded. “I don’t think it’s the cut issue that’s bothering you. When was the last time you ever had to wear a suit?”

Bruiser laughed. “Prom.”

Wolf chuckled. “Well, there you go. You can loosen up at the reception.”

The classical music began, shushing the crowd, a fancy number with plenty of string instruments and piano. The first to come down the aisle was Zindel and Colton’s brother, Nathan, and they walked side by side as each groom’s best man. Each was gorgeous in their tuxedos and Wolf smiled to see Zindel’s happy expression as he walked down the aisle of his brother’s wedding. The event had been postponed until the moment when Zindel was free of his debt. Currently, he wasn’t free of the debt—per se, but he was free in a sense. Of course, Wolf felt like the debt didn’t matter to Vito at this point. The mobster seemed to be enthralled with Zindel from what Wolf had observed. Zindel did have that effect on people.

Once the two Best Men took their places, Tiger and Ze came down the aisle together, hand in hand. Another set of very handsome men, one about twenty-four years older than the other, but the two men had found each other under the most fucked up of circumstances as far as Wolf was concerned. Tiger had been hired to kill Ze and would’ve

succeeded, but in the midst of fighting to the death, they fell for each other and now they were making it final. Tiger was sexy as ever in his tailor-made tux, his silver and black hair styled to perfection, and his beard well-trimmed. He looked every bit the rich, cultured, high-society bastard he was. Ze, who normally liked wearing t-shirts, jeans, his cut, and boots was damn near unrecognizable in the expensive tux. It was surely enough to fool anyone here on Colton's side who didn't know that he was also a part of the Lords of Chaos MC as well as Zaire.

The two men stood before the minister and began saying their vows to each other.

Tiger held Ze's hand and professed his love and devotion. "My cub," he began in a voice that was masculine, deep with a bit of gravel to it. "Fate gave me a gift the day it brought you into my life. I promise to cherish you and love you and..." Tiger leaned forward to whisper into Ze's ear and everyone in attendance could only speculate what he said, but it was enough to make Ze—a hardened biker and killer's cheeks blush ever so slightly. He pulled back and winked, then continued. "I'll do this until death and only death do us part." He slipped the ring on Ze's finger.

Ze smiled and gave his vows. "Colton, who would have thought that a rat would be a good luck charm."

To that, Tiger laughed as well as some of the bikers who knew the story. Nathan even smirked.

Ze went on. “You’re everything I could have asked for and more. And I promise to...” He raised up on the tips of his toes and whispered into Tiger’s ear all of the things he was going to swear to him that the two men wanted to keep secret in a room full of curious people.

Wolf smirked because he knew Ze enough to know that man was probably pledging to get spanked, beaten, and fucked just the way Tiger wanted to do it and just the way he loved it. He’d already seen the two in action at a party a few months back. It was intense fucking, that was for sure. Ze pulled away and ended with more sweetness that made Bruiser roll his eyes. The biker leaned over to Wolf.

“This shit is gooey as fuck, got my balls aching,” Bruiser joked.

“You might want to see a doctor about those aching balls,” Wolf retorted with a chuckle.

Bruiser laughed, but shook his head. “I’ll be back to normal once we get to the reception.”

Ze slipped the ring on Tiger’s finger, and the minister took over from there. Finally, the wedding was over after the minister pronounced the two men married and they shared a kiss that was a lot of tongue and spit swapping. Wolf saw Helena make a disapproving expression, but she composed herself fast enough. Nathan patted his brother on the back and the two hugged as the little brother congratulated big brother on his nuptials. Everyone began to approach them, giving their well wishes.

Wolf rose and walked over to the men, both club brothers, and gave them hugs. “I’m happy for you. I’ve got to admit, I didn’t think it was going to last. Felt you were both moving too fast, but you proved me wrong and I’ve never been happier to be wrong.”

Tiger shook Wolf’s hand and smiled. “Thanks, Prez. Yeah, there was no way I was going to let my cub go after I’d finally found him.”

“Thanks for your support, Wolf,” Ze said, hugging him.

Wolf nodded. “I’ll catch you at the reception. I’m fucking hungry so don’t take all day getting there.”

They laughed and Wolf left the area to drive to the banquet hall located in an art museum. Another fancy affair that rich people could indulge in. Wolf was what he considered wealthy, not rich, even though he had a net worth of around five million dollars. He’d made good investments and he poured a lot of that back into his club, his family, and his tribe. Being part of the Bear clan, his mother made sure he understood his heritage. Some of the tattoos that donned his flesh was a representation of his devotion to and respect for his tribe.

The reception was about ten minutes from the botanical garden where the wedding was held, and about twenty-five people were already there, making themselves comfortable and chatting. Wolf sat down at his designated table and watched as more and more people began to file in. He smirked when he saw Zindel arrive with Vito and Demir at his side,

ever the watchful bodyguard. Wolf checked the man out from head to toe and couldn't help but lick his lips. He watched as Vito took Zindel's chin between his fingers and raised his face to his own. Words were spoken and Zindel seemed to melt into Vito, and the two shared a kiss before the mobster released him. Vito gestured to the wedding party table where family, Best Men, and grooms would be sitting.

Zindel walked over to the table, joining Nathan, Hound Dog, Helena, Colton's sister Iris, and her husband Gregory. Wolf was joined by members of his club and he couldn't help but notice how the tables were set up not to mix guests. The bikers and their families all sat together, and Colton's side of the wedding guest had their tables. Vito and his security team also had their own table. He figured Helena arranged all of this probably as a way to cut down on any drama... or slip of the tongues about their family business from those in the know. It didn't really matter to Wolf, he'd rather not be sitting next to a bunch of stuck-up rich pricks anyway.

"How long do you think it'll be before they bring out the food?" Paris "Romeo" Lexington asked as he stared at his fancy but empty place setting. "I hate functions like this where they starve you until they think everyone is here."

Wolf chuckled at his Vice President. "Rather they had a buffet?"

"Fuck, at least some damn dinner rolls. I knew I should have stopped off at McDonalds before I came here," Romeo continued to gripe.

“I don’t like being around all these stuffy ass rich people,” Dwayne “Nails” Balfour stated as he removed his suit jacket. He’d been wearing a dress shirt, tie, and jacket with black jeans combination. That was as formal as he was going to get. The next thing he took off was his tie, then he unbuttoned the top two buttons on his shirt. “That’s better. Fucking thing was choking me.”

“Should have gotten a clip-on like me,” said Reginald “Peepers” Jenkins, who was dressed in a dark blue suit with a crisp white shirt. He was also wearing his signature shades, as he was blind, had been since childhood.

“You motherfuckers are bitching more than the old ladies,” Wolf teased.

“I get cranky when I’m hungry... or horny... or hot,” Romeo stated.

“The triple threat H-letter words. Gotcha,” Wolf joked and some of the men and their old ladies laughed.

“I, for one, am enjoying myself. I thought the wedding was beautiful and I’ve never seen Ze so happy,” said Kisha. She was Johnny “Tat” Galino’s old lady and hot as hellfire with her smooth mahogany skin, her long dark hair in box braids. Her tits and ass were plump enough to give the tight-fitting clothes she wore a struggle for their seams. She had Johnny wrapped around her clit as far as Wolf could tell.

“Our wedding was nice, too,” Tat said to his wife of one year.

Kisha smiled and leaned over, kissing her man. “It was perfect.”

Wolf decided to excuse himself to visit the other tables to check in on his club brothers. Everyone was pretty much on the same page as wanting to eat, except for Dillon “DJ” Jamison who had stopped to grab a snack before coming to the reception. He returned to his table in time for Tiger and Ze to enter the reception hall and everyone began to clap. The smiles on the two men’s faces were as bright as the lighting and Wolf couldn’t help but smile too. He was happy for his club brothers and a part of him found it humorous that so many people here had no idea that both men were ruthless killers, one being a serial killer and enforcer and the other being a seasoned professional assassin. You wouldn’t be able to tell just by looking at them, especially not in their pristine tuxedos.

The two men made the rounds, giving their greetings and gratitude to people at the tables and when they approached Wolf’s, Ze came around and leaned down into Wolf’s ear. “Shadow Fox is here,” he said.

Wolf’s eyes widened, because that was a name that held great significance. Two years ago, Shadow Fox was the professional assassin that was commissioned to take Ze out since Colton had failed to do so. And his enforcer was telling him that the motherfucker had the nerve to be at this damn wedding! Wolf rose from his chair and casually placed his arm around Ze’s shoulder and walked him out of the great room and into a quiet hallway where they could speak freely.

“Who the fuck is he?” Wolf asked.

Ze laughed softly as he shook his head. “You ain’t gonna believe it.”

“I will when you finally fucking tell me,” Wolf said, his tone showing the agitation he was feeling.

Ze’s lip quirked up. “Demir. The man you’ve been eyeballing all this time. He’s Shadow Fox.”

Wolf stared at Ze for several seconds because his brain had shut down and had to reboot in order to process the words that had come out of Ze’s mouth. “You mean to tell me that assassin we were all concerned about two years ago is that fine ass motherfucker?” he asked once he found his voice again.

Ze nodded. “Nathan recognized him at the wedding sitting next to Vito. He told Tiger and Tiger told me. If you remember, Nathan was the only one who’d actually seen what he looked like.”

Hearing that kind of news should make any rational man want to run in the opposite direction, but Wolf wasn’t rational when it came to getting what he wanted. A lord never backs down. He ran his hand over his beard and smirked. “I’ll be damned. So, is this going to be a problem?”

Ze shook his head. “As long as he’s not here to kill me, which I hope not, I don’t think so.”

“Are you going to ask him about that time when he was paid to kill you?”

Ze pursed his lips and looked off to the side. "I'd like to know."

"Yeah, my inquiring mind wants to know too," Wolf said. "Did Zin know?"

Ze shook his head. "Not that I'm aware of. I haven't told him and he sure as fuck didn't tell me. I don't think he knew. It's not like Demir's codename is tossed around in front of him. The only reason why I know is because Nathan and him had that faceoff and according to Nate, Shadow Fox is a man you don't forget. Might explain why you're jonesing for him."

Wolf chuckled. "So, now Nate knows Shadow Fox's real name. We might be taking a chance by exposing him when we ask."

Ze shrugged. "His boss is dating my brother. I'll take that chance because I want to confirm, really. And if you're serious about getting to know him better, then you need to know too."

Wolf nodded thoughtfully. "So, when do you want to ask him?"

"Shit, after we eat. I'm fucking hungry and the cum I had earlier in the back of the limo just doesn't hit the spot," Ze said, smiling.

"I was going to say you missed some," Wolf said.

Ze's eyes widened and he began wiping at his mouth to Wolf's hysterical laughter. Ze turned to him, eyes narrowed. "You asshole."

Wolf wiped the tears from his eyes and smiled. “I couldn’t help myself.”

Ze shook his head. “Let’s get back inside.”

The two men walked back into the great banquet hall and took their places.

“Everything good?” Romeo asked Wolf.

Wolf nodded and he couldn’t help but look over at Vito’s table and to the man at his right. Demir Balik. His cock stirred because he thought getting the man into his bed was going to be a challenge before, now it was even sweeter. Demir was observing everyone, not letting his guard down whatsoever. Wolf smiled and turned back to Romeo. “Everything is fine.”



“You know I thought this meal was going to be bland and still leave me hungry, but this shit was good as fuck,” Bruiser said as he settled back in his chair with a satisfied grin on his face.

Like Wolf and most of the men in the Lords of Chaos MC, he’d chosen the prime rib, twice baked potatoes, and garlic string beans, with a garden salad and croissant. The food was excellent and Wolf had to agree as he ate the last piece of his prime rib. Everyone seemed to be having a great time at the affair and he’d tossed glances Demir’s way throughout the dinner and several times, their eyes met. And Wolf being Wolf, he didn’t look away. He was a predator.

He waited until everyone started moving about, chatting with each other and dancing before he rose and made his way toward Vito's table. Zindel was already sitting next to Vito and Ze met up with Wolf.

Vito looked up at the two men approaching. "Can I help you?" he asked as he took a sip of the champagne.

"I just have one question for Demir," Ze said.

Vito cocked an eyebrow. "Oh? And what do you need to ask my right-hand?"

Zindel's shoulders tensed because he didn't know what this was all about, but the last thing he wanted was bad blood between his brother and the man of his dreams. He'd choose Ze every time, but his dreams and heart would be crushed.

Ze gestured to a chair one of the bodyguards was occupying. "May I sit?"

The guard scoffed, but waited to see what his boss was going to say. When Vito gave a short nod, the man rose, adjusted his suit, and gave Ze a warning look before taking a few steps back. Ze was unfazed by the bodyguard as he sat down in the man's chair. Wolf remained standing at Ze's side.

"So, what the fuck is this about?" Vito asked.

Ze looked at Demir. "I'm just going to get to the point. Were you hired to take me out two years ago?"

"What?" Zindel asked, a shocked expression on his face as he looked at his brother, then Vito, then to Demir. "You tried to kill my brother?"

Demir's face was unreadable and he didn't respond. Instead, Vito answered for him.

Vito cut Zindel a look that was all business, and Zindel huffed, but kept quiet. "That is a question best directed at me and should be asked at another time, don't you agree? I mean, it's your wedding," he stated, then drummed his fingers on the table top.

"Yes or no?" Wolf said. "It's a simple question. It's not like we're holding a grudge. We just want to know."

Vito looked up at Wolf. "I'm not in the habit of discussing my business in public." He then returned his gaze to Ze. "I suggest you enjoy your reception, Mr. Esai."

Ze looked at Vito, then back to Demir, who was still sitting like a statue and he nodded. "One day, hopefully you'll tell me how you got the nickname 'Shadow Fox'," Ze said to see if he'd get a rise out of Demir. Still, nothing. "Anyway, I also wanted to thank you for allowing my little brother to come to my wedding and be my Best Man."

"Family is important," Vito said, and that was all he said.

Ze caught the hint and rose from the chair. He walked away, but Wolf stayed.

"And what do you want?" Vito asked him.

The mobster was an intimidating figure, no doubt. But Wolf was a man who intimidated men, not the other way around. He smirked. "Just wanted to know if Mr. Balik wanted to dance?"

Demir's eyebrow twitched and it was the first facial expression he'd made since Wolf approached their table. "I don't think so."

Wolf shrugged. "It's a wedding, surely your boss can let you unwind a little."

"I just don't want to dance with you," Demir said.

Wolf smiled. "Well, we can skip the appetizers and go right for the main course."

"Being?" Demir asked, an eyebrow cocked.

"You and me in my bed doing what two red-blooded men with sexual appetites do. Or your bed, or a hotel bed, makes no difference to me," Wolf said, his brown eyes raking over the man, drinking in all of his beauty.

Demir took a deep breath and Vito smirked as he took a sip of his champagne. "Walk away, Mr. Sanders," Demir said.

"Don't be a frosty fucker. I mean, you do have sex, right?"

"You know, I've been wondering that myself," Zindel said and Vito immediately put down his glass and gripped Zin's chin, forcing the young man to look at him. Wolf's eyebrows creased as he witnessed the manhandling first-hand. He was on the verge of saying something until he saw the smile on Zindel's face and the lust that glistened his gaze. He knew the Esai brothers were an interesting duo and it would seem like both men had found their perfect mates. Men who were crazy, brutal, and possessive enough to give them what they desired and it went both ways. Not Wolf's cup of tea, he wasn't into

being manhandled and slapped around, but he never judged. You liked what the fuck you liked. And you loved whomever the fuck you loved.

“You don’t need to concern yourself with any man but me,” Vito told Zindel, a snarl on his face seemed to make Zindel flush.

“You already know you have my undivided attention,” Zindel said.

“Do I? You were very distracted earlier.”

Zindel’s smile was full of wickedness. “Was that before or after you shoved your cock into my mouth and ass?”

“Before, during, and after.”

“You’re bringing that up again?”

“Only in jest.”

Zindel leaned forward, licking Vito’s bottom lip. “Oh then, I apologize, Boss of Me.”

Vito’s face darkened with the blood that rushed through his body and a low growl escaped his throat. Wolf coughed, not really to clear his throat, but to cease the interruption from Vito and Zindel so he could continue his flirtation with Demir.

Vito’s gaze panned from Zindel to Wolf. “Something caught in your throat?”

Wolf shook his head. “No. I just wanted to get back to this one right here.”

Vito gave an agitated snort. “I don’t see how what I’m doing is getting in your way from being turned down again.”

Demir chuckled a little at Vito’s jibe before he took a sip of water.

Wolf smirked. “So, you can smile and even laugh.”

Demir gazed up at him. “I can do many things.”

“So, what do you say? Dance with me?” Wolf asked him.

Vito kissed Zindel, then released his chin and returned his attention to Wolf and Demir.

Demir smiled at that moment and it was one that was a mixture of warning and seduction. As if in that smile he was both challenging Wolf to pursue him and also telling him to back off. It damn near left Wolf swooning.

“Mr. Sanders, it’s best that we keep our arrangement strictly business. Your club and our family should never cross certain boundary lines,” Demir said.

“So, you are into men,” Wolf said.

“That’s what you gleaned from my last statement?”

Wolf nodded. “I know how to read between the lines.”

“Then let me be very clear.” Demir made sure he was looking into Wolf’s eyes. “You’re not in my league and it has nothing to do with your looks. You don’t seem like the type of man who can handle who and what I am. This is the moment when a Lord needs to back down,” he said, making sure to use the MC’s own slogan—at least one of them—against Wolf.

“I’ll say this again. Nothing and no one is ever out of my league.” Wolf winked, then walked away. Demir was playing hard to get, and that was something he could have a bit of fun with.

FIVE





VITO

“OHHH, THAT’S MY SONG. Wanna dance?” Zindel asked Vito.

Vito shook his head. “To this? I don’t think so,” he said of the fast-paced pop song blaring through the speakers.

“Well, I’m going to dance,” Zin said.

“Oh, you are?” Vito asked him.

“Pleeease,” Zindel begged sweetly.

Vito sighed. “Go have fun.”

Zindel kissed him. “I’ll be back.” He darted off to dance with the crowd that was cutting a rug on the dance floor, leaving Vito to chat with Demir.

“So, Wolf, do you want to fuck him?” Vito asked Demir, who had been cutting glances at the big ass biker on and off throughout the wedding and reception.

“It’s best that I don’t get involved with him,” Demir simply said.

Vito smirked as he took another sip of his champagne. “That’s not what I asked.”

Demir sighed. “You know I don’t like to get involved with men I’m attracted to, that I want.”

“You know... I don’t think I’ve ever seen you actually *want* a man before,” Vito said offhandedly. In all of the years he’d known Demir since he came to them when he was twenty-two, he’d never seen him with a boyfriend. He’d seen him get fucked once. It was brutal and fast and seemed to satisfy an urge for Demir, but there wasn’t any connection. To Vito, Demir never appeared to fully desire those men. With Wolf, he was noticing something different in his best friend, a longing.

“Because he’s a first for me, at least in a very long time. That’s why I don’t want to give in to my desires. He’s not ready for me. He might never be. In any case, it’s just best not to, especially considering he’s a business partner of yours,” Demir said. “I don’t want to make things complicated.”

Vito cocked his head. “I believe I’ve complicated things well enough. I’m with the younger brother of one of their members, so I’m the last person to judge. Hell, Akari of all people has seemed to find a lover in one of their bikers in Orlando. How the fuck that happened, I want to know,” Vito said with a little chuckle. “I thought he was... what do they call it when someone doesn’t seem to want sex?”

“Asexual?” Demir supplied with some doubt.

Vito nodded. “I guess he proved me wrong,” he said.

“I think it isn’t wise for Akari to get involved either. Neither of us can pledge to them. You’re different, Vito. Zindel isn’t a member of that club,” Demir said.

“True, but then maybe it can just be sex,” Vito suggested.

“Not for me, not with him,” Demir stated.

Vito gave him a thoughtful look, then patted his shoulder. “You do what you think is best.”

Demir nodded and decided to ignore Wolf... if that was possible.

Vito let his calculated green gaze settle on Zindel sitting with his brother and playing with his one-year-old nephew. The baby giggled in Zin’s arms and Vito couldn’t help but feel an even deeper connection to his minx. The song that had been playing that drew his minx to the dance floor was over now. His cock stirred as he watched Zindel’s pretty mouth form a smile that could melt iron. For nearly two months, they’d been together since the day he claimed his minx as his. He’d told his brother about Zindel the same day he’d fucked the man, and Rico wasn’t the slightest bit shocked, which had surprised Vito. *You’re not fazed by this news, brother?* he’d asked him as they spoke using LIS through the camera and screen.

Rico had laughed and shook his head. *You never appeared to like women all that much, Vito. You’d fuck them because you needed sexual release, but you never cared about them. Never could seem to find one you could connect with the way I had with Alessia. Honestly, I thought you and Demir would get*

together as you two seemed to get along right away in spite of the six-year age gap.

We're just friends, Vito had said. I'd never thought about him like that.

Rico cocked an eyebrow. *Never?*

Never.

So, what is it about this one man that has my brother questioning his sexuality?

Am I bisexual if only one man makes me want him?

Rico shrugged and lit a cigar. He'd taken several puffs before putting it down to sign. *Don't label it. Straight, bi, gay, why try to apply a category to how you feel about this man? Just go with it if it makes you happy.*

Those were wise words from his older brother that Vito had taken to heart and why he felt even more comfortable with everyone knowing he was dating a man. Zindel being his personal assistant was simply a way for him to keep his minx at his side. Vito's shoulders stiffened when another man came up behind Zindel, placing a hand on his shoulder. Zindel turned to this man and stood up to hug him and Vito wanted to know who the man was who'd been so bold as to touch what belonged to him. His jaw tightened, but he stayed in his seat so as to not make a scene. Instead, he pulled out his cell phone and texted Zindel his question.

He watched as Zindel chatted with the guy, then pulled his cell out of his pocket. Zindel looked at the screen, then turned

to Vito with a roll of his eyes. He texted back:

Are you serious right now?

Vito smirked as he replied, *Deadly.*

Well, don't start blasting in here. He's just my friend, Snoopy. Nothing to worry about.

Have you fucked him before?

Vito watched as Zindel read his text then threw his head back and mouthed the words “Oh, my God,” before texting back. *Meet me in the bathroom.* Vito read the message, then snorted before slipping his cell back into his pocket. He watched as Zindel excused himself and left the banquet hall for the bathroom.

“I’ll be back,” Vito said as he rose and unbuttoned his suit jacket.

“Do you need me?” Demir asked, always on alert.

Vito shook his head. “No, you stay here.”

Demir monitored the exchange between the two men and could only assume what was about to happen next. He nodded and went back to observing the partygoers. Vito made his way through the tables and past the people dancing, as the reception was in full swing. He walked down the hallway to the first Men’s bathroom and entered. Three men were in it, one taking a piss, the other was at the sink washing his hands. But the one who had his full attention was standing by the last stall. Zindel entered the stall and Vito walked past the men and entered the stall as well.

Zindel smiled up at him, then raised up on the tips of his toes to kiss Vito. “You seem stressed,” he said in a voice dripping with seduction.

Vito’s cock was already hard and he would have his minx there and then. “It’s your fault,” he said, then began undoing his pants.

“Fucking faggots,” said a man on the other side of the door.

Immediately, Vito zipped and buttoned his pants up, then opened the door. He needed to see who was stupid enough to insult him and his minx. The man who’d been pissing when he walked in was now at the sink washing his hands. He looked at Vito in the mirror and shook his head.

“You’ve got something to say?” Vito asked, his tone wasn’t at all friendly.

Zindel came out next, standing beside Vito.

The man turned around as he dried his hands on a napkin. He reached into his suit and pulled out a leather case, then he flipped it open, flashing his police badge. “I’d hate to have to arrest you for lewd and perverted behavior at this wedding,” the cop warned. “You fucking faggots are so depraved. Don’t even know how to act at a damn wedding.”

Vito glared at the man. “That badge doesn’t mean shit to me.”

The cop raised both eyebrows, challenging. “Oh, so you want to spend a few nights in jail?”

Zindel slipped his hand into Vito’s. “Let’s go.”

“Yeah, you should do that,” the cop said.

Vito didn't budge when Zindel tried to walk off. Instead, he cocked an eyebrow at the cop. “Or what?”

“You don't have to do anything,” Zindel said, trying to diffuse the bomb the cop had set off in Vito.

“For trying to fuck in a public bathroom, I can arrest you,” the cop warned again. Then took a stance as if preparing for a tussle.

Vito exhaled, letting the tension go in his muscles. “That won't be necessary, officer,” he said in a tone that was as lethal as the blade he wanted to slide into the cop's chest. Without any further words, he walked out of the bathroom with Zindel and made his way back to his table.

“Do we have to leave?” Zindel asked. “My brother hasn't even cut his cake yet. And I haven't done my toast.”

“We're not leaving,” Vito said, then sat down beside Demir.

“Problem?” Demir asked.

Vito smiled as he sipped his champagne, making it appear as though he wasn't just about to put a hit out on a bigoted cop. “See the asshole who just walked back in wearing the cheap suit with the blue and white striped tie?”

“I've got sights,” Demir said, switching into a mode that was his deadliest. What he'd been trained to be.

“Make sure he doesn't reach retirement,” Vito said.

“Understood,” Demir said.

Vito looked at Zindel to see his minx staring at Demir, then his green gaze landed back on him. “You could just beat his ass,” Zindel said.

Vito shook his head. “No one insults the Castiello family or you and lives. You belong to me, I won’t tolerate anyone disrespecting you,” he said. “Now, go over to your brother, do your toast, eat the cake, because we will leave in an hour.”

Zindel’s cheeks flushed at the sincerity of Vito’s words. He nodded, then returned to the main wedding party table and sat down next to his brother.

“I’ll need to stay behind,” Demir said.

“I’ll be fine. I have enough security with me. I just want it dealt with. Oh, and make it look natural. Also, I want him to know it was because he pissed me off.”

“Understood,” Demir stated. And Vito was satisfied because he knew his order would be carried out without fail.



Forty minutes passed before the cake was cut and toasts were made. When it was time for Zindel’s, Vito was all ears, waiting to hear what his minx would say to the happy couple.

Zindel held up his glass and looked at Ze and Tiger. “When I first met Colton, I didn’t like him.”

To that, there were some chuckles, and Colton nodded as he smiled.

“But when I saw how much my brother loved him, how happy he made my big bro and vice versa, I knew then that they were a perfect match. So, this is to finding your perfect match,” Zindel said, then raised his glass higher, as did everyone else before taking a sip. As Zin drank his champagne, he made sure to lock eyes with Vito.

Vito swallowed, but kept his gaze on his minx. He couldn't wait to finish what he never got a chance to start thanks to the asshole cop. Twenty minutes later, he walked over to the married couple and gave his farewells.

“It was a pleasure,” Vito said in his charming manner.

“Thank you for coming,” Ze said, shaking Vito's hand. “And thank you for taking care of my brother.”

“He's mine. Of course, I'm going to take care of him,” Vito said.

Colton chuckled. “So, is he still your PA?”

Vito nodded. “Yes. He has that debt to work off after all.”

“You know I can pay that off,” Ze said.

“From what I see, you could have paid it off when you came into my office that day,” Vito shot back.

Ze shrugged. “I had twenty grand in my account. Zindel was my responsibility. I was hoping I could give that to you

and the rest you'd just forgive since we were becoming partners."

"Certainly Mr. Bridger could have loaned you the rest. Another thing, why didn't you pay his debt two years ago?" Vito asked.

"I tried, but your boy, Vinny, wouldn't let me," Ze said.

"He didn't?" Zin asked.

Ze shook his head. "The club tried to pay off your debt, but he wanted to make an example out of you."

"I would have done the same in his situation," Vito said and Ze's gaze hardened at that, but the mobster wasn't concerned about the biker's opinion of him in the least.

"Well, I'm glad I know all of the details," Zin said and he smiled. Because he'd been under the impression that the discussion of money never happened. He didn't bring it up, but now that he knew... his appreciation for the Lords grew.

Ze nodded, then turned back to Vito to continue. "And like I said, Zin was my responsibility. Besides, weren't you the one who said that you didn't like to discuss your business in public? You seem awfully chatty now," Ze retorted.

"Well, it all worked out," Vito said with a smirk.

Zindel hooked his arm through Vito's. "Yeah, my brother got to keep his money and you got me." He tugged on his man. "Come on, let's go. I want you to fuck me raw."

Just hearing such raunchiness coming from Zindel made Vito's dick rise to attention.

Ze cocked his eyebrows and shook his head. "I'll call you when we get to the hotel, let you know we made it safely."

"You better," Zindel said, then released Vito to hug both grooms. Then he grabbed Vito's hand and they left. "Where's Demir?" he asked as they walked toward the exit.

"Taking care of business," was all Vito said, and Zindel didn't ask any more questions because he already knew the answers.



Inside the car, Vito turned to Zindel. "Get on my lap," he commanded and Zindel obeyed, climbing onto Vito's lap and sitting his bubbled ass on the hardness beneath the fabric of Vito's pants. "Who do you belong to?"

Zindel caressed Vito's face, letting his fingers glide over his trimmed beard. "You, Vito."

"Don't ever forget it."

"How can I? I wanted you from the first moment I saw you."

Vito growled and grabbed both of Zindel's plump asscheeks. "I want you between my legs, sucking my cock.

But don't let me cum. Edge me, because when I do cum, it's going to be inside your ass, breeding you, Minx."

Zindel's eyes glazed over with lust as he slid off Vito's lap and between his legs in the back of the limousine. Vito didn't bother to raise the partition, his driver and security weren't strangers to watching them fuck by this point. His gaze was locked on Zindel as his slender fingers undid his pants and removed his aching cock. The moment Zin's tongue touched his flesh, Vito moaned and closed his eyes as he let his head fall back. The pleasurable sensation of Zin's tongue and lips licking and sucking his sensitive cock had him jerking and gasping in ecstasy, and growling in frustration every time he came close and Zindel pulled away. *****

"Still want me to edge you, or are you ready to feed me your milky batch, Vito?" Zindel asked as he gripped the base of Vito's cock, staving off another orgasm.

"I told you what I wanted," Vito said, his breath coming in labored gasps and his voice heavy with need and desire. Zindel smiled and continued to edge Vito until the limo pulled into the underground garage. Vito shoved Zindel away from his cock before he stuffed it back into his pants. He reached down, grabbed Zindel's chin, and tilted his head up to him. "When we get inside, I want you to go into our bedroom, strip naked, lube up your tight, little cunt, and wait for me on your knees."

"You're such a freak." Zindel gave him a cheeky smile as he stuck his tongue out at him.

The security opened Vito's door, and both men climbed out. They rode the elevator to Vito's private penthouse and once inside, Zindel ran off past two guards and into the bedroom to do as he was told. Vito undid his tie, but let it drape around his neck. He checked in with his security team first, then read a text message from Demir letting him know that he had the cop's information. Vito smiled.

He made his way into the bedroom once he figured Zindel had more than enough time to prepare himself. He closed the door behind him and had to release a long, shuddering sigh when he saw Zindel naked, his back to him and hands clasped behind his back. Just one look at that ass made Vito weak in the knees. He walked over to Zindel and let his fingertips brush his minx's shoulder as he stepped in front of him. Zindel looked up at Vito, imploringly.

“Is your cunt well-lubed, Minx?”

Zindel licked his lips and nodded. “So wet and messy, just the way you like it.”

“Mmmmmm,” Vito purred, he couldn't help himself. “Get up and bend over the dresser.”

Zindel rose to his feet, then walked over to the dresser and bent at the waist, his palms on the varnished wood. Vito removed his clothes, his cock jutting up before him, ready for action. He closed the distance between him and Zindel and pressed the head of his cock against Zindel's slick hole, then pushed past the tight sphincter.

“Ahhh, fuck! Ooooh, shit,” Zindel gasped and hissed in a mixture of pain and pleasure. He’d stretched his hole as he lubed himself up, preparing for the hard fuck he knew was coming.

Vito shuddered from the pleasure and heat, then growled low. “This beautiful ass is mine. But I want you to show me what you got. Fuck yourself on my cock, Minx. Make us cum.”

Zindel grinned at the challenge, then began working his body as he fucked himself on Vito’s cock while his man stood there, watching him in the mirror. Zindel was watching Vito as well in his reflection, at the pleasurable expression on Vito’s gorgeous face, letting him know that he had him right where he wanted him. He’d edged his man so well in the limo, and the way he was working his ass on Vito’s cock, he knew he wouldn’t be too much longer before they were both blowing their loads.

“Fuck, ahhh fuck,” Vito groaned as Zindel’s hips swirled against him as well as moved back and forth. Vito leaned over, bracing himself on the dresser and pressing Zindel between him and the dresser. He nipped Zindel’s shoulder, leaving teeth marks, but not hard enough to break the skin. He never wanted to scar his Minx.

“I’m cumming,” Zindel cried out as he fucked himself hard and faster. The cologne and other items on the dresser had clattered and fallen over, some hitting the carpeted floor as they fucked. Both men grunted and panted as Zindel worked

them to their climaxes. “Ah, fuck,” Zindel whimpered, then stiffened as his cock fired off.

Vito took over then, gripping Zindel’s hips and pistoning his hard cock in and out of Zindel’s battered hole. It only took a few more strokes before his body tensed and his balls released their load, breeding his Minx with jet after jet of fresh, hot spunk. He slumped on top of Zindel and quaked as the last drop shot from his cock. Both men were breathing hard, their chests heaving, and they smiled as they looked at each other in the mirror.

Vito pulled out, then walked over to the bed, climbing under the covers. Zindel did the same and snuggled closer to him, and the two men wrapped their arms around each other. They were still settling down from their orgasms, but they were very content.

“Vito?”

“What?” Vito’s eyes were closed because, after the day he’d had, he was ready to sleep.

“What about Bailey?”

“Who?”

Zindel slapped his pec. “My best friend, Bailey?”

Vito groaned, then sighed. “You really care about him, don’t you?”

“I love him—as a friend,” Zindel added when he felt Vito’s pec flex.

“Only as a friend? Have you fucked?”

“No, but I have fucked other boys in the bordello when a client wanted a threesome, or just to watch,” Zindel stated.

Vito was silent for a few seconds. Just the thought of another man making claims on Zindel nearly had him seeing red. Never again, he said to himself. Zindel was his!

“Even if we did, would it matter?” Zindel asked.

“It’s good that you didn’t. I’ll just leave it at that. As for your friend, I’ll move him from the bordello. But he owes his debt. I can’t let that slide because others will try to get to me through you, thinking you’re a way to get me to release them. This is why it’s dangerous to do this, to show preferential treatment to your friends.”

“You’re the boss. Who gives a fuck what they think?” Zindel stated.

“Can you handle them coming to you? What will you tell them when they inevitably do?” Vito asked.

“I know how to tell those bitches to fuck off. Some of them were mean to me, so I couldn’t care less if they like me or not,” Zindel said.

“Who was mean to you?”

“Oh no, I’m not telling you. And we can leave it at that.”

“Trying to protect them?” Vito asked.

“Yes, from your wrath. Life is hard enough,” Zindel said, though he couldn’t help but feel special to Vito knowing the

dangerous mobster wanted to protect him.

“Fine,” Vito said, figuring he could find out anyway. “As for Bailey, he’ll be stripping and giving VIP service. But he won’t have to fuck anyone he doesn’t want to. However, I will have to add another year to his time. By not whoring, he’ll be taking a huge cut in pay.”

“Thank you, because it’s better than what he’s doing now. He really hates it.”

“Did you hate it?” Vito looked down at him.

Zindel’s head was resting on his chest and his fingers were playing with his chest hair, the sensation felt good to Vito and this was a level of intimacy he’d never experienced with anyone else. “At first, I did. I cried a lot because I’d been taken away from my brother, my family, and my friends. I knew it was my fault, but still. And it was Bailey who laid with me on those nights when it was the hardest for me to deal. Who talked me through it and taught me how to deal with becoming some man’s plaything. Because that’s what we are.”

“You were.”

“Aren’t I still, but just yours?” Zindel asked as he looked up at him.

Vito licked his lips but didn’t answer... at least not right away.

“Anyway, I began to get used to the life and started to use my skills to elevate myself to become a top earner. True to his

word, Vinny never hurt me or cheated me out of my money. It made doing what I had to do a little bit easier,” Zindel said.

“You’re not my plaything, Zindel,” Vito said, finally.

“Am I your boyfriend? Because I never hear you call me that.”

“You don’t really have a debt. I dismissed it the moment you sucked my cock that day,” Vito said.

Zindel giggled. “Yeah, I can understand that. My blowjobs really are that good.”

Vito half snorted, half laughed and moved his hand from Zindel’s back to smack one of his plump asscheeks. “Shit-talker.”

Zindel kissed Vito’s nipple. “So, what are we, then?”

“Do we have to be defined?”

“Yeah, I kind of need that. I’m needy that way. I like to know where I stand in a person’s life,” Zindel said.

“I’m in control,” Vito said.

“I know and I want that. But I’m also not to be taken for granted.”

“Fucking Minx,” Vito grumbled under his breath.

“Well, I’m waiting?” Zindel prodded.

“Boyfriends in an unconventional relationship then,” Vito said, giving in, which was something he never really did with the exception of Rico, Alessia, or Demir, and on rare occasions, Enzo.

Zindel smiled and held Vito closer. “Just one more thing I need from you that would make this the perfect ending to this day.”

Vito groaned. “What is it?”

Zindel sucked on Vito’s nipple, making the mobster gasp and jerk. “Can you NOT add another year to Bailey’s time? Pleeeeeease? He’s a good person, baby.”

Hearing the term of endearment of “baby” leave Zindel’s sensuous and sinful lips made Vito’s cock stir. “Oh, you’re really trying to butter me up by calling me ‘baby’.”

“I’ve been wanting to call you that. But first, I wanted to know if we were boyfriends. Now that I know we are, I can give you all of me,” Zindel said, then slid himself along the length of Vito’s body, making sure his hard cock grazed Vito’s thigh and the sensation elicited a moan from them both.

Vito couldn’t help but wonder just what he was getting himself into. He’d finally admitted that they were no longer just boss and employee with benefits. Of course, if he were honest, they had stopped being that over a month ago. His brother’s words came back to him, telling him to pursue his happiness and cease worrying about how to categorize it. Just let it be what it was going to be, he told himself as a reminder. Whatever this was with Zindel, it was exciting, and pleasurable, and fulfilling. It made him happy and for now, that was all that mattered.

He sighed. “He’s lucky to have a friend like you, and even luckier that you have a man like me.”

Zindel climbed on top of Vito, making sure to grind his ass over Vito's raging erection. He bit his bottom lip, then leaned down, kissing Vito. "So, you won't extend his time?"

"Ahhhh, fucking Minx," Vito groaned, then grabbed Zindel's ass and flipped him over. "Fine, but no more favors for him, understand?"

Zindel smiled and nodded. "Thank you, baby. Now, fuck me because you own me."

Vito growled because it was exactly what he planned to do.

Vito sat in his comfortable leather chair, going over the books that were beautifully doctored by Zindel, making everything look legit. There was a time he wouldn't have dreamed of putting their business on paper, but the way Zindel arranged everything, it was a work of art and made laundering that much easier. And, if ever they were raided, police wouldn't find shit. Every member had to pay a high membership fee and be scanned for devices upon entering Desires' Member-Only section. This helped to filter out spies and police. And if a cop did manage to get through the door, they'd have to sign paperwork stating they weren't cops to even get into the strip club. Mostly, it was just a test to see how they'd react. They had to do all of that before they even got to the bordello section. They had ways of dealing with cops.

His phone rang and he answered it. "What?"

"Bailey is here," Zindel said, and there was a bit of excitement in his tone. "Can I bring him inside?"

“You can let him in.”

“Awww, but I want to come in too,” Zindel whined.

Vito imagined Zindel’s full, sexy lips pouting and how hot his cock would look slipping between them, but he had to disconnect that from business. “No. Send him in,” he said, putting his foot down.

There was an audible smack on those sexy lips of Zindel’s. “Fine. Here he comes.”

Vito smirked because there was just something about Zindel’s personality that broke all of his rules considering he wouldn’t tolerate the behavior from anyone else. “Jesus, fuck, Vito... how far gone are you?” he asked himself right before his door opened and a pretty blond man with a slender and well-toned build walked into his office. Zindel lingered in the doorway and Vito cocked an eyebrow at him. It was enough to get a frown from his Minx, but Zindel did close the door, leaving him alone with Bailey.

Vito took in the man standing nervously by the door. He could see how a man would want him, although he did nothing for Vito. About five-nine, blond hair, blue eyes, and bee-stung lips that men would love to kiss and have suck their cocks. He wasn’t quite twinkish like his Minx, but still compact. He wondered why the man wasn’t ranked higher among his whores? He was doing well, but he wasn’t on the same level as Zindel was.

“Have a seat.” Vito gestured to one of the two chairs on the other side of his large desk. He watched as Bailey took the seat

to his right and licked his lips.

“Mr. Castiello, I want to thank you—”

“For what?” Vito injected.

Bailey blinked and his bottom lip trembled a bit. “I—um—Zindel said—”

“Said what?” Vito injected again, and his face was stone as he looked at the man. He’d have to have a talk with his Minx about running that little luscious cocksucking mouth of his.

Bailey’s shoulder slumped. “He said you were going to help me, that’s all, I swear, Mr. Castiello.”

Vito sighed. “It seems you were a great help to him when he was in that department, correct?”

Bailey nodded. “He’s my friend, sir.”

“Have you fucked?” He wanted to believe that Zindel had been telling the truth, but he needed to make sure. Only because he could see how much Bailey meant to Zindel. Maybe it was his own jealousy seeping through. In any case, he needed to know.

Bailey’s eyes bulged and his mouth dropped open. He had to blink and clear his throat to gather his senses before he could answer the bold question. “No, sir. Never.”

Vito studied him for any signs of deceit, but he knew the man was speaking the truth. He gave a curt nod. “Very well. From your record, it shows that you’ve been working here four years and have two to go.”

Bailey nodded. “Yes, Mr. Castiello, that’s correct.”

“Quite the debt you have, did you not have another way to pay it back?” Vito asked.

Bailey lowered his head and shrugged.

“Look at me when I speak to you,” Vito snapped and Bailey did as he was told, their eyes locking. “I expect an answer to my question.”

“I knew I couldn’t pay it back, sir. I just wanted to save my sister. That’s as far as I thought about it,” Bailey said.

“And if they’d killed you?”

“I’m the man of my family. I had a life insurance policy on me if I died. At least they’d be taken care of,” Bailey said.

“Not if they never found your body. It would take years or a lot of legal battles to get insurance to pay up,” Vito pointed out.

“I was eighteen when I made the deal with your loan sharks. I didn’t think past getting the money we needed. Does that make me stupid? Maybe, but I was desperate,” Bailey said.

“And desperate people do stupid shit,” Vito said, then sighed. “I’m going to cut to the chase. From this moment forward, you will no longer be working in my brothel, however, you will remain living here, as I still own your debt. But you will now only work in the strip club and the VIP room. If you choose to fuck a member in the VIP room, we get forty percent of what you charge. You can set the price for what you think your ass and mouth are worth. If they’re

willing to pay it, all the better. This isn't an option extended to others, so I expect discretion on your part."

Bailey stared at Vito, still stunned by the offer and his brain rushed to process what it all meant. He blinked a few times before he answered. "I understand, sir. Thank you. Can I still leave the premises?"

Vito nodded. "The rules apply, you have to schedule it and you will be escorted, as you're still my product, a very profitable one."

Bailey took in his boss, Vito hadn't been in charge for long, but he could tell this was a man who knew his shit and didn't play any games. He could see why his best friend was attracted to the gangster. He did wonder what Vito felt for Zindel. "Sir, can Zindel and I hang out sometimes? We've never been able to do that before."

Vito leaned back in his chair, fingers tapping the desk as he observed the pretty blond before him. "When he has free time, which is only on Sunday, I'll allow it."

Bailey nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Castiello."

Vito nodded. "Oh, one more thing, because I have changed your position here, you'll be making considerably less money. Fortunately for you, I will not extend your time. After your two years are up, I'll consider your debt paid in full."

Those were words Bailey hadn't expected to hear. He'd been prepared to take the pay cut and have his contract extended in order to make up for it. Anything to get out of

having to whore for money. Once again, things were looking up. He thanked Vito before being excused.

Vito watched the young man leave, then turned to his computer to look over his other business ventures. A few minutes later, his door opened and Zindel entered, a concerned look on his face, which he'd learned meant that his Minx wanted something. "What is it?" he asked.

Zindel came around the desk and pulled Vito's chair out so he could plop his bubbled ass right on Vito's lap. He wrapped his slender arms around Vito's neck and leaned in, kissing him. Their tongues caressed in a kiss that Vito took over, claiming Zindel because it was his right to do so. Vito grabbed two handfuls of his Minx's luscious ass as they kissed, then growled low when Zindel pulled back.

"Thank you for helping my friend," Zindel said, but he still had a look of concern on his face.

"You don't seem happy, what's wrong?" Vito asked.

"I'm worried about my brother, Hound Dog, and everyone else."

Vito cocked an eyebrow. "Oh? Why?"

"I asked my brother why he and Tiger hadn't gone on their honeymoon yet, I thought they were leaving right after the reception. He told me it was because he had club business to take care of. I was curious, so I asked Snoopy what was going on because I figured Ze wouldn't tell me. Not only am I not club, but he wouldn't want me to worry. But Snoopy just said

they were going to be taking care of unfinished business for good.”

Vito shrugged. “Sounds like they have everything under control.”

“Yeah, maybe. But if it’s what I think it is, they still might have problems,” Zindel said with a little pout.

It was the kind of pout that made Vito’s heart skip beats and blood rush to his nether region so fast, he nearly swooned. *Fuck, you have it bad for him*, he thought. “I see.”

Zindel purred, then swirled his hips. “I can feel your dick pressing into my ass.”

“You’re sitting on my lap, are you really surprised my cock is getting hard?” Vito asked.

Zindel smiled. “I’d be disappointed if it didn’t. But can you help them?”

Vito snorted. “With what?”

Zindel let his hand slide down Vito’s chest to rest on his muscular pecs, palms over where he knew Vito’s suckable nipples were. He could feel the little nubs beneath the expensive fabric of Vito’s crisp, white button-down shirt. He loved how sexy Vito looked in his suits, and my god, did the man have taste. The scent of his cologne was an aphrodisiac to Zindel, damn near pushing him into sensory overload.

“If it’s what I think it is, they’ll be going after the Devil’s Regrets. They’ve been fighting each other for years now. I’m afraid someone else will die like they killed Jimmy. He was

like a grandfather to me. He was Hound Dog's dad and it broke my heart that I couldn't even go to his funeral because of Vinny. I don't want to lose anyone else because of that fucking club," Zindel said and the frown had returned to his beautiful face.

Vito reached up, gliding his fingers through Zindel's soft, curly locks. He loved how silky they felt, everything about Zindel was so seductive to him. He leaned forward, kissing and sucking Zindel's neck, wanting to leave his mark in the form of a hickey. Zindel moaned in pleasure at the sucking sensation against his skin. His own cock was rock hard and he loved that Vito was marking him the way he was. He'd put his hair up afterward to show it off.

Vito sucked a bit more of Zindel's fragrant skin between his lips, licking and kissing, which made Zindel shiver and moan from the pleasure. When he was satisfied that he'd left his mark, he pulled back and kissed Zindel's chin. "And what do you want me to do?"

It took Zindel a few seconds to gather himself after what Vito had done. He opened his eyes and looked at the gorgeous and dangerous Italian man whose cock was really jabbing his ass at the moment. "Well, can't you help them? I mean, aren't they your business partners? Doesn't that make them an investment worth protecting?"

"Interesting that you'd come to their defense when they left you to whore for two years," Vito stated.

“You don’t know what you’re talking about,” Zindel snapped and began to rise off Vito’s lap when the mobster grabbed his hips, forcing him to remain in place.

“Oh? Don’t I? Were you not a whore when I took over?”

“I’ve already told you about that. I fucked up and I accepted the consequences,” Zindel said.

“There are consequences you have to accept and then there are those you don’t,” Vito said.

“This was one of those I had to accept. You think my brother, Ze, wouldn’t have risked getting killed to save me? Hell, I bet his then-boyfriend Tiger and he alone could have leveled this place. Killed every man you have in here,” Zindel bragged.

Vito smirked. “Maybe, maybe not. Our men are all highly trained. And say they were successful and managed to free you. They would have put targets on their heads.”

Zindel winked at him. “Exactly. You answered your own question. My brother wanted to save me, but they knew if they did, your vast badass mafia would hunt us down until we were dead.”

“Not only that, but we would have taken out every chapter of your club,” Vito said.

Zindel nodded. “From what my brother told me, that was all discussed. Believe me, because I believed him. They weighed all of the consequences of their actions. I refuse to have anyone die for me because I didn’t listen when I should have.”

He shrugged. "I wanted what I wanted and I paid the price, one way or another. But maybe if I hadn't been a whore when you took over, we might have never met."

Vito chuckled. "And my life would have been simpler."

"Yeah, you say that, but just one look at me in that tank of water and you knew you wanted me. Imagine if you'd seen me on the street, looking fine as I do, but I was with another man?" Zindel teased. Another shiver ran through him as he watched Vito's pupils dilate and his gaze grew darker, predatory.

"You're mine and if you ever think about leaving me, think again," he said, his voice thick with desire.

Zindel smiled. "I was just saying, what if we hadn't met here?"

"No point in entertaining a scenario that never happened." Vito slapped Zindel's asscheek, then sighed. "Getting back to your brother's club. You think they're in trouble?"

Zindel nodded. "They won't tell me anything, but I don't want anyone I care about to get hurt. Please help them."

The way Zindel could beg left Vito feeling like he could deny him nothing. Again, he sighed. "When do you think this is going down?"

Zindel shrugged. "Not sure, but soon. Ze said he and Tiger will be going on their honeymoon in two days."

"I'll send Shadow Fox to help them."

“You mean Demir?” Zin asked slyly

“Why are you asking?”

“Because I was sitting right there when my brother asked the question. Or did you forget since you had silenced me?” Zindel retorted.

Vito sighed, because the truth was obviously out. He nodded. “It’s Demir’s codename.”

“Interesting codename. Sounds sneaky,” Zin commented.

“Demir’s training was very extensive and the name is well deserved. In any case, I’ll send him to help your brother’s club,” Vito said.

“Just one guy?” Zindel asked. That look of concern was back on his face.

Vito laughed and caressed his Minx’s jawline. “Sending Shadow Fox is like sending ten men. I’m sending my best assassin, so stop worrying. If your brother’s club is as capable as I’ve been led to believe, then they should be just fine. Especially considering Colton Bridger will be with them.”

“What do you know of Colton?” Zindel asked.

“My cock is hard. I want to fuck.”

“Tell me,” Zindel said as he started to slowly grind his hips over Vito’s crotch.

“Mmmm, fuck,” Vito purred, then bit his bottom lip, which drove Zindel crazy with lust. “His family is... very connected. From what I understand, it’s a tradition for them to be

assassins. His mother is their handler and head of the family, she is responsible for her children and grandchildren. As for Colton's uncle and his kids and grandkids, they aren't killers. Some are cops, politicians, priests, teachers, and doctors, jobs that are in high regard. I assume to keep the family appearance of being above reproach."

"Makes sense if your real job is to kill people or cover up crimes," Zindel said.

"To my knowledge, they've been this way for almost as long as the Castiello family."

"Holy shit. So, like you've never worked with them?" Zindel asked.

Vito shook his head. "We don't need their help, my family's business has its own resources, Minx."

"I see," Zin said thoughtfully.

"Now, to have my way with you," Vito said, then he picked Zindel up, placing him on his desk to really claim what belonged to him.

The knock on his door took Vito's attention away from his screen. He was more relaxed now, having fucked his Minx ten minutes ago. He'd texted Demir after he'd tidied himself up and sent Zindel on his way, so he suspected that was who knocked. "Come in," he called out.

The door opened and Demir stepped in. His hair was in a ponytail and he was dressed in a black suit with a black shirt, and the clothes fit him perfectly. He looked like a model and it

was no surprise to Vito that the president of the Lords of Chaos had taken notice. “Have a seat,” Vito said, gesturing to one of the two chairs in front of his desk.

Demir settled into one and looked at Vito expectantly. “What’s up?”

“So, any updates for me?” Vito asked.

Demir smiled. “The cop is taken care of.”

“Good, shit should always be flushed. Now, I have a job for you. According to my Minx, the Lords may be getting ready to plan an attack on a rival club they’ve been fighting for some years. I want you to assist,” Vito said.

“Is it because Zindel is worried?” Demir asked.

“He’s worried, but it’s not the complete reason why I’m asking you to help. I want them to see you in action. I want them to see the power of our mafia and to know that they are in a privileged position that we have decided to work with them. Also, when and if we need them to deal with our enemies, they will be honor bound to rise to the occasion,” Vito said.

Demir smirked, because he knew how Vito’s mind worked. He nodded. “I’ll leave right now.”

“Good, and report back.”

“I will,” Demir said, then rose and left the office.

Vito leaned back in his chair feeling very good about the future of his family business, and his own.

SIX





WOLF

WOLF LOOKED AT THE video footage on his cell phone that Snoopy had given him, thanks to Peepers' excellent spy work. They finally had their ducks in a row where the Devil's Regrets MC was concerned. He had originally wanted them under lockdown, but a party was the next best thing. Meant their guard was down, which was stupid on their part. Years of war and peace between the two outlaw MCs was about to come to an end.

“So, tonight, they’ll be there for the birthday party?” Wolf asked after pausing the surveillance video.

Reginald “Peepers” Jenkins nodded. His black shades hid his eyes. He’d been blind since he was four years old, but he never let him slow him down. It helped that he had very supportive parents, and a brother, Ronald “Clapback” Jenkins, who remained by his side no matter what. The two men made for one badass duo.

“They’re celebrating their president’s birthday,” Peepers added.

Wolf leaned over and scratched Peepers' seeing-eye dog, Rex, behind the ear. Rex was a beautiful German Shepard that got along with everyone. He had a mixed breed himself, a beauty of a dog that was half wolf, half Siberian Husky. His dog, Honi, was currently at home, chilling.

Wolf sighed and sat back. "Okay, I've already called Church so we can go over our final plan because tonight is payback time. We're taking these motherfuckers out. It's been a long time coming, especially after what they did to Jimmy. Waiting these months to strike has been testing my patience, but fate is finally on our side."

"Fuck yeah," Peepers said.

"I have everything I need to disable their communications devices, but it'll do the same to ours," Snoopy said. He had a new 1% tattoo on his forearm that he was very proud of. The little punk kid had come a long way and was a man now, for sure.

Wolf nodded. "Which is why I'm holding Church in an hour, so we're all on the same page since we won't be able to communicate with technology. Tonight, not one Regret will remain."

Snoopy nodded. "Sure thing, Prez."

Wolf noted that his voice was more refined since his days of prospecting and fawning over Ze. He could have told the little computer hacker that he was barking up the wrong tree by crushing on their enforcer. Ze was as much of a bottom as his little brother, Zindel. Rough around the edges where Zindel

was smooth. Violent where Zindel was sassy, but still, power bottoms, both of them, and looking for a power top. Snoopy found out when they all met Colton “Tiger” Bridger. The Daddy Ze needed, apparently. Their wedding was beautiful and he was going to postpone their attack until after their honeymoon because it was imperative that he have both Ze and Tiger available for this attack.

The newlywed grooms did the club a solid by postponing their honeymoon instead. That was why he wanted to end it all tonight. Wolf couldn’t wait to be done with the Regrets and he knew his club felt the same.

“It’s been a long time waiting to get all of their asses in one location,” Wolf said absently as he gazed at the live video feed the Regrets didn’t know about. A secret camera Peepers had placed affixed to the bottom of a table from the angle.

“I’m going to grab something to eat before the meeting, Prez,” Snoopy said.

“Yeah, this is all I needed. For now, you both can go,” Wolf said, dismissing them.

Snoopy helped Peepers out the door and then stepped aside to allow Brian “Bruiser” Reid in. Wolf looked up at his Tail Gunner; the man was about five-ten with brown eyes, masculine features, and handsome in a brutish way. He had several tattoos, mostly on his upper body and legs. His head was shaved on the sides, leaving a dark mohawk, giving him the appearance that fit his road name.

“What’s up?” Wolf asked.

“We’ve got a visitor. Vito’s guy, Demir. Says he needs to talk to you,” Bruiser said.

Wolf arched an eyebrow, because this was an unexpected but not unwanted visit. “Sure, send him in.”

“All right,” Bruiser said, then walked out of the office only to return with the mobster.

“You can leave us,” Wolf said.

Bruiser nodded and shut the door behind him. Wolf checked out Demir, the man looked all kinds of sexy in his black suit ensemble. A neat and elegant representation of the Castiello Family. He wanted nothing more than to throw Demir on his desk and fuck his brains out, then have Demir do the same to him. He wondered what had brought the stud to his clubhouse, so he decided to ask him. “What can I do for you?”

“It’s what I can do for you,” Demir said, then pointed to a chair. “May I?”

Wolf narrowed his eyes but nodded. “And what is that, exactly?” He studied Demir, because he could see what Zindel had referred to, the edge of the blade that was hidden behind the calm facade. This man was dangerous, and knowing that just made Wolf want him even more.

Demir took a quick look around the office, noting the decor, then his brown gaze settled on the handsome man before him. The one he’d been jerking off to when the mood struck him. The one who was off-limits. He made sure to keep his

composure as he sat down. “I take it your office is secure to discuss business?”

Wolf snorted. “Of course. And you don’t have to speak in code either.”

Demir gave a curt nod. “It has been brought to my boss’ attention that you may be in need of assistance regarding a problematic club. He sent me to lend you aid.”

How in the fuck did Vito find out about their attack? was the first thought that entered Wolf’s mind. He didn’t like club business getting to the ears of non-club people. “And who told you that?” he asked.

Demir smirked. “Is it true or not?”

“Whether it is or isn’t, it’s not *your* business,” Wolf pointed out.

“Do you really want whatever you’re planning to fail because your pride wouldn’t allow you to have enough firepower? My boss is offering you my expertise... for free, mind you. It would be unwise to refuse his help,” Demir said.

Wolf scoffed and shook his head. “You’re mafia and I’m smart enough to know that nothing is free. Whether it’s money or a favor in return, your boss will want something from me and my club in the future.”

“Consider accepting his aid as a way to solidify the relationship, then,” Demir stated.

“And will he be sending any more men, or is it just you?”

“Just me.”

Wolf looked Demir up and down and he knew a cold-blooded killer when he saw one. The man had a demeanor about him that was violence ever so slightly tamed and he could tell that even now, he was in a different mode. He longed to see just how loose Demir could get when he let his guard down. “I’m going to ask you a question, and I want you to answer it.”

“Yes,” Demir said. “That is the answer to the question you’re going to ask me.”

“You don’t even know what I was going to ask, though.”

“I am Shadow Fox. Is that what you wanted to know?”

Well, he has me there, Wolf thought. “How close were you to taking out one of my brothers two years ago?”

“The target, who was also the groom at the wedding, was very close to his ending. But don’t let that get in the way of the present. If I wanted Zaire dead, he already would be. The contract was canceled and I don’t hold grudges regarding it or him,” Demir said.

“So, are you like, what... that guy Akari? I heard he was pretty lethal when helping our chapter brothers deal with their pest problem,” Wolf asked. Dasan had told him all about it as a way to keep the other chapters abreast of what the Castiellos were capable of. Needless to say, Wolf had been very impressed.

Demir sighed. “Akari and Akane are extremely highly trained, yes. I am like them; however, I was not trained as they were.”

Wolf smirked. “Less skilled?”

“Of course not. Just different.”

Wolf was curious as to what he’d meant by that. He hadn’t met the twin assassins, so he didn’t know if they would give off the same vibe that Demir did. Dasan had said that Akari was a vicious little bastard, and that was enough.

Wolf nodded. “Well, we do have Ze, Raven, and Tiger on our team. They are not to be underestimated,” he said.

“And trust me, they have been taken into extreme consideration by my boss,” Demir said.

Wolf frowned. “And what does that mean?”

“Mr. Castiello gives your club the consideration it deserves. That is what it means.”

“Arrogant fucking mafia,” Wolf said, making sure to keep his gaze on Demir.

“We’re well aware that your club has skilled members, at least in this chapter and your Orlando one,” Demir said.

“In all of them, just so you know,” Wolf stated.

“Now that we got the dick competition out of the way, will you accept my services?” Demir asked.

At the mention of dick, the fantasy of Demir taking his cock into his mouth flashed in Wolf’s mind. Even now, knowing

that Demir was the assassin they were all worried about two years ago, he still wanted the man in his bed. Probably even more than before. “Let me discuss this with my club. You still haven’t told me who told your boss about us.”

“Who told you about me?” Demir shot back.

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

Demir smiled and it was filled with a lethality that should have sent a more sensible man running in the other direction, but Wolf ran from no one. “Was it Nathan Bridger?” He laughed as he noted Wolf’s stone expression. “It was. You have a great poker face, as they say, and that alone answers my question.”

Wolf cocked an eyebrow. “Two can play that game. I’m guessing Zindel asked your boss to help because he’s worried about his brother?”

“Wasn’t hard to put together, really. For either of us.” Demir rose and unbuttoned his suit jacket, then reached inside, pulling out a white card. He tossed it onto Wolf’s desk. “Call me when you’re ready. Don’t squander this opportunity. It would not settle well with my boss.”

Wolf looked at the card, then up at Demir. “Is that a threat?”

“A wise leader knows when to accept help. That is all.” Demir winked, then walked out of Wolf’s office, leaving him with something to think about. He picked up the card and read it to see that it was Demir’s direct cell. He added it to his cell’s contact list, then put the card in his desk drawer. He then

called his VP and SA into his office and waited for them. Before he brought it to the other club brothers, he wanted to hear their thoughts on the matter.

Five minutes later, Paris “Romeo” Lexington, his vice president, and Devonte “Python” Barnes, his Sergeant-at-Arms, entered his office. “What’s up?” Python asked.

“Take a seat, we need to talk,” Wolf said, then leaned back in his own chair.

Both men took a seat in the two chairs and waited.

“Vito Castiello’s right-hand man just left. Demir pretty much said he was sent to aid us when we go after the Regrets tonight,” Wolf said.

“We don’t need their help. We’ve got this,” Python said.

“Which is what I said. However, he was not so vague while hinting that our refusal of his boss’ aid would be unwise, as he put it,” Wolf stated.

“A threat because if we refuse, it would be considered an insult?” Romeo asked. He shook his head; his long chestnut hair was in a braid down his back and he was gorgeous. Not who one would expect to be an outlaw biker who loved to leave his mark with knives. His brown eyes were studying Wolf. “You want to accept his offer?”

“I think we kind of have to,” Wolf said.

“We let Demir fight with us, and they got us for good,” Python said. He was another one who looked like a model with his long hair in twists down his back. His mahogany skin

bore some tattoos, not as many as other club brothers, and also his fair share of scars. He was Wolf's best friend and they'd never fucked even though Python was bisexual. Wolf noted that he tended to lean more toward women. "How much do they even want for this?"

"That's just it, nothing," Wolf said.

"Oh shit, you know what that means." Romeo gave a sardonic laugh.

"That we'll be in their debt and have to owe them a favor down the line," Wolf said. "Trust me, none of this is lost on me. Thing is, we're in a damned if we do, damned if we don't situation. I'll tell you what, I'm going to have a word with Zindel's gossipy ass when I see him again."

"Pillow talk with his mafia boyfriend got us into this predicament?" Romeo asked.

Wolf nodded. "I'm sure he didn't see this going in the direction it went. Probably just wanted Vito to help so that his brother and us would be safe. It came from a place of love. But he needs to understand that Vito isn't to us what he is to him."

Python sighed and nodded. "He's been locked up in that whorehouse for two years. To Zindel, he just got us back. The last thing he wants is for one of us to die. I get his concern. I'm sure Ze didn't tell him shit, but he must have suspected something was going down since Tiger and Ze postponed their honeymoon."

“Yeah, I get it. But now we have to accept Demir’s help. And furthermore, he’s the Shadow Fox we were all concerned about. He confirmed it,” Wolf said.

Python pursed his full lips. “According to Tiger, that makes him an even deadlier killer than he is. Didn’t he get the jump on a target his brother was trying to take out?”

Wolf nodded. “That’s who told Ze about him, Nathan. And Ze told me.”

“Well, if we have to accept his help, let’s see what he can do,” Python said.

“We’re going to need to include him in our plans,” Romeo said.

“Hell, I’m tempted to send him in first,” Wolf said.

Python laughed. “You think he’d go for that?”

“He wants to help. And if he’s supposed to be as badass as that dude Akari is, I want to know. Tiger really talked these assassins up, claiming the Castiellos never needed his family’s help. We know how badass Tiger is, and Nathan isn’t slacking. If both of them were concerned about Shadow Fox, I say let’s see why,” Wolf said.

Romeo blew out some air and settled back into the chair. He looked at Wolf. “Do you have a plan that includes him?”

Wolf looked at Python. “I’m looking forward to hearing what my SA comes up with. Think about it if you need some time, then run it by me before Church.”

Python snorted. “So, I have what?” He looked down at his watch. “Fifteen minutes to come up with a new plan?”

“Being the SA means you get easy jobs like that. I trust you.”

“Fuck you,” Python shot back and Wolf laughed. “I’ll think of something. You sure you’re not allowing this just because you want to fuck this dude?”

Wolf rolled his eyes. “I control my dick, not the other way around, Python. Do I want to fuck him, hell yes, you’ve seen the bastard. But this ain’t about my sexual desires, this is business, it’s club. And I’ll do whatever it takes to protect us and see us prosper. We’re already in bed with these motherfuckers. I’m going to look at this as an opportunity to prove to these arrogant sons of bitches just how valuable we are. I’m sure Vito Castiello knows that selling drugs in this city and suburbs will gain him the ire of the outfits here, especially the fucking Triad. They’re going to need us, but they just don’t know about us. Demir being here is a test. Sure, Vito sent his best, apparently, to show off what they can do. Now, we need to show him what we can do.”

“Then, let’s try this,” Python said, then leaned forward. “We send Demir in to kick it off and take out as many Regrets as he can. Colton, Nails, Goat, and Bruiser join him. Outside, covering the exits will be the three of us, along with Tat, Clapback, and DJ. Ze and Raven will be on sniper duty. That sounds like a plan to you?”

Wolf smiled. “A fucking beautiful one at that. I knew you’d figure it out. Just one change.”

Python arched both brows. “Oh? What?”

“Send in Hound Dog with the others. He’s going to want to get his hands bloody with this one,” Wolf said.

“Ah, hell yeah, they killed his fucking dad, our prez. That works,” Python said, nodding in approval.

“Okay, sounds like we have it together for tonight. We get everyone on the same page and then we just wait until all are accounted for,” Romeo said.

“Snoopy is doing that,” Wolf said.

“Okay, well, if that’s all... I’m going to go take a shit. My stomach’s been grumbling this whole time,” Python said as he rose from the chair, holding his abdomen.

“I didn’t need to know that,” Wolf said.

“Now you do. Just in case anyone will be looking for me. I’ll be blowing up the bathroom,” Python said with a chuckle before leaving the office.

“Uncouth,” Romeo remarked with a boyish smile. He looked at Wolf. “You’re making the right decision here.”

“It’s the only one that makes sense,” Wolf said.

“Tonight... there will be only the Lords remaining who run this city,” Romeo said.

“Well, as far as MCs, yeah, we’ll run the whole city. But the Castiellos are aiming to control the South side with us. At least

for now,” Wolf added.

Romeo frowned. “You think they’ll try to squeeze us out?”

Wolf shook his head. “No, we have a partnership that is beneficial to them. My concern is the Jade Dragon Triad. We weren’t dealing drugs before, they may start taking notice. But for now, we focus on claiming this city for the Lords by ridding it of Regrets.”

Romeo sighed. “I’ll take it.” Then he rose and left and Wolf laid his head back on his chair and closed his eyes. He had a lot to think about.



Wolf looked at all the men and women sitting around the table that had their club logo carved into it. One of the women, Sienna “Raven” Rodrigues, was one of their enforcers who was undergoing her transition from male to female. Wolf remembered how shocked all the members were the moment she told them all what she needed to do. Even opted to leave the club if the brothers couldn’t accept a female in the club. That option had been squashed right away because not one brother in the club was going to turn their back on Raven. But new rules had to be written into their chapter’s constitution regarding the matter. Since then, they had one more female who was prospecting. Asia “Shade” Morgan, and she was hot

as fuck, too. Even Wolf had to show appreciation, but before any other brothers could tap her ass, Raven swooped in.

In any case, Shade had proved herself capable, and with four months left to go for her prospecting, Wolf decided to let her in on the meeting. They needed all hands on deck for this plan to work. He had just finished explaining Demir's involvement and what he wanted the new plan to be and was now just waiting for their feedback.

“Considering he had been contracted to kill me two years ago, yeah... I want to see what he's made of,” Ze said.

“Well, he's my competition, I think we'll both be gauging each other,” Tiger added.

“How does that even work for your family anyway?” Tat asked. “Like how many assassins are there and how do you decide who gets what job?”

“Just my family, every generation takes the mantle of the assassin and the other family assumes positions in society that hold power. Clergy, politics, law enforcement, things like that,” Tiger explained. “My father was trained as his mother was, and his brother became a lawyer. And his children are trained, and so on.”

“Okay, so, like how come none of your siblings got a chance to do other things?” Bruiser asked.

Tiger sighed. “Because my father's line carries the mantle.”

“So, what if Seth's kids don't want to do it?” Romeo asked, referring to Ze and Tiger's infant son.

Tiger cocked an eyebrow at that. “One of his kids will have no choice and if he only has one, then that child will continue on the family business. My mother controls the family a bit differently than it was in the past. At one point, the family only had one assassin, my grandmother. That’s why my father and mom made sure all of their children and grandchildren carried the mantle as well.”

“So, like, does the rest of your family know or is it a secret hidden since they aren’t in the business?” Tat asked questions others were curious about, including Wolf, which was why he hadn’t interrupted.

Tiger nodded. “Yes, it’s all the family’s business. They have to be prepared if they’re ever called on to assist. My mother actually had to promise the Castiellos a favor in order to get my brother Nathan out of the mess he’d gotten himself in. To my knowledge, they are still owed that favor.”

“That explains a lot,” Wolf said, then slapped the tabletop with his palm. “Okay, let’s get back on track. Is everyone good with the new plan? You know how we do it, yay or nay?”

The men and women each gave their vote around the table and it was unanimous. They all understood what was at stake on all fronts.

Wolf nodded. “The yays have it. All right, you know your jobs, take positions.” He banged the gavel, then dismissed the meeting. Every member had a job to do, stake out the Devil’s Regrets’ clubhouse and the members whose work or home schedules meant they’d be late arrivals. Even if they weren’t at

the Regrets' clubhouse at the time of the attack, Wolf wanted brothers and sisters on them to take them out at the same time. The plan was that coordinated.

The room emptied and Wolf stayed behind to make the call to Demir. "You're in," he said when the assassin answered.

"I passed your club's little voting protocol?" Demir retorted, and the sarcasm in his tone wasn't missed by Wolf.

"We all have our systems and traditions. Don't mock mine and I won't mock yours, like the burning of the saint when Made Men take their oaths," Wolf said.

There was silence on the line, then Demir answered. "Fair enough. I apologize. So, what is the plan?"

"Well, why don't you come back to our clubhouse and I can explain everything," Wolf said.

"I'm on my way," Demir said, then ended the call.



The night was cold as Chicago winters showed no mercy and Wolf could feel the chill in his bones. His breath came out in puffs of smoke and he couldn't wait to get back to the warmth of their own sanctuary. They'd been staking out the Devil's Regrets' clubhouse for the past hour watching as it filled up with bikers and their hangarounds. Wolf was hoping to spare the hangarounds if he could. But he refused to pass

this opportunity up. He was dressed as warm as he could be, leather wool-lined jacket, gloves, and thick black jeans. Not one member was wearing their cuts and everyone had on a face mask, either full or half. Not because he didn't want to represent the Lords, but the last thing they needed was anything that could identify them and link them as Lords getting in the way of this plan. He flexed his hand around the butt of his gun and took another deep breath.

“It's almost time,” Python said.

Wolf nodded. In two minutes, Snoopy was going to cut off all communications, even theirs. They'd be unable to call each other until it was over, but it was a necessary action to make sure no one could call the police in a mile radius. He watched as one Regret stepped outside the clubhouse. He was talking to someone on his cell. Wolf smirked, because in less than thirty seconds, that call was about to be lost. As for their little addition, earlier, he'd gone over the plan with Demir and he watched the assassin's expression. There really wasn't any change and it made him better understand what Zindel had been talking about.

With Ze and even Tiger, at the mention of bloodshed, there was a twinkle in their eyes. There was excitement for them at the prospect of killing. With Demir, there was no change. Wolf could have been giving him a list of groceries to get and it would have rendered the same reaction. It wasn't even cold, just business as usual, if he could put a label on it. And that made him even more curious about the assassin.

He looked down at his watch, ten seconds and then all hell was about to break loose. All but five of the members of the Devil's Regrets were inside the clubhouse. Others couldn't make it or were on their way. In any case, they'd never see the light of day. Wolf checked his gun once more just out of habit, but he was ready for this moment. His heart was thundering in his chest, a mixture of excitement and nervousness. The last thing he wanted was to lose more brothers at the Regrets' hands, and that was what had the knots forming in his stomach. He wasn't fearful for himself, but for his family... his club.

"Let's do this," he said to himself just as the bars on his phone disappeared, letting him know Snoopy was on the job. The Regret that had been in an apparent heated argument with whomever they were talking to pulled the cell from his ear to check it. Wolf watched as Demir, who was wearing a half mask, made his way to the clubhouse. Hound Dog, also wearing a half mask, was at his side, because the biker refused to let the mobster assassin "have all the fun" as he'd put it. The Regret looked up to see the two men approaching and went to reach behind him, no doubt for a gun, but his head snapped back, then his body fell to the ground. A bullet hole formed right between his eyes, courtesy of Tiger, who was positioned where he had a view of the front of the clubhouse. Ze was stationed in the back to catch any who'd try to flee out of that exit. Raven and a few others were probably taking out their assigned marks, those who weren't at the party.

Wolf watched as Demir walked over the dead body and into the clubhouse. A few seconds later, he heard the screams and gunshots. Hound Dog was next to enter and the loud blasts of gunfire rang in his ears. His other brothers entered through the back and side entrances. It was time for him to join the fun. He and several other brothers converged on the clubhouse, and shoved aside two of the female hangarounds who ran out screaming. One didn't even have her shirt or bra on, titties just bouncing. Goat slapped her on her plump ass as she ran by him. Wolf didn't need to see the devilish smile on his handsome face that was hidden behind the mask to know it was there. Goat was just that type of guy and women loved him.

“Stay focused,” Wolf said.

“Always,” Goat said, then winked.

As soon as Wolf entered, he had to take cover as shots were fired in his direction. The brothers who were with him spread out and ducked or dodged as others took aim, firing back. There was enough of a pause between return fire for Wolf to crawl to a better position, which had him crouching behind the side of the bar. He could see the damage that both Hound Dog and Demir had done. Bodies lay everywhere, some slumped over the tables, many lying on the floor, and one was spilling blood over the pool table, ruining the felt.

Wolf could hear more shots and guns blasting coming from the second story of the clubhouse and knew his club was taking care of business upstairs, at least, that was what he was

hoping for. He was still busy downstairs with the remaining Regrets who were standing their ground.

“You motherfuckers are going to pay for this!” rage yelled one of the Regrets as he fired back.

“This is payback you sons of bitches had coming!” Wolf said right before he fired his gun in the direction of his enemy.

He had to dodge behind the bar again as more bullets came his way. Python popped up from behind the bar, as he was right next to Wolf, and took some shots before taking cover again. The beating of Wolf’s heart was hammering hard and it seemed like time was frozen as they battled the Devil’s Regrets. Sweat dripped into his eyes and he had to wipe it away to clear his vision. He peeked around the bar and waited for his moment and when he saw one of the men duck and then rise up to shoot at his brother, Wolf pulled the trigger. His bullet hit the Regret in his side. He followed it up with two more to the man’s chest, the man’s body dancing with each impact of the bullets until it crumpled to the floor. Someone shot at Wolf, the bullet catching the bar, splintering the wood. Wolf fell back, a slender piece of the wood lodged in his cheek.

“Fuck!” he grunted and pulled the splinter out.

Bruiser took aim, firing at the Regret who shot at their president, then he ducked behind an overturned table as bullets came back at him. “Shit, these fuckers don’t quit.”

Wolf peeked around the damaged bar when he heard more shots and saw Demir take out two more Regrets, both perfect

head shots. The bodies fell to the ground and the sound of gunfire stopped. Wolf was cautious as he peered around the bar and noticed that his brothers were the only bikers left standing. They were surrounded by screams and cries of the women who were huddled in corners. Wolf rose and walked over to a Regret that was moaning in agony on the floor. He aimed his gun and put a bullet right between the man's eyes, splattering brain matter and blood all over the floor.

“We cleared out the second level,” Dillon “DJ” Jamison said as he walked down the stairs, his gun still in his right hand. “Our boys took out anyone who ran out the back.”

“Good,” Wolf said.

Hound Dog and Tat were making their way down the stairs and helping Carmelo “Ignacio” Gentile, who'd been shot. “He took a hit,” HD said.

Wolf looked at his injured brother and frowned. “He all right?” he asked, walking over to them to examine him.

“Fuck, hurts like hell, but I'm good, Prez,” Ignacio said.

“Where'd you get shot?” Wolf asked.

“Side,” Ignacio replied.

“Get 'em the fuck out of here. Take him to Doc,” Wolf said.

Hound Dog and Tat nodded and left with their injured brother.

Wolf looked at the women who were now crying and walked over to them. “Are we going to have a problem?” he

asked them.

With her mascara running along with the tears, one of the women had the wherewithal to speak for them. “No, please... please don’t kill us.”

Demir stepped next to Wolf and looked down at the women. “I can handle this,” he said as he reloaded his weapon.

Wolf looked at him, then back at the women. “I don’t think that will be necessary.”

“Loose ends tend to unravel,” Demir stated.

“You women know how to keep quiet, don’t you? You were never here,” Wolf said.

The four remaining women nodded as they begged for their lives. “Please, we won’t say a motherfucking thing. We know this life. Cops ain’t shit. We know how to keep our mouths closed. Please... you can trust us,” the first woman said.

Wolf nodded and motioned for them to leave. The women scrambled to their feet, but Demir took aim and the women screamed and froze as they huddled in fear. Wolf pushed his hand aside as a bullet fired from his gun, hitting the wall centimeters from a woman’s head. She closed her eyes tightly and shook in fear.

“Damn it! You won’t kill them,” he snapped at Demir. “Put your fucking gun away.”

Demir looked at him, then at the women, before returning his gaze to Wolf. Leaving witnesses to a crime went against his nature. But the fiery look in Wolf’s expression made his

cock jump with lust. There was an energy flowing through the man that connected to him as well. At that moment, he wanted to fuck Wolf more than he wanted to finish the job. “My boss won’t like this being messy.”

“We don’t kill innocent women,” Wolf said.

Demir pointed to three women who did lay dead among the carnage. “You were saying.”

“Purposefully, knowingly... There’s a difference. Now, put your fucking gun away,” Wolf said, his voice low, deep, and full of warning.

Again, the look in Demir’s eyes blazed like an intense flame, his nostrils flared ever so slightly, but he did slip his gun back into the holster. “We need to destroy this place.”

Wolf nodded, then looked back at the women. “Don’t say a fucking word, if you do... you will be putting a target on yourself. There’ll be no place you can hide that we won’t be able to find you, do you understand me?”

The women nodded, “Y-yes,” they said, stammering the word.

“Get the fuck out of here,” Wolf said, waving them off.

They ran for their lives, never looking back.

“You’re making a mistake by letting them live,” Demir said. “Witnesses can only harm you if they live to tell what they saw.”

“We’re all wearing masks, they don’t know shit. Besides, we have connections and if one of them tries to speak up... then I’ll take care of it personally,” Wolf said. He turned to the women who did lay dead. It looked as though they’d been caught in the crossfire, something he’d hoped could have been avoided. His club brothers began pouring liquor all over the clubhouse and the bodies that lay scattered.

Snoopy was carrying a duffle bag as he came from the back. “We’ve got a nice haul,” he said.

Wolf’s eyebrows knitted. “What?”

Snoopy patted the bag and smiled. “All of their money that was in their safe.”

Wolf smiled. “Oh, that is nice. Okay, get out of here.”

Snoopy nodded and headed out along with the other brothers.

Wolf walked to the bar and grabbed a dish rag, then poured the last bit of liquor from a bottle of vodka on it. He turned as he pulled his lighter from his pocket and caught Demir looking at him like he was a piece of steak. “You’re even sexier when you’re killing people, I see.”

Demir’s gaze darkened, and Wolf didn’t mistake the lust he saw in the man’s intense stare.

This wasn’t the time or place to get freaky, Wolf told himself. “Let’s go,” he said, then lit the rag on fire. He tossed it and the furniture and bodies that were soaked with the alcohol ignited. Wolf and Demir left the clubhouse and made

their way back to Wolf's car, which was the last one that was parked three blocks away and in the back parking lot of an abandoned building.

Wolf took off his full-face mask and before he could reach for his door handle, he was pushed forward, his body slamming against his Dodge Charger. He turned around, snarling because he didn't appreciate the attack. He glared at Demir. "What the fuck is wrong wi—" His words were cut off as Demir pulled his face to him and crushed his lips to his. Wolf's lips parted and Demir slid his tongue between them and elicited a growl from Wolf. The two men kissed; Wolf took hold of Demir's head as he claimed him for himself. He didn't see the night ending like this, but it was exactly what he wanted. Reluctantly, he forced himself to pull back, and it left them both breathless.

"We need to get the fuck out of here," Wolf said, but then grabbed Demir's chin. "But when we get back to my home, I'm tearing your ass up."

Demir smiled, his eyes still glazed over with all the pent-up desire he was feeling. "Let's go then."



Wolf contacted his VP, Romeo, to tell him he'd be busy with Demir and for him to settle the men down. He didn't wait to hear any protests as he didn't want anything or anyone getting

in the way of him finally getting Demir into his bed. The car ride home was taking too long, so he pulled over at a motel, paid for a room, and was kissing Demir all over again as soon as the door closed. Wolf slammed Demir against the wall, his lips and tongue licking and kissing Demir's neck, chin, and shoulder, then back up to his lips, their mouths devouring each other as they stripped out of their coats.

Demir was breathing as hard as Wolf was, his cock aching to get out of his pants and into the hot, tight ass of the man whom he'd been secretly fantasizing about since they'd first met. He knew he shouldn't be doing this, shouldn't be giving into his desires. Wolf was a business partner and the lines shouldn't be crossed, but all reason was absent from him at this point. He pushed Wolf back, breaking their kiss, then dropped to his knees, his fingers going for Wolf's jeans, undoing them.

"So, all it took was a massacre to get you riled up?" Wolf asked as he pulled his t-shirt over his head, exposing his muscular, barrel chest beautifully decorated with tattoos. His long hair was in a braid that he tossed behind him as he looked down at Demir, who was looking back up at him, his gaze drowning him in the lust he saw in the man's eyes.

"This... this never happened," Demir said, then pulled Wolf's long, thick, hard cock free from his jeans. He took him down his throat, sucking and licking like a man starved.

"Ahhhh fuck!" Wolf moaned, then bit his bottom lip. "Oh, trust me, baby... I ain't never gonna forget your mouth on my

cock like this. Yeah... work that mouth, baby.” He ran his fingers through Demir’s dark, silky locks, then gripped them. He pumped his hips forward, fucking Demir’s sexy mouth as the man’s skill took him to heaven. Wolf let his head fall back as he sighed in pleasure, his eyes closing from the sensation.

Demir’s tongue swirled around the thick cock in his mouth. He loved the taste of it, the smell of it, and the feel of it. He pulled back and licked the veins that bulged from the shaft. As far as cocks go, Wolf had one of the prettiest he’d seen. He rose and removed his own pants along with his shirt, dropping the garments on the floor on his coat.

Wolf smiled, then dropped to his knees and returned the favor, taking Demir’s sexy uncut cock into his hand. He pushed the foreskin back, then kissed the head. He looked up to see Demir’s brown eyes on him, and the fire behind his gaze made the heat rise in Wolf’s own body. His cock was still rock hard, glistening with Demir’s spit and jutting up from his black pubes. But first, he needed to tease Demir, to savor the cock he’d been fantasizing about. He flicked his tongue over the slit, lapping up the precum that had gathered, then he ran his tongue under Demir’s foreskin, right under the ridge of his head.

“Ooooh shit, mmmmm,” Demir purred from the ecstasy and trembled as the sensation sent tingles all throughout his body. And when Wolf finally took him deep into his mouth, the wet suction took him to new heights. He had to brace himself on Wolf’s shoulders to keep his knees from buckling. It was quite literally the best blowjob he ever had. He pumped his hips

forward, breathing hard as he did, and he could feel his balls tightening as his pleasure mounted, but he wasn't ready to blow his load just yet. He pulled himself free and grabbed Wolf's braid, pulling his head back. "I'm going to fuck you," he snarled.

Wolf licked his lips and winked. "Oh, I want you to, and then I'm going to fuck you."

"Get on the bed," Demir commanded.

Wolf smiled, then rose to his feet and made his way over to the king-size bed, which had obviously seen its share of bodies. He climbed onto it and remained on all fours as he watched Demir come up behind him. "We don't have any lube, so you better make me nice and wet, baby."

Demir slapped one of Wolf's muscular and meaty asscheeks. "You don't have anything in your car?"

Wolf shook his head. "On my bike satchel, yeah. But I'll remember to keep some in my car from now on."

Demir smirked, then walked back over to his pile of clothes and picked up his jeans, then pulled out two condoms. Returning, he tossed one on the bed, but kept the other in his right hand. He leaned down and parted Wolf's ass, then lapped at his hole. The big man moaned and the sound went straight to Demir's cock, making him desire Wolf even more. He continued to rim him, which was something he didn't really do to men he fucked. In fact, he'd only done it to one male, a boy he'd been in love with back at the academy he'd grown up in.

Why he was doing it to Wolf, he didn't know... he just knew that he wanted to because he wanted him.

“Fuck... give me your dick... I need to be fucked right now,” Wolf growled. The tongue in his ass had gotten him riled up for the cock he desired.

Demir rose and opened the lubricated condom up and slipped it on his aching erection. He then let some of his saliva dribble on Wolf's hole right before he began to ease his cock inside. His grip on Wolf's hips tightened as he pushed deeper. Both men moaned in pleasure as Demir worked up a steady pace, his cock rubbing Wolf's prostate with enough pressure and speed to drive them wild. Wolf gripped the sheets as his body rocked back and forth with the motion of Demir's pumps. The sounds of ecstasy both men were making fed their lust for each other as much as the sound of skin slapping skin.

Wolf moaned when he felt Demir grow harder inside of him and knew what a stiff cock meant. He smiled. “Yeah... bust that nut. Fuck... I wish we were fucking raw so I could feel all of your hot spunk deep inside me.” He reached between his legs, grabbed his own hard cock, and squeezed the base. He didn't want to come, not yet. He wanted to cum while fucking Demir.

“Oh fuck!” Demir belted out and tensed his body shuddered as he came hard enough to see stars. He slammed his hips against the luscious ass that he'd buried his cock into, then ground his hips, milking his balls of the last drop, filling the condom up.

“Mmm yeah, that’s fucking hot,” Wolf said and looked over his shoulder at a flushed and very satisfied Demir. The man’s chest heaved as he came down from his orgasm, the one his body gave him.

“You didn’t... cum?” Demir asked him as he pulled out, and snatched the condom off, tossing it into the garbage can by the bed.

“Oh, I’m going to cum,” Wolf said, then stood up. He pushed Demir onto the bed. The man landed on his back and bounced. Wolf pounced on him before he could move. “I told you, this pretty ass of yours is mine. I also told you that nothing and no one was ever out of my fucking league. Remember those words when I’m banging your walls raw.”

Demir stared up at Wolf, a low growl bubbled up from him and he snarled.

Wolf cocked an eyebrow. “Oh, what’s this... defiance—save it. You’re mine right now, baby.” He snatched up the condom, ripped it open with his teeth, then slipped it on his nine-inch cock. Next, he hoisted Demir’s legs up, exposing the wrinkled, hairy pucker, a beautiful sight to Wolf. “I bet you make a lot of sweet sounds when a tongue is in your ass, don’t you?”

“Stop talking and just do it,” Demir said, his chest heaving in anticipation.

Wolf obliged and pressed his lips to Demir’s hole, then tongued it, lapping at the tender flesh in a way he knew had to feel good. He swirled his tongue, then slipped it inside and that was when Demir couldn’t hold back any longer.

“Ahh fuuuuck!” he moaned, then sighed as his body twitched.

Wolf chuckled but kept going because he wanted the man to be putty in his hands. When the aching in his own dick became too much, he pulled back and then climbed on top of Demir. He watched the man’s face as he pushed his cock inside of him and loved how his expression was a mixture of pleasure and pain.

“Fuuuuck, you’re tight... like a virgin,” Wolf said. He leaned down, kissing Demir as he began to stroke. Demir encircled his arms around Wolf, holding him to him as they fucked. Wolf’s pace increased as he gave it to Demir hard and fast, the way he sensed the man wanted.

“Ah, ah... ah fuck!” Demir panted and grunted as his prostate got hammered by a man that knew exactly how to fuck him. Who wasn’t afraid to fuck him without mercy.

Wolf smiled as he pounded into Demir. “Yeah, I knew you were a fucking slut. All of that mobster class flew clean out the window with the right dick in you.”

Demir didn’t say anything because no man had ever spoken such words to him. It added to everything he was experiencing. The pleasure was too much, he simply gripped the man tighter and hung on for the ride. The bed rocked with their movement and when the moment finally came, both men were loud as they expressed how fantastic their orgasms felt. Cream flew from Demir’s cock, splattering his chest and stomach as Wolf filled the condom. With his last stroke, Wolf

pulled out and collapsed on the bed beside Demir, both men lay there breathless and sated.

“You were pretty impressive tonight, how you took out those assholes,” Wolf said after some time had passed.

“So were you and your club,” Demir said, then he climbed out of the bed.

Wolf remained on the bed in all of his naked glory as he watched Demir enter the bathroom and close the door. He chuckled to himself because he finally had the sexy mobster and it was as amazing as he'd imagined it would be. A few minutes later, Demir came out, all of the cum was gone from his chest, stomach, and cock. He walked over to his clothes and began to get dressed.

“I'd appreciate a ride back to my car,” Demir said.

Wolf sighed and climbed out of the bed. “Yeah, sure, let me just take a piss,” he said, then walked into the bathroom to relieve himself and freshen up. When he was finished, he walked out of the bathroom and got dressed. Demir was texting on his phone and Wolf was curious. “Reporting back to your boss?”

Demir looked up at him and slipped his phone back into his pocket. “Yes. Just letting him know that the mission at the clubhouse was a success.”

Wolf grabbed his car keys. “Now just to check in with my brothers to make sure every fucking Regret is gone.” He knew he probably should have done that before fucking Demir, but

in the heat of the moment, nothing else mattered. Both men left the motel and made their way back to Wolf's Charger. He'd left his phone in the car by accident and wasn't surprised to see the many messages on it. He took a few minutes to read them. Some from Romeo, one from his treasurer, HD, and the other from Python.

"Good news?" Demir asked.

"Yeah, it's in our code, but basically every target has been dealt with. Also, we didn't lose any members, everyone survived their injuries. I'm sure we have you to thank for that. Hound Dog's text basically said he barely got a chance to kill anyone," Wolf said, then looked at Demir. What HD's text said in detail was that Demir's bullets hit their targets with an accuracy he'd never seen before. First contact, he took out three men, shots to the head in three seconds, that fast.

"They were sloppy, I was holding back so your club could get the revenge you were owed," Demir said.

Holy shit, Wolf thought, but he managed to keep his expression neutral, not wanting to let the assassin know just how much that reveal both impressed and disturbed him. He was already suspicious of Demir's kill skills if Colton was concerned. He felt it was best to keep his thoughts to himself. Wolf slipped his phone into his pocket and started the car, then headed toward their clubhouse where Demir's car was parked in the back. "Look, I know we just rock each other's worlds, but you don't have to make a big deal out of it."

"Meaning?" Demir asked.

Wolf tossed him a look and smirked. “Meaning that we fucked, and now we can move on. I don’t do seconds or boyfriends for that matter.”

Demir stared forward, but didn’t say anything.

“So, what? You’re the strong but silent type?” Wolf asked.

“I’m just thinking,” Demir replied.

Wolf snorted. “About what?”

“I’ll let you know when I’ve come to a decision,” Demir said.

Wolf frowned. “What the fuck does that even mean?”

“You’ll find out.”

Wolf frowned before returning his gaze to the road. “Yeah, I don’t like the way that shit sounded.”

Demir shrugged. “You just gave me something to think about.”

“It was just sex,” Wolf said. Granted, it was fantastic sex, but still... sex. He wasn’t trying to get anything started... he didn’t do relationships. When Demir didn’t say anything, he decided maybe it was best to change the subject. “I’ll make sure to tell Vito that we appreciated his assistance.”

Demir nodded. “That will be wise.”

The lack of conversation was something Wolf found a bit unnerving. He wasn’t used to it. The men of the Lords were a boisterous group and everyone who hung around them knew how to party. Demir’s reserved demeanor and limited-phrase

responses started to leave him unsettled. He sped up a bit more in order to get back to their clubhouse, because the faster he could get rid of Demir, the better. They arrived at his clubhouse five minutes later instead of eight and he pulled his car right beside Demir's black, beautiful Maserati.

"Well, here we are," Wolf said, turning off the engine.

"I've come to my decision," Demir said, then turned toward Wolf.

Wolf chuckled. "Your decision about what?"

"About us, our future."

Wolf put his hand up. "Whoa, slow your roll. Look, we fucked, it was fun. Hell, it was probably the best I've had, but I don't do relationships. No clingy hangarounds and that goes for handsome mobsters too."

Demir winked, then climbed out of Wolf's car and closed the door.

Wolf huffed, then climbed out of his car. "I hope I made myself clear."

Demir opened the door to his Maserati and put one foot inside, then turned to face Wolf. "I told you that you wouldn't be able to handle me. I guess we'll see." He settled into his car and closed the door. Before Wolf could get around his car to approach Demir's, the man turned his car on, hit reverse, and was out of the parking spot in seconds, then he pulled out of the parking lot, leaving Wolf staring at his taillights in a mixture of confusion and frustration.

“What the fuck,” Wolf huffed as he looked around. He was alone, but he felt a sense of worry in the air. Did he just fuck up by fucking the right-hand man of one of the deadliest mobsters in the world? “Shit,” he cursed at himself. Maybe he was just reading too much into it and all that happened was sex between two consenting adults. He took a few deep breaths, then walked into the clubhouse where there was a bit of celebrating going on. It was warranted, as they had something to celebrate. The elimination of their long-time enemy.

The brothers each hugged Wolf or gave him their club handshake, everyone congratulating him on leading them to victory over their enemy as their president. Bruiser gave him a beer and he toasted with his club. Five minutes later, his best friend, Python, came over to chat with him.

“So, did you fuck him?” Python asked with a sly smile, then he took a swig of his beer.

Wolf nodded. “Yeah, fucked his ass bowlegged.”

“Ha-ha, you sly fucking fox, or shall I say cunning wolf?” Python winked.

Wolf shrugged and chugged the last of his beer. “He was hot, sexy as fuck... but I think I’ll make him a one-hit wonder.”

“Yeah, that’s best. Don’t want to mix too much business with pleasure,” Python said.

The two men began talking about how well the night had gone. As far as Wolf was concerned, the night had been a complete success.

SEVEN





TIM “TINY TIM” DAVIS

“WATCH YOUR FUCKING TEETH!” Tim “Tiny Tim” Davis snapped at the man who was currently giving him one of the most mediocre blowjobs he’d ever had the displeasure of having. The man’s skill left much to be desired and TT could tell the guy wasn’t used to sucking cocks as large as his was. He watched as half his cock disappeared into the man’s mouth, then reappeared when the guy pulled back, leaving his flesh slick with spit. The man’s hand jerking him off was also barely getting the job done. Tiny Tim growled and took the man by his head and began to pump his hips, using the man’s mouth to bring himself to orgasm. “We’ll be at this all day, fucking around with you.”

The man didn’t move and allowed his mouth to be used until the big, sexy biker stiffened, then grunted. TT shook with the pleasure of his release, then huffed as the last waves of long-fought ecstasy drifted away. He reached down and pulled his cock out of the man’s mouth and smiled at his swollen lips. He tucked himself back inside his jeans and gave the man a light slap on the cheek. “Next time, I’ll take the cigarettes,” he said, then took one glance to make sure the coast was clear, no

guards to spot them leaving. “Catch you around.” TT walked away, heading back to the common area where his boys were sitting back watching the community television.

He settled into the chair beside Dragon, who had his old boy, Richie, to his right, then Dopey. “Did I miss anything good?” TT asked, his voice as burly as he was.

Dragon shook his head. “Naw, this fucking movie is lame as hell, but it is better than that one from last night.”

“Good, I would have been mad if I missed a good movie for that sorry-ass blowjob,” TT said.

Dragon chuckled. “So, he turned out to be a disappointment, eh? Who knew a guy with those kinds of cock-sucking lips would be bad at what he was obviously born to do?”

TT snorted. “I know, right?” He shook his head. “Fucking travesty.”

“You gotta train ’em,” Dopey said.

Dragon laughed and looked past Richie to Dopey. “So, you’re training dudes to suck your dick now?”

Dopey shook his head. “Fuck no. Ain’t no man’s mouth getting near my wife’s favorite toy. But shit, you gotta train women how to suck our cocks, too. Some of their asses be complaining and shit. ‘My jaw hurts’, ‘my arm’s tired’, and all that bullshit. I ain’t trying to hear all that. I’ve got my wife nice and trained. She’s a pro and I know she’s going to slob all on my knob when I get out of here. I can’t wait to eat my

wife's pussy by the same token. I'm going to eat it like my momma's pumpkin pie."

"That's more information than I needed," Dragon joked.

"Well, I ain't mad at ya," TT said. He couldn't wait until he was free. At least he and Dragon could keep each other company for those last six months.

"I'm just waiting for lights out," Richie said, then he reached down and gave Dragon's thigh a gentle, sly caress before removing his hand.

Dragon smiled, then leaned over, whispering something into Richie's ear. TT barely paid the two lovebirds any attention, but he was happy that they'd found each other. Especially in a prison where hope came to die in most cases, and where love was non-existent. What Dragon and Richie had, TT considered to be a miracle. After the movie went off, the four men played a game of cards until it was time to return to their cells. TT entered his, took a piss, brushed his teeth, then climbed into bed and listened to some music on his MP3 player. He was alone and had been for the past five days, and he loved it. No snoring ass cellmate to piss him off and steal his sleep from him. But he knew it wouldn't last. He just hoped his next cellmate wouldn't be someone whose ass he'd have to kick.



Two Weeks Later

Tiny Tim stood in line, waiting to get his new cellmate. He knew it wouldn't take long before he was assigned one, in fact, it only took another two weeks before the good ol state of Florida made sure to leave no prison bed empty. He watched as a young man with a tousled mop of black silky hair and smooth, brown skin stepped forward and looked up at him with the prettiest and most hypnotizing brown eyes he'd ever seen. The man's gaze held him spellbound and it took the guard shoving him that made him take in his surroundings.

“Wake the fuck up, Davis, keep the line moving,” the CO said.

“Fuck—fine,” TT said, deciding not to curse the CO out and earn himself a punishment. Instead, he motioned for the new prisoner to follow him. The prisoner, TT, and the CO walked back to the cell and once inside, the CO left the two men to get acquainted. TT leaned against the wall, his massive, tattooed, muscular arms crossed over his beefy chest. He watched the man whose lips were the most sensual he'd seen and whose cheekbones would be the envy of many males and females. The man was about five-nine, athletic, and too fucking gorgeous. So much so, TT wondered if that was the crime he'd committed. His cock stirred in his pants but didn't go full chubby yet.

“Where... where do I sleep?” the man asked him, his voice shaky and soft.

TT looked the man up and down once more, and had to shake his head because he couldn't believe a motherfucker that

damn gorgeous ended up in prison. He thought the same thing about Richie. Were models just out doing stupid shit these days that kept landing them in jail? In any case, the man before him... TT wanted all for himself.

“First off, what’s your name?” TT asked.

The guy swallowed. “Ajay Khanna,” he replied with a New York accent.

“Ajay? What is that, Indian? And am I detecting a New York accent?”

Ajay nodded. “I was born in America, but yes... that is my heritage and race. Is that going to be an issue?”

TT smirked. “No. I’m not some racist prick. I just like to try to place names with nationalities, accents too. I’m interested in learning about other people’s cultures.” He shrugged. “In any case, you’re on the top bunk.”

Ajay turned around to get a look at the bunk, then put his belongings on the thin mattress. He turned back around to face TT. “What’s your name?”

“Tiny Tim,” TT said, not giving the man his real name, not yet, at least. “So, what are you in for and for how long?”

“Is this what passes for small talk in prison?”

“We’re in our honeymoon period,” TT stated.

Ajay hugged himself as if he was cold and looked around the small cell. “It’s smaller than I thought it would be.”

“Expecting the Ritz?”

Ajay looked back at TT and shook his head. “No... I... I really didn’t know what to expect.”

“So, are you going to answer my questions?” TT reminded him that he’d asked two of them.

Ajay shrugged, his eyes downcast. “I... I tried to rob a gas station and got caught. I didn’t know an off-duty cop was in the bathroom. He came out and caught me as the dude behind the counter was getting me the money from the register.”

TT cocked an eyebrow and whistled. “Damn, sucks for you. So, how long they give you for that?”

“A year,” Ajay said.

TT scoffed. “That’s it? Normally, someone would get at least five years, up to seven for some shit like that.”

Ajay nodded. “I might have, but the owner begged for clemency on my behalf. The judge took pity.”

“Fuck, you’re a lucky bastard. Well, I’d be lying if I told you time will go by fast, because it doesn’t. Fucking years drag on and on in a place like this. That year is going to feel like ten,” TT said, then walked over to the toilet and pulled his cock out to take a piss.

Ajay turned away just as TT’s stream began to flow. “We don’t have any privacy in this cell, do we?”

TT chuckled as he pissed. “Not at all. But you’ll get used to it. I have this blanket and string set up for when you want to use the bathroom. Just flush and we’re cool.” He shook his cock off and tucked himself back in before washing his hands.

Then he turned around to see that Ajay's back was still turned.
"You the shy type?"

Ajay turned to face him. "Not really... I just didn't want to watch you piss."

"Fair enough. Listen, these are the rules. Since we have to share this cramped fucking space, we need to respect each other's shit and boundaries." He pointed to a chest that was against the wall. "That is mine and it remains locked. But if it isn't, you don't go inside of it without my permission. Understand?"

Ajay nodded. "Yes."

"Don't be a fucking bum. You make a mess, clean up after yourself. Don't piss on the seat and leave it there. Same for shit stains too."

Ajay frowned. "That's disgusting."

TT shrugged. "Yeah, well, a lot of men in here are fucking disgusting slobs. I've been here almost five years and got fourteen months to go. I want to spend that time not having to worry about that kind of shit."

Ajay nodded. "I'll clean up behind myself."

"Good, any questions?"

"Anything I need to know about prison... how to survive this place?" Ajay asked.

TT snorted. "You're going to probably get your ass busted in here sometime this month."

Ajay frowned and flinched. “That was harsh.”

TT shrugged his shoulder. “It’s an ugly truth.”

“Cause I’m new? A fish?”

“That and because you’re pretty as hell. Some desperate bastard in here is going to want to make you theirs,” TT warned.

Ajay frowned. “Any tips on how to avoid that?”

“You find the baddest motherfucker in here and be his friend. Or, if you’re a badass in your own right, you can probably fight them off,” TT stated.

Ajay walked over to the other chest in the room, the one without a lock on it, and sat down. “This one is mine, right?” he asked, just for clarification.

TT nodded. “Yeah, when we go to the commissary, you can buy a lock for it, which I’d suggest you do before you put anything in it. Motherfuckers around here will steal your dreams if you don’t lock ’em down.”

Ajay snorted at the joke, then nodded. “Okay, so, are you someone who can help protect me?” he asked, noting just how big and intimidating his new cellmate was.

“Oh, I am. But my protection doesn’t come free,” TT said.

“Money?”

Tiny Tim laughed. “What money you got? Didn’t your ass get arrested for trying to rob a gas station? That’s one of the lowest of the lows to hit up.”

Ajay scoffed. "I thought it would be easy. Besides, I'll have money after I work. I mean, don't they pay you when you have a job?"

TT snorted then. "You better save that shit for the commissary. You barely get paid enough to buy a month's supply of toilet paper. Anyone giving you anything from the outside?"

Ajay's shoulders slumped and he shook his head. "No. I don't have anyone."

"Well, that's a sad fucking story. In that case, money ain't an option. What else you got to pay me with?" TT asked.

"I don't know what else I can offer you," Ajay said.

TT cocked an eyebrow and gave the young man a look that was full of his lust and Ajay stiffened and shook his head.

"No, no... I'm not into that."

"Into what? I didn't even say anything," TT said.

"I'm not so gullible that I don't recognize the look in your eyes. I don't want to be a whore just for protection," Ajay said.

TT snorted. "Ass is a solid currency in this place and you're too broke to be picky."

Ajay frowned. "I would love to avoid that. I have other skills."

TT sighed. "Like what?"

"I mean, I can keep the cell clean for both of us. And you can teach me how to fight so that I can protect myself," Ajay

said.

TT rolled his eyes. “Again, my services aren’t free. You want me to fight motherfuckers off you and teach you how to fight in exchange for some light dusting of this tiny ass cell?” He shook his head. “Listen, you don’t want to fuck me, fine. I ain’t a fucking rapist. So, if you’re not going to give me even a handjob for my trouble, what else you got to offer for my time and skill?”

“I can cook for us if that’s something we can do here,” Ajay suggested.

TT raised an eyebrow at that. “Well, now that may be something we can work out, but can you actually cook? A lot of people say they can and are lying their asses off.”

Ajay nodded. “Yes, really good. But... what would I cook in here anyway?”

“You can make a whole menu out of ramen noodles,” TT said. “You do have to get creative with prison food. We get some items like summer sausage and spam, shit like that.”

“I can work with that,” Ajay said. “Is that enough?”

TT sighed. “It’s a start. I don’t even know what your cooking tastes like. Might be shit to me and then we’re back to square one.”

“Look, I may not have been a successful robber, but I can cook. My mom was a great cook and she taught me before she passed,” Ajay said in his defense.

“Fine. If I like your cooking, then you’ll have to cook for my boys too, then we’ll be square. Deal?” TT asked.

Ajay nodded. “Deal.”

TT uncrossed his arms and slid his hands into his pockets. “So, why’d you try to rob the gas station anyway?” he asked.

“Nothing I’m proud of. I thought I had hit rock bottom. I lost my job, rent was overdue, so the landlord evicted me. My shit got stolen in one of those homeless shelters. I didn’t have anything and nowhere else to go. So, I figured I could get some quick cash, but I fucked that up,” Ajay said.

“Yeah, that is a tough break,” TT said. “Still, it’s tougher in here without a friend, so you did something right by making me your friend.”

“Why are you in here? You know all about me,” Ajay asked.

“Got caught transporting drugs. First-time offense, but the judge was a cunt and gave me and my boys the maximum of five years. I would be out in two more months, but I put one of these bitch ass inmates in a coma when he tried to rape me when I first got here, so the warden added another year to my sentence,” TT said.

“You seem well adjusted, I guess,” Ajay stated.

TT laughed. “This place will never break a Lord.”

Ajay’s perfectly shaped brows creased. “A ‘Lord’?” he inquired.

TT nodded. "I'm a member of the Lords of Chaos MC. The toughest fucking men walking the fucking planet. Believe me, bitches in here learned that fact shortly after we got here."

"So, no one tries to hurt you?" Ajay asked.

TT shook his head. "They tried, but now they don't."

Ajay nodded. "Okay, so how will you protect me?"

"Well, I'll let my boys know you're under our protection, temporarily of course. I still need to taste your cooking to make it official. But just knowing you're with us will be a warning to others in here to leave you alone. You'll sit with us at meal time, hang with us during free time, you understand me?" TT asked.

Ajay nodded. "Yes. But what about when I'm not able to be with you?"

"That's when reputation comes in. And I will teach you how to defend yourself. Also, I'll try to escort you when I can." He paused and cocked his head. "You know... all of this would be even more effective if people believed that you were mine," TT said.

Ajay frowned. "Yours?"

TT nodded. "If people in here thought that we were fucking, that you were my prison bitch, so to speak. They'll really leave you alone. I mean, everyone knows Richie is Dragon's old boy, no one fucks with Richie. The same would be for you."

"But I'm not your prison bitch," Ajay said.

“They don’t need to know that. And if we put on a little show every once in a while for everyone’s eyes, they’ll believe it. But if you want to take the chance—”

“No, no, I’ll take your word for it. If you say people won’t mess with me if they think I’m your boyfriend, I can pretend. It’ll probably take me a while to learn how to fight well enough to be able to defend myself in here. In the meantime, I’d rather not have to worry about my safety. I mean, like when I’m working... you won’t be there. So, it makes sense,” Ajay said.

TT smiled. “Practical thinker, I like that, and being that smart will go a long way in keeping you alive in here.”

“Leaving here with my asshole intact is my goal,” Ajay said and TT burst out into laughter. “That was funny to you?”

TT nodded. “You looked so serious... when you said it,” he said through chuckles.

Ajay laughed. “Shit, I am serious. I like my asshole the way it is.”

“Yeah, I bet I would too,” TT flirted.

Ajay threw his head back. “Stop it.”

TT laughed again. “Can’t blame a guy for trying.”

Ajay gave him a side-eye, but shook his head. “Can I ask for some privacy? I kind of have to use the bathroom,”

TT smirked. “Number two?”

Ajay made an inaudible sound of embarrassment that TT found to be adorable.

“None of your business,” Ajay said.

“Yeah, that’s the only thing about your ass I’m not interested in,” TT said.

Ajay scoffed, his mouth a perfect ‘O’ in his shock at TT’s boldness.

“Damn, if you keep your mouth open like that, I might feel tempted,” TT flirted.

Ajay snapped his mouth shut. “Please, some privacy.”

TT laughed, then waved before walking out of the cell. He made his way down the stairs and into the common area where Dragon, Richie, and Dopey were playing another game of cards, poker this time. He sat down and slapped both hands on the table.

“Damn, was that necessary?” Dopey asked.

“I needed you fuckers’ attention,” TT said, grinning widely.

“Okay, you’ve got it, what?” Dragon looked at him.

“Got a new cellmate, and this motherfucker got my balls boiling with lust. He’s fucking beautiful and I do mean beautiful,” TT said, breaking down the pronunciation of the word.

Dragon arched an eyebrow. “Oh, you don’t say? Got yourself a pretty boy up there?”

“Nothing you need to concern yourself about,” Richie stated and took Dragon’s chin in his hand, turning his lover’s face to

his. "You're mine." He leaned forward and kissed Dragon quickly before the COs could take notice.

"I love when you're jealous," Dragon said, then winked.

"Yeah, whatever," Richie scoffed, then released Dragon's bearded chin. He looked at TT. "So, what's his name?"

"Ajay," TT answered.

Dragon smirked at TT. "So, what's he in for?"

"Felony, but they basically gave him a slap on the wrist for an attempted armed robbery of a gas station. They gave him a bullet." TT sighed. "He's already looking for protection."

"Hell, that's just smart unless you're like us and can fight," Dopey said.

TT sat back in the chair, his legs spread wide as he lounged. "He can probably scrap, but not on the level you need to be to stay safe in this fucking hellhole."

"So, he asked you for protection?" Dragon asked, then he looked at Dopey. "Call."

Dopey placed his cards on the table, then Dragon and Richie did the same. Richie laughed as he scooped up the cigarettes thanks to his winning hand.

"No fair, you two are a couple. When he wins, you win," Dopey complained.

"Tough shit," Dragon said and then laughed before returning his attention to TT. "So, did he?"

TT nodded. “Offered to give me some of his little pennies he’ll make in this place at first. He doesn’t have anyone on the outside who can give him any real money. So, y’all know that ain’t shit.”

Richie rolled his eyes. “Let me guess. Are you blackmailing him into fucking you?”

“Ass is currency in this place,” Dragon said with a shrug.

“You would say that. Isn’t that how our arrangement went?” Richie stated.

“And what a beautiful thing that turned out to be,” Dragon replied, then gave Richie one of his most charming smiles.

Richie shook his head and laughed. “I hate you.”

“You love me,” Dragon retorted, then sighed. “Anyway, it’s not TT’s style.”

“Oh, but that shady shit was your style?” Richie asked his man.

Dragon shrugged. “It worked, didn’t it? Whose cock are you loving on every night?”

Richie rolled his eyes. “Only because you showed me your softer side.”

“Because I wanted you that badly,” Dragon replied.

“And when you all see Ajay, you’ll see why I want him too,” TT said, then leaned forward, looking at Richie. “But to answer your question, no, wiseass, I didn’t blackmail him. I

allowed him to offer me something in return for our protection and for me training him how to fight.”

“Who knew you were a gentleman,” Richie retorted.

“Just for that, I’m going to leave a shit stain in my underwear for you to wash, prospect,” TT said.

“The hell you will, motherfucker,” Dragon shot back.

“Thank you, baby,” Richie said.

“Damn right, if you’re going to be washing any shit stains out of drawers, they’re going to be mine,” Dragon said.

“That’s almost romantic,” Richie said, then leaned over and kissed Dragon long enough and passionately enough that the COs took notice. He broke the kiss, then waved.

Dragon grumbled at the interruption. “Just fourteen more months and I won’t have to worry about them ever again.”

“Well, in one more hour, we can kiss all we want in our cell,” Richie said.

To that, Dragon winked. “I’m going to do more than kiss you.”

“I should hope so.” Richie flicked his tongue at Dragon, who growled a little.

“God, you two are sickening,” TT stated.

“Don’t hate,” Dragon said.

“You’re like an old fucking married couple,” TT taunted.

Dragon laughed. “Something I’m working towards.”

“Awww, you are,” Richie beamed.

Dragon looked at him and winked. “Might as well, ‘cause I’m not letting anyone else have you.”

Richie rolled his eyes and snorted. “The sweet things you say.”

Dragon smirked. “You know me well.” He returned his attention to TT. “So, where is he anyway?”

“Still in the cell taking a shit and probably thinking about his life choices,” TT said.

“What is he willing to give you for our protection?” Dragon asked. “If he’s as beautiful as you say, a lot of thirsty fuckers will be all over his ass, especially LJ. He’s still salty he couldn’t get Richie.”

“I will fuck LJ up if he tries to make a move on this man. As far as I’m concerned, he’s mine. He just doesn’t know it yet,” TT said.

“Is he even gay?” Dopey asked.

“He hasn’t claimed to be straight and he’s willing to pretend like we’re a couple to make it easier for us to protect him,” TT said. “I think he swings my way.”

“Again, what is the motherfucker offering for our protection, because I’m trying to see what’s in it for me. Dopey’s ass is about to be out of here in two months, so it’s really just you and me motherfuckers in here are scared of,” Dragon said.

“Oh, so, they ain’t scared of me?” Richie asked.

“Not yet, baby. You don’t have that Lord polish yet,” Dragon said, speaking the truth, because TT agreed.

“Shit, prospect, you’re still under our protection,” TT reminded him. “You’re Lord material, but you ain’t a Lord. You get it?”

Richie sucked his teeth and rolled his eyes. “Fine.”

“Well, TT, what’s the deal if it ain’t ass for you?” Dragon asked.

“Ajay, he said he’ll cook for us, and claimed he knows his way around a kitchen,” TT said.

Dragon gave Tiny Tim the side-eye. “That motherfucker better be like my momma in this bitch if that’s the deal.”

Tiny Tim laughed. “Yeah, that’s what I said. We’ll see if he can throw down or not.” He leaned back in his chair again and looked up. “Oh, well, speak of the devil, here he comes.”

All the men turned to see the newest client of the Lords of Chaos.

“Damn, he’s pretty enough to make me consider letting him suck my dick,” Dopey said.

“Don’t even think about it,” TT said.

“Okay, yeah, he’s hot,” Richie admitted, then looked at Dragon who hadn’t said anything yet. “So, you don’t have any opinion?”

Dragon puffed his cheeks out and shook his head.

“What? You’re holding it in?” Richie taunted.

Dragon nodded.

Richie held up one finger. “You get this one time to compliment a man’s looks who isn’t me.”

TT laughed. “Better get it out before he gets down here.”

“That motherfucker is fine as hell! Holy shit, TT, you’ve got to get in on that ass,” Dragon said, finally.

“I know, right?” TT laughed and he and Dragon slapped hands in agreement.

Richie scoffed. “Okay, you ain’t gotta carry on like this.” He stuck his bottom lip out.

Dragon laughed and wrapped his arm around Richie’s waist. “Awww, don’t pout, baby. You know you’re the only man for me.” He said something else in Spanish that was as lewd as he was and it made Richie smile and blush.

“Okay, you’re forgiven,” Richie said, then gave Dragon a quick kiss just as Ajay walked up to the table.

Tiny Tim looked at his two friends and couldn’t help but feel a bit envious of what they shared. Prison was a lonely place and if anything, it put a lot into perspective for him. He wanted what Dragon had. By that, he meant he wanted someone in his life that made him as happy as Richie made Dragon. He was aware that Dopey had that kind of love in his life with Debbie, but he didn’t have to see it every day. Dragon and Richie were a constant reminder of what he’d been

missing. Ajay was the first man to enter the prison walls that actually made him *want*.

TT looked up when Ajay stepped up to him. “Hey.”

“Hello,” Ajay said to everyone at the table.

“Hi,” Richie said, but Dragon and Dopey remained silent, both studying the man with scrutinizing gazes.

“Ajay, these are my boys, Dragon, Dopey, and Richie. They’ll be looking out for you, along with me,” TT said. “You should sit on my lap, because all eyes are on you right now.”

Ajay took a quick glance around and saw that he was getting some unwanted attention. “O-okay,” he said, then settled on TT’s lap.

“You better be able to cook, fish,” Dragon said. “Because motherfuckers are going to be on you like stink on shit, like they were with this one.” He nodded in Richie’s direction to clarify.

“I’ll make a regular ramen for the first meal, but I’ll need some extra ingredients. Can anyone help me with that?” Ajay asked.

TT was looking at Ajay and it felt so good, so perfect to have him sitting on his lap. The chubby that was stirring in his pants earlier was in full bloom at the moment and he knew Ajay could tell, because the man’s body grew stiffer, but to his credit, he didn’t get up.

“You should kiss me,” TT whispered into Ajay’s ear.

Ajay turned to look at him. “Would that be believable and could you like not have your cock stabbing my ass?”

“You’re hot, can’t help my body’s reaction to ya,” TT said. “And yes, it’s necessary.”

“Fine,” Ajay said, then leaned forward, kissing TT, and when the C.O. made a fuss, he broke the kiss and climbed off TT’s lap, taking a seat on one of the empty stools. “Did it work?”

“You must like men because that kiss was pretty convincing,” Richie commented.

Ajay blushed. “I mean... I...” he trailed off. “I just want to survive.”

Dragon scoffed. “Yeah, sure. Anyway, Dopey here works in the kitchen, we can get you some ingredients.”

“What do you need?” Dopey asked.

Ajay gave them a list. “You get me those ingredients and I’ll make the best ramen you’ve ever eaten. Besides, my life depends on it, right?”

“You ass, at least,” Dragon retorted.

“You’re a hot mess,” Richie said to his man, then laughed. He loved everything about Dragon because it was honest. Dragon was an open book to him and it was so easy for him to be the same.

TT smiled at Ajay. “I for one am looking forward to this meal. For now, let’s go back to our cell and get to know each

other better.”

“Just talking?” Ajay asked.

“Unless you want to do more?” TT asked.

“No,” Ajay said, then rose. He looked at the others. “It was very nice to meet you.”

Dragon and Dopey only nodded.

“Same to you,” Richie said.

TT walked off with Ajay in tow and they returned to their cell.

“That was a very convincing kiss down there,” TT said. “I take it, that wasn’t your first?”

Ajay shook his head. “I’m into men... but I don’t want to sell my body.”

TT nodded. “Don’t worry, I’m not buying. I don’t pay for sex. When people fuck me, it’s because they want this cock.” He reached down, grabbing his hefty member, and gave it a shake.

Ajay’s eyes took in the package and bucked a little. “That looks like a weapon.”

TT laughed. “It’s been known to make people scream.”

“In fear?” Ajay was smirking at him now.

TT winked. “In pleasure.”

Ajay laughed and shook his head. “Listen, I wanted to thank you for helping me. And for not being like some creepy rapist.

I was really terrified of that, being locked up with someone who would hurt me.”

TT studied him for a few seconds, then nodded. “Yeah, you’re safe with me. That’s some of the lowest shit a motherfucker can do to someone. Despicable. Don’t worry, I’ve got your back.”

Ajay smiled and that smile struck something inside of TT and made him want the man even more. “Thank you.”

TT sighed, then looked out of the cell window in the door. “It’ll be time for everyone to return to their cells soon, then lights out. Why don’t you tell me a little bit about yourself.”

Ajay shrugged. “Not much to talk about, but sure. I’m twenty-three, I dropped out of high school when I was fifteen. I went through a lot after my mom died and I went into foster care. I hated living with people I knew didn’t care for me, so I ran away. I’ve been living on my own since I was seventeen. I got my GED two years ago and was working in customer service at a car rental place. But then I lost my job five months ago. Couldn’t pay my rent and the landlord put all my shit on the street. People stole it, I took what was left, what I could, and went to a shelter. I got robbed there too. I felt like giving up, but then got the bright idea to rob the gas station. I was that desperate,” Ajay said as he lowered his head, hiding his face from TT as he wiped the tears away.

TT sighed and walked over to him, patting his shoulder. “Yeah, you were dealt a bad hand, but it ain’t over yet. Stick with me and I might be able to help you when you get out of

here. But that's not a promise. I've got to feel your ass out first."

Ajay looked up at him with watery eyes that made TT want to hug him. "That's not a sexual reference, is it?"

TT snorted. "No, my mind doesn't stay in the gutter, you know."

Ajay smiled. "Thank you. Any help would be so appreciated. I honestly don't know what to do with myself when I get out of here."

"Well, you have a year to figure it out," TT said, then plopped down on his bed. "For now, why don't you settle in."

"Are you going to tell me about you?"

"I love motorcycles, action and horror films, slapstick comedies, and amusement parks, just to name a few things," TT said.

"Yeah, me too," Ajay said, then he climbed on the top bunk of the bed. "Do we eat dinner?"

"You missed that."

"Oh man, I'm hungry."

TT sighed, then climbed off the bed. He walked over to his chest and opened it up, taking a bag of chips and a pastry out. "Here, eat this," he said, handing the food to Ajay.

"Wow, thank you," Ajay said as he graciously took the proffered food.

"You owe me," TT said, then climbed back into bed.

“Just wait until you taste my ramen,” Ajay said.

TT smirked because Ajay’s ramen wasn’t the only thing TT wanted to taste. So far, he liked the young man and if he worked his charm just right, he was going to have him.



“Damn, this is some good ass motherfucking soup!” Dragon exclaimed before swallowing another spoonful of Ajay’s meal.

It had only been three days since Ajay had arrived, but Dopey managed to get the goods and Ajay got to cooking, using the prison’s microwave to whip up the miracle they were all enjoying.

“Yeah, it’s delicious,” TT agreed as he gobbled up the soup.

“I haven’t had anything this damn good since I got arrested, shit,” Dopey added, then slurped up some noodles.

Richie just nodded as he slurped noodles.

Ajay smiled as he watched the men enjoying his culinary skills. “I told you I could cook. So, is it a good enough trade?”

Dragon nodded. “Hell yeah, dude, you must be protected at all costs.”

TT finished his first bowl, then went for another. “You keep cooking like this, I’m going to have to really make you mine, no pretending.”

Ajay chuckled. "I'm flattered, really. I just want to earn your help."

"Good job, TT, for arranging something that can benefit us all. I'm man enough to admit that maybe ass isn't the best currency in prison if a man can cook like this," Dragon said, then put the bowl to his lips and swallowed the extremely flavorful broth.

Ajay laughed at that. "I wanted to be a chef."

Dragon burped, didn't bother to excuse himself, because as far as he was concerned, it was a compliment to the chef. He wiped his mouth. "My sister can cook her ass off like this. My family has a few restaurants. You prove yourself loyal, we might have something for you when you get out of here in a year."

Ajay's eyes widened. "Really? I mean... I don't have a certificate for cooking or anything like that."

Dragon waved his hand. "That shit don't matter. I mean, Gina is a certified chef, so ultimately, it'll be up to her if you get the gig, but I'll certainly be putting in a good word." He nodded at TT. "Hey bro, hook me up with one more bowl." He handed his bowl to TT, who did the honors of refilling it. Other prisoners cut them some glances, but no one approached their table to beg.

Richie and Dopey were done eating, as was Ajay, but Dragon and TT were finishing off their second bowl. There wasn't any left, which worked out perfectly since they didn't have a refrigerator. The men chatted for a little while, then

they left the table, going their own separate ways, leaving TT and Ajay alone in the common area.

“I’m really happy they liked it,” Ajay said.

“Come here,” TT said and Ajay leaned forward. That’s when TT kissed him in front of the other prisoners and when he felt the tip of Ajay’s tongue trying to explore, he parted his lips. Yeeah, that was nice.

“Hey, lovebirds, knock it the fuck off!” shouted a CO.

TT growled, but pulled away. Ajay’s face was flushed, but he leaned back and Tiny Tim chuckled at his shyness. “That didn’t feel like an act, baby boy, and I really liked it.”

“Well, you’re not a horrible kisser yourself,” Ajay teased.

TT smirked and turned around so his back was against the table. “Now, getting back to your amazing cooking. You need to see if you can get a job in the kitchen, so you can steal some ingredients out of that motherfucker.”

“What happens if I get caught?”

“Don’t get caught,” TT said.

“Will I get more time if I do?” Ajay asked. “I don’t really want to risk getting any more time added to my sentence.”

“They could put you in the SHU, you’ll definitely lose the cushy kitchen job. I don’t think you’d get more time added. I haven’t seen it happen to anyone who’s been busted in the past,” TT said, then rubbed his belly, satisfied with the meal

he'd just eaten. "Let's go up to our cell, I'm ready to relax after that meal."

"Okay," Ajay said and followed the giant made of flesh and muscle back up to their cell, where Tiny Tim lay out on his bed.

"So, what are you going to make next?" TT asked.

Ajay pointed to a spot on TT's bed. "Can I sit?"

"Yeah," TT said, then moved his long legs out of the way, and Ajay sat. The closeness had an intimacy that TT wondered if Ajay was aware of. In any case, he liked it, so he didn't say anything because he didn't want Ajay to move.

"Well, if you have any more of that summer sausage, onions, and a few other ingredients, I can make some fried noodles," Ajay said, smiling.

"Damn that does sound good. Okay, I'm going to make sure I get some extra shit from the commissary. I'll also tell Dopey to hook us up from the kitchen," TT said.

"Okay, that can work," Ajay said. "So, let's play a game."

TT furrowed his brow. "What kind of game? I mean, I'm all for strip poker."

Ajay rolled his eyes. "I bet you'd be all for Truth or Dare, too."

"I dare you to caress my cock and make me hard," TT said.

Ajay laughed and pointed at him. "See, that's why I'm not playing those types of games with you. God, you're like the

horniest man I've ever met."

TT chuckled and nodded. "Guilty as charged. I love sex and I'm so fucking good at it." He winked.

"Let's just play Never Have I Ever," Ajay said. He ignored TT's flirtation, but it was hard because the man was exactly his type. And that was one of the reasons why it was so easy for him to pretend to be TT's boyfriend. But he never wanted to cross that line. Getting involved with the men in prison just wasn't smart.

TT scoffed. "I guess, but you go first."

Ajay nodded. "Okay. Never have I ever been on a boat. You're next."

TT rolled his eyes. "Never have I ever played this lame-ass game."

"Don't be like that." Ajay slapped his muscular thigh and paused, because it was like hitting steel. "Damn, you work out a lot, don't you?"

TT cocked an eyebrow. "Depends on what you mean by working out."

Ajay moved his hand away from TT's thigh as if it suddenly became too hot. "Never mind. Do you still want to play?"

"Sure, but you have to raise the stakes."

"Meaning."

"Never have I ever run someone over with my car," TT said, giving an example.

“Never have I ever had sex with a woman.”

TT sat up, his interest piquing. “Well, now we’re talking. Never have I ever been fucked in my ass.”

“Never have I ever been fucked in my ass either,” Ajay said.

TT sat up a bit more, scooting closer. “Never have I ever fucked a virgin.”

“Really?” Ajay asked, both eyebrows raised.

“I don’t need to lie about that,” TT said.

“Yeah, I’m just surprised.”

“Well, now it’s your turn.”

“Never have I ever been in an orgy.”

TT laughed. “I can’t tell that lie. But enough of these games. Are you a virgin?”

“Depends on what you mean by that.”

“Have you ever fucked a guy?”

Ajay’s smile faded and he looked away. “I don’t want to play anymore.”

“I stopped playing before I asked that question,” TT pointed out.

Ajay climbed off the bed, then up to his own bunk. “I’m tired now.”

TT looked up at the bunk above him and sighed. Apparently, he’d struck an uncomfortable chord in Ajay. He decided not to push it. Some people were just sensitive about

that kind of thing. “Forget I asked,” he said, then lay back down and thought about the possible gorgeous virgin lying above and how much he really wanted him.

EIGHT





BURGER

“**D**AMN, BROTHER, YOU KNOW you’re a fucking artist with that thing,” Burger said, admiring Maverick’s artistic skill with the tattoo gun as he did Ahiga’s new ink.

“I love making portraits on flesh,” Maverick said, his concentration still on the shading he was doing.

Burger looked at Ahiga now, who was taking the tattoo like a pro. He was laying calmly on the table wincing here and there, but not whining. That impressed Burger, especially since the majority of his own body was covered with ink. “You’re taking it like a champ,” he said, then chugged his beer back.

Maverick snickered. “This ain’t shit. Last month, he had me tattoo a starburst on his asshole.”

Burger choked on the beer he was drinking, his coughing and sputtering making Maverick laugh a bit more, so he paused to not make any mistakes. “Are you shitting me?” he asked once his airway was clear.

Maverick smiled and shook his head. “I shit you not.”

“You’re telling me you actually tattooed his asshole?” Burger asked. “Only Ace has seen that.” He knew it wasn’t anything sexual for the two men, he was just surprised. “I mean, wasn’t that uncomfortable?”

Maverick shrugged. “He didn’t want Alister to do it, because between the two of us, I’m better. And you know I don’t give a fuck where someone wants ink.”

“Stop talking about me like I’m not here,” Ahiga complained. “Besides, I trust Maverick. I don’t trust everyone.”

Burger nodded, because now he understood. He looked at him. “Okay then, why a starburst on your asshole?” he asked, because he was genuinely curious. Maverick smirked, but went back to work.

“Because that’s where the pleasure happens and also none of your business,” Ahiga stated.

Burger snorted and sipped his beer again. “Yeah, you got that right. Ace got himself a little firecracker.” He looked at the design Maverick was working on and smiled. “That looks badass and Ace is going to fucking love it.”

“You think so?” Ahiga asked.

Burger snorted. “I know he will and you do too, or else you wouldn’t be getting ‘Property of Ace’ tattooed as a tramp stamp.”

“To be honest, I really couldn’t think of any better tattoo to have that I wanted to cover up that monstrosity that asshole

did to me,” Ahiga said, mentioning the crude tattoo Randle had marred his flesh with. He already had a tattoo covering the brand that was done on his asscheek of an Ace of Spades. If he was going to have a man’s marks claiming him, it was going to be the love of his life.

Burger nodded. “Yeah, I feel you, buddy. Still, you’re a walking billboard for my brother. The ace of spades on your ass, and now this banner on your back,” he teased.

Maverick scoffed. “Why do you care?”

“I don’t. I’m not making fun of him, just stating a fact, is all. Calm down,” Burger shot back.

“I am calm,” Maverick said, then paused to check out his handiwork.

“I’m happy to have my body claimed by Ace in every way,” Ahiga said. “Besides, we’re getting married.”

Burger smirked. “Yeah, that brings me to why I came in here. Mav, did you get the location reserved? I know it was last minute.” They had to switch places quickly as the first location had suffered a fire three days ago. Ahiga didn’t want to get hitched at the clubhouse, and they couldn’t do it at Grand Old Lady’s home because the weather would be too brisk for an outdoor event. It was going to be in the forties and fifties that week. That was what Floridians called a cold front.

“Yeah, of course,” Maverick said, then went back to tattooing Ahiga, his hazel eyes keen as he worked. He was nearly done. “The bastard tried to pull a fast one and

overcharge, claiming a short notice fee, but I talked him down.”

Burger chuckled. “Yeah, I bet.”

“Are you going to have strippers at your party?” Ahiga asked, his voice almost whiny.

“Of course, it’s a fucking bachelor party,” Burger stated.

“What kind? Male or female?” Ahiga asked.

Burger’s grin widened. “I ain’t telling you. Don’t worry, Ace only has eyes for you anyway. But a man deserves a lap dance before he straps on that ball and chain.”

Ahiga rolled his eyes, but giggled. “Just make sure he doesn’t get too drunk.” He laid his head back down and continued to endure the pain of his tattoo, but it was something he had embraced, he felt empowered getting them.

Burger nodded. “Yeah, he’ll get drunk, but he’ll be fresh as a daisy on your wedding day.” He looked at Maverick. “So, how’s it going with you and Melissa?” Maverick tossed Burger a look that made Burger laugh. “Hey, you’re still fucking her. Don’t look at me like that.”

“All right, I’m done,” Maverick said, then tended to the aftercare for the tattoo on Ahiga’s lower back. “You already know how to take care of it, but I’m going to tell you the process anyway.”

Ahiga listened while Maverick told him how to properly care for his new ink, then he nodded. “Thanks so much,

Maverick. How much do I owe you?" he asked as he climbed off the table to take a look at his new ink in the mirror.

Maverick removed his latex gloves, tossing them in the trash, then washed his hands. "For a tat like that, I normally charge two-seventy-five, but for you, Pint-Size, just give me one-fifty. Consider it my wedding celebration discount."

Ahiga giggled at the nickname as he gazed lovingly at his new tat. "Sure, I've got you. And thank you, I love it!"

Burger snorted. "Why not free, as a wedding gift?"

"Yeah, why not that?" Ahiga teased as he fished out his wallet.

Maverick scoffed. "Because I've got three kids that constantly need shit, two on the way, and three pestering ass baby mommas, that's why."

Ahiga gave Maverick the money he was owed. "I might want another soon."

"Anytime," Maverick said, pocketing the cash, then he looked at his brother. "Did you think to bring *me* a beer? Or were you just thinking of your own thirst with your selfish ass?"

Burger smirked and took another sip. "Shit, brother, you said it. I'm selfish."

Maverick gave him the middle finger.

Ahiga laughed at the brothers, then put his shirt back on. "I've got to go cook dinner now, I'll catch you two later," he

said, then left.

“He’s really come out of his shell,” Maverick said thoughtfully.

“He’s happy here, so it’s easy to do. Getting back to you, though... how are you going to deal with Melissa?” Burger asked his little brother.

Maverick sat down and sighed. He ran his fingers through his long, dark-brown hair and Burger noted the six signet rings on Maverick’s fingers. A lot of the brothers in their club wore jewelry, himself included. Rings made for great weapons in a fight. “Man, I don’t know. She wants to settle down with me, but you know I ain’t about that life... at least not with her.”

“I’m going to be honest with you, little bro... I don’t like her. I don’t trust her. She seems like the vindictive type. I don’t like how she manipulates you,” Burger said, now that the two were alone.

Maverick frowned. “Ain’t no bitch manipulating me.”

“Why are you still fucking her, then?”

“Because her pussy is good, and on tap, that’s why,” Maverick shot back.

Burger shook his head. “Plenty of pussy to get, brother. All the hangarounds we have at the clubhouse... you need to make it clear to her that you’re not a couple. If you aren’t going to commit like she wants you to, then stop fucking her. That will let her know that you’re just the babies’ daddy, not her old man.”

Maverick pursed his full lips as he contemplated what his big brother was saying. “Yeah, you’re right.”

“And now is the time to start doing that. She’s like what? Six months along?” Burger asked.

Maverick nodded. “Seven and shit, don’t remind me. Two more mouths added to the three I’m going to have to feed.”

Wear a condom, then, dumbass, before it’s six, Burger thought, but decided to keep it to himself. He walked over to his brother and patted his shoulder. “Fam and club are here if you need help, you know that.”

Maverick nodded. “A man takes care of his family, though. I’ve got this.”

“I know you do,” Burger said with a nod. He felt his cell buzzing in his pocket. He pulled it out to see that his dad was calling him. He answered. “Yeah, dad?”

“We need to talk,” Dasan said.

The tone in his father’s voice was concerning to Burger, but he wouldn’t keep his dad waiting. “You in the office?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, I’m on my way.” Burger ended the call. “That was dad.”

“By the look on your face, can’t be good,” Maverick said.

“He had that tone in his voice.”

Maverick hissed. “I don’t envy you.”

“Get fucked,” Burger shot back.

“Every damn day, I’m trying,” Maverick retorted with a chuckle.

Burger laughed as he walked out of the door. The tattoo parlor was in their gated compound along with the clubhouse, the garage, the beauty salon, and the diner. Today, it was open to the public, as it was on most days, because it was another way the club made income and helped their community. Burger walked over to the clubhouse and opened the door that was unlocked because it was open to hangarounds, both men and women. It wasn’t a party, but a social gathering. Still, some of his brothers were drunk and others were engaged in fucking, playing a game of pool or cards, or just chatting and smoking.

This was the life as far as Burger was concerned. He made it to his dad’s office and knocked. When he heard Dasan call him in, he entered. “Hey dad, what’s up?” he asked as he closed the door behind himself.

“Have a seat,” Dasan said, and he wasn’t alone.

Burger also greeted his uncles, Diesel and Tank, who were present. He sat down in the chair in front of his dad’s desk. “Is something wrong?”

Dasan arched a dark eyebrow. “You tell me.”

Burger shook his head. “All’s good on my end.”

“We’re talking about that sweet piece of Asian assassin ass you’ve been plundering,” Diesel said, just getting to the point.

“He ain’t club, and can’t be because he’s mafia. You need to break it off with him,” Dasan stated. “Those are the rules, son.”

This was the conversation Burger had been dreading. “Maybe we can—”

“No the fuck we can’t bend the rules that we’ve all lived by since this club started just for you,” Dasan snapped.

“What if he can join in some way? I mean, look at what happened up in our Chicago chapter. Ze fucking married an assassin who can’t fully commit to the club, but he’s still a member. He helps as one of their enforcers, too. Tiger and Ze are making it work. Akari and I can do the same,” Burger suggested.

“Each chapter makes their own decisions, but they still have the rules that make us the stronghold we are,” Gaajii “Tank” said. “We have these rules for a reason, nephew.”

“And another thing, Tiger isn’t in the Castiello family, Burger,” Dasan said. “You think Rico fucking Castiello is going to let one of his top assassins join the Lords of Chaos?”

Burger shrugged. “He might.”

“Now you just sound stupid because you don’t want to accept the inevitable,” Dasan said.

“Hold on, Prez. Burger, what do you mean by ‘he might’?” Diesel asked.

Dasan huffed, but sat back in his chair to see what his son was going to say.

“Akari said Rico doesn’t really care who his people date as long as they aren’t his enemies,” Burger said.

“Yeah, but a Lord can only be with someone who will become a Lord, you know this,” Tank said.

“That’s a big difference from just dating someone,” Dasan pointed out. “You two haven’t been dating that long and we need to nip it in the bud before it gets too out of hand. So, I’m not asking you, Burger, I’m telling you... end it.”

Burger’s jaw tightened, because his entire body was rejecting what his father and club president was demanding of him. As far as he was concerned, it had already gotten out of hand, and he had no plans to end his relationship with Akari.

“Do you hear me, Burger?” Dasan asked.

“Yeah, I heard you, Prez,” Burger replied.

“He heard you, but I know that look,” Diesel said and shook his head.

“Yeah, I know it too.” Dasan leaned forward, making sure to lock eyes with his stubborn son. “You listen to me, Fabian, because this is the last motherfucking time we’re going to have this conversation. You will end this with Akari. It’s a doomed relationship. He could call Akari’s ass up there to New York if he decides to stay and that’s bye-bye to your boyfriend. That’s how fragile that shit is that you have with him. Break it off now, Burger. Nothing can come from you two being together.”

“And if he does call Akari up there, I’ll switch chapters,” Burger shot back.

“The hell you will, because that won’t change shit. Akari. Can’t. Pledge. That’s the bottom fucking line. His loyalty lies with Rico Castiello, Fabian,” Dasan said, putting his foot down.

The words his dad said to him stung like salt in a wound, make that salt and alcohol. He didn’t want to believe there was any truth to them, just the words of a man going by tradition. Burger lived his entire life by the tradition of their club, but he also believed in what he and Akari shared. “I’ll talk to him tonight,” Burger said.

“Good.” Dasan nodded, but he did give his son a measured expression.

“Is that all?”

Before Dasan could answer, there was a knock on his door. “Who is it?”

“Shotgun, Pres, I have something I wanted to discuss with you,” Roman “Shotgun” Alexander said.

Dasan looked at his son. “Yeah, that’s all.”

Burger rose and walked to the door, opening it. “Hey,” he greeted his brother-in-law.

“Hey... why don’t you stay... I’d like your opinion, too,” Shotgun said and he had Ace and Maverick with him. Burger frowned, but nodded. He stepped to the side to let all three men enter.

“What the fuck is this all about?” Dasan asked, seeing how crowded his office was at the moment.

“Hi, Prez, I’m glad you’re all in here because I wanted your opinion and I know that things involving the compound and club needs a vote,” Shotgun said.

“Majority vote, not just from the officers,” Tank stated.

Shotgun nodded and licked his lips. “Ever since moving here, I’ve been trying to find my place and well... I know what I want to do, but I need your permission. Also, well, I think the club will benefit from it, too.”

“Spit it the fuck out,” Dasan said.

Shotgun’s back straightened and he nodded. “I want to open a clinic on the compound grounds. For one thing, it will be something for me to do that I know I’m really good at. It will help the community. But also, it will make sure that I have a place to operate with the equipment I’ll need when you guys need to be patched up, which seems to be an issue. But more importantly, and I’ve spoken with Ace about this, it makes for a good cover.”

Dasan, Diesel, and Tank stared at the young doctor for a few seconds, then all three men burst into laughter. “Damn, Shotgun, are you sure you’re ready for that?” Dasan asked.

“What do you mean?” Shotgun frowned. “I’ve been a doctor for years. This I know I can do.”

“Yeah, but using your clinic as a front for a crime operation, that’s tricky and dangerous,” Burger said.

Shotgun shook his head. “Not if you claim it’s holistic. Hear me out. Dragon said that Richie is a botanist who went to jail because he was trying to come up with his own drug... a natural one. You can get away with a lot of shit by making it holistic, for one’s health. From what Dragon said Richie was up to, it sounds like he was close to something before he got caught. Also, weed is legal to give out to people with a medical marijuana card. We can grow our own and sell it, getting all of the profits. It doesn’t have to be the hardcore shit Rico is dealing with. But a clinic is a great way to dispense drugs we manufacture and sell.”

“I see where you’re going with this,” Dasan said with a smile as he nodded.

“You’re willing to put your ass on the line for that?” Diesel asked Shotgun.

He nodded. “If done right, there isn’t much of a risk. Natural remedies are just that and I can write them prescriptions. I mean, look at that TV doctor peddling every fucking thing under the sun on national TV. Only I won’t be a snake oil salesman,” Shotgun said. “First, we grow our own weed to sell, gain all the profits. The clinic will have its own pharmacy. We just need to hire a pharmacist.”

“I may know someone,” Maverick said.

“Who?” Tank asked.

“A dude I do tattoos for. He thinks what we do is cool as fuck. He might be willing to leave his current job for a new one,” Maverick said.

Dasan shook his head. “Don’t ask him yet. Not until we work all of this out. Richie’s drug is still just a dream in his head. We’ll know more about that once he’s out. As for the clinic itself... I think that’s a good idea. Having a place like that on our own grounds means we won’t have to go to the hospital if any of us are seriously injured,” Dasan said, seeing the opportunity for what it was.

“I think it’s a good idea, too,” Diesel said, nodding proudly at Shotgun. “I’m impressed, Shotgun. You’ve come a long way and I like that you’re looking out for the club and my niece.”

“I love Gina,” Shotgun said. “And well... I want to be a part of this club.”

Maverick laughed. “I knew your dick was hard for this gritty life. Gina knew it too.”

Shotgun smiled, then returned his attention to Dasan. “So, should I get the ball rolling?”

Dasan smirked, his eyebrow cocked. “You paying for it?”

“I need to look into the cost of everything, but it’d be nice to get some help,” Shotgun said.

“I think this could work, dad. It’s money that would be ours and club brothers can work in it, security and all that,” Ace said.

“You’ve got my vote,” Burger stated. He liked the idea and was happy to see Shotgun stepping up.

“I’ll bring it to the club once you work out all of the details. Come back to me with the price on this project,” Dasan said. “Is that all?”

Shotgun nodded. “Yeah—oh, one more thing.”

“What?” Dasan asked.

“Permission to take Gina on our honeymoon. I know why we didn’t have one after the wedding, but I’m not that man anymore. I want to spoil my wife and a trip to Paris seems like the perfect honeymoon gift. Seven days?” Shotgun asked.

Dasan smiled and nodded. “I was wondering when you were going to take her on a honeymoon. When?”

“I was hoping next month,” Shotgun said.

“Have at it,” Dasan said.

Burger smiled and slapped Shotgun on the back. “I’m happy for you, my sister deserves all the spoiling.”

“I’m ready to do it, too,” Shotgun said with a genuine smile.

The men all talked casually for a little while before Dasan kicked everyone out of his office. Burger was happy to leave, though he was pleased that Shotgun and his sister, Gina’s, relationship seemed solid. His was in jeopardy and it had been a challenge for him to put his feelings aside during that meeting. But he didn’t want his father to read what was really on his mind through his expression and body language. There was no way he was going to give up the best thing that had ever happened to him. He climbed on his bike and before he

could start the engine, his big brother Ace came out of the club, walking over to him.

“Dad talk to you about Akari?” Ace asked.

Burger sighed, his shoulders slouching slightly as he gripped the handlebars of his bike. “Yeah.”

Ace looked off for a second before returning his gaze back to his brother. “What are you going to do?”

“What do you mean?”

Ace scoffed. “You’re my brother and you’re head over heels for Akari. I think you two fell deep the moment you tapped his ass.”

Burger smiled at that because it was true. He’d fucked plenty of people, but never had he connected with any of them. It was just pleasure, and as fleeting as it was, it served its purpose. But with Akari, they spent hours just talking, getting to know each other on an intimate level. He didn’t want to give that up... couldn’t. He stroked his beard and sighed. “I’m probably going to end up pissing dad the fuck off.”

Ace chuckled softly. “Yeah, I see that happening. What if they bring up kicking you out, are you prepared for that?”

“Shit, brother, this club is my life. Might as well ask me to fucking kill myself. There’s got to be some kind of fucking way dad can talk to Rico to make this work. I mean, shit... Ze’s little brother is dating Rico’s little brother. They’re already entangled with the club.”

“Yeah, but Zin isn’t club,” Ace pointed out.

“But his big brother, Ze, is. Whether directly or indirectly, Rico is already mixed in with us outside of the business side of things. I’m not giving up Akari,” Burger said, putting his own foot down.

Ace sighed and scratched at his temple. “This is a problem, Burger.”

“You’re the SA and oldest son... you can talk to dad. Besides, your relationship with Ahiga was rocky and look at you now. Bout to get married next week,” Burger said.

Ace smiled, just the mention of Ahiga’s name could bring that out of him. “Fuck... okay, I’ll talk to dad, but you need to be prepared for whatever comes, got that?”

“Yeah, got ya. Now, let me go, I’m about to be late for my date,” Burger said.

Ace slapped his back and stepped away, allowing Burger to take off.



“You’re late,” Akari said as Burger approached the table.

“Yeah, sorry about that. Had some family issues to deal with,” Burger said as he sat down.

Akari frowned. “Is everything all right?”

Burger smiled. “To be honest, I’m not sure. It’s about us.”

Akari's expression became knowing. "Ahhh, the rule of the Lords."

Burger nodded. "Yeah, that thing that's been nagging us from the beginning."

Akari looked down at his tea he'd ordered while he had waited. "What... what does it mean?"

Burger scoffed. "It means nothing." He reached over, taking Akari's hand into his own. "I'm not giving you up. I've never met anyone like you before, Akari. You... you make me happy, hell, just seeing you sitting here made me feel all kinds of emotions. I don't get close to people and those I have bonded with are family and club. But when it comes to who I want to share my life with..." He shook his head. "There's never been anyone... until you."

Akari's face began to flush and Burger laughed.

"God, I love when you get shy. You're so fucking sexy and cute," Burger said, grinning.

"It's... it's the same way for me, Fabian. I've tried to form connections with people and it's never worked. My sister is my closest companion... until you. You make me feel amazing... accepted. And I know you're not supposed to look for others to validate you, but you make me feel special. Not because I'm what I am, but who I am," Akari said.

"These past few months have been the happiest of my life and I won't ever forgive myself if I walk away from the best person for me. I'm not trying to live a life with regrets, Akari.

But leaving you, because of a club rule... yeah, that would give me a huge regret,” Burger said.

“But... I don’t want to come between you and your club,” Akari said.

Burger shook his head. “You might not have to. My brother Ace is trying to figure something out because he knows I can’t give you up. Call it selfish or whatever, but I can’t deny myself a chance to live with the perfect man. My little *Tightass*.”

Akari scoffed. “That better not be a nickname you’re trying to come up with.”

Burger laughed. “And if it is?”

“I’m calling you ‘Dog Fart’.”

Burger’s chuckle burst into loud laughter and he had to cover his mouth so as not to disturb the other diners. Akari joined him and together, they shared in the humor. “You can call me anything you want as long as you call me yours.”

“Mine,” Akari said, smiling.

Burger sighed. “See, you’re so beautiful when you smile like that.”

“You make me want to smile like this.”

“Do you want to get a to-go order, because talking like that is how you get an order to go,” Burger asked.

“Calm down, big boy, I want to savor this meal and then later tonight, I’m going to savor every thick inch of you,”

Akari flirted.

“Yeah, your ass wants a to-go order,” Burger said, raising his hand for the waitress.

Akari laughed and pulled his hand down. “Stop it, stop it,” he said between bouts of laughter. “We’re going to eat, then fuck. That’s the plan and I want to stick to it.”

“Fine, but I’m going to tear that pretty ass of yours up tonight. I’m gonna have you walking like you’ve been riding a horse for days on end,” Burger said.

Akari laughed into his tea, creating bubbles. He pulled the cup away to wipe his mouth clean. “Oh my god, you’re such a brute.”

“And you love it,” Burger said.

“I do.” Akari’s smile faded.

“What’s wrong?” Burger asked him.

“I did speak with my boss about us.”

“What did he say?”

“If I’m serious about you, like really serious... he’d be willing to talk, but I’m not sure if Dasan would agree to his terms,” Akari said.

“Well, just the fact that he’s willing to talk is step one. Let’s keep hope alive,” Burger said. “I mean, you’re serious about us, right?”

Akari nodded. “Deadly.”

“Damn, considering you’re an...” Burger leaned in close to whisper, “assassin, I know you’re serious.”

Akari smiled and winked. “Let me know what Dasan says and I’ll tell Rico to contact him.”

Burger nodded. “First, I’m going to give my brother some time to soften him up to the possibility of change.” He looked at Akari, brows creased. “Hey, where’s my kiss?”

“Your kiss?” Akari asked.

“Yeah, when I came to the table, I was expecting a kiss and all I got was complaints.”

“You came late. You get no kiss,” Akari teased.

“Oh, I’m getting a kiss,” Burger said, then leaned over the table. Akari’s cheeks reddened, but he leaned forward, meeting Burger halfway until their lips touched and the two shared a passionate kiss that was interrupted only after the waitress approached their table.

“I’m sorry to have interrupted that sweet moment,” the waitress said with a playful smile. “Did you have a chance to look over the menus?”

Burger looked down and saw the menu on the table before him. “Ah, no, not yet. Sorry. Can we get a few minutes?”

“Sure, can I get you anything to drink?”

“Beer,” Burger said. After making his selection, the waitress walked off.

“Beer?” Akari mocked. “You didn’t even ask what kind they had.” He giggled, because it was things like that, which made him adore Burger.

“Shit, I just wanted a beer. I didn’t think they had that many selections,” Burger said.

The two did make their dinner orders and chatted while enjoying their meals when they were brought to the table. Burger flirted and Akari flirted back in between their casual conversation. When dinner was over and Burger paid, the two exited the restaurant.

“Should we meet up at my home or try a hotel to have total privacy?”

“Hotel,” Burger said.

“Want to go in my car or meet since you rode your bike here?”

“You know damn well I can’t fit in your fancy ass sports car,” Burger commented.

Akari chuckled. “I bought a new vehicle, one that you can fit in.”

Burger smiled. “Oh? Well, what kind?”

“A Cadillac Escalade,” Akari replied.

Burger whistled and nodded. “Yeah, all of my big and tall ass can fit in that.”

“You can, but then again, I can’t hold you while I drive,” Akari said.

“Want to ride my bike instead? We’ll pick your Escalade up in the morning?” Burger offered and Akari licked his lips, because he loved riding on the back of Burger’s bike.

“Hey, faggots,” called a man’s voice from behind.

Both Burger and Akari turned around. “These the assholes you told me about inside?”

Akari nodded. “They were the ones who were giving us shady looks while we were eating.”

Burger had his back to the trio while inside, but Akari had noticed them because he never missed details, especially a group of hostiles. “I suggest you cunts find something else to do,” he warned the three men who were closing the distance.

The man sneered, then looked at his two friends for support. “What the fuck is this toxic shit in front of me,” he said, motioning to Burger and Akari.

“I bet that’s what your momma said when you were born and she instantly regretted letting your troll-ass dad nut in her,” Burger shot back.

“Oh, you think you’re clever with that shit?” the man snarled.

Burger looked at Akari and grinned because he noticed the look in the assassin’s eyes. He returned his attention to the idiots. “I’m not the one out here bothering people who were minding their own fucking business.”

“I was trying to enjoy my meal, but then I had to look at you faggot ass fuckers kissing. I threw up in my mouth,” the

ringleader said, and his two boys laughed and nodded.

Burger laughed. “Good, did you at least tip your waitress? You look like the type who doesn’t.”

The man growled and balled his fists up. His boys behind him stiffened like they were ready to act when their leader did. “You want some of this?”

“Whatcha want to do, little man? You want to take on a Lord of Chaos?” Burger asked, because he was wearing his cut, which was a warning to most people who had an ounce of common sense to steer clear.

“What the fuck does that even mean?” the guy retorted. “I ain’t scared of your big, dumb ass.”

Burger laughed. “I’m not even the one you should be afraid of.”

The man looked at Akari, then laughed. “Fuck this slant-eyed bitch.” The man made his move and swung and Akari ducked, then countered with a punch to the man’s stomach so powerful the guy dropped to his knees, puking up his dinner.

“Now, a faggot made you puke in your mouth,” Akari snapped, mocking the man and the derogatory term he’d used against him and Burger.

Burger laughed, because he knew his man could talk shit. “See, told you stupid-ass bigots to find something else to do. Now you done fucked up,” he said, then stepped back to watch his baby in action.

The remaining two men looked at their ringleader still gasping for air and decided to defend his honor. They charged Akari and the assassin moved so fast, kicking and punching the men several times in key areas of their bodies, the fight was over in a matter of seconds. Akari adjusted his suit and stepped over the unconscious body of one of their would-be attackers.

“Shall we?” Akari asked, gesturing toward Burger’s bike.

“Damn, baby. My dick is so hard right now, watching you do your thing. Fuck... I damn near busted a nut in my pants,” Burger said. He’d seen Akari kill with a gun, interrogate a man with cold calculation, but this was the first time he’d seen his man in hand-to-hand action. Yeah, there was no fucking way in hell he was going to give Akari up. His damn dad better find a way.

Akari winked at him. “Why are we still standing here?”

“Shit, let’s go.” Burger walked with Akari back to his bike. The two climbed on and he was off to the nearest hotel with the cleanest sheets.



It didn’t take the two men long to snatch each other’s clothes off while they kissed as lustfully as they felt. Akari knelt and yanked Burger’s pants down his legs and Burger hastily stepped out of them, his cock hard and ready for action.

“Damn, you’re so fucking hot, baby,” Burger flirted right before Akari took his huge cock into his mouth. “Ahhh yeah... shiiit.” He watched as Akari licked, sucked, and stroked his rigid flesh. It was just the way he loved it. The first time Akari had sucked him off, well... it wasn’t to Burger’s liking. He realized then just how little experience Akari had with sex. Those days were in the past now, as he made sure to fuck Akari every chance he had.

Akari pulled back, dragging his lips along the length of Burger’s hard shaft, then popped off to look up at him. “Are your knees weak yet?” He grinned up at his lover.

Burger laughed. “And you know it.”

Akari smiled, then stood up so fast, he took Burger by surprise. With an expert martial arts move, he grabbed Burger and flipped him onto the bed, making his man release a yelp and grunt as he bounced on the mattress.

“Shit!” Burger said, recuperating from the toss.

Akari leaped on top of him, fully naked now, then started kissing Burger’s lips, cheek, and chin, moving lower to suck on his man’s erect nipples. His hands roamed, claiming all of Burger’s erogenous zones.

“Fuck, you’re randy when you get in a bit of violence, aren’t you?” Burger asked, then purred as Akari’s mouth and hands were working miracles on his body.

Akari lifted his face. “Only for you.”

Burger reached down, pulling Akari up to kiss him again. “Ride me, baby,” he said after breaking their kiss.

Akari didn't need any more convincing. He left Burger only to get their lube, then returned to slather Burger's cock in it. He climbed on top and settled down, letting Burger enter him. Both men moaned in pleasure as Akari rode Burger's cock, letting the hardness stroke his clit. The bed moved with their motion and the room filled with sounds of skin slapping and grunts. Burger gripped Akari's hips, then sat up, kissing and licking his face and shoulders. This is what he lived for, to share this level of intimacy with someone truly special to him.

The two men reached their climaxes nearly at the same time, one triggering the other, and their bodies stiffened with the intense sensation. They moaned louder together and shook from ecstasy before Akari collapsed on top of Burger, spent and satisfied. The two lay entangled and panting in sheer bliss. The only sound in the room was their breathing.

“That was amazing,” Burger said after several minutes had passed in silence.

“Mmm-hmm,” Akari replied, his eyes closed as he rested his head on Burger's massive, tattooed pec.

More silence.

“I—I'm in love with you, Akari,” Burger said.

Akari lifted his head, looking at him. “What?”

Burger smiled. “You heard me very clearly. Your little assassin ass doesn't miss any details.”

Akari smiled and nodded. “Oh, I heard you, you’re right about that. I just want to hear you say it again.”

Burger lifted his head a little bit more so he could look at Akari eye-to-eye. “Akari Himura, I–Fabian Murphy, am madly and insanely in love with you.”

Akari felt his heart swell in his chest, because he’d just heard the very words he’d thought he’d never hear. A man who was everything he’d ever wanted just told him he was loved. He climbed back on top of Burger, straddling his waist as he rested his plump ass on Burger’s hardening cock. He slid his hands up Burger’s muscular, tattooed chest until his fingers rested on his man’s pecs, which Burger flexed for their enjoyment.

“I love you too. I didn’t think I’d ever meet a man like you, Burger. I’d been hurt and rejected so often, I didn’t think true love was possible for me. But then, my boss was injured by your enemy and I was assigned to work with you. That... that was the best thing that ever happened to me,” Akari said.

Burger wasn’t a man who got mushy about his feelings, but he was also a man that had never been in love before... until now. He reached up and pulled Akari down for a powerful kiss that conveyed all of his emotion and Akari moaned in response. “I could stay like this forever,” he said.

“Well, we do have this hotel room until noon tomorrow. Let’s make the most of it,” Akari said.

“Fuck yeah, baby. I’m all yours. Do with me what you want,” Burger said.

Akari winked. “Oh, I plan to.”

Burger smiled as he felt his cock slide back into Akari’s body, this time, into the sexy, tight passage of his bubbled ass. Oh yeah, this was everything and he prayed that his father wouldn’t make him choose... because he honestly didn’t know if he could. Losing the club or Akari, both would just kill him. No... he had to find a way to make this work... had to.

NINE





WOLF

“I CAN’T WAIT TO get your cock inside of me,” said the young man that was running his hands all along Wolf’s body while he unlocked the door to his home in Hyde Park.

“You’re in for a treat, hot stuff,” Wolf flirted as he opened the door and crossed the threshold. He turned, pulling the man to him as he stepped backward inside his home, kissing the man as he did. He kicked the door closed and began pulling off the man’s coat.

“I can’t wait to fuck you,” the man panted breathlessly as he kicked off his shoes.

“Keep waiting,” said a Middle Eastern voice that set Wolf on alert.

He broke his kiss and turned around quickly, pulling his gun from its holster and aiming it at the man sitting in a chair in his living room. He released some of the tension in his body when he saw that it was Demir, but still, this was a problem.

“What the fuck are you doing here?”

“I came to see you,” Demir said, then his gaze drifted to the confused man standing right behind Wolf. “You can leave and never come back.”

“Who the fuck are you?” the man snapped.

“I’m someone you don’t want to fuck with,” Demir replied.

Wolf turned to the man, because he could see the look in Demir’s eyes. A look he recognized all too well, and it was not to be tested. “Devon, let’s do a raincheck for tonight. I need to handle this.”

“Why? Just make him leave,” Devon said.

“Later,” Wolf said, and his tone left zero room for refusal. He slipped his gun back into its holster.

Devon huffed and began putting his clothes back on. “You know what, don’t bother.”

“He doesn’t need you anyway,” Demir said.

Devon shot him a look, a snarl on his cute face. “You can go fuck yourself.”

“Run along before you let your mouth write a check your ass can’t cash,” Demir warned.

“You need you to calm the fuck down,” Wolf snapped, but still ushered Devon out of his home before things got even more heated between them. Wolf closed the door as Devon stormed out, then he turned to face Demir, who was walking toward him. “What the fuck is this? How the fuck did you get inside?”

“Your alarm system is rudimentary at best,” Demir said.

“Bullshit,” Wolf growled, because he’d paid a shit ton of money to have his state-of-the-art alarm system installed. And here Demir was telling him that it was easy to break into. Just another testament to the man’s skill that Wolf had to acknowledge.

“It was child’s play for me.” Demir closed the distance between them, then reached out, grabbing the waistband of Wolf’s jeans. He pulled him closer and kissed the big biker.

Wolf got lost in the skill of Demir’s kiss before his senses came back to him and he yanked himself away. “Look, you need to get the fuck out.”

“Why?” Demir took another step closer. “This is what you wanted.”

“No, I didn’t because we’re not a fucking couple. You break into my motherfucking house like some crazy ass psycho, you’re lucky I didn’t shoot your ass. You’ve got a lot of fucking nerve, Demir,” Wolf snapped.

Demir smirked. “This is how it’s going to be, Wolf. You’re mine. I did warn you that you didn’t want to get involved with me, but you kept pushing. So now, you’re mine and I’m yours.”

“Hey motherfucker, let me remind you that you kissed me first that night.”

“After your flirtation pushed me past all reason.”

Wolf cocked both eyebrows. “Oh, so that’s the game you’re playing?”

Demir nodded and took another step closer. “And now, you’re mine.”

Wolf frowned. “What the fuck? Look, I know I swing some hella-good dick, but it can’t be that good to make a motherfucker insane. Because that’s what you are if you think this shit is going to fly with me.”

Demir pushed Wolf hard enough to send the big biker slamming into the wall. He was on him just as fast, pinning his body against Wolf’s. “Oh, it’s going to fly, all right,” he said, his fingers going to Wolf’s belt buckle. “From this moment on, I don’t want to see you with anyone else.”

Wolf felt his cock growing, because there was something about Demir’s possessive attitude that turned him on. However, he knew he had to get this under some kind of control. He shoved Demir away, then took several steps to the side, putting much-needed space between them. “Okay, listen, if I—in some way—made it seem like I wanted a relationship when I was flirting and fucking you, I’m sorry. But, I don’t. What happened between us... It was just a fuck. Two grown-ass, consenting men having some fun. It doesn’t have to get weird between us.”

Demir turned to him and smirked. “You really think I’m playing.”

Wolf cocked both eyebrows. “I don’t think that, which is why I’m letting you know to drop this shit.”

“I won’t drop it. In fact, I’m going to make your sex life a living hell if you think you’re going to be fucking anyone else but me,” Demir warned.

Wolf scoffed. “So, what? You plan on stalking me?”

Demir shook his head. “I have other things to do with my time than follow you around, monitoring your dick.”

“Yeah, so, you need to let this—stop!” was all Wolf could get out before Demir pulled out his gun and fired. “Ah!” Wolf looked down, seeing a dart sticking out of his chest. The room tilted, then faded to black.



There was a softness under Wolf’s body when he came to. His vision was a bit blurry, but little by little, it began to clear. And the numbness in his tongue faded as he swallowed several times. He groaned, then struggled to sit up, sighing heavily as he did. He wiped his eyes, looked around, and growled when he saw Demir sitting back in the chair he’d been in when he’d first gotten home.

“What the fuck did you do to me?” Wolf asked.

“Like you said, I can’t follow you around, watching who you try to fuck,” Demir said, then he held up his cell phone, waving it. “That’s why I have this.”

“What the fuck is that?” Wolf asked, a snarl still on his lips as he swung his legs off the sofa. His muscles felt stiff, so he rotated his shoulders to loosen them and get some relief.

“I put a cockring on you. One that I can monitor. If you get hard, I’ll know and I can zap you, killing your erection. Your dick belongs to me. Your ass belongs to me. I will never share what’s mine,” Demir said.

“You motherfucker,” Wolf growled, then lunged for Demir.

The assassin rose from the chair and when he saw Wolf pivot to ram him, he sidestepped, using the biker’s own momentum against him, and tossed Wolf on top of his cocktail table.

“Ahhh shit!” Wolf groaned as his body slammed into the unforgiving wood that was sturdy enough it didn’t break under the impact of his weight.

“You could fight me, but the results will be the same. Did you forget who and what I am?”

Wolf rolled off the cocktail table, his face a mixture of anger and pain. “I didn’t forget, Shadow Fox. I just don’t give a shit. You’re not about to control me.”

Demir shook his head. “It’s not about control. It’s about claiming.”

“Claim shit. I’m not yours to claim,” Wolf barked, his tone still a bit hoarse.

“It’s already been done. Now, you can go to Vito about this, but he won’t intervene. He and I both did warn you to leave

me alone. To walk away, but like you said... you love a challenge. And you did say that no one was out of your league. You were right. I'd been fighting my feelings for you because I didn't want it to get to this. Sex... always complicates things for me. Especially when I want someone. I wanted you, Makade-Ma'iingan. You wanted me and now we have each other," Demir said.

Wolf had been silent as Demir spoke, because a part of him still couldn't fully comprehend what was taking place. He wondered how he could get out of it... and there was a small part that actually enjoyed being this desired. But he had to push that feeling away, bury it, because there were more pressing matters. Like the cockring he now felt wrapped around the base of his dick. He unzipped his pants, pulling his flaccid dick free to look at the device. It was black with a little indicator light on it. There also looked to be a pad on it and when he touched the sensor pad, the light lit up red and a shock zapped him.

"Ahhh fuck!" Wolf cried out and dropped to both knees as his cock and balls throbbed from the sting. He cradled his jewels, panting as he waited for the pain to subside.

"Yes, if you try to remove it, or hack it in any way, you will suffer even worse pain. Chelsey's products are top of the line and worth every penny." Demir walked over to his coat that was hanging up on the rack and slipped it on his shoulders. "I'll leave you to settle down. It would seem that tonight, you are no longer in the mood to get your brains fucked out.

Which, as I've stated, will be my honor and passion from this day forward. No one else shall have the privilege."

Wolf was still recuperating from the pain, but he managed to glare at Demir. "This... this isn't over."

"Of course not. But you look like the type to put up a fuss. To fight back, and I'll give you some time to see just how futile that will be. You know where to find me when you want to get serious about our relationship. And when you want to cum inside of me again," Demir said, then he smiled at Wolf before leaving his home.

"Jesus fucking Christ," Wolf groaned once more, then managed to climb up onto the sofa and sat down. His mind raced with thoughts like how was he going to deal with this dilemma? He needed to contact Vito, because Demir was his man, his problem to solve. He looked at the device keeping his cock prisoner, giving it a more detailed inspection. He made sure not to touch the sensor, because that was a level of pain he wasn't fond of whatsoever.

Wolf sighed, then slipped his cock back into his pants. Next, he pulled out his cell phone, but paused before dialing Vito's number. He took several deep breaths to calm himself before squaring off with the mob underboss. Finally, he dialed and it took a few rings before Vito answered.

"Mr. Sanders, what can I do for you?" Vito asked, his Italian accent smooth as silk.

"We've got a problem with your boy, Demir," Wolf said.

“Oh? And that is?” Vito asked, and Wolf could swear he heard a smile in that motherfucker’s voice.

“You need to call him off. He just broke into my house, shot me up with some fucking tranq, and put some cockring tracker on me. I ain’t going to tolerate this shit,” Wolf snapped.

There was a pause and Wolf’s agitation grew.

“Did you hear me?” Wolf asked, it was more of a statement than a question.

“Yes, I heard you. However, I don’t know what you want me to do about it,” Vito replied.

“What the fuck? He’s your Right-Hand man, your boy. Handle it. Tell him to back the fuck off,” Wolf said.

“Seems like a personal issue between you and him. I told you that I don’t get involved,” Vito reminded him.

“Oh, bullshit. It’s past personal when he pulled the stunt he did.”

“I did warn you to leave Demir alone, Mr. Sanders. I take it you two... spent some intimate time together?”

“We fucked, not a big deal.”

“Apparently, to Demir it was.”

“Well, I don’t do relationships and he needs to accept that.”

“Looks like you do now.”

“I’m not about to be dealing with this bullshit from Demir,” Wolf snapped.

“And just what do you think you’re going to do about it? And let me remind you to watch what you say and how you say it to me, Mr. Sanders. I don’t take kindly to my friends and family being threatened. You need to think about your club before you speak,” Vito warned.

The threat didn’t escape Wolf and he took a few seconds to think about his reply. Because he didn’t like the situation and wanted to come to a solution. “This has nothing to do with my club.”

“Oh, but it does. Your actions reflect your club, as you are their president. You need to find a way to work this out with Demir. But if you think you’re going to hurt him, think again. You don’t want a war with us, Mr. Sanders,” Vito said.

“You threatened me even though you’re dating Zindel?”

Vito snorted. “Your club, for some reason, thinks that the fact that I’m dating Zindel lets you have some sort of sway over me. You don’t or my brother.”

“We wouldn’t dream of it. I just find it odd you can be with him and treat us like we don’t matter to him,” Wolf pointed out.

“I know how to not mix business with pleasure. I will never let anyone, and I do mean anyone, get in the way of what is best for my family, Mr. Sanders. Now, you were warned not to do the same, but you just had to stick your dick in Demir. This is a situation of your own making. Do not call me again about it, or I will assume that you want to dissolve the arrangement

you have with my family. I'll make sure to convey your feelings to my brother, Rico," Vito said.

Shit! Wolf cursed in his mind, because that was something he didn't need or want. "That won't be necessary, Mr. Castiello. I'm sure Demir and I can work this out without having to involve you."

"I hope that you two can come to an agreement so our two families can continue to conduct business without any... *unpleasantries*," Vito said, making sure to add emphasis on the last word.

"I'm sure we can," Wolf said. If it was just him, he'd pull out all of the stops, but as president, he had to put his club's best interests and safety first. Getting into a war with the Castiellos was a bad idea two years ago, and it would be even worse now. Not over something like this.

"That's nice to hear. Goodnight, Mr. Sanders," Vito said.

"Yeah, take care," Wolf said, then hung up. "Fucking prick," he snarled. A part of him hated that he had called, because now he felt a tiny bit emasculated by Vito. The mob underboss was an intimidating figure, for sure. But he didn't like having to back down, regardless. Unfortunately, there was too much at stake than just his pride. All of the chapters were benefiting from this union with the Castiellos. No way would he be the one to ruin it over something like being in a relationship.

Wolf lay back on the sofa, sighing heavily. First, he needed to give Demir some time. Maybe he'd get over his obsession.

For all he knew, it might have been months since Demir had gotten fucked and his dick just gave the assassin some mighty fine tingles. Those needed to wear off and maybe they could go their separate ways. He contemplated calling his best friend, Python, and getting his advice, but before he dialed, he moved his thumb away from the green phone icon. Python had warned him to leave Demir alone. The last thing Wolf was in the mood for was more “I told you so’s” from people who did just that.

He’d figure this out.

TEN





BURGER

ACE AND KENSHIN'S WEDDING DAY

“**Y**OU LOOK LIKE SHIT, Maverick,” Burger told his little brother, who was nursing a massive hangover from the bachelor party the night before.

“I need grandma’s remedy,” Maverick groaned. He was wearing a pair of dark shades with his tux. Of course, per tradition, all the men were wearing their cuts in place of their suit jackets for their tuxes. Because that was how Lords dressed for weddings.

“Here, but you need to take off the tux first, cousin. You don’t want to ruin it with puke,” Nine said, handing him a bottle of what was known as the “good stuff” or rather “Ayanna’s Secret Ancient Navajo Hangover Remedy.”

“Shit. Thanks, bro,” Maverick said, then took the bottle. He began removing his cut and shirt, getting down to his undershirt. Then he took off his pants.

“Jesus Christ, you look like you’re preparing to fuck... or fight,” Ace said. He wasn’t hungover, though he had gotten wasted the night before. This time, he didn’t fuck with rum or tequila. He stuck with beers and whiskey.

“Shit, the way my head and stomach are feeling right now, there’s a battle going on. I aim to end it,” Maverick said, taking the bottle into the bathroom with him. He was dressed in his underwear and boots and his brothers and family could only imagine the hell he was about to go through.

“Try not to make a mess in there, brother,” Burger called out before laughing. The others laughed too as each man, at one point, had been where Maverick was, some more than once. He’d had his fair share of booze for the celebration, but only got tipsy, as he was the Best Man and wanted to be on his game for his brother, Ace’s, wedding to the love of his life, Ahiga. He walked over to Ace, who was adjusting his tie in the mirror. He slapped him on his back. “So, you excited?” he asked him.

The smile that spread across Ace’s face was worth a million dollars. “I’m so fucking ready to truly make him mine,” he said. He finished with his tie and turned to face his brother. “I didn’t think I’d be standing here, a man about to get married, but here I am.”

“I bet that tattoo he got sealed the deal,” Burger said.

Ace’s eyebrows rose. “You know about that?”

Burger nodded. “I happened to be present when Maverick was doing the inking.”

“Oh really? And do you know about all of his tattoos?” Ace asked, a smirk on his face.

Burger chuckled. "I saw the Ace of Spade on his ass when you two were horseplaying in the pool that day. But the other one... Maverick let that slip."

Ace laughed, because he didn't care if everyone knew, because all it proved was that Ahiga was his in every way. "Yeah, you can imagine my surprise when I saw the starburst he had tattooed around my fun hole. At least then I knew why he hadn't been in the mood. It had to heal."

Both men laughed at the situation and Burger sighed with a smile. "He loves you and I'm so happy for you, brother. I want this for everyone in the club. If they want it, to find love," he said.

Ace nodded, then gave him a sly look. "What about you and Akari?"

Burger sighed. "As far as dad and the club knows, we broke up."

Ace cocked an eyebrow. "You're still pulling that stunt, eh? Sneaking around to see him. It didn't work the first time. Dad still found out."

Burger nodded, a slight frown on his face. "I... I can't give him up, Ace. He's everything that I've ever wanted. You know I'm not some idiot that falls for any sexy piece of ass. I've fucked more people than I have any right to, but they never meant anything to me. Akari means everything to me."

Ace pursed his lips as he nodded slowly. "I see and you know I understand. I'm just worried about what will happen

once dad and the club finds out.”

“I just hope they don’t make me choose.”

“And if you have to make that choice?”

Burger just shook his head. “I can’t give you an answer, brother. Not now.”

“Let’s hope for the best, then.”

“Did you talk to dad?”

“I did, but he was adamant that we stick with tradition. Neither dad nor our uncles wanted to even consider it when I brought it up,” Ace said. “I think their biggest issue is getting in too deep with Rico.”

“It’s too late for that, in my opinion,” Burger said, because as far as he was concerned, Akari was his. Everyone turned when they heard gagging coming from the bathroom and some men laughed. “Better out than in, I guess.”

“I told his dumbass to settle down, but he’s hardheaded,” Ace said about his youngest brother, Rio, who was currently purging his guts.

“Jesus fucking Christ,” they heard Maverick say before more sounds of retching.

Ace shook his head and chuckled.

“Shit, I’m just glad he uses condoms now, or else that stripper he fucked last night might be baby mama number four,” Burger said.

Ace released an exasperated sigh and nodded. “Speaking of baby mommas, when is Melissa going to pop?”

“Shit, around the time Dopey gets out, I think. And Sofia looks like she may spit out our nephew at the wedding,” Burger said.

“Let’s hope she waits until the reception, at least,” Nine said, joining the two men.

The men shared a laugh, then turned when the bathroom door opened and Maverick emerged looking battle worn and shirtless.

“Holy fatherly fuck, that was rough,” he said and slicked his damp hair back.

“You need a new undershirt?” Burger asked.

Maverick nodded. “Yeah, I messed up my other one.”

“You’re a pig,” said his cousin, Cowboy.

Maverick laughed. “At least I don’t feel like shit anymore. I’m all good to get even more fucked up tonight.”

To that, there were more laughs from the men who were gathered. All club brothers and family. They all turned when the door opened and Dasan, Diesel, and Tank entered, serious expressions on their faces. Burger froze, because he didn’t like their looks. Also, he wasn’t expecting them to be at the clubhouse when they were all getting ready to head to the banquet hall where the wedding and reception was taking place.

“What’s up, dad?” Ace asked.

“Just need to take care of some business,” Dasan said, then walked up to his son, Ace, taking in the groom’s appearance. He nodded approvingly. “You look good, boy. Are you ready to take this huge step?”

Ace smiled and nodded. “More than ready.”

“Good, why don’t you and everyone head to the hall. We need to talk with Burger.”

“Is everything okay?” Burger asked.

Dasan gave his son a look that held his agitation. “You, in my office now.”

A chill went up and down Burger’s spine, because the last thing he wanted was to be on the receiving end of his dad’s ire.

Dasan looked at Maverick and frowned. “What the fuck is up with you? Why aren’t you dressed?”

Maverick cleared his throat. “I just got done puking my guts out. Don’t worry, I’m getting ready.” And just in time, Nine Iron returned with an undershirt for Maverick to borrow.

“Fucking idiot, you need to learn how to handle your liquor,” Dasan said, then began making his way toward his office. Burger was following behind him as were Tank and Diesel. Once they were all in the office, the door closed and Dasan glared at Burger. “So, you must think I’m a fool?”

“And please don’t even try to insult us more by claiming you don’t know what this is about,” Tank warned.

Burger knew better than to do that. Clearly, the cat was out of the bag, he just didn't know how they found out. He and Akari had been really careful. "I love him, dad. It's that simple."

"No, it's not that fucking simple, Fabian," Dasan snapped. "Now, Rico contacted me and told me that you two have been secretly dating, even after I told you to break up. And even Ace had told you to let him go, but you refused to listen. I'm going to call Rico right now, and we are going to see just what the hell can be done about this. You better pray that he's willing to let Akari pledge to us, because if not, this is it, Burger. You're either going to break up with him, or you're going to be excommunicated from the club. I will not break a fifty-plus-year tradition for you," Dasan said, his tone full of authority because it was his final word.

Just hearing the phrase *excommunicated from the club* made Burger's heart break. He felt like he wanted to cry, because he couldn't imagine his life without the club or Akari. This just wasn't fair, not one fucking bit.

"Do you understand me, boy?" Dasan asked.

Burger gave his dad a curt nod. "Yes, Prez."

Dasan nodded, then sat down behind his desk and dialed Rico's number, putting the phone on speaker.

"Hello, Mr. Murphy, my name Alessia Castiello, Rico's wife. He is here with me and I will be translating for my husband," the mob boss' wife stated, her sultry, Italian-

accented voice purred through the receiver, making some of the men perk up a bit.

“That’s perfectly fine with me,” Dasan said, then began the conference. “Hello Mr. Castiello, I’ve got you on speaker with my VP, Tank, my treasurer, Diesel, and son, Burger.”

Alessia chuckled softly. “Such colorful names,” she commented.

“Yeah, I’m sure the ‘Monk’ would agree,” Dasan retorted, making a reference to Rico’s nickname, since mobsters tended to have them as well. He actually heard a man laugh in the background and assumed it was Rico, who didn’t seem like he took offense, though Dasan wouldn’t have cared if he did. His wife was the one to make the comment in the first place. “All right, I’m not going to beat around the bush, as I have a wedding to attend, but we need to get an answer regarding this important matter.”

“Indeed, my husband and I have discussed it with Akari, his sister, the underboss, and son and we have come to a decision,” Alessia said. “It is our understanding that whomever your sons or daughters fall in love with regardless if they marry or not, must pledge to the club?” she asked for clarification.

“Only if we know for sure that they want them to be theirs for good,” Dasan answered. “According to my son, he’s in love with Akari, we can’t... and we won’t break our tradition. I’m sure you can appreciate and understand the significance of keeping to the rules that make a family powerful. So, we need

to know just how we're going to proceed with this relationship."

Burger's heart was in his throat the whole time his father and president spoke with Rico, the man who was holding his future in his hands. This was the conversation that would decide if he'd be saying goodbye to his club or not. Because as he listened, he made his decision. He was choosing Akari and even with that decision, he was hurting inside. He knew that by leaving the Lords of Chaos, he would be creating a void in his soul that would never be filled again. But his love for Akari was stronger than anything he'd ever felt. He actually crossed his fingers as he listened, because if there was a God and he hadn't been completely pissed off at Burger for the life he'd chosen... then he could actually have both of his loves in his future.

"We do understand tradition, Mr. Murphy, but we also understand love. And more importantly, and intimately, a love that defies the odds. Akari is very dear to us, both as a member of our family and an asset. He has been very open and honest with us regarding his feelings for your son. He is in love and wants to pursue it further. Therefore, we have agreed to allow him to pledge to your club, but with conditions of our own," Alessia said.

Diesel pointed at Burger as if to say you're a lucky bastard.

Dasan raised both eyebrows, because he was concerned about the conditions. "And they are?" he asked, his eyes on his

son the whole time. Burger felt the weight of his dad's judgment in that measured gaze.

“We must insist that Akari's commitment belongs to our family first, not your club. We will loan his services if you are in need, free of charge, if you are willing to do the same. If not, there will be a small fee for his services,” Alessia said, translating for her husband, Rico.

Dasan sighed, then cleared his throat. “Let me know if I'm understanding you correctly. Akari can prospect with us as long as his duties don't interfere with your family's needs. And if we need him for his particular skills, you'll charge us unless we loan you one of our men for his skills?”

“That is correct. Preferably one of your seasoned enforcers, as Akari has stated that their skills were impressive,” Alessia stated.

“Burger will be the one to help if you need it,” Dasan said.

“It is our understanding that he is Road Captain and not a trained enforcer,” Alessia said.

“True, but he can handle his own.”

“I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy, but my husband must insist on skill for skill. This is non-negotiable.”

Dasan huffed and lowered his head, shaking it, because he didn't like his club being shaken up like this. He looked back up at Burger. “I'll talk to my enforcers on the trade. But they will not be pledging to your family as they are just on loan.”

“That is acceptable. Perhaps, it is best to train Fabian, because as long as Akari is a member of the Lords, we will require the trade,” she said.

Burger nodded his head to let his father know that he was ready and willing to do whatever was necessary.

Dasan sighed. “Yeah, that’s something we can make work.”

“Please ensure that your son’s training culminates in a skill that matches say... Maverick’s or Dragon’s,” Alessia said and her tone was bold, reminding Burger of his mom.

Dasan rolled his eyes, but replied. “Yeah, we don’t slack around here.”

“Excellent. Moving on, if our dear Akari is expected to wear your club’s seal on his flesh, your son, Fabian, must also pledge an alliance to our family and do the same. And we will share the same rules, his commitment to the club will come first, then to us.”

“About the timing, if Akari gets through his year of prospecting, that is when he’s required to get the patch-tat as a rite-of-passage,” Dasan said.

“Then, at the same time, your son, Fabian, must get the Castiello Family crest. This is a bond my husband is willing to extend to you, because of Akari. However, if the two shall marry before the end of his prospecting period, then they must both get their tattoos at that time as a show of loyalty,” Alessia said.

Hearing the progression of the conversation gave Burger hope that he wouldn't have to give up his club or his man. He smiled, but quickly wiped the smile off his face when his father glared at him.

"Sounds fair. Listen, I'm going to put you on hold to discuss this with my officers," Dasan said, not waiting for a reply. He looked at Burger. "You hear this shit, right? Are you prepared to be trained to be an enforcer?"

"That woman sounds like a mafia don's ball-busting wife," Tank remarked.

"She sounds sexy, though," Diesel commented.

"Burger, I'm waiting for an answer," Dasan said, his tone was all business.

"Hell, we all are," Diesel added.

Burger nodded. "To be able to stay in my club and be with him, fuck yeah, I'll do it. Me being another enforcer will benefit the club, anyway. I can still be Road Captain, right?"

"No, if you didn't have to work for them, we wouldn't care. But you can't be RC and enforcer and be on loan to the Castiellos. I'm sure you understand, Burger," Tank said.

Burger thought about it, then nodded. "If you need me as RC, I have to be available and I can't guarantee that if I have to work for them."

Dasan nodded. "Well, you've made your decision. Nothing will be final, as far as these tats go, until after his year is up."

“Or if we get married before that,” Burger said.

“Shit, it can’t be that serious,” Diesel stated.

“Ace is getting married to Ahiga today, and he still has eight months of prospecting to do. I love Akari, that’s all I’m saying,” Burger stated.

“You better hope Maverick or Nine are willing to do this shit, Burger,” Tank said.

“And you better start learning how to be as efficient in killing as they are if you want this to work out for you,” Dasan added.

Burger decided to keep quiet because he now understood what it all meant. “I’m sorry, dad.”

Dasan sighed and nodded, then took the phone off hold. “You there?”

“Patiently so, yes,” Alessia stated. Of course, her tone would indicate that she was annoyed, not patient.

Dasan decided to just finalize the agreement. “I spoke with my senior officers and we agree to the terms. Right now, if we need Akari’s skills, we agree to loan you one of our seasoned enforcers. And once Fabian reaches the level you find acceptable, he will be the only one that we’ll trade when you need his services,” Dasan said.

“Please hold,” Alessia said.

Dasan scoffed as he heard the phone go silent. He looked at his watch to make sure he wouldn’t be late to his son’s

wedding. Ace was the first of his sons to get married. Gina had been his first child to tie the knot to Shotgun. Sofia was waiting until after she had her baby, because she wanted to fit into her wedding dress to marry Footlong.

The phone came to life and Alessia's voice purred through the receiver. "My husband has agreed to your terms, Mr. Murphy. We are happy to see Akari in such good spirits, so we will proceed with the deal. Which of your sons will be on loan to us until Fabian is on par?"

"Let me talk to them and I'll let you know. Right now, we have to head to a wedding," Dasan said.

"Oh, congratulations. Akari is on his way to your clubhouse," Alessia said.

"Tell him to meet me at the banquet hall, he knows the one," Burger blurted out, a wide grin on his face. No longer would he have to hide his love and sneak around. He was now free to be with Akari and this was becoming one of the best days of his life.

Alessia chuckled. "Very well. Until we speak again, Mr. Murphy." She ended the call.

Dasan sighed again, because now he had to speak to his enforcers and that was a conversation he was going to save until after the wedding. "You're not off the hook yet, Fabian. I don't appreciate you lying to me or sneaking around behind my back. And the club still has to vote on having Akari prospect for us. Not. One. Fucking. Rule will be broken, do you hear me?"

Burger fidgeted. “But—”

“No fucking butts, Fabian,” Dasan interjected. “Do. You. Hear. Me?” he asked again and all he wanted was a straight answer.

Burger exhaled, his shoulders slouching. “Yes, dad.”

“Having Akari join us will make our club stronger,” Tank said. “As will having Burger trained to be an enforcer.”

“And, well, if they do get married, it’ll make our connection to Rico solid,” Diesel said.

Dasan snorted. “Rico is more cold-blooded than a fucking rattlesnake. Don’t think them getting married won’t mean he won’t turn on us if we piss him off. That would be a mistake on our part. That’s one of the reasons I didn’t want you to get involved with his man, Burger.”

“You can’t help who you love,” Tank said, taking his nephew’s side when he saw the look of anguish on Burger’s face.

Dasan studied his son. He let some of his anger and frustration fade away. His son was in love, after all. He nodded. “Yeah, I guess you can’t. Let’s just hope it never comes to that.”

“In the meantime, better have Akari train you. That’ll really impress the Castiellos since they’re so particular. Also, with how much time you two have been spending together, his schedule seems clear,” Diesel said as he rose and stretched. He was dressed like every man in the club. Only instead of

wearing tuxedo pants, he had on black jeans and his cut, but a white shirt and black tie.

“I think that’s best,” Dasan said, then grabbed his keys from the desk. “Let’s ride out.”

Burger’s chest swelled because he saw the three men who helped raise him and whom he admired greatly slowly come around to seeing things his way. “Thank you, and I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to—”

Dasan held his hand up, stopping Burger from speaking. “You did mean to, you just didn’t want to have to make that decision as a result,” he said, regarding Burger having to pick Akari or his club. “Just be happy this worked out in your favor, boy.”

Burger nodded. “Yes, Prez. Still, thank you.”

“Nothing like having your cake and eating it too,” Diesel remarked, then slapped Burger’s back.

Dasan chortled. “Tell me about it. Let’s ride out.” He led the way out of his office. The clubhouse was empty as everyone else was already at the banquet hall or en route. The four men climbed into their cages, as it was cold that day and headed to the wedding location. Burger’s heart was fluttering with the thought of seeing Akari there and being able to dance with him at the reception. Finally, he had found someone perfect for him and nothing else was standing in the way of their love.



“About time you got here. Is everything all right?” Ace asked Burger once they met up again.

“Yeah, everything is perfect,” Burger said, beaming.

Ace chuckled. “I can tell... I haven’t seen you smile like that in a while.”

“I’ll tell you what happened. For now, let’s get you married,” Burger said.

“I was going to try to fill in for you as Best Man, but your ass had the rings,” Maverick joked.

Burger patted his inside pocket and nodded. “Safe and sound, and serves you right for trying to start without me.”

Ace and Maverick laughed.

“Naw, we would have waited for your goofy ass. Come on, let’s go,” Ace said, and they began walking towards the door.

“Hold up,” Dasan stated upon entering the backroom where the males of the wedding party were about to leave. He walked up to his oldest and patted both shoulders. “I’m so happy for you, son. Your mother and I want nothing but for all of our children to find someone in their lives to share the kind of love that we have. You’ve found that with Kenshin and your mother and I are pleased to welcome him into the family as our son-in-law.”

Ace's grin couldn't get wider and he hugged his father. "Thanks, dad. Mom said the same thing earlier."

"It was a speech we wanted to deliver together, but shit happens," Dasan said with a sly grin. "Okay, I'm going to go take my place." With that, he walked out of the room. Ace, Burger, Maverick, Nine, and Cowboy followed, meeting up with the women and man who stood in as Ahiga's groomsmen/man.

"It's time," Gina said, grinning at Ace. "I'm so excited!"

"You look beautiful," Burger and Ace said.

"I know." Gina smiled and did a twirl to showcase her off-the-shoulders lilac dress. The men complimented all of the women and a male hangaround who were in the wedding party on their attire. Ahiga was still in the back, waiting on his cue.

Burger and the others were lined up in pairs waiting to go after Ace, who was standing at the head of the line, waiting for the music. Nine was with Darrin, who was wearing a pink tux. He was one of the hangarounds who had befriended Ahiga right away as the two had a lot in common. He was a ginger with a bubbled ass, plump cupid-bow-shaped lips, and green eyes. He was also a hangaround that as far as Burger knew, didn't fuck any of the men in the club.

Burger chuckled when he saw Nine take a sly look at Darrin's ample ass. He was standing behind them with Gina on his arm. Gina shook her head, but didn't bother to chastise her lecherous cousin. The music started and the double doors opened. The crowd turned to gaze at the wedding party. Burger

looked inside the hall to see that it was beautifully decorated with flowers and sparkling ribbons. Gina, Sofia, Debbie, and a few of the other old ladies helped plan the wedding and Burger knew Ace spent a pretty penny making sure Kenshin got his dream wedding to his prince.

Ace entered first, walking down the aisle alone as everyone smiled at him and took photos. He took his place at the altar, then each pair began making their way down the aisle to the altar and when it was Burger and Gina's turn as Maid of Honor and Best Man, he walked tall with his little sis at his side. As he headed toward his post, he took a look around at the faces smiling back at him, but felt some disappointment that Akari's face wasn't one of them. He tried to keep faith that he wouldn't be too late or that nothing had happened to him. Once he reached the front, Gina went her way and he went his, standing behind Ace and in front of Maverick.

"I wish our brothers and family were here to see this instead of in prison," Maverick said.

"Me too," Burger agreed. Dragon should have been Ace's Best Man, but he was honored to take up the responsibility.

"Don't we all," Ace said, a hint of sadness in his tone. He cleared his throat and his thoughts, because he couldn't let anything ruin his happiness on this day. This day was up there with the birth of his daughter, Nyah, and when he made patch. "I can't believe I'm actually getting married," Ace whispered, but he was smiling like a kid on Santa's lap.

“It was meant to be,” Burger whispered. Again, he scanned the audience now that he had a better view and still didn’t see Akari. He sighed, his heart sinking, but before it could plunge completely, he saw the door open and Akari slip silently inside the great room, taking a seat in the back. Burger’s grin returned with vigor now that his man was present, sharing this special moment. One he hoped would be theirs soon.

“Looks like Dad approved your relationship,” Ace whispered to Burger, as he’d seen the stealthy assassin enter.

Burger nodded. “We don’t have to hide anymore.”

Maverick snorted. “I knew you two were still together and fucking like rabbits.”

“How?” Burger asked.

“You were relaxed all the time. Less worrying and you had that look on your face when you were reading texts with the cat that got the mouse smirk,” Maverick answered. “I’m happy for you, brother,” he said and patted his big bro’s back.

Burger was hoping he kept that same energy when their Dad had to approach Maverick for the trade-off. He remained silent on that, leaving it up to his dad to work out. Everyone smiled as Maverick’s children, his son, Tyson, and daughter, Lily, came down the aisle. Tyson took his time with his sister, taking each step with her and this time, he held the pillow with the decoy rings with both hands. Lily placed more petals on the floor than she had at Gina’s wedding and once again, the audience “awed” at the children’s gallant effort. Once done making their trek, they went to their grandparents, Liliana and

Ayana, as their mother, Stacey, was in the wedding party in place of Sofia, who was in the audience.

Before Ahiga made his grand appearance, Veronica came out with Ace's ten-month-old daughter, Nyah, in her arms. The little bundle of joy was dressed in a pink and white ruffled dress and she held a crumpled flower in her hand that she waved with a baby's enthusiasm. There were some chuckles and more "awes" from those in the room, including Ace. So many camera phones were taking photos and videos.

Veronica walked up to Ace, kissing his cheek. "Congratulations, you bastard. You deserve to be happy."

Ace laughed and kissed her and his daughter on their cheeks. "Thank you, Roni." He winked and his special ladies smiled before taking a seat by his mom. Finally, all chatter stopped when the music for Ahiga came on, and everyone rose. Ahiga came out smiling widely dressed in a white tux with a red satin shirt, white tie, and his cut. He held a bouquet of red flowers with glitter on them. Burger was watching everything as the two grooms gazed at each other with all the love they felt. He couldn't help but look at Akari in the audience and the assassin winked at him, making Burger blush. He focused his attention on his brother and Ahiga as they exchanged their own vows and he handed Ace the simple platinum rings that each man slipped on their fingers. The audience cheered and clapped as Ace kissed Ahiga once the two had been pronounced husband and husband.

Everyone walked up to the newlywed couple and offered their congratulations. When Akari did the same, Burger stood right by him. Ace and Ahiga thanked him and Burger led Akari away and out of the wedding hall and into the lobby. “I’m glad you could make it.”

“Me too, I’d hate to miss seeing you all dressed up,” Akari half complimented, half joked as he ran his finger over Burger’s cut.

“A biker’s formal attire,” Burger commented, then kissed the man he knew he was in love with. Kissed him without fear of being found out.

“We’re next,” Akari said, because he knew without a shadow of a doubt that he was in love with Fabian “Burger” Murphy.

“Damn right,” Burger said. “Come on, let’s get to the reception.”

Akari felt closer to Burger as their hands connected and Burger led him to where the food would be served. They settled down and made small talk as the room slowly filled with bikers, friends, and family.

“You know you’re going to end up hating me as I train you,” Akari told Burger.

Burger smirked. “You assume I’m going to let you train me. I didn’t even ask you.” He was going to get around to it, but Akari beat him to it.

Akari nodded. “Oh, you will. Maverick is very good, but he isn’t exceptional, and neither is Nine Iron. Neither of them could take me on. I want you to be able to measure up to Mr. Castiello’s standards.”

“Damn, baby... tell me how you really feel about my club and family,” Burger remarked.

“I’m simply being honest,” Akari said in his signature way, the bluntness that Burger had grown to love and respect.

Burger chuckled. “Yeah, I know. Just don’t tell them that.”

Akari shrugged. “I think they know.”

Again, Burger laughed and shook his head. “You are one of a kind, baby. And all mine.”

“And you’re mine,” Akari said, and the two kissed some more. “So, does this mean I’m your old boy?” he asked once they broke their kiss.

“As far as I’m concerned, you’re my Property Of, but for the sake of the arrangement between our two families, I’ll hold off from claiming that title officially. But for now, yeah... you’re my old boy, baby.”

Akari grinned. “I like that.”

“You know... there was a moment there, and it terrified me that I’d have to make a decision. You or the Club,” Burger said softly as he locked eyes with his lover.

Akari was studying him and he reached up, caressing Burger’s stubbled jawline. “Could you have made it?” he

asked.

Burger nodded. “And if I had to, I was choosing you.”

Akari was silent for a few seconds as his mind processed what Burger had said. The sacrifice that his man was willing to make to keep the promise of what could be. He felt his chest tightened and a single tear flowed from his eye. “I... I don’t know wh... I love you, Burger,” was all he could say in a breathless voice.

Burger wiped the tear from Akari’s eye and kissed him. “I love you too, baby.”

They chatted until the reception area was full and everyone was starting to be served their meals. Burger and Shotgun laughed as Gina critiqued the food, claiming she could have made it better. Neither man doubted it, as they knew she could *throw down*, as they say, in the kitchen. As the hours ticked on, Burger and Akari shared several dances and kisses, and everything was perfect to Burger.

Dasan, who was slightly intoxicated, still had the good sense to give a speech to his son and son-in-law that had Liliana wiping a few tears from her eyes.

Ahiga leaned over to Ace. “Are you ready?” he asked.

“For what?” Burger inquired as he was sitting right next to Ace. Akari was sitting beside him and Gina was on the other side of Akari.

“For the tradition of picking the next couple. Ahiga wants to toss his bouquet,” Gina said.

Burger laughed and looked at his brother. “And you’re going to do what? Toss his G-string?”

“Ace tossed Burger the middle finger.

“Excuse you, I’ll have you know that I am wearing a garter,” Ahiga pointed out.

“Well excuse the fuck out of me indeed,” Burger said with a chuckle.

“Are you ready to throw it?” Ahiga asked Ace.

Ace shook his head. “So it can land on the floor after these sorry bastards part like the red sea?” he joked. “You saw what happened at Gina’s wedding.”

Ahiga slapped his arm playfully. “Come on.” He jumped out of his chair and made his way to the middle of the dance floor, and the women and some men knew what it meant and began to line up behind him.

Ace sighed, but joined his husband to fulfill this dream.

“It’s about to be a slaughter,” Burger said.

“Why?” Akari asked.

“Last time, it got vicious and Melissa is a take-no-prisoners kind of woman,” he said, pointing to the pregnant woman who was standing in the front.

Maverick snorted. “She can catch all the fucking bouquets in the world and I still ain’t gonna marry her ass.”

There was some laughter from a few of them while others just shook their heads.

“Are you ready?” Ahiga asked the women and men who screamed their excitement behind him. “Okay, here it comes,” he announced, then tossed the bouquet in the air towards clamoring hands.

That’s when Akari struck, pulling a knife from his pocket and throwing it with killer precision, pinning the bouquet to the wall. The crowd hushed when they saw what happened to the bouquet, then turned to see who had thrown the knife. Burger’s mouth was dropped open as were some others as Akari rose, fixed his suit, then made his way over to the flowers impaled to the wall.

“It’s mine,” he stated as he removed his knife and caught the flowers.

“Damn,” Maverick commented. “And I thought Ace was a badass with a knife. I didn’t even see him throw that shit.”

“You better not piss him off,” Shotgun told Burger, then laughed as he took a sip of his wine.

“See, shit like that just makes him even sexier to me,” Burger stated, then reached down to give his growing cock an adjustment.

Dasan and Liliana were staring at Akari as he made his way back to Burger. Dasan shook his head and Liliana chuckled.

The disappointed women and men returned to their seats as Akari settled down, bouquet in hand.

“That was awesome,” Burger said.

Akari smiled. “You’re mine.”

“Hell yeah.” Burger kissed him quickly, then turned to see Ace’s turn.

“Before I do this, is there anyone else planning to toss knives to catch the garter?” Ace asked.

“I was going to shoot it, is that okay?” Benicio “Smoke” joked.

“With what kind of gun?” Ace played along.

“My Glock.”

Ace nodded. “That’s acceptable.”

With that, there was some lighthearted laughter from the partygoers. Ace knelt before a sitting Ahiga and the crowd clapped and laughed as Ace rolled up Ahiga’s pant leg and removed the black and silver garter with his teeth. He tossed it into the few men who had gathered and only two of the men lunged for it with one being the victor. There were some cheers and claps and the party continued.

More time passed as everyone was enjoying themselves. Burger watched Ace and Ahiga playing with his daughter and the two looked like the perfect couple. The baby was laughing and giving full trust to her dad, who played airplane with her. The infant’s legs kicked in her glee as she zoomed-zoomed through the air as far as her dad could raise her. Ahiga laughed between making funny faces, which made Nyah cackle even more.

Another hour went on, music and booze continued to flow, the cake was cut and all was going as planned until Gina ran

over to a crowd of her brothers and club members who were gathered together talking shit and just having fun. They turned when Gina pushed her way through their huddle.

“Sofia’s gone into labor!” she announced.

“What the fuck?” Ace asked.

“Her water just broke! Eeeeeeee!” Gina squealed in delight, then ran back over to her sister, who already had a small crowd gathered around.

Ace punched Burger and Nine in the arms, causing each man to curse and rub the sore spot. “This is because of you two.”

“What the fuck did we do?” Nine asked, a wicked smile on his face.

“You two spoke this into existence earlier,” Ace reminded them.

Burger laughed. “Oh yeah, sorry.”

Ace huffed and rolled his eyes but all of them made their way over to Sofia. Footlong was at her side, giving her his hand to squeeze. Liliana and Dasan were also there while Ayana was helping her granddaughter breathe. Shotgun was also assisting until the ambulance arrived.

“Get the fuck back, give her some room to breathe,” Maverick said, forcing the curious crowd to take several steps backward.

“Oh shit... the contractions are not that far apart,” Sofia said with a grimace.

“How long before the ambulance gets here?” Ayanna asked.

“They said in five minutes, grandma,” Gina answered.

“Oh my god, this is so exciting.” Ahiga grinned from ear-to-ear. “A wedding and a baby.”

“Better than a wedding and a funeral,” Maverick stated.

“Shut your ass up,” Burger said, slapping his brother on the back of his head.

The crowd parted when the EMTs arrived to give them access to the mother-to-be. Quickly, they got Sofia and Footlong out of there, and Liliana and Ayanna both traveled with them in the ambulance.

“Well, I paid for this hall for another three hours, so those who want to can stay and celebrate. I’m going to go to the hospital,” Ace said.

Some club members and their family and close friends joined Ace at the hospital. Burger was in Akari’s car as they followed the line of cars and bikes heading toward the hospital.

“Wow, this day just keeps getting crazier,” Burger said, but he was smiling because by that, he meant better.

“Babies are wonderful,” Akari said.

“We sure have enough little ones in our family.”

“Some in our family as well.”

“What about you? You want kids?” Burger asked.

“I’m not opposed. You?”

“Same.”

“First, let’s get married.”

“Yeah, that’s my plan.”



Two hours later, Burger and his family were smiling down at the newest member of their family.

“Adonis ‘AC’ Calloway Junior,” Footlong announced as he held his son in his arms, a proud father.

Dasan took the unlit cigar out of his mouth. “My grandkid already has a road name,” he declared with a big grin. The bikers laughed and nodded, because the little tike was a Prince of the Lords and would one day wear the patch. Burger got to hold the beautiful baby boy, then his other brothers and sister did before the baby had to be taken away to rest with his mother. Burger and his brothers, uncles, and parents all gave Sofia, who looked like she’d been through hell, kisses and congratulations before leaving her to rest with her fiancé and son.

“Well, this was a very eventful day,” Akari said. “I’m happy I got to be a part of it.”

Burger kissed him. “Me too. But I hope you aren’t sleepy, because I plan to tear this fine ass of yours up. This time, no hotel rooms are needed. I’m taking you back to my home and I’m going to fuck you in my bed.”

“I want nothing more,” Akari said, and he drove to that destination.

ELEVEN





WOLF

TWO WEEKS LATER

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? Wolf humphed as he read the text from Demir. The two hadn't seen each other since the night that assassin bastard put a cock-blocking cockring tracker on him. He had been sex free since that day. Even attempting to masturbate got him a shock to his cock and balls. Even getting aroused fucked him up. He hated it. Like Demir said, the damn device could monitor if and when his cock was engorged. He was thankful the thing wasn't constricting. It didn't hurt until it was triggered.

Don't ignore me, was Demir's follow-up text when Wolf didn't answer.

Go fuck yourself, Wolf finally replied.

I'd rather be fucking you and if you'd get your head out of your ass... you know that's what you want, too.

Take this fucking cockring off of me and maybe we can talk.

No. Not until you understand and accept that you're mine now.

Wolf threw his head back, his jaw tight as he forced himself to suppress the yell he wanted to release. But he wasn't alone, he was in the main area of the Lords of Chaos clubhouse and the last thing his brothers needed to know was what was going on between him and Demir. The Saturday Night party was going strong and it was one of his favorite nights of the week, but hadn't been since Demir. He almost didn't show up tonight, like he didn't last week, but two weeks in a row would raise too many questions from the club. So, he showed up and tried not to get horny. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, trying to center himself.

“You look stressed, what's going on?”

Wolf opened his eyes, because he recognized the voice of Python. “Nothing. I'm good,” he lied.

Python snorted. “Well, something is going on. By this time, you usually have your cock in some thirsty dude's tight ass or a cock in yours. You didn't come last week and this week, you're a fucking corpse. What's wrong?”

Wolf sighed and contemplated if he should let his best friend know. He lowered his head, because he needed some kind of guidance. “Come with me,” Wolf said, and he led Python to his office, then closed the door after they were both inside. He didn't take a seat behind his desk, instead, he looked at the monitors that surveyed the grounds. He'd installed more, catching all blind spots since the last attack by the Devil's Regrets. Also, the club had bulletproof windows throughout the building. A huge investment, but it was worth

it. He'd done that upgrade after the thing that went down with Ze and Tiger a few years back.

Python took a seat and lit his joint. "What's up?"

"I... I may have gotten myself into a bit of trouble," Wolf said.

"Oh shit," Python said, then took two hurried puffs of his joint before putting it out. "What the fuck happened?" he asked after exhaling.

"I should have listened to you when you told me to leave Demir alone," Wolf said.

Python let out an exasperated sigh along with a roll of his eyes. "What's going on?"

"He's obsessed with me, man. A few weeks ago, he broke into my home and told me that I was his and that I couldn't be with anyone else but him. To further make his point, the son of a bitch put a fucking cockring tracker on me," Wolf explained.

Both of Python's eyebrows went up with keen interest. "He did? Let me see it."

Wolf scoffed. "I'm not going to show you."

Python shrugged. "Why not? It's not like I haven't seen your cock before."

Wolf sighed, then began undoing his pants. He reached into the zipper hole and pulled out his thick but flaccid dick, showing Python the ring. "If I get hard, his phone gets an alert and he fucking zaps me, killing my erection."

Python shook his head. “Damn, this is some crazy ass shit. We need to let Vito know that his boy’s gone off the fucking rails.”

Wolf stuffed his cock back into his pants and zipped them up. “Yeah, that was the first thing I did and let’s just say that it didn’t go well.”

“Stop fucking talking in code, spit it out. What did he say?”

Wolf growled then finally sat down behind his desk. “Shit,” he groaned and wiped his hands over his face before answering. “Basically said that this was between Demir and me and if I press it, he’d look at it as me wanting to dissolve the deal the Lords have with his family.”

“Jesus Christ,” Python hissed and ran his hand over his twists. “Okay, so that’s out of the question.”

Wolf nodded. “Now you see my dilemma.”

“Maybe just ignore him and he’ll get the message or get bored,” Python suggested.

“Yeah, that’s what I’ve been doing.”

“In the meantime, let’s have Snoopy take a look at that thing. He might be able to get it off,” Python suggested.

“You think so? I’m not too comfortable with letting the brothers know about this,” Wolf said, one eyebrow cocked.

“We swear him to secrecy. Besides, it’s worth a shot unless you want to walk around with that thing on you,” Python said.

“Fuck no, I want it off.”

“Well then, let me call Snoopy.”

Wolf sighed and relented. “Fine.”

Python called their club’s resident tech wiz and it was five minutes before there was a knock on the office door.

Wolf answered. “What took you so long?”

“I just wanted to finish fucking. Python didn’t say it was a 9-1-1,” Levi “Snoopy” Myers said.

Wolf just motioned him inside. No doubt, Snoopy was a man now. He enjoyed the parties and the fucking just like the other members.

“So, what’s up?” Snoopy asked, looking at the two men.

“Look, what is discussed in his room doesn’t leave this office. Do you understand me, Snoopy?” Wolf asked.

Snoopy’s shoulders tensed and he nodded. “I swear on my life, I won’t say a word.”

Wolf was satisfied with that. “Good. I need to know, can you get this off my dick?” He undid his pants, pulling them down to his thighs to give Snoopy the full view.

Snoopy’s eyes widened as he leaned in to get a closer look at the black and silver cockring. “This looks wicked.”

Wolf scoffed. “It feels wicked too. Fucker shocks the hell out of me every time I get hard.”

Snoopy looked up at him. “Why did you put it on?”

“I didn’t.”

“Who did?”

“None of your business,” Wolf shot back.

“I—you’re right. I’m sorry. Let me take another look,” Snoopy said, then knelt with his camera phone to use the flashlight. “Man, this is hardcore. Do you know who made it?”

“I don’t fucking kn—” Wolf started, but then it hit him. He did know, because Demir had told him. “Wait, I think it was some chick named Chelsey.”

Snoopy’s eyes widened and he shot to his feet. “Chelsey as in Jessica Chelsey?”

“How the fuck should I know all of that? I just know the name Chelsey,” Wolf snapped.

“So, what’s the big deal?” Python asked.

Snoopy sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. “I mean, she’s a legend. Remember those comms I wanted us to get before we took on the Regrets? The ones that would have allowed us to still be in communication after the EMP?”

“Yeah,” Wolf said with a shrug. “Fucking things were too expensive. We made do.”

“True, but getting back to my point, she made them. She makes all kinds of underground shit. Stuff you’ll never find in stores. She even does custom work, which that’s what the cockring looks like. The fingerprint scanner, I’m guessing isn’t set to you, but who put it on you. If I tamper with this anyway, it could go off.”

Wolf's eyes widened. "Go off? Like how?" he asked with a lot of concern in his voice. Something going "off" while attached to his cock wasn't words he wanted to hear.

"I don't know what kind of failsafe is on the device. I go tinkering around with it, it might explode, might just go into continuous shocks, whatever happens, you're not going to like it," Snoopy warned.

"Fuck!" Wolf cursed.

"I mean... I can try if you wan—"

"No!" Wolf practically yelled the word, cutting Snoopy off. "That won't be necessary. I'll figure something out." He hastily shoved his cock back into his pants, safe from Snoopy.

"You sure, Prez? I mean, I'm really good," Snoopy said.

"But are you on her level?" Python asked.

Snoopy sighed and shook his head. "Few people are. Unfortunately, I'm not one of them."

"Then, no, I don't want you fiddling around with this damn thing," Wolf said, then sat back down behind his desk.

"I'm sorry I couldn't help, Prez," Snoopy said.

"Yeah, me too." Wolf waved him off.

Before Snoopy left, Python reminded him of his vow of secrecy.

"You have my word as a Lord," Snoopy said.

With that, both Wolf and Python nodded, because to them, nothing was held in higher regard than the word of a Lord.

Snoopy left and Python looked at Wolf. “So, what are you going to do?”

“Try ignoring the motherfucker, but I don’t think that’s my best option,” Wolf said.

Python nodded and there were a few moments of silence between them before he spoke. “Let me ask you something.”

“What?” Wolf was watching and waiting.

“How do you feel about Demir?”

Wolf snorted. “He was hot and a fantastic fuck, but that was before he started acting crazy like that bitch from that movie, Fatal Attraction. Thank god I don’t have a rabbit.”

“You have a wolf hybrid,” Python pointed out.

“Oh, we’re fighting to the death if he touches my fur baby,” Wolf snapped.

Python laughed and nodded. “I’m sure it won’t get to that point. But I just wanted to know if there was anything there between you that you could work out.”

Wolf sighed. “You know I don’t do crazy.”

“Is he, though?”

“What?”

“Crazy.”

“What sane person would do this?” Wolf asked and motioned to his crotch.

“He’s mafia, Wolf. Hell, his boss and BFF is known as “The Vise”. These are men who are used to getting whatever they want out of anyone. That’s why—and I hate to say ‘I told you so’, but I did— I warned you to stay away from him.”

Wolf snarled, but accepted his medicine. “Yeah, but I wanted him.”

Python sighed. “And you got him. Now, he’s got you... literally by the balls.”

“I’ll give it another week, see what happens,” Wolf said.

Python was looking at the monitor now, seeing who’d just entered the clubhouse. “Or... see what happens tonight.”

Wolf frowned, then looked in the direction of the monitors to see that Demir had entered. “Motherfucker,” he growled, then rose from his chair.

“Keep a level head, you know what’s at stake,” Python reminded him.

“I’ll handle it,” Wolf said, then stormed out of his office with Python leaving as well, but he didn’t follow, opting to give Wolf and Demir their privacy. Wolf walked over to Demir, who looked at him. “Why are you here?”

Demir looked around, taking in the partygoers, then his gaze settled back on Wolf and he looked him up and down with slow seduction. “To see you, of course.”

“We need to talk,” Wolf said, then beckoned for Demir to follow him and he did, right back into Wolf’s office. Wolf closed the door behind them and when Demir turned around,

he swung, but the spry assassin dodged. “Fuck, you sneaky bastard.”

Demir laughed. “You’re calling me ‘sneaky’ after your failed attempt to catch me with a right hook? As if I’d fall for something like that?”

“Your training?” Wolf asked.

Demir nodded. “From childhood, and more extensive than you can possibly imagine. I’ve been trained to be a weapon. I fear nothing and I never miss my mark. However, when it comes to matters of desire, I’m even more tenacious. From the first time we met, we both wanted each other. But I could tell, even then, that you were someone who fucked for fun. You didn’t date and I knew that you were my type and that just wouldn’t be acceptable. So, I turned you down.”

“But I kept pushing,” Wolf stated.

Demir nodded. “The genie, as they say, is now out of the bottle. And you’ve been quite horny, my Wolf.” He sat on the edge of Wolf’s desk and smiled. “So many alerts on my cell.”

“Listen, I fucked up. I shouldn’t have pursued you. I need you to take this off me,” Wolf said.

“I will not,” Demir said, then spread his legs. “But I will allow you to cum... when you fuck me.” His Middle Eastern accent took on the allure of his seduction and he looked at Wolf like a man starving.

Wolf took several deep breaths because he was equally as annoyed as he was aroused. Demir was dressed in a tight pair

of black pants, designer shoes, a t-shirt, and a fur-lined leather jacket with black leather gloves. Damn, he was sexy as fuck and Wolf could feel himself getting hot under the collar. Not to mention, whatever cologne Demir had been wearing was acting like some sort of aphrodisiac.

“You need to go,” Wolf said, his chest heaving as he pointed toward the door.

Demir climbed off the desk, then turned to lean over it. He began undoing his pants, and he pushed them down, exposing his beautiful, plump ass to Wolf. “Are you sure you want me to leave?”

Wolf’s eyes stared at the mouthwatering man before him and the exposed pleasure chest that was his tanned ass. And as he felt his fragile resolve break, he came undone and stomped over to Demir. “You want to play games?” he asked as he began undoing his pants.

“Games? No, I want the real thing,” Demir said.

Wolf grabbed a handful of Demir’s long hair, entangling the strands in his fingers before pulling on it, forcing Demir to raise up to meet him, his back against Wolf’s chest. “You think you want me.”

“You think you don’t want me,” Demir shot back.

“Take this cockring off me,” Wolf demanded.

“Prove to me that I can trust you and I will,” Demir said.

“I don’t belong to you,” Wolf said, then slammed Demir forward.

The other man put both hands on the desk to brace himself. “My ass is already lubed up and you do belong to me. Come inside me, fuck me raw. Don’t worry, I’m negative.”

“You want my cock,” Wolf asked as he rubbed his hard cock against Demir’s firm asscheeks, leaving a smear of precum across the tanned flesh.

Demir bit his bottom lip. “Yeah, and don’t pretend like you don’t want my ass and mouth.”

“I don’t,” Wolf snapped, then stepped back. It was the hardest thing he’d ever done, because once again, he was lying his ass off. He wanted Demir. God, did he want him, but not while there was a leash around his neck, so to speak. He slipped his cock back into his pants and stood tall while Demir turned around to look at him.

“Now, we both know you’re not telling the truth,” Demir said as he pulled his pants up, fastening them.

“I’m not your dog you get to chain up,” Wolf said.

“If you insist,” Demir said.

Wolf arched an eyebrow. “Meaning?”

“If you have the stubbornness, I have the patience,” Demir said, then walked toward the door.

Wolf reached out, and grabbed his arm. “Take it off me,” he growled.

“My answer is as it has been. When you decide to come to your senses, you know where to find me,” Demir said.

“This is ruining the relationship your family made with our club,” Wolf stated.

“It has nothing to do with that, unless you make it a bigger issue. You weren’t concerned about the deal when you flirted with me, or when you fucked me, so don’t bring it up now. It’s a moot point,” Demir said, then looked down at Wolf’s hand on his arm. “If you’re not going to fuck my brains out and relieve yourself of all that pent-up desire, then let me go.”

Wolf wanted to do just that and rut against Demir until he came hard enough to see stars, but he didn’t want to give in to Demir. His pride wouldn’t let him, so he let Demir go. “Get the fuck out of my clubhouse.”

Demir smirked. “We will see each other again.” He winked at Wolf, then left.

Wolf collapsed into the nearest chair, sweat seeped from his pores, and now that Demir had left, the cockring around his dick was triggered by his erection and the stinging in his groin made him cry out. He fell out of the chair, holding his crotch as he waited for the pain to subside.

“Mother...fucker,” he croaked out as he panted heavily.

Damn, just what in the fuck had he gotten himself into? And the real question was... how could he get out of it? And the question he didn’t want to ask himself was... did he even want to? In any case, he wasn’t in the mood to party, so he left early to head home. He had a lot to think about.

TWELVE





TINY TIM

A MONTH LATER

“OH SHIT, LOOK AT that little guy,” Tiny Tim said, smiling as he gazed down at the photos of Adonis “AC” Calloway Jr. The baby was grinning in his Lords of Chaos onesie with a matching rattle in his hand. “Born on Ace’s wedding day, you say?”

Burger laughed and nodded. “Yeah, shocked everyone and the tripped-out part is that Nine and I had been joking about her popping the baby out at the wedding. We didn’t think it would actually happen.”

“I bet. How are she and Footlong doing?” TT asked, then flipped to the next photo of the happy parents holding their new bundle of joy, big grins on their faces.

“They’re on cloud nine and planning the next part of their journey. Marriage, but you know Sofia, she wants to look a certain way on her big day,” Burger said.

“Wants to lose the baby weight?” TT supplied.

Burger nodded. “Footlong doesn’t want her to lose the chest, he said.”

TT laughed. “The baby perk. It’s the least the baby can do for stretching out the hole.”

“Big tities?” Burger laughed and shook his head.

“What about Maverick’s kids?”

Burger gestured to the pics. “Keep looking.”

TT flipped through a few more photos of little AC, then he saw the ones featuring Maverick and his twin boys. “Oh shit, look at that.”

“Yeah, I know. Melissa—the babies’ momma—ended up going into labor at the fucking clubhouse. Shotgun delivered the babies,” Burger said.

TT’s eyebrows lifted in a look of pure shock. “She delivered that fast?”

Burger nodded. “Yeah, like we called 911 and all, but her water broke, pussy was dilated, and she popped those princes out on the pool table. Her body was ready to get rid of them, it would seem.”

“That explains the background in this photo and why Maverick looks drunk as hell,” TT said.

Burger laughed and nodded. “It was cool because pretty much everyone was there, we were celebrating CJ’s birthday. So, we all got to see the babies get born. We took video too, so you can see how it all went down.”

“I appreciate that too, man. I’ve missed so much being stuck in this shithole.” TT continued to look at the photos of

Maverick's children. "They are beautiful and look just like him—damn, is this the mom?"

Burger looked at the photo. "Yeah, that's Melissa."

"Okay, yeah, I can see why Maverick was fucking her down. She's fucking hot."

"She's a hot fucking mess, is more like it. I don't trust her. She's trying to make my brother settle down with her. I'm just glad he finally took my advice and stopped fucking her," Burger said.

TT pursed his lips. "She's a hangaround, they all want to be a biker's old lady or old boy. The higher up the chain, the more desirable. Maverick's not only a fucking badass enforcer, but he's the president's son."

"Yeah, I know."

"Can't really fault her for wanting the best in life."

Burger smiled. "Well, since you put it like that... naw, I still don't trust her."

TT snickered. "Anyway, how about you? Last time you were here with Ace, Dragon mentioned that you were still seeing that dude, Akari?" he asked.

Burger smiled and nodded. "Yeah, I know. Everyone in the club was telling me to let him go, but I couldn't. How am I supposed to let go of the perfect man? The perfect piece of my puzzle?"

“I heard things got ugly. That you were almost kicked out?” TT asked, a frown on his face.

Burger sighed. “It did get ugly. You know my dad, he wasn’t having it. Gave me the final ultimatum. I would have chosen Akari, but thank God he and our friend were able to work it all out. So, now, Akari is prospecting.”

“I heard from Dopey through Debbie that Maverick is on loan?” TT asked.

“Yeah, Mav didn’t want to do it at first, but he gave in because he really did want to see me happy. It also helped once we told him that I would be taking his place after my training,” Burger answered.

“Why didn’t he want to do it at first?”

“Because he felt it would be betraying his obligation to the club. Like if we needed him and he couldn’t be there because he’d be fulfilling those other duties,” Burger said.

TT nodded. “Ahh, I see. Well, it’s not going to be too much longer now. So, who’s training you?”

“Akari, and he’s not taking it easy on my ass.” Burger lifted his shirt to show a few bruises he’d earned during his practices with Akari. “Honestly, I think Maverick or Nine would be more gentler. When Akari is in that zone, he’s totally different. Emotions turned off and he’s just focused on one thing. Making me into what he is. Crazy thing is, I find that so fucking sexy. I whipped my dick out at him last night and it took him a moment to get out of his other mindset and into the

one I wanted him in. I fucked his pretty ass against the wall and flooded his body with all my pent-up spunk.”

TT laughed and nodded. “Well, at least you will be even more badass for the club. And filling a pretty ass with spunk is the best way to live. Speaking of pretty things needing spunk, man, brother, you should see my cellmate.”

Burger raised both eyebrows. “Oh? Tell me more.”

“He came in a little while ago, we get along pretty good. I wasn’t sure at first, because he was really guarded, ya know.” TT shrugged. “I just kept chatting away and he loosened up a bit. He is fucking gorgeous. I want to fuck him so bad, my balls ache when I look at him.”

“And you haven’t yet? You’re losing your touch, brother?” Burger teased.

“He agreed to cook for me in exchange for me protecting him the year he’s in here.”

“Can he cook?” Burger asked.

“Can he? Shit, the cuisine—because that’s the best way to describe his food—that he comes up with using these prison ingredients will have you slapping your mamma,” TT confessed.

Burger laughed. “Well, that is the other way to a man’s heart. Either through his cock or his stomach. One of those got to be taken care of.”

“Ain’t that the truth,” TT said and both men chuckled. “Anyway, I’m protecting him, because if his cherry is going to

get busted in this bitch, it's going to be by my dick. He's cooking for Dopey, Dragon, and Richie too."

Burger nodded. "Yeah, I hear that. I can't wait to see what this dude looks like if he's got your junk revved up like this."

"All my balls be twitching for some action when I look at him. Eyeballs and the manly ones between my legs. We've been 'pretending' to be a couple for everyone's benefit, and so far, no one has tried to fuck with him."

Burger smirked. "Why did you use quotation marks when you said 'pretending'?"

"Because I know when someone wants me. I've been catching him checking me out... a lot. And his cock was hard a few times we put on shows and he tried to act like he wasn't aroused, but I knew. Hell, I felt it. But I think he's never been with a man before, he's all shy and shit."

"Let him get some good dick, that shyness will be a thing of the past," Burger stated.

TT nodded in agreement, then went on. "And he seems interested in the club, curious about what it all means," TT said.

"Think he wants to try and join?" Burger asked.

TT shrugged. "Maybe. He's no stranger to the life. Said he's been on the streets since he was seventeen and had to do some illegal shit to stay alive."

"What did he do to end up here?" Burger asked.

“Failed trying to knock over a gas station,” TT said.

“And they only gave him a year?” Burger asked.

TT nodded. “The owner begged for leniency, he said. Cause I was surprised too. But the owner is one of those religious, second chances types. And he was trying to feed himself and was all repentant and shit at his hearing. He had a nicer judge than we did.”

“Tell me about it.” Burger nodded. “Well, isn’t he lucky?”

“In more ways than one. He’ll be even luckier with my cock in his holes.”

Burger laughed. “Hell yeah. He needs to just give in, stop playing games. Especially since you said you caught his ass eyeing you up.”

TT smiled. “He tried to look away when I caught him watching me in the shower. My big dick swinging in all its glory. He wants me.”

“Well, if I know you, you’ll get him eventually,” Burger said. “Besides, if he wants to be a Lord, he can’t be a punk. He can’t be lying to himself like he is, it shows weakness.”

TT made a thoughtful noise, then nodded. “The ones playing hard to get always do.”

“At least he isn’t claiming to be straight.” Burger snorted.

TT rolled his eyes at that. “A lie that goes out the window as soon as they cum from cock.”

Burger laughed and nodded. “In any case, if he does want to prospect, put his ass through the wringer. We don’t need any weak links in our ranks.”

“Oh, you know it, brother.” TT gave Burger their club handshake. Then he continued to look at more photos of the family and club Burger had brought. He missed them all so much and couldn’t wait to be back home with them. “Damn, Ayanna is ageless and a fine-ass granny.”

Burger nodded. “Yeah, grandma still got it. But she already said you couldn’t melt another man and pour him on her. She’d kill you if you tried. Grandpa Angus was the only man for her.”

“Yeah, that’s a love that never dies that they had,” TT said, agreeing. He remembered how happy Ayanna and Angus had been and they were like grandparents to him as well. It hurt him that he was already in prison by the time Angus had passed away, and couldn’t make it to his funeral. He gave a sad smile as he looked at all of the photos of Maverick’s other kids and how they’d grown. “Damn, Tyson, Aries and Lily are getting big.”

“Yeah, Aries is almost two and getting into shit he doesn’t need to be fucking with. Tyson is a rough and tumble kid. And he’d found the pleasures of jerking off. We’ve had to stop him from doing it in public, but I think he’s addicted,” Burger chortled, thinking about the last time he’d caught Maverick’s son with his hands down his pants.

TT laughed. “Boys.”

“So, What do you think about Richie, because I already know what Dragon thinks?” Burger asked.

TT gave the photos back to Burger and kept a few since they’d already been inspected. “I like the tough bastard, and he’s great for Dragon. The right man for him, to be honest. I can’t imagine Dragon being this happy with anyone else. The way he looks at Richie and the way Richie looks at him, you know it’s love. That deep love, too. The kind that never dies.”

“Damn... fuck yeah, that’s what I’m talking about,” Burger said, nodding. “My brother deserves that.”

“Yeah, you ain’t gotta worry about Richie, man. He’s a thousand percent for Dragon and the club,” TT said.

“That’s great to hear. It’s difficult, because you know... I ain’t met the man yet. But I think the next time I come up here, I will. Maybe a few of us will come to meet him,” Burger said.

“Just you and Ace, I think. Dasan would be a bit much,” TT suggested.

“Ace is becoming more like Dad every day.” Burger chuckled. “But yeah, that could work.”

“Speaking of them, how was their wedding and honeymoon?”

“Aww, man, the wedding was great.” Burger went on to tell TT the highlights.

“That was really cool, actually,” TT said about Akari daggering the flowers.

“Everyone was shocked.”

“Yeah, I bet.”

“Anyway, Ace and Ahiga went on a ten-day gay cruise for their honeymoon.”

TT busted out laughing. “And how many fights did Ace get into?”

Burger was laughing as well. “I know, right? According to Ace, just three altercations where he had to put some men in armbars when they got too close to his property.”

“I’m surprised he picked something like that,” TT said.

Burger nodded. “He said he wanted to go somewhere where Ahiga didn’t have to feel like he was being judged. He wanted him to feel accepted while they celebrated their marriage. But I’m not surprised he had to check some motherfuckers, because Ahiga is pretty fucking hot, let me tell ya.”

“Is that why you wanted your own Japanese sweetness?”

Burger shook his head. “I’m in love because Akari is who he is. He’s trans by the way.”

“Oh, and did he...?” TT pointed between his legs.

Burger shook his head. “No.”

TT waved his hand dismissively. “Doesn’t matter. Besides, it’s not an easy surgery to have. In any case, I’m happy you two found each other. Got a pic of him?”

“Yeah. Oh, wait, I should have pointed him out.” Burger flipped through the photos he had and handed it to TT. It was a

photo of Ace's wedding party at the dinner table. Burger pointed to the beautiful Japanese man sitting beside him wearing a traditional Japanese suit and black-rimmed eyeglasses. "That's Akari."

"Damn, he is fine as fuck. I can see why you had to at least tap that ass," TT said.

"And tap I did," Burger said. "I banged and pounded that ass."

More laughter as the two best friends continued to chat until their time was up, then TT returned to his cell to put his photos up. His cellmate was lying in bed reading a book. TT checked him out and thought about the conversation he'd had with his friend, Burger. About how much he wanted the man and what he knew to be vice-versa. Just looking at the pretty bastard started to get him riled up.

Ajay looked up from his book and smiled at TT. "I was thinking about your club. Like what would I need to do to join?"

"Prove yourself worthy. The LOC doesn't just take in anyone, ya know."

"Yeah, you told me. But I think it's really cool, this kind of brotherhood and family thing I see between you, Dragon, Richie, and Dopey." He sat up a little and put the book to the side. "See, I've never had that. Even when my mom was alive, I was an only child and the rest of her family was still overseas. My dad was a soldier, but died when I was really

young.” Ajay paused to look away, a sadness in his gaze that TT noticed. “I don’t really remember him.”

“What about his family?”

“I don’t know them, they never reached out to my mom after he died. Basically, I’ve been alone for a while now. I mean, I’d be lying if I said that I wasn’t kind of jealous of what you share,” Ajay said.

“And that’s why you want to join?” TT asked.

“Kind of.”

“What’s the other reason?”

“Because someone will always have my back, right?”

“The Lords of Chaos isn’t the boy scouts, you know.”

Ajay scoffed. “Yeah, I know that.”

“And we’re not just a bunch of Sunday riders out there ripping the road with our little bikes, either,” TT explained.

Ajay huffed. “So, what are you saying? That you don’t think I’m good enough to join?”

“I’m asking if you even know what the hell it is you’re asking to join.” TT leaned against the wall and crossed his arms over his tattooed chest. “Do you even know the difference between a ninety-nine percent club and a one-percent one?”

“No,” Ajay answered.

TT chuckled and shook his head. “Then you’re not ready to join any motorcycle club, Baby boy.”

Ajay looked away, then sighed, deciding to drop the subject for now. “Weren’t you supposed to get a visit today? Did you?”

TT nodded. “Yeah, my boy, Burger, came through. Caught me up with the club and fam.”

“How was that visit?” Ajay asked, his tone filled with sincerity.

It was thoughtful stuff like that, which made TT like the little cocktease enough to make him his old boy. Yeah, his feelings were that strong for the bastard. “It was great, as always. That’s why it’s so hard to say goodbye and come back to this cell.”

“If I was in your club, would the members visit me?” Ajay asked.

TT nodded. “Lords don’t abandon each other, of course. Plus, you’d have support from the club when you get out of here.”

Ajay gave a thoughtful look as if he were really considering becoming a prospect. “That’s nice to know. Man, at least you get to escape for a little while. I don’t have anyone visiting me who loves me.”

“Maybe you don’t need a visitor.”

Ajay frowned. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, maybe if you stopped lying to yourself about how you really feel, you can have what you’ve been missing right here in this cell,” TT said, getting straight to the point.

Ajay rolled his eyes. “Not this again. I don’t want you.”

“And I’m calling bullshit.”

Ajay put his book down and stood up. “Is this your way of trying to get me to sleep with you? My cooking ain’t good enough?”

TT shook his head. “This ain’t even about that. Do you honestly still think I’m protecting you because you can whip up some shit to eat?”

Ajay shrugged. “I mean, yeah... that was our agreement.”

“Yeah, I love your cooking, but it’s you that I want, Ajay. And furthermore, I know you want me too. When we kiss, you’re not acting.”

“You said it needs to be convincing,” Ajay shot back.

TT cocked both eyebrows. “And your cock getting hard last night... that was just making it look convincing?”

“I’m not going to have this conversation with you, Tim. I’ve already told you, I don’t want you,” Ajay claimed.

TT pointed at him. “See, that’s the type of shit I don’t like. Games. I’m too old to be playing childish games like that and quite frankly, Ajay, so are you. Be a man and admit that you want me.”

“You just don’t like the fact that I’m not telling you what you want to hear,” Ajay shot back.

“And I already told you that I don’t believe you. You say you’re interested in becoming a Lord, you’re kidding yourself

if you think anyone in my club would back you for being one of us. You can't even tell the truth to yourself about what you're feeling. How can we trust you to tell the truth about anything? The easiest and hardest thing for anyone to do is look in the mirror and be honest. Try that for a fucking change then get back to me!" TT snapped, then walked out of the cell, leaving Ajay alone. He didn't even know why he had become so agitated with the man at that moment. Was it looking at the photos of a life he was missing? Seeing the pictures from the wedding and knowing that even his best friend had found love, and yet that man he was having feelings for kept rejecting him.

He growled as he stomped down the stairs leading to the main common area, and took that time to calm himself, because he really didn't want the others to know just how pissed off he was. He joined his club at their favorite table in the rec room where a card game was already in progress. And it looked like this time Dopey was winning, which was rare. "How's it going fellas?" TT took the empty seat.

"I can't believe I'm losing to this motherfucker," Dragon said, tossing his hand in as Dopey laughed.

"The tables have turned," Dopey said as he scooped up his winning chips, which in this case, were pieces of candy.

"Don't get too full of yourself," Dragon warned, then winked.

"Don't be a sore loser," Dopey teased.

"Don't get your ass kicked," Dragon shot back.

“Don’t get your panties in a bunch,” Dopey retorted.

“Both of you need to shut up,” Richie joked, then grabbed Dragon’s chin, turning his face to his for a kiss. Dragon moaned as their mouths devoured each other. A whistle from a CO forced them to break their kiss. “Love you,” Richie whispered.

“Love you too, fucking nerd,” Dragon said with a devilish smile.

“I came out about my feelings to Ajay. Told him how I really felt about him,” TT said, gaining everyone’s attention.

“That you want to stop pretending?” Dragon asked. He looked at TT with his dual-colored eyes that TT found mesmerizing. He wondered if Richie felt the same.

“I told his ass that if he wanted us to even consider him joining the LOC, that he stop playing games,” TT said.

“Awwww, you really got it bad for him, hmm?” Richie asked.

TT nodded. “Yeah. I mean, I’ve been around a lot of people, men, women, but his ass makes me laugh. And you know how precious that is in a place like this. Not only that, but it’s easy to talk to him, we spend hours just... talking. We have a real connection.”

“I mean, I’ll support you if you feel like you need to add some fire to his ass like I had to do with this one,” Dragon said, pointing to Richie.

“Excuse you?” Richie asked.

Dragon shrugged. “When I said I wanted to suck your cock and you agreed to my terms.”

Richie rolled his eyes, but didn’t say anything because that moment changed everything for him, and for the better.

Dragon turned back to TT. “If he’s up there trying to pretend like we all didn’t see that hard-on he had when you two were making out, then I’m all for you telling him that he needs to give up something sexy for my protection. You can put it all on me. I don’t give a shit if he likes me or not.”

“You and the ass currency,” Richie teased his man.

Dragon scoffed. “It’s the only thing he can really give him. He doesn’t have money and you’re doing our chores, prospect. So, if he wants us to protect him, his body is his leverage. At least TT isn’t trying to take it like some of these other motherfuckers would. You know damn well that’s true.”

“It’s true, but I ain’t never had to coerce someone into fucking me and I don’t plan on doing it now,” TT stated.

Dragon laughed. “Yeah, anyway, we all know you ain’t going to follow through like I did.”

“You were an asshole,” Richie stated.

Dragon grinned at Richie as he wiggled his eyebrows. “I’m tenacious when it comes to getting what I want.”

“Man, I don’t even want him to think of it like that, though,” TT said. “I just want him to accept his feelings and we can move on to the next step.”

“I’m just saying he might need a little push.” Dragon held his hands up when he saw TT’s expression change. “Forget I said anything then. I’m sure you’ll work it out.”

“Thanks, brother. I think he’s a virgin and that’s why he’s so scared to get intimate with me for real,” TT said.

Dragon laughed. “With that monster you got between your legs, I bet.”

“Is he still interested in pledging to the club?” Richie asked.

“I think so, he’s been asking me a bunch of questions about it. I don’t think he’s ready though,” TT said.

“He ain’t got my vote,” Dragon said. “Lords don’t have room for bitch ass fuckers. If he can’t take a cock, he can’t take a bullet. I doubt his ass even makes it through Hell Week.”

“I’m with Dragon on that,” Dopey said.

TT shrugged. “He may surprise us. But I’ll test his ass out even before I bring it to the club for a vote.”

“Yeah, ‘cause becoming a Lord is serious fucking business,” Dragon said.

“All that talk of sex has made me so happy that I’m getting out of here soon. I’m counting down the days,” Dopey said.

“Just a few weeks and you’ll be free. I’m jealous,” TT said, but he was very happy for his friend.

“I’m going to tear my wife’s sexy ass up!” Dopey said a bit too enthusiastically and some of the other prisoners laughed,

and a few guards too.

Dragon, Richie, and TT were also laughing and they all turned to look at Ajay as he approached their table.

“Can we help you?” Dragon asked with a bit of hostility in his tone.

“I just wanted to hang with you,” Ajay said.

“This table is for Lords and their prospects. Not stupid bitches who don’t know a good thing when it’s sleeping in the same cell with them,” Dragon snapped.

“Dragon, take it easy, baby,” Richie said as he nudged his man. His own attempt to calm down Dragon’s aggression.

Ajay looked at TT. “You told them?”

TT nodded. “They’re my boys, I can be honest with them about my feelings.”

“I don’t think this is something that we should be discussing in front of your club brothers,” Ajay said.

“I agree. That’s pretty intimate,” Richie said.

Dragon snorted. “I’d fuck you right here in front of all these jealous ass ugly motherfuckers and dare anyone to touch you.”

“Oh, I know you would, but you better not try.” Richie rose from his chair.

“Where are you going?” Dragon asked.

“Back to our cell. I want to just chill,” Richie said, then leaned over to whisper into Dragon’s ear.

TT watched the lecherous smirk that appeared across Dragon's face, then his friend jumped up from his chair and followed his man back to their cell with a wave goodbye.

"Well, I'm going to whack my noodle in my cell. Catch you later," Dopey said, taking his winnings with him.

TT gestured to any of the newly vacant seats and Ajay sat down. "Please don't make me have to do something I don't want," Ajay said as quietly as he could so that only TT could hear.

TT sighed and leaned forward. "I'm not making you do anything, Ajay. If I honestly felt like you weren't into me, I wouldn't push it. I just know when a motherfucker is full of shit. You're a good liar, but not that good. I know you want me. Why you're too scared to just get on with it, I don't know. Is it your upbringing?"

Ajay frowned and looked away.

TT stared at him, waiting for him to answer, and when he didn't, he continued. "I'll give you a week to admit your feelings. If you don't, then I'm requesting another cellmate, or I'll request a cell change. I can't stay in the same space with you, knowing how I feel about you, and keep getting rejected. This place sucks enough, I'm not adding to my misery."

"You can't be serious?" Ajay asked, his eyes studying TT's face for any signs of manipulation.

"Oh, I'm serious. I've never felt this way about anyone. You think it was easy for me to say that I really like you and for

you to turn me down? I ain't no punk bitch, but it still hurts. So, think about it. You have a week," he said, then rose from the table, leaving Ajay to his thoughts once again. He had his own to ponder, like was this the right thing to do to get Ajay to expose his true feelings? Hell, he didn't know... he just knew he wanted the truth.



TT watched Ajay gather his shower belongings and exit the cell. It'd been five days since he'd given Ajay the ultimatum and he was still waiting to hear the man's answer. If anything, TT thought the man was as stubborn as a fucking mule. Pointed in the right direction, that kind of conviction could work in his favor. As of now, it was a major annoyance. He lay in bed a bit longer, then sighed. He needed to wash the day's sweat off anyway, so he gathered his things and headed to the shower room.

The first thing he'd noticed as he approached the shower room was the lack of guards, and that was never a good sign. As he drew closer, he could hear sounds of men grunting and snarling, there was certainly a scuffle going on. TT ran inside the shower room and immediately saw what was going down. Ajay was surrounded by four prisoners, his nose and lip were bleeding, and one of the men was brandishing a shank. TT came up behind one of the men, wrapping his arms around his waist, and lifted the man off his feet before slamming him

hard on the cement floor. The cracking sound of the man's skull and thud of his body along with his groan of pain drew the attention of the men and they turned to take on the threat that was Tiny Tim.

"Now it's two to three and I like those fucking odds," Tiny Tim said, then motioned for the men to attack.

"I'm not afraid of you, Jolly Green Faggot," claimed one of the men.

TT snorted at the lame-ass insult. "You kiss your momma-sister with that mouth?"

The man didn't answer, he only lunged toward TT, swinging his shank, which TT dodged. Another man came at TT from the side, but TT punched the man so hard, he fell, his head hitting the cement and tile divider. Blood seeped from the man's wound and flowed down the closest drain along with the water from the shower heads. Now, it was two on two and TT was still on the defense from the prisoner and his sharp weapon.

Ajay pushed the other prisoner who was dumb enough to turn his back on him. The man slipped in the mixture of blood and water, falling hard on the floor. His head slammed back on the floor, knocking him out cold. The prisoner taking on TT slashed his shank, but this time TT was able to catch his arm. He broke it and the prisoner screamed and TT punched the man several times, smiling when he noticed three of the man's teeth flying from his mouth before the man collapsed to the

floor. That's when TT kicked him, hard, slamming the prisoner against the wall, rendering him unconscious.

"Let's get the fuck out of here," TT said, offering his hand to Ajay.

Ajay didn't argue, taking TT's lead, and both men ran out of the shower room and back to their own cell. "What's... going to... happen?" Ajay asked through pants as he was out of breath.

TT was checking the hallway to see if anyone was coming their way. He closed their cell and turned to face Ajay. "First, clean your face off and if anyone asks you where you got your injuries, tell them I roughed you up. Cellmates fight all of the time, they won't think anything of it."

"What if they try to make one of us leave the cell?" Ajay asked, then he began washing his face in the sink.

TT shrugged. "I doubt it. Just tell them it was one scuffle, no big deal. That it was your fault, but we worked it out. That's if they want more from you."

Ajay cocked an eyebrow. "My fault, eh?"

"That's how I see it," TT said with a smirk.

Ajay walked up to TT and let his gaze travel to the man's handsome face. "Does this mean you won't leave me?"

"Do... do you want me to stay?" TT asked, his voice deeper than usual and filled with a mixture of nervousness and lust. He wanted to know, but was also fearful of the answer if it wasn't what he hoped for.

Ajay looked up and down TT's half-naked body that was still wet from the shower. All of the colorful tats told a story he wanted to know because he did want to know more about TT. And his attraction to the man was becoming increasingly difficult to fight.

"Th-thank you for helping me," Ajay said and he stepped back.

TT sighed. "I keep my word. I promised to look out for you, so I did."

"I... I want you to stay," Ajay answered.

TT stepped up to Ajay, pressing him against the wall. "Do you want me?" The desire he'd been feeling hit a new level after hearing that Ajay wanted him to stay.

Ajay could feel his cock stirring to life and it tented the towel he still had wrapped around his waist. "I... I can't... I..." his voice trailed off as TT began to kiss his neck and shoulders.

"If you don't want me to suck you off, then push me away," TT whispered into his ear right before he licked it. He smiled when he felt Ajay shudder from the sensation. When no push came, he continued to kiss, suck, and lick his way down Ajay's body. Nibbling here and there, making Ajay twitch and jerk. TT chuckled. "Ticklish?"

"Fuck, mmmm," Ajay purred, his head leaning back as TT pulled the towel away.

“Yeah, that’s a beauty,” TT said right before he took Ajay’s uncut cock into his mouth. He moaned as he savored the man’s precum, and it was the best he’d ever tasted because he’d wanted it that badly. He reached down, taking hold of his own cock, and began to stroke himself as he sucked for everything he was worth. He wanted Ajay to know just a fraction of what he could give him, what they could have. He fondled Ajay’s plump, full balls as he worshiped the man’s cock. He hadn’t sucked dick in at least five years, but he knew exactly what he was doing. Especially when Ajay’s legs grew weak and he had to use TT’s shoulders to stay in place.

“Ahhhh, fuck... I’m... I’m cumming,” Ajay panted.

TT was watching, he had to see the man’s face at that moment, and he continued to suck because he wanted the reward of a job well damn done! Ajay’s moans grew louder, his face contorted in pleasure and he was so beautiful to TT and he moaned himself when the first squirt of Ajay’s spunk hit his tongue. He sucked the man through his orgasm until the last drop, then he rose, because he was on the verge of his own climax.

“Shit, Oh yeah, I’m about to cum,” TT said as he stroked his cock, aiming it at Ajay.

Ajay grabbed the back of TT’s head, bringing their mouths together, and he kissed him. TT growled and panted as his body shook from his powerful orgasm. Ajay continued to kiss him until TT was done and had to brace both hands on the wall to keep from falling. They kissed still, soft pecks, gentle flicks

of their tongues until TT pulled back to look at the mess he'd made all over Ajay's chest and stomach.

"Damn, like a work of art," TT praised.

Ajay looked down and laughed. "Yeah, splatter art."

TT lifted Ajay's face back up and kissed him again. "You know, this changes everything between us now. No way am I letting you slide back into your old schtick."

Ajay sighed and let his head fall back. "I still need time, Tim."

"Time, we have. Just be real with me. This is the truth, right? You want me as your boyfriend, not just for protection?" TT asked.

Ajay looked up at the man who was damn near a foot taller than he was and too sexy for words to explain. This was water he didn't want to swim in, but it was too late. He was already in the deep end. He nodded. "You were right. I want you, but I didn't want to get close. This is a prison, nothing is guaranteed."

"A Lord's word is his bond, and we never go back on it."

"Would you have still protected me even if we weren't in the same cell?"

TT nodded. "Because I wouldn't have wanted anything to happen to you."

Again, Ajay kissed him, but did push TT back when it got too heated. He wasn't ready to take it further than what they'd

done. “Let’s just take it one day at a time, okay?”

TT was breathing hard in his lust-filled state, but he nodded. This night had ended better than he could have ever hoped. He walked away, giving Ajay some air before walking over to the toilet to piss. Ajay picked up his towel and walked over to the sink, getting it wet and soapy. He then used it to clean TT’s cum from his torso before putting on his sleepwear.

TT freshened up and watched as Ajay climbed up on the top bunk. He settled into his own bed and a few minutes later, the alarm began to blare, alerting everyone to the lockdown. The cell doors locked automatically and TT sighed.

“I guess the guards found those assholes in the shower room. Took them long enough,” TT said. The sirens blared a bit longer, then stopped.

“Will we get in trouble?”

“I’m claiming I was never there and you should do the same. No guards were present when that shit went down. They’ll be in enough trouble for that alone. I think they were paid off to not be there. Those assholes were watching you and waiting for their opportunity,” TT said. “It goes down like that sometimes in here. Some of these fucking COs are just as dirty as the cons.”

“Good to know,” Ajay said and his tone was measured, which made TT look up at his bunk.

“Are you okay?” TT asked.

“I am, thanks to you,” Ajay said and the darkness of his earlier tone was gone.

“Don’t feel bad about those assholes either,” TT said.

“I just don’t want to think about it anymore,” Ajay said.

TT understood. The man was almost raped in the shower and might have been killed. His first encounter with the violence prison was known for. “Just try to get some sleep. They might interrogate some of us, but they may not. So, don’t expect any in-depth investigations here.”

“Thank you again for everything, Tim,” Ajay said.

“You’re welcome,” TT said, then he remained silent.



Two days later, all of the prisoners were finally out of lockdown and allowed to resume their usual schedules. As TT had predicted, no one was questioned about the attack that happened in the shower room which resulted in three men being hospitalized and one in a coma and in intensive care. Guards had claimed that no one was scheduled to be using the shower at the time to excuse why no guard was present. It was being written off as prisoners having a scuffle that got out of hand.

“Did you have anything to do with that lockdown?” Dragon asked after TT and Ajay sat down with their breakfast.

“Why do you ask, did you hear something?” TT asked.

Dragon nodded. “Just some talk about a group of assholes who wanted to reel in the pretty fish, but got their asses kicked and almost killed in the process. I figured it was your handiwork.”

TT sighed and looked at Ajay. “This one had a run-in with Cherrybuster and his bitch ass crew in the shower.” He then began digging into the eggs.

“The man’s name is ‘Cherrybuster’?” Richie asked with a snort, then began eating his breakfast.

“Yeah, stupid as fuck, I know,” Dragon said, then took a bite of his sausage. “So, is his asshole still intact?”

Ajay grunted at the vulgar language and the mention of the state of his body. “I’m fine.”

Dragon snorted. “You’re lucky TT was there, or you wouldn’t be sitting down right now. You’d still be getting a train ran on you, for sure.”

Ajay’s mouth dropped open, then he closed it. “Tim really did save me, I know.”

“And I always will,” TT said, and leaned over, kissing Ajay’s cheek.

“Did you two break new ground?” Richie asked, seeing that their level of pretending no longer looked like an act.

TT nodded. “Yeah, but we’re taking it slow.”

Dragon snorted. “Slow and you are two words that don’t go together.”

“They do now,” TT shot back.

Dragon shrugged. “It’s all good, brother. So, I take it there weren’t any guards there?”

TT shook his head. “Not one guard, that’s what tipped me off something was going down in the shower room. CB had a fucking shank too. Tried to cut me with it.”

“You handled your fucking business, that’s all that matters,” Dragon said.

The men continued to chat through their breakfast until it was time to go. They rose and Richie managed to stuff toast into his pants before walking away from the table.

“I’ll see you back in our cell,” Ajay said.

TT managed to steal a kiss before letting him go. “Watch your back.”

“I will,” Ajay said, then he walked toward the kitchen to start his duty.

TT was keeping pace with Dragon as they were all being ushered out of the chow hall.

“So, did you two fuck?” Dragon asked TT as they made their way to their details.

“Let’s just say that I sucked my first dick in five years,” TT bragged.

“My man,” Dragon congratulated and slapped TT’s hand.

“He’s mine as far as I’m concerned.”

“I’ll make sure to keep an eye out for him for ya,” Dragon said, then he walked off to his job detail.

“Catch ya later,” TT said.



Back in their cell, TT was laying on the bed, watching Ajay staring out of the window of the cell door. He sighed. “Why are you looking nervous? Do you still think they’re going to question you?”

“But my blood may be in the shower room too,” Ajay said.

TT snorted. “Yours and probably a dozen other motherfuckers. Plus, a lot of the blood got washed away, so we don’t know what they may find. And that’s if they even really do a serious investigation.”

“What happens if one of those prisoners tells them what happened?” Ajay asked.

TT laughed. “If they know what’s good for them, then they’ll keep their fucking mouths shut. It’s in their best interest anyway, since they were in the act of committing a crime. They were trying to rape you.”

“But you saved me, Tim. I—I don’t want you to get in trouble. What if they say you hurt them?” Ajay asked as he

looked at Tim with eyes that were full of legit concern.

“You worried about me, baby?”

“You’re going to be out in a little over a year. I want you to be free, you’ve done your time. So yeah, I’m worried about you,” Ajay said, then he turned away, his face reddening even more.

TT studied him for a little while, then climbed out of the bed and walked over, taking Ajay into his powerful embrace. “To be honest, if I have to do more time because I saved you, then so be it.”

“You’d risk that for me?” Ajay asked, his tone soft as he stared at TT.

“Yes, because I really want you, baby. I think we really have something special and I want to explore that. When I saw you, what they did to you...” TT closed his eyes and took a deep breath and released it slowly to calm down. “I saw red, Ajay. I was so pissed that they’d hurt you and I wanted to—” He cut himself off, because he wasn’t sure if Ajay was ready to hear just how violent he could get. Or just how deadly his brand of justice could be.

Ajay kissed him, then pushed Tiny Tim back to their bunks. Tim sat down hard on his thin mattress and Ajay stood between his legs, breathing hard, his gaze full of desire. He knelt down, his fingers undoing TT’s jeans, and the biker was watching him intently, waiting to see what he was going to do. He pulled TT’s long, thick, and veiny cock free, it was hard, hot, and pulsing in his hand and TT moaned in anticipation.

“Please don’t make fun of me if this sucks, no pun intended,” Ajay said.

“Mocking you is the last thing on my mind right now, baby,” TT said, his voice thick with his need to feel that man’s beautiful mouth on his cock.

Ajay nodded and leaned forward, licking TT’s shaft, and he moaned, then bit his bottom lip. Ajay stroked and licked before taking TT down as far as he could go.

“Ahhhh, yeeeahh,” TT moaned, his head falling back as he relished the attention his baby was giving him.

Ajay pleased TT and when the moment came, the biker warned him that he was about to cum. He pulled back and stroked TT, watching as white spurts of cream flew from the slit of TT’s fat cock, coating his hand, wrist, and TT’s jeans and thighs.

“Ngh, ahhh shit!” TT groaned and huffed until his orgasm subsided and the spasms tapered off. “Damn... baby... that was nice.”

Ajay smirked and rose, making his way over to the sink to wash his hands. “You’re just saying that. I know I’m inexperienced and you’ve had better.”

TT snorted, then climbed out of the bed to strip out of his soiled clothes. He walked over to the sink and used a rag to wipe the cum off. He looked at Ajay. “More experienced...” He shrugged. “Yeah, sure. But there’s a lot to be said about how much I desired them. I didn’t. Not really. You, baby...”

He lifted Ajay's face to his and kissed him. "You have my undivided attention." He reached down, grabbing Ajay's hard cock. "Let me take care of this for you."

Ajay pushed his hand away and shook his head. "No, I'm fine."

TT snorted. "You're not fine. You have a hard-on and that's a horrible condition if it goes untreated."

Ajay chuckled, then stepped away to sit down on TT's bed. "I've never been with a man like, like going all the way."

"Are you a virgin?" TT asked, a playful smile on his handsome face.

Ajay shrugged. "I've done handjobs and a blowjob or two. But that's it."

"You a bottom?"

"I think so. I am curious as to what it will feel like to have sex. I just... I know it hurts and I just never found anyone worth that pain... I guess," Ajay said with a shrug, his brown eyes still on TT.

TT laughed. "Wow, okay, I wasn't expecting that."

"Well, now you might understand why I don't want to feel any kind of pressure," Ajay said.

"Yeah, I get it. Losing my virginity wasn't that sacred to me."

"Have you been fucked before?" Ajay asked him.

TT laughed and shook his head. “You know what you want. I’ve never wanted to be topped. The idea doesn’t even stir my cock. For me, it’s always been my dick in a nice, tight, slick hole. I’m a power top, baby.”

“So, you’re not mad that I don’t want to have sex?” Ajay asked.

TT shook his head, then walked over to the bed, taking Ajay into his arms. “Only when you want to. I can wait.” He kissed the top of his head.

Ajay leaned back into that strong, comforting embrace of the powerful man who was willing to throw away his freedom in order to protect him. As much as he wanted to give in to him, he couldn’t. Or at least, he shouldn’t.

Ajay turned in TT’s embrace, then placed his hands on the taller man’s massive, muscular chest, which felt like molded iron under smooth flesh. He looked up at the man beast that he’d wanted to fuck the first day he set his eyes upon him and he wondered for how long he would be able to hold back. He needed to change the subject.

“I don’t want it to just be you protecting me. Let me earn your club’s protection the right way. Let me prospect,” Ajay said.

TT looked at him. “You want to prospect with the Lords of Chaos? Do you even know what you’re asking?”

“I know what the difference is now, and that your club is a one percent club,” Ajay said.

“And you think you can handle that?” TT asked.

Ajay looked at the One Percent tattoo on TT’s pec and nodded. “To prove that I’m not some punk who can’t protect myself. I’ve been on the streets for a while now, I had to do some stuff that wasn’t legal. So, I’m not afraid of crime. Maybe if I was in a club, I wouldn’t have had to struggle the way that I have. And for one more reason... you’re in it.”

“You’d join to be with me?” TT asked.

“To be with you and to no longer be alone. I want that,” Ajay said.

“You have to be voted in to even prospect.”

“Tim, I have nothing. When I get out of here, I don’t have anyone or anywhere to go. I’ll need a job, and who’s going to take a chance on an ex-convict? Dragon was talking about his sister’s restaurant, see, that’s an opportunity. And if I can be with you, that’s the cherry on top.”

TT frowned. “The club isn’t to be used as some safety net for you.”

“I know that,” Ajay said, then climbed out of TT’s arms and began pacing the small cell. He stopped, then turned to face TT again. “I’m not trying to use you or your club. I want to earn my place in it because, from everything that you’ve let slip by, it seems like your club is a family that you can always depend on.”

“It is,” TT said with conviction.

“Well... I’ve only been able to depend on myself for a long time. You’re teaching me how to fight so that I can be even more useful,” Ajay said. “I’m tired of struggling and fighting for every fucking thing in life. I want... I want...” He ran his hands through his hair in his frustration.

TT climbed off the bed and walked over to Ajay. He leaned down, kissing him, and this time, Ajay didn’t pull away. He wrapped his arms around TT’s wide shoulders. “I understand,” he said once he’d broken the kiss.

“Let me earn my place in your world. Let me earn the protection you’re going to give me the right way,” Ajay said.

TT nodded. “I’ll talk to my brothers and get votes from club members on the outside. If they say yes, then you’ll be prospecting for the Lords. But you need to understand, we’re an outlaw MC at our core.”

“Criminals, I know,” Ajay said.

“I don’t like that word. I prefer outlaws. We live life by our own rules. And crime is just a term the government uses because it can’t tax shit when normal people do what they do,” TT said.

Ajay laughed. “Now, I don’t know about that. Some shit is just crime.”

TT arched an eyebrow. “Is that so?”

“Rape?” Ajay pointed out.

“The government rapes countries all of the time. In the sense of a violent seizure or plunder. America was founded on

plenty of that, and wars are very much steeped in that. Next,” TT said.

“Murder,” Ajay said.

“Government murders all of the time, some on record, some on a need-to-know basis. CIA, FBI, ATF, spies, military, and cops all have committed murders. And let’s not fool ourselves in pretending that all of those murders were justified,” TT said.

“Stealing?”

“Government would call it fancy terms like confiscation, acquisitions, or imminent domain.”

“I’ve got to say, you have a very interesting way of looking at things,” Ajay said.

“I have never worn a pair of rose-colored glasses before in my life. I’m burdened with the weight of reality,” TT said.

Ajay laughed and nodded. “You and I both. Thank you for this chance, Tim. I... I need it.”

“Yeah, I get that. The Lords is more than just an outlaw biker club and loyalty is the highest on our list. You can’t be loyal, you can’t be trusted. You can’t be trusted, you can’t be a brother. Do you understand that?”

Ajay looked up at TT and nodded. “I want to be able to trust someone. Today, I believe I can trust you.”

“I’m actually glad I didn’t take Dragon’s advice,” TT said, then laughed as he walked over to his bed and laid down on it.

“Dragon scares me, but what do you mean?”

TT laughed. “Dragon should scare you. But he and Richie met because Dragon gave him a sexual deal. He had more fortitude than I do, because he stuck with it.”

Ajay frowned, his beautifully shaped brows creasing. “He forced Richie to have sex with him?”

TT shook his head. “By the time Richie had sex with Dragon, he wanted it. Dragon didn’t force Richie to do anything. He’s not a pervert. He just... how should I put it? Coerced Richie into looking at his own sexuality differently. Hell, you’ve seen them together. Does Richie look like someone Dragon can force into something he doesn’t want?”

“I mean... physically, yes.”

TT smirked. “Dragon is all muscle. Working out is a pastime in a place like this. But naw, he’d never be physical with Richie.”

“But you said he had the fortitude where you didn’t to make Richie have sex with him,” Ajay said, wanting clarification.

“I may have phrased it all wrong. I just meant that he convinced Richie to give him a chance. That’s the best way to put it. If nothing came of what he did, he was going to leave Richie alone and protect him for money. But apparently, Richie loved what Dragon did to him that night, because those two have been dating for almost six months. Going strong too, you’ve seen them together,” TT said.

Ajay nodded, because he had noticed how much the two men obviously loved each other and lusted after one another. There was no mistaking that. “Yeah. I get it now.”

“I’m happy for them,” TT said.

“Is that why you want me?” Ajay asked.

TT raised up a little to look at him closer. “If you’re asking if I’m jealous of what they have, you’re wrong. But if you’re asking if I want what they have, you’re right. I wasn’t looking for it, just so you know. I just really like being around you and want to see if we can be more.”

Ajay chuckled under his breath and nodded. “Well, in that case, I’m glad you didn’t take Dragon’s advice too.” He sat back down on TT’s bed. “Can I ask you something? What about other men in here?”

“What about them?”

“Have you been with them? Will you, since we’re not... you know... having sex yet?”

“I haven’t been with anyone since you entered my cell. They don’t do anything for me, Ajay. It’s you that I want,” TT said.

“I just want to lay with you,” Ajay said, then he crawled beside the huge man on the tiny cot that TT’s legs dangled over. He closed his eyes when he felt warmth return as soon as TT wrapped those powerful arms around him. He knew he shouldn’t be doing this. This was getting in too deep, but at the moment, this was what he needed.

TT held Ajay in a way he'd been wanting to and everything felt so right.



Two Weeks Later

“Man, it’s about time one of us got the fuck out of his shithole,” Dragon said as he hugged Dopey.

“You’re next, you and TT,” Dopey said, a huge grin on his face.

“I’m going to miss you, brother,” TT said, then he pulled Dopey in for a big bear hug, causing the other man to grunt and gasp for air.

They laughed after TT released him.

“I’m going to miss your big ass, too,” Dopey said.

“Don’t put Debbie in the hospital by putting her pussy in traction,” Richie joked as he gave Dopey a hug goodbye.

More laughs from the men.

“As soon as we get just a little bit away from this stinking ass prison, I’m going to have her pull over and I’m going to pop another baby in her,” Dopey said.

“Shit, I know that’s right,” TT said, smiling.

“I’m happy you’re finally going to be with your wife and child. You missed so much. Make the most of it,” Ajay said

and came in to give Dopey a hug.

“Thanks, Prospect,” Dopey said. “You take care of my brothers in here.”

Ajay smiled and nodded. “I will.”

It took only five days after their conversation for TT to get approval from the club to allow Ajay to prospect. And he’d just passed his Hell Week test, and had the shiner to prove it. TT was proud of Ajay, too. He got over the first hurdle to becoming a Lord, now he just had to survive his year.

“Brother, I hate that you have to spend another fucking birthday in this shithole when you were supposed to be getting out today,” Dopey said, a look of sadness on his face. He felt a bit guilty that he was leaving them when they all came in together.

Dragon shrugged and finished off the piece of cake Richie saved for him for the special occasion. “Shit happens, brother. That’s life. One more year, and I’ll be spending my birthday back at the clubhouse with the rest of my family.”

TT nodded. “And you know that’s going to be one wild ass party.”

“Hell, they’ll be celebrating two brothers getting out,” Dopey said.

“At least I got this chocolate cake, my favorite,” Dragon said, then licked the icing off his fingers.

“And that wasn’t even your dessert,” Richie said, then kissed Dragon’s cheek.

Dragon smiled and winked at his Property Of. “Oh, hell yeah. That’s what I’m talking about. Gonna eat me a cream pie before the day is over with.”

All the men laughed at that, then continued to chat with their friend as this was Dopey’s last day. TT had his arm around Ajay’s shoulder as they stood side by side and Ajay had his arm around TT’s thick, tapered waist.

“So, you two fucking yet?” Dragon asked.

“Not yet,” TT said.

“Blue balls for you, then,” Dragon taunted.

Richie hit Dragon’s arm. “Mind your business.”

Dragon tsked, but gave his man a sweet smile. “You’re the only one I let get away with so much.”

TT scoffed. “Him, your mom, dad, grandma, sisters—”

“Shut up,” Dragon interrupted.

They laughed and continued to chat, enjoying their time all together with Dopey before he left.

THIRTEEN





BURGER

“**M**OMMY I WANNA GO wit you,” Taylor whined as he clung to his mom, Debbie’s, leg. Tears streamed down the kid’s face as he held on for dear life.

“Mommy will be back, she’s just going to get your daddy, Taylor,” Debbie said, trying to calm the child.

Burger walked over to them, prying the little fella off her leg and scooping him up. “Why don’t you stay here and play with your friends. That’s way more fun than some long, boring car ride.”

Taylor wiped at his eyes. “But I wanna go with mommy.”

“Taylor, can you be a big boy for momma and help get the surprise party ready for daddy?” Debbie asked her four-year-old son.

He nodded. “I can be a big boy, mommy.”

“Oh, that makes mommy so happy. I’m depending on you.” She leaned over and gave him some kisses as she always did and that brightened the child’s spirits.

“I’ve got him,” Stacy said, taking Taylor from Burger’s arms. “Come on, you can help Tyler out.”

“Okay, Aunt Stacy,” Taylor said, and he waved bye to his mom, who waved back and mouthed the words “thank you” to Stacy, who winked.

Burger chuckled. “Kids be trying to cock block with their bothersome asses.”

Debbie laughed. “I love him more than life itself, but mommy and daddy need our alone time.”

“Dopey gonna bang another baby in you on the side of the road,” Burger joked.

Debbie grinned and gave him two thumbs up. “That’s the plan.”

Burger nodded and gave her a kiss on the cheek. “Bring our brother home.”

“Where he’s always belonged,” Debbie said, then she left the clubhouse heading toward the prison to pick up her husband, Peter “Dopey” Jones.

“What do you need me to do next?” Akari asked, and Burger turned around to see him standing there in a blue turtleneck and black slacks, looking ever so dapper.

“Shit, we need to do the balloons and streamers,” Burger said.

“This is kind of fun. I’ve never set up for a party before,” Akari said as he followed Burger’s lead.

“Well, you’re prospecting now, I’m sure you’re doing all kinds of shit you never had to do before,” Burger speculated.

“Leisure activities like this, yes, it is new to me. Chores, however, are not. Growing up, we were tasked with many as part of our training,” Akari said. “Only we did not have the luxuries many people use such as dishwashers and washing machines and dryers. Everything was done by hand, even scrubbing the floors, in order to condition our bodies.”

Burger stopped blowing up one of the black balloons to look at Akari. “Damn, I can’t imagine the life you’ve had. I know I’ve said it before, but it still amazes me all that you’ve been through.”

“I don’t know what I’ve missed, so I have no regrets.”

“But surely you know that you didn’t have to have a life like that.”

“It is the one that I did have. No point in being sad about it, or worrying myself wondering about ‘what ifs’. The life I had led me to you. Gave me the freedom to be who I am and I don’t mind the job that I have. Above all, you’re the best part of my life, Fabian,” Akari said.

“You really do know how to put shit into perspective with your sexy ass.” Burger winked and Akari blushed. “Ahh man, I love that I can make you do that.”

“You’re the only one who can,” Akari admitted.

“Tonight, I’m going to make you scream my name.”

“I can scream your name at any time, you know.”

“Oh, you’ve got jokes. In pleasure,” Burger added.

“Well, that’s a different story,” Akari said with a teasing smile.

“God, you’re so beautiful, so perfect,” Burger gushed.

Akari leaned over and kissed his man before blowing up his gold balloon. “I... I love you, Fabian.”

“I love you too, Akari.”

The two kissed again and continued to blow up the balloons.

“We need to come up with a nickname for you,” Burger said after ten minutes had passed.

“Do I need one?” Akari asked.

Burger nodded. “No respectable biker would hop on the chrome and steel without a road name.”

“You got yours when you were five,” Akari said.

“Let’s call him Mafia Twat,” Maverick said as he sat down on the stool next to Burger at the bar.

“Dude!” Burger hit Maverick’s arm. “Really?”

Maverick laughed. “It’s the name you gave him the day you met and he pissed you off,” he stated before taking a swig of his beer.

“You did?” Akari asked.

Burger frowned, then he remembered. “Umm, I may have said something like that. But in my defense, you were acting like a little twat.”

Akari rolled his eyes and simply continued to blow up the balloons.

“You’re drunk already?” Burger asked his brother.

Maverick snorted. “Not even close.”

“So that stupid fucking idea was you thinking on a sober brain?” Burger shot back.

“Hey, I overheard your little convo over here and wanted to lend my help. I mean, I did agree to be your proxy just so you two can be together,” Maverick said.

“And I am very grateful to you for that, little bro. But the nickname Akari will get will be perfect for him,” Burger said.

“I’d call him Blade for how fast his ass is with knives,” Ace chimed in as he approached the trio.

Burger and Akari’s eyes widened. “I like it,” they said at the same time.

“Oh damn, okay. That was just off the top of my head,” Ace said.

“That’s how all nicknames come about pretty much,” Burger said.

“I think it’s fitting,” Akari said. “Was it not you who gave Burger his nickname? There is something poetic about you giving me mine.”

Ace smirked. “Yeah, I can see that. Akari “Blade” Himura is it.

The club brothers and women along with the hangarounds continued to get the place decorated and set the snack food out first, as they knew it was at least two more hours to wait before the party could officially start. Kids continued to be kids as they ran around playing in the den, out of the way of the adults, but with supervision. Teenagers did their part, helping with decorations and cooking. Closer to the time, the food was all set out buffet-style as there was plenty prepared. Everyone was just chilling and chatting as they waited for Debbie to bring Dopey home where he belonged.

Twenty minutes later, Burger was among the crowd who yelled “Welcome Home” to Dopey as soon as he entered the clubhouse with his wife beside him.

“Ahh man, this is perfect. Damn, thank you,” Dopey said as he grinned ear-to-ear. He hugged Dasan, Liliana, and Ayanna right before she handed him his son.

“I missed you, daddy,” Taylor said as he kissed his dad’s cheek before wrapping his tiny arms around his dad’s muscular shoulders.

“Daddy missed you too, little buddy. I love you so much,” Dopey said as he hugged his child in a way he hadn’t been able to do while in prison. So much of his life had been lost, he never wanted to do time again. Everyone allowed him the moment to bond with his family as Debbie hugged him as well.

Burger stayed back, watching the touching moment, waiting for the best time to get his hug in. Dopey was still holding his

son as he hugged other members of the club and their mates, then next it was greeting the hangarounds. Some he knew, because they were long-time friends of the club. Others he was meeting for the first time.

Burger was overjoyed as he watched his club brother make his way through the crowd. “Come on, I want you to meet him,” he told Akari and walked over to Dopey.

“Damn, so happy to see you again, man,” Dopey said as he hugged Burger.

“It’s about time you were free,” Burger agreed before releasing him. He then pulled Akari closer. “I want you to meet the man in my life. My old boy, Akari.”

Dopey smiled and nodded, then pulled Akari in for a hug, taking the assassin by surprise. “Nice to meet ya,” he said, then released him.

Akari cleared his throat and nodded. “Likewise,” he said and gave a slight bow of his head.

Dopey chuckled, “I’ve heard a lot about you, too. You’re a little Terminator if the stories are correct.”

Burger laughed. “Shit, he’s the badass a Terminator would be worried about,” he bragged about his man.

Akari smirked. “He boasts.”

Burger leaned over, kissing Akari’s cheek. “But I’m still right.”

Akari's cheeks reddened a little and both Dopey and Burger laughed.

"You slay him with compliments, I see," Dopey said, and Akari blushed even more.

"I know. It's so cute, right?" Burger said. "Hey man, I'm not going to hold you up. Besides, food is calling my name. Been dying to get to my dad's ribs."

Dopey shot a glance toward the buffet tables. "Oh shit, Dasan cooked ribs?"

"Man, we got a motherfucking spread laid out for your ass," Burger announced.

"I might have to make a beeline," Dopey stated, and walked off toward the food.

Burger laughed. "He's probably going to get the shits tonight eating such good food after eating prison crap for five years."

"I'm sure it'll be worth it for him," Akari noted.

Burger kissed him again. "You know, I'm going to marry you."

"You better. I didn't catch the bouquet for nothing."

Burger chuckled. "Technically, you murdered the bouquet."

"Hardly. I simply made certain no one would be foolish enough to go for it," Akari stated.

"Damn, you're so fucking sexy."

“Tonight, you can have me, but for now... I’m hungry,” Akari said.

Burger nodded in agreement and together, they walked off to make their plates. Burger couldn’t believe how lucky he was to have Akari. He was never going to let him go.

FOURTEEN





WOLF

WOLF TYPED THE CODE into his new alarm system since the last one had failed him. He'd been guaranteed that this one was "impenetrable". The number pad also recorded his fingerprint. If they didn't match, the alarm wouldn't be disarmed, even if someone knew the code. The lock disengaged, and the lights automatically came on when he opened the door. It was a feature Wolf loved because he didn't like walking into darkness. He entered and was immediately greeted by his furry friend, Honi.

"Hey buddy," Wolf said as he petted his dog, scratching the animal in his favorite spot behind the ears. After a few minutes of showing his pup some love, he sighed as he took off his cut and coat. The weather was still cold in Chicago, but it was starting to lighten up as Spring was right around the corner. He'd been driving his car more than his bike throughout the Winter and couldn't wait until he could ride his baby, especially in the Summer.

He walked into the kitchen with his dog at his side and poured himself some juice, then he went to his bar to add some

rum before heading his way upstairs to his bedroom to make himself comfortable. The months were really weighing on him since Demir put the cockring on his dick. He wasn't getting any help from Vito, and Demir would only respond to his text messages if he replied "yes" to being his man. He was so damn agitated, even his club brothers were steering clear because they didn't want to incur his wrath. His balls ached to release their load and he'd never experienced such torture.

He wanted to kill Demir, but he also wanted to fuck the man, because the asshole would send him photos and videos all of the time. Photos of him naked or videos of him jerking off and the images would send Wolf into overdrive, which set the cockring off. The pain that followed his arousal was unmerciful. Wolf stripped out of his shirt, boots, and jeans, then climbed into bed with his alcohol. His pup, Honi, jumped on the bed and settled beside him to offer comfort. Wolf rubbed his dog as he let his mind be consumed with thoughts of Demir. He didn't like being forced into anything and that was the only reason he'd refused to give in. But he felt he was fighting a losing battle.

His phone chirped and he sighed, but didn't get out of bed to fish through his pants for it. Seven more chirps later, he growled and did just that, snatching the pants off the floor and pulling out his cell. He looked at the screen and all but one message was from Demir. He answered the one from Python, and texted him back, letting him know that he was okay and would see him tomorrow. He climbed back into bed and looked at the first text from Demir.

Stop being stubborn, Wolf. You know how much I want you. I know you want me too. Give in. Attached to the text was a selfie of Demir just looking at him, a sly smile on his handsome face and it made Wolf snarl.

He looked at the next five texts and they were just photos of Demir's body as if he'd taken shots from his face to his toes. He had some scars on his body and even those fuckers were sexy to Wolf. His cock stirred and he slammed his phone down on the bed, because if he kept looking at those photos, he was going to be in a world of pain.

"Motherfucker," he grumbled, then turned on the TV.

"Let's end this."

The sound of Demir's voice coming from some dark crevice in his bedroom jarred Wolf and he jumped, then scrambled for his gun out of habit. Honi barked, but no sooner had he gotten his hand on the butt of his gun, he felt pain in his side as a dart pierced his flesh.

"Son of a bi-" was all he could get out before his vision blurred and everything went black.



Wolf groaned as the fog cleared from his mind and vision. His brown eyes fluttered open and he blinked several times while he tried to gather his senses. He licked his lips because they were dry and his tongue felt heavy. Whatever Demir had dosed

him with, it was good shit. He tried to rise and that was when he realized that his arms and legs were bound to the bed and he was stark naked.

“About time you woke up,” Demir said, drawing Wolf’s attention.

He looked at Demir, who was sitting in the chair in the corner, wearing a bathrobe. “Where’s my... fucking dog?” Wolf asked, his voice hoarse as he spoke.

Demir smirked. “He’s fine and in the hallway. I would never hurt your furry friend.”

Wolf figured as he hadn’t hurt his dog the first time he’d broken into his home. He wondered if Demir dosed his dog too, or did he just have dog whisperer skills? “Did you drug him or something?” Because he knew his dog didn’t just let strangers into his fucking home.

Demir shook his head. “No need. As a matter of fact, we get along quite well. I love animals.”

Wolf felt a sense of relief, then sighed. “Fine. Why are you here?”

“I’m here to end this game of ours, Wolf,” Demir said, then he rose and walked over to the bed. He reached down, touching Wolf’s feet and sliding his fingers up the length of Wolf’s leg.

Wolf’s eyes followed Demir’s fingers and that was when he noticed that he no longer had the cockring on his dick. “Ain’t nobody playing games but you, motherfucker.”

Demir smiled, then ran just one finger along the thick, veiny length of Wolf's cock and the sensation made his meat twitch as it began to grow thicker and harder. "Oh, no... this is a game we've both been playing. Your cock is aching, you need to be rode hard and put away wet. That's the kind of man you are, and you need someone who can give as good as he takes. That's me. Tell me I'm wrong."

Their eyes locked and Wolf cleared his throat. "I don't like being forced into anything, Demir."

"Oh, I know that. Did you really think I actually thought you would give in?" Demir asked him.

Wolf frowned. "Yes. Otherwise, why even bother with this shit?"

"I needed to know if you were strong enough to be with me," Demir said. "Yes, you are the sexiest man I've ever laid my eyes on. All of this flesh..." He climbed on the bed, straddling Wolf's body and he sat down, making sure Wolf's cock slid along his ass still hidden under the silk robe. He guided both hands along Wolf's torso, over the firm ridges of his abs up to his massive pecs. He leaned forward a little as he played with Wolf's perky, dark nipples.

"Mmmm," Wolf moaned, his eyes rolling.

"Yeah, I know this feels so good," Demir flirted, then he pulled away and Wolf looked at him, his gaze cloudy with lust. "You're tough to have been able to stay away from me. To refuse what I know you wanted because you know yourself

that well. See, Wolf, I need a man who can handle me when I need to be handled and submit when I need to be in control.”

“You’ve got a strange way of asking to date,” Wolf remarked.

Demir smirked. “Because you weren’t ready to admit I was what you wanted. But I think you are now. But, if you’re not... tonight will be the last time you will see me like this.” He began untying his robe, then he let it fall from his body, revealing his nakedness.

Wolf had to swallow, because he damn near drooled as he gazed down at the man who would have been his spank bank material had he been allowed to jerk off. God, Demir was beautiful and deadly. The combination that made him want him in the first place. Not being able to be with anyone else with Demir being the only man on his mind for this span of time really put things into perspective for him.

“So, what now?” Wolf asked him, his cock throbbing to be inside Demir. Especially since he’d been fantasizing about that ass thanks to all of the photos Demir had been sending, even showing how flexible he was by taking a shot of his asshole from a split. Yeah, that photo made him spring an erection that damn near caused him to blackout from the pain of the cockring.

Demir’s seductive expression grew serious. “I’ll ask you this one question. If you answer yes, then we will become an official couple. If you say no, then I will climb off you, get

dressed, and untie you. I will then leave and we will no longer have any interaction outside of business.”

Wolf looked at Demir and he could see in the man’s eyes that he was serious. Did he want to see Demir leave? To know how great his body felt to him and know that he’d never have a chance at it again? Yeah, he didn’t like that, not one bit. Demir had become an obsession of his all this time and he wanted him. “Could you just walk away like that? Would it be that easy after everything you’ve put me through?” he asked, wanting to know if he could push the limit a bit more.

Demir nodded. “I wouldn’t want to, you understand, because I really do want you. However, I will not allow myself to pine for someone who continues to reject me. If you truly don’t want me, then yes, Makade-Ma’iingan, I will leave.”

Hearing the words coming from Demir stung Wolf, because he did want him. And as he lay there, naked with the man of his fantasy just as naked on top of him. He had to admit, the last few months had been a game they both had played. Only thing was, he didn’t know who had won.

“Answer me this, was that the only reason why you did this? To see if I could hold out?” Wolf asked.

Demir shook his head. “Not only. You said that you didn’t do relationships. I wanted to prove that you could focus on one man, desire one man so that hopefully, you will only want to be with that one man.”

Wolf groaned and rolled his eyes. “Is that some psychological shit you’ve been put through? I know that

you're one of those types of assassins that are a different grade."

Demir smirked. "My training has been quite extensive. The brand on my foot is a testament to my dedication to achieving my goal. I don't let people get close to me, Makade-Ma'iingan. I can be friendly, but I keep a wall up. I allowed you to get past my wall, and I have never done that apart from Vito. If you say no to me, it will hurt, but I know that I will survive. However, it will be why I will have to shut myself up to you again... forever."

Wolf took a deep breath and nodded. "Ask me your question."

"Do you want to be with me?" Demir asked, his Middle Eastern accent thickening a bit with his desire.

Wolf stared at him and then smiled. "I should say no after the pain you put me through, but..."

Demir cocked an eyebrow. "But?"

Wolf sighed. "You're right. I wanted to fuck you so badly and the more you turned me down, the more I wanted to you. Then we fucked and... I knew I wanted to fuck you again. But then, that went against my style. I didn't get attached, but maybe that's because they didn't have what I wanted."

"Do I?" Demir asked.

"You're crazy as fuck."

"I'm really not."

“Maybe, but... I don’t know. I’ve never had anyone go after me the way you did,” Wolf said.

“And?” Demir leaned over him, placing both hands on the pillow on either side of Wolf’s head.

“Fuck, I’m so damn horny, I can barely think straight,” Wolf said as his cock ached. He knew he would probably come fast as hell like he was fucking for the first time all over again.

“I’m still waiting for my answer,” Demir pointed out.

Wolf laughed. “Listen, it’s not that simple. My club has rules.”

“Vito and Rico have approved my request to prospect if that is your concern,” Demir stated.

“Well, it is. And they don’t want anything in return?” Wolf asked.

Demir nodded. “You have to pledge your loyalty to them. Just you, not your club. You will be just as much a part of the Castiello family as I would be a Lord of Chaos.”

“What if we break up?”

“What if we don’t?”

“Answer me?”

“If I pass the prospecting phase to become a patched member, I will obey my obligation and you’ll be expected to do the same. If we break up before that, everything will be as it is now. However, if we break up after we’ve made our commitments to club and family, I will still be a member and

so will you, that doesn't change. And the deal between your club and my family will remain as it is. However, things may be awkward between us, so let us hope that we don't," Demir said.

"My club will have to come first," Wolf stated.

Demir nodded. "My family will be my priority."

"Yes, we can see if we can make this work," Wolf said.

"Wise decision," Demir said, then he reached behind him, taking hold of Wolf's cock. "I am negative and I know that you are too."

Wolf moaned from the pleasure of Demir lightly stroking his aching cock. "Because I haven't been able to fuck anyone in months?" he speculated.

Demir chuckled. "That and because I saw your most recent test."

Wolf frowned. "That shit is private."

"Not when you put a gun to a person's mouth," Demir said.

"Fuuuck," Wolf groaned and arched. Hearing about that spot of violence from Demir made him even hornier. "Just fuck me already, shit."

Demir smiled. "Gladly." He lifted himself up and guided Wolf's thick cock inside his tight, hot, lubed-up hole and both men shuddered and moaned from the pleasure they had denied themselves. "Ahhh."

“Yeah, baby... ride me,” Wolf coaxed. He wanted to grip Demir’s hips, but his wrists were still restrained, which was another thing he found that he liked. He never let anyone tie him down, he was never with men he fucked long enough to trust them like that. But with Demir, he had no fear. The whole time he’d been bound, not once was he afraid and that told him that he could trust Demir.

Demir panted and moaned in pleasure as his hips rocked back and forth over Wolf’s crotch. “I needed this so much. Needed you inside of me.”

“Ahhh fuck... stop... stop,” Wolf cried out.

Demir huffed, but paused. “Why?” he asked, panting slightly.

Wolf’s chest heaved and he licked his lips. “I’m so fucking close... not ready to bust yet.”

Demir smiled and leaned down, kissing those beautiful lips of Wolf’s that he’d been dreaming about wrapped around his cock and kissing his asshole while being rimmed. “Are you ready now?” he asked.

Wolf nodded, feeling the sensation of his pending orgasm fading. “Yeah.”

“Want me to untie you?” Demir asked, one eyebrow cocked.

The expression on Demir’s face really spiked Wolf’s libido and he shook his head. “No. Not until we cum.”

Demir bit his bottom lip, then braced his hands on Wolf’s chest. Slowly, he began to rotate his hips as he rode the

glorious nine-inch cock. The hardness inside of him rubbed his prostate perfectly and he knew he wouldn't last too much longer. He continued to fuck Wolf, leaning down to kiss him and suck his nipples as they had sex. Demir threw his head back just as his orgasm ripped through him. His jizz splattered all over Wolf's face and chest and it triggered Wolf's own climax. He came growling and grunting as the intense pleasure coursed through every inch of his body.

“Ahhh fuck...grrrrr, shiit!” Wolf huffed and twitched as Demir continued to work his hips over his cock, draining him of every drop he had to give. “Jesus fuck!” he said, quaking as the last of his climax faded in ripples. “Ahh.... ahhh... god.”

Demir laughed because he felt the pulse of Wolf's cock inside of him as well as the sticky, hot seed that pumped from his slit. Wolf was the only other male he'd let cum inside of him. The other had been his first love. He relished everything about the sensation. It felt right that Wolf should be the one to be so lucky. He'd earned it. Demir rose up enough to allow Wolf's wilting cock to slide out, then he collapsed on the bed beside him.

“Am I the first guy you ever fucked twice?” Demir asked.

Wolf's eyes were closed as he allowed himself to experience his first orgasm in months. He nodded. “Yes.”

Demir smiled. “Good. Let's keep it that way.”

Wolf laughed. “So, you don't want to fuck again. Two times is enough?”

Demir chuckled. “You know what I meant.” He slapped Wolf’s muscular pec.

“Ow!” Wolf said and both men laughed. “Okay, I’ve got to piss.”

“Oh, all right,” Demir said, then he quickly reached for the keys to the shackles and began unlocking them.

Once free, Wolf grabbed him by his neck and pinned him to the bed. Demir didn’t try to fight him, even though they both knew who’d win. Wolf could fight, but if the stories he’d heard about Shadow Fox were true, he knew he was no match. Even Colton had concerns about Demir. The two locked eyes and Demir smiled.

“You have me where you want me. What now?” Demir asked.

“How would you get out of this?” Wolf asked.

Demir smiled and used his martial arts training to break the hold Wolf had on him, then twisted Wolf in a grappling maneuver that Wolf tried to counter. The two wrestled, with Wolf using his strength and what skill he had to power out of the holds, but never being able to take control before Demir switched tactics on him. Finally, he was caught in a painful grappling move that he couldn’t break free of no matter how hard he tried.

Demir smiled. “If I wanted to apply pressure here, I could easily break your arm,” he schooled.

“Fuck!” Wolf grunted, but he was smiling, because wrestling was fun, especially since they were naked. “Okay, let me go. I really do have to piss.”

Demir chuckled, but released him. Wolf rose and flexed his arms, which were sore from the activity. His cock was also semi-hard, because he was aroused by what his man did to him. “You really are a badass motherfucker.”

Demir smirked. “I’ve been trained since I was two years old to be a physical weapon. Did you expect anything less?”

Wolf’s eyebrows creased as he frowned. “Damn, two?”

Demir nodded. “Children without parents or parents with debts often end up in unsavory places.”

Wolf stared down at Demir, then he leaned over, kissing him. “Truth be told, I probably wouldn’t want you if you hadn’t turned out the way you did.”

Demir didn’t say anything, he only smiled and kissed Wolf once more before the man walked into the bathroom to relieve himself. Demir sat on the bed, feeling Wolf’s cream seep from his body and it was something he wanted to feel again and again. Wolf was his now. Finally, a man worthy of everything that he was and that he brought to the table. He flopped back against the pillows and when Wolf returned and joined him on the bed, he laid his head on his shoulder.

“So, tell me more about yourself,” Demir asked.

“Oh no, you first. How was your training?”

Demir sighed. “Constant. I speak fifteen languages and know several different combat styles. I have mastered multiple weapons and have studied various poisons as well as any other method that can be used to eliminate a target. I kill quickly and never leave a trace.”

“Yeah, I saw that much,” Wolf said, thinking about the night that everything had changed between them. The night his club finally got their retribution on their enemy and he and Demir crossed that boundary.

“I don’t take pleasure in killing the way some assassins do. It is just what I do. It is what I’ve been trained for. But what I do isn’t something everyone can handle,” Demir said.

“And that’s why you never let another man get close?” Wolf asked.

Demir shook his head. “Not entirely. There have been men inside of the Family who’ve desired me, but the feeling wasn’t mutual. They might have been able to handle what I do, but not who I am.”

Wolf was quiet as he thought about Demir’s words and it helped him understand even more why he’d been put through hell. “You’re not an easy person to fall in love with,” he stated.

“I know,” Demir said. “And it’s not easy for me to allow myself to fall in love.”

“Why? Bad break up or something?”

Demir was silent.

“Oh shit, I’m sorry. Want to talk about it?” Wolf asked as he lightly stroked Demir’s back with his fingertips.

Demir shook his head. “No. At least, not right now when I’m happy.”

“Then we don’t have to.”

“You know, the cockring has another setting. It can be pleasurable,” Demir said.

“If you think I’m going to let you put that fucker on me again, you’re insane,” Wolf said.

Demir laughed. “It’d be a shame to let it go to waste.”

“In-sane,” Wolf countered.

Demir sighed. “Fine.” He wrapped his arm around Wolf’s torso. “Okay, your turn.”

Wolf held him closer in the comfort of his heat. “I had a good life growing up. My father was a first-generation Lord when the chapter first started down there in Florida. He came up to Chicago to begin the chapter we have here. I’m second generation. I grew up a Prince of the Lords, destined to be a member. I went into the marines when I was seventeen with their permission. Did two tours, and retired to prospect. I made some good investments and put money into my businesses and that’s why I’m successful.”

“The bar and rib restaurant, right? And the two apartment complexes?” Demir asked.

“Damn, how much do you know about me?” Wolf asked.

“Probably not as much as you think I do. I know what’s on paper, and what’s public domain,” Demir said.

Wolf scoffed. “And private if you know my damn doctor’s records.”

“It was on paper.”

“Whatever, nosy ass. Yeah, I own the clubhouse and the apartments over it. It’s a safe haven for my brothers. It also helps to have our clubhouse on private property, which means the cops need a warrant to search each and every area. And even if they do, they’ll never find anything. We live always prepared,” Wolf said.

“As does my family, which is why we make a good match,” Demir added.

“For now, let’s just get some sleep. That nut I busted laid my ass out,” Wolf said.

Demir chuckled under his breath. “Sure.”

The two snuggled and Wolf let the sleep take him.

He woke up before Demir and saw the cockring that had tortured him sitting on the nightstand. Slowly, he reached for it and picked the little device up. Turning to face Demir, he knew he had to be quick if he wanted to get the cockring on the assassin’s dick. He reached down, taking Demir’s limp cock in his hand, then paused to look at the man. Demir took a deep breath and stirred. Wolf remained frozen. When it appeared that Demir was still deep in sleep, he moved the cockring closer to the base of Demir’s cock.

“Do you—”

“Oh shit!” Wolf yelped. “I thought you were asleep.”

Demir smirked and shook his head. “I woke up when you did.”

“Your training?”

“I’m a light sleeper.”

“Damn.” Wolf frowned.

“Do you want me to feel pleasure or pain?” Demir asked him.

“What?”

Demir looked down at his cock in Wolf’s left hand and the cockring in his right. “That business there.”

Wolf looked down, then back up at Demir. “You’d let me put it on you?”

“If you feel like you need to,” Demir said.

“You’d trust me to put it on you, even after I tried to sneak it on you?” Wolf asked.

Demir nodded. “We need trust between us.”

Wolf slipped the cockring on Demir, who allowed it. “How do I lock it in place?”

Demir chuckled. “Hand me my phone in my pants.”

Wolf climbed out of the bed and ruffled through Demir’s pants until he found his cell. He handed it to the man, who took it and swiped his hand over the glass screen. “The app?”

Demir nodded. "I'm sending it to your phone in an encrypted link. You'll need the password to open it. Once you download the app to your cell, you'll need your fingerprint scanner to reactivate it. I've deactivated it from my cell. It's yours now. You can make me feel pleasure or pain at your will."

Wolf grinned as he snatched his cell phone up to get started. "What's the password?"

Demir gave it to him.

Wolf went through the activation process, then pressed his thumb to the sensor on the device and the light indicator turned from yellow to green. "Oh, it's on now." He laughed wickedly as he nodded.

"Is this payback?" Demir asked.

"Damn right it is, you little bastard. But I'm also going to have some fun with this," Wolf said, then pressed the function on the app.

"Ahhhhh, ahhh fuck!" Demir belted out, his body jerking as he gripped his cock. The pleasure that rocked his soul only meant that Wolf had the device turned all the way up.

"Yeah, take that!" Wolf said, grinning in perverse satisfaction as Demir writhed on the bed, moaning and quaking.

"I'm going to cum," Demir cried out.

"Good, cum." Wolf stroked his own hard cock as he watched the moment spunk shot from Demir's hard dick,

coating his sheets while the man jerked in ecstasy. “Fuck you look so hot.”

“Please... oh god, please,” Demir whimpered.

Wolf laughed softly, but turned the device off, leaving Demir trembling. “This is going to be fun.”

“For... for how long?” Demir asked.

“Not for as long as I had to wear it, but you best believe, I’m going to work your ass out,” Wolf said. Yeah, this was definitely something he was going to enjoy and Demir was the perfect man to play with. “Come here,” he said, grabbing Demir’s ankle and dragging his body toward him. He didn’t wait, just climbed on top of Demir and slid his hungry cock inside the hole that was his to claim. They were both loud as Wolf worked Demir over. He loved the way Demir gave into him, how his legs felt wrapped around his body. Yes, this felt perfect. When they came again, both men were fully sated.

“So, are you going to let me have erections?” Demir asked.

“You’ll see what settings I’ll put it on. I ain’t tellin’ you shit,” Wolf said. “Remember, you earned this.”

“I allowed you to do this.”

“Doesn’t mean you didn’t earn it.”

Demir bit his bottom lip and then kissed Wolf. “I can take it.”

“Oh, I know.” Wolf kissed him again, their tongues caressing as their lips devoured each other. They made out for

a few minutes before they settled to sleep the rest of the night away. Wolf felt a strong sense of happiness with Demir at his side. This was not how he'd thought this situation of theirs was going to turn out, but he was content. And oh boy, was he going to have fun with that little cockring now.

FIFTEEN





VITO

VITO LOOKED AT THE men before him on the other side of his desk. The underboss from the Mancini Family, Rolando Mancini. The mobster had requested a sit-down with Vito to discuss the drug business in Chicago. Behind him stood his bodyguard, and sitting on the other side was the Mancini family Consigliere.

Demir leaned against the wall behind Vito's right and the Castiello Family Consigliere, Jian-Kwan Li was standing to Vito's left. Vito knew that the presence of the two men at his sides dwarfed that of the men of the Mancini Family, small fish as far as he was concerned.

"You requested this sit-down. My time is valuable, get to it," Vito said.

Rolando cleared his throat. "My time is valuable as well, Mr. Castiello. Imagine how upset I was to discover you and your little bikers were selling drugs on my side of the city. Needless to say, that's a problem." Vito laughed and Rolando's gaze hardened. "I fail to see the humor."

“Because you don’t realize that you’re the joke,” Vito shot back.

Rolando’s shoulders tensed as his expression drew into a snarl. “You listen to me, you motherfucker.”

Vito quirked an eyebrow at the insult.

Rolando continued. “The south side of this city belongs to us! This is the only time I’m going to tell you. Capisce?”

Vito exhaled. “This is what’s going to happen. You’re going to take your little dime store outfit and find another city to play in. I don’t give a fuck where you go as long as it’s not New York, Atlanta, Orlando, Tampa, Miami, Los Angeles or Las Vegas. If you don’t, I will fucking crush you. But I won’t stop at just killing you. I’ll kill your wives, husbands, children, aunts, hell, anyone with a drop of your blood flowing in their veins or the Mancini crest on their flesh.”

Rolando shot up, slamming his fist on Vito’s desk. “Don’t you threaten me, you faggot son of a bitch.”

Vito turned his head to the right ever so slightly, and Demir was quick to react, pulling out his gun and placing a bullet neatly between the eyes of the bodyguard who had accompanied Rolando and the consigliere to the meeting. Blood splattered the men, ruining their suits.

“Fuck!” the consigliere blurted out and jerked in his chair as the bodyguard’s body collapsed to the floor. Demir aimed his gun at the consigliere, who threw his hands up. “No, don’t.”

“Stop!” Rolando yelled, and Vito raised a finger before Demir could pull the trigger. “You’ve just started a war with us.”

Vito snorted. “No, I think not. Starting a war would be killing all three of you and sending your heads to your boss, and then killing the messenger who sent the message.”

“You think you can just come in here and run shit?” Rolando asked. The look on his face held many emotions with anger and a hint of fear being at the front.

“I don’t think. I know. Do you honestly believe that my family wouldn’t have made the moves we did if we, for even a second, actually considered the Mancinis to be a threat?” Vito stared at the man.

“You’re going to regret this,” Rolando stated.

Vito sighed and turned his head ever so slightly to his left and Jian-Kwan spoke up.

“Mr. Mancini, perhaps you should let the adults in the room speak now. Because I believe your consigliere understands what is truly at stake,” Jian-Kwan said.

Rolando’s intense gaze shot to Jian and his snarl grew deeper. “Go fuck yourself. We’re not going to leave this city.”

“Mr. Mancini, at the moment, your wife and children are with one of our soldiers. Your three capos are bound and trapped in a car ready to be crushed at a junkyard we’ve recently acquired that used to belong to you. Five of your soldiers have already been killed, because we suspected you

would be difficult,” Jian-Kwan said, then he pulled out his cell phone and flipped to the photos to prove his words. He turned the cell around to show Rolando each photo of his men slain by the hands of the Castiellos.

“You motherfuckers!” Rolando raged.

“It is over, Mr. Mancini, unless you wish for us to proceed with more bloodshed?” Jian-Kwan asked. “Or, you can lick your wounds, take what you have and leave the city for other prospects. This is the one and only time you will be offered this very rare opportunity. Perhaps you should consult with your consigliere to see what he thinks would be most beneficial.” Jian placed his cell phone back into his pocket.

Rolando’s glare returned to Vito whose gaze was as cold as his heart when it came to matters of business. “Release my men.”

Vito crossed one leg over the other. “You’re not in any position to make demands of me, Mr. Mancini. What you will do is leave town by the end of the week, which is in the next four days, I’ll send you your capos—alive. You don’t, I’ll send you their remains, nice and compact for you.”

“My boss isn’t going to like this,” Rolando said.

“Which is why my consigliere suggested you listen to yours,” Vito said, nodding at the man still sitting very alert in his chair as if he were ready to run if need be.

“We have much to discuss,” the Mancini consigliere stated.

“Of course, just don’t take too long making your decision. If you’re leaving, you’ll need time to pack,” Vito said, then looked toward the door.

Rolando growled low as he straightened his suit. “Even if you manage to get rid of us, you won’t be so convincing with the Jade Dragon Triad. They’ll own your asses.”

Vito didn’t say anything to that, not wanting to feed into Rolando’s taunt. “Take care, Mr. Mancini, and do give your brother my regards.” He knew that would send a message to the head of the Mancini family. “And please, don’t forget to take your trash with you.”

Rolando scoffed. “You killed him, you dispose of his body.”

“Are you sure you want to leave the remains of your man in my possession?” Vito asked, a dark eyebrow cocked.

“How am I supposed to get him out of here?” Rolando asked, hands out at his sides, questioning.

Vito snorted, then waved the younger man away. “All the more reason as proof that you’re out of your league in my presence. Go, Mr. Mancini. I’ll take care of it.”

Rolando grumbled as he stormed toward the door. His consigliere leaped to his feet and followed them. Rolando opened the door and one of Vito’s very capable guards was waiting, blocking their exit.

“See them to their car, Dorian,” Vito said.

“Gotcha, boss,” Dorian said, then motioned for the two men to follow him and they walked out of the office.

Demir slipped his gun back into his holster. "I'll get rid of the body."

"Fucking idiots and all of their bluster," Vito commented.

"I've seen pompous bravado performances before, but his was entertaining," Jian said as he walked over to the seat Rolando had been in and sat down. "So, should I contact our boys at the junkyard and tell them to hold off?"

Vito nodded. "But don't release."

"Understood," Jian said, then pulled out his cell phone.

Demir walked toward the door to leave, but before he could open it, Zindel entered and stopped as soon as he saw the dead body on the floor.

"Why are you in here?" Vito asked him, a frown on his face because he didn't want Zindel to see his business.

Zindel's pretty green eyes panned from the body on the floor to his boyfriend, Vito. "I... I brought a body bag and cleaning stuff." He held out the bag and bucket in his hands.

Vito looked at him, a mixture of surprise and admiration on his face. "And why did you bring that?"

Zindel shrugged. "I mean, three men entered and two left. I knew what the bodyguard looked like and he was missing. I figured he was probably dead. Also, the look on those guys' faces let me know something popped off in here."

Demir half snorted, half laughed, then took the items from Zindel. "This doesn't freak you out?"

Zindel shook his head. “I mean, it’s not my first time seeing a dead body. My brother—well, he has needs. He tried to shield me from it, but every once in a while, my curiosity got the best of me. Also, he killed a man who tried to rape me when I was eight. He was only fourteen. And I know what my brother does for the Lords. I’m not stupid.”

“And you know who and what I am?” Vito asked as he rose from his chair and walked toward his minx.

Zindel nodded. “You’re a mob underboss and your fucking nickname is ‘The Wise’. You’ve never once pretended to be a saint, Vito. I know exactly who you are.”

Vito stood before him now, looking down at the face that captured him the moment he’d first laid eyes on him. “And you don’t care?”

Zindel rolled his eyes. “We’ve been together for four months and I’ve had my eyes open the entire time. Now, I’m not going to say that I don’t care, per se. But I know how to turn a blind eye. Like now, because I refuse to help any further.” He turned to leave, but Vito grabbed his hand, turned him back around, and kissed him.

Vito could feel his heart swelling as his tongue caressed Zindel’s. Who knew that a man could fulfill all of his desires in a mate? He broke their kiss and reached down, slapping Zindel’s bubbled ass. “This is mine tonight.”

Zindel snorted. “On that note, I must put on the brakes.”

Vito frowned. “What the fuck are you talking about?” he asked, and he ignored the two men who were in his office. He trusted them completely and didn’t care if they witnessed his conversation.

Demir spread out the body bag on the floor and began his task of getting rid of the evidence of a crime. Jian was simply sitting quietly, because he still needed to discuss the possible fallout from their actions and demands.

Zindel sighed. “It’s what I’ve already told you.”

Vito huffed. “I’m not going to eat your ass or suck your cock.”

Zindel stomped his foot. “Why not! I do everything for you that you want to do. All your kinky desires. I need some TLC too.”

Jian cleared his throat and rose. Sure, he wasn’t done chatting with Vito, but this was a bit more than he wanted to be privy to. “I’ll give you two some time to work this out.” He walked past them and left Vito’s office.

“I haven’t even eaten a woman’s pussy. What makes you think I’ll eat yours?” Vito snapped.

Zindel frowned. “Fuck them, I’m not concerned about any of those random bitches you were fucking before you met me. You’re my boyfriend. We live together. I’ve licked every inch of you, including your asshole. I want the same!”

“Do you want me to leave too?” Demir asked with a playful smile.

Vito tossed him an annoyed expression. “No. I want you to get that shitstain off my fucking carpet and out of my sight.”

“Okay,” Demir said, then went back to stuffing the body in the bag before zipping it up. Now, he just had to clean the blood and brain matter up. The very fact that Zindel and Vito were talking about sex at this moment made Demir think that his best friend just might have found the diamond in the rough with Zindel. And that pleased him.

“Get over it, I’m not doing it,” Vito said.

“Is it because you think I’m dirty because I was a whore?” Zindel asked.

Vito threw his hands up in the air. “Oh, for fuck’s sake,” he said, exasperated. Before his little minx could really work his nerves, he turned and walked behind his desk and sat down in his chair. “I don’t think that.”

Zindel pouted and those lips poking out made Vito’s cock stir. “Then why not?” he whined.

Vito shook his head. “We’ll discuss it later. Go, I’ve got business to take care of.”

Zindel’s pout deepened, but he turned and stormed out of the office, making sure to slam the door behind him.

“Mother Mary and fucking Josef,” Vito said, his head thrown back on his chair as he stared at the ceiling.

Demir laughed, then rose to fill the bucket Zindel brought with water from the bathroom. He returned and got to work

mixing chemicals to clean. “So, why haven’t you given him foreplay yet?”

“None of your business,” Vito said.

More laughter from Demir. “You should watch some videos for practice.”

“I didn’t ask you.”

“Look up ‘Master Ass Blaster’,” Demir suggested. “And ‘King of Cock’.”

Vito groaned, then looked at his friend who was smiling mischievously. “Shut up.”

“Hey, those are quality pornos that you can learn a lot from,” Demir said.

Vito snorted and rolled his eyes. “You’re enjoying this too much.”

“I just think you have both found your match *and* met your match with that little ball of fire,” Demir said.

Vito cocked an eyebrow and sighed as he ran a fingertip in a pattern on his desk. “Yeah, I think you’re right. Speaking of matches being met... What about you and Wolf? Is that situation worked out?”

“Yes, we’re officially dating now,” Demir said, his smile growing wider.

Vito noticed and smirked. “So, you have finally found the right one? He passed your test?”

Demir nodded and scrubbed the blood out now that was all he had left to do. The brain matter was already cleaned up. “With flying colors.”

“Would you really have let him go?” Vito asked.

Demir sat back on his heels and looked at him. He took a few seconds to think about his answer before replying. “Yes and No. I would have waited to see if he’d come back to me, then make him pay for refusing me the first time. I would have come to him, seduced him, then pulled back before he could get any relief. I would want him beyond wild for me before I gave him a second chance.”

Vito laughed then. “So, exactly what you already did.”

Demir smiled and shrugged. “More hands-on though, fewer texts. And with him coming back to me and me keeping him at bay, the game would have reached another lev—Ahhh fuck!” he cried out, falling back and grabbing his cock as he twitched in pleasure.

Vito was alarmed by his friend’s reaction and hopped over his desk to run to Demir’s side. “What’s wrong, are you okay?”

Demir panted and nodded. “I... I need... a minute.”

Vito’s eyebrows creased in his confusion as he looked down at his friend. He noticed a dark stain forming on the crotch of Demir’s pants and he suspected what was going on. “Tell me you’re not wearing that fucking cockring?”

Demir quaked several times before he nodded. “His payback.”

Vito huffed, then rose to his feet. “Well, tell his ass that playtime is over. If the Mancinis decide to be stupid, I don’t need my best man and assassin incapacitated.”

“Will do, we’ll work it out. This won’t happen again,” Demir said. It had been a week since he’d allowed Wolf to turn the tables. And so far, the pain and pleasure he’d experienced had happened where he could either play it off or was alone.

Vito walked back over to his desk and sat down, then shook his head. He texted Jian ordering him to return so they could go over business. Demir finished cleaning up the mess, then had three soldiers get rid of the trash in their usual way. They too had a funeral home business that was profitable and handy for disposing of unwanted corpses like the bodyguard’s.

Once his meeting was wrapped up and they had a plan moving forward, Vito dismissed Jian and Demir. “Call Wolf, I mean it,” he told Demir before the man could leave.

“About to call him right now,” Demir said, then closed the door, leaving Vito alone.

Vito looked out over the club below and the place was busy with people dancing and drinking their hearts out. He loved working out of clubs as the nightlife suited him just fine. Thinking back to the conversation he had with his minx, he decided to look up the videos Demir had suggested. He turned to his computer and looked up Master Ass Blaster, purchasing

the video of a man with a dick and tongue longer than his. He watched the men in the video moaning and squirming in pleasure as the “Master Ass Blaster” took them to heaven with his flesh.

Vito could feel his cock throbbing between his legs. Before meeting Zindel, he’d never watched gay porn, never needed to. But he’d watched a few videos even before he’d taken Zindel for the first time over his desk, just to see what it was all about. Even then, he’d gotten erections. He refused to jerk off, though. A man like him didn’t need his hand when he had a mouth or pussy to sate his desires. Now, he had Zindel and still didn’t jerk off, but the hardness he felt now was very tempting.

He watched as the man stuck his tongue in the other man’s hole, literally fucking him with it, and the man receiving was going wild. Vito reached down and squeezed his cock and shook from the simple pleasure. He cut off that video and watched the other one. “King of Cock”. The man in this video was famous for his blowjobs according to the five-star reviews. Vito studied the technique and wondered if he could suck dick or deep throat. Not that Zindel’s cock was very long, but it was enough to touch his tonsils, Vito knew. He turned off that video when it became too much for him. He was horny out of his mind and his minx was playing hard to get. He shut everything down and when his cock had returned to its natural state, he rose and left.

“We’re going home,” Vito told Zindel and his guards.

“Yes, sir,” Giovanni said.

Zindel turned off his computer and gathered his leather jacket, putting it on and joining Vito, Giovanni, and Demir as they left the club.



A Few Days Later

“Zindel still got you on ass probation?” Demir asked Vito.

Vito blinked and looked at him. “What?”

“You still haven’t fucked Zindel?”

Vito frowned. “What business is it of yours?”

Demir chuckled and shook his head. “It’s not. I’m just giving you good news and you’re sitting there with this look on your face like Santa took a piss on your Christmas tree.”

Vito sighed and laughed a little at Demir’s analogy. “Ahhh fuck, my little minx is pushing me to my limit.”

“I bet. Did you hear what I said?” Demir asked.

Vito nodded. “The Mancini family did the smart thing and vacated my city.”

Demir nodded. “Yeah, so Jian had them release their three capos as promised.”

“Good. They need to know that we keep our word.” Vito took a sip of his coffee, then ate some of his eggs.

“Is Zindel going to join us?” Demir asked.

Before Vito could reply, Zindel entered wearing a red suit with a black shirt and red tie. He had his cell to his ear, chatting away. Vito watched as he came over to kiss his cheek, then he took the chair next to his where his plate waited.

“Bailey, you can come, don’t be like that. It’s your off day anyway and I want to spend it with my best friend. So, you’re coming,” Zindel said, and Vito watched with keen interest. “No, not the first party. Colton’s uppity-ass rich family was throwing that party. No, I’m talking about the ones the Lords are going to have at the clubhouse. We’re going to that one.”

Vito raised both eyebrows. “We are?”

Zindel tossed him a look and nodded. “Listen, my man and I are about to eat breakfast. We’ll talk later. Okay... cool. Love you, babe, bye.” With that, Zindel ended his call and looked at Vito. “What?”

“First off, you don’t call anyone ‘babe’ but me. Secondly, what the fuck are you talking about? What party?” Vito said.

Zindel smirked. “I call *you* ‘baby’, which is way more intimate.” He held his hands up when he saw the look in Vito’s eyes. “Fine. I heard you. Moving on, the party is for Colton. His fifty-third birthday. He has some fancy-ass gala event his mom is throwing downtown. But I don’t want to go to that one. I want to go to the fun one the Lords are having for him.”

Vito ate a piece of homemade sausage. “And I don’t remember giving you permission to go.”

Zindel looked at him. “Are you still trying to pull that whole, ‘I’m your personal assistant schtick’ at this point? Because that boat has long since sailed and we both know it.”

Demir laughed and shook his head before tossing Vito a glance. Vito rolled his eyes, then ate some more eggs. Zindel began eating as well.

“Anyway,” Zindel continued. “I want Bailey to come with me. He deserves to have some fun.” He looked at Vito as if challenging him to say no.

“And if...” Vito paused eating when he heard Zindel scoff. He smiled and put his fork down. “You really think you run things around here, don’t you?”

Zindel shook his head. “Not at all. I just think I should have a hand in my own happiness. Being around my friend in an environment outside of that fucking club would make me very happy. Seeing Bailey be allowed to be himself would make me happy. Being able to party with my boyfriend in a place where my relationship is accepted would make me happy. Why would you not want that too, is all?”

Vito was quiet as he reflected on how wise his minx was.

“I’ll get the car ready,” Demir said, rising. “Give you two some time to finish your meal.” He left and Vito answered.

“I do want your happiness, Minx. But you need to understand that just because the Lords and my Family have an agreement, doesn’t mean we’re one,” Vito said. “There are

lines I don't want to cross." He lifted his coffee mug to his lips to take several sips.

Zindel smirked. "Oh baby, yeah, you just keep on missing these boats, 'cause that one has sailed too." He tsked.

Vito began coughing from choking on his coffee after hearing Zindel's joke.

"Oh, you better not die on me because of coffee," Zindel said as he leaned over, rubbing his man's back.

"Oh... shit," Vito said after he cleared his airway, still hacking a little. He wiped the tear from his eye and was happy that it was only Zindel in the dining room to see him in such a vulnerable state. The only other people he wouldn't have minded seeing him like that were Demir and his brother, Rico.

"You gonna be okay, baby?" Zindel asked with a chuckle.

"You're fucking evil taking joy in this moment." Vito's voice was hoarse as he coughed again and cleared his throat.

Zindel smiled. "How often do I get to see my big, bad, dangerous mobster boyfriend so undone? I mean, I've seen your 'O' face, but so have plenty of your men. Who among them can say they've seen your 'Oh god, what the fuck' face?"

Vito laughed then, a head-thrown-back laugh that made him feel like the luckiest man in the world that he'd found someone like Zindel. "A very select few," he admitted, then leaned over, kissing Zindel. He sat back and sighed. "Perhaps you're right. With Akari falling in love with that biker, Burger,

in Orlando, and Demir hitting it off with the Lord's president, Wolf, here... that line has been crossed."

"You're dating the brother of a Lord," Zindel pointed out.

Vito sat back and smirked. "And I wouldn't change that." He sighed. "Very well, I want to see you happy. I'll allow your friend a bit more freedom, but not too much. He's still under contract."

Zindel grinned widely as he leaped from his chair onto Vito's lap. "Thank you, baby." He kissed his man and Vito moaned low as their tongues mingled.

"How about sucking my dick," Vito said once their mouths parted.

Zindel shook his head. "My ass and mouth are on lockdown. I was serious about that." He began to climb off Vito's lap, but the mobster held him in place.

"It's been several fucking days. I don't like being denied," Vito said.

"Well, now you know how I feel," Zindel shot back. He reached down, taking Vito's grip off him, and the man let him. Next, he rose and sat back down in his chair to finish his breakfast before it got too cold.

Vito looked at Zindel, but didn't say anything more on the subject. "When is Colton's party?"

Zindel finished his eggs. "Next week, on Saturday. But the one for the Lords is at nine."

Vito made a mental note of the date. “If I can make it, I’ll join you. If not, Giovanni will be watching over you. How do you like him?”

“First thing first, why would you not be able to make it?” Zindel asked.

“If business arises, that takes priority, Minx.”

Zin nodded because he understood. “Oh, okay. I hope it doesn’t, because I’d love for you to dance with me there.”

“I can only imagine what kind of music would be playing,” Vito said, thinking about the rough bikers.

“Oh, we’re dancing. Anyway, I like Giovanni. At first, he was grumpy and I wondered if I was truly safe with him. But he started to loosen up and now he seems comfortable in the role. He once told me that he was a capo before he fucked up and got demoted. Will you make him a capo again?” Zindel asked, then ate his bacon.

Vito pursed his lips. “Depends. If you prefer him to be your bodyguard, I’ll make sure he is in complete control of your detail.”

Zindel raised both eyebrows. “Detail?”

Vito nodded. “Like you said, you aren’t my personal assistant. The year isn’t up, but it doesn’t need to be. If you want to do something else, you’re free to do so. I’ve voided the contract. You don’t have to work under me if you don’t want to. However, regardless of what you choose, you will be protected. What I’m doing in this city will get me even more

enemies and I won't have you in danger. So, Giovanni will be working with a protection detail for you. If you trust him, then he'll be in charge of your safety at all times."

"Are you trying to get fucked? Because saying shit like that is how you get fucked," Zindel said.

Vito chuckled softly. "That would be my preference, yes."

Zindel held up a finger and thumb, inches apart. "Well, you're this close. And I like working with you. I like making sure your business runs smoothly. But maybe I only want to work part-time and spend the rest of my time shopping, eating, hanging out with my brother, getting to know my nephew, and all that."

Vito nodded. "Consider it done. You pick the hours and days you want to work."

"My pay that I've saved up?"

"What about it?" Vito asked.

"Can I give it to Bailey, to help his debt?"

"How much do you have saved?"

Zindel paused to think about it. "About twelve thousand."

"It will shave maybe two months off his time," Vito said.

"That's better than nothing."

"You assume I'll be pampering you? That you don't need your own money?" Vito asked.

"I want to be a kept man, yes," Zindel said.

Again, Vito laughed, because his minx's boldness charmed him once more. "Kept, indeed," he said, then rose. "Let's go."

"Go where?" Zindel asked.

"Shopping. You need a new wardrobe," Vito said.

"Oh, I love shopping," Zin announced and joined his boyfriend.



"Everything good?" Demir asked once Vito and Zindel joined him and Giovanni in the Bentley.

"Perfect," Vito said, then turned to Giovanni. "Zindel tells me you're proving yourself to be a reliable bodyguard."

Giovanni pulled out of the underground garage. "Yes, sir."

Vito smirked. "And how is it going with Antonio?"

Giovanni's lips tightened. "Fine."

"Just fine?" Vito prodded, because he was curious.

Giovanni sighed. "Once my contract is up with him, I'll be on my way."

Vito arched one of his perfectly shaped dark brows. "I see. Well, in any case, I want you to be in charge of Zindel's protection. I'm assigning him a full detail. You and four other soldiers. Which means, you will need to go through the ranks, find suitable men to fulfill the roles. Zindel's health and safety

is paramount to me, Giovanni, so I hope you understand the amount of responsibility I'm entrusting to you."

Giovanni cast a look at Vito in the rearview mirror and nodded. "Yes, sir. Do you have anyone you want in particular?"

Vito shook his head. "This is Chicago's crew, your men, so you know who's best."

Giovanni smiled, because he understood. "Thank you, Mr. Castiello. I'll get right on it and have their files ready for your approval in a few days."

"Good." Satisfied with that, Vito continued to chat with Zindel until they arrived at the very posh and expensive men's fashion boutique. The employees greeted them and treated them as if they were royalty. The boutique was by appointment only and serviced only four clients at a time.

Their section was private and Giovanni stood guard, as did Demir, and Vito sat on one of the comfortable plush sofas as Zindel was pampered by the "caterers" as they were called because their goal was to cater to the clients. Vito ate hors d'oeuvres and drank wine as he watched intently at the smile on Zindel's beautiful face as he was measured and shown various fabrics and patterns. The last time he'd taken him shopping, Vito had picked out what he wanted to see Zindel in. He never asked Zindel what he wanted. It just worked out that they were attuned from the start and Zin had loved every outfit. This time, he let Zindel make his own choices.

“You can try them on in the fitting room here, sir,” the caterer told Zindel, then escorted him into the room that had already been inspected by Giovanni as Demir checked out their designated area even before Vito and Zindel had entered the store.

“Oh wow, this is the dressing room? It looks like a bedroom. Holy shit, there’s even a private bathroom in here. It’s like a palace,” Zindel commented as he looked back at Vito, beaming.

“Only the best for you,” Vito said.

“Awww, baby.” Zindel blew Vito a kiss.

“Please make yourself comfortable and take your time, sir,” the caterer said.

“Cool, thanks.” Zindel giggled and the caterer carried the outfits inside, then came out, leaving Zindel alone.

“Would you like any more wine, Mr. Castiello?” the caterer asked him once she returned.

Vito shook his head. “No.” He rose.

“Is there anything I can do for you, sir?” the caterer asked, seeing that the client had risen.

“Has anyone booked this room after me?” Vito asked.

The caterer checked her schedule on her tablet. “The next appointment I have is at three PM, sir.”

“Good, add another two hours to my time.”

“Of course, sir. Will you be shopping for yourself?”

“No,” Vito said as he undid his tie.

“Is there anything else I can do for you, then?” she asked.

Vito tossed her a look before returning his gaze to the closed fitting room door. “You can not interrupt us once I walk into that room.” He removed his tie, then his suit jacket, tossing both to Demir, who caught them.

“Oh—um... okay,” the caterer said, her cheeks blushing a bit. She nodded and stepped aside.

Neither Demir nor Giovanni said anything as Vito made his way to the fitting room. He knocked.

“Yes,” Zindel called out. “I’m not done yet.”

“Open the door,” Vito demanded.

“But I’m in my unmentionables!” Zindel said, feigning shock.

“Minx,” was all Vito had to say, his voice drenched with lust.

Zindel opened the door and Vito entered. Like he’d said, he was in his underwear, the black satin Armani ones. Vito grabbed Zindel by his hair and kissed him hard, passionately, a man unrestrained. Zindel melted into Vito’s skillful lips, because he wanted to be taken by the only man worthy in his eyes. Vito slammed him against the mirror on the wall and then began kissing his neck, shoulder, chest, stomach...

“Oh god!” Zindel panted as Vito pulled his briefs down, exposing his hard, uncircumcised cock that was already

drooling precum.

Vito looked at his man's cock and he knew what he was about to do. He took hold of it, then leaned forward, licking the tip. The taste of Zindel's flesh and precum was new to his senses, but he wasn't repulsed like he feared he would be. Seeing Zindel's desire for him, the pleasure that one act created, made Vito want to do more. He wanted to give his minx as much pleasure as he'd been given. That was what lovers did, after all. He ran his tongue around the tip, right under Zindel's foreskin, and his minx's legs nearly collapsed as he moaned in ecstasy.

Vito pulled his foreskin back and took Zindel as far as he could, seeing as this was his first time sucking cock. Zindel's slender fingers brushed through Vito's thick, black wavy hair as he enjoyed the pleasure Vito was giving him. Vito applied the skill he'd learned by watching the videos, which drove Zindel wild. The room was filled with the wet sounds of his sucking and the moans and pants of his lover.

“Oh god, I'm... I'm cumming, Vito,” Zindel said, quaking.

Vito continued to suck because Zindel would do the same for him.

“Baby...ohhh shit... I'm gonna—Ahhh,” Zindel cried out, his body shaking with the intensity of his orgasm.

Vito paused his sucking as jets of thick cum squirted inside his mouth, a sensation that was completely foreign to him. He pulled back and more cum hit his cheek as Zindel quaked from the sensation of his first real blowjob as far as he was

concerned. Vito spit the cum on the floor and coughed as some had hit the back of his throat. Yeah, he wasn't sure if he'd ever be the type to swallow, but he could do this much. He swiped at the globs of cum that splattered his face, and wiped it on the rug.

“Jesus Christ,” Zindel panted, his chest heaving.

“I'm not done with you,” Vito said, then he turned Zindel around and leaned forward, biting both of his minx's plump asscheeks.

“Oh my god, you're really going to do it!” Zindel exclaimed, his body more than ready to receive.

“You're mine, Minx. No part of you is ever anything I consider dirty,” Vito said, thinking back to Zindel's words. He didn't want Zindel to think he had those ugly thoughts about him. He just had to get over his own issues. Watching the pornos helped significantly because by doing so, he realized he wanted to do the same to Zindel.

Vito parted those beautiful cheeks, then dived forward, licking his tongue down the length of Zindel's crack until he got to his hole.

“Holy fuck!” Zindel belted out as he felt his man's tongue slip inside his ass. He spread his legs and poked his butt out more because he really wanted Vito to get in there good.

His man picked up on it and angled his face so he was sucking and licking Zindel's hole just like the man in the video and Zindel was giving him all of the praise.

“Fuck me... Baby, I need your cock now. Fuck me so fucking hard,” Zindel begged after several long minutes of getting his ass eaten. His cock was rock hard again and he was ready for the pounding he’d been denying himself.

Vito pulled back, his lower face covered with spit. He stood up and Zindel turned around and took his face into his hands and kissed him. Vito lifted him up and pressed him against the mirror that was smeared with precum. Zindel held on while Vito undid his pants and pushed them down, freeing his cock. He pushed himself inside of Zindel and the two men moaned in pleasure. He held Zindel as he pumped his hips back and forth, working his cock inside his man, bringing them both closer to their orgasms.

“Oh god, I love you so fucking much, Vito,” Zindel belted out.

Vito smiled as he fucked him, using the mirror as leverage. He captured Zindel’s mouth and kissed him with all of the emotions he was feeling and when their climaxes hit, it rocked them both. Vito froze, then pumped a few more times, jerking and grunting as he spilled his seed. The large ottoman was nearby and he managed to get to it before collapsing on top of it with Zindel beneath him. The men were breathless as they trembled through the pleasure. Vito pulled out, then rolled over on the ottoman, his pants around his thighs.

Zindel was breathing hard, but he managed to roll onto his side so he could gaze at the man who made his dreams come true. “Not bad for your first time.”

Vito laughed and then sighed. “Thanks.”

“So, why did you do it?”

“Apart from you refusing to fuck me?”

Zindel giggled. “Yeah.”

Vito reached over, caressing his face. “Because I love you too, Minx. And I never want you to think that I don’t. I don’t care that you were a whore before we met. I only care that you’re mine now. You’re more precious to me than you know.”

Hearing those words come from Vito brought a tear to Zindel’s eye, then another. “I want us to always be together,” he said, then he snuggled up to Vito, wrapping his slender but well-toned arms around him.

Vito held him closer. “Don’t worry, I’m never letting you go.”

The two lay like that for a while and Vito didn’t care about the caterer waiting to service them. She’d continue to wait, because he was going to fuck his minx one more time before he let him finish dressing. Yes, things were certainly looking up.

The story continues in book six: Betrayed: Road to Carnage Series. You can read about Giovanni and Antonio’s relationship in the limited web series called “The Debt” exclusive to VIP members. To get VIP status, please visit my website: www.nicholasbella.com/join

Read on for a little taste of The Debt

SIXTEEN

A TASTE OF THE DEBT

A ROAD TO CARNAGE Side Story. The Former Capo, Giovanni has to repay the debt he owes to the Castiellos. And the man he now owes is Antonio Lucca. You see the beginning of his arrangement in “Enforced: Road to Carnage Book 3”

CHAPTER ONE

Giovanni stepped out of Vito’s office, with Antonio following behind him. The man’s gigantic shadow swallowed his frame. He couldn’t believe what had just gone down inside. He was a fucking capo for fuck’s sake, and now he was some foot soldier’s slave. How did his life take such a ridiculous pitfall? he asked himself. He whirled around on Antonio, looking up at the six-foot-four man with muscles and ink covering a nice portion of his body.

“Listen, I don’t know what you think you’re doing, but I’m not going to be your fuck boy,” Giovanni said.

Antonio smirked. “When my money transfer goes through, you will be.”

Giovanni scoffed. “Just what the fuck was that in there? You offering to pay my debt to make me your personal whore? I mean...” He gave a nervous laugh. “You can’t be serious, right?”

Antonio took a step closer so that he was standing over Giovanni, who was six feet even. “Oh, I’m deadly fucking serious. I’ve been wanting to stick my cock in all of your pretty holes for years. With you being straight and my capo, the opportunity was non-existent. A dream... until now. You’re going to be mine for an entire year, and I’m going to fill you up with my spunk every. Fucking. Day. Sometimes more than once.”

Giovanni snarled and drew back his fist, and when he swung, Antonio allowed it to connect. His head snapped to the side a little, but he didn’t stagger. “Go fuck yourself,” Giovanni snapped.

Antonio held up one finger. “That’s the first and last time you hit me. You try it again; I’ll make you pay. I know you’re upset, seeing as you’ve lost all the power you once had, but you’re my bitch now... watch yourself.”

Giovanni looked at the other men who were standing, some smiling at him, others whispering to each other. His heart started beating faster, as it felt like the walls were closing in on him. He knew if he ran, he’d be a dead man and wouldn’t get far. He was a fucking Made Man, and now he was nothing. All

because of Tony. He'd piss and shit on Tony's grave if he knew where it was going to be.

There was a chime on Antonio's phone, and he looked down to read the notification. A smile spread across his face. "Well, now it's official." He looked at Giovanni. "You're mine. And the moment you tell me you will not comply, I'll let Mr. Castiello know that you're choosing the brothel or death."

A tiny, desperate sound escaped Giovanni's lips before he reached out, clamping a hand on Antonio's bulky shoulder. "Please... don't do this to me. I've always been good to you, haven't I? I would never put you in this predicament."

Antonio grabbed Giovanni by his waist and pulled him against his body. Giovanni's hands went to his chest to keep his distance, but all he did was feel how solid the muscles were under all that skin and hair Antonio had.

"And it's because you've been cool with me, I saved you from a worse fate. But don't think I'd be stupid enough to give up on this chance to finally get what I've been wanting. We need to leave because my cock is getting so hard thinking about what I'm going to do to you," Antonio said.

Giovanni tried to push himself away because he could feel Antonio's hardness against him, and it repulsed him. "Let me go," he demanded.

Antonio smirked. "You're not giving the orders anymore, Giovanni. You're taking them. Now, let's fucking go." He reached down, grabbing Giovanni's arm, and hauled him off towards the elevator with the man cursing at him. The door

closed, and Antonio slammed Giovanni against the mirrored wall. Then closed the distance, putting both hands on the wall, blocking Giovanni in. “I already told you, you’re mine. Now, you had your fucking chance to choose the other options. You agreed to my terms. So, stop fucking carrying on and act like a man.”

“I’m not gay. Why would you even want to fuck someone who doesn’t want you?” Giovanni asked.

Antonio lowered his arms and smirked. “Yeah, and how many of those whores in the brothel asked the same thing? Hell, you were about to be one of them and you wouldn’t have had a fucking choice whose cock got stuffed into your holes.”

“You know you’ll be raping me?”

Antonio laughed and shook his head. “I didn’t know you were this much of a bitch, Giovanni. Raping you? Are you fucking kidding me? I can’t rape you when you agreed to the terms.”

“Look, I’ll do anything else you want. I don’t see why I have to fuck you.”

The elevator doors opened and Antonio grabbed Giovanni’s arm, but he snatched it away.

“I can fucking walk,” he snapped.

“Then walk,” Antonio said and led the way to his Mercedes. He looked behind him to make sure Giovanni was following, and he was. Once inside his Mercedes, he decided to answer the man’s asinine question. “I didn’t fucking pay damn near

one and a half million dollars for a glorified errand boy. We've got associates for that shit anyway. I paid because I wanted you in my bed riding my cock. I paid because even though your reputation is tarnished, it'd be in fucking shambles if you were a whore. You're sitting here crying about fucking one man—me. Imagine how you'd feel in that brothel, with all the men who used to serve under you shooting their jizz all up in ya and over ya? Is that what you want?"

The mental image Antonio painted for Giovanni made him jerk at how direct it was and graphic. He shook his head. "No... I don't fucking want that."

"Then you got me. Now, I don't want to keep having this stupid fucking conversation. It's done." Antonio turned the engine on and took off towards his home.

Giovanni was quiet for a while as he processed his current predicament. It all happened so fast. He had no idea why Vito had called him into the office. Never in a million years did he think he'd end up losing everything, including the money he'd saved up. He was not only out of two-point-eight million dollars, but he wasn't even at the associate level. He was a man's plaything. Still, as much as he hated what his present and future held, he knew he was still better off being with Antonio than inside the brothel, and certainly he wasn't better off dead.

"How big is your cock?" Giovanni asked.

Antonio tossed him a look, then smirked. "Oh, I'm fucking big. Only the hungriest of cock gobblers have been daring

enough to take me on.”

Giovanni snorted. “You didn’t answer my question.”

“Let’s get one thing straight, because I see that you still don’t get it.” Antonio stopped at a red light, then reached over, grabbing a handful of Giovanni’s thick, black hair and yanked his head over to him. Giovanni grunted, but didn’t fight back. “You are NOT in control. I am. I will answer your questions if I fucking feel like it. Be glad I’m not one of those Dom types who want total control over their subs. Comprendere?”

“Yes,” Giovanni said, and Antonio released his hair with a shove. He grunted and cracked his neck to work the kink out, then tossed another unfavorable look to Antonio. “I just want to know what I’m in for.”

The light turned green, and Antonio took off again. “If you behave yourself, I’ll prep you.”

“Meaning?”

Antonio sent him a glare, and Giovanni held his hands up.

“I just don’t know what you mean by that. I wasn’t trying to start shit,” Giovanni said in his defense.

“Prepping means I’m going to stretch you so that you can handle my cock easier,” Antonio said. “If you’re really well behaved, I’ll eat the fuck out of your ass so good, your toes will curl.”

Giovanni frowned because none of that appealed to him, but he didn’t say anything. The ball was completely out of his

court and in the hands of the other team and they—being Antonio and Vito—had no intention of playing fair.

“So, when we get back to your house, you’re going to fuck me?” Giovanni asked.

“Not right away. As much as I want to, I have shit I’ve got to do. But tonight, oh yeah... I’m going to have my way with you. But don’t worry, I like for my boys to enjoy my cock. I’m going to make you cum,” Antonio said.

Giovanni barked out an incredulous sounding laugh and shook his head.

Antonio cocked an eyebrow. “What’s so funny?”

Giovanni sighed. “Nothing. Just you gay motherfuckers think you can turn anyone fag.”

“Oh, you don’t think I can make you cum?”

“I know you can’t, because I’m not a fucking faggot.”

“That’s sounds like a fucking challenge to me.”

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ABOUT AUTHOR

About me? Hmmm, I'm just a person with a wild imagination and a love for words who was sitting around the house one day and said, "Why hasn't anyone written a book like this before?". As with every storyteller, I wanted to share mine with the world. I like to engage my readers in an adventure that will keep them captivated until the last page is turned. I love to leave readers thinking about my characters and stories until they get their next Nicholas Bella book. When I'm not writing, I enjoy watching movies and TV shows, clubbing, biking, and hanging out with family and friends. Living my best life.

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