

DIABLO DISCIPLES



ONE PERCENTER MC

REINVO

V.THEIA

# RENO

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By V. THEIA

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## Reno

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# DEDICATION

To my gals who love falling for dirty-talking bikers who give it hard and dirty but love hard and stronger. This one is for you!

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# ONE

Reno

In-fucking-credible.

The soft lips on his.

The hand around his stiff cock.

It was earth-shattering.

His limbs were syrup inside.

The woman intoxicated Reno harder than top-shelf liquor did. She was a goddamn siren, luring his ready-for-action body into her web of desire until every breath felt as though it was pure steam chuffing out of his lips.

What started as a one-night-stand was now into the third night without an end in sight, and Reno was more than okay with that.

It was sex so good he even missed a meal last night, and pigs would fly before Reno forgot about food.

It was a toss-up who seduced who first.

Reno thought he'd been the one to approach her in the strip club, but now he didn't know if she'd lured him across the

room and brought him to heel because her seduction was blatant and sending him crazy.

“Get on with it,” he rasped, his eyebrows lowering over his eyes as he watched how she molded his cock in her smaller hand. Her nails were painted black at the curved tips and looked exquisite against the ruddy purple of his angry crown as it peeked through her palm, leaking his excitement as she tortured him.

Two orgasms today hadn't been enough for either of them.

They were on day three of continuous fucking between bites to eat, showers, and a little sleep. Reno couldn't even say what day it was; he was too wrapped up in the heavenly woman doing a number on his equilibrium. He knew his last breath was burning as he churned air through his lungs, pleasure swimming in his gray eyes.

“You need to have patience.” She chuckled, pushing him through her palm like his cock was a toy she loved playing with.

It was driving him insane, but he loved it.

“I need to come.”

Another chuckle.

Another hot squeeze hard enough to roll his eyes into the back of his skull.

If he hadn't witnessed it, Reno would swear it couldn't have happened the way it did. But the second a shrilled ping went off on a nearby phone, Kylie, his brown-skinned goddess lover, turned from seductress into a serious person who hadn't enthralled him for days.



One ping and she let go of his body, rushed off his lap, and strode naked to the discarded phone tangled up in her clothes.

Whatever she saw on the screen put a grin on her face, and then she frowned, turning toward him. While she reached down for the yoga leggings, she told him, “you have to go.”

“Come again?”

“You have to leave.”

“Why?”

She turned an arched brow at him, and Reno’s stomach clenched.

She was a knock-out.

He’d thought so the second he saw her in *The Den*. Not even wondering why a woman as gorgeous and classy as she would be in a strip club. He’d made a beeline for her before any other asshole could, and after a few shared words and a lot of sizzling chemistry later, they’d left together. And been together ever since, fucking each other’s brains out.

Reno was far from sated.

“Because I said so, Reno. Please put your clothes on.”

Confused at the one-eighty flip, Reno rose to his feet. Finding the dark denim jeans, he pulled them up his legs, and his t-shirt followed, watching the woman with a curved smile as she typed out a slow message on the phone screen.

Who was she writing to?

A lover?

Boyfriend?

They hadn't gotten into personal details, too intent on clawing each other to sexual pieces.

He tasted her in the back of his throat, felt her pleasure still drying on his stomach, and she smiled at her phone like Reno didn't exist.

What a kick to his aching balls.

“Who was it?”

“No one.” She pointed to his long-worn harness boots lying on her living room floor, a reminder he was being tossed out the door. He grabbed the motorcycle footwear, leaning down to shove a foot in at a time.

“You got a husband, Kylie? A long-term man?”

Her head came up, her eyes meeting his. Her voice was passive when she answered, “would it matter?” What Reno knew was that the woman he'd had crying under him for hours on end was gone.

Holy fuck, she'd given him whiplash, and before his cock was all the way soft again.

“Nah, it wouldn't matter, babe. Who you cheat on is your business.” There was a gnawing disappointment in his gut he didn't understand, because this had never happened.

He got knocked back by women.

As much as he might like to think he was God's gift, not every woman he had a fancy for wanted to climb between his sheets. But that never bothered Reno. There was always plenty of pussy to go around at the MC. Sweet bottoms were a dime a

dozen these days, especially. Almost as though they were bussed in for a few nights of biker thrills.

Getting kicked out at a moment's notice after spending decent hours pushing orgasms through a woman's body. Yeah, that was new.

He sensed he would never see her again and wondered why it made him feel sick.

Yeah, that was new, too.

Only seconds ago, her eyes were glazed with lust, firing bullets of needy desire at him. And now they were sharp, clear, like she'd flipped a switch, and her sexual libido was put away.

Women would always confuse Reno; he probably wasn't book-smart enough to figure them out entirely. But as he approached Kylie with slow steps, he watched her watching him, and flickers of that same desire ignited again.

Whatever sexual labels there were nowadays, Reno had always been attracted to all people but gravitated toward the softness of females. Part in because of Ruin, who wasn't bisexual, so their double act already had a preference from the get-go.

The woman in front of him was all softness only minutes ago, and now she looked like she wanted to slam the door in his face.

He caught her around the neck and a moan filtered out. The same pleased moan he'd listened to for hours because every whisper of noise from her lips captured his attention.

Leaning down, compensating for the difference between his six-foot-six stature and her smaller one, Reno pressed their lips together, tempted to drive his tongue inside and get her back in the zone. He was far from finished with her and wanted to prove that. But after only a lick of the kiss, she pushed him back.

“I had fun, babe.”

“Yeah, me too.”

She blinked at him as if expecting him to elaborate, but Reno knew when to hit the bricks, even if everything in his body said to stay and find out why she changed her mind. Turning on his heels, he grabbed the leather jacket slung over the arm of the couch, and headed for the exit, sending a wink at her as he pulled the door closed.

The sun was cresting as he walked down the quiet sidewalk. His latest hookup lived in a small suburban street, and when he glanced back at her house, he wondered if she was watching him go.

Probably not.

She couldn't kick him out fast enough.

Air slipped through Reno's lips in a half-laugh. He'd never live this shit down. Of course, that was if he told anyone about his phenomenal weekend.

Yawning, he climbed onto his Dyna, bringing the engine to life with a purr. The thrum underneath Reno always felt like home. He hadn't been like other teenage boys in that. Once he could drive, he didn't go for a scrappy beat-up car. Instead, he wanted a motorcycle immediately and worked his butt off

doing any job he could to save enough money for the cheapest second-hand cycle.

There was nothing second-hand about the bike beneath him as it took corners like a dream, heading toward the Diablo Disciples' secure compound on the west side of Laketon. It was brand-new only a year ago for his twenty-eighth birthday. And now, as it purred into the L-shaped compound where he spent most of his days and nights, Reno switched off the engine, pocketed the keys, and climbed down, leaving the bike in its usual parking space next to his twin brother's Road King.

It was the high of sex, which meant Reno wasn't fully spatially aware as he strolled into the clubhouse after punching the passcode in the newly changed security pad that unlocked the doors.

Tired, hungry, still horny as a pig in mating season, and more confused than ever why Kylie would kick him to the curb when she'd been on the same high with him, if not higher, from the way she'd clawed his skin up, making hot, delicious demands of his body.

He yawned hard, his jaw cracking as he decided to have food before boiling his worn body in a shower. Reno had to teach a lesson to the idiot prospects this morning, and to deal with that kind of stupidity, he required a full belly and hot coffee.

He'd earned his place at the Diablo's church table as the Sergeant at Arms, and Reno took his duties seriously. Most of the time.

Today of all days, he wanted to sleep it away, except duty called, but first food.

Because his head was gathering wool, he didn't see the bunched fist coming toward him until pain radiated out of his jaw. Then, a body as big as his grabbed him by the throat and took Reno down to the floor; a knee in his chest evaporated all the air he had as he looked up into similar gray eyes.

Ruin's soulless eyes.

The pain from his punch made Reno see double as his brother got in his face.

“Where the fuck have you been? I thought you were dead. But you're about to be.”

# TWO

Reno

It wasn't the first time the brothers fought.

But it might be the only time Ruin caught him unawares.

Reno shoved against the hard chest until Ruin growled in his face, let go, and rose to his feet. The pair were exactly six-foot-six if they stood back to back. They possessed the same gray-colored eyes, though Ruin's looked empty. Their hair matched, brown, and clipped short all over with a bit of length on top. Today, Reno had more facial hair because he hadn't bothered to shave in the middle of his sex fest.

Groaning, he wiggled his sore jaw, making sure the bastard hadn't broken it, and then he stared up, shoving out a hand. "Help me up, asshat."

Ruin scowled, gripped the hand, and hauled Reno to his feet.

"What crawled up your ass?"

Reno knew already and felt shitty about it.

The pair never went longer than a few hours without being in contact. Some might say they had a weird co-dependency,

especially for grown men who would be thirty years old next year. But few knew their upbringing or how they'd had to drag themselves out of the pit they called family before it swallowed them whole.

As twins, they'd only relied on each other, which went long into adulthood, and though he'd never breathed it to another soul, sometimes Ruin's clinginess made Reno want to fucking scream.

"Where were you?"

"Out."

"Out?"

"That's what I said. As you can see, I'm in one piece, been looking after myself for a long time, Jesse, so chill out."

It was easy to press his brother's buttons when he didn't want to get into a conversation. The moment he used his name, Ruin turned on his heel and strode off in the opposite direction. Reno was tired and hungry, and would talk to him later. For now, he headed for the shower block up on the second floor. Only when he'd boiled himself clean and pulled on fresh jeans and a short-sleeved Henley under his club cut did Reno feel awake. Awake enough to gulp down three breakfast sandwiches the house mouse had made for him.

Standing in the central area, he let go of a shrill whistle. The prospects' heads turned like they were at daycare camp and had nothing better to do. Fucking wrong. To prove their metal, he liked to see them using their goddamn initiative at every opportunity, not sitting on their asses playing video



games. Reno jutted his chin, and the three bodies ambled up from the couches and made their way over to him.

As the Sergeant at Arms, it was his job to keep the peace within the club. He was usually in the thick of it to sort out if there were any scuffles or disagreements because Ruin was not a people person to hold that job. At all. Reno had taken on the task of kicking the probies into shape.

Out of Mouse, Dillion, and Forger, Dillion showed the most potential of becoming a patched brother. But only time would tell. And until then, Reno would ride their asses until they quit or showed they could handle anything.

“You,” he pointed at Forger, who was yawning. “Get outside and clean.”

“Clean what?”

“Any-fucking-thing you can see. And Forger, I’ll be checking, so make everything sparkle.”

“On it, boss.”

“Dillion, you’re with me. Mouse, you’re working at The Den. Any problems, call Chains.”

“Hell yeah, I love being at the strip club,” he smirked.

With jobs assigned, Reno wanted nothing more than to fall into bed, but he headed out into the yard, seeing Ruin working in his shed across the forecourt. His brother liked to build things and sold many pieces, but it was also a kind of therapy for him. Kept his hands busy and his mind focused. Reno couldn’t build a chair if his life depended on it. Ruin had taken to woodwork like a duck to water. With Reno, his skills took time. He wasn’t the best mechanic the club had, but he’d

learned from the best over time and was competent working in the garage. So that's where his next destination was. He found Devil and Tomb inside, the music deafening as they worked.

It was slow, monotonous work.

His shoulders hurt by lunchtime.

Usually, by now, Ruin would have ambled over to have coffee with the boys. But Reno knew his brother had stayed away because he was angry with him.

For fuck's sake. Sometimes he wanted to be one man, not part of a screwed up pair that had to do everything together.

And he meant *everything*.

They'd taken care of each other for their whole lives until it was instinctual, something like breathing. There was nothing Reno wouldn't do for his twin. They had a blood bond that superseded everything, but there were times like this past weekend he wanted something for himself. Not have to think about Ruin's feelings and mental wellbeing.

It was exhausting at times.

Being part of the Diablos took some of that responsibility from his shoulders, but it hadn't worked out as he'd wanted it to.

Ruin was close to the patched boys, but there was no doubt in Reno's mind that if it came to it, Ruin would walk away without a backward glance.

Just as well he liked the wet work of being the enforcer.

And Reno enjoyed being a biker.

So they were both staying.

His freedom weekend might be the start of a new independent path for the DeCastro twins. So he ruminated as he cleaned off his oily hands, eyeing the shed where Ruin was working with his clumps of wood.

Even if he had to forge that path with Ruin, fighting to the death.

While standing in the open doorway, his eyes on the closed shed, Tomb came up behind Reno. “Where’s the Grim Reaper? He’s usually here by now, bringing something to eat. I’m fucking starved.”

“Don’t know,” Reno answered.

Tomb wasn’t wrong about Ruin. They were no longer starving teens. Ruin made it his responsibility to steal food any way he could, but even now, he always made sure Reno ate something. At least once a day, his brother would go into the clubhouse kitchen, load up whatever he could find in the fridge, prepare easy food, and bring it to the garage for Reno and the boys to scarf down.

“You kids had a falling out? He’s been skulking around the place all weekend, looking like he wanted to chew on bullets.”

That sounded just like Ruin.

“He greeted me with a punch to the jaw this morning.”

Tomb cackled. “Our resident nutcase is a sweet thing. So what did you do?”

“Didn’t tell him where I was this weekend.”

“Ah, that will do it. He needs to find an old lady; he wouldn’t give a fuck what you were up to if he had a sweet

piece in his bed.”

“Is that why you have Nina?” asked Reno, glancing sideways at Tomb. He’d only been married a year, but it seemed to stick so far.

“My rose thorn brings a lot to my life, brother. But, unfortunately, none of that is peace.”

“And you fucking love it,” he smirked. Tomb matched the grin. “Goddamn, I do.”

Imagining Ruin with an old lady wasn’t out of reality, but neither was picturing himself buck naked twerking on the moon. Reno couldn’t say what type of woman could tame Ruin’s darkness. But then, when he thought about it, he couldn’t say what type of women Ruin was into.

It was well known within the MC how Reno and Ruin took women together.

No swords ever crossed. That was always the nosy fuckers’ first question. They weren’t *that* close. But if Reno was fucking one of the sweet bottoms, then the probability of Ruin getting his dick swallowed at the same time was very high.

Countless times since they were sixteen.

And at that age, anyone would assume a girl of their same age wouldn’t entertain the thought of having two guys, but it wasn’t that unbelievable. They’d always had the looks and dangerous swagger without trying. In their run-down neighborhood, it became a badge of bragging rights to bag the DeCastro twins’ attention. Chicks then and now went wild for them.

Reno did all the charming, and Ruin benefitted from the spoils.

Except for this weekend.

He'd seen the woman, aimed for her like a missile, and took off with her without a thought about Ruin, probably watching, waiting for his signal to join them.

No wonder Reno got a fat lip this morning.

He half-smirked. The big bastard had a fist like a boulder; his jaw would ache all day because of him.

Tomb wandered off, bitching about being hungry.

The garage stayed busy all day, with outsiders bringing their vehicles in. And a few times, Reno wandered over to Ruin's shed, standing in the doorway while he worked with electric tools, sanding and cutting wood down to size.

They locked eyes, and usually Ruin would say something sarcastic, and then their beef with each other would be over

Not this time.

He looked through Reno and then hunched over his work, icing him out.

Shrugging, Reno turned on his boots and left Ruin to his bitch of a mood, even though the silence stung his chest.

Ruin didn't talk much to anyone except Reno. It had always been that way since they were kids. His father used to criticize Ruin for being slow, but he was the most intelligent of the two. Reno had done some research and read articles over the past few years. He'd even paid for a phone consultation with a local psychiatrist to ask her questions. Still, without

seeing Ruin for herself, her answers were pretty general. But he still reckoned Ruin was neurodivergent, which only meant Ruin's brain learned and behaved differently from what was considered typical. Not that he could get his brother to a medical person for a diagnosis.

Just because he didn't use his voice didn't mean he was stupid. It just meant their father hadn't deserved to listen to anything Ruin wanted to say.

That piece of shit was better off dead.

Ruin's silence was a punishment, used like a weapon.

Reno used space and time in the same way.

So that's what he did for the rest of the night.

He got drunk with his brothers in the common area and kept his distance even when he saw Ruin striding in, not looking left or right as he headed out the back.

Their eldest nutcase of a brother, Jensen, was released from prison without warning recently. Because the judge, who put him away, was investigated for misconduct, and all his former cases were thrown out. Now he was littering the town with his spoils in the form of dead prostitutes to gain the Diablos' attention.

Ever since Axel got intel from his cop rat that Jensen was the one dumping the bodies, he and Ruin had buried their heads in the sand, ignoring what they knew to be true. But, unfortunately, their lives were about to go through a fucking wind tunnel again because of another DeCastro.

They'd fought to get out, only to find a slice of the good life within the MC.

And now Jensen wanted to wreck it.

And being the psychotic maggot he was, he'd succeed, too.

As the drinks slid down his throat, fogging up his brain, making him recline in his seat with his legs kicked out in front of him, Reno's thoughts unlocked, running riot through his mind like fast-spreading cancer.

It wasn't enough that they'd fought to escape the DeCastro circus of drugs, neglect, and more.

Or that it was the pair of them to put Jensen in prison.

That motherfucker would always come back like an uninvited parasite, infecting every part until it was ash and destruction.

Ruin was a lot like Jensen.

Reno was nothing like him.

But he was back. Causing trouble for them anyway.

And the sick dread low in his gut, the same fear he'd carried around ever since hearing Jensen was freed, told Reno they would find it hard to get rid of their brother this time.

So, he drank.

The SAA drank to forget his weekend with the hottest goddess on earth.

He drank to ignore how his twin had iced him out.

He drank to numb the gut-twisting fear that Jensen would hurt someone Reno cared about.

And when the drinking was over, he fell into bed.

And when Reno woke the next day, dying from a hangover, he was back to normal.

Pretending every-fucking-thing in his life was fan-fucking-tastic.



# THREE

Kylie

The love of Kylie Torrance's life was coming home early, and she couldn't wait for the minutes to tick away.

But first, she had to clean up. Her house smelled of too much sex.

It was not surprising, seeing as she'd been having much of it all weekend.

The sting of regret hit her stomach as she bent low to grab her discarded panties and bra from the family room floor. Memories of Reno pulling them off her in his hungry state came unbidden, lassoing her with desire all over again.

Reno had even left his black boxer briefs. She scooped them up fast, like a piece of evidence left behind at a crime scene. So scandalized that the man had walked out without underwear. Bunching the material in her two hands, she dumped it in the laundry basket in her bedroom, then took her shower until all traces of her sinful weekend were washed away.

Checking each room with a detective's eye, ensuring there was nothing to say about what she'd been up to, Kylie ambled

through her three-bedroomed home in the heart of Laketon's suburbs. She'd paid over the asking price for the house several years back, but it had been worth it knowing they were living in a safe part of town.

Any guilt she felt for her debauched weekend fled as she heard a car pull up outside and the back door flung open. Instead, her heart was full of joy as a three-year-old body came hurtling across the kitchen floor toward Kylie, trusting her mama would catch her when Michele took a flying leap.

Michele, her tiny daredevil, wrapped her chubby arms around Kylie's neck, beaming a grin with all her baby teeth on show.

Behind them, Aubrey entered through the door, dumping the weekend bag on the floor, and raided the fridge for anything sweet.

“Did you have a fun time with auntie Aubrey?”

Michele went into a long-winded monologue of everything she'd done with her favorite auntie.

Her angel was all Kylie. A fact in which she gloried. They shared the same honey-brown skin and bouncy, tight curls, though, from her mother or father's side, she didn't know since Kylie was adopted, as was Aubrey. Growing up in an all-white family as the only two brown-skinned kids hadn't always been a picnic for the girls, but they sure had the best family who always went to war for them if any ever dared say a bad word. Kylie and Aubrey were Torrance's, end of the story. Their eldest brother, Clay, had been an excellent protector; he'd gotten into a few scrapes defending his sisters.

And though she'd moved from Virginia to Utah for career opportunities, she was still close with her family.

Family was everything to her.

Especially the tiny sprite giggling in her arms.

The best decision Kylie had ever made.

Her *universe*.

She'd worked too long and hard for her perfect life, even if it wasn't so perfect in some areas. Her love life, for instance. But she saw to her needs just like she had this weekend.

Who needed a full-time lover, anyway? Men only complicated things. Made things messy and unnecessary. She'd had long and short relationships and had never romantically said I Love You to any man.

Kylie was orderly, fastidious, and liked her way. To share her life with someone now on a 24-7 basis seemed unreasonably unthinkable. But was thirty-three too young to feel so jaded against romance?

Look, she wasn't opposed to romance if the right man came along and didn't expect her to change her entire existence to fit in with his life. A kind, handsome man who knew how to work her body would be great if she could still have her space and independence. A man who wouldn't try to control everything she did. Yeah, that would be ideal.

Reno had worked her body like a pianist playing at Carnegie Hall and hadn't required direction. Not at all.

*Okay, shut up with that.*

Kylie turned a smile on her sister. “Hey, you. Sounds like a wild weekend.”

“She kept me on my toes. So what’s with the hair?” Aubrey arched her eyebrow quizzically.

“What do you mean?”

“It’s just fucked hair.”

Shit, yeah. She took a hand from Michele’s back and ran it over her messy bed hair, since it wasn’t one of her shampoo and conditioner days, she hadn’t washed it earlier. Aubrey was right. For work, she wore it in a professional bun. And for her other job, it was always held back tightly and then hidden under a hood. Of course, having lots of sex over two days meant Kylie hadn’t even bothered to style her hair, let alone remember to use her silk cap to sleep in.

God, sex so good she forgot basic routines.

Her knees were practically still trembling.

“I had a relaxing weekend.”

“Did you now?” smirked her sister knowingly, and Kylie grinned back.

“Yes, I did. Now, are you staying for lunch?”

“Wish I could, but I gotta get to the office.” Her sister owned a wedding preparation business and was busy all year. It was how she’d met her now wife, Rose, who’d been a jilted bride.

Kisses and hugs were given. Kylie saw her sister out, then spent the rest of the day with Michele, trying to assuage her

guilt for palming her kid off on her family while she got her pipes cleaned.

Kylie couldn't recall details of the last time she had sex. It had been an uninspiring one-night stand, never to be repeated. Before that, it was her ill-fated three weeks relationship with her then-new employee. It was a lesson worth knowing now not to mix business with pleasure. He became a stage five clinger in record time, wanting to know where she was at all hours. And for her extracurricular work, which she kept close to her chest, it wasn't easy avoiding his nosy questions.

Suffice it to say, that relationship didn't last, and though Trent still worked for her, it was finally becoming less awkward to see him every day.

Being the owner of only one of two funeral homes in town, Kylie's days were usually packed solid. Though she was home today, it didn't stop her from fielding phone calls from her staff or sending paperwork via the shared online portal.

It hadn't been her career of choice. As a teen, she'd waited tables, answered phones, and been a dog walker for a week. Then enrolled in beauty school, but hairstylists were not in demand. And the day she went to train at a funeral home as a stop-gap job became the rest of her life.

Kylie had a cast iron stomach. Nothing made her squeamish. She could watch blood and gore on TV while slurping a bowl of noodles. So, dealing with death felt like the right move.

She found she had a gift for it.

Not only taking care of the departed, but helping the grieving families to organize their funerals. It took a specific person to be around that kind of sadness every day and not carry it home. Aubrey and her brothers joked she was without emotions.

It wasn't that.

She felt a lot for those she cared about.

But she could also detach her heart from her head and not drown in other people's sorrow. So when the opportunity arose, when her old boss wanted to sell the place, she'd been his protégé for five years and offered it to Kylie first. She snapped it up. Besides being a weird career for a woman her age, it was a lucrative business.

People always needed a funeral home.

Her business was open regardless of whatever crisis was going on in the world. She thanked God for small mercies because she'd never been broke and always had the money for food, car repairs, and to treat her little girl to fun vacations each year.

Her life was sweet.

Hard work, little sleep, and dedication meant she went to bed each night, knowing how sweet her slice of Utah life was.

She lived in a sleepy town where the local motorcycle club owned most of the businesses, never shook people down for a cut of theirs, and took care of things.

They weren't evil men but not altogether upstanding, but the biker men she knew, she liked and got on well with them in a business sense.

Only Axel and Chains, the Prez and VP of the Diablo Disciples MC, were aware of her side-line services, and they paid her well for them. So well that this summer, she and Michele were going on a ten-day trip around the states, ending at Disney World. And like any mom with an excitable kid, Kylie kept that secret to herself, or she'd have to listen to Michele ask, "is it time yet?" every day for months.

Dinner that night was a messy affair, as always when she served spaghetti. They sat at the kitchen table, discussing the day ahead at daycare. Michele loved daycare, thank goodness. Not that it took away any of her working mom's guilt.

That mom's guilt reared its ugly head sooner than she thought, not long after she tucked her girl into bed.

Her burner phone buzzed.

**Axel:** Another collection at The Den. Can you make it?

Shit. *Fuck*. She was just about to have a relaxing bath and sit in her comfy PJs and silk cap in front of the TV. But money was hard to say no to.

**The Cleaner:** Give me thirty minutes. How many?

**Axel:** One.

One dead body for her to disappear.

It wasn't as morbid as it sounded.

Or maybe it was.

Maybe she was as cynical and removed from emotions as people thought. She saw how the bikers looked at her, wondering how a woman of all people could walk through death, put her hands all over destroyed corpses and not appear bothered by it.

She never asked questions.

Kylie knew long ago she was better off not knowing where these bodies came from or why their deaths happened. From what she could tell, the MC men didn't appear to be monsters, and in the last few scenes she'd cleaned up for them, Chains had been visibly worried/angry about a body dumped on their properties.

Kylie watched the news.

She'd heard of the dead prostitutes the police were looking into. Little did they know there had been so many more. Bodies the MC had her disappear. The cops seemed to think a murderer was on a killing spree in and around Utah. The rumors were the MC was responsible, but fingers were always pointed their way about everything.

Again, she didn't ask questions. And she didn't now as she got ready and climbed into her all-black, form-fitting lycra clothing.

It took a quick call to her elderly neighbor to come and sit with Michele.

"Sorry about this," she smiled, letting Mrs. Wilson in.

"I never mind babysitting the little one, even if she's sleeping. It gets me out of the house. There's only so much



The Price is Right I can watch.”

Kylie grinned. “You know how to work Netflix, yeah?”

“Oh, yes. I was in the middle of a rather interesting documentary about a man in New York who married fifty women the last time I was here.”

“I shouldn’t be too long. It’s a work thing.”

“Take your time, dearest.” Mrs. Wilson smiled, settling herself and her knitting bag on the couch.

After bringing her a plate of her favorite cheese and crackers with a glass of wine, she headed back to the garage, where she climbed into her blacked-out truck. It was there she put a call through to her assistants.

So few people knew of her cleaner job.

It wasn’t like she could advertise she got rid of bodies for the criminally minded of Utah. But over the years, she’d learned she could trust a couple of people. It helped that she paid a lot for their silence. Plus, they were under an NDA.

T and Hendrix would meet her there.

Anyone would assume Kylie Torrance was your average American woman.

She loved cake in abundance. Every day was someone’s birthday if cake was involved. She didn’t have any discernible hobbies unless working or playing with her kid were hobbies. She didn’t read much, though she’d checked out ten books from the library this year in order to change that and returned all of them unread. She loved concerts, and at her age, she still

had an unhealthy attachment to the 90s boy bands and wouldn't apologize for knowing every lyric and dance routine.

And oh yeah, every day, she walked through death like a trip to Sephora.

Dank.

Dark.

Unthinkable things.

She saw it all, sludging through it wearing her protective boots. Touching death with her latex-covered hands, making it vanish like life hadn't been snuffed out.

Nothing shocked Kylie anymore.

Being the infamous cleaner of Utah, a mythical person people talked about and hired for an exorbitant price, came with many pitfalls.

One was living a secret life.

Nothing slapped her in the face as fast as when she walked into the alleyway behind Chains' strip club, *The Den*, and saw such a person down the other end.

Reno had a boot braced against the wall guarding the back door, so no one unexpectedly came out of the club and stumbled on the dead woman on the rainy ground.

Everything about him made her heart race out of control.

And nothing ever flapped her. *Nothing*.

The man she'd spent a long weekend with shouldn't affect Kylie.

He was meant to be a throwaway lover. Someone to have fun with but not think about afterward.

It should have been a once-and-done. No lingering thoughts of how insanely good his body was or how he worked her over with only his hands and mouth.

It wasn't as though he would recognize her from how she was dressed, so her nerves were unwarranted.

Ski mask. All black clothing that fit her curvy frame. Rubber sleeves over her boots, gloves on her hands, and hair protected by a double black ski mask and hood. It was overkill, but for what she was doing and being a businesswoman in the area, the last thing she needed was to be recognized by anyone.

Spatially aware of everything, she crouched down to assess what was needed.

The dead never bothered Kylie. It was the living she had a problem with.

But as she worked getting the body onto a thick tarp, wrapping her up, she was wholly aware of Reno standing not far away, sending glances toward her now and then. So she was grateful when her men arrived with the chemicals, and once the body was in the back of her truck, ready to be taken to the funeral home incinerator, the men scrubbed the alleyway clean.

By the time she was finished, her heart was triple-time thumping.

Bumping into her onetime lover at a grocery store would be awkward enough, but seeing him at a dead scene soon after

she'd rolled around with him was about all the awkwardness she could handle.

And Kylie got out of there fast, without a backward glance.

# FOUR

Reno

Reno had always found the hustle and bustle of being around the church table exciting.

Even in fraught times, usually when an enemy was dogging their steps, or the cops had raided them. Being at the table surrounded by men he'd go into battle with felt right.

Nothing else had been right in Reno's life until he'd walked through the MC doors and told Axel he'd be a fool if he didn't take him and his brother on as prospects.

It had been a bold, mouthy move, and luckily, he hadn't earned a fist in the mouth.

Axel had given the brothers two weeks to show him what they offered.

Within twelve days, they'd been given their prospect patches; seven months after, they were full brothers in arms wearing the club patch and colors.

Today, Reno wanted to be anywhere else.

In a fucking cave or stroking Trump's wig.

Because the topic for the hastily called meeting was Jensen DeCastro. Their eldest maniac sibling.

The last time Reno had seen his demented brother was before he got caught in a siege, outside of a gas station, after putting a bullet in the store clerk's chest. Lousy luck, planning, and timing had gotten his brother caught and sentenced. But a few years later, a terrible judge had meant his case had come into question, and now he was free.

Free and out to cause trouble for the MC.

“The body last night makes seven that we've intercepted. The cops only know about four because we got to them first.” Said Axel.

“That's another five grand to the cleaner for last night.” Input the VP, wearing a scowl of irritation.

“Can someone tell me why we're wasting money cleaning away bodies we haven't had shit to do with killing?” Tomb was pissed.

So was Reno, but it had nothing to do with a loss of money.

He'd give his left kidney to make Jensen disappear.

This wasn't about money and all together to do with how guilty he felt by surname association only.

Reno had nothing to do with Jensen. He'd refused phone calls, and prison visitor passes over the years. He'd grown up watching Jensen's cruelty and couldn't do a thing to stop how he beat up Ruin to toughen him up. He hated the guy. Blood wasn't thicker than water, and the past couldn't be forgotten.

“Save us some cash and let the cops deal with the bodies.” Added Tomb as he slumped in his chair, a black coffee clutched in his ring-fingered hand.

“You wanna go back inside, Tomb?” asked Axel. “You got six months for carrying a firearm without a license. You really wanna go down for a twenty stretch because we had a body dumped on our land?”

“You know that was the ATF fucking with us.”

“Yeah, and the local badge carriers are just looking for any excuse to fuck with us, too. They aren’t gonna look into the evidence and find DeCastro if we’re the sitting ducks with the prettily presented dead whore on our doorstep.”

The guilt mounted on Reno’s shoulders as he listened to his buddy’s bitch.

They were right, and it fucking sucked.

Even now, he hated how Jensen was trashing their lives all over again.

Grinding his back teeth, irritation rained over him as he sent his gaze down to the other end of the table, where Ruin was spilling out of his seat. Dressed in his emo black from top to toe, he stared back, unsaid words bouncing between the siblings. Nothing needed to be said at that moment. They were feeling the same shit.

They might look the same and have the same mannerisms. Without looking at the other, they could react similarly. But as for their thoughts, they were worlds apart. Today, more than ever, seeing as Ruin still wasn’t talking to him.

“Reno,” called out Axel. “You got anything to add? Anything you or Ruin can suggest where we look for him.”

“Nah. Told you everything already, Prez. I don’t know where Jensen is and don’t care.”

“You better start caring,” snapped Devil, “or we’re gonna pay the cleaner out of pocket for every fucking body that asshole dumps on us. We’re finally in the black, and I, for one, ain’t giving my hard-earned profits for the likes of him.”

Reno switched his gaze to the treasurer and understood Devil’s frustration on some logical level. He was the one who knew how much the club was bringing in and bleeding out because of what they paid for: informants, sources, and the cleaner. But Reno wasn’t about logic when he felt he was facing a firing squad.

“You got something to say, Devil? Then fucking say it. Don’t dance around it.”

His bubbling anger didn’t leave much room for logic, to realize his brothers around that table could rightly be frustrated and to ask questions.

But Reno had no answers to give.

“I don’t dance, brother,” fired back Devil. His tone was quiet. “But you see where we’re coming from? We go to jail for something we didn’t do, or we keep paying the cleaner for shit we didn’t do.”

“What the fuck do you want me to do? You think I’m hiding Jensen, is that it?”

The burn of bile in his throat became intense when the response wasn’t fast enough.



They thought he could do that?

“Everyone calm the fuck down,” issued Axel. “No one is accusing anyone, got it? We’re all annoyed and want this shit done.”

The meeting went on.

Ideas bounced around.

Plans put in motion.

They were going to take shifts, buddying up to hunt for Jensen, searching out his last known haunts and allies.

Jensen was calculating as a demon. There was no way he’d ever go back to anywhere he was known for.

But Reno just nodded, holding his shit together while he prayed for the church meeting to finish.

Ruin was up out of his seat faster than a rabbit once it was called. Reno sighed, watching his escape.

Sometimes he wished his brother would try to fit in, be fucking normal, or as normal as anyone was. That way, others would know what Ruin was thinking or gauge when he needed to be left alone.

Devil hung back by the doorway as Reno approached. He braced for more of the same firing bullets, but the guy hooked an arm around Reno’s shoulder. “I got a big fucking mouth on me, brother. I didn’t mean to accuse you of anything. You hate DeCastro more than any of us. I know that.”

“It’s cool, Devil.”

“We cool? Or I gotta serenade you?”

Smirking, some tension dropped from Reno's shoulder blades as he shrugged off his buddy. "Only if you wanna make my ears bleed."

"Fuck off. I sing like Michael Bublé. I'm a better Canadian than he is. Kelly said so."

"Kelly is your old lady; she's bound by law to lie to your ass."

They bantered for a few minutes until Devil felt he'd put a wrong right.

He was a stand-up guy.

Reno found Ruin in the kitchen; he had an assembly line of sandwich-making on the go.

The house mouse looked on like the older woman was fretting because someone else was in her kitchen, but by now, she knew Ruin's antics as well as anyone in the MC and knew to leave him be and not ask questions.

Leaning on the counter, his legs stretched in front, and his hands braced behind him, Reno waited, watching the stack of sandwiches pile on a platter.

The house mouse left them alone.

"You gonna ice me out all week or stop being a bitch?"

"You're an asshole." Gruffed Ruin, slathering hot chili mayo on sourdough bread.

"Yeah, it's well established already, but you can see I'm fine. So why are you icing me out still?"

Ruin finished the sandwich, laid down the knife, and cleaned off his hands with a towel. And then, like a preying

predator, Reno didn't see the strike coming until Ruin locked his hand around his throat.

The men were equally matched in size. And because they worked out religiously with each other, sometimes just fighting until they were worn out, they were the same build and weight.

But when Ruin wanted someone in his threatening grasp, equal body fat didn't matter a fucking lick. He would always win.

There was no threat from Ruin. Not toward Reno, anyway. To someone else, definitely. His hold was more to get Reno's attention, to make him listen.

That's why he didn't fight him off.

It was like Ruin had never regulated his feelings. Instead, he ran on pure anger-infused adrenaline.

“You know what I thought when I didn't know where you were? I thought that sadistic fucker had gotten to you. I thought he had you chained up somewhere, and your body burned to a crisp.”

“Shit, that's graphic. You always knew how to get into his head,” grimaced Reno.

Ruin frowned, deep lines etched on his forehead, and he dropped his hand from around Reno's throat and returned to making food as if nothing had occurred in the last minute.

He wasn't a Jekyll and Hyde.

Sometimes, Ruin was nothing.

And that's what worried Reno.

As much as they relied on each other like a bad dysfunctional habit, Reno knew if Ruin ever wanted to get off the grid and leave everything behind, he would do it.

He'd leave Reno behind.

And then where would *he* be?

What did that make him if he feared his brother dropping out of his life like they'd never existed?

Maybe *he* was the fucked up twin.

Grabbing up the tray, Ruin switched his gaze to Reno.

"I think Jensen could be staying at dad's old cabin."

Frowning, Reno shook his head. "He'd never go there. It was run down fifteen years ago; it's probably falling to pieces now."

"I'm gonna go check it out."

Growling, Reno stepped forward. "Not by yourself."

Ruin shrugged as if he thought he would go alone. Over Reno's dead body, he would.

"We go together. If he's there, we finish this."

It had been a long time coming for the DeCastro boys.

Since they were kids, Jensen had been a dark cloud over their heads. So it wasn't a relief when their father finally kicked the bucket from alcohol poisoning. Nah, Jensen stepped into his torturous shoes and made their lives a living hell, all for his sadistic amusement.

Ruin took the brunt because Jensen had tried to mold him into a mini-me.

A fact which Reno still carried the lion's share of guilt over.

Ruin's social differences made him stand out and a target for their brother's sick games.

Now it was their turn to hunt him down and end him.

# FIVE

Reno

Always look forward.

That was his motto in life.

Returning to the past put a burning tightness in Reno's chest as he and Ruin trampled through the National Forest, returning to a place they'd rather forget.

Even though it had been more than half their lives since they'd been at the old cabin, they could walk it there blindfolded.

They didn't speak much. For once, he didn't encourage Ruin to use his voice box.

After an hour's hike, he dropped the backpack from his shoulder to the ground and stopped to pull in much-needed air as they stood in front of the dilapidated cabin.

It had been a wreck back in the day, not fit for living, but their father thought it was a castle, dragging his kids on hunting trips for sadistic fun. Hunting that usually ended up with punches to the side of the head when seven-year-old Reno didn't want to gut a rabbit.

Without waiting, Ruin pushed open the door. It creaked like a Scooby Doo episode, and a tired Reno sighed and followed.

“Hold the fuck up, Captain America. We can’t just charge in.” He hissed, but of course, Ruin did. He didn’t have the ordinary wiring, which warned people not to walk into danger.

“No one is here,” Ruin rasped.

They searched three times to make sure.

In and around the cabin, too, and they found no tracking marks to let them know anyone but animals had been near for a long time.

“It was a long shot he’d be here,” Reno stated as they parked their asses on tree stumps outside. Ruin opened the backpack and pulled out two beers, passing one over.

Ruin drank, not saying a word.

They hadn’t even planned what to do if their eldest brother was there.

Would they have gutted him like a fish?

Dragged his ass back to the club and let them deal with him?

They were blood-related. By any human standard, they should feel loyalty toward Jensen, giving him leniency.

But without discussing it, the pair were on the same wavelength, knowing they’d feel jack shit if the rest of their club brothers ripped Jensen apart.

It would be one less evil thing in the world.

After sharing a six-pack, Reno tossed the crushed cans into the backpack and climbed to his feet, staring out into nothing but trees and wilderness. He hated the noise of nature. Too many terrible memories were attached to this place and places like it. All memories had their father and Jensen at the helm.

“You ever think about before?”

“Nope.” Answered Ruin, casting his eyes over. “You?”

“Nope.”

They both lied.

Since joining the MC, life was pretty damn good now. Reno hadn't looked back or held on to all that lousy shit; he was a grown man and engineered his path. Living free and wild, without rules or looking over his shoulder. Breathing easily and knowing he had good people at his back.

He refused to allow Jensen to destroy what he'd worked hard for.

“Let's head back to civilization before I grow a beard as long as my dick. You're buying breakfast.”

Ruin only grunted and hooked up the backpack.

The return trek was equally quiet and contemplative.

But when they finally reached the road and climbed into Ruin's off-road Hummer HX, he needed to ask what had been chewing through his brain for weeks.

“Why do you think he came back? The asshole got a new start; he could go anywhere.”

“We're here.” Ruin replied, starting up his truck.



He was probably the only outlaw biker in the entire united states who owned a gas-guzzling Hog but also an environmentally friendly electric Hummer, one of the first.

He could slice someone up like sushi, not lose his stomach over it, and yet, Ruin recycled and didn't litter; he'd even talked about installing solar panels on their house to sell the unused energy back to the grid.

He was a walking, grunting oxymoron and the only family Reno would lose his mind over if anything ever happened to him.

“You ever held a magnifying glass on a bug to watch it burn?”

Fuck, maybe. When he was a kid.

“We're the bugs. Jensen is the glass. He likes to watch us suffer, and he won't stop burning us until there isn't anything left.”

Yeah, that sounded about right.

They wouldn't be Jensen's foot soldiers, his whipping boys, so he'd come back to torture them until there was nothing left to torture.

And to do that, he was gunning for the MC.

To annihilate the DeCastro twins meant hurting what they loved.

The MC, which had taken them in, made them family, brothers.

Jensen would toy with the club until he stitched them up for the murders.

“We need to stop him.”

“We will.” Affirmed Ruin.

Step one was finding a ghost, which wasn't proving easy.

# SIX

Kylie

Twice, in less than a week since her one-weekend-stand, Reno had been keeping watch at scenes she attended.

And now, Kylie was inside the lion's den, er... his motorcycle club.

Too close for comfort.

Luckily, he hadn't recognized her. She'd been too busy putting the corpse into a bag, but she'd been wholly aware of the man and his massive aura lingering nearby. He'd even given her a chin lift when he saw her climbing into the truck; she'd split out of there like she was in the wacky races. Only breathing when she hit the first red light and was out of Reno's radar.

She'd messed up when she'd slept with him.

With a cushy side job, although moralless, working for the Diablos, she was like a scatty cat, looking around every corner in case the man she slept with recognized her as the notorious cleaner.

Her reputation was everything.

When the Diablos president proposed to use her undertaker skills but off the books, with no questions asked, and for a lot

of freaking money, she hadn't thought about it for that long.

Kylie made it a stipulation never to disclose her identity to anyone, even with an NDA drawn up.

As far as her ex was concerned, she ran a reputable family funeral home.

They had a civil relationship because of Michele, but if he ever found out what she did on the side, Kylie was in no doubt he'd use it for full custody.

That meant she couldn't have random hook-ups knowing who might let it slip to others who the cleaner was.

It was too risky.

Having parked her car on the forecourt, ignoring curious glances from loitering bikers, she'd power-walked into the clubhouse for the first time with a bundle of nerves dancing in her stomach, hoping to avoid Reno.

Even if she secretly wanted to see his cocky smirk for a minute.

The man had arrogance coming out of the wazoo, making him all the sexier.

But fortunately for him, he could back up that arrogance with a whole load of confident man charm.

"We have a good working relationship, Axel," she started, once in his office.

"Yeah, we do. But why do I hear a but coming?"

"But you must keep Reno away from places you ask me to attend."

“Reno?” Axel cocked his eyebrow. Perched on the desk, his ankles crossed and his hands braced behind him.

“What’s Reno done? We only have a man at the scene to ensure no one calls the cops. It’s for your safety as well as ours.”

“Yeah, I get that, and it’s appreciated. But send anyone else next time.”

She was aware she was being vague, but not even three glasses of vodka last night, once she’d washed the smell of death from her skin, had Kylie coming up with answers other than to bring it to Axel.

She needed to keep her head straight when in those situations. It was no walk in the park. It was dangerous, and one bad mistake due to a distraction could mean the difference between freedom and prison.

And Kylie had watched the complete series of Orange is the New Black. There was no way she’d make a good prison bitch.

“Has my boy done something? Said something to you?”

Kylie sighed. He wasn’t going to go along with her request blindly.

“No, he hasn’t. But I know him. And I’d rather he didn’t know *what* I do, Axel. You know it’s important to me. You pay me good money, and I’d hate to lose that, but the risk of losing everything because more people know about the cleaner isn’t worth it.”

He stayed silent. Those intense eyes of his held firm on Kylie’s face. She wasn’t intimidated, so she didn’t look away.

“We’ve worked well together so far.”

Where was this going? “Yeah.”

“Had no problems.”

“Besides, you keeping me busy.”

He half-smiled. “Not our doing, babe.”

“What point are you trying to make?”

“No point, just stating a fact, letting you know we’re happy with your services. So, if you don’t want Reno’s ugly mug as backup, he won’t be around.”

It was on the tip of Kylie’s tongue to dispute the ugly remark. The man was a Michelangelo, but with a girthier appendage than David.

To see Reno for the first time, a woman would assume he had walked off GQ Man’s rugged edition cover. His face alone could sell calendars. No way in hell that man could ever be called ugly. He’d fallen from the sexy tree and hit every branch on the way down.

Keeping her thoughts on his appearance to herself, she climbed to her feet. “Thanks for seeing me.”

She was at the door when he used her name.

“You change your mind, you should know, Reno might act like an idiot sometimes, but he’s trustworthy. He’d have your back.”

There was a pinch in her chest because of how nice that would be, to be so sure of someone’s trust. Kylie didn’t smile, but she nodded in Axel’s direction and closed the door behind

her. Then nearly died on the spot when she ran into a hard wall of solid muscle.

The person she least wanted to run into.

Great.

*Beam me up, Scottie.*

She hadn't come to be social, but Reno would assume she was looking for him like a starry-eyed lover. Trying to sidestep him, he didn't drop his grip on her arms when he'd stopped her from head-butting his chest.

The man was big all over. She'd forgotten how big in only a matter of days.

He had a swimmer's body, broad shoulders, tapered hips, and long legs, making him stand taller than the average man. Kylie could look at anyone and know what size coffin they'd need. It was her morbid party trick.

"Reno," she said under her breath, shock shaking her voice. The last thing she needed was to run into him. Inevitable, she supposed, being in his stomping ground.

But apart from the size, as she looked up past his solid chest encased in a black t-shirt, things started not to make sense.

His face was the same, dusting dark facial hair that multiplied his sexiness by a million. All sharp edges and fine lines around the corners of his full lips, but it was as Kylie met his eyes that something dinged in her mind.

It wasn't right.

Reno had warm eyes. Even when he wasn't smiling, she was affected by the charm within the grayness. It was the reason she'd gone to The Den the other night after overhearing him tell Chains he'd be there. Those goddamn warm eyes of his had caught her attention.

The eyes looking at her were the same gray color, but they felt empty, like looking into the abyss, and an icy shiver goose bumped her skin as she pulled back from the hold he had on the top of her arms.

"Reno?" she questioned, feeling like an idiot for posing his name as a question. Of course, it was Reno. But the second his brow folded in as he stood there motionless in front of her, looking like she was a puzzle of nothingness, she was hit again with how surreal it felt.

He looked her up and down, a slow perusal that would have singed her hair to nothing a few days ago. Now she shivered for a different, colder reason, because as soon as he reached her face, he sidestepped her and walked off.

Without a word.

Un-fucking-real.

She hadn't planned on being rude to Reno the next time she saw him. She had civility in her somewhere. But this was fucking unbelievable.

"Yeah, good to see you too, dumb jerk." She muttered under her breath, watching his powerful stride down the hallway. Not even a glance back as he cut a right and disappeared.



Unlike Reno, Kylie did glance back more than once as she made her way out to her car. But she never saw him again.

It was good he'd blanked her.

Clean slate.

Like their nights together never happened.

An itch was scratched, and now she could concentrate on working until the need for intimacy arose again. Kylie wasn't highly sexed, she had a drawer of toys, but sometimes the need to feel a weight on top of her was more than a lone vibrator could take care of.

But she was adamant she didn't want a relationship.

She'd had all the relationship experience, and none of it stuck. Her parents had a brilliant marriage. They loved each other more than anything and were not afraid to show it. Her siblings had similar relationships, so there were examples of how it should be. For a long time, she bought into people's assumptions that she was cold, aloof, blunt, not affectionate, or too career-minded.

But that was bullcrap. It had taken her a while to realize other people's opinions about her had nothing to do with Kylie. That was *their* problem because they couldn't squeeze her into what they expected of her.

She hadn't felt the right way about her ex-boyfriend. That relationship would never have stayed the course. But Michele happened, and they'd maneuvered into co-parenting as best as they could these past few years.

But why couldn't she have made it work? Henri wasn't a bad guy. Handsome, considerate, kind, and independently

wealthy. She liked him, but not enough.

Some people weren't meant to be part of a couple.

And that was okay.

It didn't mean she had to ignore her itches, though.

Now Reno had scraped off their weekend like it had never happened.

She spent the rest of her day at her funeral home cursing that man's name until she felt calm again.

It didn't help when filthy dreams infiltrated her mind for the next few nights, waking in a hot sweat, aching for the feel of his weight on top of hers.

Kylie was understandably miffed.

And as much as she'd put her one-night weekend out of her active mind.

He still sneaked in, night after night.

Until she wondered if she'd have to go into the cleaner mode to get rid of him for good.

# SEVEN

Reno

Feeling the effects of too little sleep, Reno dragged his sorry ass out of bed, regretting it a second later when the room tipped and whirled.

Getting stoned and drunk last night felt like a wrong choice when he was woozy as a lamb in the shower, using his hands on the wall to keep him upright. His sea legs came back after minutes under the hot spray.

He hadn't laid eyes on his sadistic brother, yet the fuckface had Reno unhinged, falling in a Gosling's rum to block it out. He dressed, found some food, and then rounded up the probies. The shitlings followed him.

"I want you at the carwash today. Questions? No? good boys." He interrupted before one could flap his whining gums. "Get gone, and don't let me get a call from Splice about you messing around or not pulling your weight." Reno turned on his heels. Some days he felt like he was running a daycare for the criminally inept.

He always went for a ride when he was hungover, so he threw a leg over his Harley and let the speed blow out his

cobwebs. His gaze was watchful now, like he expected to see Jensen waving at him from a street corner.

Nah, his brother was smarter than to be seen in public unless he wanted to be seen.

The showdown would come. And unfortunately, it was going to be on Jensen's clock.

As he pulled around a corner after going through the lights, any thought of his fucked up family fled the scene because his brain registered something else.

Something more pleasurable.

Across the street, walking into the local grocery store, was the woman who'd kicked him out of her house last week.

No, *thanks for the orgasms, Reno.*

Nah, it was; *here's your hat. What's the rush?*

He'd thought about her reaction for days and assumed the one-eighty whiplash was more about her regretting a hookup. But she'd loved the dirty, delicious games they'd played.

Not that he'd planned for it to be one night only.

The second Reno's tongue touched Kylie's, he'd shifted his thoughts into having more of her. He even thought he could try dating. Not that he knew how that would go. Couldn't say he was a dating expert.

He'd had nothing long-term.

Never had a woman to call his own, either.

It didn't explain his fucked up reasoning for stalking into the grocery store behind the woman who wanted nothing to do

with him.

Cheesy store music greeted him as he walked through the automatic doors, seeking Kylie's dark brown hair, bouncing with every step.

Goddess came to mind as he slaked his starving gaze down her back, dressed in a shoulder-less red shirt, and he languished his stare around her voluptuous ass in the skin-hugging jeans.

*Goddamn.* He'd never seen a sexier woman.

Now he wanted her again.

Over and over.

His tongue got wet as he followed slowly behind, watching her putting things in her basket.

Such an ordinary task, so why did that make Reno want to turn her into a bad girl?

Put her over his knee and see how she struggled and grew wetter simultaneously.

Over their weekend, they'd played soft games and rough games. Stuff he'd never done with another woman before her.

It had been out of his wheelhouse but hadn't stopped Reno from playing, addicted to the *playing*. Her body had come alive under his hands. Even now, as he stalked down a heavily lit aisle, watching her ass moving from side to side, he could hear the little hitches to her throat as he made her come while she moaned his name. As she climbed on top of him, demanding more from his spent body.

No lay had been as good.

And then she'd kicked him out.

And now he was pissed all over again.

How could she kick him out and not want more of that good sex?

*Impossible.*

Maybe he'd teach her a sexy lesson once he got his hands on her again.

And his hands *would* have her. Reno wouldn't accept the passion they generated had fizzled out.

Time to strike.

He was three steps behind her when he made his presence known.

"Maybe you need a cart, babe."

It was worth appearing like a two-bit stalker on the store's cameras to witness the look of surprise on Kylie's face as she whirled around. Nearly clocking him in the dick with her basket.

Salted popcorn.

A 6-pack of La Croix.

Three cans of watermelon Monster drink.

Sugar-free gum.

Cheetos.

Lollipops.

Airheads.

A share bag of M&M's. Not peanuts. Peanuts were his favorite. All other M&M varieties were poor substitutes.

Bringing his gaze up from her basket of candy, Reno half-smiled. "getting ready for a movie binge-a-thon, mama?"

"What are you doing here?" she asked, her tone cool but still so fucking inviting. Having spent a weekend rolling around her sheets, he knew she didn't smoke, but her husky tones said otherwise. She sounded like she'd been inhaling flames all night. Or had a hand around her throat and now was hoarse.

She was *entirely* too sexy.

"Same as you. Shopping."

She eyed him up and down, noted his empty hands, and then arched her eyebrow. Her superior haughtiness made him want to maul her against the row of candy bars and put bite marks all over her neck.

*Down, boy.*

"I should get some of those invisible things, been meaning to pick some up for a while," she retorted, and Reno burst out laughing. Stepping closer, he watched how Kylie's eyes turned smoky, and then her lids narrowed.

"I already miss that sassy tongue. Let me see you again."

Oh, yeah. That got her attention, didn't it? The heat radiated from her skin even as she stepped back from him and kept the basket in front of her like a shield.

"That's not a good idea, Reno. I'm busy."

"Didn't say when, baby."

“I’m busy all the time.”

“I can work around a busy schedule.”

From the front, he saw the jeans she wore had sexy little gashes on the thigh and knees. He wanted to taste her skin all over again. But her glare told him she wouldn’t be receptive to him licking the side of her neck right there in the store.

Then again, she’d gone up for him like a wild bonfire, so maybe she would.

Reno could wait.

He shifted on his boots. Putting one hand in the front pocket of his jeans, he took the basket from her hands. “I got this. I’ll walk around with you. Where to next?”

“What game are you playing, Reno?”

He cocked an eyebrow. “You wanna play a game?”

She sighed like she was so bothered by him, and Reno smiled. “No games here. This looks like it weighs a ton with all the candy you’re buying. Just being a gentleman. And now it gives me an excuse to see you again.”

Kylie bristled, but said nothing. Walking off, he followed a step behind, and when they got to the checkout, he swiped his card to pay before she could.

“I can pay,” she snapped.

“My treat.”

She settled into silence while Reno tossed her stuff into a paper sack he grabbed in his arm.



“I thought you were buying groceries?” she said, halfway to the exit.

“Forgot what I needed. I’ll order pizza instead.”

Before Reno realized what she was doing, Kylie whipped the baggie out of his hand. He’d planned to hold her groceries hostage until she agreed to see him again.

“I’ll repeat. What’s your angle here, Reno?”

He cocked a confused brow. “What do you mean?”

“You’re all smiles now, carrying my shopping and flirting with your eyes.”

He was so glad she noticed.

“But when I saw you yesterday, you acted like an ignorant prick. We had a good time together, I thought. We didn’t part on bad terms, and then you looked right through me.”

The smile dropped from Reno’s face. “Wait. Hold up. You saw me?”

Her eyes narrowed. “I do not have time for this bullshit.” She made to walk away from him, and Reno caught her arm. Nothing amusing in his tone now because he had a sickly feeling he knew what she was going to say. “Babe, wait up a minute. When did you see me?”

“I just told you.” she snapped, spitting venom from her gorgeous eyes. “Yesterday at your MC.”

“You were at the MC?”

“You know I was.”

“Babe, answer me.”

She huffed and replied in a snapped tone. “Yes. And you were a dick.”

Fucking hell. “That wasn’t me, Kylie. It’s my twin brother. He’s not the chatty type.”

He’d kill Ruin if he’d done anything to Kylie. And from the thunderous look on her face, like she thought he was lying, he could bet Ruin wasn’t the friendliest.

Before she could deny it, he fished out his phone, slid a thumb through the few pictures he kept on there, and then handed it over to her.

“That’s us at Thanksgiving. He likes to lord it over me because he’s a couple of minutes older.”

Kylie looked at the picture for a minute and then returned his phone.

Her face was unreadable. He wanted to dive into her thoughts, swim around in them, making sure they were all about him. So when Reno took a step closer, he watched how she reacted. And it wasn’t an adverse reaction. On the contrary, like an egomaniac, he relished knowing he got to her in such a small way. Because he was an asshole, he didn’t give her space, just towered over her more petite frame, inhaling her heady scent. With little provocation, his body was stimulated by her, his thoughts buzzing with memories. Reno had the dirtiest mind a pervert could want. Kylie was the star attraction. Lust this big, he’d be a fool to give up so quickly from tasting it again.

Dropping his head, he smiled. “So you understand, mama, it wasn’t me you saw. I would have been much friendlier. You

get me?”

As standoffish as she was, he caught a flicker of hope from her long gaze underneath the black eyelashes.

Whatever her mouth said, her body was still feeling him. And he could work with that.

“You get me, huh?” he lifted her chin with a finger, and she didn’t pull away.

“Can’t believe there’s two of you,” she half scoffed, slightly amused, and Reno chuckled.

“We look alike, but there’s only one of me, baby. Let me see you again.”

“It was a one-off, stud. You know that.”

“Let’s make it a two-off. Three and more.” Outside the store, he let his mouth skim against Kylie’s forehead. He’d never felt sexual tension like it and was jonesing for more. “Say yes, let’s have more fun.”

“Dial back on the smolder, baby boy biker. You’re in public. We see you’re hot. There’s no need to milk it.”

Oh, fuck him. He was about to dry hump her in a parking lot full of soccer mom’s SUVs.

That was until she pushed against his chest.

“It was a good time, but that’s all it’ll be. I don’t have time for more, Reno.” And then she stunned the hardness out of his dick when she swished her ass toward her car.

Reno watched her for a few steps.

Hells no.

She thought he was hot. This wasn't how it ended.

“Kylie,” he raised his voice, “Why were you at the MC? Were you looking for me?”

She looked over her shoulder but didn't stop moving. “To talk with Axel.”

Did she know Axel? Why the hell didn't he know that?

Tightness ripped at his guts. Not liking the prez's name in her mouth.

“Why?”

She smiled, turning her sex kitten eyes on him. “Goodbye, Reno.”

Goodbye?

Not by a long shot.

But he let her leave for now.

# EIGHT

Kylie

Henri Laurent, the third, stepped out of his Mercedes and smiled at Kylie as she waited on the doorstep. She watched his easy gait as the wind caught his thick, black hair striding across the yard.

“Hey,” she said to Michele’s dad.

He was always immaculately dressed in tailored pants, a shirt opened at the collar, and today he wore a gray wool sweater over the top. He had expensively polished shoes on his feet and a shiny Rolex at his wrist.

“Hey, Kylie. How’ve you been?”

“Good? You?”

“Can’t complain. Business is good.”

Being an entrepreneur was Henri’s second love after their daughter. He was a workaholic. Their relationship didn’t even gain wings to be anything long-lasting, but at least he was a wonderful dad; she could give him that. As soon as it was his two weeks with Michele, he focused entirely on her.

The handovers never got easier. Kylie hated being without Michele for two weeks, but it was what they'd agreed. She was grateful Henri only lived a few towns over, or when Michele went to school, Kylie would be royally fucked. Probably would have had to move to be in the same school district.

As it stood, their joint custody worked for now.

There was no suitcase of clothes to pass between them. They each had things for Michele, but she handed him a small bag of personal items.

“She’s had a sniffle this week, but it’s nothing to worry about.”

“I’ll make sure she’s fine,” he half-smiled.

They’d learned to be cordial, not that their breakup was fraught with anger. Henri had wanted them to be a family even though she suspected his feelings weren’t strong either, but Kylie saw no point in messing up all their lives, when they got on better as co-parents.

Oh, the life of a woman who had to adult even when she didn’t want to.

No wonder she turned to chocolate so much for comfort. Sometimes, she wondered if candy was the only thing that made sense in this fucked up world.

Thinking of candy meant she got a flash image of Reno yesterday, making her blood heat through her limbs. Locking her fingers in front of her, Kylie banished the man from her mind. She could only deal with one ex at a time. Though technically, Reno was a onetime thing and not an ex, it was

ironic that she'd felt more desire for him in a weekend than she had for the man in front of her. The same man who periodically tried to sleep with her again, for old time's sake. And because Henri was Henri, he did it in a way that didn't come across as sleazy or aggravating.

Kylie had a rule; never go back.

Then why was she so tempted to sleep with Reno again?

Why did looking at him with all lust-filled eyes and cocky attitude make her want to shove him into the back seat of her car yesterday and ride the cockiness from his face?

She might have done that if not for the total surprise, there were two of him.

At least knowing he hadn't blanked her for prick reasons brought down her temper.

"Are you listening, Kylie?" she heard and focused her eyes on a smiling Henri.

*Shit.* That damn biker was taking over her mind. Him and his lust-soaked eyes and lips, which tasted better than a chocolate sundae.

Damn him. She was going to break her own rule, wasn't she?

"What? Sorry."

"I said you're welcome to come to lunch with us."

"Thanks, but I have to catch up on a few things."

Just then, their pocket rocket kid came hurtling down the hallway, pushing by Kylie to greet her dad.

Their handover was complete. She watched his silver car driving away, and Kylie's heart clenched tightly.

Fourteen days and she'd have her girl back.

It never got easier, but thankfully, they'd devised a system, so either parent wasn't fully pushed out of the other's time with Michele. They sent pictures every day, and Michele called all the time.

Alone, Kylie picked up around the house.

She returned emails, checked in with work, and then made lunch.

There was a lot of empty time ahead of her where she could do anything. And Kylie still felt the mom's guilt for even thinking of going out dancing, or wandering around a mall without a demanding kid tugging on her leg, because she wanted five of everything.

Just as well, a call came on her burner phone. No dancing tonight, she thought, as she sprinted up the stairs to slip into her black, protective clothing.

Only the dead.

The call had come from one of the local gang bangers. No doubt a drive-by went wrong or right, depending on who you asked.

Kylie never asked.

She collected her money and did the job.

Being around such dangerous and unpredictable people, it came as a surprise how they respected the cleaner. She was given the space she needed when she appeared on any scene



without asking for it. It was as if there was an unspoken rule amid all these criminals that no one messed with the cleaner.

Hendrix was busy overseeing things in the funeral home, so T met her downtown.

“Holy shit, boss, I should be packing coming down here.”

“It’ll be fine, don’t talk to anyone. Get the things from the truck.” T scuttled off to get the body bag and cleaning solutions.

They were on an ordinary street of rows of closely knitted small houses, which the news channels would call skid-row. She glanced up and down, seeing people standing on their stoops, watching what was happening. They probably witnessed the drive-by shooting, too.

Gang members loitered, wearing their colors proudly, smoking and drinking, and talking amongst themselves. Yet still watching Kylie.

She was used to it in these settings. Though not ideal; she’d prefer they cleared the area to let her do her thing without prying eyes. But gangs were notoriously mistrusting of everything and everyone. She’d clocked the leader right away, standing out from the rest. He was leaning against a house gate, a cigarette in one hand, a cell phone in the other. He gave Kylie one of those manly chin lifts when she arrived.

She wasn’t shocked to see any cops around. They rarely came down this far. It was like a part of town had been forgotten about.

She wondered if Axel Tucker had jurisdiction as MC down here.

Working methodically, she and T got the three bullet-riddled bodies into the back of the truck, and then T strapped on the spray equipment and doused the blood away.

It took less than twenty minutes.

As she approached the gang leader, T was already in the truck.

“Damn, I’d love to see what is behind that mask. If her fat ass is anything to go by, I want a piece of that.” She heard.

Another male voice cackled, “you’d bone anything. Your dick is rancid, bro.”

“Fuck you. The cleaner is hot and fuckable.”

Ignoring the misogynistic comments. Sadly, they weren’t the first she’d heard. A gang shoot-out was not the place she’d meet her prince.

“Appreciate you coming, baby,” the gang leader said. He already had the money ready in a large roll; she took it and nodded, turning to leave.

Wolf whistles and catcalls followed her.

She got the intrigue because, to them, she was something legendary who came in and made their mistakes disappear. A man in her position wouldn’t get the same sexist treatment.

She was glad to get home. Taking a hot shower, she was soon dressed in short PJs, her hair dried and treated; she tugged on a pink silk cap to stop it from tangling during the night, then made a tray snack, she plopped onto the comfy gray couch, letting the cushions envelop her, with her legs tucked underneath her butt.

Usually, the first night without Michele made her feel alone, and though she'd already checked in with Henri and laughed over the array of pictures he'd sent her, tonight felt worse.

She felt like she was coming out of her skin.

The effects of doing cleaner work, the danger, sat on her shoulders like a heavy rock and usually took hours to come down from.

Only now, Kylie realized she didn't want to be alone tonight.

She knew poor decisions were formed on erratic emotions. Even so, she went head first as she sent a text to someone she probably shouldn't be contacting.

**Kylie:** Truth or Dare?

# NINE

Reno

The sweet bottom would not leave his ass alone.

And Reno was not usually one to say no to free pussy being pushed up on him and was so not in the mood for Starr's over-the-top come-on. Her real name was Margo, but everyone in the club called her Starr for what she could do with her tongue. A tongue Reno had sampled many times.

His libido was broken, or something drastic like that.

And that never happened, but in recent days, he had no appetite to fuck around with the sweet bottoms. He knew why, and it had one gorgeous name, but he couldn't think about it without it pissing him off all over again.

Rubbing his thigh, Starr leaned in, liquor on her breath as her muddy blonde tresses brushed his cheek. Her ample, overflowing tits were a close second.

"You sure I can't bring you anything, gorgeous? I'm at your service. You, me, and Ruin can have a party. You know we have fun."

"Nah, I'm good. Go sit with the other women; we're playing poker here."

“I can play poker. I’m good at it.”

“Men only,” rumbled Tomb, knocking his knuckles on the card table, and a probie ran over with a fresh beer for him.

“Well, okay. But gimme a shout if you need me. You *and* Ruin.”

Yeah, the sweet bottoms knew the deal. If they got Reno, chances were they had Ruin, too.

Typically, Ruin would have kicked Reno’s boot, indicating he was down for it, but he was sitting with his legs outstretched, chin to chest, eyes on his phone, not paying attention to those around him.

It was so fucked up and so *their thing* that no one questioned it if they saw Reno taking a woman from behind and her mouth stuffed full of Ruin’s dick.

Everything had an origin story.

Reno’s and Ruin’s sexual awakening story was grim and had put them in this weird place ever since. What kind of sicko brother brought a whore home, locked them in a room with her, and told his fourteen-year-old brothers not to come out until she’d made men of them?

One more thing to drop at Jensen’s feet, that twisted psycho control freak. The sooner he was dead and buried, the better for everyone to leave the past behind where it deserved to be.

Slurping on a neat whiskey, he cast his eyes around the Diablo’s weekend party in full swing. They could gather at the drop of a hat.

Devil, their club treasurer, was getting hot and heavy, grind-dancing on his old lady, Kelly. Those two never cared about exhibitionism if they felt horny for each other. Reno didn't look for very long. It was like seeing your granddad getting it on.

By the looks of it, the club secretary, Bash, was having a good fucking night, an emphasis on the *fucking*. Smoking a joint, he was watching a game on the big screen TV but also book-ended on the couch by two sweet bottoms, hands, and mouths all over him.

Women came through the club doors expecting a fuck of a lifetime, and Reno was never one to turn down willing sex. He'd grown into a man on a diet of regular sex and had no regrets about it. Anything went when you came through those doors, and no one shamed you about it. Consenting adults could do whatever the hell they wanted to do.

But that's all it was. Empty orgasms and faces were soon forgotten. No one stuck, and Reno never got attached. So it was pointless to try.

Reno couldn't point a finger toward whoring women when he was the same, but Starr had already been with Bash earlier from the noise they were making in a closet. And call him crazy, but Reno wanted a woman to be at least brother free that day before he went there.

Besides, he wasn't feeling any other woman since Kylie infected his head with her witchy ways.

She'd put some voodoo spell on his dick because it was unresponsive with any club women, but one thought of Kylie

and his cock came to raging life, pressing against the zipper of his jeans to get freed.

Casual sex was all he could have with anyone.

What the fuck was he going to do if he took an old lady? Let Ruin at her too, or leave his twin brother without sex for the rest of his miserable life? The only other option would be for Reno to cheat on his old lady so Ruin could get some.

Im-fucking-possible to his way of thinking. And that's why Reno had only been casual with women.

And then he'd sneaked away to spend a weekend with Kylie Torrance. Glutting himself on downright perfection. Selfishly hoarding something for the first time in his life because he'd taken one look at her beautiful face and banging body and felt weak and thirsty.

It hadn't been planned, but the moment he saw her, Reno had known he'd kill and slaughter if he had to watch his twin's cock going in and out of her throat.

He would be single for the rest of his life, regardless of his choices.

Twisting in the chair, he downed the rest of the whiskey and kicked Ruin's boot to get his attention. The mirror image face lifted.

"Do you want an old lady one day?"

A frown pulled down Ruin's forehead. "You high?"

Nah, but he might be soon.

"I'm serious. Do you?"

“Because that’s a great idea, right? How fucked up would that look? Is the chick from the nuthouse?”

No one was more self-deprecating than his brother. Words were not Ruin’s strong point, but he thought he was broken because his actions and thoughts didn’t work as others did.

Reno had told him many times who cared what normal was?

They ran with a one-percenter MC and thrived like they’d been born into the criminal lifestyle. What was normal about that? Nothing was upstanding about what the brothers did for money or how they’d used willing women.

Fuck anyone who dared call the DeCastro brothers less than normal.

Their brotherhood accepted their freak flag and never asked for more than they could give.

Reno didn’t carry baggage anymore, not much anyway, but he’d accepted his lot in life.

Ruin hated almost everyone as his default setting. As his name suggested, he was ruined. Hardly socially integrated at all. Without manners or morals. He’d be chained up outside if he’d been a feral dog.

And Reno would fight the devil himself to save his twin. No questions asked.

“Hm, dunno, maybe if she was like Harley Quinn. That bitch was nuts and still hot, bro.” Smirked Reno, and Ruin quirked a half grin. “I’d risk her stabbing me to get under her skirt.”



“You want an old lady?” gruffed Ruin. His eyes were piercingly empty.

Reno swallowed and pushed any thought of a hazel-eyed temptress from his head. It was impossible to even think about. Old lady. Girlfriend. Long-term lover. It was all out of his reach.

“Nah. There’s too much of me to go around the honey’s to tie myself down with only one.”

Ruin only stared at him, but was interrupted by the ping of his phone. As he’d been for weeks, Ruin’s attention was instantly taken.

“Okay, who are you talking to all this time? You sign up for a prison pen pal? Playing online gambling?”

“No one.”

“You’re fucking lying. C’mon, man, who is it?” he made to grab the phone, grinning as he did and Ruin caught Reno’s wrist.

“Don’t,” he warned, climbing to his feet.

Reno was stunned. “We don’t have secrets.”

“Don’t we?” he asked ominously and stalked off toward the bar.

Crazy ass. He shook his head and was about to follow when his phone beeped.

**Unknown:** Truth or dare?

**Reno:** Who is this?

**Unknown:** Kylie.

His brain went wild, and the grin split Reno's face.

The club's noise faded to a ghosted din. All his focus was on the text thread.

**Reno:** Hey, mama. About time you used my number.

Suddenly, he was on cloud fucking nine as he programmed her number into his contacts.

**Reno:** Truth

**Kylie:** Is it true you're a bad man?

**Reno:** Yep.

Where this was going, he didn't have a clue, but he wasn't about to give up, not when the sexy siren had reached out, *finally*.

Every molecule of his near-drunk body was buzzing, itching to get his nasty hands all over her perfect form. She had a curvy body molded by the fucking gods; he was sure of it. And Reno hadn't had enough time to discover all her erogenous zones.

This was his in. Tasting sex in the air had nothing to do with Devil and his old lady going at it across the room. It was memories of Kylie.

**Reno:** Missing me, baby?

**Kylie:** Not even. I was bored.

What a gorgeous little liar. He smirked, relaxing into his excited skin.

**Reno:** Truth or dare?

**Kylie:** Truth.

**Reno:** You miss me, baby?

**Kylie:** You're a giant turd.

**Kylie:** But you could have been on my mind for a minute.

**Kylie:** Your body, anyway.

Reno chuckled, slaking his tongue against his bottom lip, her phantom taste all over his mouth.

**Reno:** I got it, mama. You want company? I can bring my spectacular body to you.

**Kylie:** I never said it was spectacular.

**Reno:** I was reading between the lines and got the message real damn clear. Well?

**Kylie:** Can we talk for a minute?

**Reno:** I got all the minutes you need.

**Kylie:** I had a good time with you.

**Reno:** Me too, baby.

**Kylie:** I think we could have more good times together.

**Reno:** Sign me up.

**Kylie:** If you keep interrupting me, I'll shoot you in the face.

**Reno:** LOL. Turning me on already. Continue, mama.

**Kylie:** BUT I don't want a relationship. At all.

**Kylie:** No boyfriend/girlfriend crap. No falling for me and chasing me around because you're obsessed.

**Reno:** You might get obsessed with me.

**Kylie:** Unlikely.

Why did he take that as a challenge?

A sweet bottom sashayed by in her skimpy shorts, and Reno didn't even look at her ass; he was too interested in watching three bubbles bounce in their text thread. Waiting for her next words. Waiting for the invite to her place to continue it in person.

**Kylie:** Do you agree to no attachments?

**Reno:** Whatever you say, mama, long as I get back in your bed.

He'd never had ground rules from a woman. Was he a sick little shit to get turned on by it? Nah, he was just hard up to taste her sweet, full lips. Hands down, Kylie was the best sex he'd ever had. He'd be a fool to turn down any rules she put in place for herself if it meant he got more of her.

When she didn't reply for a minute or two, he got antsy and downed a shot.

**Reno:** Booty call, ready, willing, and very fucking able, baby. Just waiting for the starting pistol.

**Kylie:** Call me in five minutes.

Kylie was going to kill him and his dick.

Assertive women were his thing, always had been, but it was rare to find someone like Kylie, who was bossy out of bed and a complete, submissive kitten between the sheets. Their first go at each other, she'd folded beneath his hands, and he'd loved every whimpering second of her giving her body to him.

Rearing up from his seat, he had no intention of giving the boys a live-action phone sex show, if that's what she intended. He grabbed a drink and headed down to his locked room, but before he got there, he detoured and rapped his knuckles on Axel's door.

“What?”

It wasn't a surprise to find Axel behind his desk. The guy worked longer hours than anyone. He was the guy in charge who kept the club running and took the brunt if anything bad

came their way, But what was a surprise was seeing their new bartender curled up asleep on the two-seater couch with Axel's leather jacket slung over her. He'd wondered where the little fairy had got to. She'd been slinging drinks at the bar for a few weeks, paying back a debt. Week's back, Axel had dragged in a lump of clothing after finding the person trying to break into his truck. That lump had turned out to be Scarlett. Young, pretty, mouthy thing. About the same age as Axel's daughter, the prez had taken her under his wing.

Far as Reno could tell from all the yelling they did, they hated each other.

He arched an eyebrow at his prez and smirked. Axel shook his head as if to say *don't fucking ask*. A few years back, Axel came to Reno and asked him to take care of Roux, the club princess. They'd had trouble with the Mexicans, and Axel was seriously worried that he'd be executed and Roux left unguarded. Of course, Reno agreed, they were brothers in arms, and he loved Roux as they all did. Just not romantically. Thank god that didn't come to anything because having Roux as his old lady, he would have woken up dead by day two. That was a fact.

But that's what families did; they stood up and went to bat for each other.

Murder and marriage. It was all the same noise.

Their latest trouble meant Reno's eldest brother would have to be killed to bring peace and trouble-free days to their MC again. There was no way Jensen would go for a truce. Madmen always went for full-on revenge, and nothing less would do.

The thought of it made his gut tighten, and he quickly shoved all thoughts of what needed to be done out of the way.

“What’s with sleeping beauty? Last I heard, you chained her up.”

“It was cuffs, not a chain. I ordered her to lie down because she was feeling sick.”

“Is she knocked up?”

Axel’s brows, which usually resided around his forehead, shot up into his hair, and Reno chuckled under his breath.

“How the fuck do I know that?”

Reno bet Axel would beat another man to death if he’d gone near the bartender, but even Reno sometimes knew how to keep his mouth shut. Besides, he had bigger fish to fry and got on with why he’d knocked on the door.

“Wanted to ask how you know Kylie Torrance?”

Axel glanced up, but his face was unreadable and not the answer Reno wanted.

“I know her. Why?”

Again, not the response he was looking for, and irritation stung the inside of his throat. He’d read how possession was nine-tenths of the law. But there were no legal rules in the MC, so would it even stand up if he staked a claim on a woman Axel might know in the biblical sense? *Fuck.*

Keeping his cool, he shifted on his boots, meeting Axel’s eyes head-on.

“You got an interest in her?”

Axel's eyes shifted to the sleeping ball on the sofa and then back at Reno before he smirked. "Why?"

"For fuck's sake, Axel, answer the damn question. And if your answer is yes, then brace yourself for me to warn you to back the fuck off her, yeah?"

The older guy chuckled, low and husky.

Reno only grew more pissed off.

More possessive.

He'd never given a damn about sharing women around them before. So why was he starting now? But his trigger fingers were itching to drag his long-term friend and boss across the table and knock some sense into his face as if he had ideas about Kylie and him.

"You got your eye on Torrance?"

"More than my eye," he gritted through his teeth, further amusing Axel. "You gonna answer now?"

"Oh, for god's sake, just answer him, neanderthal," the female said from the couch, making both of them twist to see her eyes were open and staring at Axel.

"Get back to sleep," Axel growled, "before I lock you in the bedroom for good."

"You and whose army?" she scoffed.

The woman must be a hundred pounds wearing concrete boots filled with rocks. She was no match to be mouthing off, but her lack of size or muscle hadn't stopped her yet going toe-to-toe with the prez. Something which rarely happened. Axel was a feared man, also respected, and rightly so. No one



walked the path he had to get the club to the position it was now without making enemies along the way.

Scarlett hadn't gotten that memo, and Reno hid another chuckle at her bravery.

"I don't need an army to shove your ass into a laundry basket, little girl, and cart you around like a fucking purse. Now get back to sleep."

She huffed, glaring, acting like she wanted to hulk punch Axel.

"Asshole. I hope you choke in your sleep."

"Here's hoping and praying," Axel retorted, scrubbing a hand over his stubbled jaw but glaring at the half-pint woman like he wanted to lap up all her sassiness.

If Reno could have gotten high from the second-hand lust ricocheting off the walls, he'd be on the ceiling now.

The knot in Reno's stomach unraveled because it appeared Axel only had eyes for one woman, and that woman wasn't Kylie Torrance. But he still wanted confirmation that his path was clear, and he wasn't going to get into a fistfight with a buddy.

"Okay, now you got your wayward hostage to pipe down. How about an answer?"

"She's not my hostage," growled Axel.

"I'm not his fucking hostage. I can leave any time." hissed the woman, who pulled the jacket further over her head.

Holy fuck, one day, those two were going to combust.

"Right, right, what the fuck ever." He glared at Axel.

“I don’t have an interest in Kylie,” Axel finally responded, and Reno wasn’t hearing things when a long exhale came from the couch area.

Enough talk. He turned on his heel and headed for the door.

“What about Ruin?”

“What about him?”

“Does she know she’s getting two for the price of one?”

Reno was assaulted from all sides by dreaded bile curdling his gut, but extreme ownership filled his bloodstream with rage.

His jaw ticked.

And he was sure if he looked in a mirror, he’d see thunder in his eyes.

Kylie was a hookup. No more, no less. Just fun and sex.

But she was *his*.

And he, for once in his miserable, worthless existence, was thinking selfishly.

Usually, he would have come out with a dirty quip or two, his go-to mechanism, because he knew the position with him and Ruin was messed up.

They were grown men, and he enabled his brother like a human crutch.

All that was on his tongue was venom as he kept his jaw clenched and wrenched open the door.

“Does *she* know you have no intention of letting her go free?”

Axel's eyes flared, and Reno heard, "*What?*" screamed the woman as he closed the door.

He was breathing like a thoroughbred when he made it to his room. Locking himself in, he all but threw himself on the edge of the bed, already yanking out the phone from his pocket and hitting Kylie's number.

Like she'd been waiting for it, she answered before it rang twice.

"We don't even know each other." She started without a greeting.

"Do we need to know each other to fuck?"

"No, I guess we don't."

He heard her hesitation. Reno leaned on his knees. "You wanna know me, mama? I'm an open book. Ask, and I'll tell you anything."

"No, you're right. I know all I need to know."

"That I rocked your world with my amazing dick?" he felt smug when he caught her fast inhale.

She rocked him back when she answered, "Yeah."

"Fuck, baby. You just made me harder."

"You were already hard?"

"Ever since you sent that first text."

Her unmasked moan was music to his dick, and Reno groaned low in his throat. He was nowhere near the woman yet, and she was already getting to him.

Her following words put fireworks through his rib cage.

“Reno? Play with me.”

# TEN

Kylie

The power of an experienced man was making her come twice, really hard orgasms, without laying a hand on her.

There was a humming in Kylie's ears, brought on by too much pleasure, but as she leaned back on the couch, she listened to the deep grunting from the phone. He sounded close to a climax, and she held her breath to hear better. It was all she wanted.

"Reno..." rolling to her stomach, she held the phone like she had his cock in her hand. God, she wished she had it in her hand. Even growling the sexiest, dirtiest commands to her, it had been better sex than she'd had with anyone else, except for Reno in person.

It would be hours before her legs felt like legs again.

"Kylie. So fucking hard up for you. Listening to you rub it out has killed me. You have the sexiest moans."

"Then come for me."

"I don't come on my gut, baby. Wanna power it inside you. Want to feel your thighs shaking against my ears while I thrust as deep as you can take me in that tight little pussy. So fucking

tight, aren't you? Could hardly work my way in after you'd come."

The soul left her body. She all but levitated off the couch.

His dirty talk was so natural and a hot turn-on.

He was also correct; now, her thighs clenched together, feeling him there.

She took in the time. Nearing 3 a.m., they'd been talking for nearly two hours. Talking and fooling around. He begged so beautifully. She could easily get addicted to hearing his raspy tones, describing in filthy detail what he was going to do to her the second his hands were all over her.

"Does that mean you're not going to come? Or you're going to come, but not by your hand?"

She regretted the question as soon as it left her lips. Biting down on the inside of her cheek, she didn't care where he got his orgasm.

She didn't.

Absolutely not.

It wasn't her business who he went to.

She'd laid down the rules, and they were definitely not a couple who could demand they didn't go to anyone else.

"I know how to wait for something good."

No. No. *No*. Kylie refused to be seduced by his words. Not those words that sounded like a promise.

The only promise she wanted from Reno was to bring his fabulous cock to her when she wanted to use it.

A shiver stole her breath when she caught another groan from him and the sound of clothing. Was he getting naked or dressing? She hated she wanted those insignificant details. Her nature was curious. She liked having the answers.

But the man on the other end of the phone line was a dilemma she hadn't seen coming. Had she known he'd stain all her thoughts afterward, she might have steered clear from a fun night.

He was a gorgeous blip from her reality.

A distraction. Albeit the sexiest distraction she'd ever had.

She was having a sexual vacation. Where was the harm in that?

And there was no one better to let loose on than a beautiful biker without morals or boundaries and one who desired her in ways she'd never explored.

Even from this distance, the tension crackled between them. It made Kylie hungry for things just out of reach.

“You know you're killing me, mama, yeah?”

“I don't want you dead, Reno.” She said, smiling to herself, “not yet, anyway.”

He laughed, and the sound zipped pleasure between her soaked thighs. “Cruel woman. Get some sleep; it's late. But know this, the next time you call me, and you will call me, Kylie, I'm coming over, and we're doing this the old-fashioned way with your screams swallowed down my throat, not piercing my ears and driving me mad with jealousy.”

Kylie sucked in a breath.

“Were you jealous?”

“Of your fingers stroking your clit? Fingering your cunt? I’ve never wanted to be another body part before until tonight.”

Reno held nothing back, and for that, she was damn grateful. It was just the sexual respite she needed.

“Get some sleep. You’ll need your energy.”

Hoo, boy. She told him goodnight, hanging up with no prolonged diversion to keep listening to his growly tones, though weirdly, that had been her instinct. He had a voice worth listening to, all scratchy and growly. And when he got going with the demanding, dirty talk, it was fifty times racier.

When she fell into bed, relaxed and feeling like a million bucks, she decided she wouldn’t call him for a few days. Only when she felt horny and needy.

*You feel horny and needy now, idiot.*

But she ignored that inner voice. It was just running on the post-orgasmic feel-good chemicals.

\* \* \*

Kylie lasted five hours before she succumbed and called Reno after a brief nap.



Unable to get him out of her head, so her only solution was to have him again and get over the itch.

It rang and rang and then dropped her to his full inbox.

Shit.

Well. *Shit*.

That was a downer.

What good was having a booty call if the booty call was too busy sleeping?

# ELEVEN

Kylie

Death wasn't as gloomy as some people would assume.

The look of peace on someone's face while they were in her morgue almost became something Kylie envied.

Yeah, she wasn't suicidal at all, but she, like any average person, craved peace, and in this world of theirs now, there was very little peace unless you lived in a bubble.

There were only three bodies to attend that day in her funeral home.

She had in-house beauticians who saw to the makeup and hair for each person, giving them as much dignity in their passing as they could.

The paperwork side was a chore, but was part and parcel of any business. She was coming home from a long and tedious afternoon with her accountant, intent on a giant coffee and sitting in the backyard with a large glass of wine, when the sight of a gleaming chrome motorcycle parked in her driveway arrested Kylie's heart.

Thump. Thump. Thump.

And the noise in her chest only grew louder when she saw the owner of the big chrome beast sitting on the three steps leading up to her front door.

Legs spread apart, Reno was resting his loose arms on his thighs. His head turned toward her car as she slowly turned into the opened garage.

By the time she exited, with her purse and house keys in hand, her heart was a runaway train. She couldn't even muster a token attempt at being pissed off about his spontaneous visit without an invitation.

Her hormones were on fire, all but leaping beneath her scalding skin.

And after the tediously long day she'd had, she could do with something pretty and rugged to look at.

There wasn't much time to do anything once she'd turned around to lock the car door. She was bodily slammed into the side of her car, and a set of perfect lips crashed down on hers.

Kylie had been the one to initiate their first kiss. Then Reno had taken over the kissing the whole weekend as if he couldn't taste her enough.

This kiss felt brand-new, and she gasped into his opened lips while his seeking tongue sank inside, leaving her knees quaking until he pressed his body against hers, trapping Kylie up against her car, and made those shaking knees lock in place.

He kissed her like she'd been away to war.

She let him take her mouth without protest.

His kiss was all-consuming, filling her with his masculine taste.

It was devouring, like he had the right to feast on her lips, diving deeper with his tongue to explore every crevice.

She was dumbstruck by his kiss.

Hot, wet, messy, and almost felt like she tasted anger on his tongue, but any thoughts were driven away because he kept going. Entwining their tongues erotically until she sighed, his hand tunneled into her hair, holding Kylie in place.

Desperate for air. Hungry for more kisses, their frantic tasting went on.

She only slanted her head and moaned into his mouth, licking his bottom lip as he plundered and took and made her dizzy with his incredibly masculine taste. He tasted of cinnamon, and she chased more of it until he sucked so hard that she saw stars. She was so into kissing the biker that it only registered he'd moved his free hand down her body when he slid that hand up the tight confines of her below-the-knee pencil skirt.

Reno's hand went up, fondling a roughened palm up on her outer thigh until he reached so far, and then he moved in. And that's when Kylie trembled and arched her pelvis forward.

And while that seeking hand was venturing upward, he was still kissing the life out of Kylie like he hadn't taken a woman's mouth in a decade.

She was no passive kisser. Not once the shock wore off.

She licked his lower lip, biting it until he grunted, sloping a new way to deepen.

And oh, God. When he reached the crotch of her damp panties, Kylie's teeth clamped onto Reno's chin. He didn't even flinch.

"Fuck, baby. Only wanted a little taste. I made you so goddamn wet, didn't I?"

Shamelessly, she shunted her pussy onto his fingers when he pulled the material aside and stroked up and down her slit, gathering her arousal.

At that moment, she didn't care he'd broken her boundaries because she was blind with need. Latching both hands around his neck, she sought his mouth and felt a blast of pleasure when he groaned and lowered his head for her to lock onto his lips.

When had a kiss ever sent Kylie into the next life?

Never. Not once.

Level-headed women rarely got catapulted into the great beyond by a man's mouth.

But Reno's tongue was casting spells and stardust over her, making her mewl with begging sounds for more. *God, please give me more.*

She welcomed his ferociously perfect kiss.

Then, just like that, a burst of energy came off his massive body when he pushed a finger inside her.

Her world imploded.

Driving home, tired and hungry, she hadn't known feeling Reno's hands on her body would make her come alive. She moaned as he slowly drove one digit inside her over and over.

It felt good. *Too good.*

And while his finger did wonderfully wicked twisty things to her sex, she ate at his mouth.

Expecting hard and rough to continue, he'd changed tactics, further stunning her to his variety. Soft and coaxing, his tongue slipped by her loose lips and enticed her into a sensual dance. There wasn't a hope in hell of denying him entry.

Tangling hands in the back of his hair. Reno grunted, almost as if he were frustrated by the slowness of their mouths.

She was too.

Unable to taste him fast enough. Spicy on the tip of her tastebuds.

Kisses weren't meant to be this good.

They were a prelude to the main event, but he treated her mouth like diamonds, kissing her because he loved kissing.

And that was an aphrodisiac she hadn't expected. But now, it was a clawing thirst in the back of her throat, where his taste was.

She clawed.

She bit him.

And Reno fucked his middle finger into her, bumping his palm recklessly against her clit, until she was a panting mess and crying into his mouth with a startled gasp at how fast it happened.

Reno's focus was intense when they drifted apart, but not too far because she felt his breath fan rapidly over her lips with each breath. His forehead dropped to hers as his hand came out of her panties. She felt the loss of his heat and moaned when he put that single finger to his mouth, sucking with enjoyment, tasting her essence.

“Beautiful girl. *Fuck*. You flew apart for me.” His hands squeezed and brought her closer. Kylie was too shaken to push him away. Had she let her hook-up finger bang her in her garage? When she bought this house with the cute two-port garage, she hadn't for a second thought it would be the scene of a sexual act. And with the door wide open for any of the neighbors to see.

“You shouldn't be *here*. I didn't call you, Reno.”

“Had a shit day, gonna be a shit night. I wanted a little taste of you to get me through.” He skimmed his lips down her cheek as if gearing for a new kiss, and God help her, her lips tingled in anticipation. They puckered and...

His phone beeped, breaking the spell surrounding them.

“Fuck's sake.”

He moved back from her, turned to fish it from his pocket, and once she had breathing room, she inhaled slowly, letting her eyes drift over Reno's back. He wasn't wearing his well-loved club jacket, but he was still all biker in only jeans and a pure white undershirt, the sleeves rolled up his veiny forearms.

He looked frustrated again, angry even as he raked a hand over his hair.

“Yeah, fuck. Don’t go yet. I’m on my way. *Yes*. I fucking said yes, didn’t I? Keep your goddamn wig on.” That was the end of the call. And he turned burning eyes on her. “I gotta go. Wish I didn’t. Wish I could spend more time making you look at me like that.” And then his eyes dropped to her lower half, and he groaned a deep, erotic sound.

“Fuck, mama. Is that what you look like all day at work? You look incredible.”

Not prone to blushing, Kylie felt her face heat as she pulled the tight pencil skirt back down to her knees where it was supposed to be and not yanked up around her waist.

“I can’t wear sweatpants when discussing funerals with grieving families.”

His eyebrows hiked up. “Come again?”

“Torrance Funeral Home is mine.”

She held back a smile at his shocked blink. When people see Kylie, they don’t automatically associate her with a funeral home.

“You gotta have to have a strong stomach for that.”

He had no idea. “I do.”

“You’re a businesswoman. That makes you even sexier.”

“I’m not in the market to play with a gold digger,” she told him truthfully.

He only laughed and touched a coil of hair that had escaped the bun, thanks to his grabby hands. “Got enough money. What I want from you is much more personal. You get me?”



Oh, yeah. She got that message. Her thighs were still shaking from his personally delivered message.

Kylie loved his predatory stare. And hated how much she enjoyed seeing it masking his features as he licked at his bottom lip.

Still braced against her car, there was nowhere to go when he advanced. Dropping his head, Reno skimmed his lips over hers. “*Fuck*, really wanna taste more of you. But I gotta do a thing. Call me soon, yeah? We’re too explosive not to take advantage of it.”

Whoa. His truthful words made her stomach dip.

She wanted to ask him what shit night he was going to, but bit her lip to keep the question inside. His business had nothing to do with her. The last thing she wanted was to get entangled in someone else’s dramas.

“Maybe,” she half-smiled, and the devil boy smirked as he walked off.

She watched his butt as he strode down to his bike, throwing a leg over the seat. How did he make that look sexy? He’d revved her hormones as quickly as he throttled the engine pipes, and Kylie was still in a lusty daze as she watched him roar off down the street.

As for getting the upper hand with this thing between them and keeping herself in check, she’d sorely failed.

But the feel-good orgasm lingered, so she didn’t much care.

And now she was looking forward to fighting supremacy on the baby boy biker the next time she saw him.

This time, it would be on her terms.

# TWELVE

Reno

Reno met up with Ruin and Chains on a derelict part of wasteland on the outskirts of Laketon, where the nobodies, druggies, and teen dropouts made their playground. He pulled up at the side of Ruin's bike, cutting the engine.

As soon as he stepped down from his bike, he caught Ruin's scowl.

"Don't give me shit," he warned his twin. After the phone call wanting to know where Reno was, he was in no mood to deal with Ruin's clinginess and unnecessary worry for his safety. If Jensen was going to get one of them, he'd do it. No amount of concern would stop him.

Ruin grunted a reply.

"Just put a tag on my ass, and then you can always know where I am. No need to clutch your pearls with motherly concern."

Chains chuckled, tossing his smoke to the ground; he dug his heel to put it out.

"Have your brotherly domestic another time. I got word DeCastro was spotted in a bar not far from here. Let's scope

out these old buildings and see if it tells us where he is.”

Reno prayed they found something, but he knew they wouldn't. And was proved right more than an hour later when they returned to the bikes.

Jensen, unfortunately, was not dumb, just psychotic as fuck.

He scanned the area, seeing nothing of note, wishing he spotted the bastard standing in the distance so he could put a bullet in his forehead and have this over with.

“This was a waste of time,” said Chains, resting his butt on his bike seat.

“Could have told you that already. Oh yeah, I already did.” Replied Reno with a bite to his tone. He was sick of hunting down Jensen, who was probably watching from afar and getting a good kick out of the Diablos chasing his tail.

“Don't know about you, but I ain't going to jail for shit your psycho sibling is doing. So we find him. There's no other alternative.”

Reno glanced at his twin, standing still but facing away from them. Then he strode off, not far, and crouched on the ground. Who the fuck knew why? Reno was tired of asking him why he did the weird shit he did. He faced Chains.

“You know what's funny, VP? Jensen will always be a step ahead. That's how he plays. And believe me, this is a game for him. He's getting off on making us chase around. If he wants us in jail, that's where we'll be. Not a fucking thing we do will stop him.”

Chains blew out air from his tightly pressed lips. “Well, if that’s the case, we’re all fucked. I’m gonna head home.”

“Give the little wifey a kiss from me,” smirked Reno and caught Chain’s deep scowl of warning. Who would have thought the VP would fall for his pretend wife? Shit, it might start raining pigs next.

Once the DeCastro brothers were alone, Reno slung his leg over his bike, ready to leave. There were still a few haunts they could search once more. The third time was a charm, wasn’t that the saying? Jensen must have someone helping him out. No bastard was this good at hide and seek. And not with a lack of resources to keep him fed and housed.

Ruin approached and lifted a hand. “He was here.”

“Why’d you say that?”

“He rolls his cigarettes.” He was holding the butt of one.

“That could be anyone. The homeless sleep down here.”

“It’s Jensen.”

Reno rolled a shoulder, loosening an ache. Ruin could believe whatever he wanted—shit wasn’t conclusive, but as he knew, Ruin fixated. It was often inconsequential, so Reno didn’t bother trying to make it right. If it kept Ruin occupied, that meant Reno’s life was more straightforward.

“And what? He’s pulling a Hansel and Gretel leaving us breadcrumbs?”

“Taunting us.”

“Well, isn’t that just a grand family reunion? I should have brought a baked ham.” He snarked. The longer they searched

for their missing sibling, the more pissed off Reno felt. He'd rather have his balls in a cement mixer than be here, wasting his goddamn time.

Reno didn't enjoy being played with, and that's what this felt like.

Kicking the stand, he got the engine purring and waited for Ruin to climb onto his bike.

They had an endless list of locations still to scout out.

Who knew? The asshole might be bored with the cat-and-mouse game and move the fuck on.

If they were lucky, he'd fall down a well and drown.

If dreams were horses, bikers would ride in the Derby. Or, however that fucking saying went.

\* \* \*

Jensen DeCastro

Watching his younger brothers talking, two mirror book ends with the same mannerisms and facial expression, he chuckled.

The sound was a little demented, but what did he care?

He was so close that the twins would see him if they squinted to the right.

And wasn't his aim for them to see him?

He'd helped raise those ungrateful bastards when their mother took off, and their father was in a bottle. Little pissants were now hunting him like a dog.

How was that for being grateful, huh?

They would have starved to death long ago if it weren't for him.

So what if he'd tortured them a little along the way? It made them into men.

Every man needed a hobby. And making Jackson cry had been his. Pity Jesse stepped in a lot and took the punishment like a pussy hero, sticking up for his twin and protecting him from Jensen.

He'd despised that most of all.

No matter what he'd done to rip Jesse away from Jackson's clutches, it only bonded the twins more.

If left to his maniacal devices, Jesse would be at his side now. They'd make a formidable team. *Fuck*, his baby bro was a stone-cold maniac without a conscience. Jensen should know. He'd burned it out of Jesse at a young age. Now he relied on Jackson to tell him what was right and wrong, like an emotional support pet.

Fucking traitors, the pair of them.

Suckling at that MCs teat like babes, scared to be away from mommy.

He hadn't planned to mess with them.

Until he'd witnessed how his brothers thrived with that MC, the prospects looked at them like gods.

The longer he watched them talking low between them, the angrier Jensen felt.

Angry that they weren't falling over themselves to *thank him*.

After everything he'd done for them, it was the least they could do.

Every skill Jesse had was taught by Jensen's hand. *You're welcome, bro*.

For a second, he was overcome with adrenaline through his legs, where he crouched, observing the area when Reno's eyes turned Jensen's way. Sure he was looking directly at him, but nah, his younger brother wasn't that smart. He ran too much on emotions. It was why Jensen could never train him properly. It was why he was the *forgotten* twin.

Now Jesse. Or fucking *Ruin*, as they now called him, was why he was here.

If anyone was going to ruin him, it would be him.

He'd detach him from their umbilical cord once and for all.

He'd put the fucking time in taking care of them, making sure they didn't die, not that MC.

He watched them leaving, and that's when he stood, stretching his back. He chuckled again to himself, feeling euphoric and unhinged.

Deluded cunts didn't have the first clue what was coming.



“Tsk, tsk, little bros. Guess I better start your lessons again.”

Jensen strolled out of the undergrowth, dusting off his cargo pants bulging with knives. He had a lot of intel to gather before he got started.

But first, he headed to grab some grub.

It was hungry work putting the family back together.

# THIRTEEN

Reno

It was dumb luck Reno happened upon the cleaner doing their thing around the back of the carwash.

After having no luck finding Jensen, he was tired and pissed off, so once he'd broken off from Ruin, he'd stopped at the carwash to give hell to the probies just for fun.

But thoughts of making them run errands fled as he turned the corner and saw the cleaner's blacked-out vehicle. He caught Chains' glance over his shoulder, and the VP jutted his chin as Reno pulled in and swung his leg over the seat.

"Not a-fucking-nother one?"

"Yep." Grated Chains. "While chasing our tails, DeCastro put his latest masterpiece inside the goddamn carwash. This time, he tipped off the police. Sofia Fielding intercepted it and let Axel know, or we'd all be in cuffs now."

Mother. Fucker.

An emotion like rage inflated through Reno's torso, making his breath hurricane-like as he tried to gain control of his temper.

He didn't win. And ended up booting a metal trash can across the forecourt. Then, before he could send a second one flying, Chains grabbed him by the shoulders.

Reno was seething mad.

So fucking mad. If Jensen were in front of him now, he'd rip the fucking fucker limb from limb.

“Calm down, brother, before your roaring brings the cops.”

The carwash stood on an acre of land, surrounded by floodlights, so they could run it twenty-four-seven. Most of those lights had been shut off, and probies now stood on the corner, directing customers to come back another time.

His rampage had caught the cleaner's attention. He saw the female figure looking his way as she stood at the open back door of her vehicle. Not that he could make out her features, he never could, but it hadn't stopped Reno from checking her out many times, regardless of her being dressed like an Olympic ninja.

Everyone in their lifestyle was curious about the mysterious woman.

Reno included.

He'd even had a crazy thought months back to get to know her.

Not that it went far.

She only spoke with Chains or Axel; she'd blanked Reno when he tried to talk to her. But even now, his eyes were fascinated by her.

It was something he couldn't put his finger on.

Only he knew that underneath all that clothing, she was a gorgeous woman.

Reno's spell was only broken when the cleaner snapped her gaze away, dismissing him as always. Usually, he would have chalked it up to a challenge, but other pressing matters weighed on his mind, and he raked both hands through his hair.

"There's no calming down with this, VP. While we were looking for him, Jensen brought a body here, un-fucking-detected. How long was she dead?"

"Don't know. The cleaner said it looked like a fresh strangle. Rigor mortis hadn't set in yet. You can take off. I got shit covered here."

"I can hang around."

"Reno, the cleaner isn't keen on an audience, you get me? I'm only here because I was nearby, picking up dinner for Monroe and her sisters. So take a hike, kid."

"I'm good," he said stubbornly, resting a shoulder on the wall. There was only one place he wanted to be, and he couldn't take his bad mood to Kylie's door, not when he hadn't gotten into wooing mode with her yet. She would likely put a bullet in his ass and refuse to see him again. So instead, his gaze tracked the cleaner while she loaded stuff into the back of her truck and spoke to her guy. Now and then, she'd glance his way and swear to god, though her lower face was covered, he'd swear she was frowning.

Chains got in his way, blocking his vision. "Read the room, Reno. The cleaner doesn't want you here."

“What? She’s never had a problem with us guarding the scene before.”

“She’s the best in the business. If she says to keep certain people away, that’s what we do, brother. I doubt it’s anything personal; she’s wary as a cat.”

The cleaner had mentioned him personally to keep away. So fucking yeah, he took that shit personally. As he knew, he hadn’t done shit to her. What was up with that? He had a good mind to stalk over there and have it out with her, but at the last second, he turned on his heel and left Chains without a word.

Too wound up from the continuous fuck ups, he felt a stab of guilt that yet another dead body was weighing on his shoulders. Innocent people were dying because of Jensen. And Jensen did that because he and Ruin wouldn’t come to fucking heel.

Reno couldn’t go home yet. The place he shared with Ruin was too empty, too quiet. So he rode to the roads until he could soothe the noise in his head.

\* \* \*

Kylie

Living in a quiet neighborhood meant Kylie knew everyone.

And everyone knew her.

Every summer, they had a Fourth of July street party. They gave each other Christmas cards and birthday cards. And whenever her neighbor, Mrs. Wilson, baked oatmeal cookies, Kylie received a tin of them the same day.

The crime was low in the area; she put that down to a very enthusiastic old neighbor in the corner house who had the cops on speed dial if he heard a lawn mower before 8 a.m. It also had to do with the massive presence of the Diablo Disciples MC.

Laketon wasn't all that big, unlike Salt Lake City, but the DDMC reigned overall. So whatever crime went on, they were running it, and somehow, though everyone knew what they were doing, the people didn't live in fear.

Knowing all that, Kylie still jumped out of her skin when she heard a quiet knock on her back door.

Ever since she saw Reno at the carwash, she felt nervous. *God*, he unhinged her more than handling a dead body ever could. One shared glance with Chains, she'd conveyed she'd wanted Reno gone. And from the glowering look on his face when he'd shot her a stare, he hadn't been too pleased about being banished.

She couldn't have him pull her focus from the job.

It was bad enough she felt like Batman with a secret double life.

How those superheroes did it, she had no idea. It was exhausting.

There was a second knock, quieter this time, as she approached the door. Her taser was by her bed in case rapists climbed through the window. She considered grabbing a kitchen knife, but checked the door camera first and breathed a sigh of relief, seeing a familiar face lounging against the wall.

“Reno, it’s late. What are you doing here?”

Seeing him always put butterflies in her stomach. He was so tall, so effortlessly masculine from head to toe, he would give a nun a lady boner.

His eyes were black disks.

She could almost see his muscles flexed.

Nostrils flared.

He looked coiled.

And then he lunged.

It was the only way to describe it because she didn’t see him move until he was on her, his arm wrapped around her waist, dragging Kylie into his hard chest. She smelled his earthy scent from the chilly night air.

As Reno wedged a leg between her thighs, pressing his knee into her softness, she moaned into his mouth, tasting how he enjoyed the sound. The next thing she knew, he got them through the door, slammed it shut, and put Kylie up against the back of it. All without detaching his mouth from hers. Now that was skills.

“Reno... *wait.*” She moaned between the nibbling bites he was giving her, sending rockets of pleasure through the top of her skull. She never knew her skin could feel hypersensitive as tingles skittered across the surface.

“*I need you.* Let me fuck you, Kylie.”

Oh, God. She had no rebuttal for that kind of raw need emanating from his body. Every note in his voice was carnal, almost as though he’d swallowed a tall glass of lust before he knocked on her door.

She couldn’t turn him away when her body screamed for the same thing.

Their kiss turned feral in tempo. He was so damn proficient with his lips that she could have easily reached the finish line with only his erotic kissing. But Reno wanted more than that, and she swallowed a gasp of surprise when he lifted her into his arms, depositing her on the kitchen table. He widened her legs and moved into the space. Fingers moved around the back of her neck. Kylie pressed a hand to his rapidly churning chest, holding him off for a moment, even as he gazed hungrily at her mouth.

“You’re not staying the night.” She had to be upfront.

This was sex only.

No cuddling, spooning, gentle touches, sandwich making, or whatever else would turn them into a couple.

His stare nearly set her hair on fire.

And when Reno growled, it was low and came from down deep in his throat. The kiss that followed almost felt like a punishment, and she swallowed his fury but whimpered when



he pulled back. The hand was still locked around the back of her neck, and dear God, she couldn't admit how good it felt.

“We gotta get something clear between us, mama. You get to say when we fuck, yeah? But I'm in charge when my hands are on you.” Kylie was mid-nod when Reno went on like he'd already had the words up on deck, ready to fire them at her.

“I'll fuck you how you need to be fucked. You'll get everything you want and more, you'll even beg me, Kylie, and I really wanna hear those sweet begging words from you again.” The hand flexed on her nape, and she tried to squeeze her knees together, but all it did was press her inner thighs tighter around the man standing between them.

He was hard and more than ready.

“Baby, you're gonna be put in so many positions, you'll be wetter than you've ever been, coating me all over in your cream. Cream you make for me.” he punctured that claim home with a thrust of his hips. She clung to his forearms, feeling dizziness taking over her mind. “And you'll know it's me doing that to you, won't you, Kylie? Tell me you understand what I'm saying.”

“I understand,” she breathed as he ran his thumb over her trembling lip.

“Understand what.”

“When your hands are on me, you're in charge.” As he smirked, she scowled. “You dare call me a good girl, and I'll knee you in the balls.”

Reno chuckled, bringing his mouth down to hers.

“The last thing I want is for you to be a good girl. Now, my bad girl... fuck yeah, be bad and filthy, baby, because I know I’m gonna be.”

His upfront, unfiltered statements bombarded the dark crevices of her mind, making her breathless. Did he realize how much she wanted that? How much she longed to lose control? To give herself into someone else’s capable hands?

It was an absolute head fuck of desire to be hit on by a man who knew how to wield his words in the right way, at the right time.

Being asked in the middle of a restaurant if she was wet, wrong time. Being asked while she had her legs open and male fingers pried the crotch of her damp panties was the right time.

His mastery made Kylie breathless.

The problem had always been that no one was ever strong enough to take her control away from her, so Kylie was always the one leading the charge. And while that was fine, sex was still enjoyable—it never made her wild and out of her mind.

Reno pressed his hips forward, grinding his jean-covered crotch against her, bringing her mind back to focus on him. He watched her in a way that didn’t make her feel comfortable, like he saw too much. So she grabbed his face, yanked his head down, and kissed his mouth. It took only seconds for him to get with the program and open up to let her in, groaning as she swept her tongue inside.

He licked the width of her lower lip to prove how bad and filthy he intended to be.

“Is this important, or can I get rid of it?” He asked, fingering the silk cap she forgot she was wearing. Not exactly seduction attire. She shrugged and thumbed it off, tossing it behind her. “I don’t need it until I’m going to sleep.”

“No sleep for you yet.” He rasped hotly.

He was everywhere all at once after that.

Sliding off her sleep shorts.

Tagging kisses along her neck, down her chest, and stomach.

Sucking bruises into her nipples as soon as he uncovered them.

Reno touched her everywhere, and she tried to reciprocate by yanking his t-shirt up, but she was only allowed one scrape of her nails on his stomach before he growled and lowered to his knees on the floor. Her legs dangled near his ears when he roughly pulled them apart.

He stared at her pussy like he was seeing the holy grail.

Kylie heard her pulse thudding excitedly in her ears. Her skin was on fire, and she was too impatient to wait for his stare-show to end, so she locked her fingers into his hair and tried to bring him forward.

Instead of leading him where she needed him, Reno turned his head and spread kisses to her inner thigh before looking up at her through his wicked eyes.

“I told you, my show, baby. So stop trying to take over. Relax. And enjoy.”

Thank God he didn’t make her wait.

Reno ate her pussy like it was his job.

He teased, licked, nibbled, and kissed her hungrily, until her back bowed against the table and her legs shook.

“You like when I play with your pussy?”

She loved it because he knew what he was doing.

She made some mewling sound he took for a yes, because he smirked, stroking a thumb against her slit. “Gonna fucking worship this body.”

His words zapped the orgasm straight out of her, unexpectedly, not ready for the barrage of pleasure shaking her torso. She clung to the table edge while Reno feasted like an animal, eating it out of her, almost against her will, and she shrieked curses at the ceiling while holding desperately, trying not to fall for the guy who gave the best oral sex.

“Stop,” she cried when he tried to take her there again with soft licks on her too-sensitive clit.

He came up to his feet looking so savage, her breath caught. Then, licking his lips, he grabbed Kylie by the neck and bent over her to deliver another scorching kiss.

It was devastating as it was addictive, and she sucked around his tongue, whimpering again like an idiot when he drew back. But it was only to free up his clothes, to toss a condom on the table while he brought out his impressive cock.

“Gonna fuck you right here because I can’t wait for a second longer; it’s been too long already. Then I’ll take you to bed.”

“That’s impressive you think you have more than one in you.” She teased, dazzled, watching him stroke his cock up and down. It was so hard, reaching his navel and leaking at the tip. Reno smirked, watching her when he rolled the condom on.

“The way you’re watching my dick, mama, I’ll go all night. You’ve got no idea of the hunger you’ve built in me. You ready to take it?”

# FOURTEEN

Reno

The anticipation of fucking Kylie again had done a number on his head.

Reno all but rode to her house on autopilot, needing a sexual outlet for his anger.

*Needing her.*

Now he had his hands full and was about to go to town and gorge.

He bet she had no idea what she'd opened herself up to when she invited him inside.

No idea of the ravenous passion he had for her.

His skin was practically on fire to devour her.

Opening his mouth against her rampant neck pulse, he sucked hard until Kylie whimpered, and then he nibbled, not hard enough to mark her skin, though he wanted to mark her up.

“Are you just going to stare at my pussy all night or fuck me?”

“Don’t look at me like that.” He rasped. She was so gorgeous, he could hardly stand it. And seeing her coated in arousal was enough to rocket him to the moon without a stroke of his cock.

“Like what?”

“Like you can’t wait to take the fuck of a lifetime.” Without notice, he thrust home and caught her gasp with his open mouth. He moved in short pushes until he’d worked all his inches inside Kylie. Her pussy was the tightest goddamn thing he’d ever felt, and Reno had to grind his teeth to hold himself together.

“Actually, forget what I said. Keep looking at me that way. It’s intoxicating, baby.” He went deep and pulled back to watch how her eyes turned opaque. He had to work her in first, or he’d hurt her, and for what he wanted, Reno needed Kylie’s pussy sopping and ready, not sore because he intended to screw her all night long.

Another hard thrust followed, and she moaned. “You made me wait so long for this.” It was heaven, and he couldn’t stop moving. The table creaked, and the woman moaned, clinging to him, running her hands through his hair, leaving gouge marks on his neck. She was a beautiful little animal, scraping her teeth on his neck. “We could have been eighty fucks in by now if you hadn’t put the brakes on.”

Kylie laughed huskily, and he pulled back to kiss her.

“You think a lot of your stamina, baby biker boy.”

Oh, that was a red rag to a bull.

Reno's earlier thoughts about not hurting her went up in flames. He was going to make her so fucking sore from head to toe and then lick it all up slowly.

"Tell me I'm lucky," he thrust hard, watching her eyes flutter and turn opaque. "Come on, baby. Tell me how lucky I am to be between these thighs."

Growling, he slammed his mouth down on hers, trapping any words she might have spoken, swallowing her dreamy sigh as he grabbed her by the neck and around the waist, and he went to fucking town on her curvaceous body. Plowing in hard and deep, feeling every clench of her quivering pussy as he pushed her over the edge of pleasure in record time.

*Incredible.*

She had a body made from sin and salvation, and he was pumping an orgasm out of her. Jesus, he burned all over, watching how beautiful she looked in the grip of her pleasure. He sucked it from her tongue and felt her sex lock up tight enough that his eyes rolled to the back of his skull.

"One," he panted into her loose lips, "that's one out of eighty you're gonna get from me."

The minx laughed right into his mouth, yanking on his hair. He'd never been much into sexual touching like that. But what do you know? The sensation had a direct connection to his dick, and he rammed inside her and stayed there as he emptied on a grunt of her name. Reno knew her spectacular body would make him explode sooner than he wanted to.

She was a sinful witch.



“You’d break my vagina with eighty continuous orgasms.” She rose, smiling with dark eyes. He felt like a caveman, knowing he’d put that glazed look on her face. Her lips were swollen. Her curly hair was all tussled from his greedy hands. Reno smirked, knowing he was going to enjoy their arrangement. He was going to fuck Kylie Torrance as often as she allowed. And the minute he was inside her, he would never stop fucking her.

That thought made his spent dick twitch.

Still hard inside of her, he lifted Kylie into his arms, bringing her off the table; she naturally latched her legs around his waist. “Clench your pussy, baby. Keep me locked inside until I get you upstairs.” She did, and the sensation nearly brought Reno down to his knees.

Jesus. Fucking. Christ. It was good.

He staggered into the darkened hallway and grunted when Kylie fisted his hair. “If you drop me, I take you down with me.”

To prove he had a lock on his cargo, Reno squeezed her ass, and then he pressed her into the wall, giving his hips a roll. She hissed, yanking at his hair again. Damn, all the rough shit was turning him into a fuck demon.

“Keep up with the smart mouth, and you won’t walk tomorrow.”

“Promises.” She smirked and attacked his mouth.

How he didn’t break both their necks trying to get them upstairs with Kylie sucking around his tongue was a miracle.

He dropped her on her bed, and she lay there, spread out like a goddess waiting for her concubine.

“Stay exactly like that,” he rumbled a heated growl, bending down to bite her inner thighs before licking her slowly on her swollen pussy, finding her clit equally engorged.

“Oh, God.” She moaned, gripping the bed sheets and pumping her hips to his mouth. He’d intended for a little kiss, but when he heard Kylie was worked up, he sucked hard, plying her clit with attention and sliding two fingers to torment the bud from the inside. “Oh, God.” She repeated over and over.

Her whimpers, moans, and little sobs were the stuff of dirty dreams.

His dirty dreams come to life.

“Say my name,” he growled, licking and sucking her like a madman, keeping her legs pried open, or she would have locked them around his ears.

“Reno.”

“My fucking name, baby.”

“I don’t know your goddamn name,” she wheezed.

Reno laughed, lapping her up like his favorite treat; he glanced up, finding her up on her elbows. Watching him devour her. It was the sexiest thing.

“Jackson.”

“Jackson,” she repeated breathily, and hearing his name on her lips caused Reno to go wildly at her sex until she bowed

her back and came with his name rippling through her lips again.

Fuck. *Fuck*. This was usually the time he'd split. Or tap a woman on the ass, thank her for a good time and never think of her again.

But he told Kylie to stay there while he dealt with the condom in her bathroom, washing up because he intended to have her lips wrapped around his dick in three minutes.

There was no urge for him to leave.

Nothing in his gut told him this was a bad idea.

Having repeats with women wasn't something he did because he'd never been allowed to.

*I want this woman.*

And he was going to have her. *Over and over*. Until he was full to the brim.

Standing naked in the doorway after ditching the rest of his clothes, he watched her on the bed with her eyelids half-closed, a sleepy breath puffing from her lips.

"You should go," she broke the silence, letting him know she saw him watching her. Reno smirked, approaching the bed where he locked hands around her ankles and yanked her to the bottom.

Finding her mouth was next on his agenda, and she opened up like sweet honey, licking directly over his tongue, turning him on instantly.

"Not a chance. Told you, once I got my hands on you, mama, I'm in charge. And you've only come twice."

“Reno, I cannot come eighty-fucking-times. I’ll end up in the hospital.”

“I’ll visit you daily and suck your clit back to health.”

She laughed, grabbing his hair, making him pump a growl into her throat before falling on top of her, finding a place for his body to nestle between her spread thighs.

Playful sex had never entered his equation before.

It was all brand-new for Reno, and he was a glutton for it.

Also, a savage to feel her hands exploring his body, drinking down her laughs when he tickled her or when he kissed her nipples.

Kylie might let him bend her into positions, and in the next few hours, Reno tried out a lot, but she was never passive. Instead, she took and branded him right back. Kissing him until he was breathless, riding him until he lost his vision as the climax boiled out of him.

She loved his dirty talk, so when he moved inside her, he rasped the filthiest words in her ear to make her moan his name and claw up his forearms.

They didn’t reach eighty orgasms when she kicked him out five hours later, but he was pleased with how sated he’d left Kylie.

He sensed she wouldn’t have minded keeping him in bed all night.

But the stubborn beauty had her rules; for now, Reno didn’t mind playing by them.

If it meant he got more of her in his mouth, all over his body, writhing like a serpent, he'd adhere to any rules.

But as he knew, he was an outlaw, and rules didn't stick for long.

# FIFTEEN

Reno

Four consecutive nights, Reno made it into Kylie's bed.

And four nights, she kicked him right back out of it once she'd wrung him dry.

No cuddling, not even a sandwich for all his hard work and enthusiastic effort.

And each night, he smirked, striding away from her door to his parked bike because he knew he was wearing her down. Kylie wanted him more than ever.

He'd have her addicted soon enough.

She'd been the forbidden fruit no man like him should ever be allowed to taste.

And the more Kylie held herself back outside of the bedroom. The more Reno wanted to strip her down, layer by layer, until she was exposed for him to feast on, animal style.

He'd never witnessed a more self-contained female before. Every woman he'd ever known was like an emotional power keg. He thought that's how they were made. Everything was a

drama, and nothing was ever simple. A spilled coffee or murder was all the same noise to a woman.

But Kylie? Unless they were in bed, she was a controlled bundle of hotness, just waiting for his hands to unleash her wildness.

And fuck him, did she come alive? He was sore from how she clawed him up and scraped her teeth all over his body. She might follow sexual orders like she'd been born to it, but there was nothing shy about Kylie letting him know what she needed.

Even when he wasn't with her, Reno heard her little moans of pleasure, and they drove him all the crazier to get back into her bed.

Once back at the clubhouse, he put his finger and thumb into his mouth and whistled for the two probies sitting on their asses at the other end of the central area. Their heads shot up, and he motioned for them to get to him. They came running.

“What’s going on, boss?”

“What’s going on is you’re sitting on your asses when you should be busting your tiny balls to impress me.”

“You weren’t here.”

Smart fucking mouths on these two. Reno cocked a brow.

“Doesn’t mean I don’t hear the shit you’re doing or not doing. And right now, you’re being lazy assholes, which pisses me off.”

“Sorry, old man,” one of them smirked, like he forgot who he was talking to.

“Who are you calling, old man? Listen up, you little bastard. I’ll have you on the ground before you can grab your dick and ask Jesus what’s going on.”

The other probie cackled and shoved his boy. “Get moving before I have to be the one to dig your grave. You want us at the carwash today, boss?”

“Yeah, they got it reopened.”

“Got it.” They took off. The other pair of probies were hard at work, so Reno didn’t have to kick their asses in touch.

He worked out in the basement for an hour, then grabbed some food after a second shower of the day. He preferred the first one because Kylie had been on her knees, draining the life out of him with perfect sucks. At the thought of her, the bat between his legs tingled.

Thoughts of a devilled-eyed woman and their fantastic sex together fled from Reno’s mind when he was called to an unscheduled church meeting, while drowning bacon with coffee.

The meeting could only be about one thing, and he sighed his lingering annoyance before pushing open the door. Everyone else was already seated, and he quickly took his.

Axel got the meeting going. “As they say, no news is good news. And we ain’t got any news on DeCastro so far.”

“Who are they?” Tomb asked, quirking his brow.

“What?”

“You said they say. Who are these mythical *them*?”

The table snickered.



“Fucked if I know, but they always know what they know.” Smirked Devil, a coffee mug halfway to his mouth. “They need to mind their own fucking business, if you ask me.”

“As I was saying,” interrupted Axel before the table went off on a tangent. Reno sat quietly, already wanting out of there. He met Ruin’s quiet, watchful eyes. “We have no news and no bodies for a few days. I’m meeting with Fielding later today to see what the cops know.”

Their cop snitch was coming in useful, even if she was a raging hormone who wanted to bag any man with authority, and right now, that man she’d set her cop eyes on was Axel. Reno would doggy-style Tomb before he’d ever bed a cop. At that thought, he shuddered and looked down the length of the table at Tomb’s ugly mug. Reno had fun with guys over the years, but he’d never stoop so low as to tickle tonsils with Tomb, even if his club brother swung that way. He had a face only his momma and his old lady could love, and now Reno chuckled to himself for the runaway thoughts. Anything to stop him from smashing the table if he thought about Jensen.

“Something funny, Reno?” the man in question asked, and Reno only laughed more and shook his head.

A few minutes in, there was a knock at the door, and Axel yelled, “who the fuck is it?”

The door swung open, helped by a probie, because the woman who walked through with red hair and angry eyes was holding a tray full of mugs. “It’s your hostage, oh lord and master, here to do your bidding, bringing sustenance as ordered.” Snarked Scarlett, making the guys chuckle as she handed out drinks.

She'd only been at the club a few months, and as tiny as she was, she was like a titan in attitude and confidence, a bully and a ball-buster all in one, and everyone was scared to say shit to Scarlett.

To be fair, along with the house mouse, she'd kicked the club into something well-organized even if she spent her days in a battle of yelled words with Axel.

Why the prez didn't kick her butt out, Reno didn't know.

Why Scarlett didn't leave, he didn't know that either. If she wanted to go, they wouldn't see her without money, at least. But day after day, another storm brewed between those two. It was like being at the circus, waiting to see who would snap first.

By the time she got around Axel's side of the table, Scarlett's scowl had morphed into blankness as if she hadn't seen Axel at all. Chains chuckled, followed by Devil and Splice.

It was Splice who spoke up, "don't let the big bad wolf upset you, Scarlett baby. Come sit on my lap; I'll make it all better."

Their church was suddenly filled with laughter, but above that was the noise of Axel's warning growl as he stared down the table at Splice. If Splice didn't take care using that filterless mouth of his, he wouldn't live to see his next birthday, not with the way the prez was staring bullets at his head.

All eyes pinged to the woman when she headed for the door, but stopped at Splice's seat. "You need glasses if you

think I'm afraid of the big bad wolf."

"Get out," barked Axel.

Scarlett turned a vicious stare on the prez. Reno was wholly entertained because it might be the first time a woman didn't fall to her knees for Axel.

"I'm going! And I poisoned your coffee. Enjoy every sip." She left with a slam of the door.

"Damn, prez. You got your hands full with taming that one." Whistled Bash.

"I'm not taming her. She's the same age as my kid, for fuck's sake."

"I'll tap in and do the job right then. She's so wild." smirked Splice, licking around the coffee cup rim like he was tasting the woman. This only seemed to enrage Axel, who pointed two fingers at the brother. "You'll keep your nasty hands to yourself or lose some fingers. You hear me, man?"

It only amused Splice, who wasn't afraid of a bit of danger as they'd witnessed over the years. "We'll see."

Axel blew out air like he was gearing up to launch himself across the table to strangle Splice. It took the calmness of Chains to bring the table back to order.

"I thought Ruin texting like a tween girl all day long was the weirdest shit around here now." Reno's brother lifted his head at the sound of his name. Sure enough, his cell phone was palmed in his right hand.

Ruin scowled and flipped Chains off. But it broke the tension, and the conversation resumed. Jobs were discussed,

and new business ventures bounced around. They weren't looking to expand anything just yet, not while getting things off the ground with the Irish. But that was looking good so far, and if it continued, they'd look to expand that deal to their other chapters.

Once the meeting was through, Reno side-stepped Karla, one of the regular club sweet bottoms, asking if he wanted some fun.

He did. But with a silver-tongued heathen who swore each time they fucked that it was the last time. Reno smirked, knowing differently. Kylie couldn't keep her hands off him.

Her hunger could bring a man to his knees, aching for more.

But that wasn't in the cards.

Keeping things casual was all he could afford.

*More.* He wanted more.

Knocking Reno from his Kylie thoughts, Ruin spread out on a seat next to him, shooting his arm up in the air; he indicated silently to a sweet bottom to bring drinks, and she ran off to do his bidding. The women had always fawned over the twins, seeing them as an attraction because they did everything together.

Or they had until recently.

Reno was racked with guilt for not telling Ruin about Kylie.

They never kept secrets.

Always had each other's back.

Reno wouldn't even have to ask Ruin to help if he needed it. Ruin would be there without question. And vice versa.

So why did he want to keep Kylie all to himself?

He waited until the drinks were delivered, Ruin ignoring any come-on from Starr. She slinked off with a pout. Something tingled the back of Reno's neck, and he rubbed the sensation with a palm. It was always the same when something was up with Ruin. And that always drove him crazy.

"You in trouble?"

Ruin's head came up, and the brothers locked eyes. "Not that I know of. Why?"

"You're acting weird. Weirder than usual."

"I'm not weird."

"You know I love you, right?"

Another frown crossed Ruin's identical face. Sometimes, when Reno looked at him, he couldn't see himself at all.

"Are we gonna hug?"

Reno half-grinned. "Only if you want to."

"No."

"But you know whatever is wrong, I'll be there, don't you? I'll shoot a motherfucker in the face."

That was when his twin quirked a smirk, turning his face into the lethal machine the club knew him to be. "Out of the two of us, who is more likely to shoot someone in the face?"

"Fair point."

“What’s got your jockeys in a bunch? Isn’t the woman you’re screwing relaxing you enough you gotta crawl up my ass?”

Shock punched him in the solar plexus.

Reno loved his brother. The pair were closer than most siblings, and he would kill for Ruin, but if he found out he’d been following Reno, he’d put Ruin’s head in a blender.

Narrowing his eyes, he kept his mouth shut. It wasn’t as though Kylie would become his old lady. She was a fun hookup, the rules set in place by her.

But he was strangely protective over what they had.

Possessive about her.

And though it felt wrong to hold anything back from Ruin, it also felt wholly right to want her all for himself. It was new to have something he didn’t want to share, and he was feeling really fucking selfish about it.

Ruin didn’t look amused at Reno’s lack of acknowledgment.

But then, when was he happy about anything?

His twin brother had been in a foul mood since birth; he had just come out of the womb scowling, ready to fight.

Not that he could be blamed for how he was, or for their upbringing. It was enough ammunition to force anyone into a permanent roadblock to keep people away.

Other than Reno, he didn’t think Ruin formed attachments to anyone else.

Until he kept catching him smiling at his phone screen like a weird-ass ghoul.

“I’m not asking this shit as your Diablo brother, but your blood family. You don’t have to be defensive as fuck. What is going on with you lately? Don’t tell me you kidnapped a woman and have her locked up somewhere? We have enough going on without you losing your mind.”

The joke didn’t taste right even as he said it, but the smile dropped off Reno’s face when Ruin curled his lip.

“Mind your fucking business.”

“Mind my business? *Mind my fucking business?* Are you for real?” He grated through his teeth, keeping his volume low, so nearby ears didn’t flap to listen in. “You goddamn asshole, I’ve done nothing but mind *your* business for twenty-nine years. Do you remember I couldn’t do shit because you wouldn’t go anywhere? Trips were out because you couldn’t be left alone, and you refused to be around people that weren’t me. So my whole fucking life has been about your business, Ruin.”

He regretted his words as soon as they left his loose tongue.

It made it sound like he resented his brother, and he didn’t.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. And you being this tight-lipped only makes me think something is up. Is it Jensen?”

“I could give less of a fuck if he was hung up on an electrical pole in the center of Salt Lake City on prime-time news.”

Ruin wasn't a natural talker.

Being told to shut up multiple times a day growing up, even when he hadn't made a noise, Reno always figured his brother got used to not speaking much. The fact he kept speaking now put surprise in Reno's eyes.

“You're all over my dick for things I'm not telling you, even when you're doing the same. So spit it out what you gotta say, Reno. I got stuff to do.”

Reno inhaled, a rattle of irritation tickling his throat.

They had fought like brothers over the years, sometimes breaking bones and bloodying noses, so wanting to put his fist in Ruin's face was nothing new to him. He cracked his knuckles and held the bubbling temper in check.

Defense and attack were Ruin's MO to deflect from feelings. But knowing that didn't keep Reno in check for long.

“You know, you're a prick. Why don't you get laid and change that fucking pouting attitude of yours? Oh, wait, you can't do that, can you? Can't get your dick wet unless I'm there to hold your goddamn hand.”

If Reno had chosen a career as a meteorologist, he'd swear the surrounding air dropped fifty degrees until his balls became icy. The frigid temperature was rolling off Ruin's narrowed eyelids. His fingers had stopped tapping on the table, and he looked murderous. With Ruin, he could do several things. Reno braced for any outcome, but surprise stole his next inhale when Ruin climbed to his feet, silent as he was deadly.



He walked around the table, resting a hand next to Reno's, and dropped his head and voice. "Enjoy your little dark-haired secret, twin. I'll be there to enjoy it when *her* secrets spill out."

What the fuck?

What the hell did that mean?

Did Ruin know shit about Kylie that Reno didn't?

Fuck.

*Fuck.*

Now his temper flared to the surface.

Ruin walked a few steps, stopping in the central area where people lounged doing varying activities or just throwing down conversations. Reno watched his brother scan and then landed on Starr. He crooked two fingers, beckoning her forward. The woman shot up from her seat and came over to Ruin like her ass was made wholly of flames. Starr adoringly followed behind Ruin, even sending a glance Reno's way, as if to ask if he was joining them.

Reno watched as surprised as the other club brothers.

Ruin might pick a woman for Reno to do all the flirting with, but he never led one to a back room as he was doing now. Starr was practically skipping, giddy as a lamb. Why wouldn't she be? She'd been chosen by the elusive biker all the women wanted.

It was as if all sound had dropped out of the clubhouse. All eyes, male and female, saw Ruin disappear with a woman.

Tomb glanced at Reno.

Devil looked over.

Axel cocked his head to the side to catch Reno's eyes.

His brothers stared at him like he had the answer.

He was as perplexed as everyone else was.

Maybe it was a turning point for Ruin.

Reno's chest tightened, and he downed half a bottle of beer in one thirsty gulp.

His relief lasted only minutes before he heard a blood-curdling scream, and then Starr raced out of the hallway. Reno was up from his seat before he realized he'd moved, catching the woman by the arms and bringing her to a stop.

"What the fuck is going on?"

"Your brother is a fucking asshole, is what's going on!"

Ruin strode out, still wearing his Diablo Disciples leather cut and long Henley shirt, glaring at the room as though he'd just pissed out thunderbolts.

Starr shook with her anger, and Reno tightened his fingers around the tops of her arms as he watched Ruin stride by, a silent dark warning not to talk emanating from him.

"Crazy twat." Starr hissed at him. Ruin only curled his lip and carried on until he disappeared outside.

Reno needed to get after him, but first, he needed to know what had happened.

"Stop screeching," he issued to the woman. "Did he hurt you?"

"Hurt me?" she shrieked like she was auditioning for a stage show and needed her voice to travel to the back of the

theater. For fuck's sake, why did women only have one volume when they were angry?

“Shut down the volume, Starr, and explain.”

Her din lessened slightly. “Your brother is unhinged. He’s a frigid monster like everyone says. There’s seriously a screw loose in his head; he doesn’t work right. Why take me into a room if he’s not gonna touch me? If I can’t touch him? He’s not normal, Reno. He doesn’t even fucking speak. How am I supposed to know what he wants?” Once her posse and captive audience arrived, her demeanor went from upset to smirking.

“So, I’m there on my knees. I know he likes his dick swallowed, and I’m waiting for him to get things going, and he’s just staring at me with a scowl like I did something wrong. So I ask him what’s wrong, baby? And I try to rub the front of his pants to get things moving, and he’s not even hard, so I go to open them. His phone beeps, and he pushed me away and growled for me to get out.”

That was it?

Her posse all started talking at once like it was the biggest event of the year. Reno turned to walk away when he heard Starr. “Fucking weirdo can’t even fuck right.” He spun around and towered over the woman, dropping his voice. “Call him one more name, and you’ll be out on your ass, woman.”

“But...”

“Try me.”

Ruin had already taken off on his bike by the time Reno got outside.

Their co-dependency was so fucked up.

There was no way Reno could think of anything long-term with Kylie if Ruin was incapable of getting laid without him as his wingman. They should have addressed this shit years ago when it all started. One more reason to hate Jensen.

Returning to the fluorescently lit clubhouse, Reno already had his phone out, a number he knew by heart now dialed before the door closed behind him.

Kylie's voicemail kicked in instantly.

Disappointment hardened his shoulder blades as he sent her a text.

Waiting and waiting for a reply that never came.

So he picked a spot on the couch next to Devil to watch the game.

Ruin never returned to the club that night; their place was dark when Reno rode home.

And even by 3 a.m., Kylie still hadn't returned his text.

He felt like a teen girl waiting for his crush to reply. So fucking dumb.

She was a hook-up. Not someone he could keep.

Reno fell asleep that night, torn between a rock and an impossible place where the woman of his dreams was locked behind a wall he couldn't allow himself to climb.

# SIXTEEN

Kylie

Gang members needed to find a better way to solve their big-boy issues instead of slaughtering each other.

And if they couldn't, Kylie wished to God they'd do it at a decent hour and not have her out of the house in the middle of the night cleaning up their crimes.

It was exhausting.

Because she'd been called out to mid-town at eleven last night and didn't get home until gone four, she was a walking zombie today. Thankfully, there were no grieving families to talk to, so Kylie could be as tired as she wanted to feel in her office while she worked through paperwork for the rest of the day.

Sipping at the cold coffee sitting on her desk, she sighed at the pile of invoices she needed to go through and follow up with customers.

Death was hard enough at the best of times. Getting people to pay their bills was a chore she never looked forward to. However cold and distant people thought she was, bugging a person who was pained from losing a loved one wasn't

something Kylie chose to do. But everyone had bills to pay, even grieving, so she sucked up all the hateful things people said to her over the phone, and she did the work.

She thought about Reno's late-night text, too. She hadn't seen it until hours later, so she didn't reply, though she'd wanted to. But, wow, she still felt the thrum of girlie excitement seeing the one sentence asking if she was awake.

Typical booty-call text.

And had she been home, she definitely would have answered him.

Maybe she'd call him tonight.

It was ideal timing to fill her few free days ahead with a biker and his brilliant hands.

Deep into the paperwork, the monotony of it making the time pass quickly, Kylie could have sworn she heard the rusty pipes of a motorcycle pulling into the carport later but dismissed it. She had Reno on the brain, which wasn't good. She could not—*absolutely could not*—form any attachment to that man. He was temporary. In the long run, it was dangerous to crave something she knew wasn't meant for her because it would only leave her feeling empty when their affair burned out.

Kylie had too many responsibilities to add another to her plate.

Even if she'd discovered how unbelievably fun Reno was.

The knock on the door brought Kylie from her thoughts. "Come in."

Trent popped his head around the door. “Erm, someone is here to see you, boss. They don’t have anything booked. I can tell them you’re busy if…”

“No need to announce me, guy.” A profoundly delicious voice said from behind her employee, and then the owner of that voice pushed by Trent and sent warmth all over her face when she saw Reno. “Kylie knows me, don’t you, baby?”

A flutter erupted in her chest, seeing him framing the doorway like a gladiator. All dark hair, darker intent in his eyes, and a seducing smile perked his lips.

How the biker walked without a warning police tape around him was anyone’s guess. But he was a hazard in the making. A sin waiting to happen.

It was ludicrous to feel this excited to see him.

He’d sought her out.

And from the white paper sack in his hand, he’d come bearing edible gifts.

“It’s okay, thanks, Trent.”

“Yeah, Trent,” Reno smirked, walking in but turning to the other man. “Kylie is on lunch break. Make sure none of the walking dead need her.” He unceremoniously shut the door in Trent’s face.

“That was rude.”

“He’ll survive,” he grinned, and Kylie chuckled. But that chuckle was soon trapped in her throat when Reno turned the lock with a quiet click.

“What do you want, Reno? I’m working, and you shouldn’t be here.”

“You’re sexy when you try to sound disinterested.” He smirked, approaching her with a rolling gait to his walk. His eyes never left hers. “I’m happy to see you too, mama. I brought you lunch. Take a break with me.”

The night they met officially, he’d told her she lit up a room, and he was unable to resist her light.

She’d laughed and thought he’d been feeding her a line, but weeks later, it stayed with her and warmed her.

Who knows, maybe it wasn’t a line.

“Fine, I’ll have lunch because I’m starving.”

Frowning, he unpacked the good-smelling bag. “When did you last eat?”

“I grabbed a yogurt this morning.”

“That’s not enough.”

“It was blueberry. Fruit counts.”

“Gotta keep you fed, baby. I like those curves of yours too much to lose them now.”

Whoa. Sexiest much, but she wasn’t offended. Not when her skin heated at his sincerity.

He’d brought hot sandwiches, coleslaw, potato salad, and icy cold soda cans.

“If you eat lunch, you can have a cookie.” He enticed, and Kylie curved an eyebrow, making him smirk as he laid her lunch on a napkin.



“Do I look five years old?”

“No, mama.” He seduced with only two words.

“Okay then, give me the damn cookie now.”

He laughed and brought out a baggie of cookies. She popped one in her mouth and moaned when a chocolate chip melted on her tongue.

Reno watched like a hawk, and the moment she swallowed, he leaned over the desk, his hand locked around the back of Kylie’s neck, and he dragged her forward. Their mouths met, kissing with ferocity, like they hadn’t kissed each other in months. They kissed with all their pent-up hunger through the hours of separation. The taste of Reno only heightened the ache deep inside, so as she clutched his hair, she let her tongue share that ache.

God, he was an erotic dream conjured to life.

He was a sexual force of nature.

No man was this seductively perfect.

Maybe he was an A.I. made in a laboratory by a bored scientist.

A throaty moan fell from his lips, vibrating hers. “Fuck, missed this mouth,” he nibbled, turning her inside out.

Reno caressed his thumb over her top lip and then the bottom one, dragging it down to stroke inside her mouth. Scandalizing her.

“You’re burning up with horniness, baby. You need me to put out the fire?”

“Jesus, you’re corny,” she laughed into his smiling mouth when he leaned in again to taste her.

How did this man make her smile more each time she saw him?

Only a woman utterly enamored with him would laugh at his silly jokes.

“Eat your lunch, then I’ll have you.” he declared with no fanfare, like it was a done deal. While Kylie’s head was still whirring with locked and loaded lust, she watched his tall body throw down on the nearby couch, which was altogether too small for the big biker.

His legs spread, and he was halfway through his sandwich before she even took a bite of hers.

“Thanks for lunch.”

He winked. “Had ulterior motives, didn’t I?”

The laugh gurgled out of her at his audacity or inability to even try to lie. “We’re not having sex here, so get that thought out of your mind right now.”

“Can’t. It’s in there now, all dirty and ready. *Fuck*. Look at you in your tight business clothes, so sexy and begging for a man’s hands to push them aside. I gotta have you over the desk. It’s a fantasy of mine. And you don’t want me to be disappointed after I brought coleslaw all this way, do you?”

His naughty smirk said he was joking. *Not* about the desk sex.

Arousal looked so good on Reno’s face. Like it had been painted there by the horniest of God’s angels. She had no

defense against him, so she didn't try.

But she was not having sex at work.

And she wouldn't let herself lust harder for the baby biker boy.

\* \* \*

Flat on her back, her legs thrown over Reno's strong shoulders, Kylie chewed the inside of her cheek to stop from moaning loudly.

He didn't play fair. *At all.*

He'd seduced her into sitting on his lap while he kissed her. That was all he'd promised. *Liar.* Before she knew it, she was foggy-brained and tossed onto her desk while he rolled up her skirt, exposing her to his greedy eyes.

"Fucking beautiful."

*Jesus*, he was running his nose along the crotch of her panties. *Smelling her.* It was the dirtiest and hottest thing she'd ever experienced.

"You smell like you need to be railed."

Sparks ignited whenever she was near Reno. It was as natural as breathing.

However much she tried to resist the pull toward him, she'd eventually given in and now indulged in his body like she was bathing in warm chocolate.

She couldn't have enough of him.

It felt like an addiction.

His tongue.

His body.

His laugh and stories.

His easy teasing charm.

The way he knew exactly what she needed from him without having to say so.

Just thinking about Reno made her toes curl.

*It's temporary, Kylie,* she had to remind herself.

Even as the familiar longing built inside and made her heart crave the unattainable.

Her heart felt like a bulging book. Page after blank page, just yearning for a hero to fill the spaces.

Casual booty calls never turned into a thing.

Not that she *wanted* a thing with Reno. Nope. Absolutely not. She was just blinded by lust.

Never did she think a person would be more stubborn than herself. And then Reno strode into her life to prove her wrong. To show her what she *needed*.

But that was the Reno effect. It was dizzying.

There was little to no thinking of logic when he was around.

He dug his way through her barriers, not caring he was leaving her vulnerable and un-anchored in a land she'd never

been to.

The man somehow had figured out her weak spots, places that made her melt into his hands.

He was a sex God. But that was a given just by looking at him. He couldn't even walk into a room without women thinking about sex.

It was his eye for detail that made him dangerous.

He remembered everything she said and brought it up in casual conversation, between and after sex, liked he *cared*. Not giving a crap about her rules, he just walked all over them. And Kylie let him.

Coming to her job and bringing food should be the last straw. The right thing would be to tell him never to come back. Those were boyfriend moves, not casual fuck buddy.

And there was so much he didn't know about her.

She had to keep it casual.

Casual without entanglements worked for her.

"Reno," she whispered as he fingered her panties after kissing across her trembling stomach, pulling them to the side to expose her glistening sex. His rigid cock pressed to her backside through his jeans, and she couldn't wait another second. "Don't ruin another pair of my underwear. I will call the cops."

"No, you won't," he laughed, dark and tempting, driving her crazy with the slowest of touches. It was embarrassing how wet he made her with minimal effort. He breathed, and Kylie was turned into a river of arousal.

“Reno, you’re like a bull when it comes to taking my clothes off. You have no finesse.”

“That tells you something, mama? Means I can’t wait to touch your skin, to taste you all over. Clothes are un-fucking-necessary.”

“I can’t be naked when I see customers.”

He bit the inside of her thigh, shoving his covered cock forward, rubbing all that rough denim on her sex. *So good.* “Only be naked for me.”

Oh, God, he scared her heart into careening.

Getting back on track, she yanked his hair.

“If you’re going to fuck me, get on with it. I’m a busy woman. I can’t pander to your spontaneous visit all day.” She tried for a stern tone, but it came out in breathless anticipation, and Reno smiled at her before he rose to his full height and let her watch as he opened his jeans, fished out his massive cock to deal with a condom, stroking it obscenely a few times to make her crazy. Oh, that thing made her shiver all over. Eager to feel the fullness once more.

“Hurry,” she appealed softly, pulling at his arms to get him nearer. She’d die if she didn’t feel his thickness stretching her.

The look in Reno’s eyes nearly killed her, though. It felt like she was seeing down to his soul and everything he needed and wanted, shining back at her like dark, clawing hands around her throat.

His gaze was glued between her legs, where she was a brook of arousal. “Look how lovely you are.”

Her heart constricted as he gathered her at the very edge of the desk, spreading her knees wide.

“Okay. Okay, fuck, baby. Hurrying.” He husked, getting Kylie in place, treating her like a delicate doll he could put in any position, and he regularly did.

All thoughts fled.

And she luxuriated in his mastery of her body.

“So sweet, aren’t you? So fucking hot and needy.”

By the time Kylie locked her arms around Reno’s back, his posture was rigidly vibrating, and she felt the first prod of his cock at her entrance.

*Oh, thank God.*

She sighed into his chest and took the thrust he delivered. Her body reacted instantly, pulsing around his length. He slammed in hard, driving his pelvis in a rhythm that weakened her thighs. The veins in his neck stood out of his skin, and he grunted with each deep shove.

By far the most beautiful man she’d ever known, or had touched her body. And he only got sexier when he gave Kylie precision focus, holding her by the back of her neck as he brought home push after hard push, making her ass slide on her shiny oak desk.

“Reno,” she breathed in warning, her eyes refocusing, digging her hands into the back of his shirt. It was so decadent, him being fully dressed. “I can’t.”

“Can’t what, baby? Can’t come?” his onslaught was deep, methodically seductive, everything she’d grown to know about

Reno. He liked to take his time, dragging her pleasure out until she was a whimpering heap only capable of begging words. “Yeah, you can, and you will. More than once.” Leaving one hand on the back of her neck, he stroked the other down to grip her ass, lifting her into his brutal dick slams, cutting joy through her faster than a train. God, she was so wet that she could hear their bodies moving together. “Can’t stop from screaming? Scream it down my throat.” He brought their mouths together, and not even a minute of intense fucking and Kylie came, and she cried down Reno’s throat as he captured the noise of her raging pleasure.

He was right again. Because of his eagerness, she came a second time like a faithful disciple.

“Get some friction on your clit,” he ordered roughly, scraping stubble kisses against her neck. His rhythmic motion never stopped.

She foraged between them, unable to help from rolling her fingers around his driving cock, making Reno grunt.

Their gazes dropped, watching what they were doing.

“Incredible.” He rasped, picking up speed. Reno’s hands were reckless as they roamed all over her overheated body. Her shirt proved irritating when he growled and pushed it up her chest so he could fix his mouth on her bra-covered boob. When she said the pleasure nearly made her rocket to the ceiling, she would not be lying.

“Look at us, Kylie. How you burn under my hands while I give it to you. You’re chill with everyone, aren’t you? But you *burn* for me. You flame alive for the man you can’t keep away from.”



*Ugh.* It was impossible to be in his irresistible presence and not dream for more.

Trying frantically to keep her noises in check, she buried her face in his shoulder.

Inch by fantastic inch, Reno gave her the best desk sex experience and railed another orgasm into her. This one she bit deeply into his shoulder. He grabbed two hands full of her ass, tilted her upward, and got to his finish in five more thrusts, rubbing his solid abdomen on her. She was so full, to the point of it hurting, but her pussy clasped tightly to his shaft, fluttering with deeper ecstasy as Reno grunted with his face buried in her chest.

When it was over, she felt everything. *Exposed.* She returned to life, feeling his lips moving over her chest, up to her neck, and then he helped her to a seated position again. Kylie locked onto a kiss, startling a groan from Reno's throat as she felt his heart thudding under her hand.

Their tongues weren't so frantic, lazily dancing together, tasting unspoken words.

"That was... fuck, Kylie. I got no words."

She knew what he meant.

Out of this world came to mind.

He was ruining sex with anyone else in the future.

"I'm bringing lunch every day," his declaration burst a laugh from Kylie, and she pushed at his chest, where he slipped free of her. It felt natural to grab a box of tissues and use them to take the condom from Reno's shaft, cleaning him off. He watched her movements raptly, like a low-lidded

predator. She deposited the protection in the garbage bin under her desk.

“You’ll stay away, or I won’t get any work done.”

“Sounds fine to me.”

Just as she thought, when Reno helped put her clothes right, her underwear was utterly ruined.

“Look at them!” she whisper-yelled, “the crotch is baggy as hell, I look like MC Hammer about to do a music video.”

The unrepentant beast started humming the famous tune, and she playfully punched him in the shoulder. And then he dared slip them down her legs before pocketing them.

Great, she would be bare-assed for the rest of the day.

“Don’t even think of kicking me out yet,” he warned, reading Kylie’s mind.

Reno’s glinted gaze cautioned, pointing his finger at her as he stepped around her desk, picking things up from the floor that their sexcapades had inevitably knocked down. “You can spend ten minutes with me after sex. The world won’t end. Now get your sweet ass over here and be friendly with me.”

Her eyes glinted now. “You don’t get to boss me around when we’re not sleeping together.”

“We haven’t slept together because you won’t let me stay over.”

“You know what I mean.” Now that the sex was done, she didn’t know what to do with her hands. She avoided his gaze. Kylie wasn’t embarrassed by their antics. On the contrary, she enjoyed every second of what they did together. Without

stroking his big ego, Reno was the best lover. But the moments in between made her gangly and awkward and unlike herself.

“I’ll stop bossing you when you stop liking it.”

Reno flashed her one of his pantie-melting smiles. After that, the softening toward him happened bit by bit.

“Please come and sit with me, mama.” He patted his lap, which made her eyes roll, but she slipped off her shoes and padded silently over to the couch, where he pulled her across his lap, fingering the edge of her A-line pencil skirt.

“Why do I find your funeral director clothes sexy as fuck?”

“There’s nothing sexy about my job.”

“Everything you do is sexy.” Reno kissed her face, getting her comfortable on his lap. She’d sit for a minute, then tell him to go. All this soft stuff was not in her manual. And she was surprised Reno wanted it. “Do you like your job?”

“It’s challenging, but I appreciate helping people at their lowest point. If I can take some burden from them, it feels like I’ve accomplished something.”

“Must be weird seeing dead people every day.”

“Not really. You get used to it. Death’s dignity is rare to see in the living.” Before they verged into cleaner territory somehow, she asked, “Do you enjoy the work you do?”

“It’s a living. I never wanted a career, but I always wanted money,” he half-smirked. “When you grow up dirt poor, the last thing you wanna do as an adult is not know if you can buy a sandwich. Joining the MC gave me all the money I could want.”

Wow, Kylie was amazed by his openness. And the two minutes she was going to allow herself to sit with him went by. So did the next twenty, because she was busy getting to know him.

“So, you and Ruin live and work together?”

“Yep.” He said with a half-smile, but it didn’t reach his eyes this time. “We’re as dysfunctional, co-dependent as I’m sure you imagine.”

“I’m close with my siblings, too, so I get it. They’d be all in my business if they lived closer. Only my sister Aubrey is close by.”

“I’ve been his crutch for a long time. But the more I think about it, he’s been mine, too. He protected me a lot as a kid.”

Understanding was in her fingertips as Kylie stroked the back of Reno’s neck. “Now you feel like it’s your turn to take care of him.”

She got the sense their spontaneous and open conversation had gotten too real for Reno because he plucked her from his lap, standing to his feet, but hauled her in quickly and crushed her mouth. “I gotta head out and leave the boss lady to her dead people. I’m seeing you later,” he told her forcefully, giving no room for Kylie to disagree.

She wanted to see him. There weren’t many days left where she had free time, so she wanted to pack them with Reno and his magnificent body and capacity to bring out her feel-good side.

Another kiss and she watched him striding out.

His ass was perfection in the jeans, so it wasn't a hardship peeping at him through the blinds as the biker swaggered across the parking lot to his motorcycle.

Whoa. She wanted Reno to turn back and give her a good ride again.

Cock-whipped.

That's what she was.

She was captivated by a biker cock... and the rest of him, and her life was doomed because there was no way of letting him go without being broken afterward.

# SEVENTEEN

Reno

As he licked Kylie through her fourth orgasm with the flat of his tongue, the sexual air encircling them stirred like a tsunami. She fisted both hands into his hair, yanking like she hated him.

The little liar. She loved every second, just like he did.

“Mercy. I give in. Please, no more, Jackson. *I can't.*”

Reno flipped her effortlessly onto her stomach. “Ass up high, baby,” he grunted and slashed his tongue into her tight hole, his sweetest fucking treat. The place he wanted to live and die inside of. “I’ll tell you when you’ve had enough.”

Was he obsessed?

Mentally unbalanced?

Falling in love?

It all felt the same to Reno, not that he had a basis to know what falling in love felt like. But if it was anything like the clawing demand he had inside his ribcage to get near her, then yeah, it was similar to losing his mind.

Only hours ago, he'd left her sated and no longer hungry at work. Even so, he'd texted her like a sentimental moron to see her name on his phone screen.

He'd felt demented riding to her house, couldn't get there fast enough, and thank god she got right to her knees and started yanking at his belt and got his cock to the back of her throat in seconds, or he might have gone feral and mauled her in the hallway.

Now he was back in control. Semi-control, anyway. His aching dick felt like he should have come an hour ago, but he'd wanted Kylie mindless before pushing inside her.

His seeking fingers replaced his over-used tongue, bringing Kylie to the brink again while pinning her in place with his body. He loved feeling her ass roll up against his stomach.

She was a goddess, a queen, an ethereal being he didn't deserve to be in her presence. No other woman made him feel as she did.

It was like he was constantly high on her. Always wanting to impress her.

Addicted to the pleasure was a close second to the addiction to her smile.

Earning one felt like the jackpot.

Stroking the dip of Kylie's spine before her waist flared out into her fantastic ass, he withdrew his other hand, dealt with a condom, and fixed his cock in place while she came down from her climax. She didn't even moan the full sound of his name before he plunged inside her. The absolute bliss poured

down over his body like a hurricane, and Reno had to hold himself still or embarrass himself with an immediate climax.

“Baby.”

“*Reno.*”

“Ah, fuck. You don’t know how good this feels.”

“I think I have some idea. Keep going, don’t stop.”

Reno kept going at her whined demand, hitting her harder with longer thrusts. He was a man unhinged, working only for his woman’s pleasure.

The fuck? *His woman?*

He rammed that thought out of his head with a deep plunge, bringing them to a roaring shared orgasm. Reno focused on Kylie as he came to a slow, rolling stop once his hips stopped jerking.

Ah, shit. She’d destroyed him and didn’t even know it.

She’d tied a noose around his neck and kicked out the chair.

*His woman.* Two words, one declaration, and now he was screwed because it meant Kylie was underneath his skin. Digging her little nails into his bones, owning him from the inside where he’d let no one own before.

Lifting himself off her body so he could look at the curvy line of Kylie, his eyes mapped every tiny freckle he saw on her back and hips. She had incredible hipbones, perfect for a man to grip to give her exquisite pleasure. Her skin was smooth and kissable.



“Goddamn, you Reno. You’re all up in my orgasms. Why can’t you let me rest?”

“Rest time means you’re kicking me out. We’re never gonna be done.”

Kylie made his heart race and his throat lock up.

While she lay beneath him with a pleased smile touching her lips, he was losing his mind at this new revelation.

It was the sex talking, he mused.

Only the sex.

He wasn’t developing feelings.

It can’t be that.

He couldn’t *let it be*.

“Why do I keep opening the door to you?” she spoke almost as if to herself, and Reno came out of his introspective, terror-filled thoughts and chuckled, amused at how confused she sounded. He brushed his lips up the length of her spine until he could plant his mouth on the back of her neck.

“You can’t resist me, mama. Just like I’m drawn to you.” that is the damn truth.

“It’s getting out of hand.”

“Damn right it is. Glad you realize it.”

“What does that even mean?” she craned around to stare at him. It only gave Reno a chance to take her lips nice and slowly. He got a blast of pleasure when she didn’t want to let go of his mouth, reaching up to twine a hand around the back of his neck.

“It means we keep doing this. Keep spending time together.”

She scoffed even as he watched the longing flare in her eyes. She wanted it as much as he did.

“Well, that’s just crazy. This isn’t…”

“Isn’t what?”

“We’re casual, remember?”

“I remember. But maybe now we’re not casual.”

Detaching from her body, he leaned over her to grab the box of tissues to dump the condom; he bracketed Kylie’s legs when she flipped onto her back, trapping her.

Needing to know if her head was in the same crazy spot his was.

He’d never asked for her reasons why she didn’t want a relationship. Every woman he’d ever known seemed to want to ball and chain a man. That’s why Kylie seemed perfect for him. Casual but perfect. But now his interest was piqued, and he needed to know why she’d only wanted casual hookups.

“Tell me you don’t think about me, Kylie. Tell me you don’t pick up the phone a hundred times a day to talk to me because you miss me. Then I can say it back to you because that shit is true.”

Kylie only gave a ruminating sound as she rolled over to her belly once more and stretched out her lovely body. Reno wasn’t sure if she was agreeing or disagreeing with him.

This moment right after he’d destroyed her with orgasms was his second favorite moment, the best being spilling his

pleasure into her because Kylie's stubborn walls were at their lowest. She let him hold her, if only for a minute. Dropping his body down over hers, he luxuriated in how good they locked together. His groin fit snugly over her ass, their knees and backs aligned perfectly. And his mouth could forage against the back of Kylie's neck.

Absolute paradise.

He could count the number of women he'd cuddled up with on the one hand and have three fingers and a thumb left over.

"How long do I get before you boot my sexy ass to the curb, mama?"

She chuffed a laugh. "Maybe three minutes. Maybe longer if I want to use you again."

Fuck, he loved that honesty of hers.

He'd noticed immediately how she grew relaxed as a hibernating bear the minute he laid on top of her. So he nuzzled the back of her neck and stroked a fingertip along the side of her ribcage.

The second his weight fell, the gorgeous little sex pot moaned, and Reno's dick twitched at her reaction. He'd already had weird thoughts and did a little spilling of those thoughts moments ago. He might as well go all the way to hell, so he grabbed one of her hands, lacing it with his fingers, and rested it by her head. When she didn't pull away, Reno felt fifty feet tall.

"You wanna use and abuse me again, baby?"

"Maybe." She purred. Oh yeah, he heard sex in her voice; she unquestionably wanted to ride him raw.

Man, he wished he could ride her raw. Just push into her tightness, skin to skin, feeling himself pour into her channel and then watch it dripping sexily out of her cunt.

He surged forward, trapping any protest she might spew at him with his mouth at a nearly violent impact. Only when she softened did he pull back.

“I’m gonna get us some food, and then you can do despicable things to make me feel ashamed and dirty in the morning. Make sure you keep this little slit warm for me, yeah?” He palmed over her sex and felt her push into his hand. *Good girl.* “Do you need anything while I’m out? You got ice cream?”

“No, I ate the last of it when you left the other night.”

His eyebrow shot up. “You eat ice cream after I leave?”

“Yeah...”

“You kick my ass out.”

“I hardly kick you. I merely suggest it’s time to go, Jackson.”

“And then you eat ice cream because you’re still pining for me.”

She scoffed, rolling her pretty eyes, and pushed at his shoulder. “Just go before I lock the door and pretend I don’t know you.”

Reno grinned. He was going to steal her spare key.

“Oh, while I’m gone, you can look at the thing I brought you. I dumped it on the couch.”

“You brought me something? What is it?”

“Guess you better look,” he smirked over his shoulder, enjoying her curious eyes as she nibbled her full lower lip. He gave Kylie a wink and then took off. Making it fast, or she might bolt the door and change her mind.

Obstinate woman.

She was hard up for him as much as he was for her.

Why she kept him at a distance, he didn't know.

But he'd drag her secrets from her, one screaming orgasm at a time.

# EIGHTEEN

Kylie

Underwear.

Reno had bought her a bag full of Bella Nu underwear. An exclusive lingerie store in town that cost the earth.

How crazy was the biker?

She laid the twelve pairs of panties in varying styles and colors on the couch, standing over them as she heard the back door open and close. She was still in underwear shock mode, that Kylie didn't question how Reno had let himself in.

"Mama, whatcha doing?"

"You bought lingerie for me."

"Yeah," he half-grinned, almost boyishly, with his hands stuffed down into the front pockets of the denim jeans. "You complained I was ruining yours, thought I'd replace 'em."

"When you said you got me something, I thought maybe it was a bottle of wine."

"You want wine?"

"No. Oh, my God, listen, Reno. You went into a store to buy underwear for me?"

“Yes.”

“*You?*”

“Yes, Kylie. *Me.*”

“You didn’t get a minion to do it?”

He smirked. “Nope.”

“You went inside?”

“No. I stood in the doorway and yelled to the clerk. Yes, I went inside and touched all the stuff I wanted to see you parading around in. Did I get the right size? I held my hands out at hip width and guessed.”

As she was learning about Reno, even the most mundane things and simple words from him made her read carnal suggestions. It was as though he’d unlocked this unknown part of her she never knew existed. Something as simple as shopping for a gift made her tremble with surprise.

Why was her heart galloping like a stallion?

Before Kylie fell on his face pussy first, she cleared her throat and picked up the delicately lacy things that were utterly gorgeous and so expensive; she knew that because she owned a few. The price started at ninety bucks. He was freaking crazy buying her twelve pairs.

She was nearly blinded by want of him.

The gesture was so cute and *unexpected*. It made the tension in her core build.

“You can’t get me gifts,” she said, stuffing them back into the bag. “Did you keep the receipt?”

“The hell I can. It’s nothing, Kylie. I tore yours.”

“Two pairs! And I was joking about replacing them. When did you even do this?”

“After I left the zombie house.”

“Funeral home.”

“Yeah, that’s what I said.” He grabbed the bag from her, holding it out of reach. “You’re keeping ‘em. We’re gonna eat the burgers I brought home, then we’ll fuck again because seeing you all fired up and stubborn makes my dick wake up. Then, mama,” he continued and dared wrap a hand around the back of her neck, drawing her in like he had all the rights to her body.

Ugh, she didn’t protest when her hands went to his chest. She cracked her lips open and tasted the heady, masculine cologne he wore on every inhale, proving he affected all her senses.

“You’re gonna parade around the bedroom in each pair of these. I’m dying to see you in the red ones.” His head dropped, and Reno spoke that last part with his lips brushing hers.

Kylie *only* let him stay because she was hungry.

No other reason.

Not because she enjoyed his company and quick wit.

Kicking a man out after eating his food would have been rude.

So, to thank him, she fucked him so much.

“Don’t you care that I’m using you? Using your body?”



“Couldn’t give a fuck, Kylie. Your pleasure is my pleasure. Use me for the rest of my worthless life, and I’ll savor every morsel you sling my way.”

What could she do in the light of that honesty but screw his brains out?

As she climbed on top of him, her hands spanned the thickness of his neck, and she felt Reno’s pulse hammer like a drill inside his throat. Desire swirled hot and fast. His scent alone was an aphrodisiac. It was warm and inviting, offering the things she’d never envisioned for herself. A future with someone special.

“First, your life is not worthless,” she told him and watched his pupils dilate.

He was so incongruously handsome with his eyes trained on her face, letting her do her thing, being wholly confident in his masculinity to let her climb on him.

“Second, don’t think more of this than what it is,” she husked. “We’re still what we are.”

Kylie wasn’t convinced by anything she said, not when it concerned him.

They’d started passionately, and in a short time, it entangled into a great beast of feelings. Too many feelings. Emotions she couldn’t unpack, or she might want to keep him.

Most of her working life was gloomy, downright wrong in most cases, and he’d become an oasis.

“You want my body, baby? I’m good with that.”

However wrong it should feel, Kylie fed off his dedicated attention. How his eyes never wavered, or how his hands roamed as though he liked to map her curves.

It was a potent concoction of exhilarating confusion.

She *liked* Reno.

Probably too much for decency.

Over the days, she'd expected his calls or for him to knock on the door. And then she anticipated it. It worsened when she became jittery if he didn't turn up at his usual time.

How had a one-night-stand got so out of hand like this?

Sure, lust motivated her to make the first move. He was gorgeous, too handsome, overly cocky, and self-aware. He's the type of man a woman takes second and third glances at, their eyes drawn to the morally corrupt man with the pretty face.

But she felt it was more than an attraction now. And that's what was giving her butterflies.

Nothing emotional scared Kylie.

Relationships had been there to enjoy for the short time they lasted. They weren't ever stumbling moments to give her breathless dreams. She sure as hell never lost her mind or heart over a guy. Her brief relationships never filled her with a hope that maybe sexual longing could be something else she felt, if she'd only admit it.

The more she was around Reno, the more she liked him.

Danger! Trouble! Abandon mission!

All the warning signs were there, but the strange thing was, it wasn't about Reno. Instead, the rising panic she felt pointed toward herself, her flaws, and spaces inside her which wasn't normal.

A woman her age should want a long-lasting relationship. That's what society thrusts down your throat from birth to find *the one*.

She belonged with the Torrance's. They hadn't adopted a baby when they easily could have. They'd chosen a shy eight-year-old girl instead. Compassionate people she would walk to the ends of the earth for. She loved her family.

That was all the belonging she needed.

Not someone who could potentially break her heart.

Short and satisfying relationships were the key.

Why would she change something which wasn't broken?

Reno never got into his manly feelings when she halted their nights together. He'd give her a little smirk, a kiss at the door, telling her to lock up behind him. He didn't throw a tantrum. From the start, he'd listened to the parameters of their fling, never arguing.

Even when starving eyes gazed at her with the kind of hunger that went unquenched, he'd never pushed her for more. Unless they were in bed, he'd followed through with his claim and always took charge there. God, did he. She hated how he was systematically ruining her for any other man.

So deep in her panicked thoughts, Kylie jumped when Reno's hand skimmed up her bare stomach, stopping when he reached between her breasts. He must have felt her racing

heart because his brows fell inward, then he leaned up and grabbed at her mouth, making her moan. The tension fell from Kylie's shoulder as she kissed him back just as ferociously.

“Whatever you got going on in that smart head of yours, I'd suggest you shelve it, mama. You got stuff to do. And by stuff, I mean *me*. I brought a hard dick to this party, would be a shame to waste it, huh?”

Oh, that smirk would be her undoing. She smiled in return and bit him on the chin. Reno answered with a grunt filled with sexual need.

“You can't flaunt that tempting pussy at me and not expect me to react to it, Kylie. Fucking impossible. Now do your job.”

“My job?”

“My face isn't gonna ride itself. Hop on, take it for a spin. It's got all the gears you like.” Other than his flexing fingers digging into the fleshy part of her ass, Reno was motionless beneath her, tracking his gaze over her face. Waiting.

Tempting her into the sin he offered.

“Look at you fighting it,” he taunted with a smirk on his lips, making Reno the sexiest man she'd ever been on top of. “Take it, mama. You know you want me. You're fucking crazy about me.”

Oh, fuck him.

Getting some good dick was not turning her soft.

He laid back, arms over his head, eyes like lasers trained only on her. Waiting so sexily. So patiently. Unlike when he

got his hands on her, his moves were never rehearsed; he fucked dangerously and without fanfare like his reputation. He put his hands and mouth on her and then gorged on his feast. His hedonistic actions had knocked her socks off from the beginning.

Kylie crawled up the length of his torso, holding onto the headboard; she pushed her sex into his face and got butterflies when he groaned with explicit pleasure to taste her private skin, dripping wet with need shaking through her. His tongue flicked out immediately between her slit, finding her clit ready for a licking.

“The only way to shut you up is to sit on your face. Now eat my pussy like it’s *your* job, Jackson.”

“Finally, you’re getting it,” he chuckled, and went to work on her clit.

Like always, she got lost in him.

Like always, it was the best *ever*.

\* \* \*

“Do you have secrets?”

She frowned at his question, feeling her stomach tighten.

What did he know?

There was little harm in answering truthfully. “Of course. Do you?”

“Always, mama,” he half-grinned. Naked, lying on his side across the end of her bed with his ankles crossed, Reno looked like a God dropped from the heavens. He was sex-mussed, satiation in his eyes, and why wouldn’t there be? She’d taken her panic and confusion out on him, bringing them to many climaxes.

Kylie was a little more modestly dressed in a pair of her new panties (she’d modeled them all for him, and Reno had chosen the red for her to wear) and a sleep tank top with spaghetti straps. They each held a pint of ice cream he’d bought. There was more stashed in the freezer. Hers was chocolate mint. Reno was happily spooning pistachio into his mouth. Every few bites, they switched cartons.

“Tell me something few people know about you,” he asked. The weight in her stomach returned. Was he fishing? Had he found out about the cleaner?

Would he understand if she confessed her sins right now?

Did she want to?

That was the better question, and Kylie ignored it.

Spooning more ice cream into her mouth, she let the silence swirl between them. Reno didn’t push her, but he nudged her with his toes, gobbling another load of ice cream before they switched over.

“I’m kind of good at chess.”

“The game?”

“Yeah. I used to be in clubs when I was a kid. And then, when I was around twelve, I started competing. I won a lot.” She shared. “I was a junior champion for six years and even

went to Germany. My dad took me when I was eighteen for the World Championships.”

“Holy fuck, Kylie. You sexy little nerdy brain.”

Kylie choked on a chuckle.

“Hardly.”

“How did you get on in the big leagues?”

“Not well. I choked so bad.”

“How?”

“Hundreds of real chess players there, and I was intimidated by people I’d only ever watched online.”

“You fangirled so hard, didn’t you?” the grin he flashed warmed her cheeks.

She’d been so star-struck, and because of that significant flop, she hadn’t played chess for years afterward through utter disappointment in herself. Now she was teaching Michele to play. It was fun to watch her girl knock over the pieces even if she didn’t get how to play by the rules yet.

“Now, your turn.”

“You wanna know a secret about me?”

Reno had washed up and then watched her take a shower after sex. She’d felt his gaze through the frosted glass of the shower cubicle the whole time. He’d even talked a little, but mostly he was silent as she bathed.

Somehow, his wanting to share a secret with her felt more intimate than the shower.

“Ugh. No,” she said, and he grinned once more. Reaching over the bed, he grasped her ankle; leaning down, he bit her gently on the bottom of her foot.

“Too late. You wanna know all the shit about me? I know it. You can get addicted like your brainy chess battles.”

“You’re a shit.”

“Sexy, though, huh?”

He was impossible. So she ignored him and ate her ice cream while his hungry, laser-like eyes focused on her mouth. Wild, raw. *Wanting*.

“I was nearly engaged once.” He shared.

That nugget stopped her from eating. Thankfully empty, the spoon drooped in her fingers. That Reno might have loved someone enough to propose sat like titanium in her stomach.

She never expected this kind of jealousy to slosh through her blood.

Did he buy a ring? Did they get as far as planning a big church wedding?

Who was she? Did he love her still?

She had only one way to stop her questions from spilling out, by biting her lip.

Reno filled her in, anyway. “It was to Roux.”

Oh. Jesus. She would have preferred to hear it was a faceless woman she didn’t know.

“You were in love with Axel’s daughter?”



It was worse than she was imagining. He must still see Roux all the time. Her jealous ants went nuts, stinging her.

Reno burst out laughing. “Fuck no. Not even close, we weren’t even a thing.”

Huh. “What do you mean? How were you nearly engaged to her then?”

“There was some nasty shit going on. Axel was tweaked and wanted his daughter protected as insurance if he got taken out. So they volunteered me to be that protection.” He whistled through his closed teeth, then smiled as if remembering. “It did not go down well with the club princess.”

Coming down from her jealous spurt, Kylie put the spoon, fully loaded again, between her lips, swallowing the creamy dessert. “So, you weren’t together?”

“Nah, she’s family, and I’m not into fucking family,” he flashed a grin. “It was purely business. But she was pissed off because she already had a long-time secret thing going on with a Renegade Souls boy, he’s now her husband. So it all worked out in the end.”

Reno continued when she was breathing normally again, feeling stupid for having a jealous moment.

“Thank fuck it didn’t stick ‘cause she has two kids now.” He visibly shuddered.

Slick grease sloshed through Kylie’s stomach at how he said it like it was a foul thing. “You don’t like kids?”

“They’re fine if they’re someone else’s, and Roux’s hellions are nice enough. But no kid should have my genes. So

I've been thinking about getting snipped to make sure it never happens.”

Oh, wow. That was a lot to unpack.

Kylie felt compelled to ask him what he meant about his genes. It implied he had shitty parents or a terrible childhood which had scared him into ever having his own family.

Was he mistreated? Abused? Neglected?

The time she'd known him, and the time before when she'd only watched him, growing fascinated by the good-looking man, he always seemed happy-go-lucky.

There was little opportunity to voice what she wanted because Reno suddenly moved. Then, having abandoned his empty ice cream carton, he crawled on top of her.

Firing her veins to life, pumping too much blood to her sexual hot spots.

Her belly rippled when he rested fully on her, her breathing slowed, and wherever Reno's skin touched hers, she pulsed warmth all over.

Why did it feel good to have a man lying on top of her? It was like her weighted blanket, but better by a trillion.

“Love it when you make that satisfied sound,” he groaned in her ear and then nipped it. “Tell me another secret about you. And it can't be you have the perfect tits in town. Everyone knows that.” He said, stealing the breath out of her body when he leaned down and nuzzled a breast through her shirt.

Yeah, this guy was deeper than she first thought.

A born flirt, that was for sure. And she liked every second of being on the receiving end of that flirting.

Grabbing his hair, Reno groaned; he didn't stop nuzzling.

Wanting to scale a man like he was a jungle gym was not normal.

All the orgasms had made her less bright because in no way would she have confessed had she been of a sound, logical mind. That wasn't who she was.

"I've heard more than one person say how cold and unfeeling I am. I never correct them because I think maybe they're right."

Shit. This was a bad idea. The ice cream. Sitting in bed with a naked man when they weren't having sex. Confessing dumb stuff that shouldn't hurt her feelings but did, anyway.

Giving Reno a little shove, indicating for him to move, he didn't move. Instead, he just pressed her deeper into the bed as he lifted his head to gaze down at her with an eyebrow cocked in his arrogant way.

"You're the least cold, unfeeling woman I've ever met. You're a whole fucking furnace, mama." He drank from her lips, taking slow sips of her taste, draining her of sanity, convincing her she was the warmest woman he'd ever touched.

And in those few seconds of kissing, she believed him.

Pleasure throbbed between her legs.

*Ugh*, she felt starved whenever they kissed. Like Reno was reminding her how she'd never had a decent meal until him.

By the time he reached for a condom, Kylie was mindless to feel full by him again.

One shove, and she got her wish, sighing into his neck.

Push by push. Moan by moan, he destroyed her.

She wished she could ride him like a vessel, use Reno as a hard body to get off, and not think about him having a terrible past or feeling jealous of his non-engagement. But the more he pushed inside of her, hitting her soft, agonizingly good places, the less that happened and the more he got under her armor until she was all arms and legs wrapped around him, begging to be fucked.

By the time she pinwheeled into another orgasm, she was an evaporated wreck, panting into his neck, Reno holding onto her, equally wrecked.

Breathing each other's air.

Licking.

Biting.

It was madness, and Kylie fought to regain some composure even while Reno put a necklace of kisses around her throat. His care and mighty hand with her was a serotonin boost she hadn't expected. How could she? Hook-ups came with zero expectations.

Reno had brought more than that to the table; now, it felt like they were uneven, and he held all the cards.

"You should go." She croaked and then cleared her voice to tell him louder, "it's time to go, Reno." Her body had other

ideas as she skimmed her fingertips along the vertebrae of his spine.

Everyone listened to it except for him.

He kissed the side of her face.

He nuzzled and licked her neck.

Keeping her pinned underneath him, his twitching dick was still solid inside her.

“That attitude of yours doesn’t have the effect you think it does, baby. Makes me wanna mount you on the floor like animals, hold you down and fuck it all out of you until you’re dripping all over me and so soft, all you can do is cuddle into me. If that was your intention, then please fucking continue. Me and my hard cock are ready.”

Kylie moaned, lifting her hips to squeeze her inner walls around him.

“You really gonna kick me out, mama? I’m tired.”

She wilted like spinach.

“Fine. You can have fifteen minutes, and then I’m showing you the door. Close your eyes, baby boy biker. I’ve worn you out.”

He nuzzled into her neck. A palm went to her boob, and Kylie lost a little more of her armor.

“Kylie?”

“Yeah?”

“You gonna teach me to play chess?”

Oh, God. There was no defense against this man, was there?

“Yeah, I will,” she breathed and felt how tightly he held her.

# NINETEEN

Reno

“You look like shit.”

“Thanks, beauty queen,” snarked Reno, feeling ten kinds of tired as he strode in step with Axel. They crossed the street after parking the bikes, heading toward Chains’ house. It was the first time he was having a cookout since his wife’s sister got killed; he wanted everyone to rally around Monroe. The club took care of its own. So, though he was dog tired, here Reno was, coming with his appetite, hoping he could stay awake long enough to chow down a chicken.

“You worried about DeCastro?” Axel slowed his step, which meant Reno had to follow suit. Not in the mood for a heart-to-heart, he was about to tell the prez that when Axel clapped him on the shoulder, holding a tight grip.

“If you and Ruin wanna get away for a bit, it’s fine.”

Reno’s lip curled with offense. “Run away like pussies?”

“No,” the prez answered in a steady tone, “take a step back. It’s fucking with your head, brother, you’re out all hours hunting for him. DeCastro will show his hand when he’s ready to. You know that more than most. No one is gonna think less

of you for wanting to distance yourself from this. We got your back. You know that, yeah?”

Had anyone else said it to him, Reno would have gone ballistic.

He didn't back off from his problems, he'd never run away.

In times of grief and trouble, Axel was more like a general than the ruler of an MC. Being on the end of an attack from the Mexicans had changed Axel. He hadn't been Mary Poppins before. Far from it, he'd done enough dirty work to earn his place in Hell alongside them all. But now, after his house was bombed, and they'd worked diligently to get the Mexican soldiers who'd done it, Axel was more machine to protect those they cared about.

To protect the town, they'd worked their balls off to make it into a decent, thriving place again. He was like a God to the townspeople he'd given promises to.

But in these times, he was the man Reno swore fealty to right before he got his club patch. It was because of Axel he was still around. Who else would have taken in the DeCastro twins?

Reno owed him a lot for giving them a place to belong, a purpose, a reason not to eat the end of a gun.

He shook his head. “I'm not running from this, Axel. If I'm not the one to kill him, I'll be there when it happens. If I'm tired of hunting, he's tired of hiding.”

“He'll fuck up, eventually.” Axel's authoritarian rumble dropped some of Reno's tension from his shoulders. His feet crunched the gravel walkway of Chains' backyard as he



reached over the gate to grab the lock, pushing it open. Already some brothers were there, lounging around, laughing, and drinking. More of his tension faded.

“Come on,” Axel said, “let’s get you shit-faced. Or you got a date with your woman later?”

Axel knew everything. He paid attention to every inch of the club. He probably knew which member had a new dog, or whose mother was ill.

Reno turned a raised eyebrow at him and found the prez smirking like a smug jackass. “You could’ve invited her over.”

Right. Reno swallowed a snorted laugh, heading into the backyard. Kylie would send his ass to the moon if he dared suggest a date. As it was, though, he couldn’t have invited her since he hadn’t seen her in four days. Part of the reason he was exhausted.

Now he was antsy, jonesing for a fix of her face, her short bursts of laughter, and her entirely too sexy scowl.

He drank cold beers with his brothers, ate enough meat to make a vegan hate his guts, and sat in blissed silence with Ruin, who, for the first time in weeks, didn’t have his face glued to his phone. Maybe his little online dalliance had fizzled out. Who knew? Ruin was oddly tight-lipped lately about everything he did, leaving Reno suspicious.

*You’ve been secretive too, dickhead.* Yeah, there was that, he supposed.

Two months ago, he would have flirted outrageously with Monroe’s two single hot sisters. He might have talked one of

them into hooking up with him in a bathroom inside Chains' house. But all he could think about now was Kylie.

That woman had her hooks well and truly into him, and he couldn't say he minded at all.

Holding the beer bottle on his knee, he let go of a heavy sigh.

She was avoiding him.

They talked on the phone, but she stopped him from coming over.

Too busy with work was her excuse.

He was calling bullshit. No one was that busy.

That woman of his was lying if she couldn't feel the simmering undercurrent of *something* in every glance they shared. It practically bit Reno on the neck, claiming him.

She got spooked because she realized she liked him for more than just his wonder cock. Never in his lifetime, or the next, did Reno think he'd be chasing a woman to spend time with him. With their clothes on.

Leaving the guys and their women to it, he clapped hands with Ruin. "Catch you later, brother." His answer was a grunt and a shrewd, all-knowing stare. There was no time to explain where he was going, not when he'd stewed in his irritated juices for hours. Reno had his phone out as he straddled a leg over his bike.

"Hey," she answered. His claw-like stomach muscles unclenched, hearing her husky voice.

"Mama, I wanna see you. I'm on my way."

“No,” she said far too fast, making Reno’s eyes slit until his vision distorted.

“You got another man there?” the question tasted bitter in his mouth, and his bones and sinew shifted into killer mode, ready to decimate another guy if he thought he was moving in on Reno’s woman.

“No, of course not,” she answered without hesitation. Reno’s blood pressure lessened. “I’m just busy with things, Reno.”

“I’m coming over. We don’t have to fuck. You can be busy while you look at me.”

The silence on the other end put a pitchfork through Reno’s gut.

He’d been patient with Kylie.

Probably too goddamn patient.

He should have just taken what he wanted.

*Kylie all the time.* Every minute of the day.

He wanted to crowd her, pin her, monopolize her time.

There was no way she wasn’t feeling the same. When they were together, she crawled into his skin. She put her body in his hands, knowing he’d treat it like a diamond, giving her exactly what she needed. She clawed him up; she begged and cried. That was not the actions of a woman who wasn’t *feeling* him.

“Kylie...” he growled.

“Okay. Okay. I’ll come to you.”

Reno closed his eyes. If he believed in a God, he'd ask the big man for wisdom and patience not to tear off her panties and redden her ass the second he saw her. But he was the least faith-believing guy, so his stubborn woman was out of luck and would have to take the licks.

“Meet me at my place,” he rattled off the address in a less-than-understanding voice. He needed her in *his* bed for a change. “Don't make me chase you down, Kylie. I'm part bloodhound.”

Her laugh went some way into dulling the roar between his ears.

“I just bet you are. I'll be there.”

Reno only managed to be at his house a few minutes, long enough to flip on the lights and to make sure Ruin hadn't left rotten food on a plate, and then he heard a car turning in, and his pulse went nuts.

He flung open the door and dragged a startled Kylie inside. He didn't have time for manners when he had the object of his obsession in his arms again. He slipped her from the thigh-length coat and dumped it along with her purse on the couch.

And then he did nothing but crowd over her until she backed up and hit the wall. Their staring went on and on. He was dying for her mouth, greedy for her. His gaze dropped to look at it, and Kylie licked the luscious lips like a temptress. But he wanted her to offer her mouth. Better yet, to take his.

She sighed.

He waited.

The air crackled around them.

Sensual tension pulsed to an all-time high.

She sighed again and grabbed both sides of his face, bringing him down to level. Reno felt a rush of adrenaline when Kylie smashed his lips.

“I can’t stay long,” she breathed into his mouth. Not good enough. He grabbed her up by the ass, and Kylie’s legs automatically latched around his waist. A few long strides had them at his bedroom door.

“Guess you’ll have to cancel your other plans, mama. Because I’m about to keep you busy for a while.” Kylie didn’t object because Reno had his tongue in her mouth, and she was sucking wildly.

She kissed him like she couldn’t get enough, and every cell in Reno’s body roared with triumph to know he wasn’t alone in this new, surreal feeling.

Was it unreasonable to consider kidnapping her and making her live on the end of his cock?

He breathed against her lips, delivering one last kiss before he pulled away to do his next job.

“I’m gonna eat you until you can’t scream anymore,” he threatened, watching her eyes flare with want. Reno slowly undressed her, dropping her clothes on the armchair in the corner. When she was deliciously naked, and he’d put her on the edge of his bed, he lunged for her pussy like a starving man. He got her legs over his shoulders, her butt held firmly in his hands, and he ate. She did scream and yanked at his hair, but Reno stopped short of giving her an orgasm; even though he hated leaving her unsatisfied, he had a point to make, so she

knew where he stood. He rose to his feet, licking her from his lips.

“No one likes a tease,” she accused, her eyes glassy with want. He’d give every dollar he had to see that look for the rest of his life.

His bedroom was nothing special, like the rest of the apartment. They had enough furniture to make it liveable, but if it weren’t for the sweet bottoms coming by to clean the place once a week, he and Ruin would probably live like slobs. The walls were white. There was a dresser and a chair. He’d paid more for the king-size bed than he had for anything else in the apartment, which included the entertainment system and games station. So, seeing her on his dark blue bed made him feel territorial over her.

Like she belonged there.

“Kylie, you’re gonna use your sexy throat to tell me how sorry you are,” he groaned, rolling a hand around the front of her throat, with the knowledge of how good her suck was. “Get me in there nice and tight,” fuck, he couldn’t wait. His cock was aching, pressed hard against the confines of the jeans, eager for her hands.

Two eyebrows shot up high. “What am I sorry for?”

“Avoiding me. Avoiding *this*.”

She didn’t deny it, and that was good. Reno was hanging on by a thread, listening to her denial would have pushed him over the edge.

He was an asshole. He readily admitted it, but he needed Kylie to know this avoiding him wasn’t working for him.

“Take me out. Use me up. Come on, show me how much you like it.” He rasped, watching her with the eyes of a predator. He’d had her countless times, but this felt like the first time again. Like he was branding her.

Reno’s brain checked out when her hands wrapped around him as he punched his hips forward into her seeking touch.

She used him so damn good until he nearly begged her to stop; he was sure he blacked out a few times. Then, when he got his equilibrium back, he made good on his promise and raced a few screams out of Kylie.

Flat on her back.

Riding his lap.

Up against the shower wall.

He gulped her screams into his throat as though they were his new favorite meal.

When he thought about how she wanted to run from this, he felt angry again and punched his hips harder, impaling her with fury, trying to fuck obedience into her.

“I can’t,” she moaned, clinging to him. They were both drenched in sex sweat.

“*You will,*” he growled like an asshole. He’d force more orgasms into her if he had to. It was the only time she let her guard down.

Reno was sure now he lived for Kylie’s orgasms.

His new strategy to fuck her into submission, to accept more than just intimacy between them, went on for hours. He knew next to nothing about things outside of sex, but he knew

he needed more. Craved more. And if she tried to shake him off right now, he would go nuclear.

“Open your eyes, Kylie. I want you to see who is taking you.”

“Who else would it be?” she asked huskily.

“Only me.” she felt like velvet. “Am I hurting you?”

“Oh, God. I’m in agony.”

“Good,” he smirked, jabbing his hips forward to impale her deeper, ready to find his bliss inside her tight body.

It was a long time before they spoke again.

Their bodies had a lot to say, though.

\* \* \*

Kylie

“I could hang out with the dead, I don’t mind. I can sit and watch you work. Then fuck my girl when she needs a break.”

“No, no. *No, Reno*. There’s no *my girl*. We’re sex buddies, remember?”

“My buddy, huh? Okay, buddy, wanna know a secret? My girl is so sweet on me, so crazy about me. She doesn’t even know it yet, but I do. And I’m breaking her down, layer by layer, until she gets it.”



What he wanted from her was too intimate.

“I got you, baby. Come on, open your eyes and kiss me.”

Kylie felt her struggle melt away; her arms looped around Reno’s shoulders, she pressed their mouths together, and he groaned.

Her body was still throbbing from the heavy pounding he’d given her for the last few hours, but their kissing continued. Slowing, tasting him, swallowing his moans of pleasure. She was addicted to his mouth, even if she didn’t want to admit to any attachment.

She ended the kiss first, trying to clear Reno from her brain. She watched him climb out of bed and slip on some jeans. She went to follow suit. Knowing it was way past time, she returned home to relieve the babysitter.

His sigh reared up her head even before she got a foot on the floor. “Kylie, for fuck’s sake, stay in my bed. Can’t stand to see you leave all the time.”

She inhaled and sat her ass back on the bed. “It’s you who leaves, Jackson.”

“Because you show me the door. Just stay. I’m gonna scrape up something to eat. What do you want to drink?”

“Do you have apple juice?”

“Yeah, I’ll bring you some. Don’t leave the bed.”

“I need the bathroom.”

He pointed it out before slamming a closed-lipped kiss on her mouth, leaving her breathless as he left the door open a

little, swaggering out in only a pair of unbuttoned jeans. The handsome bastard.

Kylie reached down to the floor to retrieve the pillows they'd pushed from the bed. Then, placing them behind her, she leaned back.

This was getting out of hand.

“Who are you kidding? It's been out of hand since you went to the club to find him,” she muttered.

She'd wanted him. Went to find him, had him, and now couldn't shake him off. He was worse than a five-stage clinging sloth. But the truth was, she hadn't tried very hard to avoid Reno because she couldn't. Something in her kept being drawn back to him.

Maybe she should give it a go.

Tell him everything and see what happens next.

The worse that could happen was he wasn't down to be in a relationship with a single mom. She'd survive. Sure, she'd miss playing with his body and seeing that great smile, and if she ever saw him with another woman one day, in love and happy, she might slash that woman's tires. But who didn't have thoughts like that?

Padding naked in the bathroom. She quickly washed up. A few times in the last hours, Reno had pulled off the condom at the last moment and came over her stomach and breasts. God, how erotic had it been to watch him stroking it out all over her?

All kinds of things loitered through her mind while she pulled on her clothes, but her overall decision was she wanted

Reno, so why shouldn't she go both feet in and put him out of his misery by seeing him outside of the bedroom?

If she was going to have a boyfriend after her massive hiatus of singledom, it might as well be the cockiest who made her blush with one of his suggestive glances.

Shaking her head with a smile, she stepped into the hallway. She must be mad contemplating it, but she felt good about her decision.

Hearing two male voices made Kylie's footsteps halt.

There was no guilt in eavesdropping, not when she knew it was about her.

"You brought the woman here." One gruff voice said. It sounded enough like Reno, but she knew it must be his twin brother. The snarly one she'd met at the club and mistakenly thought was Reno. She now knew, even though they were identical in looks, Reno had a tattooed left hand, and Ruin had the right hand inked in the same pattern.

It was Reno who spoke next. "Don't start."

"Start what? How you came out of the closet with her instead of sneaking around?" There was silence, and then, "yeah, I knew, brother."

"How?"

"Doesn't matter. The better question is, you brought her here, so does that mean you're ready to share this one?"

Kylie's ears rang as she inhaled sharply.

Share. This. One.

This one.

*This one.*

Did that imply they'd shared women before?

Holy fuck. If this were the reason Reno brought her here, she'd slit his throat.

But no. She'd been the one to suggest coming to him because Michele was fast asleep in bed at home. And she hadn't been ready for that conversation yet. He'd undoubtedly notice a child's presence from the toys on the family room floor.

Reno hadn't brought her home to share the spoils, but the confident tone from Ruin translated that he thought it was a sure thing, and her stomach turned over.

"Shut your goddamn loud mouth," hissed Reno, "that's not happening now or fucking ever, you got it?"

"Oh, yeah, I got it loud and clear for weeks now." Laughed Ruin. It was tinged with anger and made Kylie feel uneasy.

Before she heard more, she forced her feet to move, pushing herself down the hallway. Reno's eyes came to her instantly, and they were filled with remorse. Ruin didn't turn his head her way. The men were identical, but now she looked at each man. She wondered how she could have mistaken Ruin for Reno because now she could pick Reno out of a line-up with her eyes closed. His features were softer, and his eyes held tenderness as he started to come for her, but she reached him first.

"I'm going to head home," she said, watching him frown.

"Baby, this wasn't..."

“Oh, I know what it was,” she tried for a laugh, but her stomach was still churning.

Though she wasn't angry, which was the biggest takeaway here.

Huh, maybe she cared for Reno after all.

Because she needed it and didn't know *why* she needed it, she put her hand on Reno's bare chest, feeling how steady his heart was pumping.

“So we're all on the same page, especially you two deviants, will never, and I repeat, for those in the back, *never* share me or pass me between you like a Twizzler.”

“Kylie...” he sounded pained, so she rubbed his chest, only then turning to look at Ruin.

“You're not my type. Sorry, not sorry, Ruin. You'll need to find entertainment elsewhere.” His reaction was an unreadable stare. She tipped her chin up to Reno. “Now, if Michael B. Jordan knocked on the door, we can discuss. I'll take a rain check on the food.” Then hooking up her purse and coat. “Walk me out.”

The way he grabbed her at the door sent chills throughout her body. Then, when Reno bent his mouth to her ear, those chills went manic. “You amaze me, Kylie.”

Her eyes flickered closed when he pressed a small kiss behind her ear.

She made it to her car on jellified legs. Reno was on her tail.

“I can explain that,” he stated as she unlocked the car door.

“I bet you can.” Kylie half-smiled.

Reno looked uncomfortable, rubbing the back of his neck. It was the first time he wasn't behaving like a cocky stud.

“It's complicated.”

“I don't see how. You and him screw women together.”

“I screw them. He gets sucked off. As I said, it's complicated, but it's his issue, not mine to share, baby.”

“You wanted me to suck his dick?”

The second she said it, Reno flattened her back to the car. He dropped his head and growled in her face, looking tortured with his face twisted in agony.

“Never. I would never share you with anyone, Kylie. On my fucking life, I swear it. You're only *mine*. He didn't mean it either. He was pushing my buttons because he's nosy and knows I've been keeping you a secret from him. The only secret I've ever held from him.”

Somehow she believed him and believed it meant something to Reno. She ran both hands up his heaving chest to calm his agitation.

A thumb ran over her lips. This time, it was Kylie who shuddered.

“These lips changed my universe, and I'm not about to give them up or you. But, things are gonna be different between us. You feel it as well as I do.”

The denial was on the tip of her tongue, but it would be a lie.

Conflicting thoughts raged war in her mind, but Kylie stuck with her original decision; she wanted to see what more with Reno looked like.

Reno must have taken her silence as defiance because his glorious mouth came at hers, landed softly, and held there. His hand squeezed her neck.

The familiar taste of him was a drug to her now.

No other kiss had ever felt this important or filled her emotional tank to the brim.

“Buckle in, mama. I can fight as dirty as I need to get what I want. And I got my sights set on you.”

Oh, she believed the baby boy biker could.

And she couldn't wait to see what he brought to this dirty fight.

# TWENTY

Reno

Once he'd watched Kylie's car disappear around the corner, he stormed back into the apartment, slamming the door almost off its hinges.

"You knew she was here and couldn't keep your trap shut." He grated through clenched teeth. Ruin was nonchalantly making himself a drink in the kitchen, like he hadn't just tried to wreck things for him with Kylie.

"It's not me you should be pissed with."

"Yeah? You think so? I know you don't wanna hear it, but that woman means something to me. I didn't plan it, didn't fucking want it for a long time, but that's the truth, and I'm gonna do all I can to keep her around. That means you not being your usual dickish self."

Ruin cocked his head around and poured a tall orange juice, drinking half in a gulp. "You so sure she wants to be kept?"

"What are you hinting at?"

"While you were making her scream your name, her phone buzzed. Might have looked at it."



Reno growled. “Don’t touch her stuff, asshole.”

“Fine, if you’re not interested in the four missed calls from someone called Henri and then a text telling her to call him back.”

Hearing another man’s name, however innocent it could be, someone who worked for Kylie, probably, flames still erupted in Reno’s gut.

Burning, furious jealousy.

Possessive over his woman, he knew she had nothing with another man, not when he was keeping her appetite satisfied, but whoever this Henri guy was, he better not have designs on what belonged to Reno. He didn’t have time to kill someone else.

It came back to him how Ruin warned him about Kylie having secrets. Now he wanted to know what his brother meant by that. But before he could get a word out, Ruin’s phone pinged, and he was all about that as he hooked up the glass and strode off at a fast pace toward his bedroom. Yelling back. “If you bring her here again, keep down the jungle sex noises.” Then his door slammed shut.

*Motherfuck.*

It took Reno only minutes to throw on a shirt and boots, sliding his club vest on under a leather jacket. His keys and phone were next. He’d never sleep now, so he headed out to the club.

There was a shipment coming from the Murphy’s. He let Chains know he could go home to his old lady, and he’d take the job of meeting Cormac and Finneon Murphy. Bringing

prescription drugs across the Canadian border might not be child's play for most smugglers, but it was a cinch for those resourceful Murphy's. The club had only been partners with them for a few months, and already the profits were flying in for all concerned. The old cronies who couldn't afford insurance or their medicines had club-appointed dealers now and lapped up the wholesale prices.

It might not seem like a good deed to some. After all, the MC and the Murphy's were breaking a fist full of laws to buy the drugs, smuggle them, and then resell them, but to Reno's way of thinking, they all could be out murdering people instead of bringing life-saving meds to those in need.

If they made a big fat profit, well, they weren't Robin fucking Hood, and nothing was done purely altruistically.

After meeting with the Murphy cousins and sharing a glass or two of the finest whiskey, he headed back to the clubhouse. As Reno idled his bike outside of the first gate, his feet braced, and the back of his neck itched. He scrubbed at the skin and let his eyes wander into the darkness. The floodlights were on around the perimeter fences, and there was nothing to see.

Didn't mean something wasn't there, regardless.

The same hinky feeling he'd had for days intensified.

Reno couldn't shake the feeling he was being watched.

Paranoia sunk deep into his bones as he rested on the bike seat, letting his hooded gaze strain against the darkened elements. Seeing nothing. But the feeling persisted.

"Come and face me, you fucking coward," he raised his voice. Hearing nothing other than the usual nighttime noises.

He was losing his mind.

Jensen wouldn't have the guts to hang close to the MC, not with his lunatic brotherhood ready and willing to put bullets in him without provocation.

He set the motorcycle in motion.

That fool would trip himself up, eventually.

And Reno couldn't wait to witness that downfall because it was a long time coming.

\* \* \*

“You like fried chicken, mama?”

“Who doesn't?”

“Vegetarians.”

Reno watched his girl's lips quirk.

He was wearing her down. *Finally*. She'd called him to drive over to kiss her. That was the actions of a woman getting herself nice and attached to him, and he couldn't be more thrilled. When he'd seen her looking down the street for him, his heart nearly vaulted out of his chest.

“Don't make dinner; I'll swing by with the best fried chicken and sides. What do you like?”

“Reno, you don’t have to do that.”

He ignored her. “I’ll get all the sides.” Reno popped a kiss on her lips and told her he had to get going.

He glanced back at the stop sign at the end of her street, and he couldn’t hide his grin at her watching him.

If he’d known having a woman felt this incredible, he’d have done it years ago.

Nah, he wouldn’t because no woman was Kylie.

\* \* \*

**Reno:** Mama, you’re not home. I’m here, ready to do some damage in bed. Where you at?

Hours later.

**Kylie:** Sorry, baby boy biker, I was working late. Sorrier that I missed the damage.

**Reno:** You can make it up to me.

**Kylie:** I can bake you an apple pie.

**Reno:** Nope. Try again.

**Kylie:** Blueberry pie?

**Reno:** Baby, coconut cream is the only pie worth mentioning, but it's not pie I want.

**Kylie:** Do you need anyone embalming? I can give you a friend and family discount.

**Reno:** Fuck me, you're cute as hell. Wish you were here with your clothes off so I could tell you in person.

**Kylie:** I will be soon. And I'll bring you coconut cream pie, too.

**Reno:** Are you gonna snuggle with me again?

**Kylie:** What a vicious thing to say! No pie for you.

**Reno:** That's cool. I prefer your pie anyway.

**Reno:** My mama likes to snuggle. You can't deny it.

**Kylie:** The number you're texting is no longer in service

**Reno:** Sassy!

\* \* \*

Kylie

“You don't get it, Aubrey!”

“Don't get what? How you have leg-shaking sex every day, sometimes multiple times a day? Oh yeah, that's terrible.”

Kylie's sister rolled her eyes, laughing at her. Ugh, she got no sympathy at all for her predicament.

“He wants to do absurd things.”

“Like what? Tie you up and spank you with a stalk of celery? He wants to call you mistress while you peg him?”

If only he wanted to do the usual kinky stuff.

This was worse and got Kylie's heart racing out of sync, making her breathless.

She could cut him out of her life just like that and return to her orderly life.

*Never see him again.*

If she could give up Oreos and be fine walking by them in the grocery store, she could get rid of a six-foot-six, over-the-top confident biker.

“He tries to hold my hand, he always wants to hug. It's outrageous. Who does that?”

“Boyfriends do that. Men who are into you do that.”

*“I hate it. He wants to cook for me and forces me into dancing with him in the kitchen.”*

Her sister laughed for a full minute.

Kylie couldn't see what was funny.

“I swear you're the weirdo in our family. You can cut the head off a rat and not throw up, and you touch dead people every day, but a cute guy wants to be romantic, and you run for the hills screaming about being abused. Just admit you like Reno and stop being a freak.”

She was a freak and awkward with it.

All her family was big on showing affection.

Where they jumped headfirst into PDA, she'd always compartmentalized her life and loved the order. That was, until Reno crashed through and made a holy mess of everything. Her emotions especially.

“We're fuck buddies. So why does he want to hold hands and put his arm around me on the sofa? It's abnormal. I think there's something not right about him.”

“Oh, God, you're precious and so scared. This is hilarious; I can't wait to tell Rose.”

“Your wife will side with me.”

Kylie then ignored her sister's amusement and looked down at the thread of their latest texts. Reno was out of town for the day, training the prospect bikers, and he'd sent her a selfie every hour. Each one was sexier than the last.

“Speaking of your *boyfriend*, when are you telling him about Michele?”

A knot formed in her stomach.

It was a knot of dread because she didn't know how he'd take it, and despite what she said, she didn't want to lose him or the rare passion between them. Spending time with Reno was some of the better times she'd had.

The thought of never seeing him or feeling his arms wrap tightly around was a thought she couldn't bear to have.

“Soon. I'll tell him soon.”

\* \* \*

Reno

For the subsequent time in as many weeks, Reno was idled at the traffic lights and spotted Kylie's Mercedes in the Target parking lot.

He smiled and took a right instead of going straight on. It had been hours since he'd seen her, and even then, it was only long enough to share breakfast at the local diner, catch up and then steal a heated kiss outside before they went their own way.

Work was pulling them in opposite directions.

He missed Kylie like a throbbing wound, but was happy to snatch any minutes he could with her. This shitstorm with Jensen had to come to a head, eventually. However it ended, he'd have more time to dedicate to his woman.

He parked near the exit so he didn't get stuck behind soccer moms shopping for holiday shit. Why did any holiday make a woman go crazy? Halloween was about candy, not how many pumpkins you could pile on your doorstep. It was a crazy town around this time of year because Christmas rolled in as soon as Halloween ended, which was a million times worse.

The closer he got to her Mercedes, eagerness pulsed through his blood, and all the bullshit he'd been living with for weeks faded.



He saw her in the driver's seat and grinned, knowing he'd surprise her.

He didn't know how many levels relationships came with, but Reno knew he was ready to climb to the next with her and do it right now. He wanted his claim all over her, so men like fucking *Henri* and those death nerds who worked for her wouldn't assume they had a chance with his goddess.

Knuckles to the window, he rapped them three times and watched his girl's head come around with a startled look on her face. Reno opened the door, crouching to see her better.

"Hey, baby."

"W-what are you doing here?"

"I was heading to work and saw your car, wanted to get some sugar to go."

Intent on leaning into her car to take the kiss he was craving, and then he'd ask his woman why she looked so on edge and how he could make it better, but Reno didn't get the chance to bridge the distance between their lips because another voice got his attention.

"Mommy, who is that?"

At the word *mommy*, Reno's gaze shot to the backseat. How the fuck had he missed seeing a kid in a child's seat back there? Because his focus always was on Kylie.

Through the gap in the driver's seat, he locked eyes with the kid. Maybe two or three years old? Not an inch of shyness on her face as she beamed with all her baby teeth. With vivid eyes, the same color as Kylie's, the kid wore her hair high on her little head on either side. She held a stuffed animal that

looked like a monster with teeth in one hand, and the other held a juice box as she waved at him.

The shock was still shaking Reno's ribs as he pulled his gaze back and locked them on Kylie's face.

"This is mommy's friend, Re—"

"Jackson," he insisted. "I'm Jackson," he lightened his voice.

"Wackson." She repeated, kicking her sneaker foot in the seat. "Hi, Wackson. Want some juice?"

"Nah, I'm good, thanks. What's your name, sweetheart?"

"Chele."

"Michele." Provided Kylie. "Reno, I was going to tell you."

Was she? Really?

Staring at the embarrassed woman, Reno doubted she would have told him.

For over two months, he'd chased her down, spending almost every night with her, touching base with long calls or flirty text messages. It felt like he'd spent more time pursuing Kylie than he had looking for his asshole of a brother, and it was only now—by accident—he was finding out she had a kid?

Fuck buddies didn't get personal info, did they?

That's all he'd been.

Ever would be.

Even when he pushed for more and thought she was finally on the same personal page.

This woman was made to belong to him. He knew that on every level.

His needy little baby. But she was a mother. Putting their principles worlds apart.

“It was nice to meet you, sweetheart,” Reno forced a smile.

The cute kid waved. “Bye, Wackson.”

He couldn't form a thought over the roaring wind rushing through the space between his ears, so he climbed to his feet, striding away from Kylie's car, his pounding boots putting more distance between him and his beautiful little liar.

Wishing he'd never made the pilgrimage across the parking lot.

# TWENTY-ONE

Kylie

Hurt flowed through Kylie at an alarming rate, watching Reno stride through Target's parking lot through the rear-view mirror.

The fact he was walking away from *her* hurt even more.

The drive home took little time, and she did it on autopilot. Thank God for her baby girl, who always had a running commentary of things she spotted out of the window.

Michele was her eternal rainbow.

If not for her, she always worried she'd dissolve into an emotionless thing that couldn't feel and processed death like it was buttering toast.

But now she knew she could feel something because her heart was in a tight fist as she ushered Michele into the house and busied herself making a snack, which Michele fell asleep during, so Kylie carried her to bed for a nap.

Once back in the kitchen, she set her feelings free, seething from every pore.

She had a good mind to find that jerk and punch him.

How dare he get in his manly feelings, looking at her like she'd betrayed him.

Wasn't Reno walking away Kylie's fear all along?

Whatever they were doing, that nameless, wonderful thing they did would end if he knew.

Men rarely wanted a woman with obligations.

Fine, let him run away.

It was fun while it lasted.

She tried to make those words feel authentic, but they didn't stick, and Kylie felt worse as the minutes went by.

That was when she heard the rumbling pipes of a motorcycle.

There was no time to brace for what came next because Reno, without fanfare, came striding through the back door, his gaze like two bullets.

"You can get the hell out," she snapped, but he kept coming after closing the door.

Clad in his usual work-worn jeans, a gray hoodie underneath a dark-colored denim jacket, and the leather boots she loved seeing him wearing.

Reno didn't listen.

When did he ever?

Before Kylie knew it, he took her face in his callused hands, holding her gently until she felt tears prick the back of her eyes.

“My superwoman is a mom.” He started, and immediately she flustered at his softened tone. Arrogant Reno, she could handle just fine and hand him his ass. But gentle Reno was something else, and Kylie didn’t know what to do. “You have a kid who looks like you. Same eyes and hair. Same cute smile.”

“I told you I had secrets, and at the first opportunity, you walked away. So that means, whatever this was, is over, Reno.”

The beast chuckled, roaming his lips over her face. “Mama, no, it’s not.”

“It is.”

“I didn’t wanna have that kind of talk in a parking lot with nosy homeowner moms watching. I wanted it here, with just us. Where’s Michele now?”

“She’s napping, so you need to go.”

“No, I’m right where I need to be.”

“Jesus, you are stubborn.”

“Takes one to know one.”

“What? Are you ten?”

“Only in inches, mama, as you know.” He smirked dirtily, and she felt the temperature rise in her cheeks.

She burned white hot at his nearness, and whatever her words, she felt right. She felt at peace with Reno near.

He’d come back.

Maybe there was hope for them?

“You said you didn’t like kids.”

“I don’t, except family. I’ll like your kid. How could I not?”

“You can’t just say that and have it true, Reno. That’s not how things work. As much as I like you.”

“You like me a lot.”

She sighed and moved her hands up his chest; he was like a puppy playing with a ball, demanding attention. And God, she enjoyed that about him.

“As much as I like you, now you know I have a child, my priority, Reno. Men don’t want a woman who has baggage.”

His hands dropped from her face, but they didn’t go far, only to her waist, squeezing gently.

“I was surprised.”

Kylie snorted, and he pinched her. “Ow.”

“Shush, woman. I’ve spanked you harder than that. I was shocked at myself for not realizing it. I’ve been in this house almost daily and didn’t notice you had a kid. I bet there’s photos everywhere, right?”

“Yeah.”

“I was so focused on—”

“Getting in my pants.” She half-smiled.

“Chasing you *and* getting in your pants, I didn’t see anything else.” Reno dropped a kiss to the side of her lips. “Is Michele’s father in the picture?”

“Yeah. Henri and I co-parent. She spends half the month with me and half with him.” Unable to take his affection a second longer and still be a rationally thinking woman, she slipped out from under him but didn’t get far. Reno pulled out a kitchen chair, put his ass in it, and then put her ass on his lap.

“Please, Kylie, *stay here.*” He said when she tried to move. His palm rested possessively on her thigh. “I’m gonna be brutally honest with you. I don’t know the first thing about being around kids; it was pretty obvious I was shocked, more so at myself for not realizing it, anyway. And I know why you didn’t tell me. We weren’t serious then, but we are now.”

“You don’t want to be with a woman full-time who has a kid.”

“If that woman is you, I do.”

“It’s a boring life, Reno. It’s grocery runs, watching too much TV, having meals at home at four thirty, and pretending to be interested in a story after hearing it for the millionth time. We should call it quits while we still like each other.”

He half-growled, and she watched his eyes turn molten. “I don’t believe this. You’ve had your claws dug deep in me from the start, and you’re still looking for the exit.”

She really wasn’t. But she was giving him an out without causing a scene. “This wasn’t supposed to be permanent. You agreed.”

“I agreed to nothing.”

“No strings attached. No forming bonds.”

“That was bullshit, and you know it. Rules and perimeters can’t contain what we feel for each other.”



Kylie sighed. The fight left her. What was she arguing about when she wanted him? She dropped her head to Reno's shoulder and slid both arms around his back.

"You want me?"

"Yeah. More than I should."

A kiss dropped to her head, the sweetest kiss from a rough man.

"Kylie, I've never chased or begged women. It isn't my style, but I've chased you like a world-class athlete. This relationship caught me off guard as much as it has you, okay? You're not alone in what you're feeling."

It was a strange sensation to let her guard down completely. It was like the weight had fallen from her shoulders.

She trusted Reno.

She'd eventually trust him around Michele when she felt ready to let them meet again. Michele had already mentioned *Wackson* several times on the drive home.

"You're going to wear me down, aren't you, baby boy biker? Until I give in."

The smile that split his face was the moment she knew she could fall in love with him. It was a pure smile.

And then he made the sunshine inside her belly burst into flames when he nuzzled her nose.

"You think you know what obsessed looks like? I'm about to show you, baby. I want to own every part of you. Parts no one else has had."

“Ooh, I’m so scared.” That earned her a surprising spank on her thigh, and his teeth nipped her shoulder.

“We could take it slow...” even saying it, she knew she didn’t want that.

Owning Reno sounded much better, since he was a wild one.

Because he’d been doing all the touching to this point. She rolled her thumb over his three-day-old stubble. He was astonishingly handsome, and his eyes looked sincere as he growled.

“No. I got us to this point, baby. You only have to hold my hand. I’ll get us the rest of the way.” It sounded like a promise. A promise she wanted to believe in.

“Always the hand-holding, you freak,” she teased as his hand moved from her thigh and paused mid-air. Waiting for the symbolic hand holding that bound her to a biker.

He waited.

And he waited.

He was such a patient biker when he wasn’t bossy.

She stared at his outstretched tattooed hand like a hissing cobra, ready to strike and inject her with venom. The tension was tangible, like she could poke her tongue out and feel it raining into her mouth.

“Come on, mama. We have unfinished business, you and me, don’t we?”

Kylie sighed and put her hand in his. Immediately, Reno laced their fingers together and brought their joined hands to

his mouth, kissing hers.

“Don’t get used to hand-holding or doing any of those other ridiculous things you like doing,” she warned with a huff, loving how warm and rough his hand was.

“You mean snuggling and falling asleep on me or calling to say how much you missed me?” his smile was infectious, and Kylie bumped his shoulder, smiling back.

Ignoring his outrageous claim because it was all true.

Who could resist a cocky biker who liked to cuddle?

And now they were making things official.

She could enjoy his freak flag flying and let him hold her hand. *Occasionally*. Maybe at Christmas.

Oh, God, she was thinking of him being around for the holidays.

Her heart beat a little faster but was soothed by Reno’s lips on her neck.

“You listening to what I’m putting down, Kylie? This need I have for you defies logic. On paper, no way would a classy woman like you go for me. But lucky for me, I don’t play by the rules. I like when you give me shit and put me in my place. I like it even better when I make you melt.”

All of that was true. It was crazy how fast he’d sneaked under her defenses. All this time, Kylie thought she’d been in control when Reno strategically won her over with his whole personality.

“What has you thinking so deeply?”

“There are other things I should tell you.”

“We’ll get to know everything about each other in time, baby. But I gotta make you aware of my bastard older brother who’s out to ruin the club or kill me.”

She reared back in shock to find him smiling. “What the...”

His mouth covered hers until she whimpered.

“All that will come.”

“But... kill you? Are you serious?”

“He won’t succeed. He’s not all that bright.”

Reno didn’t stop kissing over her cheeks, chin, eyelids, and peppering soft kisses on her lips. He attacked her defense walls with his affection, slaughtering Kylie’s self-preservation and will to push him away. His scent always lit her up and made her lean further into his body, but it was extra strong today.

His touch was heaven and her muscles relaxed against him as he took hold of the back of her neck, and she rested on his chest.

It was too much all at once. The passionate touches. His *worship*.

Every beat of her heart galloped faster.

And each beat was for Reno.

Her man.

“Hm. I like these leggings you wear.” Reno stated out of the blue, stroking her outer leg from thigh to knee. She was used to his conversation jumps, so it didn’t surprise her.

“Yeah? Why?”

“Easy access.” He declared with a mischievous smirk and slid his hand past the elastic waist, and before Kylie drew breath, he was knuckling against her clit over the cotton panties.

“Reno,” she wheezed, her hands braced on his shoulders, now clutched to the side of his neck.

Knuckle. Knuckle. Stoking her internal fires until her poor, tormented clit felt engorged.

“You wanna know the first thing I thought about when I walked away from you earlier?”

“That you always knew I was a total MILF?”

His grin was sexy. “Yeah, besides that, you’re the most gorgeous, fuckable woman I’ve ever seen. I thought about if you were a mom, that meant *he* got to come inside of you, and I can’t. And I *hated* that, Kylie.”

Oh. Lord.

The warmth filling her chest was too much, and she had to take an unscheduled inhale quickly. Though his eyes were locked with hers, his knuckle didn’t stop moving. He must be able to feel the wetness clinging to her panties now. Husky arousal changed her voice when she said his name.

“Reno... you were jealous.”

That was incredible. And delicious, and she had the urge to giggle when he scowled, but she moaned instead when he gave an extra rough graze on her pleasure zone. Her forehead dropped to his.

“If it makes you feel any better, it was a broken condom, so technically, it was only a little spillage, not the full gush. No one has ever deliberately come inside of me.”

“Fuck. *Fuck.*” He groaned and started a battle on her nub. That only ended when she shuddered, coming with a gasp of his name. “I’ll be the only one who comes inside of you, got it? *Your man.* I’ll fill you so fucking much and watch it drip out and then have to fuck you again to push it all back inside of you.”

Kylie’s orgasm daze wasn’t helped when he brought his hand out and sucked on that same torturous knuckle. It was crudely erotic, and she moaned into his neck.

“You are a bad, bad boy.”

“Never claimed to be anything else.”

Before she could find words, she heard. “Mommy. I awake now.”

“Oh, shit,” Reno said, and somehow, seeing panic enter his eyes made Kylie relax. Chuckling, she slid off his lap. “*Fuck.* Guess I can’t swear around her, huh?”

“Nope, so watch that tongue, baby boy biker.”

“You want me to go? If you’re not ready for me to be around her.”

Damn, that was a sweet gesture.

But she asked first, “We’re not casual?”

“Fuck no, we’re not casual.”

“You intend to be around?”

“A long fucking time.”

“Language, Jackson,” she smiled, knowing it would be seconds before Michele left her bedroom. “No, you don’t have to go. Finding time to see you was getting harder, so you’ll have to be around her. But Jackson... do not let my daughter get attached to you if you’re—”

He moved like a jaguar across the floor, stopping her following words with a hard, possessive kiss. He left his mouth hanging inches from hers, his eyes blazing. “Not going anywhere, Kylie. What if she doesn’t like me?”

*Ugh.* There went her heart.

She could tell Reno all Michele had talked about since he walked away was ‘Wackson,’ but she went up on her tiptoes to kiss him lightly, and let him be nervous for a while.

“You can come out of your room, sweet girl.” She called out as Reno moved aside. Little feet pattered, and a few seconds later, she scooped up her sleepy daughter as she watched Reno washing his hands and her cheeks burned because of why he needed to.

Thumb in her mouth, Michele laid her head on Kylie’s shoulder.

“Did you sleep well, baby?”

“Yeah.” And then she saw who else was in the room and...  
“WACKSON! You came to my house!”

And then she got shy, burrowing her head in Kylie’s neck but taking glances at Reno.

“I did, sweetheart. I hope that’s okay.”

Nod, nod, nod.

It was funny to see Reno looking nervous. She'd never seen him that way, and Kylie got a kick out of it.

Her most favorite person in the world talking to another of her favorite people, her heart might explode.

It wasn't much later that Reno got a work text.

"You have to leave?"

"Sorry, baby, yeah."

Michele was playing, so she walked him to the door and gasped when he flattened her to the back.

"I want your tongue in my mouth," he stunned her stupid. Cheeks flamed. "Come on," he smirked sexily, "Bring that mouth to your man."

She did, and his tongue was perfect.

"I'm coming back tonight when Michele is asleep. You're mine, Kylie, don't let crazy thoughts get in your head once I'm gone."

She just nodded, dazzled by him.

"And I wanna take you on a date."

"I have Michele for the next week until the handover."

"I mean with Michele, too. There's the Founders Festival this weekend."

Her heart would not hold out. It ached to belong to him.

The date arranged. She walked with him to his bike, sharing another kiss.



“How do you like your coffee?”

“Strong enough to show up on a drug test.”

Reno chuckled and kissed her again. She felt every inch of his possession.

“You got it, mama. I’ll remember for the morning. Now get back inside where it’s warm.” Kylie was only a few steps away when she heard his groan; turning, she saw his eyes were pinned to her behind.

“The way that ass moves when you walk away from me, it’s like seeing God.”

“Do you believe in God?”

“Nope. But I believe in that ass.”

Oh, boy, her heart was bursting open.

She only hoped he didn’t break it.

For the rest of the day, until a dangerously beautiful man climbed into her bed and took her to heaven, all Kylie heard about was “Wackson.”

As much as Kylie wanted to take this slow, it seemed her daughter had fallen much faster for the biker.

# TWENTY-TWO

Reno

Reno's first sleepover, and he was winning at life.

Seriously, who in the hell had blessed him?

He had a gorgeous woman in his arms, pressed chest to back, his leg pushed between hers, and a hand cupping her pussy. The way he'd fallen asleep.

Nuzzling her neck, "Kylie baby, you can't fake sleeping. I know this sweet-as-hell body, and it's wound tight now. You sleep like a loose puppy."

"I am too asleep, so shut up."

He chuckled into the back of her head even after she'd thrown a sharp elbow into his ribs. "Good morning."

She grumbled a reply.

Maybe this was why she never let him stay over; his woman was a grouch. And he fucking loved it.

"You didn't kick me out."

"Yeah, well. I felt sorry for you looking at me all pitiful." Reno chuckled at her grumpy response, knowing she was full of shit. She hadn't wanted him to leave.

“Don’t forget all the orgasms I gave you. That went in my favor.”

“Mmm, you fucked me very well.” She purred in her sleepy voice, bumping his groin with her butt. Her praise was like a red rag to a bull; arousal pounded through him. All he’d have to do was lift her thigh over his, and he could thrust inside and feel how tight and wet she was. He’d feel how good it was taking her raw.

Maybe she wouldn’t stop him right away.

Not his Kylie. She turned mindless as a sex-crazed animal when he tunneled inside her. Her mind was as dirty as his. A match made in a filthy wonderland.

And if she stopped him, he’d pull out and come all over her ass.

*Christ.* Could a man drown in this much arousal?

His dick was a hard hammer ready for nailing.

Why should that guy get to make a kid with her? Reno would make fifteen goddamn kids with her. He’d fuck Kylie around the clock and create an army of kids so she’d only know his come from now on. Her womb would throw the doors open and welcome him in.

*Whoa.* Was this a bad acid trip?

He didn’t even want kids, and he was planning an entire school full of them so that he could be the only man to put his come inside Kylie.

He was so twistedly sick in the head.

And yet, he smirked as he started rubbing her. Getting rougher, her breathing increased. By the time Reno finger banged pleasure out of Kylie, her cries muffled by the pillow, he was ten plans deep about how he'd take her raw every chance he got.

That was the moment he knew this woman was for him.

If it meant love, then he loved her.

He was already infatuated. How far off from love was that?

He worshipped her. Adored her. Couldn't go a day without her.

“One day,” he shared, keeping her pinned to his chest, his mouth stroking kisses to her throat, “I'm gonna wake you with my cock so deep inside you, you'll open your pretty eyes and already be screaming for me. And I'm gonna do it with my dick bare.”

“*Jackson*,” she puffed, turning her head. He got off on seeing her flush with arousal, and her eyes were incredibly dilated. “Is this what happens to you when I let you sleep over?”

“You made a monster, baby.”

“I think so.”

The next thing he did was jump out of bed after taking another kiss because when didn't he want just one more kiss?

The power of a Reno orgasm should be the eighth wonder of the world.

“Are you getting out of bed?”

“Are you crazy?” she mumbled. Yep, back to her sleepy voice. “It’s not even five a.m. on a Saturday morning. Michele won’t be awake yet.”

“I’m gonna make the coffee.”

“Put pants on.”

He grinned.

“Oh, and Reno?”

“Yeah?”

“Come and give me a little kiss.” She offered her mouth with her eyes still closed.

His woman rearranged his guts. She latched on when he took her mouth and curled a hand around his neck. “I loved our sleepover,” she whispered, and decimated him.

Fuck yeah, he was winning her over.

Reno made his woman a coffee, giving her a nice grope by slipping a hand beneath the sheet after putting the mug on the nightstand, though she was more asleep than awake. And once she got up, and they’d fucked in the shower, he made her breakfast and enjoyed having her sitting on his lap. When Michele woke up, she shuffled into the kitchen, heading for Kylie. Her hair was messy, and she was rubbing her eyes, just as grumpy as her mom.

They made an adorable picture together.

He was dating a mom.

And he was taking mom and daughter on a date later today.

The first time for everything.

And nothing, Reno decided, was ruining this high for him.

Not even a stubborn Kylie, because he was more than willing to revisit his kidnapping idea, if that's what it took to keep her.

# TWENTY-THREE

Reno

“I’m doing things with Kylie that I’ve never done before.”

“Like what?”

Reno felt his neck turn red, and he scowled. “Never mind.”

Ruin snickered like a maniac, obviously taking pleasure in Reno’s embarrassment. “Does she stick a broom handle up your asshole?”

“Fuck off,” he laughed too. “I’m taking her on a date in an hour. Kylie and her daughter.”

A man who’d never had one date before. He’d mess it up somehow.

“So she told you then?”

“You knew, didn’t you? How?”

Ruin sounded unbothered as he answered, “How do you think? I followed her.”

Reno’s anger spiked. Ready to strike out. At his twin brother, of all people. He didn’t want to pick up Kylie and Michele with bloodied knuckles, so he forced down his temper and didn’t punch Ruin all over the clubhouse.

“You had no right following her,” he grated through his teeth.

Again, Ruin looked like he had zero fucks to give about what he’d done. But as Reno knew well, his brother didn’t have a conscience.

Gulping a beer, Ruin rested both elbows on the bar, his head turned Reno’s way. “You were interested in her. I wanted to check her out to see if she was worth being around you.”

And then he went and said something like that.

Reno’s flared temper deflated, and he sighed and reached over to palm around Ruin’s neck. “Don’t follow her again, okay? I like her, even when she’s mean as a rattlesnake, especially then, and eventually, I want her to meet you for real and not think you’re the family Lurch.”

Ruin snorted and arched his eyebrow as if agreeing. Or at least to try to. That was enough for Reno.

“You know more than you’re telling me, don’t you?”

Ruin quirked a lip in answer.

“*Fuck,*” cursed Reno. Of course, Ruin had gone stalker on Kylie. He probably knew her social security number and her work schedule.

“Let’s just say I approve of her skills, brother.”

“Aww, boys, look at this. The DeCastro’s are having a twincest moment.” Said a voice behind them. Reno cast his gaze to the mouthiest probie, Samson, who was wearing a smirk. Forgetting who he was talking to. “What I wanna know is who gives and who receives.”



He thought he was hilarious.

He'd only been coming to the club for a month and still hadn't dropped the attitude. Two of the other prospects were behind him but, unlike Samson, kept their traps shut because they knew Reno would dole out the nastiest shit for them to do.

Ruin whirled around and grabbed the younger guy by the back of the neck, smashing Samson's head into the bar, holding him down. If Samson didn't have a concussion, he'd be a lucky bastard.

Ruin leaned down over the guy, his voice like acid-eroded granite. "You disrespect my brother again; it'll be the last thing you ever do."

Reno watched the other two probies' eyes go circular like dinner plates at hearing Ruin's voice. He caught the whispers from new people from time to time, wondering about the silent brother and what was wrong with him.

It was not a damn thing, and it was up to Ruin who he talked to. It was never something Reno pushed him about.

Ruin still wasn't finished. If he was going to kill a probie, Reno sure as hell wasn't staying around to clean up the mess, not when he had two girls waiting for him.

"I don't like you, shithead. Just give me one reason to set you on fire." And then Ruin let him go. He smirked at Reno and strode off toward the entryway. Probably back to his woodshed.

Reno set his darkened stare on the three men. "Follow me, shitlings." he was about to dole out the worst jobs he could

find before he left.

Behind him, he caught the awed voice of Mouse. “I can’t believe we heard Ruin speaking. Is this the Twilight Zone? I’m shaking in my boots! He sounded like a demon.”

Reno smiled as the mouthy twats followed behind.

Little did they know it would be the last time they heard Ruin speaking.

# TWENTY-FOUR

Kylie

Watching a nervous Reno was about the cutest thing Kylie had ever seen.

It was more than obvious he wanted to impress her and Michele.

Mostly Michele.

After all, he picked them up with a huge gift bag, instantly exciting her kid. She was a typical toddler who loved gifts, so she squealed when he announced it was for her.

He'd bought her a freaking outdoor bubble machine. So their date was an hour late because Michele wanted it set up in the backyard, and she'd watched, slack-jawed, as Reno jumped to do her toddler bidding.

He'd even answered every *why* question Michele threw his way. It took less than an hour for Michele to be completely smitten with him.

Never in a million years would Kylie have believed she'd be on a date with Reno at a carnival, of all places. He walked at her side confidently, scanning the great span of the area,

pointing out the rides, stalls selling homemade trinkets, and the array of food trucks lined up around the perimeter.

“Now, those are the most important things here, Kylie. We’re gonna try everything.”

“Reno,” she laughed, “there’s like twenty trucks.”

He smirked, eyes burning with lust, looking so gorgeous. “I brought my appetite.”

She just bet he did.

Michele held Kylie’s left hand, happily skipping along. Reno was on her right, and didn’t the monster grab her other hand? On instinct, Kylie pulled away and heard him growl.

He reclaimed her hand, tighter this time. “Swear to god, woman, if you try that again, I will put you over my knee right here in the middle of everyone. Hold my goddamn hand. I haven’t proposed.”

Kylie choked at the idea, but then affection spread through her body at the thought of him belonging to her legally.

She didn’t hate the idea.

“Where do you want to go first, Michele?” Asked Reno. So that’s how it was going to be, Kylie mused with her lips tipping up with a smile. He was going to pander to her kid. Reno leaned down to her ear. His mouth made her shiver. “Full disclosure, baby, whatever Michele wants, I’m gonna get her, okay? I’m trying to win her over. Trying to win you over, so don’t stop me, just for today? Maybe tomorrow and the next few times I’m around her.”

He looked so beautifully intense. How could she argue with a man who would go all out to impress a small child?

“You already won me over, baby boy biker.”

“Yeah, I did.” He smirked, and his cocky self was back in play as he kissed the side of her mouth.

“Wackson,” Michele demanded in her sweet voice, “I wanna see the train.” It was a child-friendly train ride that traveled around the festival.

“What do you say, Michele?”

“Please.”

“Train it is. Let’s go, sweetpea.”

And that’s how the next few hours went.

They tried every ride, sometimes twice.

Reno won at Hook-a-Duck, and now Michele clutched a duck flashlight as her prize. Now she stood back while Reno attempted to throw balls at tin cans.

So far, he’d lost eight dollars.

“Reno, let’s go; she doesn’t need another prize.”

“Mommy!” protested Michele, looking forlorn with her big, beautiful eyes like she’d never been in trouble a day in her short life. Kylie knew differently. Her girl was now playing on Reno’s bid to spoil her. Michele soon lost her shyness and was now Reno’s shadow, eager to copy anything he did. He turned his head and glared at Kylie; she barely hid her smile because he was frustrated.

“Woman, don’t crowd me. I got this.”

“These things are rigged not to win, and you’re losing money. It would be cheaper to buy a toy.”

“Kylie, Chelly wants a dragon. So I’m gonna fu—I’m gonna win her a dragon.”

“Chelly wants a dwagon, Mommy.” His shadow imitated, dancing from foot to foot, watching Reno like a hero.

Kylie rolled her eyes, smiling, and crossed her arms, standing back to let him do his macho thing. Although she had to admit, the more frustrated he got when he missed a can, the sexier he became. After another loss, Reno growled, rolled his neck like a prized fighter, and slapped another two dollars to buy three more balls.

If he got any sexier, he would spontaneously combust her underwear.

“Baby, gimme a kiss for good luck.”

*Ugh*, he was sweet. Kylie stepped forward, well aware her handsome biker had drawn quite the crowd. Mostly younger women to ogle his backside in tight denim. She went up on tiptoes and pressed a closed-mouth kiss to his lips.

“Me too! Me too, Wackson.”

And didn’t he lean down and kiss Michele on the crown of her head?

There went Kylie’s heart. The last lock burst open.

He made the win this time with three balls and handed the ugliest stuffed dragon to Michele like it was a gold bar. Unfortunately, the thing was almost as big as she was, and

after her initial squealing fit, Kylie got stuck carrying the toy when other shinier things caught her girl's attention.

“Why do I have to carry this thing?” she asked later.

“Because I wanna hold your hand.”

She couldn't argue with a biker's logic.

More food.

Even more food.

Kettle corn, pretzel pizza bites, funnel cakes, candy apples, corn dogs, and waffle fries. Even only trying bites of everything Reno bought, Kylie's stomach was ready to explode.

It was outside the cotton candy stall that Kylie called time out.

“My stomach will burst if I eat another thing.”

“Lightweight,” he smiled, kissing her cheek after they'd found a bench to rest on. He'd established ways to touch her all afternoon. Now, she just wanted to crawl into his lap and have him hold her. But Michele beat her to it. When she got tired, she became whiny. Holding out her arms, Kylie offered to carry her, but Michele went directly to Reno, holding up her arms to be picked up. The stunned look on his face as he tentatively lifted Michele into his arms. She immediately dropped her head to his shoulder, thumb in her mouth.

“Looks like your tricks worked, baby boy biker. You made a fan.”

“Yeah?” he questioned, smiling. “She's had me sweating all day in case she wasn't having a good time.”

“You weren’t worried about my good time?”

“Already got you locked down, mama.”

Wasn’t that the truth? She was all but a swooning mess around him. If she looked in the mirror, she’d undoubtedly have hearts in her eyeballs.

It also wasn’t the truth, either. As much as he’d pandered to a demanding toddler, he’d also been attentive with Kylie. Making sure no one got in their path, anticipating when she wanted a drink. Not to mention he stared at her like she had three heads when she tried to pay for things.

What with the music and burgeoning crowd noises, Michele only catnapped for thirty minutes, but it was enough for her to gain a second wind as she compared tongues with Reno. “It’s blue!” she screamed. “Is mine blue?” she stuck it out again.

“Yep.”

They shared amused grins, and while watching, Kylie’s heart yawned wider, dragging Reno inside the cavernous space.

“Having a good time, baby?” he nuzzled behind her ear.

Kylie had never understood what it meant to feel owned by a man until that moment.

“Yeah,” she breathed, turning to look at him. “It’s been a great day.” The best date. Because it felt as though it had been too long, and she needed to, Kylie bridged the few inches separating them and pressed her lips into his. His mouth opened instantly, and she swept inside with her tongue for a fast taste of his cotton candy tongue.



“That kiss will do, for starters,” he rasped when they parted. Lust swirled around them like a fall breeze. Kylie could hardly catch her breath to ask, “what else do you want?”

“You.”

*You already have me.*

“And to be your everything.”

She'd hand it to him; the biker knew how to push the air out of her lungs. Reno got to his feet; she guessed to head toward another food truck. He had a bottomless pit for a stomach. And said stomach was flat and ribbed with eight muscles. But she saw him stiffen, looking off into the distance. Then his jaw stiffened, the muscle working in a frenetic ticking. Gone was the relaxed Reno, replaced by a man dangerously on edge.

“Reno? What is it?”

“Do me a favor,” he slipped keys from his pocket and handed her them, “you and Chelly go wait in my car. I won't be far behind.”

She took the keys and pulled a singing Michele closer to her side, a mother's instinct to protect from the unknown. “Answer my question. What's going on? Who has spooked you? What did you see?”

He parked his ass on the bench again, facing her, looking angry and worried simultaneously. “You remember what I made you aware of about my psycho brother? It's so much worse than I've told you. I'll share everything with you later, I swear it. But please, go to my car. He's here. Nothing will happen, not with all these people and cops around, but he let

me see him. And now I need you two safe. Lock all the doors, okay? And if you need to, drive home, and I'll meet you there."

Worried now, things that hadn't made sense began to add up for Kylie. All the bodies the DDMC had her disappear in the past months. Was it the older DeCastro doing the killing?

"Reno..."

"Baby, please." He sounded tortured, and she nodded. "I'll be right behind you." he kissed her lightly.

"Be careful. Don't do anything stupid."

"Who, me?" he smiled. "Walk quickly, but don't run, and don't look back at me."

"Why don't we all go together? You said yourself he won't do anything here." Kylie picked Michele up, propping her on a hip, but moved closer to Reno. "Let's go now, Jackson."

"Kylie, I can't. I've been hunting him for months now." He put a hand around the front of her throat and swear to God, she felt like crying suddenly. She didn't want him in danger. But, if she was right, and his brother killed those women, the man was more than dangerous.

The hand at her throat stroked slowly left to right, and then he dropped his head to kiss her so sweetly. "You are fucking everything to me, Kylie Torrance. The best first date I've ever had. *The only* date I've ever had." He leaned over and pecked a kiss on Michele's forehead. "Go on, baby, to my car. See you both in a minute."

Why did his declaration feel like a goodbye?

She turned on her heel, intent on getting her girl to safety even if she was torn down the middle to stay with Reno. She looked back through the crowd only once and found him watching her.

Once she'd buckled Michele into the child seat in the back of Reno's matte black Cherokee, she climbed into the passenger seat, depressing the button to lock all four doors. She put on Michele's tablet to occupy her while she craned around in her seat, hoping to see him striding through the crowded parking lot any second.

He said he'd only be a minute.

A minute went by.

Then five.

Then seven minutes.

Reno never came.

So she waited a little longer to see the heavy-gaited stride of her man so her heart rate could return to normal.

# TWENTY-FIVE

Reno

As soon as Reno spied Jensen propping against a tree, wearing a taunting smile, his priority was to get Kylie and Michele as far away as possible.

At the same time as he watched them, he slipped out his phone, waiting for Axel to answer. “Prez, I’m at the Founders Festival...”

Axel laughed. “Got a hankering for funnel cake?”

“On a date with Kylie, but listen, Jensen is here. He saw me.”

“Fuck! We’re riding out now, brother. Don’t do anything stupid, not with all those people around.”

They disconnected without Reno promising anything.

When Kylie was finally out of sight, his heart settled in his chest. But as soon as he looked back to where he’d seen his brother, there was no sign of Jensen.

Reno took long strides through the crowd, not caring when he pushed people out of the way in his haste to find Jensen. His boots were eating up the distance. He couldn’t have

disappeared so fast. Ducking behind a row of food trucks, he intended to circle the area again.

“Looking for me, brother?”

He whirled around to face Jensen.

“Look at you all grown up. It’s been too long. You never came to see me inside.”

“You expected me to visit you in jail?”

“We’re family.”

“Family doesn’t act like fucking monsters, Jensen. They don’t terrorize their brothers. So why are you still here? You got a pardon. Anyone else would be living it up on a beach somewhere far from here.”

“I’m not anyone,” he smirked, rolling a toothpick along his teeth. “Jesse not with you?”

“Do you see Ruin here?”

“Ruin... Reno... even changing your names can’t distance yourself from who you are.”

Seething beneath his skin, he kept his voice neutral. “You don’t know who I am. But I know you and what you’re up to.”

“Aw, you figured me out so quickly?” he mocked.

Prison hadn’t harmed Jensen; he’d stacked on about fifty pounds of muscle. Reno noticed he was clean and wearing good clothes, he’d speculate he had somewhere decent to live, too. The guy was like a cockroach surviving the apocalypse.

“What in the fuck do you want, Jensen? There’s nothing here for you, so do us a favor and leave and take your serial

killer hobby with you.”

Jensen cackled, looking relaxed for a man at war with the MC. Reno’s fingers itched, wishing he’d worn the gun holster under his jacket, but he’d wanted a relaxed date with Kylie, never thinking he’d have this confrontation to look forward to.

“You don’t appreciate my gifts?”

He was absolutely out of his tree. Worse than he’d ever been.

“Are you raping those women you’re dumping on our land?”

For the first time in probably ever, Reno watched a genuine reaction enter Jensen’s eyes as they narrowed and his lips thinned. “You think I need to rape whores? I get pussy whenever I want it.”

“Then I repeat. What do you want?”

“Can’t you guess already? I want my family back.”

Reno laughed. “You have no family. Ruin and me are family. Me and my MC are family. You are a plague without a vaccine.”

“You and the little hottie playing happy families? Never thought I’d see you carrying a kid around. Maybe you should invite me to dinner and introduce her to the head of the family.”

Over Reno’s dead body.

Hearing the mention of Kylie and Reno’s blood ran cold.

He didn’t let his anger show.

A man like Jensen was capable of anything, and getting a whiff of Reno's weaknesses would only thrill Jensen, making him pounce on any advantage.

"I might not be able to do anything here, but you know your time is coming. You keep antagonizing my club, and there's only one end."

"That sounds like a threat, Jackson, and you know I don't like those. There's a simple solution to all this."

"And what is that?"

Cackling again, Jensen drew a tattooed palm over his dark hair. He turned as if he'd had enough talking.

"No fun in telling you, is there? I'm certainly gonna test you. How else do I see what you're made of, Jack? You've forgotten everything me and dad taught you." he turned around and walked away but threw a glance over his shoulder, giving an arrogant wink. "Be seeing my brothers real soon."

He merged into the crowd, but Reno kept eyes on him as long as he could, watching as Jensen climbed a small hill to the roadside and swung his leg over a motorcycle.

Motherfucker. This nightmare would never end.

Jensen would taunt them like prey for the rest of their lives.

Regret for not sticking him like a pig weighed heavily on Reno as he blindly walked through the crowd, needing to return to Kylie immediately. He hoped she'd taken the Cherokee and driven home, but he knew her stubborn ass better. She'd be there waiting for him.

His aim was getting to her, making sure she was okay. Planning for the future meant keeping her and Michele as his top priorities; their safety was paramount, even over his own.

He experienced a quickening in his chest. Mechanisms of rightness falling into place.

Reno hadn't planned on falling for anyone; it had been the last thing on his mind, knowing love wasn't in his future.

But here she was, owning his whole worthless fucking self.

And suddenly, he felt unmoored.

It wasn't ideal to love someone right now, to put a target on her back, too.

The sounds of pipes brought his head up, and he saw his MC brethren en masse circling the parking lot. His eyes cast around until he hit on his truck, and relief locked up his throat to see Kylie. She was okay.

He stopped in front of Axel's idling bike, Chains, and Tomb at the back of him.

"He's gone," he conveyed. "He wanted to taunt me with his cryptic bullshit. Where's Ruin?"

"Don't know. He wasn't at the club when we left. Did you follow DeCastro?"

"He's riding a Dyna, headed toward Provo Run Drive."

Axel turned to Tomb. "See if you can catch up, no confrontation. Recon only, Tomb. See if we get a location where he's holed up."

"On it, Prez." Tomb revved his bike, did a smoke-making donut, and roared off.



“Listen, I gotta go. Kylie and her kid are in my cage. Jensen saw them, Axel. He knows about them now.”

“You wanna bring her to the MC?”

“I do, but she won’t come. So I’m gonna stick close to her for a few days. You got any more from Fielding?”

It was Chains who snickered. “The cop is trying hard to get into Axel’s panties. She’s even offered ‘free.’” He air-quoted with his leather gloved fingers. “info if he services her cop needs. I told him to take one for the team. She’s not ugly, so it can’t be that bad sticking it in a cop hole.”

“Fuck you.” Axel snapped, looking offended.

“No, thanks. You have too much balls and a bad mood for my tastes.” Answered a smirking VP.

“C’mon, Axel, give the woman some dick, then we don’t have to pay her. You can be her sugar prez.” It was too easy to wind Axel up these days, especially when everyone suspected he had a thing for their new hostage slash bartender. Not that Axel was admitting to it, since Scarlett was the same age as Axel’s daughter, and he suddenly had some weirdness about his aging dick. “What’s holding you back? Need us to buy you old man condoms? We could ask the Irish to import some strong Viagra for you.”

Once Chains started chuckling, it kicked off Reno, too. He lost tension from his shoulders, which was his cue to get lost before Axel shot him in the face. “Later,” he told them both and strode to his Cherokee. Kylie’s worried look through the glass locked the air in his throat. So, when he climbed in, he

hooked a hand around her neck and pulled her into his mouth, kissing his woman hard.

“Everything okay?” she breathed.

“Yeah. Let’s go home, mama.”

So they did.

And he spent the next week with her and Michele.

He tried all his new romance tricks to win her over.

And Kylie taught him how to play chess.

# TWENTY-SIX

Reno

“Look at our boy bringing a girl home,” bleated an entertained Bash. “Do we need to hide the knives so Ruin doesn’t go into a jealous rage?”

“He’s not gonna rage, jackass,” Reno shoved Bash, nearly making the bottle in his hand go flying. Then, because he couldn’t keep his eyes off her for long, Reno turned away from the gathered boys and watched Kylie chatting with Monroe and Scarlett. Monroe said something, and Kylie threw her head back with a laugh, and Reno felt it in his dick.

He was so done for.

Reno was under her spell.

Whatever she wanted, he’d do.

He’d provide, hunt, and gather or whatever a boyfriend did.

As he watched her smile light up the room, he knew he’d pay any price to protect her, take care of her.

She’d guessed why he was sticking close to her house and hadn’t enjoyed being under his guard.

That was when he'd told her everything about Jensen. *Everything*. And all of it was grim.

She said it was the reason she let him stay, but he knew she was sweet on him. Softening toward him every day. Just last night, after they'd had mind-blowing sex, it had been Kylie who spooned him to go to sleep.

In those few days together, he'd learned about her family, her being adopted at a young age, her life before that, and her great love for them.

Now that it was just the two of them, he'd persuaded Kylie to come to the club with him.

"Shit. I didn't know there was a party going on." he'd told her when he'd pulled his bike into the parking space and helped her down. "You're gonna see some shit inside, Kylie."

She only arched her shaped eyebrow at him and patted his chest.

"I might not want to be a tennis ball between you and your twin, but I've seen stuff. I'm not a prude. I can handle a biker party."

More than an hour later, he looked at where she was sitting with the girls. She caught his eye, and he winked back. She might have been accosted by the girls a while ago, and he'd let them because he wanted Kylie to feel at home in his environment, but he'd ensured she had everything she needed. Bringing her drinks, asking if she was hungry. If he got his way, she'd be wherever he was.

"You're so fucking pussy whipped," laughed Tomb. "It's a good look on you, kid. I like her, she's not shy. You wouldn't

know what to do with a shy girl.”

His Kylie was not shy.

Stubborn.

A force to be reckoned with.

The person his head was filled with.

But *never* shy.

Finishing his beer, he left the bottle on the table, deciding he'd given the girls long enough to monopolize his woman; he needed Kylie time too. So he strolled over, putting a hand on the back of her neck to let her know she was seconds away from being kissed. His mouth followed, touching the side of her face. “Finished talking about me, ladies?”

“We didn't start on you yet; we were arranging a girl's night.” Monroe informed him, “so, go away.”

It surprised and pleased him. Kylie had already told him she wasn't good at making female friends.

“Nope, you had my girl long enough. I'll bring her back later, and she can fill you in on how virile I am.” That earned him an elbow to his ribs, and he chuckled, slipping an arm around Kylie's waist as she swung around on the bar stool. “They already know you're big-headed.”

“I hope not.” He smirked at her, using her words as a double meaning. “Chains would chase me with a hammer if he thought Monroe knew that.”

She laughed in his face this time and slipped off the stool, giving him a little shove. “Want to give me a tour of this place?”

“Absolutely.” An arm around her shoulder, she placed hers on his waist.

Little did he know the ulterior motive his woman had in mind. Reno was more innocent than he'd ever thought because he didn't have a clue until he opened the stairwell door to start the tour from the top floors, when Kylie shoved his chest. His back hit the brick wall as the door slammed behind them. There was only a moment when he was stunned into laughing, but then his mouth was busy because a gorgeous woman attacked it.

Pulling away too soon, he groaned and grabbed her waist.

Kylie had other ideas, as she stroked up his chest.

Was she drunk?

Was he the luckiest sonuvabitch on the planet about to have drunk sex?

“Do you know I saw you before you saw me, Jackson? It was a few nights before our official meeting in Chains' strip club. The first time I saw you, this flame ignited inside my belly. I couldn't stop thinking about you and this mouth.” Her thumb roamed over his lower lip, watching like she wanted to inhale him.

His dick perked to life, which wasn't shocking since he was hard half the time around Kylie. But, yeah, he was so ready for whatever she needed.

“I came to look for you a few nights later, and there you were. You swaggered up to me like you thought I was a sure thing. And I wanted to be a sure thing for you, Jackson. I still do. All the time. You make me feel good.”

*God almighty.* With the gifts she was giving him, she could easily take him down to his knees, and Reno would thank her for the weakness.

Tempting.

Beautiful.

His kryptonite in human form.

There'd never been a woman like Kylie, and he knew there never would be one like her again.

It was lust, *sure*. That was a given because she was stunning, inside and out.

What made her different in his eyes was her presence licked his skin with electricity with only a glance. She could have him committing murders and eating out of her hand with just one word.

Like she said, from the moment he clapped eyes on her, she'd been it. There was no other woman who could hold Reno's attention. And even now, as she stroked up and down his chest like she thought he was a tiger in need of attention—and he was—she captured his spotlight. Almost making him skip breaths as she smiled so slyly.

“I wanted you so badly. And I want you now. When I see all those bar flies buzzing around you,” ah, fuck, she'd seen the sweet bottoms gunning for him, had she? He'd paid no attention to them, but it was par for the course in the MC. But he'd never disrespect his woman.

He rumbled a groan when she scratched her short nails around his neck, over his Adam's apple. When had he become such a touch slut? He craved her hands all over him.

“I didn’t get jealous. Do you know why?”

“*Tell me, mama.*”

“Because I knew one thing they didn’t understand.”

“Yeah?”

“Yeah. I knew you belonged to me. When they tried to flirt with you, I knew your eyes were all over me. I felt them on me.”

Fuck him. He was toast. She’d burned him alive and left a pile of ash behind.

Savaging his mouth with a kiss hot enough to sear off his hair, and then she dragged her mouth away long before he’d had his fill. But then she dropped to her knees in the stairwell, and Reno stopped thinking.

He didn’t have one coherent thought when Kylie slowly opened his jeans, pulling them down far enough to expose the bulbous tip of his leaking cock.

“I love when you go commando,” she purred, licking him. Fucking licking him like a lollipop, like he held the answers to the fountain of youth.

Reno crashed his head back on the wall, groaning.

And then she didn’t wait. She just started to suck. And *suck*. And drove him absolutely out of his mind.

Occasionally in life, Reno knew, things got trapped in the memory.

Most memories of his were terrible, things he’d never been able to shake, but endurance meant he was the man he was today.



Then things got better when he finally found his feet within the MC lifestyle.

But it had been wall-to-wall fantastic ever since he met Kylie. Those memories would be implanted in his gray matter for decades.

He knew this little sexcapade in the stairwell, where anyone could open the door and see his woman draining out his soul, would be implanted in his memory bank forever.

It took a ridiculously short time for Kylie to make him come; he ought to be embarrassed, but hell if he was. Not when she climbed back to her feet, delicately licking her lips of all traces of him, and smiled seductively.

Once again, he knew he was the jammiest sonuvabitch ever to draw breath.

No way the fates matched Kylie with him, a biker with no possibilities, other than a criminal life in front of him. She was far too good for him, but maybe, he reckoned, the devil snuck in when they weren't looking and switched some names around.

Maybe that devil had some insight into knowing Reno would break the world to make Kylie happy. He'd spoil her with anything she desired and dote on every-fucking-inch of her skin.

Grabbing her around the waist, he bent low, and she purred into his mouth as he got a salty taste of himself. Some men would hate it; he'd call them pussy-ass weak men if they refused to kiss their women after a blowjob. And he knew

Kylie loved kissing him after spending an hour going down on her.

Reno wasn't such a man, and he sucked around her tongue, trying to get his hand into her jeans to pay it forward, but she pulled away. "It was just for you, Reno."

Reno frowned.

What the hell did she say?

He always ensured his woman was satisfied and saw nothing but arousal in her dark eyes.

"And this is just for *you*," he stated, squeezing his hand past the tight confinement of her jeans, making her scream into his chest within minutes because he had the *Kylie magic touch*.

"That's my good girl."

Soon as he said it, he laughed because her fist plowed into his gut. "I told you never to call me that."

His hand retreated, all shiny and glistening with her juices. He wanted to suck them clean, but brought them up and painted her lips slowly. "But sometimes you are so fucking good, mama."

And then he cleaned her taste with sucking licks, which turned into indulgent kissing.

"Mm, that was nice. Can we finish the tour now?"

Reno laughed, zipped up his pants, and slung an arm around Kylie's shoulder. "Whatever my good girl wants, she gets."

Reno earned another slug to the gut.

\* \* \*

He'd never seen grown men cry.

Or sulk.

But the way Kylie beat the asses off Bash and then Splice at chess, Reno figured he was about to see all the manly emotions.

Two days after the club tour, he'd brought Kylie back for a cookout after picking her up from work. As soon as the boys knew she liked to play chess, one of them found a board and pieces.

Big fucking mistake.

Reno could have told them not to taunt and challenge her, but watching her annihilate them one by one as she sat perched on his lap was too much fun.

"That's fifty bucks you owe me. Make sure he pays up, Reno." She gloated with a sassy smile and then called "next."

His brothers-in-arms grumbled.

One said. "No fucking way. You brought a wringer in, Reno."

"You chicken?" taunted Scarlett, who'd been standing nearby holding the bets.

“Abso-fucking-lutely I am. She’s cutthroat with her queen.”

The way Kylie laughed put a knot of pride in Reno’s throat.

He was the cat who got the cream with *his queen* on his lap.

She fit in with his mob of misfits, and wasn’t that the icing on the cake?

With an arm around his shoulder and her ass warming Reno’s lap, Kylie played with the back of his hair and waited for her next victim.

It was a pretty perfect night in his books.

Moreso because he knew he’d spend the rest of it in her bed.

\* \* \*

Kylie

“Okay, mama, I got you topped up. You think that’ll hold you until tonight so I can get to the club?”

“You think three little orgasms are topping me up, baby boy biker?”

Reno's spectacular eyes narrowed to slits , and Kylie felt the rush of that dark look deep in her stomach. He looked ready to strike and impale her against the wall.

*“Little? You damn near clawed the skin off my back when you levitated to the ceiling. But you think they were little? I gotta wear you out some more. Take off your panties and show me what needs my attention.”*

“Get out the door,” she pushed him even as she flooded in her underwear, lust tangling her up. “Some of us have work to get to.”

“Don't have too much fun with your zombies, baby. I got plans for you later. I'll bring dinner home.” He smirked, kissing her again , and she had the best sight of his ass as he strode to his bike. The masculine swagger was certainly worth taking a lingering look at.

\* \* \*

“Shit. *Ugh*, this is all I need.” Kylie swore and paced the back hallway, where she'd gone to take a call when her burner phone vibrated in her pocket.

It hadn't gone off in a couple of weeks, and she'd been grateful for that, seeing as she'd been spending all her time with Reno.

It meant crime was low in the city.

Or that criminals were getting rid of their dead bodies.

Either way, it suited Kylie.

Now her bat signal activated, and she'd taken a call from a gang boss who needed her services.

She whittled her lip and then pasted on a smile as she re-entered the central area of the Diablo's clubhouse. How quickly she'd felt comfortable there.

They were rough, noisy, rude, and downright crude, but those bikers never stepped over the line with her or any woman as far as she'd seen. They might not be politically correct, and told filthy jokes, but they respected boundaries, especially those of a brother and his woman.

And Kylie was most definitely Reno's woman in that masculine space.

Even the club ladies had stopped flirting and trying to crotch grab him. Kylie never got into spats or jealous rages, though her jealousy piqued only a few times, wondering which of those women he'd slept with. But then she realized it didn't matter at all.

She knew she had to tell Reno this last secret.

She'd been building up to it. Finally, deciding to do it on the last few days before she got Michele home again, which was still a week away.

“Hey,” she said behind him and felt her stomach dip when he turned with a fifty thousand-watt smile. Then, as always, when she was near, Reno snatched her close, laying a kiss on her lips. “I have to head out for a while. It’s a work thing.”

“Okay, let’s go. I’ll drop you off at the dead house.”

“No. That’s fine; I already called Hendrix; he’s a few minutes away.”

Reno frowned, and Kylie’s guilt started whooshing like a tumble dryer.

She should have told him about the cleaner as soon as they’d crossed the lines and became serious. Now it felt like a more significant omission.

When he walked her out, she felt even more wretched, putting all her guilt into the kiss he gave her.

“Call me if you need picking up, okay?”

“I will. See you soon, baby boy biker.”

“Mama, you know I love seeing you walk away from me,” he smirked.

She shook her head, amused. “Such an ass man.”

“Such a Kylie man.”

God, could he get any better?

Hendrix pulled up, and she climbed into the dark truck, cursing the gangbangs who couldn’t keep their shit contained.

Reno watched them pulling away, and she didn’t reach for the bag of masked clothing until he was out of sight.

“Don’t you even dare look,” she warned her employee as she stripped off. He chuckled, keeping his eyes forward. “Wouldn’t dream of it, boss. Your biker is mean enough that he’d flay the skin off my bones, and then how can I marry Tyson in Mykonos next year?”

Fair point.

The job took longer than expected, and Kylie showered the death and grime off her and then fell exhausted into bed around four a.m. after texting an apology to Reno. He slipped into her bed thirty minutes later, arms curling around her.

Peace settled within Kylie.

“Don’t enjoy sleeping without you,” he groaned into the back of her neck, “go to sleep, baby; I’ll feed you like a queen when I wake up.”

She believed he would. Reno did everything to please her, for her happiness. Especially this week when he knew she was missing Michele.

And all she was doing was still lying to him.

She fell into a restless sleep and woke to a fantastic-smelling breakfast.

Just as Reno promised.



# TWENTY-SEVEN

Kylie

It took over a week to get everyone free on the same night.

Kylie could count on two hands the number of girl's nights she'd been on over the years that didn't involve family. She'd always felt like a fish out of water with other women.

Dressed in a dress similar to Carrie from *Sex and the City*, the black and white newspaper dress had a cowl neckline, thin gold straps, and an asymmetrical skirt, longer in the back, showcasing her bronzed thighs in front. Kylie had loved the dress since she saw it on her second favorite show. The Fall being her number-one show. Aubrey's wife, Rose, was a fashion designer and made the dress for Kylie a couple of birthdays ago. The only difference to Carrie's dress was Kylie's had splashes of red to help it stand out.

She felt like a million bucks, having few opportunities to dress up.

Her hair was a volume of coiled curls hanging loosely around her face. She wore minimal makeup and strappy gold heels.

All the old ladies were there. Monroe, Kelly, who belonged to Devil, Nina was married to Tomb, and Casey was Denver's

old lady. The only old lady that wasn't in the group was Forger's. According to Monroe, who had met the woman, she wasn't very nice and rarely came to any club event.

Scarlett was the youngest but seemed to be the ringleader who rallied all the ladies to arrive on time.

They'd met up at the MC. Kylie's sister and wife were meeting them at the bar. Conversations bounced between the ladies, but one, in particular, caught everyone's attention, and the room fell silent.

"Where are you going?"

"Are you my dad?" scowled Scarlett, her chin tipped up at the man who'd posed the question.

Kylie sensed the tension between the more petite red-haired woman and the towering MC president.

"You heard the saying; if you're not feeding, fucking, or financing me, what I do is none of your business?" Axel rasped in a growly tone hot enough to stain Scarlett's cheeks as her chin was tipped higher to glare at him. "I do two out of three for you, little girl. So I asked, where the fuck are you going?"

Oh, wow.

She was dying to know which two things Axel did for Scarlett. She had to admit that was a slick move. From the heated looks, she would say they were sleeping together already.

"We—we thought to go to Mike's," answered Scarlett, a tremor in her voice.

Axel whistled and summoned two prospects. “Take two of the cages and drive the girls into town. You stick with them all night. You got it?”

“Sure thing, Prez.”

“Hey!” Scarlett said, “we don’t need babysitters.”

Axel stared at her, letting his eyes streak over her short, red dress and gorgeous pumps, and then he addressed the prospects like she hadn’t spoken. “You do not let them out of your sight.” And then he walked off.

“Asshole,” hissed Scarlett, but Monroe broke the atmosphere by laughing and hooking arms through with the angry woman. “When are you two going to bang this friction? I caught hits of all the chemistry between you, and now I need to kiss my man.”

Monroe was soon caught in a heated clinch with the mohawked biker for all to see. This seemed to trigger the other married bikers to grab their women in passionate kisses.

Kylie wished Reno was there to give her the same send-off, but he’d kissed her a few hours earlier, before riding out of town with Ruin.

“Okay, okay. Sheesh, detach from your bikers, ladies. You’ll see them later tonight. Now it’s just us girls!” yelled Scarlett to gain attention. “Let’s gooooo.” She danced toward the doorway.

Mike’s bar was already busy and almost to capacity when they arrived, but two tables became available simply because of who they were associated with.

The prospects, as instructed, stayed nearby but gave the woman space.

Kylie would have placed good money on her leaving within the hour, making an excuse to go home. But three hours later, she was in the thick of all the conversations.

They had drinks.

They danced.

The prospects didn't let anyone else with male appendages get near their seating area.

"They're like cockblocking Pitbull's," complained Scarlett.

"Shut up with that cockblocking garbage, girl," laughed Nina. A woman in her early forties who looked only twenty-five, with her flowing blonde hair and great skinny jeans on her slim figure. "You know there's no better cock here than the one you want. Just jump Axel already and put us out of our misery from watching you prance around him."

Scarlett, like her namesake, turned red in the face as her mouth soundlessly opened, shut, and then opened again. "Ugh, don't make me puke. I wouldn't have grandpa if he came gift-wrapped in diamonds. He's my boss, and that's it."

Everyone laughed. "Yeah, riiiiiiight," announced Kelly, who was so badass and upfront with everything she said. Kylie liked her instantly. "So then, if you knew Axel had a woman, you wouldn't care, huh?"

Scarlett's demeanor changed instantly; she looked like she wanted to puke or rip tables apart with her bare hands. "Who? I haven't seen any new woman around the club, and he wouldn't touch the sweet bottoms. I mean, anyway, I don't

care who he sleeps with as long as I get my paycheck and he stays out of my business.”

Oh, the sweet girl had it bad and didn't realize it or was denying it big time. She knew that feeling. It was so much sweeter when you let all those feelings out.

Kylie put a hand on Scarlett's forearm. “She's teasing you.”

“I don't care about Axel freaking Tucker.”

“Okay then,” smiled Kelly like she had a secret, but it was about testing Scarlett's feelings.

“I don't. He's big-headed, bossy, and always in my business, like he has a right to what I do. He's not my daddy.”

“I don't even know who we're talking about, but it sounds like he wants to be your daddy,” said Kylie's sister.

Kylie could picture Axel in that role.

Maybe not as a true Daddy dom, but someone ultra-dominant with his woman.

“You guys suck.” Accused an amused Scarlett. “Just wait until the sweet bottoms buzz around your men again; I won't be the one to swat them away.”

“Oh, Jesus. Please tell me one of them belongs to you, sis.” Murmured Aubrey, breaking into the chatter. All eyes turned toward the door to see a formation of bikers entering, with a gait hot enough to set fire to every bra.

Kylie found Reno immediately. His eyes were already all over her.

“Yes,” she replied breathily. “One of them does.”

He so belonged to her.

“Alert, girls. Gorgeous men are in the wild.” Purred Nina, who didn’t wait for her man to approach. She was out of her seat and immediately pulled into Tomb’s massive arms, making out like horny teens.

Everyone noticed Axel was among the men collecting their women. And his heavily lidded stare was stuck to Scarlett, who was doing her best to pretend he didn’t exist.

“Daddy’s here for you,” nudged Nina, chuckling.

Kylie’s stomach flipped over with excitement the closer Reno got, and when he bent down over her, his mouth brushing her ear, she shivered.

“Having a good time, mama?”

“Oh, wow.” Aubrey gushed loudly.

These men weren’t typically who a woman would usually drool over. Tattoos for days and thick, thigh-sized biceps. They were complex, mean looking, but it was easy to see they had a lot of love and adoration for their wives.

Reno, though, was every drool-worthy wet dream with his arrogant walk and cocky half-grin. Half in her cups from Vodka, Kylie felt bold as she snaked a hand around the back of his neck and kissed his cheek.

“You’re not supposed to gate-crash girl’s night, Jackson.”

“Couldn’t stay away,” he rumbled.

“Oh, shiiiiit.”

“Oh my god, stop.” Laughed Kylie and elbowed her swooning sister, who was wholly gay but seemed to have

caught the Reno vibes.

“Reno, this is my crazy sister, Aubrey, and her better half, Rose.”

“Pleased to meet you, man, with two names.”

He threw out his full-wattage grin, and Kylie felt something settle inside as her two worlds met. “Good to meet you too, and you can call me by either name.”

Her heart gave a happy sigh.

And that’s how Reno gate-crashed her night, met her sister, and won her over within minutes. It was also how Reno got her alone in a side hallway when she went to the bathroom.

“Missed you, baby.”

“I missed you too.” She confessed and heard him groan into the side of her neck.

“You look incredible.”

Aww, he was sweet. And then he went and showed his true intentions.

“So fucking fuckable.” He scraped his teeth on her exposed shoulder. “About to have the best sex of your life when I get you home, baby.”

Kylie moaned low as he squeezed her hip bones. “Wasn’t last night the best sex of my life? That’s what you claimed.”

“Different day,” he smirked like a naughty boy. “gotta up my game to keep that sweet pussy of yours satisfied.”

Oh, it was more than satisfied, but Kylie was no fool and would allow him to beat his best score.

Reno was doing some epic groping in that small hallway. Kylie stroked over his forearms, covered by the long-sleeved undershirt.

“We have to drop Aubrey and Rose at home first.”

“I’ll make sure they get home.”

“Thanks, baby boy biker.”

“Your people are my people. I take care of what’s yours.”

Boom went her ovaries. She flooded her underwear and didn’t his sneaky fingers at that moment slip up her dress to grip her ass. “I can feel how hot you are pressing against my jeans, baby.”

It was time to get home and climb on top of her man, showing him how she had high scores to reach, too.

As girls’ night went, this had turned out ace.

Especially the ending. That was her favorite part.



# TWENTY-EIGHT

Reno

A five-mile run on a frosty morning went some way to cooling Reno's libido.

Or should he say, *interrupted* libido.

Getting used to being around a toddler was an experience he couldn't have prepared for.

Having that kid come barreling into the bedroom at o'dark this morning while Reno was under the covers, his head buried in sweet pussy heaven, was an altogether new shitshow for him. Especially when Kylie's thighs clamped so tightly around his head, he was almost sure he'd need a hearing test.

While Kylie had laughed and scooted the little one out of the bedroom for breakfast, he'd pulled on running gear and taken off through the back door.

It was no joke running with an erection.

As he opened the door, cold and tired but invigorated and *starving*, Reno was attacked around the legs. "Wackson! We had pancakes and syrup."

Reno chuckled at her exuberance for food. They had something in common, and he reached down to haul her up. Something else he was getting used to. She was like Kylie in

many ways, the main one being Reno seemed incapable of denying the mini version of her mom anything.

Kylie had warned him about spoiling her, but he'd told her she had to get used to it for a while until he found his sea legs with being around a kid.

“Did you save me some pancakes?”

“Nope. We ate all of them.” She grinned cheekily.

Yesterday, he'd sat through five hours of Disney movies while holding an empty plastic tea cup. Holy fuck, if he told any of his buddies he'd been at a kid's tea party, he'd never live it down. Those shits would Amazon Prime him tea cups for the rest of his life.

He'd texted his agony to his twin with a picture, and Ruin had replied that he looked ridiculous. The following text told him to drink his tea like a good girl.

While holding his cargo, Reno caught Kylie's smiling gaze, he strode across the kitchen floor and kissed her lips.

“Good run?”

“Yeah.”

“Feel better, do you?” she bit her lip, and Reno narrowed his eyes. She was teasing him.

“Compared to what I was doing an hour ago? No.”

She completely lost it and started chuckling. He caught her ass with a palm in a short swat.

“Wackson, you wanna watch pwincesses?”

Oh, Jesus. Shoot him now. He couldn't stomach another singing princess.

How could he say no to those big eyes, though? He was going to give in and suck it up; she'd probably put a tiara on his head.

"Not right now, baby." Interrupted his sexy-assed savior, "we're going to the farmer's market for peaches."

"Yay, peaches!" the toddler in his arms screamed like fruit was the best things she'd ever heard of.

Reno would never understand kids, their thoughts, or the curious shit that came out of their mouths. But he liked this kid, so he showered, dressed, and drove them to a farmer's market. It was nothing like a biker rally or a Friday night party, but this was Kylie's world, and he intended to embed himself so deep in her world that she wouldn't ever think about showing his ass to the door again.

It wasn't all bad. He got to taste a lot of good stuff.

Michele rode on his shoulders.

And he got to hold Kylie's hand.

Fucking sappy bastard that he was, he'd go to all the farmer's shindigs if that was his reward.

\* \* \*

## Kylie

It was bad luck that Kylie was in the middle of riding Reno when her burner phone started vibrating on the nightstand. She stalled in her motion, but Reno soon got her going again when he spanked her on the backside. The pain/pleasure shot through her with tingling delight.

A second spank on her ass and a growled “keep going, mama” brought Kylie’s focus where it needed to be, and she concentrated only on the detonation of sensations when their lips collided again.

“More like it,” Reno groaned as she rode him.

Reality returned with a crash as soon as their climaxes waned, and she squinted at the now dark phone screen, reaching for it while Reno lay sideways on the bed, kissing her stomach. She read the text with one hand and scratched her nails over his scalp with the other.

Weeks of being in a bubble with Reno came crashing around her. It was impossible to keep sneaking out of the house with Reno around. So she either told him the truth about her extracurricular activities or stopped him from staying over.

She didn’t want to do the latter.

She loved having him around.

Ever since Michele went to her father’s last weekend, Reno and Kylie had been going on dates most nights. Or they stayed home and cooked. Or they went to his MC for whatever event they were having. It was usually boisterous and a lot of fun. But for three nights this week, she’d had to leave him asleep

and attend to a scene, hoping she got back before he woke up. *Fortunately*, luck had been on her side.

She felt like she was split down the middle.

Living a double life.

Kylie waited until after Reno used the bathroom and climbed back into bed, immediately pulling her across the mattress to snuggle against him. When he fell asleep, the guilt was a thick knot in her stomach while she quietly grabbed her clothing and took it into the hallway to dress.

Thick fog hovered in the early hours as she and Hendrix pulled up to a mansion in East Chester. The wealthiest part of town.

“This can’t be right, boss,” Hendrix noted, tipping his head to stare out the window at the four-story mansion in front of them. The house was aight like the Home Alone mansion, so if they had the wrong address, they’d soon be discovered trespassing.

Kylie rechecked the instructions, and it was the right place.

“Seems like it is. Let’s go,” she said, pulling on her hood, her eyes the only thing anyone would see. Hendrix followed suit, and they slipped out of the truck. Hendrix grabbed what they’d need. A man came to the door before she could approach.

“Around the back entrance.” the man dressed in baggy jeans and an oversized t-shirt, like he was transported from a 90s music video, jutted his chin to the basement door. “Down there, and be quick. The boss wants it gone before he gets back.”

Whoever the boss was, he was entitled and very rich to have this kind of house. But cleaning a death scene took time, and Kylie never rushed.

Hendrix gagged, seeing the man on the cement floor of the basement. Not surprisingly, the man's intestines were now outside his body. As she unwrapped the thick black tarp, it was in these moments Kylie always wondered how she'd been made different because her gag reflex didn't engage. She didn't feel sick at the sight of the bloodied, carved-up man. She knew right between wrong, sure. And she knew she was getting paid to hide a crime.

The man could be anyone. A child molester, a rapist, a murderer.

Did that mean he deserved a bloody death?

Maybe he was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Perhaps he saw something he shouldn't and paid for it.

Whatever the reason, she did her job and ensured Hendrix didn't puke on the floor. She drew the line at cleaning up vomit.

Once the man was wrapped up and secured on the gurney, they cleaned the floor. The solution worked in no time, and her nose itched from the strong chemicals through the cloth mask.

It took a while to get back up the stairs. The 90s throwback waited with a cigar caught in his teeth while playing on his phone, nonchalantly, like it was a normal night.

"Hey, you done down there? Boss said to give you this." He handed over a fat envelope, and Kylie slipped it inside her

jacket. Hendrix had already wheeled out the gurney and was busily sliding it into the truck when she caught up with him.

But that wasn't what caught her attention.

She'd been to hundreds of these things.

Dangerous, illegal, and morally wrong situations.

And yet none of them had her heart pounding from her chest the way it was now as she saw the lone man sitting astride a motorcycle at the opening of the large, wrought gate.

Reno.

Reno was there.

Staring at her.

Reno knew who the cleaner was, and he was *there*.

Kylie couldn't hear anything other than the rushing blood in her ears.

This wasn't how it was supposed to go.

She was going to sit him down and tell him everything.

Assuming she said words to Hendrix, Kylie couldn't be sure because her feet were already carrying her forward down the driveway toward Reno. She didn't stop until she stood in front of him, leaning across the wide handlebars.

He didn't speak.

She didn't speak.

But his eyes, highlighted by the high moon, said so much, and what they conveyed stabbed pain in her heart.

He looked betrayed.

Reno's eyebrows dropped when he reached out an arm. His fingertips gently grasped the ski mask and drew the mouth part down to her chin, exposing most of her face.

The moment was palpable.

"All this time," he murmured with a hard bite to his tone. "This whole fucking time, it was you."

It was cold and unreadable, unlike her man, who usually had smiling eyes whenever she was near. Now she watched the tic working hard on his jawline like he was holding onto his fury, keeping it locked inside his throat.

Inevitability imprisoned her. As the man who cared for her heart in two rough-skinned hands glared like he didn't even know her.

Pain lanced hard as she tried to form his name through her dry lips, but no sound came out.

She didn't know why she felt guilty.

This was her life.

Her business.

But she knew *why*.

She'd entered a relationship with Reno.

Maybe she didn't have to divulge all her secrets to him initially. But they were so past being casual. And he'd been open and truthful about himself. She'd owed him the same and yet put it off as the days merged into weeks and months.

"Reno, I can explain..." she tried to start, ungluing her dry tongue from the roof of her mouth, but she got no further.



“I am such a dumb motherfucker.”

Shock punched into her solar plexus, and Kylie reached up to touch his wrist, where he still held her ski mask. But as soon as their skin met, he jerked his arm back. She couldn't pretend she didn't flinch. Reno always wanted her to touch him. Out of the two of them, he was the expressive one. And now he pulled away from her.

It was then Hendrix drove up and idled at the side of her. She held up a hand to let him know she'd be a minute.

Would it only take a minute to explain? Probably not. But she had to try.

“I was going to tell you.”

“Of course, you were, baby. Maybe the fifth or sixth time you snuck out of bed when you thought I was sleeping.”

Shit. He'd been aware each time.

“Boss,” called Hendrix out the driver's window. “We gotta go.”

She turned to Reno and saw her future crash land in his impenetrable eyes, closing her out with darkness.

“Reno, can we...?”

“You better go, cleaner.” He replied like he knew the exact words to cause the most damage to her newly opened heart. He revved his bike, reversing a little so he could speed off down the empty street, but not before he gave her one lasting glance full of the hurt she'd caused.

Her belly fluttered, but not in the good way it did when she was close to Reno.

She felt sick for lying to him for this long.

The headlights disappeared around the corner, and only then did Kylie move her feet to climb into the truck. It didn't do any good to be hanging around with a corpse in the back; she needed to do her job and stop fretting over the feeling of her heart crumbling.

Her luck had run out.

But she'd known it would, eventually.

# TWENTY-NINE

Kylie

Everyone had their secrets.

And Kylie's was, *apart from the obvious*, that she wanted to believe in true love.

The kind you read about and see in blockbuster movies.

She'd seen it often enough around her.

It wasn't as though she didn't know it existed.

Her brothers were married or in long-term relationships with a few kids. Her sister was wildly loved by her wife. Her parents were embarrassingly stupid in love and didn't care who was around if they wanted to show that love to each other.

She wasn't damaged or shy of love.

It just never happened, so she became used to a life without it.

Some people, she reckoned, had to carry the single mantel, and she'd deemed herself one of them.

And then Reno came along.

And now her heart was *ruptured*.

She loved that biker more than she thought was possible. She'd been feeling it for days, letting the truth of that love roam about her mind, settling it into the dark crevices.

There was no one else to blame for their break but herself.

Stubbornness. Self-preservation. Hesitant to trust.

All of it played a part in how shitty she felt as she sat at the kitchen table, complaining about her woes to her sister.

She hadn't heard from Reno in twelve hours.

He hadn't returned one of her texts or phone calls.

"Sis, you've always been a diabolical yet emotionless mess dressed in nice clothes, so no one ever guesses what craziness goes on in your head."

"Gee, thanks."

"You're welcome. You know we still love you."

"That's what you think about me?"

"I was only three when mom and dad adopted me, so I don't know anything but being in our family. You were eight. You have memories before mom and dad. I think that's affected you more than you let on. We adore every closeted inch of you, but don't take this the wrong way; you always look like you're waiting for the other shoe to drop. Like you're expecting the family to reject you one day. You're thirty-three, sis. We can't un-adopt you now. I doubt the children's home would take you back," she chuckled and sobered as she poured more coffee into her cup. "If you've messed up as you say, then fix it. Reno is crazy about you. It only took meeting him once to see how much he cares for you. He won't toss you

away over something stupid. And you're not the type of woman to let that happen. You're allowed to feel weak. You're allowed to like a boy. Do you love him?"

"Yes."

There was no delay in confessing her feelings.

But Kylie felt unsteady in those emotions.

Unsure how Reno would react.

Would he listen and give her a chance?

Everything she'd worked for, achieved, or wanted, she went into things like a battle, confident in herself.

Reno made her rethink everything she'd known and lived by her whole life.

It had taken all these weeks for Kylie to catch up to her feelings.

Now she was on the same page; she wasn't going to give him up just because of a lack of communication on her part.

Nothing was so wrong that she couldn't make it right.

She hoped so, anyway.

Wise women knew when to admit they were wrong and to fix it.

Kylie might lack emotional clarity, but she'd never say she was dumb.

After another little pet talk from her straight-shooting sister, Kylie left Aubrey and Michele at the house and drove to the Diablos' clubhouse. The prospect at the gates let her in with little fuss.

The first hurdle, she thought.

Parking her car went by in a flash, and she took the steps toward the entryway. Someone was coming out, so she slipped inside and looked around. Reno was nowhere to be seen. But she knew he was there because his Harley motorcycle was in its usual parking spot.

Nerves danced like butterflies in her stomach.

Thank God she spotted Axel. He arched a brow as he came over.

“Is Reno here?”

“He is. But you might want to steer clear for a while, babe.”

Kylie’s stomach dropped.

Had he warned everyone not to let her in?

Did they all know now?

Axel, seemingly reading her mind, canted his head, dark brown hair hanging to his shoulders. “He came to see me this morning and tried to take my fucking head off for not telling him who you are,” he found this amusing. Kylie was horrified. Her eyes enlarged in shock. “Luckily, Chains wasn’t around, or he would have got the same.”

“It wasn’t his business then.”

“And now?”

“It is now.”

Axel nodded. “He’s down in the gymnasium, working it out with Ruin. That means they’re probably fighting, and

you're best to give him a wide berth for now."

"No, he doesn't need space." Of this, she was clear.

"Okay," half-smiled Axel, giving her the directions she needed to get to Reno. "Go easy on him, cleaner. He's a pain in the ass, but we enjoy having him around."

Twelve hours and no phone call from him, even to fight. She couldn't promise to leave her man in one piece.

But nerves skittered over her skin the closer she got.

She could hear the rhythmic clattering of a weight bench when she pushed open the door. Dressed only in gray basketball shorts, Reno's chest glistened with exerted sweat, making the smattering of chest hair darker. Especially the happy trail leading down to the waistband.

Her heart raced.

It was then she saw he wasn't alone in the gym.

A few feet away, inside a raised boxing ring like you'd see on TV, was Ruin, who was shadowboxing.

He saw her but didn't show signs of acknowledging her.

Okay then. It looked like a showdown with both the DeCastro brothers in attendance.

She could do this.

Kylie squared her shoulders, keeping her jumbled feelings forefront in her mind as she advanced, until she stood in front of the man she was crazy about.

Being lovesick was a severe affliction.

Reno had made her feel all these feelings, and he had no right to storm out on her.

It did horrible things to her heart, realizing he might be done with her.

Kylie couldn't accept that.

*She wouldn't.*

What she hadn't realized until it might be too late was they needed each other in ways that neither of them could have foreseen.

Life was unimaginable without him.

And it had been too long with him ignoring her calls, and enough was enough.

“Reno, can we talk?”

Up. Down. Up. Down. He pulled at the bar above his head, elongating his muscular torso, and emphasizing the rigid slabs. Beads of sweat ran in rivulets down the nape of his neck and over the muscles on his back. His skin glistened until her mouth dried up.

She was sweating from just watching him.

There was a need to have Reno muddle her up with one of his fantastic kisses, making her brain empty of anything but him. But she could understand now she'd have to be the one to do the pursuing—to make this right between them. The whole time Reno chased her, she'd let him because she'd loved knowing he was pursuing her single-mindedly.

Now it was her turn to show him what he meant to her.



“What do you want, cleaner?” aggression laced through his teeth, not even trying to hide the rage as he lifted and lowered. His immense body was a work of art she knew from touch alone, but now her eyes didn’t waver from his contorted face.

Each time he lifted his lean bulk over the bar, she crept a step closer, feeling the danger palpable in the stirring air but unable to keep away, give him space, and work through it. She’d been compelled to follow him, be as near Reno as she could, even if he was pissed off with her.

“You haven’t called me. I didn’t know if you were still mad at me.”

“You thought I would call?” He stopped, sitting on the bench; he reached for a white towel and scrubbed it over his face and chest. “You thought I’d be a docile puppy continuing to run after you?”

“No,” she replied, and then, “yes.”

He stared at her and laughed without humor.

“You’re always the voice of reason, pushing me to admit what I don’t know. You haven’t called once in twelve hours, Reno. Not even to tell me you’re mad at me.”

She glanced over her shoulder at Ruin to see if he was listening, but the guy was still shadowboxing around the ring, bouncing on his toes. So she dismissed him.

“I’m sorry you found out that way. I was going to tell you. I promise you.”

Reno grunted as though disbelieving her. She couldn’t blame him, but she needed him to stop being moody with her.

It was hurting her stomach. She was used to his bossy side, making her do and say things before she was ready to.

This impassive Reno made her want to do violent things to get him to react.

She chewed on her lip and breathed for a few seconds.

“When we became serious, I was going to tell you, Reno.”

“You could’ve given me the fucking decency of honesty, at least. Gave me the heads up about what everyone else seemed to know apart from me. The man in your bed, the man in your life.”

She tried to let his hard words roll off her back; they weren’t used as weapons, but their weight still knifed her deeply, anyway.

Kylie was learning where Reno and her heart were concerned; her *open* heart now held the power to wound, even if it was by her own making.

“Not everyone knew. Axel and Chains, that’s it.”

“Before *me*,” he growled. The weight of it hit Kylie in the stomach. She couldn’t help reacting with a shiver; he was sexier than ever, even furious at her.

“Before we were together.”

Ask anyone, her family especially; they’d tell you Kylie didn’t possess much patience. And she was finding out with Reno and the realization of being in love; she had zero patience when she wanted his forgiveness. She huffed as he continued to look at her, not yet indicating that she was forgiven.

“I’m sorry, okay? I’m fucking sorry, but it won’t happen going forward. I won’t keep things from you. Except for Christmas, birthdays, or other romantic surprises.”

“Like being a mom or the cleaner.”

“Yeah, apart from those things. I don’t have any more secrets.”

He was not giving her an inch, and why was his stubbornness making her want to bite his face off? With love, of course.

She freaking loved the ground he walked on, that jackass.

“Are you going to forgive me, or are we over?”

She hated the question and how the words hurt her heart, but she needed to know how hard she would fight for him.

He was getting rid of her over her dead body.

Kylie had been the one to end relationships, or if they ended another way, she never looked back, begged, or fought for something that didn’t mean that much to her.

It was in the moment of locking eyes with Reno that she knew if there were a fight to be had here, she’d do it dirtily; she’d seduce the eyebrows off him. Then, she’d go back to day one and fuck his brains out until he loved her again, until he was crazily obsessed with her again.

She breathed deeply, ready to start her campaign here and now.

“Over? Are you delirious? We’re having a fight, Kylie. Do you think I worked this hard to get you? I’m gonna drop you now because you’re a dirty little sneak with a secret life?”

Her lungs deflated with relief. That's when Reno grabbed her waist, hauling her onto his lap, shocking a shriek out of Kylie, but her arms automatically looped around his shoulders.

God. He was still hers.

The polarizing panic she'd carried on her shoulders seeped out of her bones, and now she sagged forward.

"I should have said something sooner. But it's not a topic you bring up in everyday conversation. Why did you follow me last night? Did you think I was going to another man?"

"I didn't know what I was thinking other than you left the bed to sneak out, and I wanted to know why." The air was electrified around them, and Kylie detected Reno still held anger in his eyes, and his jaw muscle was still ticking. She stroked that jaw, leaving her palm there.

His exhale said he was letting that anger go. "I didn't mean the hurtful shit I said."

"You should. I deserved it."

"No, you didn't. And I won't do that again, Kylie."

"Listen, I'm in the wrong here. I should have put my cards on the table weeks ago when I knew I wanted to keep you. When you became my boyfriend."

"I'm your boyfriend, baby?" he smirked, and she lightly punched his shoulder.

"Shut up."

"I'm your boyfriend." And then. "My girlfriend is the infamous cleaner."

Oh, my God. She swung her head around to look at Ruin, who appeared to be in his own world. Was he listening?

“He already knows.”

Oh, Reno had told him then. That was fair.

“He knew before I did, and the jerk kept it to himself.”

Oh.

Enough about Ruin. She grasped Reno by the face, bringing them almost nose to nose.

Before another second lapsed between them, the words tumbled out.

“I love you. I’m in love with you, Jackson. And I want to be completely truthful with you from now on if you give me a chance to do that.”

It was like time stood still between them.

The silence built, and though Reno never pulled his flared gaze from her face, Kylie twitched on his lap the longer that silence went on.

Then she got irritated and threaded her fingers through the side of his hair, tugging a little to garner his attention.

“You listen up, Jackson DeCastro. You already made me love you, so this is happening. I might have taken longer to get here than you did, but this is us, we’re together, and we’re in love,” she huffed when he didn’t speak, but noticed the edges of his mouth twitching.

She’d been prepared to fight, hadn’t she?

This was it. Her war of love.

She could get as scandalous as a biker to win something she needed.

And she played all her cards.

“You’re Michele’s best friend, so we’re keeping you.”

“Damn right, I’m Chelly’s bestie,” he finally spoke. Then he grabbed her by the back of the neck, inching her closer.

“You love me, huh?”

“Yes. So much. More than I love cheesecake.”

“Damn, baby, that’s a lot of love because I’ve watched you spoon-fuck a cheesecake, and it’s obscene.”

She waited.

And *waited*.

And scowled when Reno only smiled in return, like he was enjoying her impatient agony. So she did the only thing she could, yanked his hair, and pressed her lips all over his face.

“Now you say it.”

“Nah, I should keep you waiting like you’ve kept me chasing you.”

“No,” she whined. And then she sobered, pressing their lips together but not kissing him. “I’m the cleaner, remember? I have skills to make you disappear, so you better give me what I want.”

He groaned. “And you want my love, mama?”

“Yes. More than anything. Give me all the love.”

“I’m fucking infatuated with you.”

“That’s not love. Try again.”

“You make my dick hard.” He grinned.

Another hair yank. “That’s lust.”

“I need to tell you something, mama. It’s about the cleaner.”

Kylie’s eyebrows folded in with confusion. “I’m the cleaner.”

“I know,” he put his hands on her backside and squeezed. “but I haven’t always known, and before we got together, I was *feeling* her. I’d see her cleaning up messes on our turf, and I wanted to know more about her. And then our thing started, Kylie, but every time I saw the cleaner, she made me wonder why I was still so attracted to a woman mostly hidden from sight. And then me and you got serious, and I felt like guilty shit for having another woman in my head for even a second thought when I was so into you. So fucking into you, Kylie.”

She frowned, and Reno rubbed a thumb on her eyebrow. “What’s that look for?”

“I feel murderously jealous.”

A half-laugh spewed from his mouth. “She is you.”

“But you didn’t know that.” She pressed.

“I was into you big time. I *am* into you big time. Now I know why her fantastic ass in those tight pants did things to me. Because she was *you*, Kylie. *My woman*.” While one hand still squeezed her ass, he snaked the other around the back of her neck in a hold of possession she didn’t hate. “And let’s not forget you knew who you were in bed with, and you still got me kicked from being around the cleaner.”

Kylie had forgotten that, so she dipped her head and smiled. “I had to. You were distracting, standing around watching me with those fiery eyes.”

“Damn right I am. Because you love me.”

There was no denial in her sigh as she rested her forehead on Reno’s.

He hadn’t offered her words of love yet, but she felt them nonetheless as he stared at her with possession. He’d been showing her for weeks in his actions, she just hadn’t been open to hearing them.

Now she was.

And she was hungry to be loved by this man.

She’d expected a bigger fight, but she ought to have recalled how laid-back Reno was and how forgiving he was once he’d heard her out. He hadn’t over-talked her, made her beg, or gaslit her as she knew some men were prone to do.

Men threw the term alpha male around like they thought it was a status to be proud of. But only a man who was a commander of his thoughts and feelings truly was an alpha. He didn’t mind giving way to a woman or standing at her side, sharing power, leadership, ideas, and thoughts. Hearing when it was time only to listen. Alphaness, in her opinion, wasn’t about tearing logs apart with their bare hands, though that was hot to look at.

She wanted a capable alpha.

And Reno was that, and so much more.

He was all hers.



“Reno,” she moaned his name breathily as feelings overtook her system, making her grateful she was in his arms and not banished to her lonely life again.

Whatever Kylie felt, it was mirrored back as he groaned low and dirty. Finally, her body understood, and she shuffled on his lap, stopped only by the squeeze of his fingers digging into her ass cheeks.

“Mama,” he replied, dotting kisses over her cheeks.

She wriggled again, feeling the evident hardness digging into her thigh.

It was as though a switch had flipped. The surrounding air was drenched in their passion while her fingers tightened on Reno’s nape.

“I want you,” he grated, sounding like a man in desperate need. A sound she could resonate with because she was suddenly crawling out of her skin, letting her mouth rest against the side of his stubbled face, enjoying the rhythmic squeezing of her ass cheeks through the asymmetrical ruffle midi skirt. The breath was knocked out of Kylie when Reno lifted her a few inches off his lap and then re-deposited her, straddling over his thick spread thighs. The move pushed the skirt up at the front, but she was still covered from behind.

Feeling exposed, Kylie gasped, but Reno’s mouth captured it. “Always want you,” he groaned. “Want you now, so fucking much.”

Oh, this man was sweeter than she deserved to have, and her heart tumbled over in her chest, thumping with love.

“I’m going to kiss you now,” she told him, “and it’s going to be the best kiss of your life.”

“They always are, mama.”

*Mama.* She was mama again. Her heart *soared*.

“My kisses are the only ones you’ll ever have, Reno.” She stated, inches away from his glorious mouth. He chuckled, tightening his hands indecently on her backside, nudging her with the evidence of how much he needed her as it made her pussy tingle. “I got that right when you claimed me.”

“I want to fuck you,” he told her, and that was the last he said.

Oh, God help her. She needed that, too.

His lips were hard when they met hers, as if he were unloading all his frustrations into her mouth. Kylie took it all, sweeping her tongue around Reno’s, coaxing him into something sweeter, and it only took seconds before he groaned and gentled his lips. A hand latched around the back of her neck, holding her in such a way she didn’t misunderstand he was in charge.

“You’re killing me, Jackson. I’m dying for you.”

“I’m going to fuck you until your teeth rattle, baby. Show you who you belong to once and for all, show you my love, yeah?”

“Yeah,” she breathed. *Please.* “Let’s go home.”

More kisses.

Frantic touches.

Reno growled into her lips, biting her with his marks.  
“*Here.* Want to fuck my woman here.”

# THIRTY

Kylie

Each warm shudder provoked from Kylie was the direct cause of his growled words.

Starved kisses scraped along the edge of her neck and down her covered chest.

There was no stopping Reno's wandering hands, nor would she stop him from touching her, not when it felt like he brought electricity to her nerves.

But as they kissed, tasted, and reconnected again, something tickled the back of her mind, and she jolted from his mouth.

Kylie remembered they weren't entirely alone in the gym.

She cast her gaze just a few feet away, finding Ruin watching them, no longer working out. He was leaning on the ring ropes. His eyes were unreadably dark, bottomless—soulless, maybe. Uninterested, yet he stared as though in deep study.

Her breath hitched in her throat, feeling the thrum of that stare going through her, but not because she was attracted to Ruin, it wasn't that at all, but their glances locked longer than

was deemed appropriate. There was no raging heat like she felt when she looked at Reno. If anything, Ruin appeared indifferent, as if she wasn't even a person to him.

Did she want Reno's brother to watch them?

*Oh, God. Oh, God.*

Reno's wet tongue traced against her ear. "You want him to watch us, mama? Want him to know who you belong to and that I'll *never* share what's mine?"

*Oh, God. Oh, God.*

Somewhere deep inside, she had thought about it. Soon as she'd heard of their deviant twins' past, she'd thought about it, wondering what it was like for the woman between them.

Did the women they shared lean toward one brother more than the other, or were they interchangeable? Reno had told her he'd taken the lead in their trysts, but she couldn't imagine being in the middle of a threesome and not being obsessed with Reno. Reno was all she saw, tasted, and felt. He was in her skin and bones, but more importantly, he was tucked deep into her heart.

Her heart took flight with the way he looked at her. Deep-rooted and passionate. Like he loved nothing but her.

Every part of her body flamed. Reno took her gasp as her answer when words wouldn't come.

He smiled, peppering kisses on her mouth, kissing her with ownership.

Just like she owned him in return. It was an irrevocable truth.

“Only this one time, baby. Let my brother see how my girl comes to life by my hands.”

She was crazy to agree. What kind of woman did it make her to admit her stomach was burning with lust at the idea?

She fell into his kiss, opening her mouth when his tongue darted inside. And there was little thinking after that because Reno’s hands were busy all over her body, and Kylie’s pulse beat in a staccato way.

Excited.

Breathless.

She couldn’t even gather an embarrassed thought when Reno drew down the neck of her shirt, pushed down her bra, and latched his greedy mouth around her areole, sucking hard until she moaned with pleasure.

“Keep your eyes right here,” he demanded when they were at eye level again. Reno’s hand sneaked beneath her skirt, rubbing between her legs. Rubbing until her eyelids flickered, heavy with desire. “Only on me, your man.”

“My man,” she repeated and saw what pleasure it brought him. God, what a bitch she must have been to him for weeks, only giving him scraps of affection, parts of herself.

She wanted to latch onto Reno and pour her love into him.

As his lips skimmed down her neck while his fingers worked her into a soaked mess, she felt like bursting with emotions. She wanted to explode all over him until he knew how important he was to her.

But all that came out was a breathy sigh of his name.

“Look at you,” he smiled, nibbling her lips. “Don’t be shy, baby. You’re so fucking sexy swirling your hips, needing it, aren’t you? Ruin can see it, can’t you, brother? No, don’t turn around.” Her head had moved automatically, but Reno’s hand caught her cheek, holding their gazes. “Eyes only on me, mama. You let him look his fill. Let him see your hunger when you chase my mouth and bounce on my lap. He senses how wet you are to take my cock.”

It showed how far gone they were when Reno reached into his workout shorts, fishing out his angry-looking, incredible cock, then helped Kylie rise a little, just enough for the mushroom-shaped crown to brush over the gusset of her soaked panties, and she hissed. Grinding on him, needing him more than ever. She didn’t even realize how deep she was gouging her nails into his neck until he grunted.

Reno always took her sex marks as a badge of honor. Incredible monster, he was.

Pursuer.

The hunter.

The initiator of everything carnal and platonic.

Reno had been all that, driving past her boundaries like he didn’t even see them, and thank god he had. The thought of never having him in her life made her kiss him harder, powering all her desperation into that kiss until he grunted and pulled her underwear to the side, no doubt ruining them as he had in the past.

She couldn’t have anticipated riding him in the gym. And if she had, she couldn’t expect Reno carrying condoms in his

workout gear, so when she felt skin on skin slicking together, she hissed with longing, knowing what it meant.

Taking the next intimate step with him. Trusting him with every part of her body.

She wanted it. *So much.*

All of him now, so she tried to stab her hips down, and he grinned into her mouth.

“Hungry, mama? Feeling excited, aren’t you? Needing it? Me too. I want every-fucking-thing from you because I’m yours. You get that yet?”

“Yes,” she all but sobbed into his mouth.

And then he yanked her down, holding his dick up with one hand. He impaled her in one long slide until even her throat felt full up.

“You’re devastating me,” she managed to say after a few quick thrusts.

“And you’ve wrecked me since the start,” Reno followed with, “it doesn’t make me any less yours.”

Hers.

Every nerve ending hummed with excitement.

Reno’s thrusts increased. It felt fantastic, and she moaned into his mouth, almost forgetting they weren’t alone in their bubble, until he gathered up her skirt, holding it around her waist until he could tuck it into itself to stay in place.

Kylie panicked, but Reno’s soft, warm lips brought her around with only a kiss.



“Shhh, mama. I got you, don’t I? I always got you.” his hands slid down and hooked the panels of her underwear, gripping her ass cheeks. Opening her up to the eyes, watching them.

Her heart rate went nuts, thumping into her ribs, but the overall pleasure won out, and she pressed their foreheads together as he moved her on and off his rod-like length.

“There’s nothing like it,” Reno started.

Kylie went to ask him what he meant when she realized he wasn’t talking to her, though his eyes didn’t waver while they kissed softly, and he fucked her from below.

“You see how perfect she is, brother? Why she drives me wild? How soft she becomes under my hands?”

Up, down, he didn’t let up thrusting, his voice hardly affected by the motion, whereas Kylie panted with the growing tightness in her midsection.

The ecstasy was eager to tackle her.

It built and swirled, making her pant against his moving lips as he continued to tell Ruin how incredible she looked taking him.

As he pulled out until only the head was jammed between her slick folds. He held still. A moment of air passed between them before sliding back in. Despite his phenomenal size, Kylie’s body was made to fit around his, and she accommodated with little difficulty, and a languid moan passed through her slack lips.

Everything about their joined arousal was slippery.

The surrounding air tasted hot.

And with each upthrust, she was wholly aware of his rough breathing and the short, loud inhales of the other male coming from not far away.

The slams grew harder and harder. Kylie turned mindless from euphoria. She felt drunk on love, dizzy from happiness.

“Tell me you’re mine,” he growled low, his mouth skimming her face. He slammed and slammed, his long fingers tightening their grip on the back of her thighs to keep her wide open for him.

Oh *shit*, she was going to pass out from how good it felt.

“Say I get to keep you forever, Kylie. Scream it loud, so everyone hears you are *mine*.”

“I’m yours.” She breathed with a stutter to her voice, pleasure assaulting her.

Ruthlessly fucked by a man who didn’t need directions to seduce her body. She was heaven bound by his touch alone.

She should feel shame, embarrassment, something. But she didn’t. She felt insanely sexy, so she moved harder, swallowing Reno’s grunt as he finally reacted.

“Jesus,” he groaned, “fuck. That’s it. Take it hard and come for your man. Show Ruin how you come around my cock.”

Oh, boy, she flew as high as the ceiling, assaulted on all levels by a desert storm orgasm. She felt stretched open by his plunging cock.

Kylie’s hands latched to his neck, and she watched between them as Reno rode her a few more times and pulled out. The

wet length was pink as he stroked himself, then pressed against her tangled panties and grunted out his climax, spilling warm ropes over her hot center. Leaving her messy and satiated like never before.

“Next time I fuck you raw, I’m pouring my come inside you,” he rasped as a promise, with his lips on her forehead. Kylie mewled, incapable of words yet.

She felt Reno tuck himself away and then pull the skirt down, giving her modesty. She was beyond caring about how she looked.

“I love you,” she told him. “Love you so much.”

Her floodgates opened, and the tide was too strong to close off her emotions, so she didn’t try. Instead, she held onto him and professed her undying love.

“Ah, Kylie baby, you kill me so sweetly,” he replied, kissing her temple, and then he took Kylie’s face in his tattooed hands, a smile edged up his lips. Pleasure was still in his eyes.

“You’re my person. You know that? I didn’t even know one was for me, but it’s you.”

Emotion stung her nose.

“I’m your person, Reno. The one person to love and fight with. And we’ll no doubt fight a lot. I’ll do things you don’t like, and you will do things I don’t like. But we won’t deliberately hurt each other. We won’t cheat or break each other’s hearts. But we will have epic fights and even larger making up.”

He looked pleased with her declaration, as if silently agreeing with every word.

“How’s a dumb-as-fuck guy who’s never known love supposed to recognize when he’s in love, huh? You knocked me on my ass. Something twisted inside me the day I saw you, Kylie. Head to toe in black, all I saw were your eyes. Despite that, my body went nuts like a tuning fork. The more I got to know you and spent time with you, my heart exploded. That’s what it felt like, falling in love with you. Every second of the day, I exploded to be near you. It’s need, want, and a fucking obsession I don’t want to get over.”

He loved her. Like she’d known, she’d felt it all over, but *hallelujah*, Reno loved her.

“Every time I look at you, you take my breath away.”

She nodded, emotion stinging her nose, but she breathed through the fear to run from the emotions. She was safe with Reno.

“We’re meant for each other.”

“Damn right we are, baby.”

And that was all she needed.

Unfortunately, after another minute of sharing small kisses, she also needed to use the bathroom. She whispered it in his ear, and he smiled and told her it was behind them. She tentatively climbed from his lap, only then looking toward Ruin. He was sitting on the edge of the boxing ring, his head down, but his eyes were on them. *Indecipherable*.

She blushed and quickly went to the bathroom to clean up as best as possible. However, the door was ajar, and she heard

Reno talking to his brother.

“You see now? How perfect it can be with someone *right*? Someone special.”

There was only a grunted reply and then some low words she couldn't hear.

With only pockets of information about their life growing up, she'd garnered they were closer than most brothers. Would Reno being in a relationship change that? Would Ruin resent her? Knowing she'd try to make an effort with Ruin, she washed up and found herself alone with Reno when she re-emerged. He stood, smirking, as he gathered her in his arms.

“Someone will take your car, baby. Want you on my bike with me when I take you home.”

That was perfect.

So that's what happened.

Minutes later, they were on his big motorcycle, her arms wrapped tightly around Reno's waist, and his hand rested atop hers like they were finally aligned.

And that was perfect, too.

# THIRTY-ONE

Reno

Funerals were inevitable when you were immersed in an MC lifestyle.

Seeing one of theirs put into the ground was never easy, though it always hit harder when it came from natural causes.

Reno looked around the graveyard at the packed turnout for Razor, one of their original members who'd no longer been active in the club life in recent years, because of cancer ravaging his body. Still, he'd turned up now and then, and it had always been good to see him. Every man there was dressed in their club colors, standing shoulder to shoulder to give the old man a good send-off. It would continue into the night with a blowout party to end all parties.

The crowd swelled further with old ladies, girlfriends, and club friends.

Standing next to his mom and Razor's old lady was Forger. He was holding up for his family, but Reno saw the pain on the probie's face.

That's how family love should be. Love and loyalty.

Not the fucked up hate he felt for his parents, especially his older brother.

The service was over, and only Forger and his mom were left at the graveside as people drifted away. First, he paid his respects, then he trudged across the grass, finding his funeral director woman standing in her pressed clothing by the church doorway, hair tied back. He had an easy smile for her, and she smiled in return, accepting his soft kiss.

“How is Forger?”

“He’ll be fine. It was a good send-off for Razor.”

“Wish I’d met him.”

“Me too, baby.” She took his hand when he offered it, and he walked Kylie over to her car. She never attended the funerals she arranged, but as she’d told him, Razor was his family, so she’d wanted to be there.

At her car, she laid a hand on his chest.

He loved her touch, and nothing felt better than having her close, so he covered her fingers. “What time are you finished?”

“Around five. Will you be home?”

“You want me there?”

She smiled. Of course, she did. They were crazy about each other. Being together outside of sex had come as a big surprise to them both because they were like happy idiots, just enjoying each other’s company. Now, whenever Reno wasn’t working or doing club business, he was with Kylie.

It had been a great six weeks since they got on the same page.

He had a key to her place; he practically lived there and would as soon as he broached the subject with her. Kylie was still stubborn as a mule and didn't know how to accept his affection. She fought him more than not, but was learning to give in sometimes.

It made the chase all the sweeter.

He reckoned he'd be chasing his woman for the rest of his life, and he was more than good with that.

“You know I do.”

“Then I'll be there. Don't cook. I wanna test out that grill tonight.”

“Invite Ruin over.”

He did most days, and every time, Ruin refused, telling Reno he'd come another time.

Not that he could avoid being around Kylie and meeting Michele. That happened weeks back when he'd brought them to the clubhouse for a family-only gathering.

It wasn't often the brothers dressed the same; if they did, it was unintentional. The day of the meeting, three-year-old Michele's eyes almost bugged out of her head seeing Ruin, she'd exclaimed, “two Wacksons!” at the top of her little lungs, making every laugh. After Reno explained who Ruin was, she'd eyed him for a few minutes sitting at the table, then she'd sidled up to him, climbed up on the bench in her pink overalls, and plopped her little butt down.



Ruin didn't look her way, but Reno saw his body stiffen. He was braced to step in and get his girl, but he should have known by now when Michele wanted something, she had her ways. She leaned on the table, arching over to see the piece of wood in Ruin's hands he was carving with a small pocketknife.

“Wesse, what are you doing?”

Wesse. That was cute.

Reno watched Ruin inhale until his broad chest expanded.

“She's bothering him,” Kylie whispered, “maybe we should...”

“Give him a minute.”

A precociously nosy three-year-old was hounding the most feared man in Utah, but because she meant something to Reno, she was also very well protected. By Ruin especially. He wouldn't hurt her.

After another sigh, he lifted the wooden piece and showed her.

Being a curious kid who loved everything, she oohed over it like Ruin was showing her a new member of the Teletubbies. Reno could gouge his eyes out, knowing what that show was. He was a grown-ass man who religiously watched Bluey with the kid, and could recite full passages. Fuck him. Unlike Ruin, he'd never had a feared reputation, but he was turning into the biggest soft idiot this side of Laketon and had no complaints about it.

He was under Chelly's thumb as much as he was Kylie's.

And though Ruin didn't talk to her, he let Michele hang with him, showing her what he was doing. At some point that day, he brought her a piece of old wood and a plastic knife, letting her whittle too, much to her squealed delight, and yelled, "Wackson! I making a kitty." He had to call on his acting skills when she showed off her creation.

That was as far as Ruin got to Reno's new family.

But Reno would never stop trying to include him. His patience would run out soon, and he'd drag the asshole over his doorstep.

With another shared kiss, slower in tempo, the sizzle between them was there. He watched as Kylie climbed behind the wheel. He hissed and then whistled through his clenched teeth, his eyes firmly on her rounded backside.

"Your ass is a work of art, mama."

Her smile was stunning. "I'm starting to believe it. You're on it so often."

"Can't blame a man for wanting perfect riding up against his stomach when he gives it to you." he leaned in and buckled the safety belt for her, brushing their lips again, murmuring, "sexiest fucking thing I ever saw. Love you, mama. Drive safe."

"Love you too."

He watched long enough until the car was out of sight, and only then he caught up with the rest of his brothers. Throwing a leg over the bike, they took off en masse back to the clubhouse to celebrate their lost brother.

\* \* \*

Reno didn't go back to sleep when Kylie got a cleaner call out.

It took some wrestling not to force the issue and go with her as protection. But as she'd argued weeks back, it wouldn't look good for her to turn up with a Diablos biker, not when some of her jobs were the club's enemies.

He hated her being out in the streets alone with only her assistant, but trusted she knew what she was doing. Reno picked his battles carefully, and she was fiercely independent of her work. But he'd armed her to the teeth in case shit went south.

She'd been gone two hours when the truck lights pulled in. He padded barefoot across the kitchen, opening the door before she could.

He frowned as he helped her out of the jacket; she looked exhausted. Then, sweeping her into his arms, he ignored her protest. It was in Reno to take care of all her needs, especially when she worked too hard.

Gratefully, the club had only needed the cleaner's services five weeks back when Jensen dropped a dead dealer on their doorstep with a note carved into his chest.

But after that, there'd been no sightings of him.

It was as though Jensen had dropped off the earth.

Reno was more than glad not to have to think about that asshole as much. Finally, they could cut the last DeCastro tie.

Reno carried Kylie to the bedroom, sitting on the edge of the bed, where he undressed her. She yawned and leaned into him.

“Shifting dead bodies makes my mama tired,” he said, rolling a hand over her velvety skin, leaving it on her trembling belly. “Do you want to climb into bed or shower first?”

“Shower. I can’t sleep smelling of death.”

She’d tell him about it. She did that now. Once she got home, they talked about the situation. Usually, he made her a hot chocolate to help her sleep, or they’d talk in bed with Kylie curled up on his side.

That’s what they did tonight.

He had a steaming mug waiting for after the shower, so when she climbed into bed beside him, he kissed her temple. “I looked in on Chelly. And I locked the house up again. Get comfortable, baby.” He held out an arm for her to snuggle in, but she crawled on top of him, and a lusty groan gurgled up Reno’s throat.

Knowing what was on her mind.

He didn’t mind a bit being her therapy, her scratching post, and her sexual release toy. She could use him up, spit him out, and Reno would ask for more.

The kiss came quickly.

The heat boiled out of control as it always did.

And for the next while, he took his woman's mind off what she'd been wading through. Using his body and the entirety of his love for her.

Reno couldn't claim he was the best man for Kylie. Not on paper. Her ex, who he'd subtly looked into, the big-wig investor with his private jet and fleet of cars, would match Kylie's classiness better.

But Kylie fit him in ways he couldn't make sense of and didn't try to.

There was no logical equation with love. He found that out in real-time. Reno had been the last man to want commitment—to seek it out. Kylie changed all that. He'd sew himself into her skin if he could. Morbid, sentimental fucker he was turning out to be.

“Better?” he asked, skimming his lips across her temple sometime later when he had Kylie nicely worn out.

“Mm, yes. You have your uses, baby biker boy.” She curled into his body, throwing a leg over his thigh once they'd gone through the inevitable clean-up of using no protection. Reno was a caveman thumping in his chest whenever he came inside her. The feeling was unmatched by any other experience.

He chuckled and kissed her again.

“Good to know. Now get some sleep.”

“So glad you're here,” she murmured seconds before falling asleep.

His heart turned over as he squeezed her in tighter.

This might be his favorite part of being in a couple. Holding her, keeping her close after their pleasure had waned, feeling how much she trusted him.

“Not going anywhere,” he told his sleeping woman, finding sleep too.

Little did Reno know how untrue that was.

Only two hours later, his ringing phone brought him awake. Rummaging on the nightstand for it, he pulled it off charge and rasped a “what?”

“Jack,” started Axel, and that should have been Reno’s first clue something was wrong because the prez rarely used his given name. Reno slowly detached from Kylie’s octopus hold and slid to the edge of the bed, scrubbing one hand over his tired eyes. “Shit has escalated. You need to get to the club, brother. Mouse called. Part of the compound has been hit; he said it exploded. I don’t have many details, but it looks like it was Ruin’s shed. I’m about to ride now. Chains and the others are on the way.”

Reno’s stomach dropped.

Swinging his legs out of bed, he was already on the way to his clothes.

“Jensen?”

“Mouse said a call came through on the hotline asking for you and Ruin. You know he can’t tell you apart, so he said you were in the workshop. Mouse said the guy hung up. So it’s looking like DeCastro was making sure who was around first.”

The dread in his torso didn’t let up. Nor did the percolating anger.

Jensen had been gone for weeks. He should have stayed gone.

Reno heard Axel start up his cycle, and then something occurred to him, and the ringing started in his ears.

Dread clutched up his guts as he saw the bed covers rustling out of the corner of his eye.

“Why are you the one doing the calling, Prez? Shit like this, you get a probie to do the phone tree to hit everyone up.”

“Jackson.”

There it was again. Reno swallowed.

“If Jensen thought I was the one in the building, he hit it, knowing I was in there. But it’s not me, Axel. Where is Ruin?”

“Listen, you gotta be calm, okay? I’ll know more when I get there.”

“Fucking tell me, Axel. Why are you the one calling me?”

“We think Ruin is still inside.”

“I’m on my way.” He hung up before he could say the words stuck in his throat.

*Don’t tell me he’s dead.*

“Jackson, why are you dressed?” Kylie was sitting up in bed, rubbing a hand over her eyes. Looking so fucking beautiful wearing her hair cap.

“Go back to sleep, baby. It’s early. Got to head to the club for a while.”

“Is everything okay?”

There was a ready, appeasing lie on the tip of his tongue, so his woman didn't worry, but Kylie was the strongest, most capable woman he knew, and he didn't want their relationship based on lies.

“Not sure yet. That was Axel; he said Jensen hit the club.”

“Oh, no. wait for me; I'll get dressed.”

“Baby, no.” he stopped her. “I need you and Chelly safe here, yeah? I'll call once I know anything.”

Though his whole body and mind were screaming for him to get to the MC to find Ruin, he took a minute to reassure Kylie. Then, kissing her, he took off. Calling a probie as he made his way to his bike.

“Forger, I need you stationed outside Kylie's house asap.”

“I'll ride there now, boss.”

He tried to call Ruin several times, and it dumped him to voicemail each time.

His worry increased and never lessened as he pulled into the compound to see the carnage that once was Ruin's workshop.

For the destruction alone, desecrating something his twin loved, he hated Jensen.

Amid the smoke and rubble, the building that had stood there as long as he could remember was gone.

Emergency services were on the scene, efficiently working to dampen the fire.

Bikers started arriving in droves.



Axel looked fit to murder as he and Chains talked to the police chief.

Ten minutes later, he came over to Reno, looking at the destruction like he could will the bricks to ensure Ruin was nowhere near it.

“We’re never gonna hear the fucking last of this from the cops,” Axel growled.

“Is he in there, Prez? Is my brother under all that?”

Axel caught Reno around the back of his neck and squeezed with a supportive hand. Chains came to join them and stood at Reno’s other side. “I don’t know, brother. Mouse said he didn’t see you. Or Ruin, as we know now, leave the shed. His bike is here, but that means nothing; he goes for those long walks.”

“He’s not answering his phone. He always answers.”

Ruin was okay.

He was okay.

Had to be.

Reno would feel it if Ruin was dead.

Their connection wasn’t something stupid siblings talked about. It was genuine. He’d *know* if his brother was dead.

“We’ve joked he had a chick on the side for months, yeah?” Chains asked. “He could be warming her bed while we’re here wringing our hands. It’s gonna be fine, brother.”

Somehow, without saying it, they all knew that was bullshit lies.

Reno felt it in his gut. An instinct that his world was going to shatter any second now.

He paced and waited for more than an hour.

Ignoring questions from the cops, protected by a wall of his brothers, like they knew they were waiting for bad news, too.

The floodlights brought illumination to the area as the digging started.

Why were they digging through the rubble if they didn't think someone was inside?

Reno wanted to help but was held back many times.

He paced. And he waited. He called Ruin, and he waited.

Arms came around him from behind, and he felt relief beat him in the chest. Then, turning, he saw Kylie. "Told you to stay home, baby." He wrapped his arms around her, seeking her scent with his face in her hair.

"I wanted to be here. I got Aubrey to come over to sit with Michele. She knows it's a family emergency, and I need to be with you. And your boy is sitting outside, so all is fine at home."

He filled her in on the situation. So fucking glad to see her.

She became his anchor.

And then the bad news came.

"We've got someone." A firefighter yelled sometime later. The team scrambled, and Reno's heart dropped to his feet, watching them carrying out an unconscious Ruin. He was wearing the clothes Reno had seen him in earlier. Tan cargo

pants, light brown boots, and a check shirt. They had his head strapped to a gurney as they carried him to the ambulance.

Everything in Reno screamed to save his brother.

He'd been hard-wired from birth to always look out for his twin, and he felt helpless when a cop stopped him from advancing. "Get your fucking hands off me, boy." He spat out, but Chains and Tomb caught him before he could punch the fucker for stopping him from getting to Ruin.

"Let them take care of him, brother. They got this." Chains rasped in his ear.

Only the calming touch of his woman brought his temper to a simmer. He clasped onto her hand and didn't let go through the journey to follow the ambulance, and then the long ass wait for a doctor to come and see them.

It was more hours than he could stand, trying to keep calm inside his skin while his brain raged and panicked.

Concussion.

Head injuries.

Unconscious.

Abrasions.

Blood loss.

The list went on, but someone had been looking out for Ruin because he didn't have one broken bone. A firefighter had told Axel at the point of the explosion, Ruin must have been protected by his large workbench.

The worst came next.

Coma.

Ruin was in a fucking coma.

“When will he wake up?” he croaked the question.

“We don’t know. Head injuries are complex. But we are monitoring his brain swelling, and the next twenty-four to forty-eight hours will tell us more. His vitals are now stable, and your brother is in no immediate danger.”

“Other than he’s not fucking waking up.”

Kylie squeezed his arm at his outburst, reminding him he wasn’t alone. It wasn’t Ruin and him against the world anymore. He had her and his brothers, who were gathered in the waiting area.

This shit was not happening.

Not to Ruin.

Reno turned and saw the intense eyes of his woman, willing him to hold his shit together. After a second, he turned back to the doctor.

“Can’t you pump drugs into him to wake him up?”

“Your brother has suffered blunt force trauma to his skull, Mr. DeCastro. In these cases, we prefer the patient to be asleep to give the brain time to heal from the swelling so as not to put pressure on his other organs.”

“Does he have issues with his organs?” asked Kylie, and thank god for her asking the right questions because Reno’s brain was fucking soup.

“At the moment, his blood pressure is a little low. Your brother is infinitely lucky, Mr. DeCastro. We’d expect internal

bleeding, broken bones, and even third-degree burns. We're monitoring him for the next few days in ICU, and we will know more once we run some tests."

"I need to see him."

"Of course, only one family member right now."

"We'll be right here, brother." Said Chains.

Kylie hugged him tight around the middle, and he tromped off after the doctor.

One dreaded step in front of the other.

After sanitizing and donning a gown, a nurse showed him to a sterile white room. Bare-chested, Ruin lay on the bed with a sheet to his waist. Wires attached to him led to beeping machines.

"Is he breathing for himself?" he asked around the lock of emotion in his throat.

"Yes, Sir. I know it looks scary. But they're giving him the best care by monitoring his vitals. You can touch him, talk to him. I'll give you a few minutes alone."

Her sympathetic voice went through Reno's chest like a blunt knife.

It was the voice people use when they thought there was no hope left.

Reno made his feet move to stand at Ruin's side.

The doctor was right. Besides a few scrapes on the side of his face and arms, he looked like he was asleep and hadn't had a building fucking fall on him hours ago.

Jensen would die for this. Slow and painful.

Lucky, the doctor said.

Reno moved closer, his eyes never leaving Ruin's closed-down face, and he held onto that one word like his life depended on it.

They'd rarely been parted without being in contact with each other.

It made their relationship fucked up, too dependent on each other.

Fear was a thing. It was real and pounding blood throughout Reno's limbs as he looked down at Ruin, not knowing where he could touch him without messing with one of those essential wires keeping him alive. He chose a forearm and gripped it.

Reno felt the urge to shake the big idiot to wake him up.

Had they tried that?

Maybe give him another knock on the head to make his eyes open. It worked in movies. He swallowed emotion, unable to keep it at bay, it bubbled over, and when he bent over Ruin's bed, pressing his lips to his brother's forehead, he didn't know a tear escaped the corner of his eye until it plopped on Ruin.

“Don't you dare fucking die, Jesse. Don't even think about going into the light. It's not an option for you and me, remember? We said so years ago.” He rasped in a low tone, “we fight to live. We took an oath on it the night we got away. I will kill you so fucking hard if you die on me. Keep fighting.”

He straightened to his full height and knuckled the corner of his eye, keeping his other hand connected to his brother as if shoving all his life force into Ruin's still body.

It was strange seeing him like that.

Not scowling or glaring.

Not checking in with him like a worried mama bear.

Many called Ruin unhinged, and they'd be right on some level, but no one knew him as Reno did. And as he stood quietly with only the echoing sounds of beeping machines, he felt wrong.

It was wrong to be alive when his blood twin was perilously between life and death.

He felt unmoored.

"You just keep breathing," he murmured. "I'm right here, Jesse."

The nurse let Reno have ten minutes before she gently shooed him out, but he was going nowhere. He got as far as the waiting room to find everyone still around. Kylie came at him first, and the relief of her putting her arms around him was immense. She pumped love into him like a drug directly into his veins, and he squeezed her tightly while giving the boys an update.

His brother wasn't gone.

But he wasn't here either.

And that was the worst part of all.

# THIRTY-TWO

Kylie

Their lives over the past few weeks changed drastically.

Ruin didn't die.

It was essential to keep reminding Reno of that on his down days, not that he had many of those. Her man was a tower of strength for everyone.

And Kylie was *his* strength when he needed it.

Ruin wasn't dead, but he still wasn't awake a long month later.

The doctors were confident his brain activity would bring him back.

But when? The question of the century.

No one knew if he'd be the same man when he woke up.

Though she was as worried as everyone else, Kylie kept things positive around Reno.

He visited Ruin in his private hospital room twice daily, morning and evening. She went with him on some of those visits. The Diablo brotherhood made sure Ruin had someone



with him at all times. And because money talked, the regular visiting hours didn't apply to those men.

Because of the intentional attack on the Diablos, she'd been swept into their lifestyle faster than expected. She now knew what a lockdown was. After five days, Axel deemed it safe enough they could leave the clubhouse, but Reno watched her like a hawk.

Not that she minded.

She was besotted with that man.

Just as he was with her.

Seeing the Diablos in action was a sight to witness.

How they banded together like a well-oiled infrastructure of power.

Fast forward nearly five weeks, and it seemed to have died down with the police, they were no longer getting hounded daily by questions and interrogations.

Reno shared with Kylie that they sorted out their troubles, doled out by their laws, and never turned to the cops.

That should scare her. Maybe she was crazy because it didn't.

There might have been hesitation at first, but she'd gone into a relationship with Reno, knowing precisely who he was and what life he had. Knowing with all her being that he'd move heaven and earth to keep her and Michele safe from that life touching them.

She trusted him implicitly.

Because of the explosion and lockdown, their lives together had moved at a warped speed. Yet, it felt as though she'd always been with Reno.

Stupidly in love meant something to her now. It wasn't only a silly phrase she'd roll her eyes at.

And because her family was nosier than the FBI, they'd all descended on her house this past weekend to vet him in person. She smiled to herself, thinking of the scrutinizing her brothers had put Reno through, and at the end of the day, they'd let her know he'd passed their rigorous brothering.

Kylie sensed Reno wouldn't have cared, even if he didn't get the family seal of approval. He loved her, and she loved him, but she loved him all the more to see him make an effort with her family.

Maybe he knew she was thinking about him because he came through the back door at that moment. He shook some of the snow out of his hair and shrugged off the sheepskin jacket.

All her worries were erased seeing him, and she flashed a smile.

“Baby, told you not to wait up for me.”

He came to her immediately, dropping his head; he made their lips meet in a slow kiss. She caught his cold cheeks and held him close. “I told you I would. How is he?”

“The same.” He tapped another kiss to her lips, and she smelled the cold on his clothes. Then walked to the fridge to grab a beer; he cracked it open and drank half, leaning against the sink. “Did you hear from Chelly before bedtime?”

She loved how he always remembered to ask.

Kylie smiled and nodded. “Yeah, she sent you tons of hugs from her and Milo.” Milo was her favorite teddy bear she always took to her dad’s place.

“Miss that kid,” he replied, and she knew he did. Michele had been great at keeping them distracted from the unknown future ahead.

When he came forward, her stomach tightened, and her heart bloomed as it always did when he was near. For as much turmoil as Reno was feeling, he’d never put their relationship on the back burner, and he’d been as attentive as ever. All she could do was surround him in love until Ruin came back to him.

She couldn’t understand how vital a twin bond was, but she knew if she were ever in that situation with one of her siblings, she’d be devastated, too.

“Miss her, but I get you all to myself.” He smirked as dark as a romance villain. “So fucking beautiful,” he rasped, leaning over her. His eyes were so intense she lost her breath. But it soon came back when she was swept up into Reno’s arms, and he carried her to the living room. Surprised, she expected him to head to their bed, but she was happy, so she curled up on his lap while he switched on the TV and found a random show to watch.

“You hungry?”

“No, I’m good, baby.”

“Do you need another beer?”

Turning a quirked grin at her, Reno groped her thigh and stroked up to her ass, where he left his palm. “Mama, you

don't need to take care of me. I'm good."

"Don't you take care of me?"

"It's my job."

"And what's my job?"

"Just love me. I can handle everything else."

God, her heart fluttered to the ceiling and came back into her chest, warm and drowsy in love.

They had love and each other. It was enough to battle any upheaval.

And as Kylie knew, storms passed eventually, and this would too, and Reno would have harmony back in his life again.

Well, as much as a devil-behaving biker could.

All this week, Reno had woken her with his hand between her legs, gently teasing her into moaning. He made her laugh more than anyone did, and he could somehow get around her stubbornness and make her think things were her idea, when it was his trickery all along.

How else had he all but moved in without having one conversation about it?

She wanted him here. Craving his presence. That was the truth.

When he kicked off his boots and untucked the shirt from his jeans, Kylie moved off his lap and waited. It didn't take him long to lie on the sofa and put his head on her lap.

“Look at you fishing for pets again.” She grinned, burying her hand in his hair. The man was a slut for a good rubdown. His back, neck, shoulders, and especially his hair, he loved it all. And because she wanted to wrap him in affection, she never denied him.

“Mm, fuck yeah, like your hands on me, mama.” When she reached the back of his neck, where he carried most of the tension, he groaned in bliss.

“I found that woman in Ruin’s room again,” he said.

Neither took notice of the TV. It served only as background noise, and her hand stalled in his hair. “I hope you were nicer to her than the first time.”

He grunted.

That meant he wasn’t.

As amenable as Reno was, he was territorial as a Jack Russell over his brother. So, finding a strange woman in Ruin’s hospital room only two nights after his accident was the hot button he hadn’t expected.

Kylie remembered how he’d stormed into the clubhouse that night, pissed off.

*“Is he worse?”*

*“No. Some fucking chick was sitting by his bedside when I got there.”*

*“Who?”*

*“Fuck knows. Said her name was Aurora. A club groupie, for all I know. She acted like a startled doe when I asked who the fuck she was. She stuttered she knew Ruin and had seen the*

*accident on the news. Fucking journalists are still poking their noses everywhere.”*

*“What did she look like?”*

*Kylie imagined one of the club girls dressed in their boob tubes and skirts up to their belly button. But Reno would have recognized her had she been a regular. It was true the Diablos Disciples MC had garnered a lot of attention ever since news of the explosion made it to the national news, and the cops were still interviewing everyone. News vans had even started showing up outside the gates.*

*It was attention they didn't want because it meant all their business endeavors had to halt for now.*

*“Not his type,” Reno finally answered after draining milk directly from the carton. He rubbed the back of his hand across his mouth. His forehead pulled down in a permanent stress-induced frown these days.*

*“Chubby, I guess. She was dressed like the girl next door. Aka, not a sweet bottom he's messed with before. She looked older and smart, twitchy as fuck. Frightened, even.”*

*Kylie smiled. “Ruin got himself a cougar? Niiiiice, I can endorse it personally.”*

*Reno dropped some of his tension and smiled back.*

*“What did she say? How did she even get into his room? It's guarded better than British royalty.”*

*“That's what the fuck I wanna know. The nurse looked guilty, so I assumed they knew each other, and she sneaked the bitch in. She didn't say much else. She took off like she had the FEDS after her. I warned the nursing staff that if they let*

*strangers into his room again, I'd have them all fucking fired."*

*Wrapping her arms around his waist, she didn't respond, not when he cared for his brother and was still so concerned. But Kylie was curious about who the woman was, why she was there and how she knew Ruin when he was a notorious people avoider.*

*Was she the mysterious woman the boys ribbed him about texting?*

*Only one other person knew, and he was currently not awake.*

Kylie came out of her thoughts and stroked Reno's nape.

"Did she say any more than she did the first time you caught her?"

"Nope. Only apologized over and over for being there. She was reading to him."

"Reading?"

"Yeah, from one of those sex books Monroe and her sisters talk about."

"Romance books, baby."

"Yeah. It was weird."

"I think it's nice, Reno. The doctors have said it's a possibility Ruin hears everything."

"He doesn't want to hear about some shirt-ripping douchebag getting his rocks off."

Chuckling, she scraped her nails over his scalp the way he liked and was rewarded with his grunt. “You sound like you know a lot about romance books. Are you a guilty pleasure reader? I know what to get you for Christmas now.”

“You can read all the dirty parts out loud to me,” he rasped humorously. The next thing, he was off her lap, and she was lifted onto his. “But there’s something else you can give me now. Ride me, mama.”

His eyes’ heat matched the rushing blood in her veins.

With every passing moment, these feelings she had bursting out of her skin for him worsened. At times, she felt like she might explode, so as a neutralizer, she put all her love into Reno. It worked out well for them both because they couldn’t keep their hands off each other.

She shuffled into place, shuffling forward, purring low in her throat at how hard he was. Having known all that petting would get him revved up.

His plan had worked.

And so had hers because she had Reno exactly where she wanted him.

Smiling against his gorgeous lips, she pressed into him when his hands curled around her butt. She wore only light sleep shorts, so it was almost like he was touching her skin. It took no work because he was an expert in getting her naked, in making her top and shorts disappear. It was deviously sexy that he was still dressed.

“I’ll do that,” she started, “but I need to share two observations first.”



“Multitask, Kylie, and get me out while you share these observations.”

His length always took her breath away, even when it was soft and hanging between his legs. But when hard and velvety, she felt a hot snatch of impatience, knowing how good it would feel shoved inside her. She stroked him once she got his jeans unfastened.

“Everything is going to be okay,” she promised. It was a general blanket statement, covering everything in their life. They relied on each other now. So why wouldn’t it be okay? And if it wasn’t? They still had each other, and that was good in her book. They would face anything that came their way.

Love made her powerful. Invincible.

She was the infamous Utah cleaner, but Kylie was more than that mysterious person.

She was loved by a biker, for one. A great biker. A biker who would move the earth ninety degrees to the left for the people he loved. And what she’d discovered about Reno was he loved with his whole being, holding nothing back.

It was a great feeling and one she basked in every minute of the day.

They both lived in dangerous worlds, but those worlds meant they found each other.

Kylie didn’t know if she believed fate brought them together.

But she believed in a persistent man, and no one could accuse her man of being a passive participant. If not for Reno

and his dogged ways of not giving up on her, they wouldn't be in this perfect bubble of bliss.

"Yeah, mama, it will," he grunted, and ever impatient, he didn't let her play long before he slammed her down on his cock, and she entered that state of euphoria where only aliens could hear how she moaned for him.

They kissed and touched. And reignited their passions with pounding lust.

And they loved each other so profoundly.

It was apparent in everything they did for one another.

Especially now as she started a slow ride, torturing Reno into cursing into her mouth, urging her to get on with it.

Working him, Kylie breathed close to his face, watching his irises flare. "The other thing I wanted to say was, we can't get the couch messy."

Reno chuckled and cuffed her around the neck, holding her to his mouth in his domineering, sexy way. "I won't let a drop of my come hit the couch. You'll squeeze me tight, and I'll keep my cock inside you until we're in the bathroom. Now ride your man. Bring it home."

The devil was smoked through his deep voice, and it was a wonder she'd resisted him for as long as she had.

To say, she hadn't tried very hard.

Reno got what he wanted, and he *wanted* her badly.

"I love you so much," she purred, rocking his world like he was the best fairground ride she'd ever ridden. Knowing how to turn him inside out. Even on top of him, Reno was in charge

because she melted like ice when he pressed the pressure point at the base of her spine, and she came spectacularly quickly.

She breathed in staccato whimpers until the bliss finally waned, though her hips never stopped dancing and Reno soon grunted his completion. As he fucked his pleasure into her so hard from below, she almost came up off her knees from the force.

She'd learned how to hold on to her bucking bronco, so she purred when they came down from it. Kissing over his face, he looked relaxed now; she loved seeing it in his drowsy eyes. It wouldn't last long because the worry was still at the forefront of their everyday lives.

"Kylie Torrance, I can't imagine an hour without you, let alone missing out on having you," he said suddenly, and emotion clogged up her throat. "Best of everything, baby. Love of my fucking life, you got that?"

"I feel the same," she about sobbed, clinging to him.

And when they hugged, happy to sit on their couch, still joined, his mouth brushed her ear. She felt his love for her expand, like it was breathing in the room with them. "You keep me sane."

Oh, her heart.

It meant so much to Kylie, mainly because of the circumstances, so she squeezed him tight as an orange until Reno chuckled.

"I have to. You're mine, after all."

"Damn right I am. Finally roped in my cougar mama, didn't I?"

Grinning, she tugged his hair, nuzzling his nose.

And Kylie knew it. Looking into his eyes, she knew.

Everything would be okay in the end.

It had to be.

There were no other choices.

Not now she'd opened the gates to love.

That meant Reno would get his brother back one day,  
hopefully soon.

And she and Reno would be all kinds of ridiculously happy  
for the rest of their lives.

Her naughty man dropped his hands to squeeze her butt,  
reminding her they were probably not done, and he'd want her  
all over again soon. She was good with that.

An infamous biker and a cleaner of death met.

And as all the best stories and history books claimed, it was  
just the beginning.

# EPILOGUE

Reno

A year later

Kylie had always been an excellent cook, but in their first year living together, it had become more of a passionate hobby, bettering her skills.

The way to a man's heart was through his stomach, or so the saying went.

Though, the way to Reno's heart, as she knew, was a little south toward his very enthusiastic dick.

But when his Kylie got her teeth into something, there were no half-measures.

Now their kitchen was overrun with cookbooks, like she was the love child of Gordon Ramsey and Anthony Bourdain.

So much so, Ruin had built a display glass wall unit.

Reno was used to being her guinea pig.

She'd offer the big wooden spoon, heavy with some sauce or other, and he'd obediently open his trap to taste it while she looked at him expectantly for his opinion.

He never lied.

She'd know if he did.

And the thing about his wife was she preferred the cold hard truth over a well-placed lie to spare her feelings.

“Baby, what are you doing right now?”

Reno was her baby.

Her baby boy biker or the pain in her ass when he frequently pissed her off. He grinned like a dumb idiot at her pet names because no inch of him didn't worship the love of his life. Even when they argued, he could still recognize through the frustrations how bone-deep in love with her he was. And knowing that he was in it for the long haul, no matter what, he usually tackled her to the floor and made their fight go away by more pleasurable means.

He was resourceful as fuck like that.

Now standing in the howling wind outside the MC, buttoning up the leather jacket, he smiled. “Just about to ride home, mama. What's up?”

“I need your mouth.”

“Oh, yeah?” his heart thudded in a free-fall, and his cock twitched.

“I just made the best risotto, and I need you to get home to taste it.”

Laughing, Reno swung his leg over the bike.

“You know how much of a tease you are, woman? First, I'm gonna taste your risotto, and then I'm gonna have you.”

“I swear I've perfected it, Jackson.” He loved hearing the excitement in her voice. Kylie worked harder than anyone he

knew, and most of that work was grim, so he'd gotten behind her new hobby if it helped her relax.

“Has Henri brought our girl home?”

“There's a few hours yet. He texted to say they were stopping for a bite to eat.”

*Good.* Reno only needed a few hours more alone with his wife before their whirlwind four-year-old came back home after a vacation with her dad, step-mom, and new baby brother.

He loved Chelly down to his bones; she'd brought joy to his life, something separate from Kylie he hadn't known he needed. A childhood he'd never had, and watching it vicariously through Chelly's eyes made him love that kid all the more. She'd started calling him “dude” recently.

*Dude, can you take me out for a ride on your bike?*

*I think we need to get ice cream, dude.*

That kid made him laugh every day.

Reno was sure she would change or run the world with a criminal empire.

And as much as he loved the kid, he considered his own, too. He still loved alone time with Kylie.

It was fucking precious, and he never wasted a minute he could spend with her.

They were busy people, but they carved out time for dates. Reno had grown up seeing the fucked up relationship his parents had, different people in their beds, drugs, and worse. So the moment he got something good in his life, he'd vowed

to focus his attention properly. He wouldn't be an old man who screwed around with club girls and then went home to his old lady.

Kylie was everything he wanted, and more.

His dream woman. His soul gaped open every time he put eyes on her.

No other woman existed in their world. He made sure of it.

She made sure of it by leading him around by the dick.

*Happily.*

When he said he was a man focused, he was essentially obsessed with her.

Always would be.

Owned by the cleaner.

Last month, they had a long weekend in Vegas. He'd packed and hustled her out of the house at the ass-crack of dawn while Kylie was still half asleep. Then, this past summer, he took her to California for their honeymoon. He'd felt like a fish out of water in tinsel town, but Kylie had loved it, making it worth the trip.

Reno made it home with plenty of time to shovel half a bowl of perfect risotto into his piehole, and then swept Kylie into his arms to have his dessert.

Once the urgency to have her settled his guts, Reno left her in bed while he cleaned the kitchen, but she followed him not ten minutes later and plastered herself to his bare back.

His pulse increased, and he cast a smirk over his shoulder at his sleepy woman.



“Thought I wore your erogenous zones out for at least thirty minutes of shut-eye, mama.”

“I missed you in bed. And I could sense you were being domesticated. You know it gets me going.”

Drying his hands on a dish towel, Reno turned and groaned when Kylie nuzzled his chest. She was so affectionate after sex. No wonder he kept her topped up because he loved this side of her. Carrying her to the table, he sat and put her on his lap, passing her the coffee he'd made.

She sipped gratefully, inhaling the caffeine steam, her presence alone reminding him where his queen was in the pecking order of their family. She was pedestal high.

Reno would lose his mind and burn the world if anything happened to her. He'd been a bear six months back when something happened on a cleaner job.

She got knocked around a bit. That gang member who thought he was clever, acting like a macho fool, trying to coerce Kylie into going out with him, was no longer breathing. The DeCastro brothers made sure of that. And it made considerable noise in Utah never to mess with the cleaner.

The Diablos had claimed her as one of their own.

It was a compromise, or he would have locked her in the attic and treated her like an adored pet. Safe from the world.

He couldn't stand the idea of anything hurting her.

So for his sake, she'd let him recruit Mouse, now a patched brother, into being her on-site protection. Wherever the cleaner went, so did Mouse.

It brought a marginal respite for his worry.

But he'd never use his love against Kylie and force her hand into quitting.

That wasn't who he was.

It wasn't her, either.

They were who they were, and he'd fallen for all parts of her.

He was no saint, and thank fuck, she loved every inch of him, too.

But it didn't mean Reno wouldn't do all he could as her old man to keep her safe.

Ever since the bombing incident, he had their house rigged out with security. Not even the NSA could break in.

The part of the club which had been destroyed was now restored like nothing happened. Extra patrols were now mandatory.

Jensen was in the wind.

A whole year and not a word or sight of him.

Reno could only hope he'd fallen under a train.

Not long after Ruin had been in the hospital, a card arrived. No name, but it was clear it was from that dickhead. "*It wasn't meant to happen.*"

If Jensen wanted forgiveness, it was over Reno's dead body.

He was even considering bringing up an idea at the next church table. He wanted to hire the leading tracker in the

states. Grinder from the Renegade Souls MC was notorious for finding the unfindable. The cost would be astronomical, but worth it.

That was to think about tomorrow. Right now, he had perfection curled up on his lap, nuzzling him like a sleepy lamb.

Their alone time was cut short when her bat phone pinged, and Kylie came awake like she'd been jolted with adrenaline.

After reading the text, she sighed and kissed his lips.

“I need to get dressed. Can you tell...”

“I’ll tell Henri and Chelly you got called out to work.” He finished.

It was fascinating and hot as hell to watch her morph into the cleaner.

Not only with her dark clothes concealing her features, but her entire demeanor was almost like a whole other person.

Reno couldn't lie. He was still wildly attracted to the cleaner and her perfect butt. Just lucky, he guessed, that he belonged to her now.

When she was dressed, a wrapped sandwich was made for her to eat on the way back.

“Aww, you're such a good wife.” She teased, kissing him again as he walked her to the truck. Mouse would meet her at the location.

“You'll pay for that when you come back to me.”

“Don't I always, baby boy biker? Why don't you get those hands and legs ties ready for when I come back to you?”

His pulse flared at the thought of her spread-eagled on their bed, unable to move. Under his mercy, begging for forgiveness. Reno shot out an arm, grabbed her for a fierce kiss, and ran a hand down her slim back until he gripped her ass. “You better.”

“Don’t I always? I love you.”

“Love you, mama.”

He stood on the sidewalk and watched the truck until the tailgate lights disappeared, and then he strolled back inside the house.

Having a family changed Reno.

Loving the legendary cleaner had made him into the best version of himself.

\* \* \*

Fourteen years later

The boy standing in his doorway looked ready to piss his perfect chinos as he bobbed his gaze between a glowering Reno and a stoic-jawed Henri.

“Who the fuck are you, boy?”

They both knew who the kid was. Behind him was parked a shiny Audi car.

There was nothing the two men didn't already know about Alec Stefani or the family he came from. Reno made it his business to find out who wanted to date his girl.

"I, erm. Hello, Sir. I'm here to pick Michele up for a date."

"is that so?" Asked Henri, even intimidating his pressed shirt and tailored pants. Reno wore his usually worn jeans, tight black t-shirt, and tattoos on display. "Did we know he was coming to take Michele out on a date, Reno?"

Reno played his part. Arms folded. Glowering down at the teen boy with the beginning of fluff on his red cheeks. "Nah, I don't think we did, Henri. Looks like we got us a problem at the door."

The kid flinched, and Reno internally grinned, enjoying making him uncomfortable.

Good. If the kid was terrified of them, it was less chance he'd try anything on Chelly.

Reno wouldn't mind cutting off his hands. Not at all.

But he spoiled Chelly, and she'd hate him, and the worst part of being a parent was when she didn't talk to him.

"Reno, be nice." He heard called from inside their house.

The sound of his wife could permanently derail his brain. He was a straight-up maniac for that woman, and she knew she had him wound around her little finger.

"Pipe down, woman. Lessons are about to be taught about what happens if horny boys break my rules." He even bared his teeth.

No hormone-consumed kid was good enough for Chelly. He could chase off boys all day and not even break a sweat, no problem. On this, he and Henri agreed. Hadn't they coordinated the time for him to drop by for this thing? Yep. Dads in arms against the world of dick-swinging boys.

“Oh, my god. What are you both doing?”

They turned to see a flushed Michele glaring. She looked so much like her mom. Was it a wonder he wanted to keep her locked up for a while longer?

“Sweetheart.” Henri started.

“No, don't even, Dad. You said I could date. You said you trusted my judgment.”

“We trust you, sweetpea,” input Reno. Dads in arms. Then he glared at the waiting boy. “Boys with wandering dicks and expensive cars we don't trust.”

She slid between them and faced the boy. “Alec, whatever they've said, ignore them. They're ancient and haven't taken their old men meds yet. Wait in the car. I won't be a minute.”

Like her mom, she cleared the scene in seconds, and Reno grinned with pride. Henri did the same. The boy fled.

Reno whistled, and Alec turned around. “You have her back before curfew, or I come and find you.”

“You touch her, and we come and find you.” tagged Henri.

“Got it, Sir.” The kid got gone. Probably locked the car door. *Good. Be afraid.*

Michele turned on them both, wagging her finger.

“I can’t even cope with you two. I’ll kiss no one at this rate. No one dares come near me because of you two. I’ll tell your wives to drop you off at the zoo. They need their chest-thumping gorillas back.”

She huffed and puffed, but as they knew, their Chelly was sweet as sugar and could never stay mad for long. She hugged Henri first, who shoved folded bills into her hand. “Just in case you need a ride home. Or call me, and I’ll come for you.”

“Dad, I’m fine. Thank you, I love you.”

Reno’s turn was next, and he hugged her tight, remembering how she used to ride on his shoulders and tug his hair. But then, he’d blinked, and she’d grown up.

“Do you have your pepper spray and taser?”

“Yes. Uncle Jesse already texted and asked me the same thing.”

Reno grinned, “have fun. Punch him in the balls if he’s not a gentleman.”

She rolled her eyes but smiled. “I will. Love you, Pops.”

They watched her climb into the car, and Reno felt a smaller body push between them in the doorway.

“Don’t worry, Pops. Alec won’t last.”

Reno gazed down at his twelve-year-old son, almost as tall as he was. Joey ate like he thought the food would run out, growing like a weed, and liked to be up in everyone’s business. Especially at the club. The one thing Joey couldn’t wait for was being a patched member. He already walked, dressed, and talked like a biker in the making.

“Why do you say that?”

Joey swept a hand over his dark hair, too long in the front, and he smirked, older than his years. “Chelly won’t fall for a dweeb guy. She’ll end up with a biker like mom did.”

“God help us all,” chuckled Henri as he stepped out, swinging his car fob; now their bullying work was done.

Reno frowned at his grinning son.

“Trust me, Pops. I know these things.” He sauntered off, too, to climb on his peddle bike to terrorize the neighborhood. Some parents would knock on his door soon enough, as always, complaining that Reno’s kid was shaking down their kid for bets or kissing their daughters.

“A biker, huh?” he felt arms slide around his waist. Kylie nestled into his ribs, and Reno brushed his lips on her hair. “Now you regret threatening that safe boy, aren’t you, baby?”

“She’s too good for any biker.” He scowled and was ten years ahead in his mind, stringing up a punk biker for falling for his girl.

“So was I, but you chased me down, didn’t you? All the best ones do, and it worked out well for me.” she smiled, and he felt his stress fall away. He met her mouth, kissing her slowly as he directed her in and kicked the door shut behind them.

Reno agreed. It had worked out better than he could have planned because here they were with a full house, kids always in and out. Most didn’t belong to them, but that was the club life; their kids grew up together.



Most importantly, he and Kylie were wild for each other, more now than ever.

Joey had been a surprise. A good one.

Two kids.

Two house moves.

Three car upgrades.

One dog and a horse.

Impressive ups and downs, personally and club related.

And nothing was as strong as the love Reno felt for the woman in his arms.

It wasn't only empty words when he vowed to punch a hole through the world for her.

She was everything, and she'd given him the stable family he never knew he wanted.

For that, she was *priceless*.

Pinning her against the back of the door, enjoying how she slid both hands up his t-shirt. They realized the house was empty, and no one, least of all a DeCastro, would ever look a gift horse in the mouth.

“Give me those lips. We have unfinished business, mama.”

Kylie, so fucking beautiful, made his stomach hurt, smiled seductively at him, and they both knew without words that their business and love would never be finished.

Up next is Axel's story.

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