

SCREAMING
EAGLES
MC



SOLD

TO THE BIKERS

REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE

STEPHANIE BROTHER

SOLD TO THE BIKERS

AN MC REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE

STEPHANIE BROTHER

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AN MC REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE

NATALIE

“I’M GONNA HAVE TO SEE SOME ID THERE, MISS.” HEAVY metal booms out of the doors behind the bouncer at the Eagles’ Roost and echoes off the walls across the street.

He folds his muscled arms over his broad chest and looks down at me with stern, dark eyes made even more imposing by the white scars that slash across his face, straight through his right eyebrow and continuing down his cheek.

I shudder to think what might’ve caused them, but they do nothing to detract from his high cheekbones, strong jaw and lips that look ready to kiss a girl senseless.

“What? Oh, right.” I snap out of it and flash him my driver’s license, while I stretch up on my toes to see over his shoulder into the bar. This is exactly the kind of place my little sister shouldn’t be if she’s going to get her life back on track. She promised me she’d gotten rid of her fake ID. Guess not.

He picks the card out of my fingers with a quick grab. His tattooed arms flex as he aims a flashlight down to read. “Twenty-two? Really? This fucking real? You don’t look twenty-two.”

“Of course it’s real! Come on. Do I look like I’m here to party? I just need to pick up my little sister.” Who for some reason—even though she was the one who called for me to come pick her up—is nowhere to be seen.

He grins mischievously as he pulls his long hair out of his eyes. “You look plenty good to me, but if you’re not a paying customer, maybe I shouldn’t even be letting you in.”

“Please! I don’t have time for this.”

The glint in his eyes makes it almost seem like he’s flirting, but there’s no way a guy like him would flirt with me. He’s rough and wild, just like this bar. I could totally see him leaning against the counter with a bottle in his hand and a girl on his arm, but that girl’s not me. Five minutes together and he’d find out I can’t string two sentences together with a hot guy.

Maybe it’s the desperation in my tone, or just that there are more people lining up behind me, but he relents and returns my license. “Go ahead, but save a dance for me.” And then he winks over a cocky smirk that probably has him drowning in pussy when he wants it.

Yeah, that’s not going to be happening. I’m just grabbing Sandra and getting us the hell out of here. I have to be at work in the morning, and Ramona isn’t known for her mercy. Apprentices are a dime a dozen for one of the top bakers in the city.

“I just need to...”

“Not stopping you.” The bouncer moves only a tiny bit to the side, forcing me to squeeze past him if I want to get into the bar. I’m sure it’s on purpose. I shift back and forth on my feet, trying to decide what would be less embarrassing to press against him—butt or boobs. Butt, I guess?

The only padding I feel when I push past is me, because he’s rock muscly hard. It’s with a hint of both relief and regret when I finally pop through, leaving him behind.

I risk a glance over my shoulder, and find him looking my way with a wolfish gaze. When he notices, his smirk widens into a grin, and I snap my attention away and duck inside before I make an even bigger fool of myself.

The bar’s bigger than I expected, and packed with rowdy-looking people. There’s so much denim and leather it could be a cowboy bar, but the undercurrent of motor oil and exhaust suggests motorcycles instead of horses. Not to mention the jackets and vests with patches that say stuff like Ungrateful

Bastards, Black Squad, or Screaming Eagles. Yep, definitely bikers. I don't know much about them aside from what I've seen on the news, but even I can figure it out.

And it's definitely not the kind of place Sandra should be.

"Nice ass, sweetheart. Wanna back it up over here?" a guy with a beard that could rival Santa's says with a chuckle.

He laughs harder when I ignore him to push through. These guys aren't classy, that's for sure. Where the heck is Sandra?

I squeeze around a pool table, just as one of the players pulls back his cue and breaks. The crack of the balls scattering startles me right into the arms of a muscular wall with arms and legs. He catches me easily and looks down like a fisherman examining what he's got on his hook.

"Fuck, usually *I* have to make the first move, but here you are." He smiles, and my mind goes blank. He's got a square superhero jaw and a nose that looks like it's seen a few fists. His dark eyes are startlingly similar to the bouncer's and the rest of him is built like a superhero too. His black T-shirt is stretched across a chest so broad that I could probably use his biker vest as a cloak.

His massive hands rest on my hips, holding me close so I have to crane my neck to look at him. I haven't been this close to a man since—well, the guy at the door, actually. But before that? Who knows?

Between working and helping Sandra, I don't exactly have a lot of time for men. A part of me that I mostly try to ignore lights up just below my belly at how easily he's holding me in place. His biceps are as big around as my thighs.

"Um, I'm good now, thanks." I tap his arms, and try to push off his chest despite knowing how useless it is. He doesn't budge. "Let me down!"

For a moment longer, he looks at me, then releases me so suddenly I almost launch myself away from him. "You with somebody?"

"No!"

Another biker, his hair blond and hanging in choppy waves around his face, pushes past the big one. His face, with its short reddish stubble, doesn't look much older than mine, but his steely gray-blue gaze could belong to someone ten years older. When he smiles, though, he could pass for a very naughty choir boy. "Who's this? You keeping her all to yourself?"

"The only thing you guys are keeping me from is my sister!" I wail in exasperation.

"If she's as cute as you, I'd look towards the back, where the lights are lower." The blond one grins. "Happy to show you the way."

I lean his way before snapping back straight and pointing towards the back. What am I thinking? "No thanks! That way?"

What is it with these guys? Is it the vanilla essence attracting them? There are sexy women all over this bar that I bet would have no problem showing them a good time. The best they'll get out of me is a tasty muffin.

God, if these guys are having this kind of an effect on me, I can only imagine what Sandra's up to.

The big one nods. "Can't miss it. Just don't get too close to the stage or someone might offer you a job."

I blink, twice, then spin on my heel, leaving them behind. And this time, very pointedly not looking back, I weave through the crowd.

It's not just bikers, even if they make up most of the clientele. There's a group about my age who look like college students in one of the booths, probably celebrating the end of the year. I try not to feel resentment. It's not their fault a car crash stole that carefree life from me, but in another world maybe I'd be there with them, and Sandra would be graduating from high school with her old friends.

Distracted, my elbow goes straight into the gut of a huge, grizzled biker. He coughs and looks down at me in shock.

"Sorry!" I squeak, half expecting him to backhand me.

“Easy, mouse,” he says with a laugh, stepping out of my way.

The crowd finally opens up, and the floor drops so suddenly that if there wasn't a railing, I would've gone right over the edge into a plush, half-circle booth. At the far end is a stage, and on it—oh my God. The job comment clicks into place.

What is my little sister doing in a strip joint?

The dancer winds around the pole like she's trying to have sex with it, while the tables in the lowered area are packed with cheering, leather clad men, many who clearly don't need to come here, because they already have barely dressed women hanging all over them.

Frantic, I search the crowd. With bright lights pointed straight at the stage, the seating area is shrouded in darkness and hard to make out, and from the look of some of the couples in the booths, I'm not sure I want to see what's actually going on.

“Sandra!” I yell.

There she is, hanging out in one of the couch sections. I recognize some of the people she's with as friends I keep telling her to stay away from, because they'll drag her to places like this.

Quick, down the stairs, and then try to keep my eyes away from the stage, where the nearly naked woman is shaking her ass in a way that defies gravity. This is too much. “Sandra!”

“Nat?” A head pops up from one of the booths.

There's a mix of relief and disappointment in her features. I know that look too well, and a little of my anxious anger melts away. She's been trying really hard, working on her GED, getting herself a part time job to help out, doing stuff around the apartment. The girl that came out of rehab was very different from the one I drove there.

Still, this is a definite breach of our agreement.

She jumps up from the couch to run over to me. “I haven't drunk or done anything, I promise. They took me here, but all I've had is water.”

“And a lap dance,” yells one of her friends which makes my normally very forward little sister blush like a tomato.

“And a lap dance,” she agrees, nodding in embarrassment.

I look around us, not seeing any sign of male strippers. I bet the guys here loved that show. As long as it wasn't more than that, I don't even care. She's an adult. I just don't want Sandra to fall back on the habits that she's worked so hard to beat. She's had a life no teenager should've gone through. We both have.

“I'm taking you home, okay?”

She nods. “Yeah. I'm sorry I lost track of time. Jerry was supposed to drive, but he had a couple of beers. I swear I didn't know we were going to a bar, not until we were already here.”

“I'm proud of you for calling.” I take her hand to pull her with me, as we head back up into the main bar.

She blinks at me like I'm crazy. “But—”

“But nothing. Well... I'm not thrilled you still have your fake ID, but—”

“There you are. Didn't think I'd find you back here but can't say I'm sorry I did.”

I barely have time to recognize the speaker as the long-haired biker from the door before I find myself in his arms. His hand slides into my hair and the next thing I know, his lips are on mine. Adrenaline surges, and instead of fight or flight, my stressed brain finally gives up and goes straight to fuck.

My eyes shut, and a little gasp slips out as his tongue slides along mine. A strong hand lands on my lower back, and pulls me straight into his big, muscular body. He tastes like whiskey and sex, and the smell of leather fills my lungs. My core heats like a nuclear reactor heading for a meltdown.

“Natalie?” Sandra asks, sounding equal parts amused and startled.

I come to my senses wrapped in a biker. “Stop!”

He pulls back, eyes lidded and his smile sexy and self-satisfied. “You ready to dance?”

“Not that kind!”

He chuckles. “Well, you know where to find me if you change your mind.”

“That won’t be happening,” I say with more confidence than I feel. My knees are wobbly, and I can still taste him on my lips. I grab Sandra’s hand and pull her out of there before anything else happens. To either of us.

“You okay?” she asks as we get into my beat-up junker of a car.

“Fine!” It starts on the second try, and then we’re pulling out.

“He seemed nice.”

“Don’t care.”

“And he was pretty hot,” she adds slyly.

The ridiculousness of it finally breaks through, and I can’t help but laugh. “Yeah, fine. He was.”

“Thanks for picking me up. I love you. Now I know there’s nothing you won’t do to keep me safe, including kissing a biker.” She chuckles.

“Yeah. I love you too. Now let’s get you home, okay? Tomorrow’s my day off, but you have work in the morning.”

When I go to sleep, I think about how nice it is to have my sister back. It was really rough for a couple of years, and I wasn’t sure it would ever happen. But my dreams are full of bikers, especially a scarred, long-haired one kissing me senseless.

NATALIE

“A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS?”

Even with the cold steel barrel of a gun pressing underneath my chin so hard it hurts, I can't keep in my shock. I'm happy when my balance is over four digits at the end of the month. If I had a hundred grand sitting around I wouldn't be sharing this one bedroom apartment with my sister.

“You can say it all you want. It won't change anything,” one of them says with an ugly sneer.

Why did I even open the door when they knocked? I've warned Sandra about it so many times, but I was expecting her home and she forgets her keys all the time. The last thing I expected was to get jumped and have a gun pulled on me.

There's four of them, and each one is scarier than the last. Big, dirty and nasty. A minute ago, it smelled like the cupcakes I have in the oven, but now all I can smell is motor oil and sweat off the guy holding the gun to my head.

I think they're bikers. I'm no expert, but they have the same sort of look as the people at the bar last weekend. But these guys don't look dangerously sexy, just dangerous. They're wearing muddy motorcycle boots, dirty jeans, and beat up vests covered in patches. “Unwanted” it says across their backs. Is that their club?

I try to focus on the details in case I need to give a statement later, but in this city? It would go straight in the trash as soon as I was done. Everyone knows who runs this town, and it's not the elected authorities.

“There’s no way Sandra owes you a hundred thousand dollars! She’s practically still a kid! This must be some kind of mistake.”

“No mistake, sweet tits,” says their leader, his wide grin missing two teeth. He’s built like a boulder, with blurry tattoos wrapped around his left arm. There’s nothing underneath his leather vest, unless you count his hairy belly and the grip of a gun sticking out of his belt. The other guys call him Crusher. “Hundred fucking grand, and interest’s ticking. Tell us where she is, and we won’t blow your fucking head off. It’s not you we want.”

“Speak for yourself,” says the guy holding me. He squeezes my breast roughly through my T-shirt. I whimper, and my skin crawls, but I’m not exactly in a position to fight back. “She feels pretty damn good to me.”

Swallowing hard, I shake my head—only barely so the guy with the itchy trigger finger doesn’t get any ideas. “Sandra’s been in rehab for months. She just got home a few weeks ago. There’s no way she could owe you a hundred grand.”

When I was sixteen, the old Mayor’s daughter got kidnapped by bikers. It turned out the men he claimed took her were really part of some plan to expose his crimes, but even before it came out that the mayor was the real criminal, the news reports made the kidnapers look really sexy. Like bad boys living wild and free with their own rules.

But if this is what they’re really like? Yeah, I’m going to stick with the good guys from now on.

If I live.

“Do you think we’re fucking stupid?” Crusher steps so close I have to turn away from his sour breath. “Those places are like Club Med for junkies hiding from all the shit choices they make. Your little sister’s in fucking trouble, baby. Where is she?”

“Why should I tell you? So you can hurt her?”

He pushes the muzzle out from under my chin and grips my jaw forcing me to face him. “You sure you want to get

mouthy? Right now all I want is her, and if she behaves, she'll get a chance to work it off. She's not as sweet as you, but she's young and that's enough for a lot of guys."

The realization of what he means slaps me right in the face. "That's sick! She's eighteen! You can't—"

"We'll do whatever we fucking want. We're not the ones in fucking debt here. Is she good for the money?" he asks, voice dripping with sarcasm.

I look away.

"Didn't think so. If she wants to get out of this with all her fingers and toes intact and her teeth still in her mouth, she'll do exactly as we fucking say." His eyes widen with a sick glint, like he's getting off on the idea of forcing a young girl into sex work.

The air starts to smell burnt. "The oven!"

"Turn it off before the alarm goes," Crusher snaps to one of his goons, then brings his attention back to me, his beady eyes narrowing. "I tried being nice, but I don't got all night. How about we start breaking your fingers, one at a fucking time, until you tell us where that little cunt is?"

Tears slide down my cheeks. God. Could Sandra have really hidden something this big from me? Maybe I'd've believed it a couple years ago, but she's been so proud of finishing rehab. Studying every night for her GED. The way she did her best to be good, even when she ended up at that bar.

There's no way she's gotten herself back into trouble. Not so soon. But one thing's for sure. If these men get their grubby fingers on her, they'll drag her right back into her old life and this time she'll never have a chance.

I squeeze my eyes shut, because I'll never find the courage to do what I need to do if I'm looking at his cruel face. I've always been her big sister, the one who caught Sandra each time she got in trouble and needed somewhere to land. The one who dropped everything to help her get her life back together, because I love her. I thought I was done rescuing her.

Turns out I was wrong.

“Take me instead.”

Crusher laughs, and it’s a horrible sound. “No shit? You wanna take your little sister’s place? That’s fucking noble. Or maybe you’re not as innocent as you look. Maybe Sugar here wants a ride on the wild side. Sample some real cock from some real fucking men. Never underestimate the quiet ones, right boys?”

The laughter from his friends makes my stomach churn. Ugh.

But I keep my mouth shut. Getting shot now wouldn’t help either of us.

“Of course I don’t want to, but if I go with you, you’ll leave her alone, right? I—I can work off her debt.” Please God let me find a way out of this, but even if I can’t, I won’t turn Sandra over to these guys. Not now. It would break her, and it would kill me to know I stepped aside and let it happen.

His laugh is raw. “I bet you fucking can, Miss Muffin. You know what? Yeah. Fine. Little sis gets a free pass, as long as you cooperate and do everything we say, and I mean fucking everything. As long as one of you is making back the money she owes, I don’t really fucking care who it is. Gimme your phone.”

“What?”

“Your phone, fucking give it to me.” He gestures at the guy with the gun. “Let her.”

I slowly reach into the pocket of my jeans, not wanting to make a wrong move. The phone’s my only connection to the outside world. It was probably dumb to hope that they’d let me keep it.

“Toss it here.”

Crusher looks over it briefly and shoves it in his pocket. My heart drops into my gut as I watch it disappear.

“Don’t worry,” he says with a cruel smirk. “If she calls, I’ll make sure she knows you’re hard at fucking work. Or working hard at fucking.”

They walk me out of our building with nothing but the clothes on my back, only letting me leave my sister a note so she

doesn't report me missing right away. Eventually she'll know something's wrong, though. I can only hope Sandra manages to make the police care, or find some other way to help. Will she even know what this is about?

"What are you going to do with me?" Nightmare scenarios play through my head, but I cling to the thought that so long as the debt is in place, I'm too valuable to kill.

It's Crusher's turn to squeeze one of my breasts, so hard it hurts. He shoves me roughly into a black van parked just outside, and whispers harshly in my ear, "Anything we fucking want."

QUICKSHOT

I PUT A LOT OF WORK INTO MAKING MY BIKE PURR LIKE A kitten, and I miss that smooth rumble every time I cut the engine. There's nothing like it, except maybe for the soft, amazing feel of a willing woman.

Badass and Animal pull into the gas station behind me. Badass's monster growls like a bear until he shuts it off, while Animal's exhaust cracks loudly. I know every bike in the club by its sound, as unique as a person's voice. Fuck, I've had my tools on every single one of them.

The gas pump chugs rhythmically as I fill the tank. There's something soothing about it. Feeding the beast.

"Fuck, it's going to be a buggy summer," growls Badass. He grabs the squeegee from between the pumps to give his headlight and windshield a once over.

"More protein," says Animal with a laugh.

Badass snorts and turns his head to spit.

We all freeze when there's a crash from inside the station "Well, the fucking Screaming Eagles aren't here, are they?" someone yells. "You don't want to fucking cross us."

One look and we're already moving. Whoever's fucking around on our turf is going to learn exactly what that fucking means. Leaving the bikes behind, we move to the front door like a unit, Badass takes the right, with me on the left. After our years together, we've learned that Animal's going to charge in no matter what we do anyway.

“They’re going to kick your asses!” The familiar voice is defiant, but full of panic. Whoever these fuckers are, they’re gonna find that they’re on the wrong side of the tracks today.

“What’d you say, pissboy?” Something else crashes. “It’s time for a fucking lesson.”

Animal kicks the door open. It slams into a stack of wiper fluid bottles that go flying all over the floor. Subtlety was never his strong suit. “We’re here now, motherfuckers!”

I nod at Badass, and he follows his little brother. They’re both built to fuck someone up, but Badass is older, broader, and less impulsive. Me, I work better at range anyway, so I hang back, my hand on my belt right next to my shooter.

The first fucker I see is a stocky guy in leathers and a club cut. Brass knuckles raised, he charges Badass. Well, he tries to. Badass catches him by the collar and swings him around towards the front door. I step out of the way just in time to wince as the guy stumbles over the bottles and his face slams into the steel frame. Hope for his sake he remembers to collect his front teeth before we kick his ass all the way outta here.

The back of his cut reads “Unwanted”, and I roll my eyes. They call themselves an MC, but it’s more like a handful of shitheads who fence car parts and like to play tough. They usually steer clear of our turf and they’ve never given us trouble before. What the fuck are they up to?

“Who’s next?” roars Animal, looking disappointed that Badass got the first contender. “I’m right fucking here.”

The guy at the door is rolling on the floor and clutching his face, whimpering like a beaten dog. His fingers are bloody. Don’t think he’s getting up any time soon. The other two back away, leaving the terrified kid working the register to cover behind the counter.

Taking a couple of steps to the right so I don’t have the candy aisle blocking my shot, I nod in their direction. “We heard you asking for the Screaming Eagles. Well, we’re here now. What the fuck do you want?”

“Nothing. We weren’t doing nothing,” says the taller one, eyeing the way my hand hovers over the hilt of the gun sticking out of my belt. If he’s evaluating his chances, he’d better be fucking faster than the Devil himself.

Because I am.

“Didn’t fucking sound like nothing.” Badass smacks his fist into his palm, looking like he’s eager for a face to take its place. “I distinctly heard our name in your dirty fucking mouths. You obviously know this is our territory.”

“Just getting gas, man,” says the other one, the ugliest motherfucker I’ve seen in a long time. “Passing through. We’ll be out of here as soon as we pay.”

Animal nods towards the counter. “Good to hear, and I’m sure you’ll add a nice tip considering you scared the shit out of that poor kid. It’s the least you could do.”

“What? Wait a minute. We’re just—”

Badass takes a step closer just as I actually rest my hand on my pistol grip, and that shuts the asshole right up.

“Yeah, fine. We’ll pay. Fuck, we’ll get the hell outta here.”

“That’s what I fucking thought.” Animal’s humorless grin resembles a predator baring its teeth.

“Take your buddy here with you, and I don’t want to hear you so much as fucking sneeze until you’re off our turf. You’re Unwanted. Get it?” Badass and Animal laugh at that one. “We better not see you making life difficult for our friend here again.”

They don’t respond, but throw cash on the counter and shuffle past us awkwardly to haul their buddy up from the floor. His face is in bad shape, but the bleeding seems to have slowed. Enough for him to ride outta here, at least. They glare as they mount their bikes, but ride away without causing any more trouble. Good fucking riddance.

“Hey, Gabriel? You okay?” Badass puts his hands on the counter to lean over it and look behind. “Those fuckers hurt you?”

The kid that stands up is about nineteen, kinda gangly, with dark hair and thick eyebrows. King, our club vice president, likes us to keep an eye on him when we're on patrol. Don't know what their history is exactly, but he's got a soft spot for the kid. We might not take protection money like the mob, but these are our streets and we watch out for our own. Those Unwanted's fucked up extra special.

"I'm good," says Gabriel in a shaky voice. "Just give me a sec... Fuck."

Animal rights a potato chip stand that got knocked over, then pulls off a couple of bags and tosses them onto the counter. "What did they want?"

"Said this turf would be theirs soon, and they didn't need to pay because it was in my best interest to get on their good side." He comes around the counter to clean up some of the other shit they knocked over. "I told them you guys wouldn't let them get away with it, but that just pissed them off good."

I laugh at that. "I appreciate the loyalty, but don't get yourself killed, man. They come back again, give'em what they want, and then you call us as soon as they're gone. We'll teach them what's fucking what. That's not your job."

The look Gabriel sends my way is deeply insulted. "I'm not a fucking pussy. I know I'm not a member, but I'm not giving them shit. King's good to my family, and the Eagles keep this place safe... ish."

Badass grips his shoulder so hard he winces. "We know you're not, but you're more use to us alive to pass on what you see. Besides, you've got a little sister to take care of, and that's the most important fucking job in the world. Fucking trust me."

Gabriel doesn't know Badass and Animal's story, so he doesn't know what runs through Badass's mind every time he sees the scars on his little brother's face, but I do. Badass isn't kidding when he calls it the most important job in the world. To him, it's the fucking truth.

But the seriousness in his voice carries clearly. Gabriel nods. "Yeah, okay. I will. For you guys."

“How’s Sophia doing?” Animal tries to lighten the tone. “She’s what? A sophomore?”

“Yeah. She’s fucking smart, too. Straight A’s. Like she’s not even trying.” Gabriel smiles proudly. “I fucking dropped out, but I’m gonna make sure she becomes something, you know.”

Badass pats him on the shoulder. “Nice. You’re doing the right fucking thing, and that includes staying safe. They’re a small piece of shit club, but they can put a bullet in you all the same. Let us take the fucking lumps. We know how to deal with those fuckers, and we’ve got the whole damn club backing us. Got it?”

Gabriel nods. “I’ll keep my head down, and gas is on the house.” He holds up the bills the Unwashed left. “This should more than cover it.”

“Fuck that shit,” growls Badass and hands him more cash. “You earned it. Keep the change.”

A half hour later, we’re in Eagle-eye’s office. It doesn’t matter how many fucking times I’m in front of him, that one chalk-white eye is always going to make me shiver. It’s like it can see right fucking through you.

Grizzled and gray, and well up in his fifties, he’s the undisputed president of the Screaming Eagles MC. Built like a bull and meaner than a badger, he’ll keep that position for a long time yet. Even if someone wanted to challenge, they wouldn’t fucking dare. Anyone who fucks with him, fucks with all of us.

King, his second in command, leans against the wall, his big arms crossed over his chest. “I don’t fucking like the sound of this.”

I nod. “That’s why we came straight here. Something’s up.”

“The Unwanted have been fucking around at the edges of our territory for a while now,” Eagle-eye’s gravelly voice crunches. “This just confirms my suspicions. They’re pushing closer and growing faster than they’ve got any fucking right to.”

King frowns. “I’ve heard rumors they’ve started holding auctions at their clubhouse.”

“Auctions?” Animal raises a scar-split eyebrow curiously. “The fuck? Like art or some shit?”

Eagle-eye’s white eye rolls as well as his good one, but it’s creepy to watch it fucking move like that. “Not unless you can snort art. Product. Guns. Fenced shit. For years they’ve been selling out of their chop shop, but then something changed. Someone’s backing them, and I want to fucking know who. The Unwanted are a bunch of useless fuckers, and there hasn’t been a change in leadership, so my money is on someone using them to get at us.”

“So what’s the plan?” asks Badass with enough viciousness in his voice that Jupiter, Eagle-eye’s boxer, raises his head from the dog bed in the corner where he’s been sleeping. When nobody calls him and no treats emerge, he lowers his muzzle back to his paws and shuts his eyes again.

Eagle-eye looks over at King, and they nod at each other. “You want a plan? Fine. You three just volunteered for fucking duty. How’d you like a promotion?”

“Sweet, I’ve always wanted to be middle management,” Animal jokes.

Eagle-eye pushes away from his desk and gets up to start pacing. “Fucking wonderful. Here’s what I want you fuckers to do.”

NATALIE

THEY GAVE ME FOUR INCH FUCK-ME HEELS, A BLACK TANK TOP that reads “Unwanted” in big, iron-on gold letters on the front, a push-up bra that squeezes my boobs up under my chin and a skirt that barely reaches below my butt. No panties—not that I’d want to wear any that they gave me.

My face stares back at me from the massive, dirty mirror across from an even dirtier bed in the room they threw me in last night. Everything smells like stale sweat and sex, and the shag rug crunches when I walk on it. I’m pretty sure this is the room they use to—ugh.

Instead of the bed, I spent the night curled up on the ratty couch with a coil poking my butt. I really, really want to just curl up somewhere and cry, but I’m not going to give these monsters the pleasure.

“Get the fuck out here,” Crusher yells from the other room. “You think you’re a fucking princess getting ready for the ball?”

No, not unless one of the cockroaches is going to turn into my fairy godmother and get me the hell out of here. Stomach in my throat, I mince into the next room. Crusher and a bunch of other men are waiting. Some I recognize as the guys that brought me here, and some I’ve never seen before.

“Not bad. Good tits, nice ass.” Crusher inspects me like a sex doll he ordered off the internet, his groping hands roaming over my body. I try not to show him how much I hate it because I’m pretty sure that just makes him more excited, but I

can't help flinching when he slips a hand between my thighs. A few of the men laugh.

"You're jumpy as a fucking virgin," Crusher scoffs.

That hits a little too close to home. I stare at my shoes and tug at the bottom of my skirt.

"No fucking way! You're what? Twenty?"

"Two," I whisper. "Twenty-two."

"Shit, I wish we knew last night. Virgins make for shitty whores. Woulda been fun breaking her in," one of the other bikers jokes. At least I hope it's a joke.

An older guy glances up from his phone. "People pay for a virgin."

Crusher gets a cunning look on his face that scares the heck out of me. He puts his hand on my throat and pushes me against the wall, pinning me like a bug. "I was gonna have the sluts do up your makeup and shit, but a virgin? Yeah. I like that. A real girl next door type."

A skinny guy with tattoos down the right side of his face walks up and looks me over like there's a freshness seal hidden somewhere. "You think she really is?"

"Doesn't fucking matter," Crusher says with a wave of his meaty hand. "I bet she'll squeal like one either way, and that's what they're paying for."

Oh, God. I thought maybe it would help if they knew, but this is so much worse. "I'm not," I lie, forcing myself to breathe against his grip. "And I'll tell them so. I sleep with guys all the time. So many I've lost count."

His smile gets nasty. "You sure about that? You'll end up getting fucked either way, and you can only sell your first time once. People pay big bucks for a virgin, and a hundred grand is a hell of a lot of money. If I put you up for auction, it'll earn you a good down payment on that debt."

When he lets go, I draw a deep breath, staying against the wall so I can use it for support. "Auction?"

“Yeah, we’ll put you up last. I bet if you walk around and wiggle that ass, word will spread. You make sure there isn’t a cock in the whole fucking room that isn’t hard for you by the end of the night, and you’re gonna get fucking bids. The faster you earn the money, the sooner you can get back to baking cupcakes or whatever the fuck else you do.”

Get a roomful of guys hard for me? I can barely talk to men on a good day, and that’s when I want to. “I don’t know... I’m not that kind of girl.”

He grins. “I know, that’s what they pay for. Or maybe your sister will be more interested in the idea.”

“You said you’d leave her alone if I came with you!”

“And you said you’d do what we fucking asked!” he roars right back at me.

“Fine. I’ll do it.” As much as I hate it, he’s probably right, and am I really going to stand here and argue about how to sell myself?

With a solid swat on my ass, he drives me ahead of him like a cow to slaughter. I try to keep my stride confident, but as I turn the corner to face the room they’re having the auction in, my legs turn to jello. The lights are low, the smell of smoke and alcohol is strong, and it’s full of men lounging around waiting for the show to start. Some are in biker leathers, but others are wearing suits, or look like totally normal guys who just got out of work. There’s got to be at least fifty people in there, if not more. I put a hand against the wall to support myself while I wait for my breathing to steady.

“You’ll be fine,” grunts Crusher and swats my behind again. “Just wiggle those fat tits around and smile. If you’re lucky, they’ll see that ass and pay double to pop both cherries.”

Double, for...? The world gets a little fuzzy for a second and I taste bile in the back of my throat. “Just... give me a moment, okay?”

A tall guy in a gray suit and slick, black hair raises a hand to get Crusher’s attention. “Fine, get yourself together. But if I don’t see you out there in five minutes, I’m going to tie you

up, put you on the center table and let the crowd do their inspections by hand. Got me? Screwball, don't let her out of your sight," he growls at one of his henchmen.

I shudder and nod.

The guy in the suit looks at me and smiles with blindingly white teeth. He's handsome, and looks professional, which gives me a sliver of hope. Maybe I can get out of the worst of this if I appeal to someone who looks like they'd listen to my story.

But there's something about the way he sizes me up that makes me pause. His eyes settle on my breasts before coming up to my face, and his thin smile doesn't reach his eyes. There's no pity or compassion there. He gives me chills that linger long after he turns his attention to Crusher. They're talking quietly together when I draw a deep breath and steel myself to cross the threshold.

The high heels force me to take shorter steps than I'm used to, and my hips sway like a figure eight, wiggling my butt in the short skirt. This is unreal. I'm about to auction off my virginity to save my sister. Me, an apprentice baker whose idea of a wild night is working on my edible cookie dough recipe and cracking open a bottle of sparkling wine. I don't do this kind of stuff.

Except today, I am.

As soon as I walk in, I can feel eyes on me. Some slide away quickly, but others linger, hot and with expectations I'm not sure how to meet.

"Hey, hot shit," says a stubbled biker in a wife-beater, nursing a foul-smelling cigar. His leather vest has a patch that reads 'Fucked and Free'. Awesome. "You one of the new sluts?"

Mortified, I shake my head. I've learned enough biker lingo in my short time here to know the sluts are girls who hang around the club and are basically open for business for the members. I don't know why they do it. Maybe for the thrill, or to score drugs off the guys, or maybe they want the security of

being someone's old lady, which I guess is sort of like wives. I don't want to judge, but I'm definitely not one of them.

Up until now this has all felt like a bad movie, but now it's all too real. It's clear Crusher doesn't expect me to make a hundred grand tonight, which means I either have to figure a way out of this, or belonging to one of these creeps might start to sound good. We lost our parents four years ago, and there's no family to turn to for help. I failed my sister once. I won't do it again.

I want to plop my ass down on the grimy floor and bawl my eyes out, but that didn't help when I didn't know how to parent a grieving teenager when I was still a kid myself, and it won't do anything now. If this is how it's going to go, then I need to make the best out of it, and make as much money as I can. Sex is just bodies. It isn't who I am or what I'm really worth.

I keep whispering that to myself.

With a deep breath that shoves my chest out and shows off my sideboobs through the tank top sleeves, I square my shoulders and paste a smile on my face. Someone out there tonight is going to take my virginity, so let's make it worth it.

ANIMAL

THE UNWANTED CLUBHOUSE IS A FUCKING SHITHOLE. PEELING paint, holes in the walls, and I'm pretty sure that pattern on the rug is mold, not dye. Martha Stewart would have a fit, and she's been to fucking prison. Jesus fucking Christ, they could at least crack a fucking window. The big, old building was a mansion in its glory days, but it must've fallen on hard times even before the Unwanted moved in.

The place is packed, but our cuts get attention pretty fucking quick. Despite the tight quarters, the Screaming Eagles logo forms a bubble around us. Everyone knows we rule South Side, and they're smart to wonder what the fuck we're doing at a rival club—as rival as a little bunch of piss ants like these guys can be.

Fucking let them whisper.

I don't give a shit. We're here to make them notice. Just being here is throwing down a gauntlet, so let's see if they have the balls to answer.

“How long before someone tries to fuck around?” asks Badass, scanning the crowd for trouble. He put on a black bandanna and black leather gloves for the occasion and he's idly flexing his fists. I haven't seen him itching for a fight like this since back when he was pro.

“They're gonna feel us out,” says Quickshot. “See what the fuck we're up to. They're not going to dare to face us down directly. It'd be the end of their fucking club.”

“Maybe, but I’m kinda hoping anyway.” Badass laughs harshly, then catches the eye of one of the guests who can’t hide his curiosity. “Whatcha looking at, fuckface?” The guy nearly falls over in his mad scramble to get away, conveniently leaving us a table.

The auction starts with a pile of motorcycle parts, probably stolen. I shake my head. “We came here for this? Maybe we’re giving them too much credit. What’s next? Backyard weed?” Sure enough, that’s what comes up. “Let’s go.”

“Give it five fucking minutes, at least.” Badass shakes his head. “Even if we were wrong, Eagle-eye’s no fool. If he thinks somethings up, I fucking trust him.”

He’s right, but this is boring, and nobody likes it when I get bored.

“If it isn’t the fucking crying eagles.” A thick-waisted guy with a two-day shadow and nicotine stained teeth steps out of the crowd and stands with his arms crossed by our table. He’s wearing an Unwanted cut and looks eager for trouble. Eagle-eye said we shouldn’t make none, but if it comes looking for us...

“Big words from one of the Unwashed,” I snap back. “We heard there was interesting shit here, but all I see is shit, and none of it’s interesting.”

He laughs. “You’re here to buy? I find that fucking hard to believe.”

Quickshot leans back in his chair, hands behind his head. “I don’t give a shit what you believe. You’ve been making waves lately, and any business that’s happening on our turf, we want to know about. Consider us ambassadors, and think real hard before you start shit you can’t finish.”

“The fuck you are.” The Unwanted spits on the floor.

“Jesus fucking Christ, this place is a hole. Let’s get out of here,” I mutter.

Badass nods. “Nothing here worth the trouble anyway. Guess we heard wrong. Shit for sale, from a shitty little club.”

The Unwanted bristles, and his hand strays towards his belt. For a moment I think he's going to draw. "You think we'd put the good stuff out for any assholes? Guess your wallets aren't big enough to get a seat at the real table."

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" I'm starting to really dislike this fucker. Quickshot gives me a tiny nod of encouragement, and it's all I need. "If you had anything good, you'd show it."

His jaw ticks. "You think you're hot shit, but in a year you're going to be begging for my sloppy seconds, asshole. We're not going to be your punching bag for long."

Quickshot shrugs. "Put up or shut up. We were sent to find out if it's worth working with you or not, and right now? I'm thinking not. Let's go. I'm sure Cain will be happy to know you personally fucked this chance." The Unwanted president isn't exactly known for his fucking graciousness.

"Wait!" The Unwanted glances towards the wide wall. "Gimme a sec."

We give each other a brief look when he scurries off. Quickshot nods his head in the guy's direction. "What do you want to bet he magically finds room for us?"

He does.

When he escorts us to the back, the crowd parts so fast they should call me fucking Moses. He brings us through a door after a brief nod at the guys watching it. They step aside to let us through, but not without some ugly-ass glowers. We're not welcome here, but they aren't so confident that they can turn down the chance to work with us, either. Good to know.

The new room is in arguably better condition than the one we left. Doesn't look as fucking moldy at least. Probably their common room, with a bar at one end, a big Unwanted flag hanging on one of the walls, and a couple of pool tables in the back. The crowd's thick here too, but not like the other room, and it smells more like money. There's even some suits around, and members I recognize from other clubs who all make sure to look away as soon as they notice my attention.

More than anything, this room feels more like business. Maybe we're about to see what this shit's all about.

At the far end of the room, there's a stage, and on it stands a wiry old biker with a leather hat, running his mouth as he describes a clear box filled with plastic bags on the table next to him. "Twenty one-kilo bricks, fresh from Colombia. Tested pure this morning. Do I hear a fucking bid? This is good shit. Low bids don't get invited back."

Fuck. I'm no expert, but even at wholesale prices that's easily a couple hundred grand of product. From the stack behind him, there'll be more lots too. Where the fuck does a little club like this get their hands on that kind of shit, and so fucking much of it? Eagle-eye's going to want to know that this is about to hit the streets. We're no angels, but this is our turf. We don't want this kind of shit flooding our neighborhoods.

I lean over to whisper to my brother when I spot the most gorgeous fucking woman I've seen in my life headed our way. She's got dirty blonde hair falling over her shoulders in golden waves, a cute little nose, lips that I wanna see wrapped around my cock and big, deep blue eyes that widen when she spots me. The Unwanted tank top she's wearing only barely covers her big tits, her bra pushing them into the kind of cleavage I want to slide my cock through, and her skirt's so fucking short, it rides the tops of her thighs and teases us with the shadow of heaven with every step. I can't even remember the last time I wanted to just grab a woman and throw her down on a table to fuck her senseless.

Forget the auction. How the fuck does a bunch of slobs like the Unwanted attract sluts like that? Maybe she belongs to the asshole following behind her, but the way she spotted us and started our way makes me think not. Something about her seems familiar, but I can't quite put my dick on it.

Before she gets here, some big meathead steps into her way. "Fuck, they let you out to play with us? This club's fucking generous."

He grabs her ass with one hand, and her tit with his other, pulling her close. A look of disgust flashes across her pretty

face, and as her skirt slips up, it's obvious she's got nothing on under. I'm all for a little rough play, but she obviously doesn't want it. It makes me want to tear off the hand that's daring to touch her.

She sends a frightened look towards the guy following her, who doesn't seem to care. "Let me go!"

It takes everything in me not to step in, but this isn't our club, and she's not my woman. Not my business. But when she cowers from his touch and struggles away, I just can't stay still. Story of my fucking life. Badass always says I need to think before I act, but there's a reason they fucking call me Animal.

My arm goes around his throat, cutting off his air while the other goes under his jaw, forcing him to look up. "What the f—" he starts before I squeeze harder.

"Hands off the lady or I'm going to rip your fucking head off," I hiss into his ear. "She told you to let her be." She looks like a club slut, sure, but they're there because they want to be, and she looks anything but willing.

His face goes slightly green, but I'm not going to fucking let up until he does. When he lets go, she stumbles backwards into Badass, who's there to make sure she doesn't fall, and give her the chance to pull her clothes back into place. A few people glance our way, but no one seems particularly eager to help the fucker. It might have to do with Quickshot fiddling with the grip of his gun, or maybe no one gives a fuck.

"What the fuck is this shit? I told you to keep an eye on her." A big bruiser of an Unwanted pushes through the crowd. I don't know a lot of them, but I know him. Crusher, their chief officer. As ugly as he is brutal. He grabs the girl's arm and pulls her away from us. "If you're gonna fight, then take it the fuck outside. I don't care who you fucking are. If you want a shot at uh... Sugar, you're going to have to wait and bid like everyone else."

Bid? What the fuck?

The girl looks at me with pleading blue eyes and despair written across her face as he drags her away. The pieces fall into place, some of them anyway. She's that girl from the other night. The one at the Eagles' Roost, looking for her sister. The one with the soft fucking lips. What the fuck is she doing here?

No fucking way she's one of their sluts. She's way too good for them. And selling? Something's off. Seriously off.

"You recognize her too, right?"

Badass nods. "Did he say what I thought he said?" His question is quiet enough that only we hear it. "You think they're keeping a stable here? Eagle-eye's going to fucking go mental on these assholes if they're trafficking."

Quickshot's expression might as well be carved in stone, and he has that look that says he's calculating angles and chances in his head, deciding who to shoot first. "When she was at the Eagles' Roost, maybe she was checking things out."

"No way. She was there for her sister and left right after. I don't know what the fuck is going on, but I don't like it. Let's grab her and run," I suggest.

He shakes his head. "Stand down. We can't help anyone if we're dead, and as much as I hate to say it, there are more of these fuckers than there are us. Eagle-eye needs to hear about this, and we'll be back. Memorize their faces, because they're dead men walking."

A low growl of agreement is all I manage to get out. I can't take my eyes off the girl. What did he call her? Sugar? That's about as fucking likely to be on her birth certificate as Animal is on mine, but it's all I've got to go on. I didn't give a shit about the drugs, but I'm not letting my eyes off the auction now. "I'm not fucking leaving her here."

"Sold! And don't forget to register these with the appropriate authorities!" yells the old biker running the auction, getting a round of laughter. Someone just scored a crate of stolen semi-autos, and as the crate's cleared away, Crusher pulls Sugar up

on the stage. “We’ve got a special treat for you guys tonight. Last lot of the evening.”

There’s a fake smile stretched across her ghost white face, and he has an iron grip on her slender wrist. My fist clenches in anger. I want to wring their necks, tear her off the fucking stage and drag her the fuck outta here.

“Animal,” Badass whispers in warning. My brother knows me too well. He puts a warning hand on my shoulder, but I shake it off.

For a moment the room goes quiet. I wanna think that there’s a fucking shred of decency in here and people are shocked, but I’m giving them too much credit.

“Show us the goods!” Someone yells from the back, and Crusher laughs.

“This little beauty’s untouched, gentlemen. Imagine that. Give them a spin, darlin’.” He raises her arm as if they’re dancing, and she twirls stiffly in place. Anyone with eyes in their fucking head’s got to see how fake that smile is, but nobody fucking cares. “Sugar got herself into a little trouble, so she’s ready to be all yours, no fucking limits. That’s got to be worth a little dough, right? Think about it. You’ll be the first to pop her cherry. Any of her cherries, or all of them.”

“Two hundred bucks,” the asshole who yelled earlier bids.

Crusher looks insulted. “Two c-notes? C’mon, Bullseye. You couldn’t get one of our girls to suck that little pinkie of yours for that. For the right amount, we’re talking long term, not just a quick poke. She’s got a bit of a tab to work off, so this ass is an investment.”

“Thousand,” someone offers, like she’s goods to be flipped and not a fucking human being.

It takes everything I’ve got to sit on my hands as the bidding quickly goes up to five grand.

“You going to want her back?” A guy down front asks.

Crusher hesitates. “We’ll knock your bid off her debt, and then take a cut of what she makes you until it’s paid off.”

Six grand, seven, eight. It's down to the guy down front and someone off to the side, and I don't fucking like the look of either of them.

And neither does Sugar. Her big blue eyes lock with mine, pleading for me to do something. Anything.

Fuck, she's recognized us. I'm sure of it. The way she's staring, she seems to think we're all that stands between her and fucking doom.

I'm no hero, but I can't keep watching this. Fuck it.

I start to stand up, and Badass puts his hand on my arm.

"Seriously? You're going to stop me?" I snarl, shaking him off again.

He shakes his head. "Fuck no, but this is going to go to shit fast and we need to be ready."

Quickshot nods, subtly pushing his cut out of the way to get access to his piece.

With a quick nod to acknowledge them, I get to my feet. The old guy on stage goes, "First chance," as he looks around the room for bidders.

I raise my hand. "Ten grand!"

NATALIE

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS? I STARE WIDE-EYED AT THE SCARRED biker.

He stares right back, his smoldering gaze so intense that for a moment I forget where I am and why I'm here. All I can remember is our kiss and the primal connection I felt the other night. Heat pools in my belly, and it happens so suddenly that when Crusher's fingers tighten, I'm almost grateful for the pain that pulls me back to reality. I wasn't sure if he'd recognized me earlier, but now there's no doubt in my mind.

He just bid on me.

My first thought is relief. He's trying to save me—and then reality kicks in. Of course he's not. He couldn't have known I would be here, so clearly he was already ready to buy. I'm just some girl he happened to steal a kiss from in a dive bar.

I need to think he's different. But what proof do I have of that? Treating me like an actual person when he saw me getting groped? Stop being naive, Natalie.

For a good while, the room is silent. I'm about to become biker property, my body and virginity nothing but things to buy and own.

“Twelve thousand.”

A murmur goes through the room as I snap my attention to the new bidder. It's the man in the suit who was talking to Crusher. He looks up at me from his chair, his lips curling into a seductive smile.

Why did he just jump into the bidding? He didn't seem interested until just now.

I bet he drives a nice car, and lives in a fancy house. That suit looks both expensive and out of place in a biker den. Maybe he'll win and I can pretend to be a high end escort like in *Pretty Woman*. He'll fall in love with me and we'll have a messed up happily ever after.

But he's no Richard Gere, and there's nothing seductive about his nearly black eyes. Just eerie darkness, and the longer I look, the sharper his smile gets, until it's ready to draw blood. There's no salvation there, either. He wants to own me, and while I'm pretty sure what the bikers want, I get the feeling sex is only a small part of this man's desires.

"Motherfucker," growls the biker, scanning the crowd, but I doubt he can see the guy in the suit. His friend, the wall of a man who caught me at the bar, is saying something, but the bidding biker shakes his head. "Thirteen!"

This is insane.

"Fifteen," the man in the suit responds coolly. His suit jacket has opened to reveal the dark hilt of a gun. Now I'm certain I don't want him to win. He's giving me 'don't let them take you to a second location' vibes.

Crusher gives me a shake. My smile must've slipped. "Look alive, Sugar. The higher they go, the faster you can stop taking dick for cash."

Ugh.

It's all I can do to not wrinkle my nose when he leans in with his fetid breath. "Or maybe you'll like it, huh? Some do. Maybe you'll come back here for a ride once your new owner is done with you. I'd give you one hell of a fucking ride, I fucking promise you that."

I force a fake smile back on my face to try to hide my disgust, then bite out, "Never."

Now the blond biker is speaking, looking agitated. The three of them seem to be arguing. Probably they're telling scarred guy that I'm not worth it. God, fifteen thousand? I've been

told I'm cute, but I'm no supermodel. My pussy is virgin, not magic. I won't know what the hell I'm doing.

Someone wake me from this nightmare.

I resign myself to being sold to the suited guy, praying I'm going to survive the night.

The scarred biker raises his hand, face set in hard determination. "Eighteen!"

"Twenty."

My heart pounds like a drum. It's going to crash through my ribcage and beat its way across the room and out the door if I can't slow it somehow. This is madness.

"Twenty-five thousand fucking dollars," growls the biker in a tone that threatens bodily harm to anyone who tries to outbid him.

His dark eyes are back on me, burning hot. If he wins, I bet he'll throw me across the table right here, damn the crowd around us.

Urges I didn't know I had come rushing unbidden and I have to shake my head to clear them. My stomach drops. I'm probably reading him wrong. He's pissed he's had to spend so much. At me? It's not like I forced him to bid so much. Or at all.

The cruel man curls his lips into a sardonic half grin, then shrugs. "Not worth it," he says dismissively, but his expression looks pleased, not angry.

And then it hits me. I've just been sold for twenty-five thousand dollars.

Oh.

My.

Freaking.

God.

The crowd parts as my new owner and his friends come forward to claim their prize. The scary man in the suit gets up

and slips away before they get to us.

Twenty-five thousand is a crap ton of money. Way more than one night of sex, even if it's with all three of them. All three? My brain short circuits a little at the idea. "What did you mean when you said they could keep me and help pay off my debt?" I hiss to Crusher.

He shrugs. "What's it matter to you who pimps you out? Less work for me if I don't have to feed and water you. Why? You thinking of making trouble?" His expression hardens. "We had an agreement, you and me, and I don't think you want to back out now."

Chills run down my spine at the violent implication in his voice. No, I'll take my chances with the bikers who just won me. I don't know their plans, but I remember the easy way they flirted with me at the bar, and I'm going to trust my gut.

"N—no. I'm not backing out."

"Good, now smile pretty and don't fuck this up for either of us."

A sliver of curiosity cuts through the horror I should be feeling. Sandra was always the wild one, even before our parents died. I was the good girl, the perfect daughter, and then the one who had to be responsible for both of us.

But who am I now that I've been auctioned off for an insane amount of money to three deceptively sexy bikers who expect to take my virginity?

BADASS

WELL, FUCK, THIS WENT TO HELL FAST. I DON'T EVEN BLAME Animal. I wasn't about to walk away from her either, but fuck. Our budget was ten grand. Eagle-eye's going to shit a brick.

Crusher pulls the girl from the stage and pushes her our way. She's fucking gorgeous. She was cute at the bar, but dressed like she is now? She's fucking built for sin. Heart-shaped ass to fill my hands and wide blue eyes that would go even wider as my cock sinks into her.

And a virgin? Jesus Christ. I'd never fuck a girl against her will, let alone fucking buy her, but that doesn't mean I'm blind.

But something's off. She's no whore, no matter how she's dressed. Paying for pussy isn't my style, but live the kind of life I have for long enough and you see just about everything a human is willing to do to get by. I got nothing against people who make that choice, but if it ain't theirs? I'm not down with that shit.

"The Screaming fucking Eagles at our club. I'd never thought I'd see the day. Guess we're moving up in the world, huh?" Crusher keeps the girl in place with a hand around her wrists, pinning her arms at the small of her back. The other he rests at his belt, not far from his piece. "Heard you got into a little dust-up with some of our guys yesterday. Is this an apology visit?"

"Like fuck it is," snaps Animal. "They were pulling shit on our turf and they got what they deserved."

Crusher doesn't look happy, but he nods.

What kind of trouble did that girl get herself into? She looks back and forth between the three of us with big, terrified eyes. The auctioneer said something about owing money, so maybe I read her wrong and she's a good girl with a dirty little habit. I feel like an asshole for thinking it, but I can't let myself go soft just because something about her makes me want to play the hero.

"We're here on business." I cross my arms over my chest, daring Crusher to tell me otherwise.

His eyes narrow. "Business, huh? You crying birdies say you don't want your hands dirty, but now here you are. Down in the muck with the rest of us. How the fuck are you going to sleep at night?"

"Is this how you want to play it?" Quickshot's expression turns blank and his voice flat. "I could put a bullet between your eyes and sleep like a fucking baby. Hand the bitch over."

Animal stiffens by my side, but the three of us have been through thick and thin together. We know Quickshot's playing the role he needs to in order to get us all out of here. If we show any sign of weakness, our chances of walking out alive go down significantly.

Crusher's oily laugh makes me want to punch his face in. "Easy, easy. Cash on fucking delivery. I get that you're hot for this whore, but I gotta make a living, you read me?" He squeezes the girl's tit, and her whimper of pain is one more black mark on the tally against letting this bastard live to see old age. Maybe not here and now, but one day he won't have the upper hand, and I'll show him exactly how I made my name in the fighting pit.

"I got ten grand on me, cash. We came to feel out some business, not... this." Quickshot leans against one of the tables and waves a hand at the girl. "Got a proposal for you."

"I'm not the marrying kind, and you ain't my fucking type." Crusher laughs at his own joke.

“Fuck off.” I give him the finger. “You can talk to us, or we can go back to our prez and let him know you weren’t interested. You got the authority to make that decision?”

“Cain listens to me,” Crusher says, but his jaw twitches nervously. He returns his attention to Quickshot. “A proposal doesn’t equal the fifteen thou you’re missing, but I like cash so talk fast. What’re you thinking?”

“Like you said, your club’s growing. Of course we’re gonna fucking notice. You’re operating in South Side by our fucking grace. We’re here to see if any of your business is worth getting in on. Gotta be honest, I was ready to leave before we came back here.”

Crusher snorts. “I didn’t think the Eagles were interested in this line of business.” He runs a finger down the girl’s cheek. She turns her head away and Animal fucking growls. We gotta get out of here before he fucks things up.

“Here’s what we’re gonna do.” Quickshot pulls the wad of cash out of his jacket. “Here’s ten grand in down payment. Then we’re going to set up a real meeting to discuss the future. Cain would fucking love to sit down with Eagle-eye as an equal. You could be the man who set it up.”

Crusher’s beady little eyes narrow as he thinks it through. “You’d better make sure you remember to mention that.” Then he shoves the girl our way.

She stumbles, but Animal’s there to grab her. She twists in his grip and he whispers something in her ear. She remains calm, even if her eyes are still wide with fear.

“Of course.” Quickshot pushes off the table. “We’re the biggest fucking club in the region. Cain would give a lot for that kind of reach, and right now, that’s your doing. You fuckers are gonna be rich. We just want a little cut off the top, is all.”

“Fuck.” Crusher’s practically salivating. For all the big talk about hating us, clubs like theirs dream of the legitimacy they’d get by being known as our allies. “But you still owe us fifteen grand. When we come, I wanna see you still got the

girl. She still has a debt, and if you don't produce, it's return to sender, you get me? No one rips off the Unwanted, not even you."

Animal finally grins. He's got an arm slung possessively around the girl's waist. "Don't you fucking worry. We just spent twenty-five grand on this piece of ass. You really think we're going to pat her on the head and send her home? She's property of the Eagles now."

The girl looks like she's one shock away from shattering. It's time to get ourselves outta here.

Crusher seems to agree. "Fine. Fuck off, then. The auction's over."

Nobody's ever accused us of being Boy Scouts, but talking about a woman like we just picked up a rack of ribs on the way to a cook-out makes me feel like I need a fucking shower. The three of us form a protective triangle around her as we make our way out of the shithole they call a clubhouse.

"I'm Badass. What's your name?"

"N—Natalie." Even tight with tension, her voice is rich and low. It makes me wish circumstances were different because I can all too clearly imagine what she'd sound like moaning under me.

"That fits you better than Sugar. The guy holding you is Animal, and that other jackass is Quickshot. Now let's get you the fuck out of here."

NATALIE

ANIMAL'S DARK HAIR FLUTTERS AROUND MY FACE AS I PRESS into his back to protect myself from the wind. With my arms wrapped around his powerful body, I dig my nails into the leather of his jacket and try not to notice the insistent rumble of the engine between my thighs. God, this shouldn't feel as good as it does, but I'm just thrilled to be away from Crusher and his disgusting buddies, even if I don't know for sure that these guys are any better.

My whole body is on edge. I have no idea what they're planning. Play along and nobody gets hurt, Animal whispered back at the auction, which was good to hear, I guess? But did he mean play along in front of the Unwanted? Or with him and his friends once they have me wherever we're going and they take my virginity in a beer fueled foursome?

"Where are w—" I try to talk, but end up with a mouthful of hair, and I don't think he can hear me anyway.

Bits of information click into place. They were at the Eagles' Roost the other night, and Crusher called them the Screaming Eagles. I should've known. That name is infamous in this city. They don't seem as horrible as the Unwanted, but maybe they just hide it better. They did buy me after all, so they aren't exactly the good guys.

Which means I have to assume they're expecting me to... I'm going to blame the vibrations from the motorcycle for why the idea of being taken by the three of them isn't as disgusting as it should be.

Is this how Stockholm syndrome starts? Is that even a real thing?

The bikes slow, and I risk a peek past Animal.

The Screaming Eagles don't have just a single rundown clubhouse like the Unwanted. They have a whole freaking compound that takes up multiple city blocks. I might still be property, but I'm definitely moving up in the biker world. Two-story tall walls surround it, and when we pass through the gate, there are guards stationed, waving us by. Inside, at the other side of a large paved courtyard, stands a massive warehouse. A sign that reads Screaming Eagles MC is lit up big enough to be seen from blocks away.

They drive straight in and park in the courtyard, swinging their legs over easily when they dismount. When Animal starts to do the same, I squeeze him tight and he hesitates. "You okay?"

I shake my head, dying of embarrassment even though you'd think I'd used it all up after the twenty-four hours I just had. "I don't want..."

"She doesn't want to flash the goods," Badass says with a laugh, and without even asking, he puts his hands on my waist and lifts me straight off. He sets me down on wobbly legs.

Quickshot narrows his gray-blue eyes. "We need to get that fucking shit off you."

I take a step back, wrapping my arms around myself. He's easily the scariest of the three in spite of Animal's scars and Badass's size. Every time I think I might be able to trust them, I get a reminder that men don't spend twenty-five thousand dollars on a woman to have a nice chat, no matter how appealing they might look on the surface.

They form a little shield around me, and Animal lifts my arms, pulling off my tank top right there in the open. I couldn't stop him if I tried. All three sets of eyes flash with appreciation at the way the too small pushup bra forces my breasts up to unreal proportions.

I steel myself for it to get ripped off as well, but instead, Quickshot pulls off his leather vest and then his shirt, exposing

a rippling six-pack that's impossible to ignore, marred only by a vicious scar next to his belly button. Then he shoves his shirt over my head to cover me up. It's so long my skirt disappears, giving me the first feeling of modesty I've had in hours, and surrounding me with the masculine scent of leather blended with whatever soap he uses.

He eyes the tank top with a disgusted look on his handsome face. "No fucking way you're wearing Unwanted gear in the clubhouse."

"Good call." With a smirk, Animal pulls a lighter out of his pocket and flips it open. The flame burns strong as he touches it to the hem of the tank top. It doesn't take much for it to catch, and as soon as it's burning properly, Quickshot drops it on the asphalt.

As much as I dislike the Unwanted, that was the only shirt I had. "I don't have any clothes," I say in dismay.

"I'm sure one of the girls will have something for you to borrow," Badass says with a laugh.

My emotions are swinging up and down like a yo-yo. Are they good guys or not? Either way, being ungrateful won't win me my freedom.

"Thanks," I whisper.

"Don't thank us for fucking buying you," Animal says, and his hand lands on the small of my back, burning like a brand even though my borrowed shirt. "This way."

They flank me like bodyguards as we go inside, making me feel small but protected between them. I swallow down my nervousness. I can do this. I will do this.

"Busy tonight," observes Badass as he opens the door.

Hard rock billows out, enveloping me as Animal guides me inside. Laughter and the clinking of beer bottles mixes with the music, interrupted occasionally by the crack of billiard balls. I thought the Eagles' Roost was wild, but this is on a whole other level.

The scent of leather and sweat hangs heavy in the huge common room that's packed with big, burly, tattooed men. There's a bar along one wall, a big screen TV in the back, and a Screaming Eagles MC logo, painted from floor to ceiling in gold and flanked by a couple of American flags.

"Who's the fresh meat?" A tall man with an aura of danger and intelligent black eyes asks, coming over with a bottle of beer hanging from his fingers. "Almost naked is a good look on her. Want a ride, sweetheart? I'll make you see God."

Animal scoffs and puts his arm around my shoulders, pulling me close to his side. "Fuck off, Preacher. Go find your own."

The brief time I spent with the Unwanted makes me brace for a fight, but the other man just laughs and the crowd parts as he wanders back into the thick of the party. The gap he leaves is just big enough for me to spot a woman wearing even less than I am, straddling one of the bikers with her top pushed up while he plays with her breasts.

Are they... Really?

In public?

Now that I'm looking, I actually see a bunch of women mixed into the group. Some are just casually hanging out with the men, while others are blatantly grinding against them, or straight up getting them off where everyone can watch.

A tiny kernel of desire flares in my core. I'm a virgin because I'm really really horrible with men, and when I should've been dating, nobody my age wanted to take on an awkward shy girl who was the sole guardian for a troubled teen. It's definitely not because I didn't want to do it. All it would take was one look at my late night search history to know that.

Maybe this is what they bought me for? To be free game for anyone in the club? I really don't like that idea, so what if I could convince them to keep me for the three of them? I could... I think I could do that.

It's crazy to even think about, but they bought me for sex, right? And if I don't do what I'm supposed to, they might just send me right back to the Unwanted. I don't have a lot of

choices right now, so I need to make the ones I can. Sex is a lot, but at least these guys have treated me with a little respect, and they're so much easier on the eyes than the Unwanted were. It wouldn't be so bad.

Animal looks down, "Are you okay?"

Thinking fast, I nod and back up, pressing my ass into him. I'm not sure exactly what I'm doing, but we've already kissed once, and out here, where everything is so intense, and we're surrounded by testosterone and sex, it's easy to pretend I'm just like one of these other girls. I turn around and stretch up on my toes, pressing my lips to his.

His momentary freeze of surprise melts instantly, and then his mouth opens and he devours me. It's even better than I remember. He slides his hands up my sides, pulling Quickshot's T-shirt up with them until it's rolled up over my breasts, the little bra the only thing defending my modesty. His fingers are calloused and rough over my skin.

I reach down between us, finding a massive length of hard cock in his jeans, exploring one for the first time in my life. Are they all this big? How the heck is that supposed to fit anywhere?

There's a sharp hiss of an indrawn breath behind me. Did I surprise them? Good. For the first time since I was taken, I feel a little bit in control.

"Fuck," whispers someone. Badass, I think.

The other two are watching us. What are they thinking?

I can all too easily imagine their rough hands on me, tracing my curves and pulling my clothes off. Their rough kisses while they tug on my sensitive nipples. Pulling my thighs apart while they wrap my fingers around their thick, hard dicks. Them slipping their tongues inside me to make sure I'm ready for them, or putting themselves in my mouth to make them slick.

All three of them in complete control of my body.

Owned.

I'm nervous as hell, but soaking wet. My brain can apparently spin a fantasy hard, no matter where I am. Better than I imagined. "What are you waiting for?" I ask with faked confidence. "I'm yours now, right?"

I sense one of the others behind me, a moment before his hands grab my hips and I'm sandwiched between them, a hard cock against my back and one against my stomach. Even through their jeans, there's no doubt that's what they are. From the feel of him, and the way his scent matches the shirt, I think it's Quickshot. Breathing heavily, I lean my head back against his bare chest and close my eyes.

He's about to do anything he wants to me, and I'm going to let him.

The music thumps around us, matching the thundering of my heart. Will they take me one at a time, or all three at once? How would that even work?

Animal shifts so Quickshot can slide his hands up to cup my breasts. His hands are big, and he hefts them as his thumbs find my nipples through the thin bra. Desire burns a hot path straight to my clit. No one's ever made me feel like this before.

"Guys," Badass growls, almost like a warning. Why?

But they stop.

"What's wrong? Is it me? I know you're probably used to women who know what they're doing, but I promise I'll—I'll try," I stammer.

Animal sighs and ducks his head to press one last kiss to my swollen lips. His long hair drapes around us and tickles the tops of my breasts. "Jesus fuck, girl. It's not you."

I spin around and look up at Quickshot. "You three bought me. It's what you want. Right?" I look to Badass, who is frowning our way. "Right?"

"Honey, you have no fucking idea how hard it is to say no."

"No?" I put my hands against Quickshot's smooth, bare chest. His heart races under my palm.

Quickshot groans and backs away, putting my shirt back in place. He reaches down and adjusts the bulge in his pants. “Not here, not like this.”

I’m confused. Why are they acting so weird? Isn’t this what I’m supposed to do? If anyone should be freaked out here, it’s me. “You won me. If you want me in another way, just say. I’ll do whatever you want.”

Animal rears back. “We’re not fucking rapists. I bought you to get you the fuck out of there, because you can’t stand here and fucking tell me being auctioned off was something you wanted. So even though I’d fucking love to bend you over the bar, or throw you onto a bed and finish what you just started, I won’t.”

My mind races at the thought of being bent over the bar. I psyched myself up for this moment, and now they’re telling me no? “But I have to. I—I want to.” I think I do. I mean, if I don’t, won’t they send me back to the Unwanted?

“Really?” Quickshot looks down at me, his eyes narrowing as he examines me. It’s like he’s looking right into my soul. “Then get on your knees and show us.”

Turns out I can’t. As soon as we stopped, my courage drained away. Getting down on the floor and... My face flushes and I drop my eyes to stare at my feet.

“That’s what I thought.”

“Gotta bring this to Eagle-eye,” says Badass seriously. “Figure out what the fuck we’re supposed to do.”

I should be relieved. And I am! Mostly. But at the same time, my hormones are screaming at me, and I can still feel the rush of their hands on my body. For a little while I let myself get lost in the fantasy I created in my head.

“Come on. You can wait in my room,” says Animal. “You’re safe here.”

Safe? That’s doubtful. Just because I’ve hit on some kind of line that they’re unwilling to cross, everyone knows how dangerous the biker gangs are, and the Screaming Eagles make the Unwanted look like amateurs.

ANIMAL

“TWENTY-FIVE FUCKING THOUSAND?” EAGLE-EYE’S NOT yelling, but he doesn’t fucking have to. The tightness in his voice is like a pistol hammer about to slam into the bullet. Jupiter stands up and growls by his side. “This is Animal’s fault, isn’t it?” He looks my way.

“We needed to do something to make a statement,” Badass says quickly, trying to take the heat for me like he always does. “I agreed.”

“It’s not like they’re going to get their fucking money,” I grumble. I’m not a fucking kid anymore. I can fight my own battles. “So fuck, I went a little over budget. It’s for a good fucking cause.” Yeah, the sexiest woman I’ve met, maybe ever. God fucking knows I’d rather be down in my room fucking her silly than up here getting chewed out by Prez.

Fuck, she kissed like she actually wanted it, but that’s fucked up. Isn’t it?

The party’s going full tilt below us, but the insulated door to Eagle-eye’s office overlooking the common room keeps the worst of the noise out. He doesn’t do the parties much anymore, not after Miriam started hanging here. He should just fucking take her for his old lady and be done with it. She’s not here tonight, though. Probably in with Emily and her grandkids, in their house out back.

Too bad. He’s less grumpy when she’s around.

“A little over budget? I was expecting you to come back with some stolen rims or product we could analyze to figure out

their source. Not a fucking woman. Shit, no matter the mission, all you assholes find an excuse to drag pussy back to the club.”

“What the fuck was I supposed to do?” Prez or not, I won’t back down just because he’s fucking angry. “Let them sell her? They’re trafficking, and I can’t stop the sale of every girl, but I could stop hers. So I fucking did.”

“It wouldn’t have fucking hurt you to call me for confirmation first.” His growl is like an industrial size chipper-shredder.

Quickshot shakes his head. “There wasn’t time. Besides, it did buy us a hook to sink into the Unwanted. That’s what you were after, wasn’t it?”

“A hook, not a fifteen grand IOU. I’d rather have them owing us shit. Twenty-five grand for a fucking girl. Jesus.” He wipes a hand down his weathered face

“What if it was Faith? They’re about the same age. Wouldn’t you want someone to do the fucking same for her?”

For a second, Eagle-eye looks like he’s going to deck me for putting the damn thought of his daughter on auction in his head, but then he eases back to sit his weight onto his desk. “You’re right. Jesus fuck, I hate that you spent so much of my fucking money on it, but you did a good thing.”

I grin. By most standards we’re criminals ourselves, but we’re the fucking closest thing South Side has to good guys. It might not say much since our competition is the Mob, a corrupt government, and shady cops, but it is what it is.

Badass shrugs. “If we wipe the Unwanted off the face of the earth, we might even get the ten grand back. I don’t think there’s a single fucker in this city who would miss them.”

Eagle-eye shakes his head. “We’re not going nuclear yet. It’s obvious there’s more going on. Someone’s using them for a front, and we need to find out who the fuck is hiding in the shadows or it’s just going to be a bigger mess later. The Unwanted have never been in a position to make these kinds of scores on their own. I’m not going to sit back and let those

fuckers turn South Side into a shithole, or bring us back to the days of worrying about losing our boys to raids.”

“I’ll set up a meeting,” says Quickshot. “I don’t know about their backers, but there’s no way in hell Cain will pass up the chance to sit down with you.”

Eagle-eye leans back, hands behind his head. “I’d rather sit through a hundred of Miriam’s chick-flicks than spend ten minutes with that asshole, but fine. I haven’t heard anything about movement in the cartels, so I’m leaning towards this being something local.”

“Mob?” I ask, my mood darkening at the thought.

Me and them, we’ve had some pretty personal fucking interactions. Ones I’m reminded of every time I look in a fucking mirror. If that’s who the Unwanted are fucking around with, I’m gonna personally tear those fuckers apart.

“Working with a shitty MC like them?” Badass shakes his head. “I don’t see it. The Giordanos wouldn’t move on us, not with Alessa here.”

“Someone political, more like it,” says Quickshot. “Maybe someone’s decided they have a lot to gain from making a new threat. Worked for Hawthorne, didn’t it? It’s been a few years since he went down.” Quickshot grimaces. He took a bullet to the gut back when the old mayor put together an anti-biker task force and we had to fight off police raids. “He’s still behind bars, right?”

“Best I know.” Eagle-eye stands up and starts to pace with Jupiter by his side. “But we’ve got both his daughter and his old lady here, so I’m sure we haven’t heard the last of him. Using the Unwanted, though? Doesn’t feel right.” He pauses a moment to gather his thoughts. “Okay, this is how it’s gonna go. We’ll play it out, and keep them on the hook for as long as possible. Once we know what’s going on, we go scorched earth. What’s the deal with the girl? Can we use her?”

“Natalie?” I ask, bristling a little at the suggestion. “Not sure. Crusher said she owes them money.”

Quickshot sighs. “He’s gonna expect to see what we’re doing with her, at least until we’ve paid what we owe.”

“And what exactly is that?” Eagle-eye asks darkly. He doesn’t much give a shit what adults do on his turf, but I’ve seen him crack down on anyone who takes things too far, and straight up selling people? That’s definitely too far.

Badass is the first to dare. “We don’t exactly have it in writing, but he thinks we bought a virgin to fuck around with until we got bored and then we’ll either pimp her out ourselves or send her back so they can do it.”

“They think you’d fucking do that?” he growls.

“He was a little surprised, but it’s the sort of shit he’d do if he was in our place so it wasn’t hard to convince him,” says Quickshot, scratching his chin as if he’s thinking hard. “It might help our credibility if he thinks we’re interested in expanding our business.”

“Fine. Set up the meeting, but keep it out of the compound. Do it at the Eagles’ Roost. We can talk there, and I don’t want those fucks anywhere near our family. Get the girl on board. She’s your stray, keep her out of trouble.”

I salute. “Yes, sir. No problem.”

Quickshot raises a curious eyebrow in my direction, and Badass shakes his head but doesn’t say anything. I know what they’re fucking like though. None of us will let her leave until we know she’s safe, so all we have to do is convince a girl who thinks we’re a bunch of fucking criminals that she wants to stay with us and pretend to be our plaything.

Yeah, no fucking problem.

NATALIE

WHAT JUST HAPPENED?

I offered myself to them on a silver platter!

And what did they do? Turned me down and stashed me away to go talk to their boss.

I perch on the edge of a sofa in Animal's room. It's not exactly fancy, but at least there's no crunchy shag carpet or sheets with lipstick on them. Compared to the Unwanted, it's nice. Even... ordinary? Like a place I could easily imagine a guy in his twenties living, with a comforter hastily thrown over the bed and clothes draped on the other end of the couch. Cans of beer and soda are collecting on top of a small fridge, and there are what I'm assuming are motorcycle parts strewn over a scuffed table. Messy, sure, but not filthy and gross.

How long are they going to be gone? Sitting here by myself makes me antsy, but where would I go?

I pick at the corner of a fingernail until it nearly starts to bleed before I close my fist with determination to stop, pressing it into my lap and curl my other hand around it. I could tidy up. Sandra loves to tease me about it, but when I'm stressed out, cleaning always helps, and maybe I can show these guys that I can be useful in other ways, too.

I don't want them to send me back.

Being very careful not to get nosy, I make the bed and start sorting the dirty clothes into a plastic bin in the corner. I grab a handful of paper towels and peek behind a door, hoping to find a bathroom with a sink I can use to wet them. There is, but

there's also another door on the far side that I'm guessing leads to a different guy's room, so I get out of there ASAP. I'm wiping down the crate Animal uses as a bedside table when the door opens.

They're back.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Animal stands in the doorway with his hand on the knob, and his friends are right behind him. They're all staring at me like I'm insane.

"I—I—"

"Are you fucking cleaning," Badass asks in disbelief, before busting out a deep, belly laugh.

Quickshot joins in. "I told you this place was a fucking sty."

"Shut the fuck up. My quarters are fine." Animal rushes over and grabs the paper towels out of my hand, throwing them into the corner and missing the trash. "God dammit, girl. We didn't buy you to be our fucking maid."

"I know, but you didn't want to have sex with me, so—"

"What?" He gives me a funny look. "Of course I want to fuck you."

"Oh!" I take a little hopping step backwards in my bare feet.

"Stop scaring her," Badass snaps.

Animal rolls his eyes. "I didn't mean right now. I mean, unless —"

"Keep your dick in your pants. Nobody's fucking anybody until we talk," Quickshot says. "Sit down, babe."

It's like I can't do anything right, but I do what he says. I don't understand where this is going. I just want to be sure they're happy with their purchase, because that's my fastest route to getting off the hook.

Badass sits down on the sofa next to me, making me lean into him when the cushion dips in his direction. He catches me, but instead of righting me, he pulls me even closer and squeezes my shoulder. "You're fine, honey."

Instead of being scary, it's comforting. I'm used to being attention starved, not getting a lot of touch. It got better when Sandra came back home, but maybe that's why I find it so easy to snuggle up against his massive frame instead of pulling away. Despite the situation, he gives off a protective vibe that calms me.

Quickshot pushes a couple of motorcycle parts aside and sits on the table, resting his hand on his thighs as he leans closer. His cool gray eyes examine me closely, looking me up and down so intensely that worry creeps back into the back of my mind.

"First up, how much do you owe?"

Oh God. I've been trying to put the enormity of the number out of my head as much as possible, because every time I have to remember, it feels like there's a fist squeezing my heart into a tiny ball.

"A hundred..." I mumble.

"Speak up."

I close my eyes, draw a breath for strength, then release it "A hundred thousand."

"Fuck," Animal groans. "How the fuck did you manage that?"

Quickshot waves him off. "We'll deal with it after. Now we need you to be fucking honest with us. No one's judging, but if getting cut off's going to be an issue, you need to own up."

"What?" I look from one face to the next. They're all watching me expectantly and I have no idea what he's even talking about.

Badass gives me another small hug. "Withdrawals, honey. I don't see track marks or nothing, but not everything is visible."

"What? No!" Oh my God. I can't believe they—

Then I remember Sandra when she finally got away from her scummy ex-boyfriend, and why I took her to professionals. All these guys know about me is that I'm willing to sell myself in

order to pay off a debt. Of course they think I'm doing stuff. My shoulders slump and I stare down at my hands.

Animal squats at my feet. "We've got this. We'll talk to Doc. He'll know how to—"

"I'm not on drugs!" I blurt out. "I drink decaf after noon, sheesh."

"Then how the fuck did you get a hundred grand in debt with those assholes?" Quickshot asks roughly.

I shy away. I must seem like such a screw up.

"Give her a fucking break." Animal puts a hand just above my knee and gives me a squeeze that I think is supposed to be reassuring.

Quickshot shakes his head and fixes me with a cool, blue stare. "We paid a lot of fucking money for you. Remember that when I offer you this deal."

A deal? I'm in no position to negotiate, but if there's a chance at getting back to my old life, I'll take what I can get. "What kind of a deal?"

"We'll let you go—"

My sharp gasp of surprise cuts him off. I sit straight up, pulling out of Badass's embrace. "Let me go? You'll let me go?" My eyes are probably a little wild as I look between the three of them. The hope that wells up inside threatens to overwhelm me. "Thank—thank you. I don't know what to—"

"It's not quite that simple." Animal gives my knee another squeeze. "Like he said, we paid twenty-five k for you."

I should've seen it coming. Expecting to get away for free was obviously too much to ask.

"Right. To have sex with me, right? I... I guess I'm ready." The excitement and eagerness I'd built up in myself earlier isn't quite there yet, but maybe I can build myself up again.

Capturing the bottom of Quickshot's T-shirt that's way too big for me, I start to pull it up. Three sets of male eyes flare with heated interest, and even just that is enough to spark a hint of

the fire that's smoldering in my core. Maybe this will be okay, after all.

But Animal and Badass stop my hands, keeping me from undressing. How is this going to work, if they keep stopping me? "Are you going to pimp me out instead?" I ask in a tiny, terrified whisper.

"What the fuck? No!" Animal rears back like I slapped him.

"Then just tell me! I do owe them money because of drugs, but it's not because I'm on them. I... um... I was dealing, and... uh, lost the drugs." It's what I sort of imagine happened with Sandra anyway, before rehab, but there's no point in dragging her into this

"You?" they say together.

"Yeah?"

Quickshot snorts. "Fine. Keep your secrets. As long as they don't fuck with us, it doesn't really matter. The Unwanted have a hold on you. Whatever it is, we'll make it disappear. All you have to do is be what you already are. Ours."

"Forever?"

"Three months." Animal's expression is all business for a change.

"Months!? I thought—"

Badass cuts me off with a laugh. "Don't take this the wrong way, honey, but I don't think you've been doing a lot of that lately or you wouldn't be sitting here with us negotiating for your freedom. Maybe it'll be a little faster, maybe slower, but three months should give us time to get our business with the Unwanted cleaned up. We're not gonna hold a gun to your head, but you got two choices right now: either we let you go and you take your chances with them again, or you stick with us until it's safe. I think I know which you'd prefer."

"You think I want to be with the three of you?"

Quickshot steps forwards and puts his fingers under my chin, slowly raising my head until I find myself standing and looking up at him. God, all it takes is a single finger and

suddenly my belly is all butterflies. Why am I like this? Why do they make me feel this way so easily?

He leans in as if to kiss me, and my stupid traitor body sways towards him. The other two men are right behind me, I can feel it in every bone of my body, and heat pools between my legs. He chuckles, the sound rich and dark with cocky promise. “Don’t you? If not, you’re a good fucking actress, but that’s all we need. Make everyone believe you belong to us. When it’s over, you can walk away, your cherries still intact.”

“We don’t have to—you know—for real?”

“Have to? Nobody’s going to fucking force you, but we’re no saints. Baby, if you keep offering, don’t be surprised when we take you up on it. Personally, by the time we’re done, I think you’ll be fucking begging for it.”

NATALIE

“SO, WHAT DO YOU THINK?” ASKS JEWEL, THE CLUB GIRL assigned to get me ready.

She has long pink hair, and reminds me a little of the girls that hung out with the Unwanted, but more relaxed and less... desperate is the word that comes to mind. They let me stay in Animal’s room last night, and Jewel showed up this morning to give me a quick tour of where to find food, and the locker room the girls use.

“It’s a little much.” I pull up on the front of the black corset top but it just makes my boobs jiggle.

She throws her head back and laughs. “Damn, how drunk were you that you ended up coming home with Quickshot and those boys? Nothing personal, but you don’t seem the type.”

Our story was that I hooked up with Badass, Animal and Quickshot last night after we met at a bar, and then they invited me to a party at the club tonight, but I didn’t have any extra clothes with me. I’m a little sick of having to borrow from strangers, but at least these are freshly washed, and apparently needing underwear is a big enough problem around here that the bathroom Jewel showed me has a literal basket of individually wrapped thong panties

“I’m not, usually anyway. But they were very convincing.” My cheeks flush.

“Oh, I’ll bet. I’ve heard some stories. Me and Chef saw you come in last night and it looked seriously intense.”

There's a knock on the door, and then a girl who looks to be a few years older than me comes in. She's small and curvy, with long brown hair and a bit of a bump in her waistline that looks like she might be early on in a pregnancy. "Okay, who's the new girl?" she says with a clear, high laugh, but she's eyeing me suspiciously.

"N—Natalie," I stammer, holding out my hand.

"So polite. I was like that once, but hang around here long enough and it'll wear off. Nice, ta meet'cha, Natalie. Hey Jewel, people are starting to show up. Can you go help my mother get the kids upstairs so she can watch them tonight? I'll keep an eye on her."

Jewel nods. "Sure, Em."

We both watch as Jewel leaves, and then the girl turns on me, looking much less friendly. "I know you're new here, but I'm Emily, and just so you know, if you do anything to fuck with Quickshot or the others, I will personally kick your ass. Don't think I can't do it."

A threat like that, coming from such a sweet looking woman scares the heck out of me. "Why would I fuck with them? I'm just here as their... date?" What a stupid little word for it, like they're going to pick me up in a minute with a corsage or something.

They *own* me.

She narrows her big, brown eyes. "Because something's going on and I might not know what it is, but my men told me to stick close to the clubhouse, and then suddenly you show up? It's fishy."

The door opens and a huge man with curly brown hair looks inside. "What're you doing in Animal's room, baby? I thought we were going to grab something to eat? I'm fucking starving, King's on his bike already, and Wild Child's threatening to order in if we don't get out of here soon."

She sighs. "I just wanted to say hello to the new girl."

"Since when do you give a shit about who Animal fucks?"

“Since she showed up with him, Badass, *and* Quickshot. You know what that usually means around here.”

“Yeah, that someone’s about to have a really fucking good night. And I was hoping it would be us.” He walks over and sweeps her off the floor and into his arms.

Emily laughs and squirms. “Hero!”

“When there’s a fucking party in my room, usually I’m invited,” Animal grumbles, pushing his way past the couple and into his room. Quickshot and Badass are right behind.

“Is she giving you a hard time?” Quickshot asks me, then turns to Emily. “You’re not my fucking mother, you know.”

“Yeah I *fucking* know,” Emily snaps back. “But excuuuuse me for feeling a little protective. I saved your life, remember?”

“Ignore her,” Quickshot grumbles. “The old ladies act like a bunch of motherfucking hens sometimes.”

There’s something so strangely domestic about all of this, that I actually start tearing up a little. I love Sandra like she’s my own heart, but she’s always been the baby, even before I had to step up and act like her mother, not just her sister. It’s been so long since someone looked out for *me*, and here are these rough, tattooed men, living outside the law but acting like a messed up kind of family. It makes me desperately wish our cover story was true, but right now I feel like a giant fraud.

Animal comes over and puts his arm around me, running a hand over my bare shoulder. I flinch and pull away out of reflex, but he pulls me even closer. Emily narrows her eyes again, but before she can ask more questions, Hero carries her out of the room, leaving us alone.

“You gotta stop fucking doing that,” Badass says.

“Doing what?”

He walks over and puts a hand on my face, tilting it up to kiss me. I try my best to find that feeling I had yesterday, when the lights were low and I craved their touch, but now that I’ve had time to sleep and I know I’m—sort of—safe, it’s hard. I’ve

always found it difficult to relax around men, and these guys are still nearly strangers.

“This. You’re acting like a fucking virgin.”

“Maybe because I am one!”

The men surround me, radiating testosterone. Quickshot shakes his head. “Emily isn’t the only one that’s going to have questions if you can barely touch us. Prez will let some of the officers know what’s going on, but if this is going to work, you need to do your part. When people see you? Inside or out of the club, they need to think you’re in here riding us fucking dry every chance you get.”

Eep! People will think that? I know he’s probably right, but I don’t know how to fix it. “Maybe I can just stay in here?”

“Nah, too many fucking questions,” Animal says. “There’s one quick way of loosening you up around us, though.”

Badass chuckles and slides a hand onto my back, fingers playing with the ties at the back of my corset.

“What do you mean?” I shiver, and it’s not with fear. I think I know what he means and my overactive imagination’s already spinning up some pretty wild things that has me heating up.

“He means you need a crash course in what it would be like to have all three of us. Do you think you could handle that?”

They guide me towards the bed while I try to wrap my head around it. I sort of knew it was coming, but this is so sudden. “I don’t... I’ve never...”

Animal smirks, and his deep brown eyes flare. He tugs his shirt over his head, revealing the expanse of his muscular chest, the kind of chest any red-blooded woman would want to run her fingers over. “Then you’re in for a fucking treat, because we know exactly how to make you feel fucking amazing.”

“I...” What do I want exactly? The thought is both terrifying and terrifyingly tempting. Last night, I was ready to just go for it. I wet my dry lips, letting my eyes trail over the sexy skin

that's being exposed as Badass and Quickshot pull their shirts off too. They get on either side of me.

"Relax. This is about making you comfortable, not popping your cherry." Badass presses a kiss to the side of my neck. It sends tingles racing down my back and right into my warming core. I look at the bed and squeeze my thighs together.

This is the kind of fantasy I barely dared have until I got here. Do I dare to live it, even if it's just practice to make everyone think this is actually what we're doing. But if we're actually doing it, are we even pretending. My mind spins, so my hormones make my decision for me.

"O—okay." I sit on the mattress, and Quickshot gives a little push. I fall back and hold my breath as the three of them climb on with me.

NATALIE

WHETHER THEY REALIZE IT OR NOT, WE'RE QUICKLY MOVING into new territory for me. I'm both terrified and excited. No matter how I got here, being undressed by them is a fantasy made real, and I almost don't want to blink in case it all goes away. With three rough, hot men preparing to worship me, it's surprisingly easy to forget this is all pretend.

I draw a sharp gasp as Badass finishes undoing the laces and my shirt falls open, exposing my breasts. My nipples could cut glass.

"Jesus fuck," Animal whispers reverently. "They look just as good as they feel." He leans in and for the first time in my life, a man puts his mouth on my nipple. It's hot and wet and when his tongue flicks over my sensitive bud, I nearly arch off the bed.

"Oh my God," I whisper.

"No gods here," says Badass, cocky and commanding. "Just us. Now lift your hips."

He's about to see parts of me that no man ever has. What if he doesn't—no. I do as he says before I let myself think too much about it. My stretchy skirt is gone in a blink as he shimmies it down my thighs and all the way off.

"Thong, nice, but I liked it better when you were bare." He grabs the sides with his hands and snaps the thin material like it's nothing, tossing them aside before putting his big hands on the insides of my knees so he can push my legs open.

I resist at first. I can't help it. No one's been between them like this before, and...What if there's something wrong with me? Or they don't like what they see?

He pushes firmly, not taking no for an answer. I draw a nervous breath, then relent. It's what I want, even if it terrifies me.

As if to distract me, Quickshot nips my skin, sending a sharp zing of pain through me as he kisses his way from my neck, past my collarbone and onto my free breast. I hiss through clenched teeth as he latches onto my other nipple.

Before today I was completely untouched. Now I have a guy at each breast and a third between my legs. What has my life become?

Animal traps my nipple between his teeth and tugs, sending a tingly shock straight down to my core. Quickshot swirls his tongue over my areola, rubbing it against my nipple all the way around. Every time the guys do something new, my breath catches. I knew my breasts were sensitive, but it's like there's a direct connection from their teeth and tongues, straight down to my slickening pussy.

Tentative at first, I touch the tops of Quickshot and Animal's heads, growing more confident as they growl in encouragement and stroke my body with big, rough hands.

My fingers sink into their hair. Quickshot's unruly curls are easy to hang on to, while Animal's hair is straight and soft, sliding between my fingers like silk. Closing my eyes, I lean my head back into the sheets and just enjoy the sensations.

Is sex always like this? Or is it different because there are three of them? This is amazing.

Something wet and broad slides right up over the outside of my pussy.

Oh my God. It's Badass.

Sure, I've been down there with my fingers plenty of times. I've even got a vibrator in my drawer that needs regular recharging, but the actual feeling of a live tongue that I can't control?

It's electric.

Exciting.

I grip the guys harder, digging my fingers into their scalps as he introduces me to the sorts of pleasure I've only ever guessed at before.

Unlike me, it's obvious that Badass is experienced. He knows my pussy better than I know it myself. The flick of the tip of his tongue over my clit sends a rush of delicious tingles right through me, all the way out to my toes and fingertips. Then the full width of it finds its way in between my labia, licking and spreading the slick juice from my sex. With the backs of my thighs captured in his strong hands, he spreads me fully open for him.

"Fucking delicious," he rumbles. "Taste like need, like sex. Your cunt's fucking hungry, honey." And then he's back in there, sliding deep enough to make me gasp, before easing his tongue back out to swirl around my clit. I moan, but it comes out breathy and gasping.

"I could play with these tits all fucking day," growls Animal, biting down on a nipple just hard enough to sting. I'm lost in the tapestry of sensations, pleasure and pain twisting around each other, driving me crazy.

And then Badass pulls away.

"Noooo..." I cry, so different from the girl I was just a few short minutes ago.

"Let's trade," Badass grunts.

What?

Animal is first to move, heading straight down to my pussy while Quickshot takes his place, holding both of my breasts, stroking and squeezing in a rhythmic way that makes me arch off the bed and into his touch. Badass leans in, his lips connecting with mine just as Animal's mouth closes around my clit. I gasp, and Badass's tongue slides in.

I've made out before, but it was awkward and clumsy, never like this. Badass claims me, wrapping his fist in my hair and

treating my mouth much like he did my pussy, with a forcefulness that leaves me weak. And while he's kissing me silly, Animal's tongue glides through my folds and around my clit. I press my hips against him, wanting to feel him everywhere at once.

God, if this is just a sample, I can hardly imagine what the real deal is like. I might not survive it.

Then again, what a way to go.

I wrap my arms around Badass's thick neck as he captures my free breast in his hand and traps my nipple between his fingers. He never stops kissing me, driving me wild with his pure, focused attention.

The first orgasm sneaks up on me. I'm used to building it up in the calm and quiet of my own bedroom, not having it forced out of me by three very, very attentive guys. One moment I'm trying to make sense of where everyone is and what they're doing to me, and the next I'm as taut as a bow, every little muscle I have squeezing tight as it all washes over me like a tidal wave.

I'm drowning, and I'm so wet I might take Animal with me.

Quickshot and Badass switch places, Quickshot claiming my mouth in a rough, insistent kiss that has me grasping at the two of them, wherever I can touch. I moan into his mouth as Badass kisses his way down my chest.

There are hands everywhere. Tongues, fingertips, naked skin. I quiver like it's twenty below, and at the same time feel like I'm overheating. I think I'm going to explode all over again.

One moment I'm moaning into Quickshot's kiss, and the next I'm flat on my back, breathing heavily and feeling like a jellyfish washed up on shore. I couldn't move if I wanted to. "Holy shit," I whisper.

Badass watches me, supporting himself on one elbow and lazily circling my still erect nipple with his index finger. It makes me shiver and he laughs when I do. "That was fucking hot, baby girl."

“You’re gorgeous when you come,” says Animal as he looks up from between my legs. His face is shining, and he’s grinning like the cat that got the cream.

“Oh my God, I’m so sorry.” I look at him with big eyes. I’m such a mess.

He looks at me like I’m crazy. “For what? You just came all over my face. That was the hottest thing I’ve seen in... maybe ever.”

As he moves away, Quickshot slides down the bed to take his place.

“Wait, we’re not done? I’m not sure I can—”

“I want to fucking taste you,” growls Quickshot in a tone that brooks no argument. “Trust me, you will.”

Animal leans in, nuzzling my neck. “He’s going to make you fucking scream.”

“Again?”

They just laugh. Animal moves up to kiss me, Badass moves down to my breast, and Quickshot dives in.

Oh Christ almighty.

Quickshot’s long tongue slips inside me, and even though I was convinced they couldn’t make me come again so soon, I’m pretty sure he’s about to prove me wrong.

Animal kisses like I’m the only woman he’ll ever want, while Badass worships my body, kissing, licking and touching me everywhere.

And if they weren’t enough, Quickshot’s tongue is magic. I mean, the others drove me over the edge easily, but three times? I’ve never even done that on my own. I can’t really see exactly what he’s doing, but his tongue is moving fast and sure over and around my clit and it doesn’t take long before the surge is rising again, building up inside me like a volcano getting ready to blow.

If this is what being with them would be like, I’m not sure I could survive. Like, I think I might explode. Literally explode.

My breathing turns into gasps and my fingertips dig into Badass's back and Animal's arm as I cling to them for dear life.

"I told you he'd make you fucking scream," says Animal.

I haven't yet, but I'm close. How soundproof are these apartments anyway? Is anyone passing by going to hear what's going on? Why is that only making it more exciting? It would be better for our cover, right? If everyone could hear.

I should be mortified, but my sharp breaths turn into throaty moans as Quickshot slips his hands under my ass to lift my hips and give him better access. His dexterous tongue is everywhere at once—inside me, sliding through my folds, wrapping around my clit. There's no way in hell I could ever make my vibrator do this.

"Come for us, baby girl," growls Badass. "Scream so everyone in the clubhouse hears you. Show them what a naughty little girl you are." He bites the side of my breast, then kisses it better. "You're fucking amazing."

He's ordering me to come, so I can't help but obey. As Quickshot sucks my clit into his mouth and flutters his tongue around it, Badass sucks my nipples and caresses my belly, and Animal kisses me senseless and plays with my other nipple, I erupt.

They get their scream, and then some, as I come at least as hard as last time, and probably even harder. Quickshot's tongue is relentless, and I squeeze my thighs around his head like that'll make him slow down in any way. I think my nails draw blood as I dig into Badass and Animal's flesh.

I cling on to them and ride the orgasm for all it's worth. This is it. I've reached the peak. There's no way I'll ever come like that again.

I slump back against the mattress, out of breath and every muscle turned to jelly.

When Quickshot comes up for air, his face is glistening, but he's smiling. "I knew you fucking had it in you."

I draw a breath, swallow, let it out, then draw another before I even try to use any air for words. “You should have to register that tongue...” Breathe. “Register that tongue as a lethal weapon.”

His smile widens. “What makes you think I fucking haven’t?”

QUICKSHOT

WOMEN ARE NEVER FUCKING SIMPLE.

Sure I like the way Natalie feels on the back of my bike, clinging to me with those tits pressed into me, but it's been one day and I'm already running errands like she's our fucking old lady.

Apparently she doesn't want to keep running around in borrowed clothes, and even though I wouldn't mind keeping her naked, she wants bras that fit and all that fucking shit. We need to make it obvious that she's ours and not just one of the sluts.

I guess if King and the others can keep their women happy, I'm not going to let us look like the assholes who can't.

Her apartment's in a shit area of town. Technically South Side, but right up on the edge of Blackworth. Fucking Mafia territory. Not long ago it would've been a death wish to live here, but since we struck a truce with the Giordanos—and more importantly, Alessa started fucking the Cleanup Crew—it's been getting better. There's even some businesses moving in and their front windows are intact. Mostly.

Natalie dares to let go just long enough to point over my shoulder at a run-down apartment building, and then her fingers are back to digging into my jacket. When she gets off the bike, she's shivering like a leaf.

“You cold, babe?”

“It's not that.” She looks up the steps to the front door like she's dreading going into her own fucking place.

The building's in shit condition. Paint peeling, crumbling steps and the railing's rusty. The grass is mowed and there's a couple of flowers planted near the front, so somebody gives at least half a fuck. I guess that's something. Cheap, but not a total slum.

"You're nervous."

"Of course I am! My sister should be home, and she doesn't know about any of this. You can't say a thing, okay? She's had a rough time."

"And you fucking haven't?"

She gives me the kind of begging look I'd love to fucking see from her on her knees. "Please. If she thinks I'm in trouble, I don't know what she'll do."

"I dunno what to tell ya. You want me to hide my cut? Put the bike out back? Unless she's been living under a fucking rock she'll know who the Screaming Eagles are."

"Could you? Hide the cut, I mean?"

I pin her with an icy fucking stare. Does she even know what she's asking? "You want me to hide the club?"

"Please. She just got out of rehab and I know she was on the street for a while. If she finds out I'm involved with you guys, she might try to help and with her history I'm scared she'll get dragged right back in."

Bits and pieces of information fall into place. "It's her, isn't it? None of this has made any fucking sense since we saw you, but for your sister? Yeah, I can see that."

Natalie goes pale as a ghost. "I—I don't know what you mean."

"Little sis has a habit that ran up a tab, and you threw yourself on the motherfucking sword." I shake my head.

"No! Well, kinda." Natalie's shoulders slump and she stares down at the cracked sidewalk at her feet. "I don't know exactly why the Unwanted came for her, but I don't care. Even if it was all her fault, what was I supposed to do? Hand over my sister? Could you do that?"

“Don’t got a sister.”

“Well... would you let someone take Animal or Badass? They are kind of like your brothers, right?”

Fuck. She must sense my hesitation, because she presses herself against me awkwardly. “I’m pretending for you, right? Can you pretend a little for me? Act like we just met, and... I don’t know. We’re having a crazy fling so I’ve been out of touch for a few days.”

“Who the fuck would believe that bullshit? Look at us.”

Hurt flashes across her face. “I know I’m not beautiful or anything, but—”

For fuck’s sake.

I lean down and kiss her. It only takes a second before she’s melting into me. There. Women make things too fucking complicated. I let her go and strip off my cut, hanging it over my arm where the logo won’t be visible.

“I can’t believe this shit,” I mutter under my breath. “You fucking owe me.”

“You own me already,” she says quietly, and fuck if I’m not going to hell, because that gets my blood pumping. “If you guys can get me—us—out of this, I’ll owe you everything.”

“Let’s fucking do this, then.”

Natalie pushes open the front door to the building without even bothering with a key. She hears me growl and looks over. “What?”

“Nothing. Let’s get this over with.” No fucking way she’s coming back here when we’re done.

It gets even worse. Up a flight of stairs that smells like behind the bar on a Saturday night, we walk down a dimly lit hallway and come to a door with a fucking sign hung up that reads, “Natalie and Sandra” in big bubbly letters with fucking rainbows and unicorns in the background.

The door’s locked—at least that’s something—so she knocks. A moment later, a younger version of Natalie peeks out. Her

hair is curlier, and she's got a slimmer build, but definitely the sister. She manages to both look too young to be living on her own, but hard around the edges in a way Natalie doesn't, even after the past few days. When she sees Natalie, her face lights up like the sun just rose.

"Oh my God! You're alive! I've been so worried!" She throws herself around Natalie like she's climbing a tree. "Where the hell have you been?"

Natalie squeezes back just as hard. Maybe it's just as well Badass and Animal aren't here. They'd be fucking suckers for this display of sisterly love.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." Natalie repeats as she gets pulled into the apartment.

"I didn't know what to do. I almost called the police, that's how worried I was."

As someone who's had their share of run-ins, never mind getting a fucking bullet in my gut from the local boys in blue, I can fucking relate. Then the sister's eyes land on me for the first time even though I'm standing in the middle of her living room.

"Who's he?" She frowns suspiciously, and I fucking get it. Like recognizes like. She might not know who I am, but even without the cut, she knows I'm not a fucking accountant.

"I'm... Eric." Now that's a name I haven't used in years.

Natalie looks at me with raised eyebrows. With a little shrug, I nod. "Eric, this is Sandra. My little sister."

"Yeah, yeah. Nice to meet you. Now why is he with you? And why didn't you have your key?" Sandra looks back and forth between us.

Natalie touches her hand tentatively to my arm, and I wrap it around her waist, pulling her close. She makes a tiny squeak. "We um... I met Eric at work and got a little carried away. I didn't mean to worry you."

"You're... *together*? He was a customer at the bakery? Seriously?"

“Guilty as fucking charged,” I say, stroking a hand down Natalie’s generous hip, but stopping just short of taking a handful of ass. “One bite of that muffin and I was sold.”

It’s a good thing Sandra’s looking at me so she doesn’t see Natalie’s glare.

“I thought Ramona had you working with bread lately.” She looks between us. “How long have you been together?”

“Um... It’s been a little while,” says Natalie, and even after such a short time knowing her, it’s obvious she’s not a practiced bullshit artist. “But it got kind of serious the last couple days.”

Now that’s for fucking sure.

“Why didn’t you tell me? All I got was that text and when I tried calling, you didn’t answer. And what are you wearing? I’m so confused.”

Natalie shrinks down a little with each new question. “God, my phone isn’t working. We... We rented one of those paddle boats in Uptown Park, and um... you know how clumsy I am. I ended up falling in the water and Eric took me to his place since it’s closer. My phone still hasn’t turned back on, and I borrowed these from his... roommate.”

“So why didn’t you come home afterwards?” Sandra can’t possibly be fucking swallowing this.

This is painful, but I could watch Natalie blush like this all fucking day.

“Well, we... you know. Got distracted. Time kind of got away from me.”

“Natalie...” Sandra shakes her head, and I think our goose is fucking cooked, except she bursts out laughing. “After all these years of telling you to loosen up, you decided to jump right in with both feet. Literally. It’s about time you had some fun. You spend so much time here worrying about me. I’m so glad someone finally broke you out of it!”

“Rea—really?” Natalie seems about as amazed as I am that her sister’s buying it.

“Of course!” Sandra pulls Natalie out of my arms and into another hug. “I’m super happy for you.” But when she looks up at me over Natalie’s shoulder, her expression darkens like a storm cloud. “Don’t fucking hurt her,” she mouths.

I smile back, unfazed. If she expects me to be scared of a fucking kid, she’s not as tough as she thinks she is. I have no intention of hurting Natalie, but this world isn’t kind to innocents, and if it were up to me, Sandra would know that I’m not the one that got her sister into deep shit.

“I’m just going to go get some clothes,” says Natalie when they break the hug.

“You’re not staying?”

“I can’t. I’m sorry. We’ve... we’ve got plans.”

“I bet. Go ahead.” Sandra grins until Natalie disappears into a bedroom. Then she turns dead serious as she faces me, voice like ice. “Who’re you with? I’ll take hundred to one odds that no one’s called you Eric in years, if that’s even your name.”

I consider lying for a moment, but obviously she knows what’s up. “Eagles.”

“Fuck,” she hisses. “Nat’s not... she’s not your type.”

“I’ll be the judge of that. And I’m taking care of her. Trust me. Me and my brothers.”

“Why?”

“Not my business to say, but so long as she’s with us, she’s fucking safe.”

“Does she know? That you ride with the Eagles?”

“Yeah.”

“Then why is she hiding it from me?”

“Jesus. Probably because she doesn’t want you to fucking worry.” I keep looking towards the bedroom, just in case Natalie comes back out.

“Why would I worry?” she asks sarcastically. “Just because my sister, whose idea of a wild night is a bottle of rosé and

baking cookies, rides up on a motorcycle behind a blooded member of the biggest MC in the city, without a phone, without her clothes and spewing a dumbass story? Do you think I'm stupid? I've been so deep in that shit it was coming out my ears, and I can smell the stink of whatever this is from a mile away. Me and her? We're all we've got left and I'm not letting that go for anything."

I appreciate her loyalty, but someone's got to slap her down before she throws this attitude at someone who won't hold back. "You questioning my word?"

"What? No, I—"

"Yeah, you fucking were. I told you she's safe with us, and if you want to do your fucking part to keep it that way, you'll smile, nod and keep *your* ass out of trouble until Natalie tells you different."

Sandra's whole attitude flips from mama bear to scared shitless. "Why? What's going on? Why can't she just come home?"

"Because we're in love," I say with a smooth grin. "You wouldn't want to stand in the way of that. Would you?"

Sandra doesn't get the chance to fire back because Natalie comes out of the bedroom with a bulging backpack.

"I hate to say it, but I really should get going. Are you going to be okay here by yourself? God, I'm a terrible sister, aren't I?"

"No! I'm so glad you're having a good time. Enjoy it!" Sandra squeezes Natalie tight. "Eric promised he'd make sure you stayed in touch so I don't worry." She sends me a pleading look.

Natalie blinks in surprise. "Really?"

Fucking great. Now I'd feel like a God damned monster for saying no. "Yeah."

On the way out, Natalie stops me. "Thank you."

"For what?"

“For not telling her what I told you. You know, that it was her debt I got in trouble for. She’d just beat herself up about it and probably do something that made it even harder on both of us. At least this way I know my little sister is safe.”

“I’m not doing it for her,” I snap. “You’re ours, and we keep our own safe.”

She hesitates. “Right, the deal.”

Yeah, the fucking deal.

NATALIE

“IN HERE,” BADASS ORDERS, DRAGGING ME INTO THE BACK office of the Eagles’ Roost. I’m barely inside before he backs me up against the wall and presses his lips to mine. His hand closes gently over my throat, calloused fingers stroking down the sides in a display of possession that gets my heart pumping more than any virgin has the right.

When he finally pulls away, I’m out of breath and tingling all the way down.

“But nobody’s watching,” I say breathlessly, still using the wall for support.

“It’s important we practice.” He cocks an eyebrow, waiting for an argument that never comes. If I make one, he might not do it again. “Call it rehearsal. I’m about to bring you out in public, and who the fuck knows who’s coming in tonight? Our word’s enough back at the compound, but here? We’ve gotta sell it or we’re fucked.”

Alright. I can do this. For me, Sandra, and to get rid of the Unwanted so they don’t do this to other girls.

And not because the guys make me feel things I’ve never even imagined before, obviously.

“I’ll do my best. I think I can pretend to be a club, um... *girl*, but I’ve never worked at a bar before, and I’ve only been here that time I came looking for Sandra.”

“You’ll be fine. Place has only been open a couple months so new staff won’t stick out, and nobody’s gonna think we hired you to be good at the job. Not the job you’d have on the books

anyway.” Badass reaches down and pops a couple buttons on my shirt.

“Hey!”

“Tie the bottom under your tits. You need to look the part.”

“Like a hooker?” I ask quietly, doing as he asks.

He puts his fingers under my chin and forces it up. “Like you’re ours. Our little toy, dressed to play whenever we feel like it.”

“I’ll do my best, but will people really believe that guys like you want a woman like me?”

“Are you fucking kidding me? Not sure you’ve been looking around, and everyone’s got their own tastes, if you feel me, but not many bikers object to tits and ass.”

I’m still not sure I believe him, but he doesn’t give me time to think about it.

“Keep looking at me like that and I’ll tear those shorts right off your sexy ass and bend you over the desk. The only reason we aren’t is because your first time should be a little special, right? Don’t worry, muffin, we’ll stick to the deal.” He slaps me on the butt so suddenly, I jump a step forwards. “Out to the bar.”

My cheeks light on fire when he calls me muffin. “Did Quickshot tell you—”

“Better fucking believe it, and once we figure out if the shitty oven in the shared kitchen works, you’re baking us something.”

“Bikers like cookies?”

“Who the fuck doesn’t?”

He takes me past a break room where a couple of girls drink coffee while resting their legs on a glass coffee table. They’re wearing the same booty shorts as me, and their shirts are tied up the same way. Next is a small kitchen where a couple of burly guys flip burgers on a griddle while the deep fryer hisses behind them. The main attraction is booze, but they serve a

pretty basic menu for most of the evening. And then Badass pushes open the door to the main room, and we pop out right next to the bar.

“Where should I start?”

Badass gives me a long look, then one side of his mouth curls up. “How about on the stage? You’d look fucking irresistible, and you wouldn’t even have to worry about talking to people.”

“You only say that because you haven’t seen me dance. Trust me. You don’t want me up there.”

“Oh I fucking do. Just wait.”

“What? No, I’m not going to—”

A nearby table looks up at the sound of us arguing. Badass reacts immediately. His hand snaps to the back of my neck and he pulls me close. “You don’t make the decisions, girl. If I want to watch you shake your tits, you’ll do it. Got me?”

“Y—yes, sir.”

“Remember what we talked about,” he growls, fixing me with a glare meant to remind me how serious this is, and to convince anyone who might be watching that he’s the one in charge.

I nod and drop my eyes to the floor. “I’m sorry.”

He’s so easygoing most of the time that it’s quick to forget the aura of controlled violence he can turn on like the flick of a switch. His grip is firm but under my hair, his thumb strokes over my pulse point, reminding me that we’re both playing our parts.

“Good. I didn’t bring you here to talk back. Now go help me at the bar.”

After all the buildup, helping him at the bar turns out to be not that different from when I waited tables in high school. It helps that Badass is there, always keeping an eye on me and growling at anyone who gets too handsy.

Aside from him. He’s a *very* hands-on boss.

“Hustle, girl.” He slaps my ass and sends me out with a tray of shots to a table full of guys with cuts that read Ungrateful Bastards.

When I get there and hand out the round, one of them raises his shot glass. “She for hire?” he yells to Badass.

“You fucking wish!” Badass shouts back with gruff possessiveness that makes heat pool in my belly. “The new girl’s ours.”

“Shame,” says the guy. “Here you go, honey. Keep me in mind if your taste improves.” He tucks a couple bills into my cleavage.

I freeze, but Badass and the other guys just laugh. Apparently tipping into my boobs isn’t off limits.

“It won’t,” a new voice says from behind me just as I get back to the bar. It’s Animal. “Body shot,” he calls to his brother.

Badass chuckles.

I’ve heard the term, but I don’t really know what it means. “Um, okay?”

“Clear room!” Badass yells to the customers right in front of him. They scatter, moving out of the way but not going far. In fact, more people crowd around. He wipes down the counter with a quick sweep with a bar cloth. “Hop up, girl.”

“What?”

Instead of explaining, Animal puts his hands on either side of my waist and lifts. A moment and a surprised squeak later, I’m sitting on the bar.

With brutal efficiency, they turn and twist me so I’m lying down with dozens of people watching. Badass tucks my hands under my butt, then holds a wedge of lime out.

“Hold this between your teeth but don’t eat it,” he explains.

Eyes wide, I do what he says, and hold my breath as he sprinkles salt in the cleft between my breasts. Animal looms over me, looking down with an evil but sexy glint in his eyes.

“Don’t move,” Badass warns, winding his fingers into my hair to hold me still. A moment later, he pours a shot of tequila straight into my belly button.

The crowd cheers as Animal leans in and his hot tongue drags straight between my breasts, licking up the salt. I gasp, and Badass tightens his fingers. Animal moves to my stomach, and his mouth covers my belly button as he drinks the small pool of alcohol and licks away the last drops. His tongue tickles, but Badass keeps me in place.

Then, still tasting of salt and tequila, he comes back up to my mouth and plucks up the lime with his teeth. He makes a show of sucking at it, then spits it out and comes in for the kiss.

My body doesn’t know what to do, but it feels so much like the other night when they had their mouths and hands all over me, that if they checked my panties right now? I’d be absolutely soaked.

“My turn,” Badass declares, and this time Animal is the one that sets me up so his brother can drink a shot off my bare belly. His tongue is as broad and exciting as I remember.

We have the attention of the whole bar, but there are only two people whose attention I actually care about. Everyone else is just spice for the main event.

If anyone from the Unwanted is watching, they’ll be able to report that I’m being a good little property, but deep inside, I know that what I’m feeling isn’t just about playing my part.

Badass and Animal pull me off the bar when they’re done, and another girl takes my place afterwards, eager to get in on giving the other customers a chance—and to make the tips I’m sure it will earn her.

“So fucking hot,” Animal whispers into my ear, though with the yelling and cheering, nobody would hear.

Badass is right on the other side. “You’ve heard of safe words?”

I nod, speechless. Like in the books everyone was reading a couple years ago.

“Yours is ‘cookie’. We do what we’ve gotta do in public to keep everyone breathing, you get me? This is fucked up, and I can’t promise your boundaries aren’t going to get stretched to the fucking limit, but when it’s just us? Say the word.”

Their mouths are hot and demanding, kissing up my collarbone and then my neck on either side. Hands stroke up my thighs and over my bare stomach. One by one, they claim my mouth in turns, tongues seeking and sliding against my own.

There’s time to whisper, but I don’t say my word.

NATALIE

“CHECK,” QUICKSHOT SAYS WITH A COCKY SMIRK. HE LEANS his chair back and takes a swig from his beer. “I thought you said you could play.”

“I said I had it on my tablet when I was a kid. I never said I was any good. What do I do?” I ask Animal.

“Why are you looking at me? Do I look like I was in the fucking chess club? Can you move the pointy one over there?” He points to another spot.

Quickshot laughs. “Yeah, definitely listen to him.”

I glare at Animal. “Whose side are you on?”

“Hey, I suggested poker, remember?”

“Yeah, *strip* poker.”

This is comfortable. Too comfortable. Sometime in the past couple days, I’ve stopped thinking about them as my captors. They’re more like big scary guard dogs, who keep me safe. Well, safe from other people. Quickshot, Animal and Badass are *definitely* not safe for me. It’s too easy to like them, and that’s a road I shouldn’t go down.

“There’s a girl at the gate,” a big biker shouts over.

“We get a lot of girls, Devil,” Quickshot shouts back without taking his eyes off the board. “Be more specific.”

Devil’s blood red leather jacket is in stark contrast to his black T-shirt underneath. And the grin he sends my way is worthy of

his name. It's confident, seductive and I bet he's tempted a lot of girls away from the straight and narrow.

"Says her name's Sandra, and that her sister's here. Only one I could imagine was your girl here." He nods his head in my direction.

"Sandra!" I jump off my stool, almost knocking the chess board over, but Quickshot's reflexes are like lightning.

Animal's on his feet nearly as quickly. "I thought she was supposed to be kept out of this."

"She was. She shouldn't be here. How did she even find me?"

Quickshot doesn't say anything, but his expression hardens. "I told her I was with the Eagles. She knew something was up. Wouldn't take a genius to make it here."

"Should I let her in or tell her to fuck off?" asks Devil. He looks between us, waiting for the call.

I should've known something was up. She bought my story way too easily. Like, why should she believe that a guy like Quickshot would even be interested in me? Might as well face the music. "Is it okay? Can I talk to her?"

Quickshot and Animal share a look before Quickshot nods to Devil. "Let her in."

A minute later, Sandra comes in behind Devil, looking small and unsure, but she breaks into a run when she sees me and wraps me into a big hug. "Nat!"

"Hey," is all I say as we hug.

It feels so insufficient. We've had our ups and downs, but never like this. There's so much I can't tell her and I feel it all between us like a wall.

"Can we talk?"

"What? Yeah, of course. Sure. Do you want something to drink?"

Chef is behind the bar like usual, with his nose in a book. He's easy to pick out because he keeps the sides of his head shaved to show off the fancy red dragon tattoo there, which wraps its

way down around his neck. He scared the heck out of me at first because he's so grumpy, but once I noticed he was that way with everyone but Jewel, it wasn't so bad. He looks up. "Got water. Fizzy or normal."

She eyes the bar. "Really? That's it?"

"You ain't a member or an old lady, and my girl would'a told me if there was a new slut around, so yeah. Keep asking and the options dry up."

"Fizzy I guess," Sandra says with a chagrined blink.

"Same for me, please."

Chef slams two glasses on the counter and aims a nozzle at them, filling both in turn. Eyes on my sister, he pulls a slice of lime out from the mini fridge and puts it in mine. I guess being with the guys ranks me slightly higher.

We take our glasses, and I guide Sandra towards the empty couches at the far end of the room. The guys move to follow, but I put up a hand. "Can you give us a few minutes?"

Animal frowns. Quickshot schools his expression better, but his eyes cool. Neither of them want me out of reach. Are they afraid of what I'll say?

"Please?"

They back off, casually leaning on the bar but making it clear they'll be watching.

"Why did you come here?" I ask as we sit.

"Did you seriously think I'd be okay with you taking off with *Eric* over there? You're like the least street savvy person I know and relationships? Even worse. A guy like that is going to chew you up and spit you out."

I relax just a touch. Maybe she's just being protective. It's almost nice for a change, but she had to pick the absolute worst time to return the favor. "I'm not stupid. I know he's not my usual type, but I'm having fun."

It's Sandra's turn to frown. "It worries me. You're supposed to be the responsible one."

I shake my head. “Nobody can be responsible all the time. Just... I needed a change. And Quickshot—Eric—we met and things happened, you know?” I guess you could argue that all of that is technically true, and a big ball of lies at the same time.

“Bullshit,” she spits in a voice I haven’t heard since she ran off with her horrible ex and I didn’t know if I’d ever see her alive again.

“Excuse me? You might not agree with this but can’t you just trust me for once? You’re doing really well in your program and you’re old enough to be on your own.”

Her face hardens, but I can see the hurt radiating from her. “So what, is this about me? Do I hold you back that much? Maybe you wish I’d never come back.”

“No! No, it’s nothing like that. This is a me thing. I’m—I’m sorry. It’s only for a little while. I just don’t want you to worry.”

She rolls her eyes so hard they nearly come out of their sockets. “How’d that work for you when I said it? This is such bullshit, Nat.”

This is going all wrong, but I don’t even know how I could’ve made it go all right. If she finds out what’s going on, she’ll want to get involved and who knows what happens then? It wouldn’t be good, and then we’d both end up in danger.

I let out a sigh, not knowing what to do. “So why did you come, then? Just to chew me out?”

“No. I’ve got a message for you, and your phone still isn’t picking up. I didn’t know where else to go, but I knew if he was with the Eagles, they’d be able to track you two down.”

“Right. What’s the message?”

“It’s Ramona. It’s bad enough that you’re ditching me for a guy, but you’ve missed three shifts now without notice. You put me down as your emergency contact and she called to tell me that unless you were in a coma or something, you need to get in touch or you’re fired.” Sandra shrugs. “I didn’t think I should tell her you were just too dickmatized to remember to

come in, so hopefully you can come up with a good excuse or the apprenticeship that meant everything to you a week ago is dust.”

Crap. It’s not like I forgot about my job, but I’ve been more worried about keeping both of us alive and the hundred grand the Unwanted are demanding.

“Thanks, I’ll... I’ll think of something.”

“That’s it? You know what? I might not always have listened to you but I’ve always trusted you, even when I would’ve given anything for a fix and hated your guts. You were the one person I knew I could come to when I hit rock bottom. I know I’m the little sister, but I’m not a kid anymore, and if you’re in trouble, you know you can come to me, right?”

“I know!” I glance over at Quickshot and Animal, and see Badass standing with them. They must’ve called him in when they saw things going bad. “I’ll make this right.”

I don’t know whether I should feel protected or spied on.

“Can you?” Sandra shakes her head, her features tight. She’s either about to punch me or cry, and I hate either option. I don’t want to hurt her. I hate this. “Sure. Fine. If she calls back I’ll let her know you’re really cut up about it. I’m sure she’ll be thrilled.”

She stands, leaving her water untouched between us.

“Sandra.”

“No. Get your phone fixed or get a new one. Call me when you’re ready to act like my sister again. I don’t know what’s going on with you, and I’m sorry, but I can’t pretend like this is normal.”

When she walks away, I move to follow, but a heavy hand lands on my shoulder, pushing me back into the chair.

“Let her go,” Badass says in a low voice.

“I’m doing it for her,” I whisper, watching Devil escort my furious sister out of the clubhouse.

“What’s the deal with you two?” Animal asks as he and Quickshot sit down.

“She’s my sister.”

Badass scowls. “Yeah, but there’s more to it than that. Don’t bullshit an older brother.”

I sigh and reach for my water, but then think twice about it and pluck Quickshot’s beer right from his hand, taking a deep swig. The tingle of alcohol feels right about what I need just now. When I reach it out for him to take back, he just waves his hand at me.

“Keep it. I’ll get another. Now answer Badass.”

“I told you Sandra has had a rough time, but it goes deeper than that. She was always the more sensitive one of the two of us. Felt more deeply, was more creative, more talented. Everyone loved her, but she was also... I don’t know, fragile, I guess. There are four years between us, and I was just about to move away for college when our parents were in an accident.” I keep my eyes on my hands, not sure I’ll be able to tell the whole story if I look up and see pity in their eyes. “I had some scholarships, so I might have been able to stay in school, but we don’t have any other family. Sandra would’ve ended up in foster care. I stayed home, waited tables in the evenings and worked at a gas station during the day. It wasn’t a lot, but it was enough to keep the roof over our heads so she could stay in high school.”

Badass reaches out and closes a hand over mine. “You were what? Eighteen? You did good.”

“Not good enough. When she was fifteen, sixteen maybe, she started getting more secretive than normal. I found out she was seeing some guy that must’ve been in his twenties, probably pushing thirty. I... I flipped out. For the next year, we fought like cats and dogs. She dropped out of school, and started being gone for days at a time, then weeks. I didn’t think it was drugs right away, but she changed.”

“Was that guy her dealer?” Quickshot asks darkly.

“Probably. I didn’t know what to do. She called him her boyfriend, and she was *obsessed*. I wish I’d handled it better, but I was nineteen and working two jobs. It... it was almost a relief when she left.” A tear slips down my cheek. “I don’t really know what happened between them, but she came back a total wreck, and the cops were going to throw her in jail for some bullshit possession charge until I found out that since she was a minor, she was eligible for a rehab program. Things have been so good since she got out. Not perfect, but *good*. I swear.”

“How’d she get mixed up with the Unwanted?”

“I don’t know! But I’ve seen her when she’s using, and I swear she isn’t. They said she owed them money and I couldn’t let them take her, could I?”

They don’t look convinced. I probably wouldn’t be in their shoes either, but what can I do?

BADASS

“IT’S SHOWTIME,” ANIMAL’S VOICE HISSES FROM THE TWO-way radio behind the bar. “Crusher and a couple other assholes are headed my way and they don’t look like they want to wait patiently in line. I’m gonna wave them in and follow. Send Crash to take over the door.”

“On it.” I raise my arm and whistle. Lots of faces turn my way, but the only one that counts is the gorgeous girl carrying a tray near the pool tables. “Move it! We got a special order!”

She freezes for a second, then nods, recognizing the code we set up. Natalie’s gotten good at acting her part in public, but until Prez has his sit-down with Cain, I’m not taking my fucking eyes off her. Maybe not after that, either.

“Crash!”

He comes out of the back, adjusting his belt with a girl hanging off his arm. “Still got ten minutes before my shift, man.” When he sees my face, though, he stands up straighter. “What’s up?”

“Go handle the door. We got club business.”

“You got it.” He gives me a crisp nod and smacks the girl on the ass. “I’ll find you later.” She rolls her eyes and melts into the crowd. If it was a lot of our guys, I wouldn’t like his odds of making good on that, but somehow Crash always has a line out his fucking door.

Natalie brings her empty tray behind the bar and stands there eyes wide and face pale. “What do I do?”

“First, come here.” I cup her ass with one hand and pull her close enough to whisper. “Crusher just showed up with some buddies. They’ll be in here any second. We’re gonna go say hello.”

She shivers.

I nip her earlobe and stroke a hand over her shoulder and down her arm. “He’s not going to fucking touch you. You’re ours.”

“I know our deal,” she whispers. “You bought me.”

“Look at me,” I order, and she turns her big blue eyes to mine. “Screw the deal. He. Won’t. Fucking. Touch. You.”

The air vibrates between us, and her full lips part. I lean in and take them. She’s sweet as sin, and it’s not worry that makes her moan.

I sense movement and then there’s a figure behind her. It’s Animal. We share a look over her shoulder. He nods. His hands land on her bare waist and stroke upwards, under her cropped Screaming Eagles tank, and up to her big, full breasts. Natalie gasps and she puts one hand on my arm, and her other on Animal’s.

“Hate to break it up just as it’s getting good, but they’re headed your way,” Quickshot’s voice crackles from the two-way.

Animal sticks his middle finger up towards the bar camera. He drags his nose up the side of Natalie’s neck and sinks his teeth lightly into the soft skin under her ear. “Let’s go be assholes.”

“Remember the word?” I ask. She swallows hard and nods. “Bring drinks to VIP 3. If we can keep them in there we can minimize the chances of this turning into a warzone.”

Already I can see Eagles clocking the shift in the mood that follows Crusher and his friends. We don’t give a shit who shows up so long as they pay for their drinks and don’t cause trouble, but the Unwanted have ruffled a lot of feathers lately.

Side by side with my brother, we intercept their group as they scope the place out. “Crusher.”

He grins when he sees us. “How’s the merchandise working out for you boys? I thought I’d come and check things out for myself. Can’t say I see the appeal of this place. Feels a little unfriendly if you ask me, but maybe if this first transaction pays off, we can keep a fresh supply going.”

Animal growls, but I nudge him to roll it back, then I wave for them to follow.

“Come on. I told—” What did he call Natalie at the auction? “Sugar to set you up at a VIP booth. We can catch up. Who’re your buddies?”

He narrows his beady eyes. “You give a fuck?”

“Not really.” One of the guys looks exactly like the kind of flunky to attach himself to a jackass like Crusher, but there’s something about the other one. He looks too slick for their crew, like a rich boy slumming it for the night.

The VIP booth is a rounded seating area with a low table in the center for drinks. It’s a good place to sit back, watch the dancers and get a little privacy. The five of us slide in and spread out, with me between Animal and the Unwanted. I know Quickshot’s watching, but being outnumbered doesn’t sit right. At least this time, Crusher’s the one deep in enemy territory. If shit goes south, they won’t make it far.

He lets out a low whistle. “Damn, she broke in nice, didn’t she?”

I turn to look, and see Natalie coming over with a full tray of drinks. She’s acting her fucking heart out, full hips swinging in tiny shorts, and gorgeous breasts swaying with every step. There’s a promise in her walk that momentarily wipes my brain.

When she puts the tray down, she puts her back to me and bends at the waist. Jesus fuck. “Is this all right, sirs?” She looks up at me and Animal through long, black lashes. “I can bring something else if you’d like.”

Crusher’s laugh has a mean edge I don’t like. “I’d like your face between my fucking legs, Sugar. I remember the mouth you had on you.” He looks at us. “How much for that?”

Animal's eyes flare, and knowing my brother, I grab Natalie and pull her into his lap before he can do something stupid. Natalie yelps in surprise, and Animal puts his hands on her hips, holding her in place. "Sorry, not ready to share yet. Move for me, baby."

Crusher frowns.

Beside me, Animal murmurs to Natalie. "Eyes on me." She listens, focusing entirely on him. He guides her hips in a low grind over his cock. "Hands up here."

Natalie closes her eyes and rests her arms on his shoulders, tentatively starting to move to the music. On stage, a dancer swings around a pole in next to nothing, but it's got nothing on the innocent sexuality of Natalie giving my brother a slow, untrained lap dance. He whispers in her ear, and whatever he's saying, her cheeks are flushed and her chest is moving faster.

"Guess you want your money's worth. Don't suppose you got it on tape when you popped her?"

This time it isn't Animal that needs holding back. He's got his hands full. I'm out of my seat and reaching over when a hand stops me. It's Quickshot, accompanied by King, Hero and Wild Child. He must've made a call. Thank fucking God, because while I was afraid Animal would cause trouble, or Natalie wouldn't be able to do her part, it turns out I was the one about to start something.

Crusher sits up a little straighter. "The VP. I must be moving up in the world."

King's smile doesn't quite reach his eyes. He glances at Animal and Natalie. "Take her out of here so we can talk."

Quickshot grabs Natalie and gets her the fuck out.

NATALIE

TREMBLING, I LET QUICKSHOT DRAG ME OUT OF THE BOOTH and away from the men that remind me of one of the worst nights of my life. I came so close to being sold to that monster with Crusher. Thoughts and emotions whirl through me, fear, anger, and the non-stop pulse between my legs.

God help me, all I can think about is how their hands feel on me, and the hardness of Animal's cock beneath his jeans. I owe them so much, but it's not obligation that has me thinking about the low whispers in my ear about how fucking sexy I am. What are these men doing to me? I must be crazy for wanting them, but I do.

Quickshot takes me straight to the office and locks the door behind us. "Are you okay?"

I nod. "S—sure. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Don't give me that crap. I saw everything. You did fucking good, but we both know this isn't you."

"Isn't it?" I gesture down to the outfit I'm wearing, the one that shows every curve and jiggle. I was self-conscious when I first wore these clothes, but I've never seen anything but smoldering approval in their eyes. "Maybe it is. And what about you? You look like you should be in college breaking sorority girls' hearts, not riding around with a bunch of..." I trail off.

"Criminals?" He laughs. "You can fucking say it. It's what we are according to most of society. And I don't need to go to school to fuck sorority girls. You'd be surprised how many

find their way here. You've got some strange fucking ideas about what I'm like."

"Wouldn't you have wanted to?"

"Fuck no. My childhood was a shitshow. I was never going to college, and nobody expected me to. Hell, I doubt most of the people who knew me when I was a kid expected me to live this long. Closest I've come to the straight and narrow was when I got a job at an auto shop. I thought about being a mechanic, but I was good enough to run errands, and nobody wanted to apprentice a kid who'd fucking dropped out of juvie." He scoffs.

"Maybe you could—"

"Stop. I joined the Eagles when I was seventeen and they were the best fucking thing that ever happened to me, so wipe that look off your face. That kid made me who I am, but I'm not him anymore. I get to work on as many bikes as I want, and I fucking belong. So you can keep your judgment because I know my life better than you do."

"Sorry. I shouldn't have... It doesn't matter. You're right."

"You might've liked me better back then. I was just happy to be riding with the club and finally getting to be more than a fuck up." He wrenches his cut and t-shirt off and points at his chest. "This was the end of that."

He points to the vicious scar that slices through his stomach. I swallow hard. It's shocking, and I've seen it, but I get lost in how absolutely ripped he is. His jeans hang low on his hips, revealing a faint trail of blond hair that runs downwards from his belly button.

I lick my lips, dragging my attention back to the scar. "What happened?"

"We were out riding. Not even fucking doing anything, and got stopped. It was back when Hawthorne was in office and trying to distract everyone from his own shit by cracking down on us. Shithead cop shot me. Nearly bit it that night."

"Is that what that girl Emily was talking about?"

He nods. “She helped keep me stable until Doc could patch me up.”

“And you still stayed? Even though it’s dangerous?”

Quickshot looks at me like I asked him why the sun is still rising in the east. He leans back on the desk and shakes his head. “Living is dangerous. Look at you. You were off baking fucking cupcakes and now you’re stuck with three assholes who’d love to do a whole lot more than pretend to own you.”

“What do you mean?” I’m playing with fire and I know it. I know exactly what he means. None of them have been shy about letting me know that they’d be happy to take things to the next level if I want.

He might think he’s an asshole, but the fact that they give a shit about what I want? That small difference means everything.

His lips quick up in a sly smile, like he can hear the thoughts in my head. “A nice girl like you? Losing your virginity to not one, but three Screaming Eagles after they bought you at auction? That would make for one hell of a story to tuck away once you go back to your little cupcake baking life.”

“Who would I tell?”

“Wait until you’re ninety and then shock the fuck out of all your cute little grandkids. Unless you’re really stuck on being a good girl for the rest of your life.” He reaches out and grabs my hand, pulling me close.

My other hand lands on his bare stomach to brace myself, and my fingers trail downward on their own accord. His scar is rough and ragged, but he’s standing in front of me, whole and hard.

So very hard. He puts his hand over mine and guides my fingers to his belt buckle. “What’s it going to be?”

I get the buckle open before I have to let go as he yanks my barely there tank top over my head and down my arms. I scramble to work at his pants as he reaches around and pops the catches on my bra. One, two, three, and then the cups fall

loose. Quickshot growls deep in his throat and captures my lips.

He shifts his hips and it's finally the moment of truth. I'll get to see if the massive bulge in his pants is as impressive as the late night videos I've seen.

I grab the sides of his jeans and pull.

QUICKSHOT

THE AMAZED EXPRESSION ON NATALIE'S FACE AS SHE PULLS my pants down is the kind of thing that really strokes a man's ego.

But it's not my ego that wants a good stroke right now. All of her is beautiful, but it's her gorgeous tits that have my full attention, swinging free. If I have my wish, she'll never fucking cover them up again. Fuck, I want to see all of her, all the time. She moves with this intense, natural sexuality, and it pisses me right the fuck off that someone nearly stole that from her. Forcing what should be freely given.

I capture a breast in my right hand, and it feels so heavy and good. She moans when I pinch her nipple and give it a little tug.

Speaking of tugs.

"It's okay, baby. You can touch it. It doesn't bite."

She drags her eyes away from my cock to look up at me. There's something adorably sexy about her nervousness. I want to fucking bottle it so I can have a drag of it anytime I fucking want.

Natalie nibbles her bottom lip, hesitating. I take her hand and guide it onto my shaft. Her fingers burn like delicious fucking fire as I wrap them around my cock and cover them with my own.

"Like this."

She watches with flushed cheeks as I use her hand to jerk myself, showing her how to move, exactly how I like it. Nice pressure on the shaft, and then a smooth stroke over the head. When I let go, she continues, as focused as a fucking bomb squad. Like one wrong move might make me explode.

Except, she's making all the right moves. Fuck.

"You're doing so fucking good," I encourage. "Damn, the things I could do to you..."

Her lips part. "Like what?"

"If we were back at the compound, I'd spread you out and feast until you forgot your fucking name, baby. You know I could do it."

"You? Or all three?" she whispers. Her hand falters on my cock, but she recovers quickly, and adds a second hand, wrapping me up in both soft fists like hot silk.

I groan and lean back. "Keep doing that and you can have any combination you want. How would you like that?"

"I don't—I don't know how that would even work."

"Trust me, baby. We'll be happy to show you. But right now, let me make sure you feel just as fucking good as I do right now."

I flip us around, scooting her up on the desk with me between her legs. She loses her hold on my cock for a second, but picks up fast, slicking her thumb over pre-cum leaking from the head. I hiss in pleasure. "Slow down, baby, or this will be over way too soon."

She blushes, and her smile is pure sin. Natalie might be inexperienced, but she's an enthusiastic fucking learner.

I work the button of her shorts open, and between the two of us, we get them and her panties down her legs, leaving Natalie spread out on the desk in all her fucking naked glory.

"Fuck," I whisper hoarsely.

Her body is like a temple I want to worship at until I drown between her soft thighs.

She reaches out and closes her grip back around my shaft, concentrating. I grab the edge of the desk and let a shudder run through me. Jesus Christ, this girl is going to milk me until I come all over her like a fucking teenager. That's not the plan, so much as I hate to, I pull her hands off me.

"Was I doing it wrong?" She looks up at me with big eyes.

"No babe. Too fucking perfect. Lie back." Stroking my hands over her big tits, I push until she's flat on her back, then pry her legs apart so I can get in between them.

She freezes. "Wait! Cookie! Wait!"

I stop. "Tell me what you need."

"I'm not ready for... I—"

"Shhh, I'm not going to fuck you. Just let me make you feel good, okay?"

She takes a deep breath and captures her lower lip between her teeth, her eyes flicking frantically between my face and my steel hard cock that's hovering over her belly. I'm not sure if she really knows what she wants, because behind the hesitation, there's a pool of pure lust, but this is her call.

"Okay," she whispers.

As I lean in to taste her full lips, I slide my hand into her hair and wrap it around my fingers. I capture her lower lip between my teeth and tug it slightly. Her throaty moan vibrates deep in her chest.

Then I kiss her, hard, fucking loving how her eyes go wide, then close as she kisses me back. She pulls against my hand, but I've got her right where I fucking want her. When I pull back, she looks up at me through hooded lids and draws breath through her parted lips like she's just been for a run. She's already on the edge, but I want her crazy, throbbing with the empty ache only we can fill.

I kiss right at the corner of her mouth, but I don't let her turn to meet me there. Then her cheek, down onto her jaw, tracing my way back to her neck so I can nibble at her throat which I force her to bare by holding her hair. When I bite especially

hard, she gasps, but thrusts her hips up towards me. Maybe her common sense doesn't want me in there, but her pussy sure wants my fucking cock.

Pressing my thighs in between hers, I angle my hips so my length rests against her slit, the shaft pressing into her folds while the head points at her belly button.

“Quickshot...” Conflicting emotions war behind her big blue eyes.

“I gave you my word, baby, but that doesn't mean I'm not going to fucking make you feel what it's like against you. And then, maybe next time, I'll let you see what this feels like on the inside.”

Then I start thrusting, letting my dick slide through her lips and bump over her clit. No fucking way this could be called dry fucking, not with how goddamn wet she is.

Her eyes flutter closed, and her chest rises and falls in shallow gasps. I want this girl so fucking bad I'm not sure who owns who, or even if it matters. I want her on her fucking knees at our feet, but I want to earn it.

But if we can make her want to...

Fuck.

With my free hand, I take her right nipple and roll it between my fingers. She moans, her eyes shut tightly as she grinds her hips against me. Whatever reservations she had, she's getting over them fast.

The trust she's showing is fucking intoxicating. It would take so little to ease my hips back and slide my cock into her hot, tight pussy, but instead I lean forward and use my hand to hold the ridge of my cock right against her clit, giving her something to get off against.

She moans and grinds beneath me, making me grit my fucking teeth so I don't give in until she gets there first.

“Come for me, baby. I want to fucking see you squirm as you come all over my cock. You are so fucking incredible.” I lean so close I can hiss it into her ear. I press against her as she

wraps her legs around me, digging her heels in to keep me from getting away.

Baby, wild fucking horses couldn't pull me away.

She grips my arm with both hands, the one I'm holding my cock with, but only to hang on. Her back arches and her moans grow louder. Harsh breaths in time with her thrusting hips are like fucking music to my ears, a symphony of pleasure as she makes herself come against me.

With a cry, she digs her nails into my skin. Scalding wetness surrounds my cock. She comes like a fucking freight train, and it's the hottest damn thing I've seen in my life. I grind down on her, making her orgasm last as long as it fucking can. Fuck, I'm not going to last long, though.

With a final, guttural scream, she slumps back on the desk, her legs releasing me and her claws withdrawing. It's my permission to give in to the tension that's been building in my balls since we started. With a deep groan and the pleasure of relief, I let go. My cock jerks as I come, while my brain goes blank and my eyes shut. I groan and hold on as pulse after pulse rockets through me. Fuck, I haven't done anything like this in years. If she can make me feel like this from just rubbing against each other, I can't even fucking imagine what it'll be like when we get her spread out and taking us all together.

Finally, the shivers and the tingling in my cock pull back, letting me settle my weight on my hands and open my eyes to see a sight so fucking sexy it almost gets me hard again. Maybe give me four-five minutes.

Natalie's looking up at me with wide eyes, spattered with my cum from her belly button, up onto her amazing tits, into her throat and just a couple of droplets on her chin. Jesus fucking Christ, I can't remember the last time someone made me come like that. Maybe never.

She slides her fingertips across her chest, making them slick before she holds them up to look at them. When she notices me looking, she blushes. "I've, you know... never in real life... oh God."

I can't help laughing a little. "You look fucking hot. Like you're mine and I just fucking claimed you." Then I lean in and kiss her, right on those plump fucking lips. There's a moment of hesitation, and then she's kissing me back, wrapping her arms around my neck to hold me close.

By the time I pull back up, we're both a fucking mess. I don't fucking care. It's just cum. Holding out my hand, I offer to help her up. "Come on. There's a shower in the back."

Washing her is almost as much fun as messing around with her, sliding my soapy hands over her luscious curves, letting her tits slip through my fingers and playing with her ass. And the curiosity she washes my cock with and the amazement as she feels it grow between her fingers makes me ready for round two. I just don't know if I could manage that again without giving in and actually fucking her.

"Fuck, baby." I very reluctantly pull her hand off my cock. "I need to check on what's going on out front, because if you keep doing that we're gonna be fucking. I've only got so much self-control."

That look in her eyes? She's hungry and so fucking ready. And it's not just me she looks at like this. She fucking wants it. Wants us.

And soon.

NATALIE

BACK AT THE SCREAMING EAGLES COMPOUND AND comfortably in my own clothes again, I feel less exposed, less available. And right now, I think I need that to try to keep a clear head.

Oh my God!

Like I can keep a clear head after what I did with Quickshot. Even after showering, I swear I can still feel his weight on me, his fingers on my body, the heat of his cum spattered all over my chest. For a few moments there, I thought he was about to take it all the way.

And I wanted him to. At least if I listened to my body and not my brain. What are these guys doing to me? I should be worried about my job, and getting back to my real life, not getting laid.

But I'm still tingly after that orgasm.

I need to get out where there're other people. Sitting in Animal's room alone is just sending my brain into endless spirals that all end in one thing, and I've already cleaned up everything I dare touch. My fingers drum a nervous beat on his little table.

Leaving the room behind like I'm fleeing a crime scene, I head out to the common area looking for any of the guys. Heck, at this point I'd even take Chef snapping at me so long as I don't have to sit alone with my thoughts.

As always, there's hard rock playing over the speakers. I don't know if it ever stops. I was worried that it'd be empty, but

there are a bunch of guys there. I don't really know any of them, but I recognize a lot by sight at this point and get a few nods when they see me come in. Others I've never seen before, and I'm apparently not interesting for long, because they all return to their conversations, or watching the game on the big screen in the back. It's nice to feel almost anonymous for a little bit, rather than surrounded by sexy bikers set on getting me out of my clothes and down on my back.

Or whatever other positions they might have in mind.

"More fucking water?" grunts Chef. He's leaning against the bar, looking up from a beat up paperback. "Or are you ready for grown up drinks now?"

"There's nothing wrong with water, but I think I need something stronger today." I climb up on one of the barstools and rest my elbows on the bar.

A moment later he's back with a glass of pale brown liquid over ice.

I can't help but laugh a little. "Is that whiskey? Are those my only options? Water or whiskey?"

He scowls. "Not fucking girly enough for you?"

I shrug.

Chef reaches under the bar and pulls out a tiny paper umbrella and pops it open before dropping it into my drink. "There. Now it's fucking festive."

I laugh out loud. "I'm surprised you even have those."

"This is a fully stocked bar." He pauses. "And the kids like them."

"KIDS?"

"Don't look at me like that. I don't serve *them* whiskey."

Jewel comes out from the kitchen. She grins. "You met Emily, remember? That baby she's carrying? That's their third, and Alessa is due about the same time with her second. Don't let this grump fool you. He makes a mean mocktail."

Chef glares. "Too much talking, not enough drinking."

I shake my head before taking a cautious sip. The whiskey burns over my tongue and right down my throat. Chef grunts a chuckle at my grimace. “Smooth,” I say with a cough.

A biker I remember from the first night here, looking a little less dangerous with the afternoon sun coming through the windows high up on the wall, slides onto the stool next to me. Preacher, I think Animal called him.

“The usual,” he says to Chef, then looks down at me, his black eyes narrowing curiously. “Where’s your handlers? They get tired of you already? Somehow I doubt that, but if you’ve fucked ‘em dry and want a real man, let me know.” He swivels towards me, smirks cockily and leans in. “Or maybe you’ve gotten a taste for more than one. Baby, me and my crew know exactly how to stroke your pearly gate.”

I can’t deny that he’s good-looking, but it’s Animal, Quickshot and Badass that are filling my daydreams, not him. “Do the church puns usually work for you?”

He laughs and doesn’t sound discouraged at all. “Absolutely. Last night, it got me laid three times.”

I roll my eyes. “Then you should be good for a while.”

He holds out his hand. “I’m Preacher.”

“Natalie.” His handshake’s firm, unlike most guys who shake like I’m a delicate little flower. “And I’m sure they’re around. I just needed something to drink.”

“That’s pretty strong, even with the decoration. Trouble?” He takes a sip from the glass Chef sets in front of him with an annoyed grunt. “Need an ear?”

“What, you do confessions too?”

His grin widens. “Fucking love ‘em. Especially the hot ones.”

“I’m sure.” I sigh and take another sip.

It burns just as bad this time, but the pain helps me focus. At least that’s what I tell myself. Preacher does a half shrug and raises his eyebrows in a gesture that signals for me to go ahead. What the hell? If my trouble is bikers, then maybe some biker insight might help.

“This place isn’t my usual scene, you know?”

He laughs. “Could’ve fooled me. You looked plenty comfortable coming in the other night, and you’re still here, so...”

I focus on the glass, unable to meet his gaze. “It’s kinda complicated.”

“What fucking isn’t? Look around. You think anybody in this place opened their eyes one day and decided this was the easy choice? Every single fucking human in this building walked a path that led them here, and it isn’t always the fucking scenic route if you get me.”

“But is this the end?”

“What do you mean?”

“What if my path leads me right out that door again?”

He smirks and runs a hand through his unruly black hair. “Then you go. Not to be an asshole, but what’s keeping you? This isn’t a fucking Clash song. Stay. Go. Nobody knows your fucking path but you.”

“Give her a break, Preacher,” Jewel interrupts. She might not know everything, but she helped me when I first got here so I’m sure she knows things aren’t as simple as they look. “Animal, Badass and Quickshot will kick your ass if you chase off their woman.”

Preacher snorts. “If you love something let it go and all that shit, right? If me reminding her that the door fucking exists is enough to scare her off, then they’re better off.”

“You’re awfully philosophical for a biker.”

“What? Just because we love the freedom of the road and fucking with authority, you don’t think we can think beyond that? I’m called Preacher for a reason, babe.” He puts his glass down and waves at Chef.

Chef responds by sliding the whole bottle over. “I’m not your fucking servant. Pour it yourself, fuckhead.”

“And what reason is that?”

He shakes his head. “Story for another time, maybe. All I’m saying is that maybe you should take a good look at why you think you’re so much better than the men you’re fucking, because we’re all sitting right here, aren’t we?”

“That’s not what I think,” I snap in reflex.

“You sure about that?”

I got into this for Sandra. To eliminate her debt. Now I’m in too deep to just leave, but once we’re done, I’m going home, right? My life isn’t here. How could it ever be? What, a biker baker? Would I get a nickname? If it’s up to the guys it’d probably be Cupcake. That alone is probably reason enough to get the heck out of here.

But what do I have waiting for me?

Sandra’s pissed, obviously, but will she get over it when I get home? I’ve never lied to her like this before, but we’re sisters. She’s got to be willing to forgive me, right? Once I explain?

And work? I have to assume my apprenticeship is toast by now. I don’t have a good excuse I can actually tell Ramona. I’ll be lucky if this doesn’t completely blacklist me all over town. If I don’t have a job when I get back, I need to figure out something. Sandra doesn’t make enough to pay the rent on her own.

My life isn’t so amazing, but I built it up from wreckage and I can’t just drop it like it doesn’t exist, no matter how tempting the guys are. Sandra needs stability. I look up to find all three of them watching me, Chef, Preacher and Jewel.

Preacher shakes his head. “You seem to be thinking real hard on it. Can’t say I’m surprised.”

“I’m not any better. It’s just different. I’m training to be a *baker*.”

Chef snorts. “Yeah? So? Faith runs a damn bookshop. You think everyone here just drinks, fucks and changes oil all day? We’ve got fucking hobbies and jobs and shit.”

A bookshop? What—No. I can’t let them get me all mixed up. I’m here to keep my sister safe, and the guys need me because

of the Unwanted. It's temporary. Even if I wanted to stick around and see what happens, there's no guarantee that they'd want that, too.

Just because there's some mutual attraction...

Images flash through my mind, of Quickshot's bare chest and his big dick rubbing against me, of Animal's fierce recklessness and deep, passionate kisses, and Badass's protective streak and immense strength.

Of how it could be with all of us together, not having to choose between them. Even in my wildest fantasies I never thought anything like that was possible.

I'm about to squirm right here on the barstool.

I can tell myself that bikers aren't my kind of guys, and loving how clear they make it that they want to blow my mind isn't my style, but the truth is that all I have to do is think about them, and my heart is already racing.

"This... it's just temporary."

Jewel laughs. "Sure, keep telling yourself that."

I am, and I keep doing it, but it doesn't seem to be working.

NATALIE

BADASS'S HUGE HAND CRADLING MY BARELY COVERED BREAST would be a lot sexier if Crusher wasn't sitting at the couch opposite looking at me like the blue plate special. I snuggle into Badass's lap, and the possessive arm slung around my waist tightens, making it obvious that I'm claimed. I thought it couldn't get worse than seeing Crusher the other night, but it's like seeing me with the guys has made him a little crazy.

Animal, who's sitting right next to me with his hand resting just under the hem of my schoolgirl style skirt, leans close. "He can look all he wants, but as long as we fucking breathe he's never laying another hand on you."

I raise my chin and grind my ass against Badass's lap, feeling him swell beneath me. We want the Unwanted to think that alongside drugs and weapons, the Eagles are toying with the idea of building a stable of women, and that I might just be the first. An impulsive trial run, so to speak.

"Good girl," Badass whispers in my ear as his thumb flicks over my nipple. "You can do this."

Quickshot is sitting on the other side. He takes one of my hands for himself and rests it on the outside of his jeans, right over his cock. Even at rest, the bulge is impressive.

What does it say about me that being watched is actually kind of exciting? I don't like who's doing the watching, but if this was a normal night at the bar in a dark corner booth...

This is supposed to all be pretend, but am I pretending just a little too eagerly? Because I'm aching for Animal to start

moving his fingers, or for Badass to pull me closer. Or even to slip my hand inside Quickshot's pants instead of just rubbing him from outside them. I want to find out if a second time would be just as fun as the first.

They're the wild ones, I'm not. At least I thought I wasn't. But that doesn't keep the adrenaline from flowing at being shown off. And when Badass pinches my nipple gently, I have to smother the moan after my initial sharp gasp.

"I appreciate the show, but how about they just fuck her so we can be done with it and fucking concentrate?" Cain, the president of the Unwanted, is graying and leathery. He looks like he's had a lot of hours on his bike and never worried too much about sunscreen. His eyes are small and greedy, but he's built like a bull and his Unwanted patch is big across his broad back.

"Don't fucking look at us. Crusher was the one who wanted to see the girl," says Animal, sounding like he's spoiling for a fight. "We bought her to fuck, not to do magic tricks."

"I'll give her something to make disappear," Crusher says with a nasty chuckle.

Underneath me, Badass goes deathly still. His hand stops moving, and I can feel the violence humming right under his skin. I reach up and run my hand up the side of his neck and into his hair. I might hate Crusher with the fury of a thousand suns, but he doesn't scare me anymore, not when I'm surrounded by these men.

I want him taken down so he doesn't get his dirty hands on my sister or anyone else.

"Keep it in your fucking pants," booms Eagle-eye. "You want to go fuck your slut? Do it on your own time. This is a God damned business meeting, not an orgy."

"Sir," rumbles Badass with a nod, but his grip on me doesn't loosen one bit, and if anything, it's just getting harder.

"Alright, Cain. You know what we can offer. Tell me why I'm not wasting my fucking time here."

Cain eases back on the couch and draws a long drag from his beer. It's weird to be in the bar when it's nearly empty. Just a half dozen guys from each club with Chef manning the bar. I don't know how wise a choice that is. It really wouldn't surprise me if he's spit into every single one of the Unwanted's bottles. The way he's glowering at Cain's back, it's obvious there's no love lost there. He sees me watching and grins, showing off a gold tooth.

"My turn." Animal grabs my arm and with a sudden move, pulls me into his lap, facing him. Almost immediately, his hands are up under the skirt and clutching my ass. "You're doing fucking great," he whispers. "Maybe a little too good. You feel that?" His grip on my ass tightens and he presses me down onto the hard cock trapped between us.

I draw a long shaky breath through my nose as I wet my lips, then nod. I know this is all part of the script, but I'm not a robot. The feel of him hard and ready between my legs does all sorts of things to me. I bury my face in his neck and grind my hips with the scent of leather and aftershave in my nose.

Badass grabs my thigh, squeezing it. "I wasn't fucking done with her."

"Learn to share." Animal smirks at him and gives my ass a spank so I squeak into his throat.

"Jesus fucking Christ," grumbles Eagle-eye.

I glance over my shoulder. Cain's brought several officers to the meeting, and they've all been watching, but Crusher is the only one that makes me want to go take a hot shower to wash off the feel of his gaze.

"Make him look somewhere else," I whisper at Animal.

"Hey, fuckface." Animal waves a hand at him.

"What do you want?"

"You lost your fucking chance when you sold her. Find something else to look at."

"Did you forget you still owe us a whack of cash? As far as I'm concerned, you're just warming up my property until I see

it.” He leans back on the couch, spreading his arms onto the backrest and looks very pointedly right at my ass.

“What the fuck’d you say?” growls Quickshot.

“You still owe us fifteen grand, and a cut of whoring her out. You bought her virginity, but long term, she’s a fucking lease. I’d be happy to bring her back to our place and cut out the middlemen, though.”

“Enough!” Eagle-eye roars. “King, deal with this before I do.”

King, stern and tall, stands and fixes Crusher and my guys with a look that promises trouble if they don’t listen. “You heard Prez. Take it elsewhere.”

“You don’t give me orders,” Crusher sneers.

“I do,” Cain snaps. “Do what he says.”

“Prez, they owe us fucking money.”

The greed in Cain’s beady eyes is unmistakable. “Think bigger. The girl is fucking pocket change. Who gives a fuck?”

“That’s bullshit. It’s a fucking hundred grand that she owes.”

I’ll give Crusher this, he’s got enough balls to argue with his boss. I’d honestly expected him to back down when Cain broke in. But maybe that’s part of why the Eagles are so much more successful. I know for a fact that if Animal and Badass weren’t trying to get a rise out of them, they wouldn’t have pushed Eagle-eyes limits. At least not without a better reason.

“Then it’s up to you to collect. I got deals to make.”

“Free rein?” Crusher asks, looking scarily pleased at the prospect.

“Sure. Now clear out.”

When Crusher’s eyes meet mine, my stomach sinks. He’s not giving up, and I’m not even sure it’s all about the money anymore. He wants to humiliate me, and the Eagles.

King marches us all out to the bar. “You dickheads have a beef to settle? Do it where you’re not getting in the fucking way.” He looks down on Crusher like shit he found on the bottom of

his shoe. “Don’t test us. You won’t like how it turns out for you.”

Crusher’s face goes magenta with rage, but he keeps his mouth shut until King goes back to the table. Then he turns all that humiliated anger on me. “You and me? We had a fucking deal. If you’re not holding up your end of it, I’m gonna start thinking long and hard about mine. Understand?”

Sandra.

I nod.

“Are you fucking threatening her?” Quickshot says, stepping right up to Crusher with murder in his eyes.

“Why do you give a fuck?” Crusher asks. “Is her cunt that magical? I can’t wait to get my shot.”

Animal lunges, making Crusher flinch back in surprise.

Badass chuckles, but there’s no humor in his expression.

“Three fucking days,” Crusher spits at me. “I want to see my money or all bets are off.” He looks back at the table where Cain and the others are having their meeting, and then stomps out.

Him leaving should make me feel better, but now I’m scared that I sacrificed myself for my sister, and instead I might’ve just made everything worse. I must look like I need it, because Chef puts a glass down on the bar in front of me, and he doesn’t even make a rude comment.

“What the fuck was he talking about? There’s no way he can touch you with us around.” Badass looks at me, then stops. A slight cock of his head, and then he’s got it figured it out. “Sandra.”

I nod.

“Don’t do anything stupid,” Badass growls.

Animal snorts. “Like you’re one to talk.”

“You’re with us, and we’re not letting that shit stain touch either you or your little sister,” Quickshot says, deadly serious.

After the meeting breaks up, and the Unwanted file out, Eagle-eye comes over to the bar and sits down on one of the stools. He raises a finger and Chef produces a fresh beer.

“This better be worth it. Cain’s always been an opportunistic asshole, and he hasn’t improved with age. No fucking way he’s the brain behind whatever they’ve got going. Just having that slimy worm in the same room makes me fucking queasy, much less having to act like I want to deal with the fucker.” He takes a deep swig from the beer and slams it down on the counter. “I wasn’t sure before tonight, but they’re all dead men walking. Any objections?”

No one says a word.

“Didn’t think so. I don’t give a fuck what the law books say, but a man has to be able to look his family in the eyes and know that he’s doing his best to keep their world safe. The blood on our hands is for them, and we can’t fucking forget it.”

I’ve heard words like that before, but I’ve never been around men who live it. Who are willing to take life and death into their own hands in order to make it happen. No matter how safe they make me feel, I have to remember that these aren’t *nice* guys.

They’re not the boys next door.

They’re dangerous and outside the law.

But the way Badass, Animal and Quickshot are looking at me makes it clear that they were thinking about me when Eagle-eye was talking. Whether it’s for forever or not, I think I’m ready to admit that there’s a lot more than just our deal between us.

Maybe it’s time I give them what they paid for.

NATALIE

WHY ARE MY LIPS SUDDENLY SO DRY?

Maybe it's because all my fluids are traveling farther down. The idea of giving myself to Badass, Animal and Quickshot completely is terrifying, but I don't think I've ever been this excited in my life.

"Why don't you guys go sit down and I'll bring over some drinks," I say nervously. "We'll close up, Chef. Don't worry about it."

"Natalie?" Badass asks, looking at me with questions in his eyes.

The meeting has cleared out, and the bar is nearly empty. In a way it's a relief to finally have made the decision. It's freeing, but that doesn't mean I know what the heck I'm doing.

I chew my lip and raise a shoulder. "I'll be over in a sec."

Quickshot's eyes narrow, but Animal slaps them on their backs. "You heard the woman."

"I don't know who you think you're foolin'. You're not going anywhere." Chef wipes down the counter and tosses the rag in a little bin under the register on his way out while I dig out beers for the guys.

Butterflies twirling in my stomach, I flip on some music and pop the bottle caps. It's just three of them, so I don't bother with a tray, letting them swing between my fingers as I head over to a sunken booth by the stage where the guys sat down.

They're speaking quietly to each other, but it cuts off when they see me. The way their hungry eyes follow me walking over in my skimpy outfit puts an extra swing in my step. I'm nervous, but I trust them.

They might not be what many people think of as good men, and a week ago I might even have agreed, but I would've been so wrong. These are good men in a very imperfect world, and that's what I need right now. The outside world's idea of good is too shallow to survive in this place.

"Fuck, I could get used to this," Animal says with a sexy grin.

I put down the bottles, draw a quick, nervous breath, then sit on Quickshot's lap. His eyes widen as I press against him. "It was pretty intense tonight."

His hands go to my hips and his rough thumbs stroke the bare skin over the waist of my skirt. "Yeah, it was. But you did good, honey."

I swing my leg over so I'm straddling him. I can't make this any more obvious, but I make myself say the words. Make sure they know I'm okay with this. "I thought maybe I could use more practice. Now that it's just us."

His blue eyes watch me with an intensity that my poor heart isn't sure what to do with. The other two lean back to watch, intrigued.

Quickshot picks up his beer and after a moment, lifts it to my lips. He tilts it, forcing me to take a sip. It's bitter, rich and complicated. It suits him.

He knows what I'm offering him, right?

Just as he puts the bottle down with one hand, he drives his fingers into my hair and pulls me towards him. He's so fast, I barely register it before he's crushing his mouth to mine. He kisses so good, making my blood run hot.

I wiggle in his lap, eager for more. Kissing him back with my arms on his shoulders, I want to give as good as I get. To show my enthusiasm because I don't want there to be any doubt where this is going.

I want this.

Need it.

Then Badass is there, pulling me into his lap, and claims my lips brutally, his fingers wrapped around my throat as he kisses me senseless.

And I've barely got my breath back before it's Animal's turn, biting my lips and capturing my tongue between his teeth, before he kisses my lips tenderly as if to soothe them.

I'm lost in a blur of mouths, tongues, and hard cocks straining under my soaking panties, as all three of them take their turns, making a game of passing me back and forth, from lap to lap. Their shapes, their flavors and their smells are all unique, but blend together into something so much better.

I'm on Badass's lap when someone pulls down my tube top, freeing my breasts, letting them spill out before he captures them in his big hands.

They lay me out on the table, and both of my nipples get sucked into the demanding heat of their mouths. Each suck, each nibble sends lightning straight down into my slickening pussy.

Badass leans over me, and I take the opportunity to tear at his T-shirt, pulling it upward, trying to peel it off his muscular torso. With a cocky laugh, he grabs the hem and twists the shirt up and over his head, bearing a vast expanse of scarred and tattooed skin.

I place my palms on the planes of his beautiful chest, feeling the thunder of his heart just beneath it. When I meet his hungry—no, starving—eyes, there's no doubt he wants this as badly as I do.

God, I can't get naked fast enough, but with Animal on one side, Quickshot on the other, and Badass towering over me, I don't have the room to maneuver.

"Please..." is all I get out before Quickshot bites my nipple, forcing me to gasp. This isn't going to be a gentle introduction to sex, but if gentle was what I wanted, I wouldn't be here.

They're my brutes, and I want them to take what they want from me.

With iron grips on my ankles, so strong his fists might as well be manacles, Badass lifts my feet up in the air and brings my legs together. Animal is ready, flipping up my little skirt so he can hook his rough fingers in my panties and yank them over my hips. I shift to make it easier for them. He pulls them right up my legs, past my heels and tosses them aside. Then he takes my legs from Badass and puts himself between them.

Animal leans forwards, but I shake my head. "Clothes off. I want to see."

"Hey, who the fuck owns who around here, huh?" With a laugh, he peels his shirt off, then starts working on his fly. "I paid good fucking money for you."

"Only the down payment," I throw back at him, but I'm watching him undress with great interest. His torso is even more scarred than his face, white slashes of healed skin crisscrossing over his chest.

Whatever he went through to get those, it can't have been pleasant. Maybe someday he'll tell me. I have to admit that once he yanks his pants down, freeing a cock that looks so stiff it could hammer in nails, I get distracted and forget to ask. I reach out to touch.

With a cocky smirk, he pushes my legs back until my knees are almost at my shoulders, so he can place himself right on the edge of the table with his massive dick hovering over my stomach. He looks even bigger up close. "And you're worth every fucking cent, but whatever they think they're owed? They'll pay out double before this is over. I fucking promise."

Wrapping my fingers around his cock, I find it pulsing with his heartbeat and already slick with precum. I've gone from untouched to handling my second cock in as many days. "If I... If I do something wrong, just tell me, okay?"

He looks at me like I'm crazy. "Unless you've got some weird fucking plans, I guarantee you we're down for whatever you do."

I start stroking along his length, and he groans, watching me through lidded eyes as I explore him. A little pearl of liquid wells forth from the tip, and I slide my palm over it so I can spread its slickness on him. How will all that fit inside me?

And then I'm surrounded by stiff cocks. Badass and Quickshot undressed while I was touching Animal, and all four of us are naked except for my tiny skirt and tube top that might as well be a belt. Well, and my heels.

Animal pulls from my grasp with a look of regret, but then he drops to his knees on the floor between my legs. His long hair tickles the insides of my thighs as he gets close, then presses his mouth against my dripping pussy. When his tongue slides up through my folds and flicks over my clit, I gasp.

God, he's so good at that. My fingers will never be enough again. Then again, as long as I have my guys around me, I don't think it's going to be an issue.

Quickshot takes one of my hands while Badass takes the other and they wrap my fingers around their shafts so I'm stroking two cocks at once. Me. The shy bakery apprentice that's spent her whole life pretending to be an adult.

I look up at Quickshot. "I want to taste."

Animal's eating me out like it's the best meal he's had in his life. It makes me want to return the favor. I have a lot of firsts to give, and I'm looking forward to all of them.

"Fuck," he groans, then braces his knees against the table so he can press himself against my lips.

The head is smooth on my tongue, slick and just a little salty. This close, his scent is strong and masculine. A little musky, with just a hint of leather underneath. I swirl my tongue around the head and he shivers and groans as I trace its distinct ridge.

Here I am, on my back surrounded by three guys strong enough to do anything they want to me, but with Quickshot's dick in my mouth and the way his eyes are closed and his mouth slack as I pleasure him, I can't help but feel a little in control anyway.

Badass tightens his hand around my fingers and guides my strokes. Am I neglecting him? With Animal making my clit pulse and my pussy yearn for more, and Quickshot filling my mouth, there's only so much I can concentrate on. So many men, and I don't know that I can handle them all.

"It's okay, honey," Badass rumbles. "I'll get my turn, and you're so fucking sexy right now. Don't you worry about me."

As Animal concentrates more on my clit, I can't even focus on the cock in my mouth, though Quickshot draws a sharp breath every time I moan around him. Then Animal slips a finger into me, fucking and licking me at once. My pussy contracts around him, sending naughty tingles of pleasure rushing through my whole body.

And then he adds a second finger.

"Oh!" I gasp, arching my back and pressing my hips against him while his tongue works magic around my sensitive little nub. He knows exactly how to tease me perfectly, driving me up and up towards the edge. Just when I think I'm going to explode, he pulls back. Then he does it again.

By the third time, I yank my hands away from Badass and Quickshot so I can wrap my fingers deep into his silky hair. I guide him exactly where I need him with a deep groan. Animal laughs against me, and that faint puff of air is enough to tease me closer to release, but then he kicks it into high gear.

Oh my God.

I cling to him as the orgasm overtakes me, grinding myself against him so hard you'd think I was trying to merge us into one person. My shoulders and ass press down hard so I can arch up and scream as my vision goes white and the music becomes a dull ringing in my ear. There are hands everywhere holding me safe as I shake on the tip of Animal's talented tongue until I finally relax, slumping onto the table and breathing heavily.

"Fuck, that was hot," says Quickshot. He's stroking himself right next to my face, but he doesn't seem offended that I

couldn't keep my mouth on him. "You're so damn sexy when you come, baby. I fucking love it."

I don't have the breath yet to respond.

Animal places a last kiss on my clit, sending a whole new wave of shivers through me, then straightens. It places his glistening cock right at my entrance. At some point, he found the opportunity to slip on some protection.

Oh God, it's about to happen.

Taking himself in hand, he aims the tip, nudging it between my folds before he looks up at me with a lust-darkened question in his eyes.

Last chance.

There's no way I'm backing out now. I nod at him, then grab onto Quickshot's muscled thigh and Badass's solid arm, seeking support in this last moment of innocence.

Animal pushes forward, slowly, but surely, his thickness opening me for the first time. Two fingers was nothing. God, he's thick, but we're both slick and I'm so ready for him. I hold my breath with every new inch, waiting for the sting, the pain that will tell me that now I'm finally a woman in every sense of the word, but it never comes. A slight ache at the stretch, sure, and a sense of fullness I've never felt before, but no pain. When his powerful hips settle against mine, and I've got all of him inside me, I finally open my eyes and look up in amazement.

"Okay?" he asks, but his satisfied smile tells me he already knows the answer.

"God, yes." I nod, carefully at first, but then more enthusiastically. "Yeah, wow. I thought..."

"Did you seriously fucking think we'd vow to protect you so we could fuck you up ourselves?"

Quickshot strokes his fingers through my hair. "We'll stretch boundaries you didn't know you had, but I want you fucking begging for more."

Badass chuckles.

Animal slowly backs out, only to thrust in more firmly this time. Oh God, that's good. "This is just the start, girl."

"Okay." I barely get out a whisper before he withdraws, then pushes back in, harder again.

"I'm going to fuck you until you can't think," he growls, leaning forward until he's straight-arm planking and looking hungrily down at me.

His hips draw back, then drive back in, harder again. There's an audible smack as he fills me with such force that my breasts wobble. I get a little self-conscious, but then I see how reverently the guys are watching me. Badass takes one breast in his huge hand and caresses the nipple with his thumb while still letting it rock between his fingers. Quickshot takes the other, rubbing the tip of his cock against me, leaving a wet trail on my skin while he twists his fingers into my hair like he's holding me in place for them.

After a few deep breaths, I adjust to the sensations. Mostly at least.

"I'm not going to break."

A smile breaks out on his face. "I was fucking waiting for that."

The next thrust makes me gasp with pleasure. Oh Jesus. His new angle is making his cock grind against some sort of magical spot I didn't even know I had. I hook my heels on his back and thrust my hips up to take him the best I can. Every time we come together, the feel of his thick cock sliding into me makes me groan.

He's taking me like he owns me, and I love it.

"I need to fuck something," growls Badass.

Animal grins and pulls out long enough for them to flip me onto my hands and knees. Badass stands in front of me, pointing an impressive cock right at my lips. From behind, Animal thrusts inside and when I moan, it makes room for Badass to slip inside.

Quickshot, who was stroking his cock while he watched, stands next to Badass. They take turns, so I bob from one hard man to the next. I always worried about what it would be like to use my mouth on a man, but the salty taste isn't overpowering. It's sexy, naughty and wonderful.

Animal's cock swells inside me, and here I didn't think it could get any bigger. He moans loudly, his fingers digging into my thighs. "Fuck, you feel so good. Too fucking good," he growls. Every stroke hammers into me like a jackhammer.

I grip the edge of the table while Animal fucks me hard. So good, so so good, but this time I think he's going to beat me there. At least, until I feel his fingers reach around to stroke my clit at the same time Badass strokes my throat, and Quickshot tugs on a swaying nipple.

God, if I wasn't convinced of the benefits of three guys at once before, I definitely see the light now.

It's the little push I need to go from almost there to right on the edge. I can't speak, only moan around their cocks, and my body is trapped between them. The intensity is indescribable as Animal's clever fingers make me thrash into yet another orgasm.

No one ever told me sex could be so good.

I'm only barely coming back down when Animal hisses, "Oh, fuck," and drives himself all the way inside, pulsing so powerfully that I can feel every spurt from his cock as he finishes. I wish I knew what it felt like without the condom between us, with his slickness coating my pussy all over, but I'm glad he's more sensible than I am. That could be a real disaster.

"Oh fuck," groans Badass, sliding out from between my lips before giving himself one last stroke and blasting off like a cannon. The first spurts shoot clear over me, before the second and third splatter against my cheek and shoulder like he's branding me. Like he's making me his. His hot come drips down my skin, but they're looking at me like I'm the answer to their prayers, not a complete mess.

When Animal pulls slowly out of me, I whimper with the loss of him. He seemed so big when we started, but now I can hardly imagine not having him inside me.

Badass drops back to the couch with a satisfied groan, leaving Quickshot, whose hardon is still like steel. “Oh.” I let out, just realizing that we might not be done.

He strokes himself while sliding his gaze up and down my cum-spattered body. “How are you feeling?” he asks, not even trying to mask his desire.

I’m tender, but there’s still plenty of heat simmering in me. My body wants to make up for lost time. “Ready for you,” I say.

“Fuck yeah,” he growls, moving me to my back on the couch.

“Here.” Animal tosses him a little packet that he catches smoothly and a moment later, he’s suited up and pressing his length against me.

“Do you remember when you came in here that night before all this shit started? I didn’t even know who you were but I wanted you even back then.” He nods his head towards the bar as he captures my thighs in his strong hands and pushes them up. “Never fucking thought I’d get the chance, though.”

And then he slides into me. From virgin to two cocks in less than an hour.

“God,” I hiss as he fills me.

I thought all cocks would feel the same. Maybe a little bigger or smaller, but it’s more than that. They’re an extension of the man, and they’re all different. The way he moves, the way he fills me, it’s different from Animal. It makes me wonder what Badass feels like. God, I want to try them all.

I’m already so slick and open for him that he doesn’t start slow like Animal did. He hooks my legs over his arms and positions himself over me so I’m rolled backwards, then drives his cock in deep.

My head goes back and I let out a throaty moan that doesn’t even sound like me. I grab his shoulders, and my nails dig into

his inked skin.

“She’s a goddamn wildcat,” says Badass with a laugh. He’s idly stroking himself, as he watches his friend fuck me. This is so surreal.

I didn’t expect to go over the edge another time, but when Animal captures one of my nipples in his mouth, it triggers a new chain reaction. Just as Quickshot’s groans get louder and more insistent, I combust again, pinned under him.

“Fuck, you’re squeezing me like a fucking vise,” he growls, just before roaring and driving himself all the way in. I pulse around him, making him twitch inside me, which makes me quiver more, our orgasms feeding into each other until we both collapse on the couch in a fucked-out mess.

“Oh my God,” I whisper.

The front door to the bar slams open, and all of our heads turn in its direction. Chef, Devil, Jewel and one of the other club girls have stopped just after entering, and there’s no way they’re not seeing the four of us, buck naked and complete messes.

“For fuck’s sake, people. I’m not cleaning that shit up,” Chef snaps.

NATALIE

TIME STANDS STILL FOR A LONG MOMENT BEFORE I SHRIEK IN horror.

“Jesus, woman,” says Badass with a laugh as he scoops me up and covers my mouth with his hand to quiet me. I curl up into a little ball in his arms, trying to expose as little of myself as possible. The guys, on the other hand, don’t seem to care at all. They’re swinging free and not shy about it.

The way Jewel and the other girl eye my guys makes me want to hiss at them and bare my claws, though. As much as the guys have laid claim to me, I think I’m starting to feel a certain ownership of my own.

“I’m taking her to the office.” Badass’s words rumble through his bare chest, making all of me vibrate. “Someone grab her clothes. And mine.”

“Got ‘em,” says Animal as he starts picking up behind us.

Our surprise spectators laugh as Badass carries me past them, not nearly quickly enough for my taste. God, my first time, and I got caught out butt naked and still recovering from my last orgasm. At least we weren’t still in the middle of things!

There’s a little naughty twinge between my legs at the thought, though. I don’t really understand myself, it seems. As much as it mortifies me, it seems like my body is perfectly thrilled at the idea of being watched.

But for now, all I want is to get my clothes back on, what little of them I have.

Getting dressed in the little office together with three bare ass naked guys is another first, but after giving up my virginity to them, I guess I can only be so shy about it.

We leave the Eagles' Roost behind, with only a few laughs and jeers from Chef, Devil, Jewel and the other girl. Remembering the party the first night I arrived at the clubhouse, I guess it shouldn't surprise me that they're not shocked. They have no reason to think this was a first, just a first time getting walked in on.

The guys form a protective triangle around me as we cross the street. Having an honor guard makes this feel less like a walk of shame and more of a victory march.

I had sex!

That's got to call for some sort of celebration, right? It definitely feels that way. I haven't felt this relaxed in a long time, and the endorphins are still charging through me, making me feel good.

"I fucking love your smile," says Animal, grinning over at me. "Makes me feel we did a good job."

A little laugh bubbles up. God, I'm giddy. "Yeah, you guys did. I've never felt anything like it."

"Just wait until you get a little experience under your belt. Practice makes perfect." He slips his arm around my waist and pulls me close as we walk.

"You're not done with me now that you got what you paid for? I'm not a virgin anymore, you know." I'm teasing, but all three of them stop dead to face me, forcing me to stop, too.

"That's the dumbest fucking thing I've heard all day," says Quickshot, his expression stern.

Badass steps in front of me and cups my jaw with both hands, forcing me to look up at him. "We were your first, and we're fucking honored, trust me, but you don't get used up. It only gets better."

"You didn't even get a chance to find out." I say with a shy smile, putting my hand on his arm. "We got interrupted."

“Just means I’m first next time.” The rumble of his voice is a dark, sexy promise that makes me pretty sure that the next time isn’t far off. You’d think I’d be worn out by now, but I find myself pressing my thighs together and wondering if we should walk a little faster back to the clubhouse.

But once we’re inside, instead of retreating to anyone’s quarters, the guys drag me over to the couches. Animal yanks me right off my feet and pulls me into his lap, where he wraps his big arms around me, while Quickshot goes for beers. Badass drops into the couch next to us, so he can keep a hand on my thigh, which he strokes softly.

“We missed one of the most important parts of good sex,” says Animal. “The aftercare.”

“The what?”

“The part where we remind you that no matter what just happened, you’re safe with us.” He squeezes me just to make the point.

Quickshot puts the beers down on the table, then drops into the couch on the other side of me. “Before we drag your clothes off and make you ours again.”

“Both of those sound pretty good,” I admit, taking the beer he hands me. I don’t drink it often, but around here it seems it’s the default, and I’m really thirsty. Sex is good exercise, it turns out.

“Yeah?” Animal’s hand slips up from my waist to cup one of my breasts through the tube top. “Good, because I don’t think I can get fucking enough of you.”

“Jesus, let the girl rest a little,” laughs Badass. He takes a deep swig.

The next couple of hours are spent laughing and talking, strangely comfortable after everything that just happened. I know there’s still the Unwanted to worry about, and my old life that’s a burning dumpster fire, but right now, I feel good. The guys are crude, and have strong opinions about all the sexy things they want to do to me, but they’re easy to talk to, too. And when they’re laid back and joking at each other, and

making sure to include me in it, it's obvious how good friends they are.

They must've been friends for years, and it makes me think about my own life. I never had time for friends, not since Mom and Dad died. What would it be like to have a place like the Screaming Eagles to support me like the club members seem to support each other? Could I have kept Sandra out of trouble? Much as I tried, it always seemed like I could've done better by her. Even now. I need to find a way to call and warn her to watch out.

The guys shift me around between them. For a while I'm in Animal's lap, then into Quickshot's and then Badass's, only to get pulled over to Animal again. It's nice. I want life to be this nice all the time, which sounds crazy, since I'm supposed to be pretending to basically be their sex slave. If you'd asked me a week ago what I imagined my perfect life to be, I can guarantee this wouldn't be it.

Where do we go from here? Important questions, definitely, that I don't have any good answers to.

ANIMAL

NATALIE WALKS INTO THE COMMON ROOM DRESSED LIKE SHE'S on the fucking prowl. It's hard to believe it's the same girl I shocked with a kiss the first night we met, or the terrified woman we saved from the Unwanted.

“Fuck, you look good.”

She bites her lower lip as she looks up at me, and there's just a hint of a blush that's fucking adorable. Her thick blonde hair's sleek and wavy, and while I love the wildness of her sexy bed hair, this is fucking nice too.

I make sure she notices how I let my eyes travel down from her beautiful face with those big blue eyes and plump lips, into the generous cleavage that her pink off-the-shoulder top shows off—fuck, it was only yesterday, but I'm already dreaming about getting my hands all over those tits again—then down over her exposed stomach, with a little gemstone nestled into her belly button, and over her round ass, packed into booty shorts that I just wanna tear off her so I can get at her again. Then down her soft thighs to her cute feet, and all the way back up again until I find her smiling nervously at me.

“Is it too much? Jewel helped me. The belly button sticker was her idea. It's fake, obviously. I'm not sure I would actually want a piercing, but she thought—”

“Fucking amazing.” I capture the back of her head, threading my fingers through her gorgeous blonde waves and pull her in for a kiss. She tastes fucking delicious.

A couple of the guys cheer. It's party night and while it's still early, some of the patrols are already starting to come in. Word got around fast about the four of us fucking at the Roost. And then we probably kept the whole fucking clubhouse awake with the after-party in Badass's room. At least now there won't be any doubts about who she belongs to.

She draws a deep breath at the cheers, then sets her cute little chin in determination and even smiles a little. "I shouldn't be embarrassed because they already thought we were... you know, but still."

"All part of the plan, baby."

Her expression falls immediately. "Right. Our plan. I forgot we're just pretending."

"Fuck, that's not what I mean. I'm sorry, and believe me, I don't say that often. There's no fucking pretending here. Not anymore. It doesn't matter what those fuckers in the Unwanted say, you're never going back there." I slip off my barstool so I can lift her up on hers, and then hold her there, feeling her warmth in my arms. "What I said was fucking stupid."

She nods into my chest. "But it is the plan still, isn't it? Even if this is turning into something more, so long as the Unwanted are still out there, it's not safe for me. Or my sister. I don't trust Crusher."

"Because you'd be stupid to, but he can't get you here. There's no fucking way. If I don't kill him when he tries, it's because Badass or Quickshot already beat me to it. Probably Quickshot. He could core a fucking apple from a block away when he's not fucking around." I squeeze her hard, until she grunts in protest. "You're safe with us."

"But Sandra isn't."

"Would you feel better if we sent someone to check on her?"

"Yeah, I—"

Someone dims the lights. A couple of sluts head my way almost immediately, but then they see Natalie and veer deeper into the crowd. The music gets louder, and Chef drops a couple of beers on the counter in front of us.

“Would you? I tried to send her a message from a phone Quickshot said was a burner or something, but she didn’t respond. I think she filters out anything that isn’t on her contact list.” Natalie sits up so she can speak over the music, then grabs one of the beers. “Crusher could already have her for all I know.”

“Nah, he’d be using it to threaten us if he did.”

“I wish I was that confident,” she says miserably.

“She’ll be fine.” This isn’t the same situation that I was in. Not really, but the whole topic brings up memories I’d rather not think about.

“Animal—” She stops, whatever she was going to say left silent. Instead she takes another swig.

“So, I guess this means your path isn’t out the door,” breaks in a new voice with barely suppressed laughter. “Did our talk help, sweet stuff?”

I turn to find Preacher standing with Devil, Viking and Wild Child. He nods my way.

“What talk?” I eye him curiously.

He grabs a beer off the bar as soon as Chef puts it there. “Seal of confession,” he says with a wink, then whirls away again, heading deeper into the room.

I glance at Devil, who probably knows Preacher better than anyone, but he shrugs. “No fucking idea. He didn’t say anything to me.” Viking and Wild Child, who’re talking about little kid shit now that they’re both parents, are even less help. A moment later, we’re left alone again.

Natalie slides a hand over the front of my shirt, stopping when her palm’s right over my heart. “I’m sorry. I’m not trying to be a pain in the ass. I just worry about her.”

“Listen, I’ll ask the guys to swing by your place every so often, low key. Just see if there’s sign of her being around. That way, we’ve at least got some eyes in the area.”

She nods, but it doesn’t ease the fine worry lines around her eyes. Fuck, if I could wipe the damn Unwanted off the face of

the Earth tonight, I'd fucking do it. I know Eagle-eye wants to do this right, but I hate this waiting shit.

She looks up, examining my face. Normally, that makes me uncomfortable. I've learned to live with the scars, but it's not like I forget they're there. But there's no fear, or disgust, in her look. It's funny. Most people just assume I'm a scary motherfucker, and they're not even wrong, but her? Sure, she was nervous when we bought her, and after too, but the scars never seemed to bother her. So when she moves her hand to my face and traces one of them with her fingertips, I don't shy away.

"How did you get these? Can I ask?" she asks quietly, so I barely hear her over the party.

"Fuck." I look away. Not caring about my scars and making me talk about them are two different things.

She draws her hand back like she's been burned. "I'm sorry. Probably not something you want to talk about, especially at a party. This is going all wrong. I wanted to get dressed up to have fun and fit in, but I'm just dragging you down. I'll go back to the room."

Fuck it. "Come here." Grabbing her under the ass and around the waist, I yank her out of her seat and drop her across my lap. She looks up at me with big, surprised eyes. I tuck her against my chest so I don't have to see the emotions I'm sure she'll feel when I tell this story.

"We didn't have the greatest childhoods," I say. Fuck, I haven't told hardly anyone about this. Obviously Badass knows, and Quickshot's heard it. Eagle-eye and Doc, obviously, but no one else. And I guess now, Natalie.

She puts her arms around me, as far as she can get them, at least, and holds me tight. I can see how she ended up taking care of her sister and got herself into this mess. She's a fucking born protector.

"Badass got his nickname because he was basically born swinging. He was always big, and in our neighborhood, people would take that as a challenge even if he didn't do shit. He got

good at it, though. MMA, street, whatever had a payout that put food on the table. I fucking idolized him, you know?”

She nods. Of course she knows how this fucking works. Only she’s the big sister.

“As he climbed the leagues, he got noticed. The Mob started really fucking courting him. Getting him trainers, better fights, the whole nine yards. For a while it was fucking amazing, but then they started asking him to throw matches when they wanted. When I think back on it, he was still a fucking kid himself, but he was even more stubborn then than he is now. No way he was going to take a fucking fall just because some asshole bookie wanted to make money. So fucking proud. Stupid, but proud.”

“It was brave,” Natalie whispers.

“Yeah, but they weren’t happy with his answer. They came for me instead.”

“Oh God,” she whispers and I can feel her shiver against me. She squeezes me harder, and fuck if it doesn’t actually help a little. The only other one who’s done that is Badass and not for a long fucking time.

It takes a good while before I can make myself continue. “They came in the night and busted down our door. I was seventeen, but Badass had gotten us the hell out of our parents’ home and into a ratty apartment over in Blackworth. It’s where the fighting rings were, but it’s also Mob territory.”

She snuffles. Fuck, is she crying? No fucking way. Not over me.

“Anyway, they threw me into a street match that Badass refused. Said that if one brother wouldn’t lose, they’d just use the other one. I could hold my own back then, but I wasn’t a fucking pro. I didn’t have a chance, and the guy I was up against was in on it, too. I almost bled out that night. They called Badass and left me in the alley with the phone. Badass got me to the ER, and they patched me up, more or less. Doc was the surgeon on duty that night, and once he understood what was going on, he’s the one who got us in touch with the

Screaming Eagles. Eagle-eye had only been the prez for a couple years then, but Doc thought it'd be a good fit. He fucking saved us. Once we were under the Eagle's protection and Badass dropped out of the leagues, the Mafia lost interest, but fuck, if I ever get the chance, I'm going to tear those fuckers apart."

She looks up, and her eyes are full of tears. "That's terrible."

I try to shrug it off. I buried that fucking trauma years ago. At least I thought so, but when she looks up at me like that, it's hard to not still feel the cold slickness of blood drying on my skin in the alley that night. "It's why Badass is so fucking protective. I don't think he ever got over not being there when they came. He blames himself, you know? But fuck, sometimes shit just happens. Maybe if I'd let him train me, or fought back when they showed up—"

"No. No." She looks up, her expression tight and her fine brows knit in a deep frown. "You were seventeen. They knew what they were doing. If you'd resisted, they might've just killed you! The blame is on them, not you guys. You were doing the best you could. Both of you."

I kiss her square on the forehead. "Listen to your own advice. You did the best you could when you had to fucking take over for your parents. I know you're worried about Sandra, and I get it, but you gotta stop feeling like every single fucking thing that goes wrong is on you. We're all just doing the best we can."

"What if it isn't good enough?"

I don't have a fucking answer for that.

SANDRA

THIS IS BULLSHIT. SO MUCH FOR THE EAGLES BEING GOOD ON their word. Eric “if that’s your real name” biker dude was supposed to have her keep in touch with me, and like the idiot I am, I freaking believed him.

I don’t expect Nat to call me with constant updates, but she’s obviously involved in something that she doesn’t want me to know about, and I don’t know how I’m supposed to try to ignore that little tingle in my gut that says something’s wrong.

I toss my math book back onto the table. It was never my best subject, even before I dropped out, but I’m not exactly finding it any easier knowing that my big sister is in trouble. After several years away from school, it’s weird to be dealing with homework again, but I can’t do shit without my GED.

I pick up the book one more time, but I can’t concentrate.

Argh!

Does she really think I’m so mad at her that I won’t pick up if she calls? And that I won’t worry about her like she always has about me? Talk about getting my own behavior smacked back in my face.

If her phone survived, a few days should be enough for it to dry out, right? Aren’t phones mostly waterproof these days anyway?

Unable to sit still, I head to the kitchen to grab something to drink. The tray of burnt cupcakes from the day she took off is still on the counter. She’s usually so picky about cleaning up

after herself, and I keep putting off scraping off the black spots.

It's so not like her to leave her baking stuff like this. She might not be a master baker yet, but she knows what she's doing.

What distracted her so much that she forgot about the cupcakes in the oven? Even if she forgot the timer, which also wouldn't be like her, because at least to me it seems like she never forgets anything. She's usually right there, watching like a hawk. There's a reason she likes working at the bakery.

And now, some kid came by and dropped off Nat's last paycheck for a job she absolutely loved. I didn't even get the feeling she was trying to fight to keep it at all.

I feel like the sister I know abandoned me and her entire life at the same time, and I can either be scared out of my mind, or angry as hell. I've got a job, and I'm studying, and for the first time in forever, my life might actually be on track, but I'm not ready for my big sister to let me go just yet. I still need her, and whatever she's up to with the Screaming Eagles, it's ruined that.

And I don't understand it. She knows that. And an MC? That's not her scene—like so, so not her scene. So why is she there? Do they have something on her? Did she really fall in love with... Eric?

Back in the living room with a drink to pep me up, I grab my phone off the table and find her contact. I haven't tried to call her in a couple days, mostly because she pissed me off and she's really the one that should be reaching out, but I'm worried.

I tap to call her.

It's ringing. That's a good sign, right? If it wasn't working, my call would go straight to some kind of message, wouldn't it?

It keeps ringing. And ringing. I hang up with a sigh.

If she doesn't want to talk to me, how much can I really do? Go back to the Screaming Eagles clubhouse and try to drag her out of there? Good fucking luck. Even if they've got her in the clutches somehow, then there's not much I can do.

Still, the Screaming Eagles are supposed to be the closest we have to good guys on a scale that basically goes from muddy gray to pitch black. No white knights around here. Kidnapping and imprisonment doesn't sound like their style.

Then again, isn't that what they did with the mayor's daughter a few years ago?

God, there's got to be something I can do.

Picking up the phone, I tap it to call her again. Maybe she was in the bathroom or something.

It rings. Once. Twice. Then someone picks up.

"Natalie!"

But it's not Natalie who answers. Instead, I get a cruel laughter that makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. "Fuck, is that Sandra? I've missed hearing from you."

Oh fuck me.

Crusher.

NATALIE

“GOD, I’M DIZZY. I NEED TO SIT.” THE PARTY’S NOWHERE near over, but it might be for me. All the guys insisted on dancing, or at least having me dance for them, and I’m exhausted.

“I’ve gotcha.” Badass steadies me and guides me to the couches in the back. Animal and Quickshot are right there too.

Getting off my feet feels nice. The room stops spinning pretty fast after that. I’ve got a beer bottle in my hand, but Quickshot takes it from me. “I think you’re good for now. I’ll get you some water.”

I nod gratefully. “I’m sorry,” I say as he disappears into the crowd.

“For what?” Animal furrows his brow in confusion.

“Being a lightweight.” I laugh, even though it’s probably not all that funny. I’m just tipsy.

“Our masculinity’s overwhelming. I fucking get it.” Animal puffs out his chest with a grin.

I can’t help myself but to reach out and touch him. Even through his T-shirt, his hard muscles are clearly defined. I even try to stand up so I can get it off him, but Badass yanks me right back into his arms with a laugh. “Where the fuck do you think you’re going?”

“I just want him naked.” I look up at Animal expectantly as if wishing it will make it happen.

“Fuck, baby girl, you only had to ask.” He grabs the hem and peels it up, revealing his mouth-watering torso, inch by delicious inch. The scars do nothing to make him less attractive. They just mark him as him. He laughs at how I’m following his reveal with every little bit of my attention. “You’re a fucking horny drunk.”

Oh God. I think he’s right. I swear I need to either pass out or get something in my pussy, and I don’t even usually think things like pussy.

Quickshot comes back with a big plastic cup with water. “Here. Why the fuck is Animal shirtless?”

“I asked him to,” I tell him pointedly as I take a sip. Yeah, that’s probably better for me than beer right now. I put the cup down on the side table, then ease back into the couch. That’s when I notice the sound.

Sitting up bolt straight, I look around for its source.

Oh.

On the next couch over, one of the sluts—no, club girls. I don’t like calling them sluts, even if it doesn’t seem to bother them. Anyway, she’s between two guys on her knees, and they’ve got their dicks out. My guys are better endowed though, I’m pretty sure of it.

I win.

A laugh burbles up, but I hardly notice as I watch her technique. She’s definitely more experienced than me. She alternates between sucking one and then the other, working her hands up and down their lengths. The sound I heard was the guys’ moans. God, she looks like she’s loving it, looking up at them and smiling when she doesn’t have her mouth full of dick. That’s so hot.

“Do you like to watch? Or are you getting ideas?” asks Badass so close to my ear I jump. How didn’t I notice him? “We could make it happen.”

I want to yell no, of course I don’t, but I can’t quite deny the appeal. Even here at the party, but I could never do something like that in public. Not for real.

Right?

Hardly anyone's paying any attention to the three of them. The occasional glance, maybe, but other than me, who's basically staring openly, they almost have privacy, as weird as that sounds. Even when, right in the middle of a party, the guys are pulling her clothes off, trying to get her as naked as possible while she keeps stroking them.

As I watch, they roll up her crop top and her bra with it, baring her perky breasts. One of the bikers gets a good grip on one right away.

It's the kind of devil-may-care attitude that I've always wished I'd had, but never found the courage for. What's it like to be able to do something like that in public and not care at all about the people around you? Maybe that's even some of the excitement.

Then Animal's with me too, and he captures my breast through my shirt, mirroring what the guy is doing over on the other couch. "It's fucking hot, isn't it? They're going to fuck her hard."

I finally make myself look away. "I shouldn't be looking."

"Why the fuck not? Do you think they care?" He slides his hand down my breast, just far enough to get underneath my shirt, and then right back up over my bra. With the demi-cups leaving my nipples fully available, he takes full advantage, capturing one between his fingers. It's hard as a little pebble. "You've got your brights on, baby girl. I think you like this more than you want to admit."

He's right. God, he's right.

Do I want what she has? Do I dare? The guys are right here. They're not going to turn me down.

I can't. But I'll watch, while heat swells between my legs and my nipples tingle, especially the way Animal's playing with them. Leaning forward, I rest my arms on the couch arm, getting as close as I dare.

Both of her guys have their pants all the way off now, their boots tossed aside. One of them is peeling off his shirt while

the other has the girl's breast in his mouth and his hand playing between her legs. With her feet on the floor and her shoulders on the couch, she arches up into his touch, working her hips back and forth and moaning.

Meanwhile, one of my guys finds the inside of my thigh with his hand and starts sliding up towards my shorts. There's hardly anything to them. I don't know if it's Badass or Quickshot, but whoever it is will have an easy time getting a finger or two inside if he wants.

I know where this could be heading. It's up to me to decide if I want it to.

I open my legs just a little more so he has better access.

One of the guys in front of me climbs over the girl to straddle her chest. He aims his dick at her lips, and she opens up for him, taking him inside. I wet my lips with my tongue as if I can taste it with her.

I remember the flavor of Quickshot and Badass earlier. The soft skin on the heads of their cocks, the faint saltiness of precum, the heady scent of man. The girl in front of me is tasting something of the same, and I think I'm a little jealous. Not of her guys—mine are way better—but of her experience.

Like Badass said, I could have it if I wanted to.

The hand between my legs presses a finger in underneath the hem of my shorts, right where my thigh meets my body. A moment later, it settles into my folds, and from the ease it slides through it, I'm soaking wet. I'm not surprised, honestly.

When my bra suddenly goes slack, I gasp in surprise. I'd been so wrapped up in what's going on in front of me that I didn't even notice anyone fiddling with the catches.

Animal, still deliciously shirtless, hooks my chin with his finger and forces me to look at him, even though I can't keep my eyes from trying to glance at the threesome on the next couch through the corners of my eyes. "Baby girl, you still remember your safeword?"

"Cookie," I whisper.

“Good.” Then he grabs both my bra and my little top and drags them up and off together. After a terrifying moment where I question just about everything I am, I raise my arms to help him. A moment later, I’m completely topless.

I bring my hands up to cover myself, but Badass grabs my wrists and pulls my arms back, forcing me to stand up on my knees, my breasts bare for everyone to see. “I’ve gotcha, honey. Don’t be shy.”

I squeak in surprise, but then this is what I wanted, right? What that other girl is getting. So instead of freaking out, I try to do what she does and press my chest out instead.

Animal gets onto the couch in front of me and presses his legs in between mine so I’m straddling him. He covers my breasts with his hands, and then Badass lowers me while Animal supports me, until I’m lying on top and my nipples are tickled by Animal’s chest hair.

He grabs my hair and forces me to look up, and when Badass lets my wrists go again I brace against him.

“Watch them,” Quickshot whispers into my ear.

The three on the other couch are completely naked. She’s still got the one in her mouth, but the other guy’s between her legs now, sliding his big cock in and out of her. Her slickness glistens on him each time he pulls out before he drives it right back into her.

“You fucking want that.” Animal’s voice is a growl as he tugs on my nipples. “Don’t even fucking lie to me. You want one of our cocks in your mouth and another one in your soaking wet cunt. And we’d still have a fucking cock to spare for you.”

The girl’s moans are loud enough now that a couple of the guys around us have started watching, grinning and adjusting themselves. One of them pulls a girl over as she walks by him and she laughs, pressing herself against him when he strokes a hand up her skimpy top.

God, this is going to turn into an orgy, and I’m right in the middle of it.

“Stand up, babe,” says Quickshot in a husky voice. At some point, his shirt disappeared too. And his pants! His hard dick is out for anyone to see, but he doesn’t seem to care, or anyone else around us.

“But I just—”

“Stand the fuck up.” His tone is hard and needy.

I react before I can think. Standing between Badass and Quickshot, I’m up on my feet, looking down at Animal who’s taking the opportunity to undo his jeans and tug them down, releasing that big cock of his. That monster was the first one in my pussy, and seeing it out again makes my mouth water.

Quickshot pops the button on my little shorts.

Oh God.

A moment later, the zipper’s down and Badass and Quickshot tug down the sides. My panties and shorts drop to my ankles, and Badass simply lifts me out of them so Animal can kick them aside.

I’m completely naked and surrounded by people. Are they looking? I think I might freak if I look, so I keep my eyes on Animal below me.

On his big dick.

He grins and gives it a couple of strokes, pressing a drop of precum out of the tip that glides slowly down the side of the glistening head.

Tracing my lips with my tongue, I watch it closely.

“Come get it.”

Badass and Quickshot bring me down face to face with Animal’s cock. It looks even bigger up close.

“Show him what we taught you, babe,” says Quickshot with a little laugh. He nudges me forwards, and I open up to let Animal in.

A shiver goes through him when my tongue touches the underside of his cock. A moment later I’ve got my mouth around him and I’m tasting his precum.

“Fuck,” he sighs. Watching me with those dark pools of his, he puts his palm on the side of my face and caresses my jaw with his thumb as I try to fit more of him between my lips. He’s thick. I can feel his pulse throbbing against my tongue as his heart pumps blood through the thick veins on the sides of it.

I have to brace my weight against his hips with my hands, but I start to bob like the other girl, keeping my lips as tight as I can over the rough edge of my teeth. Animal made me feel so good last time. Now it’s my turn.

Badass and Quickshot shift me so I’m up on all fours on the couch. The thick fingers that slide in between my legs can only be Badass’s.

“Fuck, you’re so goddamn wet.” He captures my juices on his fingertips and slicks it back until he’s teasing my ass instead. Oh God. He wouldn’t... Would he?

The thought of it scares me. I’ll admit it. But I have my safeword. I can stop this if I want to. But do I? His touch is gentle, careful as he teases the sensitive skin back there. Nerve endings fire like machine guns, sending very naughty tingles through me at the thought of what he plans to do.

Something cold and slick drips down my ass, followed by Badass’s insistent finger rubbing it over my tight hole. He draws little circles, his fingers sliding easily as he gets me used to the feeling. I try to relax and concentrate on the feeling, not my nerves.

I can’t see the others anymore—the girl and the two guys—not with Animal’s perfect abs so close to my face, but I can hear them. Raw, guttural moans and sighs, the wet sounds of eager sex, the slap of flesh against flesh as they fuck, intoxicating sounds that have my heart beating harder and my breath coming faster.

I want what she’s getting.

I *need* what she’s getting.

With a wiggle of my hips, the tip of Badass’s finger pops inside my ass. Even though I made it happen, I still draw a

surprised breath through my nose. It's not deep, but it's new. Both weird and arousing.

He pumps gently, tiny movements in and out, like he's testing the waters while he spreads the lube. "You okay, honey?"

God, I'm so hot, I'm ready for anything he gives me. I nod as much as I can without losing Animal from my mouth. I never thought I'd be able to feel that kind of pleasure from back there, but even just his finger is so naughty. Forbidden.

He squirts more liquid onto my ass, then slides even deeper. I groan around Animal's cock. Badass's finger is so thick, and I'm tight. It feels nice, but his cock is a lot thicker. Can I do it? I know I'm going to try.

Animal puts his hand on my head and presses me down, just until he bumps against the entrance to my throat. It's far enough to challenge me, and my body gives a little lurch at the feeling of danger.

"Fuck, I felt that," growls Badass. "Squeezing me so fucking good."

As if that wasn't enough stimulation, Quickshot slides underneath me and captures a nipple in his mouth. Hot wetness swirls around my areola in an intoxicating pattern that has me closing my eyes and clutching at the leather cushion. I'm so unbelievably sensitive and they're touching me everywhere, all at once.

More lube, and then Badass adds a finger. I groan at the new sensation, triggering an answering groan from Animal. Quickshot takes advantage of his position to play with my pussy. Cock, fingers, mouth... the guys are three parts of one amazing sex machine, working together to make me theirs, one orgasm at a time.

And my first one is closing. Quickshot plays my clit better than I do. Animal's pleased groans as I bob on his cock are a reward in themselves, showing that I'm doing this right, that I'm giving him pleasure. And when Badass withdraws his two fingers and replaces them with the blunt end of his cock, I nearly lose it, I'm so excited and overstimulated.

“Relax for me honey,” he says and the pressure increases. God, he’s thick. I do as he says, and helped by what must be a gallon of lube, he pierces my last innocence.

Oh God, oh God, oh God, this is insane! Weird, hot, sexy, I’m running out of words, but I’m not going to last long before I lose it.

Quickshot flicks my clit, sending bolts of lightning through me like he’s winding up the hurricane that’s about to crash over me. I’m going to explode between the three of them, and anyone who wants could be watching. I haven’t forgotten that we’re doing this right out in the open, but I’m so worked up that it just adds to the spice.

Badass slides deeper, forcing a throaty groan out of me. The wildness of the situation and Quickshot’s clever fingers take me over the edge. Animal has mercy on me and withdraws, but keeps his fingers woven through my hair while I scream. My body spasms around the huge cock in my ass. Bursts of overwhelming sensations surge through me like I’m skydiving, making my stomach flutter and my pulse pound in my head.

My fingers dig into the couch like I’m trying to rip holes in the solid fabric. My toes curl. Behind me, Badass hisses, “Jesus fuck,” as he’s locked inside me, buried deep with my tense body squeezing him so hard he can hardly move.

And when it passes, it wipes me out and I sway between them on the couch. Only Badass’s big hands around my waist and Quickshot’s support from below keep me from falling over. God, that was intense.

Once I’m stable again, Badass starts to move—slow and careful at first. Just little test strokes to see, testing the waters.

“I’m okay,” I whisper. “Just go easy.”

The lube does its job, though, and it’s not long before I start to move against him, trying to take more and more of him with every stroke. And when I feel his muscular hips pressing against the backs of my still quivering thighs, I know I’ve

done it. I don't think I could take another inch, but I've done it. And it's got me burning up.

"God, you're huge," I whimper, but I don't stop moving, and neither does he.

"Every guy wants to fucking hear that," he responds, sounding amused. Then his grip on my waist tightens, his fingers digging into my sides as starts to lengthen his strokes. My ass is one huge bundle of nerves, radiating pleasure as he gradually lengthens his strokes.

Then faster, then harder, as I adjust to him. He drives his cock into my willing body while we both groan like animals. I never thought it could be this good this way. I'm getting close again already. And from the sounds of it, so is he.

We come together, his grip almost painful as he pulls me onto him and holds me there. He roars like a bull as he fills me with cum. I tense around him and groan. There's no condom this time. He's leaving part of himself inside me, marking me as his.

God, I want all of them to do that.

My second climax steals what was left of my strength and I collapse on top of Quickshot, who holds me close as I shake in his arms. I dig my fingernails into his shoulders and I must be drawing blood, but I've got my face buried into his neck as I moan and shake. My ass is still in the air, held in place by Badass's strong hands, but the rest of me feels like jelly.

When I finally come back to my senses, Badass is gently pulling out, leaving me feeling strangely empty. I gasp to catch my breath, but my heart's finally slowing down and my pulse isn't thundering in my brain anymore.

"Fuck, you're amazing." Badass leans over me, stroking my hair out of my eyes while smiling down at me. It puts me in a Badass and Quickshot sandwich, and I've never felt safer. Then he smacks my behind so I feel it ripple. "And so is your ass. Goddamn."

"Your... your cock's not so bad either," I get out between breaths. I reach out to return the smack, but he jumps out of

the way with a little laugh.

Rolling off Quickshot so I'm squeezed between him and the back of the couch, I look between him and Animal. Both of their big cocks are strutting like they've got something to prove. I nibble my lip, wanting to make them feel good, too, but not sure I can move.

"Relax," says Quickshot. He gets up on his knees next to me and takes my hand. He guides it to his cock and wraps my fingers around it. He pulses hot against my palm. "Let us do the work."

Then Animal's next to me on the other side and I'm stroking two thick cocks. Or just helping really, as they seem happy to use my hands to stroke themselves off, leaving me to just enjoy the smooth, soft skin that covers their steel hard shafts, watching them get closer and closer.

It's so hot to watch their broad chests rise and fall faster and faster with each stroke, and they're looking at me through smoldering, lidded eyes like I'm a centerfold and they're jerking off over it. No one's ever looked at me like this, but they do. It makes me feel sexy, and I like that. More than I realized I would.

Their cocks swell at the same time, and they go off one after the other. With two loud groans, they come, their cocks twitching in my hands just before they spray me with their cum. I've been so fascinated, I forgot I'm right in their line of fire.

Hot wet ropes of cum spatter against my breasts and throat. The second salvo I taste on my lower lip and feel their cum sliding down the side of my cheek. I open my mouth and lick my lips as Animal leans forward and feeds it straight into my mouth, my first full taste. In the heat of the moment I swallow it down while Quickshot paints my shoulder and collarbone. I didn't know guys could come this much.

If anyone had any doubts about who I belong to, those are gone now.

I'm taken out of my amazement by a tiny cough, and I look up to see the other girl standing nearby. "That was fucking hot," she says with a wink.

The realization of what I just did washes over me for real, and my face heats up. Oh my freaking God. I just had sex in front of the whole freaking club. In public. Lost my anal virginity. Fucked three guys at once, and I'm covered in their cum. So much craziness, and I don't know what to do with myself.

But not a single person looks at me with judgment. Honestly, most aren't even really watching. I mean, a couple are definitely looking. Preacher is one of them, though all he does when he sees I've noticed him is to give me a smile and a nod before sipping his beer and turning to rejoin a conversation with a guy beside him. This is so surreal.

"Guys? I need a shower."

"Fuck that. I have a bathtub," says Quickshot. "Come on." He holds out his hand to me while Animal and Badass gather up our clothes.

I give a crowd one long terrified look, then swallow my fear. I just fucked in front of all these people. If I can do that, I can walk through them too. What are they going to see that they haven't already? I let Badass pull me off the couch, and I follow close behind as he clears the way, buck naked and totally uncaring.

A bath sounds perfect just about now.

NATALIE

GETTING OUT OF BED IN THE MORNING IS HARD, AND IT'S EVEN harder when you're surrounded by big naked men, but I really, really have to pee. Even still, before I slip into the bathroom, I look over my shoulder at all three of them sprawled onto the massive bed, with just a little gap in the middle where I fit in. I've never felt small in my life, but when you're surrounded by guys like that? Well, yeah.

They're so handsome. Sleeping like that, they look... well, not vulnerable. I don't think any big guys looking the way they do could ever be called vulnerable. But they look... peaceful. Relaxed.

Well, mostly relaxed. Both Quickshot and Animal are sporting some serious morning wood and with the sheets kicked down to the end of the bed, there's not even the pretense of modesty.

Wow.

Part of me wants to jump right on while they're still sleeping, but I'm still walking a little funny from last night, and my shoulders are sore. Anyone who claims sex isn't serious exercise has never had it with three testosterone-powered bikers at once.

Might as well take a shower and try to ease up the knots.

The water starts cold, but it gets hot quickly. Makes me think of the shower in the crappy apartment we have. We're lucky enough if it turns on, never mind if the water's hot or not. God, I have to try and call Sandra again. Maybe I can try it from a different number.

The shower door opens behind me, making me jump like I've been goosed. With a little scream, I whirl around to find Animal, still bareass naked and his big dick leading the way.

He laughs. "Didn't mean to scare you."

"I'm not sure I'm ready for another—"

"Turn around."

"What are you doing? Are you... Washing my hair?"

God, his strong fingers feel so nice on my scalp. I close my eyes and my tense shoulders lower.

"Of course I am. Got long hair of my own. I know how much of a fucking pain it can be."

He's standing close enough that his hardon keeps brushing against my ass and lower back, so he's not completely unaffected, but it's just a really nice moment of quiet togetherness.

I peek out of one eye after he rinses my hair. "I guess I figured you were going to—"

"Oh, I fucking will. Afterwards."

"Right."

After he's washed my hair twice, massaged my head until I'm sure even my skull is soft and relaxed, he moves down to my shoulders. It's a good thing they have a large hot water tank for the whole club, because this is going to take a while.

His strong fingers find knot after knot, working them out while I moan and sigh in appreciation. I'd claim his massage is as good as sex, but while it's pretty amazing, we all know what's best.

"Turn around."

"Hm?" I'm jelly in his hands, and if I could fall asleep standing up, I think I might have under his powerful hands.

"Turn around."

And then he continues down my front, finding knots where I didn't even think there could be knots, and copping a good

feel along the way. I don't mind.

I reach down with a sly smile and grab the cock swaying between us. "Now that we're clean, wanna get dirty again?"

By the time we emerge from the shower, I've been loosened up, fucked silly and then loosened up again. It's amazing that the other guys haven't come in yet. Turns out they're still dead asleep, and while it's tempting to wake them, I want to make it out of the room before noon.

Animal and I get dressed and a few minutes later we're out in the common room. I make myself a sandwich and grab a can of flavored fizzy water. Across the room is the couch we were on last night and just seeing it makes my cheeks burn.

Animal doesn't look bothered at all by the thought, though. He grabbed some eggs out of the fridge while I was making my food and is busy scrambling them on the stove alongside a can of beans. Now that I smell it, I sort of wish I'd asked him to make me some too. I bet he'll share if I ask, but when he sits down to eat, he's shoveling it down like a starving man. Guess that body needs a lot of calories to keep it powered.

"Listen, Animal? Can I borrow your phone?"

"Huh?" He looks up, then pulls it out of his pocket, unlocks it and tosses it over to me. "Yeah, sure. Here."

"You trust me with your phone, just like that? It must be love." I stop suddenly, realizing what I just said. Love? Oh God, what the heck am I saying? I mean, we have the arrangement, and we're having fun, but... love? "I'm sorry! I didn't mean to —"

His grin disarms me. "Must be. I know a bunch of things I love doing together anyway."

Why does his response make me a little disappointed? Like, what did I expect? For him to fall head over heels in just a couple of days? Most people wouldn't call any of this love. Just wild sex coupled with a serious dose of Stockholm syndrome. Of course it's not love.

"I trust you with my phone. Why shouldn't I? You planning on doing something to it?"

“No, of course not. But you didn’t even ask what I wanted it for. That’s a pretty big deal. But I didn’t mean anything by—”

“Don’t got anything to hide, I guess. I figured you wanted to try your sister again, right? Why, you want to go steady?”

God, that smile. My whole life, I thought bikers were big, bad and nasty people. Ugly faces do ugly deeds, and the Unwanted definitely didn’t do anything to change my mind. So how is it that the three bikers I’ve ended up with are the most gorgeous men I’ve met in my life, no matter how scarred or broken they are?

I know he’s just teasing, and there isn’t anything mean about it, but it’s a little too close to the truth for comfort. “Stop making fun.”

He stops a moment to think, then nods. “All right.” And goes back to eating his eggs and beans.

The phone rings and rings until I’m sure I dialed wrong, but it eventually kicks over to voicemail. “If it’s important, text me.”

God, Gen Z. Not that I check my voicemail either, but come on.

The beep is sharp in my ear. What do I say? “Hey sis. It’s Natalie. I just wanted to call and see if you’re alright.” I consider hanging up there, but there’s too much I want to say. “I know you’re mad, and I hope that’s not why you’re not picking up. Maybe I deserve it for taking off like this, but trust me when I tell you that I’m safe and just have some stuff to work through. I know you’re worried about Eric and his friends, but they’d never let anything happen to me. Sandra, are you sure you’re not there? Please pick up if you are. I think... I think some bad people might be looking for you. Be careful, and please call me. I love you.” Then I hang up.

“Not there?” Animal pushes his empty plate aside and is watching me from the other side of the table.

I shake my head, trying to not let it worry me. Sandra never goes anywhere without her phone, and I don’t think she’s ever not taken my calls when she could. Phones were so strictly

monitored when she was in rehab that she's nearly obsessive about having it with her all the time.

"I think she's still mad at me."

"Why? For trying to protect her?"

"She doesn't see it that way. To her I'm just lying. Like she used to do when she didn't want me to know she was in trouble. God, I've screwed this up, but there's no right answer." Frustration wells up inside me, making lips tremble and the corners of my eyes sting. "Some big sister I am."

"Come here."

"I'm not in the mood for—"

"Get your ass the fuck over here." He's got his arms open for me and glares expectantly.

"I—"

"Now."

It doesn't matter if he loves me or not—he's a friend, one of the very few I've got, so I obey, crawling into his lap and wrapping my arms around his strong neck. He holds me close.

"What did we talk about before? You're doing the best you fucking know how, baby girl. Life is fucking hard. Sometimes there's no right answer."

Pressing my face against his chest, I nod into it. "I know. I know, but... it just feels like I should've done better. Somehow." Not that I have any idea how, but it definitely seems that way.

"She's just like you," he says.

"Huh?" I look up to find Animal looking across the room at where his brother just walked in.

Badass blinks at the two of us. "What?"

"She's fucking beating herself up because her sister might be in trouble."

"I don't—"

“You do. Maybe not as much as you used to, but those first couple years? You couldn’t fucking look at me without feeling guilty. Every time I fucked up? You tried to take the fall for me.”

Badass frowns. “It was my fucking fault they grabbed you.”

“If something happens to Sandra, is it Natalie’s fault?”

“No, but—”

“It’s exactly the fucking same.”

Maybe not exactly, but the tension and love between them, it’s aching familiar. I can tell this isn’t the first time they’ve had this conversation. “Animal...”

He presses a kiss to my forehead. “You did an amazing thing by taking her place, just like I’m sure Badass would’ve for me if he’d fucking known, but you can’t control Crusher any more than he could predict what the Mob did. And your sister? She’s a grown fucking woman now. You’ve gotta stop thinking of her as a hurt kid.”

“I don’t know if I can.”

“She’s getting her GED, right? Doing good? Working a job. Fuck, she’s got her shit together better than I do. I’m just a fuckup in an MC.” He laughs dryly. “So maybe try trusting her a little so she can make her own choices, huh? Why don’t you fucking try calling her again? Be straight with her, and maybe she knows something that can help. You don’t even fucking know why they think she owes all this fucking money.”

When I push off his chest, his shirt’s wet with my tears. I don’t even know if they come from anger, sadness or frustration, because I’m feeling just a little bit of each one. But there’s no harm in trying again.

Again, it rings and rings until it goes to voicemail. “Hey, Sandra. It’s me again. I know you’re mad, but there’s a lot you don’t know. We need to talk, okay? Love you.”

I feel lost when I hand the phone back to Animal.

“Maybe she’s just busy.” Animal tosses his phone on the table next to us, refusing to let go.

“Maybe. But I don’t like this.”

“She’ll call you back. It’s okay.” He gives me a squeeze.

The phone buzzes. It’s only a text, but it’s from Sandra. *I’ll call when I’m ready.*

Badass reads it with a frown. “I’ll drive by tonight.”

This time, when I cry into Animal’s shirt, he doesn’t let go of me until long after I’ve run out of tears.

BADASS

I CUT THE ENGINE OUTSIDE OF NATALIE'S APARTMENT. FUCK, Quickshot was right. It's a goddamn shithole. No fucking way we're sending her back here to live when this is over.

And why does the idea of her living anywhere but with us piss me off so much?

I count windows, looking for the pink curtains Natalie described. The lights are on in the right ones. Either Sandra's shit at turning out the lights when she's out, or—more likely—she's home.

Good.

It's early evening, a faint reddish glow hanging low in the sky where the sun was not too long ago. Would she go out later? Nat thinks she has work in the morning, so probably not.

We should find out who owns the building. Maybe we can put some pressure on them to put a real fucking lock on the front door. An intercom system. Fuck, doors that won't be broken by any fucking schmoe who puts in a little effort. Affordable rent, I guess.

Fuck.

I should get back, but I'll hang out a little. Long enough to see some movement behind the curtains, make sure that she's actually there. With a little luck, I'll see her and know for sure.

I pull my bike onto its kickstand, then put my back against the wall of the pizza place across the road from them. It's closed, the door and windows boarded over. No one's going to give a

fuck, and it explains a little of how fucking easy it was for the Unwanted to take off with Natalie. In these kinds of neighborhoods, if you see something, no you fucking didn't.

By the time I see some movement, the last glowing ember of the sunset is gone. The streetlight above me is out, letting me watch from the shadows. The next one down, just outside the apartment building, flickers on and off to a rhythm only it knows. It makes the street look like it's in a fucking horror movie.

A shadow crosses behind the thin curtains in Natalie's apartment. Looks like Sandra's home. I'll give her a few more minutes just to make sure nothing's up, then head home. Natalie should be glad to hear it at least. Fuck, she's so worried about her little sister. The gods fucking know I know exactly how she feels.

Animal thinks I don't understand why he feels the way he does. I do. I have for a long time, but there's something about having a younger sibling look up to you... Shit, it terrifies me for the future. I want kids eventually, and I bet that's the same times a fucking million.

I'm just about to fire up my bike when I sense movement in the shadows.

The fuck?

A couple of shapes separate themselves from the darkness, moving towards the apartment building. They're broad, definitely men, and it's obvious they're not looking to be seen. In this neighborhood, that could mean fucking anything. Dealers, burglars, who the fuck knows what else?

But there's something about the way they move that has me keeping still, waiting for a sign. It comes in the form of the streetlight flickering on, illuminating the two guys' cuts.

With the Unwanted logo across their backs.

Motherfucker.

We should still have a day before they make a move. Is Sandra involved in something we don't know about? Or is she in trouble?

Nobody ever expects a guy as big as me to be able to move quickly, but that expectation won me a lot of fights when I was younger. I might not have the same reflexes as when I was at the top of my game, but I'm no fucking sloth. Keeping to the shadows, I slip after them to see what the fuck they're up to.

If they're here to cause trouble, I've got more than enough for each of them, and they can have as many fucking helpings as they want.

They test the front door to the apartment building. It rattles, but doesn't open. Someone actually fucking replaced the lock? I'll have to let Quickshot know.

"Fuck," growls one of them. His voice is deep and wheezy. "It was supposed to be broken."

"Just rip it the fuck off. That lock ain't gonna hold for shit." The other guy's voice is oddly whiny.

There's more rattling. Fuck it, I'm not letting those shits break in. A few more steps, and then they're there, right in front of me. Definitely Unwanted. And definitely in fucking trouble.

"Hey, motherfuckers. I didn't know it was cookie season yet. Where are your little green skirts?"

"What the fuck?" They whirl around together, just in time for me to grab the whiny one and slam him into the other guy. They go to the ground together in a jumble of limbs, like a fucking game of pickup sticks.

I'm on them in an instant, grabbing the bigger one by his collar and slamming my fist into his face. He groans as his head snaps back.

The little fucker is fast, though. Suddenly he's on my back, clinging like a fucking murder koala. He holds a knife to my throat and hisses, "I don't know who the fuck you are, but you're going to pay for this. Let go of my buddy, or I'm going to give you a new fucking mouth to bleed through."

I drop the fucker in front of me, but this isn't the first time I've had someone grab me from behind, and I can guarantee that I'm stronger than this fuck. And probably faster.

Grabbing his knife arm around the wrist, I pull it out and around, twisting until I hear a satisfying crack, followed by a pained scream. “Motherfucker!” He rolls off me, but I get a fist to the fucking jaw in return from the big guy. Fuck, I’m rusty. In my fighting days, taking on trash like this would’ve been a walk in the park.

Doesn’t mean I’m gonna fucking lose, though.

When the big guy comes after me with a second punch, he’s so fucking clumsy I see it a mile away. I knock him aside and plant my fist so solidly in his face it fucking launches him. His feet go up, and he lands on the ground with a heavy thud, skidding across the grass. Lights fucking out, asshole.

The other one’s palming his knife in his off hand, and I can fucking see it quiver as he points it towards me. Past the shaking blade, I find his wide eyes. He knows he’s in fucking trouble if I wanna push the issue. I could fucking murder both of them, and no one would fucking miss them.

“Don’t you fucking come a step closer.” It’s a threat of desperation. He doesn’t have a damn chance.

I flip my cut open, letting the flickering street light reflect off the grip of my pistol. “I could’a killed you fuckers before you even saw me. I’m giving you one goddamn chance to get the fuck outta here before I execute the both of you. If I ever hear about you fuckers sniffing around his building again, I’ll find you and finish the fucking job. That clear?” I rest my hand on my gun for effect.

The knife hand doesn’t get any steadier, that’s for fucking sure.

“We’ll fuck off,” he says. “No more trouble, okay? We’re outta here. This shit ain’t worth it.”

“Wait. What the fuck were you doing here?”

“Nothing. Just a little club business. Honest. We didn’t know the Eagles were watching the building, all right?” Without taking his eyes off me, he slides his knife into a sheath on his belt, then gets his good arm under his friend. “Screwball, fucking wake up. Come on.”

The big guy stirs, and while I watch, they get themselves together and outta here. The little guy clutches his arms, and Screwball's going to be washing blood off his face and clothes tonight, not to mention get his nose set. "Remember, fuckers, this place is off limits. For you and your asshole brothers, got it? It's under Screaming Eagles protection."

They nod frantically as they withdraw. A few moments later, a couple of motorcycles fire up in the darkness and pull out. I stay until the sound of engines is completely drowned out by the usual sounds of the city at night.

I don't fucking believe for a moment that they won't come back, but it won't be tonight. It's time to have a chat with the others and ramp up our patrols. Eagle-eye needs to wrap up this shit with Cain, because this won't just go away.

Do I tell Natalie? Not sure. It'll just freak her out about something she can't change, but Animal and Quickshot need to hear.

Pulling my bike off its pegs, I throw my leg over and start it up. The curtain in Natalie's apartment moves, but this isn't a safe place to be. If these fuckers hurt Sandra, they hurt Natalie, and we're not going to fucking stand for that.

NATALIE

“TELL ME AGAIN WHY SHE’S HERE?” EAGLE-EYE NODS HIS head at me while I stand schoolgirl straight just inside the door to his office. “This is club business.”

“And this club business is her business,” says Quickshot. “She’s got a lot of fucking stake here, and I think she should be here.”

“You guys agree?” Eagle-eye’s good eye flits between Animal and Badass. When they nod, he relents, easing back in his chair. “Fine. Have a seat. Let’s see where this goes.”

I’m not going to lie. Eagle-eye terrifies me. Not because I think he’s especially vicious, or that I’m particularly afraid of his creepy, white eye, but he’s got that vibe, that aura of no-bullshit command that makes me feel like he’ll do anything necessary to protect his club. That’s great, sure, except I’m not actually part of it. Which means I’m expendable. Maybe I’m wrong, but I can’t imagine someone running a club like the Screaming Eagles without being completely ruthless when needed.

As I take a seat on the couch along the wall, as far away from him as possible, I’m distracted by an adorable brown and black head with silky fur. It’s a dog, a boxer, I think, and he’s nudging his head against my hands to get under them. Well, you don’t turn down a request like that. “Hey there, doggo. What’s your name?” I whisper to him.

“Jupiter,” says Eagle-eye matter-of-factly. “Don’t let him fool you. He gets more cuddles than a whore running a two for one

sale and has enough kibble to eat himself to death twice over.”

“Um, right.” Not sure how he’s going to fool me, exactly, but if it’s cuddles he wants, I’m here for it. “Hey boy,” I say as I let him plop his head in my lap so I can give him his scratches. I’ll admit, Eagle-eye wouldn’t be keeping a sweet little dog like this around if he didn’t have at least a little heart. It makes me feel a little safer.

“Watch the drool,” Eagle-eye notes, then turns to Quickshot. “So what’s the deal?”

“We wanna know what’s going on with the Unwanted.” That gets my attention. I look up while I scratch Jupiter under the ears. He goes nearly limp in my lap. Apparently, I’m hitting the right spot. Quickshot crosses his arms. “You saw how they fucking were the other night, and so long as they’re out there, they’re a danger to our girl and her sister. What are we waiting for?”

Our girl? God, that sends a wave of warmth through me—safe warmth, not so much the pooling between my legs kind. Actually, that’s not true. Safe warmth *and* the pooling between my legs kind.

None of the guys look my way, busy facing Eagle-eye, but I see the quirk of a little smile at the corner of Animal’s mouth, like he knows I’m hanging on every word. Is that true? Do they think I’m theirs? They bought me and that was our deal, but it’s become so much more than that. At least for me. And hopefully for them, too?

That’s part of why we’re here.

“Your girl, huh?” Eagle-eye aims his good eye in my direction for a moment, then down to where I’m petting Jupiter. He nods as if in approval, then goes back to the guys. I don’t know what to make of that. “I get your concern, but until we know what’s going on behind the scenes, I don’t want to see anyone making a move. I’ve got another meeting with Cain coming up where we’ll hammer out a protection deal for expanding their range in exchange for a cut, but he’s being cagey. I don’t trust that fucker more than a Pit Viper.”

The guys nod as if that means something more than just the literal.

“Are we sure there’s someone behind them?” asks Animal. “Maybe they just lucked into some good contacts or some shit?”

“If it was one auction, sure, but this is a steady stream. No fucking way they have the presence to get their hands on what they were selling. I think girls are a side gig for them. Natalie was an opportunity to make some cash, but I don’t get the feeling Cain’s interested in dealing with the mess of human trafficking. But bricks and bricks of coke? All those fucking guns? Someone’s feeding them.” Eagle-eye starts pacing behind his desk. “But so far none of our feelers have paid off. It’s pissing me the fuck off.”

Badass strokes his chin as he puts his weight against the arm of the couch. “Any way to get someone on the inside?”

Eagle-eye looks towards me immediately.

“Fuck no.” Animal moves so he stands between me and his president. “We’re not fucking sending her back there. You don’t trust Cain? Well, we don’t fucking trust Crusher, especially with Natalie. New fucking idea.”

Eagle-eye holds his gaze on Animal just a little longer, then nods. “Fine. I’m not going to make you guys risk your girl, but give me some ideas then. Anytime I’m in the same room as Cain, I get fucking nauseous. I want those fuckers out of my way as much as you fucks do, so we can get back to running business as usual around here. I’m fucking sick of pretending that we’re willing to stoop to their fucking level, and at some point we have to fucking deliver if we’re going to keep the damn charade going.”

“You’re not actually going to fucking do that, are you?” asks Quickshot.

“Fuck no. But I’m not ready to give up this opportunity yet.”

“What if I was willing to do it?” I pipe up, finally getting a word in.

“The fuck?” Animal whirls to face me. He looks furious, and for the first time I find his scarred expression scary. “I can fucking guarantee you that you’re not going anywhere near the fucking Unwanted again. Not our damn girl.”

“Agreed,” says Quickshot.

Badass just looks at me sternly, as he crosses his arms over his chest and nods.

“But we need to stop them, right? That’s the deal. So what are we doing, if you can’t do it? Until then, I’m not safe, and Sandra isn’t safe.”

“No. And that’s final.” Badass’s tone brooks no argument.

“Fine.” It’s not fine, but what am I supposed to do? Try to fight them? I mean, they’re right. It’d be stupid, probably. And Crusher would want to do... things to me. The chills that crawl down my back like an icy spider have me shuddering visibly.

A knock on the door interrupts us. Eagle-eye glances quickly between us, then calls out, “Come in.”

The door opens to reveal Crash. He’s the guy who replaced Animal at the door when we were showing off for Crusher that one night at the Eagles’ Roost. I don’t really know him yet, but he seems to hang out a lot with Preacher and Devil.

“What’s going on?” asks Eagle-eye.

He nods towards me and my heart drops into my stomach even before he speaks. “I just got back from patrol. The Unwanted have Sandra.”

“Sandra? My Sandra?” Terror fills my voice. I can hear it but there’s no way I can control it. I push off the couch so suddenly Jupiter gives a little bark of complaint.

Crash nods. “I recognized her from watching her apartment a couple days ago. But it was fucking strange. She walked into their clubhouse with them on her own, not fighting or anything. Like she meant to be there.”

“She what?” I look at him like he’s crazy. “It couldn’t have been her.”

“Swear to fucking God. I’m good at faces, and your sister’s hot. Of course I fucking remember her. She walked in like she had business there.”

He sounds so sure it rocks my entire world.

What do I really know about why she owes them money? Is it possible that she’s fooled me? That she’s still dealing with them? Are they fooling her too? There are so many questions and I don’t have the answer to any of them.

I drop back onto the couch, and when Jupiter completely fails to read the room and comes running to plot his head back into my lap, I stroke him absentmindedly.

Sandra. What the hell are you doing?

QUICKSHOT

“YOU’RE NOT GOING, AND THAT’S FUCKING FINAL.”

Natalie looks up at me with such wounded eyes I almost feel bad for bullying her. Especially when it’s all three of us ganging up, but fuck, we’re not going to let her hand herself over to that motherfucker. Crusher already has a fucked up hardon for her, and while I hope Natalie’s right, right now it looks like Sandra might be there by choice.

She paces over to a chair in the corner and drops into it with a scowl that could strip paint. What the fuck are we supposed to do?

Badass tries a different tack. “Yeah, like he said. You’re staying here if we have to fucking tie you down to keep you safe.”

Nah, that’s the same argument, and she doesn’t look any happier with him.

“Of all freaking people, you have to understand how I feel!” she snaps back at him. What the fuck happened to our shy little baker? “If it was Animal, what the hell would you do? Tell me that.”

“I would fucking tear their whole club apart until I found him, and then I’d execute every single motherfucker who dared lay a goddamn hand on him, and you know that. And you know what else? If it was you, I’d do the same damn thing. You’re ours now. Fucking ours, and I’m not going to let Crusher or any other one of those fuckers put their hands on you. And that’s why you’re not fucking leaving.”

“So what? You paid for me so I’m just some sort of possession?”

Animal, using the end of my bed for a chair, gets up. He starts out loud and just gets louder as he builds momentum. “It’s not about the fucking money, but yeah. We’ve taken responsibility for you in front of the whole fucking club. If you go in there, what’s that going to fucking accomplish? You got a plan? Going to kick his ass and carry her out while the club explodes behind you? This isn’t a goddamn movie, Natalie. Be fucking smart.” I can’t help the laugh that bursts out of me. Animal spins and pins me with a dark look. “What?”

“Nothing. You’re absolutely right, but you gotta admit this is rich coming from you.”

“Shut the fuck up. I’m not—Okay, maybe you’re right, but that should just go to show how fucking stupid it would be.”

Natalie’s hands grip the armrests so hard her knuckles are chalk white, and she’s glaring up at us with unmasked aggression.

“Chill out. You’re only pissing her off.” I put my hand on Animal’s shoulder. “Babe, we’re not saying abandon your sister. Just don’t give them the satisfaction of having both of you. There’s gotta be a way for us to figure this out.”

“What’s there to figure out? We need to get her out of there. I don’t even care if it’s voluntary or not, because if she’s mixed up with drugs again, it’s not really her. I can’t let her go again. I refuse.” She pushes out of the chair, the defiant upturn of her chin and her steely glare daring us to stop her. “Screw this. I’m leaving.”

“The fuck you are.” All of us go for her, but I happen to be closest. I grab her wrist and yank her arm over her head, keeping her from going anywhere.

“Let go.”

“No.”

She slams her free hand into my gut. If I needed proof that she’s not going to Rambo her way out of this, I got it. “Was that supposed to hurt?”

“Let. Go!” Each word is punctuated by another angry punch.

“Aim for the diaphragm, honey,” Badass comments unhelpfully.

“Whose fucking side are you on?”

He grins. “This is a teachable moment. Could come in handy later. It’s not like she’s getting away.”

As she winds up again, I capture her other wrist and hold that up as well. “Stop fucking hitting me.”

“Stop fucking touching me,” she retorts in the same tone. Her deep blue eyes flash lightning at me. If looks could fucking kill, man...

“I’m not letting you go until you’re being fucking rational.”

“I am rational! It’s you guys who’re turning out to be just as bad as I thought you were back when you bought me.” She twists against my grip, but doesn’t get anywhere.

“Don’t fucking push it,” I growl. “Are you going to calm the fuck down?”

She hesitates for a second, then kicks at my shin. Fuck, that one actually hurt. “Let me go!”

“Fuck this.” I yank her right off her feet and carry her back to the bed, then throw her down on it. A moment later, I’m straddling her with her arms pinned over her head and my palm over her throat, forcing her to look at me. “You don’t fucking get it, but we fucking care about you. Animal doesn’t want you hurt, Badass doesn’t want you hurt, and I sure as hell don’t want you hurt. Our lives haven’t been the fucking same since you came into it. You aren’t in this on your fucking own anymore!”

Her eyes get glassy with unshed tears, but she fucking growls and struggles against me. How the fuck am I supposed to convince her? I guess the only way I know.

So I lean in and kiss her.

She bites my fucking lip.

Copper floods my mouth, but I refuse to fucking stop, because I refuse to let her walk out that door.

She struggles for a second, then relaxes and her lips soften under mine. And little after that, she starts kissing me back, her perfectly curvy body pressing against me.

I open my eyes to find her glaring at me, tears streaming down her cheeks, but she's not fighting anymore. Did she finally give up? I ease back, pulling my mouth from hers. There's a smear of blood across her chin and I'm just messed up enough that it makes me fucking hard.

"You're a bastard," she chokes out, but a lot of her earlier venom seems to have left her.

"I've been called worse than that, usually by Animal." Both Animal and Badass chuckle softly at that, but they're watching us carefully. "Are you ready to listen to us?"

Her expression softens, then falls apart as the sobs start for real. "I can't abandon Sandra. You guys have to understand that."

"Of course we do," says Badass, sitting down on the bed next to us. "Do you really think we're just going to fucking leave someone important to you like that? Think, baby. So long as she's in their hands, it's a hold on you which means us. But Quickshot's right. You're not alone anymore. You've got us, and that means you've got the Eagles."

"I just don't know..."

"Fucking trust me. As one older sibling to another. I fucking understand. I understand so fucking hard, but we gotta do this right so we don't fuck it up. So you don't get fucked up, because none of us want that. You're fucking precious, honey."

"So what's the plan?" she asks.

"We pull out the big guns," Animal says with a sly smirk. "Meet me in Prez's office in ten."

NATALIE

“BUT WE JUST TALKED TO HIM AND HE SAID WE HAD TO WAIT.”

“Yeah, but the situation’s changed and he knows it,” Badass says as we walk back up the stairs to Eagle-eye’s suite where he overlooks the common room.

Quickshot hammers on the door.

“Jesus fucking Christ, keep your goddamn pants on,” yells Eagle-eye from inside. “Come in before you break my damn door.”

Badass throws it open and we step in to see Eagle-eye with a classy looking woman about his age and a younger woman closer to mine. Animal is there playing keep away with Jupiter. He drops the chew toy when he sees us and straightens up.

“Took you long enough.”

Eagle-eye sighs. “Okay, someone wanna tell me what all this is about?”

I step forward. “They have my sister. I can’t wait for months to see how this pans out. Anything could happen to her. Anything could be happening to her right now.”

“I feel for you, honey,” he starts, in that patient Dad voice that I can already tell isn’t going to say what I want to hear. “But ___”

“Dad,” says the young woman, rolling her eyes. “What if it was me? Or Miriam?” She gestures at the older woman. “We

wouldn't be standing here right now if you hadn't done what needed to be done."

"It's not the same, Faith." He points at me. "They're not ours. She's only here until we get this settled, and as much as I feel for them, we can't save everyone who gets mixed up in dirty shit."

Badass coughs. "Yeah, about that..."

My three men move to stand by me. Quickshot steps forwards. "We're fucking claiming her right now. Natalie's not going anywhere."

What!? Is he serious? Or is he just saying that to win Eagle-eye's cooperation?

"God damn it," the grizzled president snarls. "You couldn't make this easy, could you?"

"If we wanted easy, we'd be selling insurance or some shit," Animal interjects.

Eagle-eye sighs. "Jesus fucking wept."

"Honey," Miriam says, putting her hand on his shoulder. "I don't want to risk anyone either, not with Emily so close to giving birth, but maybe there's another way."

The other girl, his daughter, I guess, nods. "I didn't like this whole situation when my guys told me what was going on, and it sounds like it's just getting worse. I've lived through one club war. I don't want to see another one. Especially not here."

"None of us do, that's the fucking point. Without knowing who's backing the Unwanted, we don't know who we're fucking taking on, do we?"

"Who could it fucking be that we can't handle? As much as I fucking hate the mob, it's not the Giordanos. Our truce is rock solid and Luca would revolt if they moved on us with Alessa pregnant and in the middle of everything," Quickshot says.

I don't know half the people they're talking about, so my attention starts to wander and so do I. In the corner of the room is a corkboard with notes and pictures pinned up. Some

of the pictures are of various Unwanted members, but it's one particular man that catches my eye.

"Who's that?" I ask, pointing.

Everyone stops and looks at me.

Especially Eagle-eye. "What was that?"

"That guy. He was at the auction. He was the one bidding against Animal."

Animal frowns. "Was he? I didn't get a good look at him from where we were sitting. That's the same guy that was with Crusher at the Roost the other night. He looked a little slick to be an Unwanted, but fuck, I don't know 'em all on sight, do I?"

"Fuck," growls Eagle-eye. "Motherfucking goddamn... I should'a fucking just asked you first. You're sure it's him?"

I nod, shivering a little at the memory of his cold eyes focused on me. "Definitely. He scared the crap out of me."

"Under our fucking noses," Eagle-eye snaps, steel grey eye sparking with fury.

Badass and Animal step forward at the same time. "Who is it?"

"Fabbri. Alessa passed me some pictures of their lieutenants for me to look over when I sent out some feelers to make sure we weren't getting double crossed. There hasn't been much noise from them since the business with that Dario fucker, but Giancarlo Fabbri is this fucker's name, and if he's hanging out with the Unwanted, we can't rule out that they are trying to build up again using that shit club as a cover."

Animal literally snarls. "Just give me the word, Prez. I'd love to fucking shred those mob fuckers. They're coming for us? We'll fucking show them who rules around here."

I half expect Badass to talk him down a little, but instead he just nods, his hand resting on the grip of the gun in his belt. The way the guys treat me, it can be easy to forget that they're also deadly. But there's no doubt about that now, with the cold hardness in their eyes.

“He was talking with Crusher before I was brought out, too.”
The memory comes back to me in a flash.

“And you didn’t think to mention it after he showed up at the Roost that night?” Quickshot glares at me.

“How am I supposed to know who’s important or not? I saw a whole lot of people and I had other things on my mind. I didn’t think there might be something more about him until I saw this picture.” I glare right back.

Surprisingly, Quickshot is the one to back down. “You’re right. Sorry. Fuck. It’s just, if we’d connected the fucking dots earlier, we could’ve been done with this shit already. It’s not your fault.”

“So how about it?” asks Badass, putting his meaty fists onto Eagle-eye’s desk and leaning over it. “Is it time?”

Eagle-eye’s brows tighten. Even with Badass’s massive form hovering over the desk at him, he doesn’t look bothered at all. Miriam looks worried, but she stands behind Eagle-eye, waiting to hear his decision.

Faith comes over and puts her arm around me. “Worried?”

I nod.

“It’ll be okay. You’re one of us now. You and your sister both.”

“Church in an hour, pass word to everyone who can get here. If they think they can slither around in the muck and not catch our attention, they’ve got another think coming. Now get the fuck out of here so I can make some calls.”

ANIMAL

FUCK, FINALLY. SOMETHING'S GOING TO FUCKING HAPPEN, AND I'm going to personally make sure Crusher has a very sudden and unpleasant encounter with my fist.

That is if I don't fucking blow his head off first. Can't punch what's not there.

"What do we do now?" Natalie looks up at me, craning her head backwards. We're sitting on my bed, her between my legs, facing out with my arms around her, keeping her close. My hands drift regularly to stroke the sides of her tits, and it takes just a little longer each time before she bats them away. "Wait? I'm not good at just waiting. Too much jittery energy."

"Only fucking natural," says Badass, who's sitting right across from her. "I'm like that before every fucking raid, and it's been a few over the years. Here." He takes her hand and places it on his chest so she can feel his heart beating. Mine is too, but fuck if I know whether it's the pre-raid jitters or just her.

Jesus, who'd have thought she'd be the girl to run off with my fucking heart when I bought her.

"How do you deal with it?" She looks between us, leaving her hand there even after he takes his away. Her fingers stroke in little circles, exploring his chest.

"Honestly?" Quickshot eases back in his chair and spreads his legs a little. "Jerk off. I need that post-nut clarity to keep my gun hand steady."

Natalie looks at him like she's waiting for him to laugh. He doesn't oblige, 'cause he's dead fucking serious.

“Freeze, flight, fight or fuck, right?” I lean in and whisper into her ear. “I’m a big fan of fuck. How about it? We’ll make you feel so fucking good, you’ll forget all about your stress.”

“That’s stupid. You just want to have sex.”

That’s not a no.

“Every fucking day, all the fucking time, baby girl. You heard what we said in there. What do you expect?”

She freezes, then swallows deeply. “I didn’t know if that was just to get his cooperation.” There’s a catch in her voice.

I kiss her neck, right behind her ear. Hasn’t she figured out that we’re fucking crazy for her yet? You’d think that be fucking obvious by now. “Not a fucking chance. Do you think we’d be doing all this shit for someone we didn’t care about?”

Badass nods as he leans forwards and puts his hands on her thighs. “This stopped being a deal a long fucking time ago. We’re not letting you fucking go, honey. Our claim on you has nothing to do with the fucking money.”

“Oh. I mean, I know there’s something here, but—”

“You don’t feel it?” Quickshot’s voice is full of tension. “We’re ready to go to fucking war for you, babe. And we’re going to get Sandra safe outta there. You read me? We’re doing that no matter fucking what, but if you’re not feeling it...”

“No! I mean, yes! God, of course I do. I just—I don’t know how we’ll make this all work. While I’m here, everything’s all good and fun and crazy and... Jesus, I had sex in freaking public while Badass fucked me in the ass!” We all chuckle at that. She’s got to be fucking amped up if she’s talking like that. “But that’s not really what I’m like, and when you guys are done with the Unwanted and don’t need me anymore, when I’m back to being an unemployed baker’s apprentice who’s struggling to make rent and take care of her little sister, then—”

I slide my hand right up to her throat so I can tip her head back and make her look up at me. “Don’t fucking need you? I should wash your mouth out with fucking soap. Of course

we're gonna fucking need you. Why the hell would that change? This isn't who you are? Are you fucking sure? Because I'm pretty damn sure this is exactly who you are. That girl who's all shy and careful and nervous and quiet and always doing the right fucking thing is the real impostor. She just never had the chance to find out who she really was."

She shivers under my touch. "Animal..."

"You fucking stood up to Eagle-eye up there. Most members don't have the balls for that." Quickshot laughs. "Maybe you started out as a shy little kitten, but our girl's growing up and showing her claws. But you always fucking had them. You fucking raised your little sister when you were barely legal yourself."

"I didn't have a choice, and I was bitter sometimes and snapped at her and... God, I screwed up so much, but I'd do it over and over again. Here is like a Neverland where all the old rules don't apply, but I can't just leave her forever. What's going to happen to her without me? I can't be the girl you guys want. The girl I..."

She trails off, but Badass finishes it for her. "The girl you want to be? You don't have to do this alone. It's a fucking shame that you had to, but do you think we'll just keep you to fuck and ignore what's most important to you? Fuck, what's important to you is what's important to us. Do you think we're going to rescue Sandra and then kick her out onto the street? You think we'll stop helping after that? We'll get you a proper place to live, and if it's up to us, it'll be with us. And we'll make sure Sandra has space there, or nearby. And we'll make sure there isn't a fucking dealer, biker, Mafioso or any other kind of fucking criminal in this city that comes near her again, or they'll fucking answer to us. Honey, we're not done with you—not by a fucking long shot."

Natalie's breath is coming in gasps, like she's hyperventilating. To me it's fucking amazing that any of this is news to her, but maybe we're not being as obvious as I damn well thought.

"Hey, baby girl, you okay?"

She nods, quick short jerky ones. She grabs my leg and digs her nails in, like she's holding on to keep spinning right off the bed. Then she grabs the hand I've got resting on her sexy belly and pulls it up to her tit.

"Fuck me," she says simply. "I think I need a little post-nut clarity."

Trust me, I'm fucking happy to oblige.

NATALIE

I'M COMPLETELY OVERWHELMED. AM I SAD? HAPPY? IN love? Just really, really horny? I don't even know anymore, but when Animal pulls my shirt over my head, I reach my hands up to make it easy for him. A moment later, the hooks on my bra loosen in quick order and Badass pulls it off me to reveal my breasts.

"Stand up, baby girl," says Animal, giving me a nudge. When I obey, my shorts are gone almost immediately, yanked down to my ankles by Badass on one side and Quickshot on the other.

I must be crazy to do this here and now, but I need this. I need them, and the way they're tearing my clothes, and their own off, so do they. I've barely kicked away my shorts before I'm surrounded by three very big, very hard cocks, belonging to the three guys I care about most in the world.

I drop to my knees to suck them all, but Quickshot yanks me back up. "Time for that later, babe, but I'm pretty fucking sure we promised you some post-nut clarity, and you can't get there without the nut." Then he gives me a shove that has me landing on the bed with a gasp.

Animal grabs one of my legs and Badass the other, pulling them back until I'm completely open for Quickshot. I brace my hands against the bed. "Can girls even nut?" I ask, which sounds like a really dumb question, given the circumstances.

Animal laughs. "Figuratively."

And then Quickshot is between my legs, sliding that amazing tongue of his over my sensitive skin. My body is still taking time catching up to my sudden situation, but he's experienced enough to know the deal. His touch is surprisingly gentle as he mixes his licks with soft kisses and some very careful nibbles.

Meanwhile, Animal and Badass take a breast each, capturing my nipples in their mouths as their hands explore everywhere—over my hips, over my stomach, sliding down the insides of my thighs and teasing their way across my throat. They're touching me in so many ways, and it's got me giddy with their attention.

By the time Quickshot slides his broad tongue through my folds, they're slick with my juices and I'm so freaking ready for him.

Or any of them. Maybe even all of them.

Badass lets go of my nipple just long enough to speak. "Never fucking sell yourself short, honey. You're fucking perfect for us. All three of us." Then he captures it again. I slide my hand over his head, pulling him against me.

I drive my other hand into Animal's thick hair, gripping it as hard as I can. The guys have me, but even now there's this little, horrible, terrible, dangerous voice in my head telling me that they're going to finish with me, and I need them to convince me that it's never going to happen. Because I don't think my heart could handle that after all this.

When the first orgasmic tidal wave shows up on the horizon, preparing to wash over me, I press my shoulders into the bed and roll my hips against Quickshot's face trying to trap that amazing tongue inside me.

"Oh God," I whimper.

"Just let it happen, baby girl," murmurs Animal as he rolls my nipple between his fingers and moves up to kiss me. His lips touch mine the exact moment my climax hits. I moan deeply, right into his mouth as his tongue invades and he kisses me stupid. I go tight, arching my back off the bed as Quickshot drives me wild with his skills. Oh, it's so, so good.

My eyes shut on their own, but my vision's still bright with colors washing over the backs of my eyelids. I think my brain short circuits because I can't make words, or even thoughts. Just moans and gasps as I try to draw breath for more moans. I clutch Animal and Badass, using them for leverage until my strength runs out and I collapse on the bed.

Holy shit.

"Are... are you guys getting better at this?"

"Maybe you are," says Badass with a soft chuckle. "I told you it just gets better with practice, baby. That's got to be about the sexiest sight I've seen in my whole fucking life. Goddamn."

"You guys are going to be the death of me."

"But what a way to fucking go, huh?" Quickshot grins up at me from between my legs, his face slick and glistening.

I shake my head. "No. Not without all of you coming with me. I refuse to go alone."

"Then we'll just have to keep you alive," says Animal and kisses me again.

I can't let them have all the fun. I reach out for his cock, and Badass's. They're so hard for me. They groan together as I run my hands over the heads, picking up slippery precum to spread out onto their shafts as I stroke. I want to feel them together, all three of them, but I only have two hands. "Come up here so I can suck you."

Quickshot crawls up my body until he's straddling my chest and putting his weight on the wall behind me so he can feed his cock into my mouth. I draw him in, tasting his salty skin, sucking on him and trying to make him feel as good as he made me.

"Fuck," he hisses as he looks down at me, so I think I'm on the right track.

Someone's fingers find their way in between my legs, though I have no idea whose. All I can see is Quickshot's six-pack and the big cock I'm sucking, but whether it's Animal or Badass, he sure knows what he's doing. My pussy is supersensitive,

but the touch is just gentle enough that I grind into the touch instead of away from it. These guys know my body better than I do.

And then comes a second set of fingers. Both of them, one going for my clit while the other slides inside. Then they switch places. Two guys are playing with me at once.

And God, they're brothers. There's probably a special place in hell for me for that, but right now I couldn't care less. It's so nice.

Then one of the fingers slides down to my ass and starts making little circles right around the tight muscle, pressing gently, but not forcing anything. It sends tingles racing through me like electricity through a wire. I moan around Quickshot and press back against both sets of fingers. The ones in my pussy sink deeper, and for a moment, the fingertip of the other slides just inside my ass. Both front and back at once.

What would that feel like with their cocks?

Could I take it? It sounds so intense, so over the top, so... so what I want to be, for them, for me. That daring girl that gets a little crazy instead of always making the safe, sensible choices. And I want them to take me, so I don't have to be the one who makes the decisions, so I can just be in the moment. Be theirs.

And them mine.

"Do it. Whatever you want," I say through a gasp as Quickshot pulls out for me to breathe. "I'm yours."

"Fuck," groans Badass. He grips my thigh with his free hand and squeezes. "I need to fuck you."

I thrust my hips at him, driving the two sets of fingers even deeper. Their touch is electric. I'm going to come just from their fingering if they keep it up.

I whimper softly when the fingers pull away. But then strong hands spread my thighs and a massive body moves in between them. Badass. It has to be. When his smooth, fat crown nudges in between my folds, I know I'm about to get it.

He presses himself inside me, making me moan around Quickshot's cock. God, Badass is so thick, and he fills me with everything he's got, driving deep until he's all the way inside me. He feels so good, like he was made for me, or me for him.

Then he pulls out and I feel so empty, right before he thrusts back in. I'm so slick, he moves easily, and sensing it, he speeds up his thrusts, grinding the base of his cock up against my clit as he does.

I'm working their cocks at both ends, and it's so insane. So overwhelming. I try to stroke Animal at the same time, but I'm having a hard time concentrating enough to coordinate. Quickshot thrusts in and out of my mouth, Badass is driving in and out of my pussy and Animal pulls himself from my fingers. I don't know where he's going, but it frees my hands so I can grab Quickshot's tight ass and pull him against me.

"Roll her over," orders Animal. And then the three of them move like they've practiced it. Quickshot pulls away from my mouth and shifts over to one side, leaving me to look right up into Badass's flushed face. He grins down at me, then slides his hands underneath my back. A moment later, my whole world flips around as he rolls both of us over, leaving me sitting on top of him with his large cock buried deep inside me.

"Let me see you ride me," he says with a glint in his eye. "C'mon cowgirl."

I brace my palms against his broad chest and carefully lift my ass up. His big cock drags through my pussy as I move, and it's actually kind of fun to be the one in control. Then I push back down, and he groans deep in his throat.

"Fuck honey, you're so goddamn tight. I fucking love this." He wraps his huge hands around my waist and the next time I lift up, he helps. And when I come back down, he slams me into his hips so hard he nearly knocks the air out of me. I moan out loud, feeling so full, so perfectly full.

And that's when I feel the slickness of warm oil being poured over my skin, mostly onto my ass. Animal's finger feels huge as he eases it into me, right next to his brother's big cock. With

my pussy full, I can barely take it, and when the second finger comes, I groan, shifting my hips to accommodate. I know what's coming next, and I both want it and dread it. I grip Badass's shoulders and do my best to relax.

Animal's cock feels impossibly huge as he presses the blunt head against my asshole. I push back against him, trying to control the speed. Badass stops moving and lies perfectly still under me, his thick cock pulsing in my pussy and his big hands around my waist while he waits for Animal to make his entry.

My heart's pounding, my whole body on high alert. Animal strokes my back with his fingertips, murmuring softly to me. "Relax, baby girl. I'm going to go easy. You remember your safeword, right?"

I bury my face in Badass's chest, but I nod.

"Good girl." And he pushes, opening me slowly, but surely. Slickened by lube, I stretch around him. When I groan, he pauses, gives me a little time to adjust to the overwhelming sensations, and then he goes again. He makes short, gentle thrusts, each one a little longer as he works himself deeper, all the way up to when I feel his hips against my ass and he stops, fully inside.

Holy shit.

"You did it, honey," says Badass, running his fingers through my hair. "I told you that you were fucking perfect for us. You okay?"

I'm so, so full. My nerves are firing in a constant hum of pleasure. Sandwiched between them, I feel stretched, taken, but also... safe and—protected. And God, so freaking horny. So I nod. "I'm okay. Just... it's a lot."

"It's okay to scream," says Animal, then pulls back just a little before pushing himself back in. I groan as my fingernails dig into Badass's shoulders.

"As long as it's for us," says Badass, and then he thrusts and I grip him tighter.

The two of them work in tandem, perfectly synchronized to drive me crazy. My whole body is a confusion of sensations, intense pleasure melding with exquisite pain as they fuck me harder and harder. And I find myself pushing back at them until all three of us are breathing heavy and slick with sweat. Squeezed between two brothers showing me how they want me. How they own me.

Quickshot walks up on his knees and presents himself to my mouth. It's hard to concentrate, but I want to love all my guys, and that means all three at once. I suck him into my mouth, tasting him and letting the rocking motion from Animal and Badass fucking me guide my movements on him. He moans as he weaves his fingers into my hair and holds my head where he wants it.

My three guys take me together, while all I can do is hold on and enjoy it. It's like I'm drowning in sex. The feelings of slick skin against slick skin, the tastes of precum and sweat, the scents of fucking and the men that are all mine and the sounds of throaty moans and sudden gasps, flesh against flesh—it's all so much.

And as they all take me at each their own end, my body is awakened in a way it never has before. Pleasure floods through me, from my pussy, my ass, even my mouth as Quickshot's slippery cock slides over my lips. Their pleasure feeds into mine, just as mine does into theirs, and as the fucking gets harder and more frantic, my body tenses and my muscles start to shiver with the strain.

"Fuck," hisses Badass, and I know he's close. Animal swells inside me and Quickshot's losing some of his iron control. Each time my body clenches, it's met with groans from the guys inside me as I squeeze their cocks tight. Delicious heat wells from my core, flooding my flushed body with pre-orgasmic tingles that get stronger and stronger the closer I get.

I'm the first one to come. With a muffled scream around Quickshot's thickness, I explode, shivering in a toe-curling orgasm like I've caught a fever. I hang onto Badass like I'm going to float away if I don't while the world spins around me, even with my eyes shut tight. Then everything goes black, at

least for a moment before my racing heart brings me back around.

I'm still shaking when Badass pushes up into me with a deep groan as he swells and comes. It's too much for Animal, who buries himself all the way into my ass and growls. God, it's so good.

Quickshot, not to be outdone, is right behind them, and the thick vein on the underside of his cock pulses hard against my tongue. The salty flavor of cum floods my mouth as he grips my hair so hard it makes my scalp tingle. I swallow him down, not wanting to waste any of it, lost both in the pleasure they give me and the knowledge of the pleasure I'm giving them.

Quickshot is first to pull away, collapsing at the head of the bed with a groan. "Fuck, you're amazing, babe."

Animal's next, sliding from me and leaving me strangely empty, even with Badass still inside. And then I roll off to lie limp between them all, and while I miss the feeling of fullness, I think I need a good rest before we go again. How could I possibly leave this behind?

Not just the amazing sex either, but this, the togetherness, the support, the strength of my men around me. I don't want to be alone again, the only one responsible for... well, everything. Sandra, income, rent, bills, everything. I can be responsible, but I don't want to have it all on my shoulders. Especially not when I know what kind of alternative I've got here for me. How do I make that work?

Animal wraps his arms around me, pulling me close. We're all sweaty and gross, but it feels nice anyway. "You okay? That was pretty fucking intense."

"Yeah. Just... give me some time before we try that again."

All the guys chuckle. "I just fucking love the fact that you're willing to try it again," says Badass.

"Of course. I—"

I'm interrupted by hard pounding on the door. I think it's Devil's voice. "If you guys are done fucking finally, we're getting ready out here. It's time to fuck up the Unwanted."

And with that, suddenly, we're all business.

BADASS

“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU THINK YOU’RE DOING?” I LOOK AT Natalie, who’s tied her sexy as fuck bed hair back in a ponytail, put on jeans that hug her curves, a T-shirt and a leather jacket that’s way too big for her that reads Screaming Eagles MC across the back. I think it’s Quickshot’s. “You are definitely not coming with us. You realize how dangerous this is gonna be?”

There’s nothing shy or meek about the glare she meets me with. “She’s my little sister. Do you seriously think I’ll just stay behind and wait?”

“It’s going to be a fucking warzone.” I gesture at the guys around me. Just about the whole club is out with us in the courtyard, getting their bikes ready, or already waiting and revving their engines. Eagle-eye’s overlooking the whole thing like a fucking general, next to his own bike. He’s the Prez, and he’s going to be leading the charge.

Natalie keeps going, like I’m going to fucking agree. “And Sandra’s going to be right in the middle of it. And if she’s there voluntarily, someone needs to try to talk her down from it. I need to know what’s going on. If you guys don’t take me, I’ll take a freaking taxi or something. I’m going.” She puts her fists on her hips.

“I could set someone to watch you. Or fucking handcuff you to my bed.”

“You wouldn’t dare. I’m coming, and that’s final.”

I don't have fucking time for this. And I definitely don't have the fucking time to make sure she's unable to get outta here while we're gone, because I know she's going to find a fucking way to do it.

Animal and Quickshot look between us, already mounted on their bikes and ready to roll out. They're thinking the same as me, I'm sure. Fuck. I throw my leg over my bike. "Fine. Get the fuck on, but you do exactly what we fucking say. I say jump, you don't even fucking ask how high. You just fucking do it. Clear?"

"Crystal," she says and jumps onto my bike, wrapping her arms tightly around my waist, at least as far as she can reach. If this was going to be some sort of pleasure ride, I'd fucking love this, but right now? Right now I have to worry about her safety, and it's a complication I'd rather not have. But better than have her running around on her own and causing trouble.

I fire up my bike, and a few moments later, the Screaming Eagles are on the ride. We flow out the main gate like a river, flooding the streets with rubber and steel.

I love these moments—the wind in my hair and my brothers around me, unified in a common cause. American flags waving from the back of some of the bikes for effect. We're a fucking army.

As we cruise through the avenues of South Side, people stop what they're doing to watch us ride through. News must spread, because by the time we're closing in on the Unwanted, spectators are already waiting for us, out on their porches and doorsteps, or hanging out their windows to see us go by. Kids wave, quickly pulled inside by their parents, who know if we're out in these numbers, it's not for fun.

At the Unwanted clubhouse, the whole club seems to be waiting for us, with Cain in the middle of it all and Crusher at his side. And just behind him, it's that Mafia fucker, Giancarlo Fabbri. Looks like our timing's fucking perfect.

Screaming Eagles line the street and pack the dirt patch outside the run down house they're holed up in like rats. We

outnumber them, we're better organized, and even if we didn't and weren't, we're talking fucking quality over quantity here. Just one Screaming Eagle is good for at least five of these fuckers.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" yells Cain. His gun's in plain view, and he looks ready to draw. Same with his guys. An invasion like this rarely ends up pretty.

Eagle-eye cuts his engine and gets off his bike, standing with his hands on his belt and his feet well apart as he looks up at Cain. "We've got shit to discuss, you and me."

"You could'a just fucking called. Jesus, no need for this kind of circus."

Natalie gets off behind me, and then I do. Badass and Quickshot are already at our sides, and we form a triangle around her. If this shit goes off the rails, then anyone who wants to hurt her has to go through us. We move up towards the front.

"You know," says Eagle-eye, "I was wondering where the fuck you were getting all your shit from. A little piece of crap club like yours, suddenly overflowing with drugs, guns... fucking women. And I thought, hey, maybe you had a shift in leadership, 'cause let's face it, you've never been smart enough to pull this off."

Cain's expression goes from stony to furious, and laser focused on Eagle-eye, but Crusher looks our way. His eyes narrow when he sees Natalie, then he grins, exposing a missing tooth. It's that grin that worries me. Like he knows something we don't.

"Is there a point to this story, or did you just come to ask me to dinner," yells Cain.

"Did you see what we've got going with the Giordanos and decide to try it for yourself, Cain? But you couldn't even do that right. You had to settle for fucking rejects like the Fabbris. You know they're just using you, right? They're rats just like you, having to stay undercover because they fucked up and got themselves kicked out of the Family. Isn't that right,

Giancarlo?” He directs the question at the Mafia goon in the back. The bastard who had the fucking gall to bid on Natalie.

The slick-haired asshole takes a step forwards and shrugs. “I have no idea what you’re talking about. I’m just a customer, looking for a deal, just like you are.”

“Bullshit.”

“Your word against mine, old man.”

Eagle-eye chuckles. “What do you think this is? A fucking court of law? I’ve got the fucking evidence I need. The question now is if anyone gives a shit if this place is still standing when we leave.”

“What the fuck is this?” Unless you listen carefully, it’s hard to make out the slight nervous quaver in Cain’s voice, but it’s there. He’s braver than most, I’ll give the fucker that. The last time we had to discipline a club that got uppity in our territory, their prez fucking pissed his pants. Literally. “What the fuck have we done to you, Eagle-eye?”

“I don’t know yet, and I’m not sure I give a fuck, but if you want to improve your chances, hand over Sandra.”

Natalie’s fingers dig into my arm as she leans forward to see better.

“Who?” Cain frowns. “You’re going to have to be more specific, because there’s a lot of sluts here, and I don’t know all their fucking names.”

“She’s not a slut!” yells Natalie, and suddenly all of their attention’s on us. “She’s my little sister, and she’s here. Give her back!”

Cain looks at Crusher. “This one of your projects? Because I don’t know who the fuck they’re talking about.”

“She came here of her own free will, Sugar,” says Crusher, looking grossly pleased with himself. Just him calling our girl Sugar has me tightening my fists. That fucker had better do what we tell him, or I’m going to fucking rearrange his face. “Good news is, you don’t have to worry about the debt

anymore. I've got your fucking down payment, and she's agreed to take care of the rest. She's a little firecracker."

Animal moves, and I only barely get my hand on his arm to hold him back. "Wait. He's dead. He just doesn't know it yet, but play it cool until we've got this shit under control." He fucking snarls at me, but stops straining against my grip, so that's something.

"She shouldn't even be here. Give her back, and I'll stay. I'll work off the stupid debt," Natalie yells, and then I'm holding back two people.

"Quickshot? Little help here."

"On it." He grabs Natalie, since Animal only lets one person hold him back, and that's me.

"Let go!" She struggles against him.

"We already fucking talked about this, Natalie," I snap, then direct my attention to Crusher. "We have a fucking deal. That didn't include kidnapping another girl."

"Who the fuck's kidnapping? She came in here on her own. Said she wanted to cover for her sister, who didn't deserve getting wrapped up in this shit. These girls are fucking heroes, man, falling over themselves to take the hit for the other one. It's fucking heartwarming." He laughs. "Take your girl and fuck her 'til you're sick of her. I've got what I fucking need. I'm not going to get virgin money for her, but she's a hard fucking worker. She'll get there."

"You bastard!" Natalie struggles against Quickshot.

"Hand her over," says Eagle-eye calmly, cutting through the shouting. "And maybe we'll forget that you fuckers teamed up with the goddamn Fabbris against us. I might even be convinced to put in a good word with the new Giordano Don so they don't take it personally that you supported a bunch of traitors."

Cain shakes his head. "Why the fuck do you care if your brothers get another plaything. Last I heard, the Screaming Eagles weren't fucking hurting for sluts to fill their beds."

“What’s important to my brothers is important to me. Crusher’s fucking with them, which means he’s fucking with the entire club.” He gestures at the grim crowd filling the courtyard. “And if you ask me, that’s a fucking stupid thing to do.”

Cain crosses his arms over his chest. “Truth is, Eagle-eye, we’re already past this. Yeah, you got us. You’re fucking right. The Fabbris are backing us up, but I don’t think you understand how deep their resources run. The Giordanos are going to be history, just like you fucking chickens.”

“He fucking wishes,” growls Viking, who’s standing next to Eagle-eye. “Trust me. The Fabbris are a fucking shadow of who they used to be. Mostly thanks to us.”

Cain gestures at Crusher. “Hey. Go get the girl.”

A few moments later, he returns with Sandra, a slighter, younger version of Natalie. He’s got a tight grip on her wrist. The moment she sees what’s going on, her expression fills with dismay and she shakes her head. “No, no, no.”

Crusher, though, he’s all ugly smiles. “Don’t worry, sweet tits. You’re safe here.”

“Sandra, I’m here!” Natalie pulls at Quickshot, but he refuses to let her go. I nod with approval. There’s fucking nothing she has to say that she can’t say from here where we can protect her. “We’ve come to get you!”

“Natalie, go home. Don’t get involved with this.” Sandra looks wildly around the courtyard, but her gaze snaps back to her sister.

“What are you talking about? I’m already so freaking involved, you have no idea. Come home with us.”

Crusher puts himself behind Sandra, keeping his left hand locked around her wrist while he slides his hand up her body until he wraps it around her slim throat. Her eyes widen, but she doesn’t struggle. “Little Sandra’s decided to move in. She’s here because she fucking wants to be.” He presses a kiss on the top of her head, and I have to cling harder to keep

Animal from charging right the fuck up there. “She’s my fucking girlfriend. Isn’t that right?”

Sandra nods. “It’s true. I am.”

What the fuck?

NATALIE

“ARRGH!” I’M LITERALLY GROWLING. I MIGHT JUST BE Sandra’s big sister, but right now I’m ready to go freaking mama bear on Crusher. “Let her go!”

“Or what?” He sounds completely unconcerned, his gap filled grin wide. “She fucking chose to come here. Even if I let go, she’ll stay. I just like feeling her under my hands.” Then he looks at the guys flanking me. “You boys know exactly what I mean, dontcha?”

“Take me instead. This isn’t right.”

“I already fucking had you, sold you, and you know what? You’re way too much fucking trouble. Why the fuck should I take you back when I know those assholes are gonna come gunning? I like Sandra much better. She fucking understands what I want.”

“Crusher,” comes Quickshot’s deathly cold voice, the one that sends shivers down my back and not in a good way. I stop struggling, not wanting to distract him, because I don’t know what he’s about to do. “I’ll give you exactly five seconds to let go of her.” No need for more of a threat than that.

Cain is the one to hold up his hands to break in. “Everyone, shut the fuck up. You too, Crusher. You fuckers have seen the girl is safe, and it’s her choice to be here. I advise that you take your whole fucking circus, pack it up and get it the fuck out of here before we decide to take issue. It won’t turn out well for you.”

“The fuck? Are you going to—”

Eagle-eye holds up a hand, cutting off Animal mid-sentence. “Cain. I thought you were fucking smarter than this. You wanted a seat at the big boy table? I was fucking ready to give you one, but don’t fuck with us.”

Cain laughs, and I don’t like it. A moment ago, he seemed a little unsure, but now he’s getting more confident, and that can’t possibly be a good thing for us. “It’s a good thing we won’t have to then.”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” King looks around suspiciously. Meanwhile, the Eagles are spreading out, taking positions. The Unwanted are too, their guys getting behind cover where they can, or pulling into the buildings.

Quickshot starts dragging me towards one of the outbuildings. “I’m getting her into cover.”

“Coming.” Badass and Animal follow, making sure to keep themselves between me and the Unwanted.

I struggle again. “But wait, what about Sandra?”

“They brought her inside. Something’s about to go down. We’ll deal with her once you’re out of the open.”

I don’t have a chance against his strength.

We’re really exposed out here, I realize, especially as the Unwanted seem to be hunkering down. Oh God, is this turning into a shootout? They can’t be that crazy, can they? Or the Unwanted that stupid? The Eagles outnumber them at least two to one.

It takes a moment before I become aware of the rumble of engines. Many engines. More bikers? Or something else?

Quickshot throws me forwards towards the lawn behind the outbuilding. I scream and put my hands out to catch myself. The grass is soft, luckily, and before I have a chance to gather myself, he’s on top of me and rolling me with him. A moment later, a gunshot cracks, and I scream again.

Quickshot drags me right up against the wall. “Stay fucking close, no matter what you do. Shit’s going down.”

“We should never have fucking brought her,” growls Animal as he puts himself right at the corner of the building. He’s got not just one, but two guns out, one in each hand. He glances around the corner quickly, then pulls his head back just as fast.

“At least here we have fucking control over her,” snaps Badass. “Otherwise, she’d be fucking out there, charging in alone to rescue Sandra somehow. “I don’t fucking like this.”

“Of course we don’t fucking like it,” I scream. “People are shooting at us!”

The engines are getting louder, turning into a constant rumble, followed by the squeal of tires. What’s happening?

A black SUV comes charging in through the gate, smashing straight through a row of motorcycles with a crash that makes my ears hurt. Parts and whole bikes scatter around them.

“Motherfucker!” yells Animal.

Those belonged to the Eagles. It makes me sick to think that people I know might be hurt or dying right now. Then three more SUVs follow, and as they spread out in the courtyard, they mow down more bikes I thought the sound of nails on chalkboard was bad, but motorcycles getting dragged along the asphalt is ten times worse. I throw my hands to my ears and huddle up.

When the scraping sounds stop, the SUVs are parked in a square formation so they form shields for whoever’s inside. And then there’s more gunfire, automatic this time. The building we’re hiding behind is made of brick, and as Animal and Badass pull back, chunks of it spray past us as bullets dig into it.

“It’s the goddamn Mafia,” shouts Animal. “I’m going to kill every motherfucking one of them.

“Hang back,” orders Badass. “Don’t do anything stupid or I’ll be the one to kill you, Animal. I’m not going to risk fucking losing you again.”

While they yell at each other, Quickshot doesn’t say a word. He just pulls his gun casually and moves to the corner. He ducks out, fires, then pulls back. Someone screams, just for a

moment, and then a whole barrage of gunfire slams into the wall just beyond the corner.

Oh God, we're going to die. So much for saving Sandra.

We can't even save ourselves.

QUICKSHOT

“WE’RE FUCKING PINNED DOWN,” SNAPS BADASS. “THE fucker must’ve called in the whole goddamn Fabbri family. How the hell did they get here so fast?”

“It’s that Giancarlo guy. I bet that fucker called them as soon as we showed up. They’ve just been killing time.” Animal sticks one of his pistols out and fires twice. Someone screams, but there’s a lot of those fuckers.

And we have to keep Natalie safe.

“It doesn’t matter where they came from or how they got here. We need to find a more defensible position. And we need to get there before we run outta ammo.” I look around for options, then start running down the back of the building to see if there’s any on the other side. “You guys stay here.”

“Got it.”

I look around the corner, and pull my head back just as fucking fast. A pistol cracks and a bullet whines by like a furious bee.

Three, two, one...

I poke my head out, just long enough to find the fucker, aim and pull the trigger. He goes down like the target in a carnival shooting booth, not even having time to scream. I didn’t come here to start the fight, but I’m going to fucking finish it.

“Come!” I wave for the others. The coast looks clear.

“What’s your plan?” asks Animal.

“Cover, protect Natalie, find Sandra, get the fuck out.”

“Fair enough,” says Badass. “How do we do it?”

“This way.” The Unwanted clubhouse is an old mansion, long past its prime when this section of town was worth something. The fucker who was shooting was using a side door for cover. A way out is a way in. “Quick.”

I move first, skirting the fringes of the fight. It’s not as safe as I’d like, but most of the attention is elsewhere.

Animal comes first, stopping behind a post with both guns pointed towards the courtyard. He waves for Natalie to run. She takes one terrified look towards the action, then dashes across, getting behind the railing I’m using for cover.

Badass comes last, throwing himself down to hide his big frame. “We should be getting Natalie outta here, not bringing her inside.”

“No fucking argument here, other than that the way out’s a fucking warzone right now and there’s no fucking way she’s letting us leave without at least trying to find Sandra.” I glare at her, just so she knows exactly how dumb of an idea I think it is. “What do we do if she doesn’t want to come with us?”

“Who?” Natalie looks up at me from where she’s crouched. “Sandra? She has to come with us.”

“She’s a goddamn adult. You don’t have to fucking like it, but she’s old enough to make her own choices. I’m not saying I buy her sudden love for that human shit stain, but I’m not going to fucking carry her out kicking and screaming.” I look in the door for trouble, but the room’s empty. “Come.”

“If it was me, you would,” counters Natalie like it’s even a fucking argument.

“Of course we would. Unlike your damn sister, we fucking love you.” I say it casually, not even fucking thinking about it, but Natalie stops so suddenly that Animal yanks her the rest of the way inside so she isn’t exposed.

“You what?”

Badass nudges her forwards. “You can process that one later. When we’re not in danger of getting fucking shot. Read me?”

“Um, yeah. Sure. We have to figure out where Sandra is.” She gets her mind back on the task, but she keeps glancing over at me like I’ve sprouted another fucking head. What the fuck did she think? That we’d do all this shit for fucking anyone?

In the next room, two fuckers are taking potshots through the windows at the mess outside. I indicate two with my fingers, then point at them. I’d shoot, but I don’t want to give away that we’re here, not until we have to. I motion for Natalie to stay put and she nods. Fuck, if she gets hurt in here, I’m never going to forgive myself. I should’a fucking argued harder when Badass allowed her to come. For now, we do our best to protect her.

Badass can move with a fighter’s grace when he wants to. They don’t hear him coming up behind them until he grabs one with each hand and yanks them back. They barely get out yells before he slams their skulls together so hard I’m surprised no one hears it, even through the gunfire. They slump to the floor, knocked out cold.

Animal gives one a nudge with his boot. “They’re not going anywhere for a while.”

“Where do we think Crusher’s taken Sandra? This house is fucking huge.” Outside the back windows, the building extends into a huge addition that looks newer than the front. If we’re going to check every single room, we’re going to be here all fucking day. I look at Natalie, trying to ignore how fucking terrified she is. It makes me want to pick her up and hold her until this is fucking over, but we can’t afford that kind of luxury. Not until afterwards. “Do you remember where they kept you?”

“I didn’t exactly get the tour, but it was a bedroom close to the common room. I don’t think it belonged to anyone, since it could only be locked from the outside. It was close to the auction.”

“As good a start as any,” says Animal.

The auction was towards the other end of the house, though, right? We're going to have to clear the whole way there at this rate.

Badass glances down the hall outside this room. "There's stairs out there. These old mansions often have more than one set of stairs, right? Like one at each end? Maybe we can go over their heads, if most of the fuckers are down here."

"Works for me." Animal's the first one through the door, leading with both of his guns ready, and then the rest of us follow.

It's obvious it's been a long time since this building had its days of greatness. Wallpaper's peeling off the walls, there's black spots on the ceiling and boards cover half the windows, but more importantly, there doesn't seem to be anyone up here. At least not yet.

"We gotta fucking hurry," says Badass, his brows furrowed as he looks out at the shootout. "Looks like we're holding our own, but we're gonna fucking lose people if this doesn't get sorted out. I'd rather be out there in the fight than playing housekeeping up here until someone puts a bullet in my head."

"Fine." Natalie dashes up the stairs. "If you guys would rather be shooting, I'll go looking on my own. I don't want to see anyone shot. I just want Sandra back."

"Don't act stupid. Of course we're coming." Animal gets ahead of her so he can be the first one up.

The upper hallway follows the curve of the front of the house, its windows overlooking the courtyard, with rooms evenly spaced along the left wall. Like a fucking prison, but it's where the members have their rooms to judge by the couple we kick open. Looks like they're all downstairs, hopefully making their last wishes.

We're halfway across when the window to our right explodes into a storm of glass shards that blows across the room. Natalie screams, shielding herself with her hands. I throw my arm around her and pull her away. Fuck, that was too damn close. Just the thought gives me fucking chills, and I haven't

had jitters in a gunfight since the day that cop shot me. Jesus fucking Christ.

We need to get this done and get her the fuck outta here.

I drag her past the window, hunkering down and making sure she does the same. “We’re getting you through, but you gotta fucking stay down, babe.”

“I will, I will.” The danger seems to be sinking in now, and she’s fucking terrified. That’s good. She needs to be. I don’t want her doing anything fucking stupid.

We come out into a big round room in the middle of the mansion. Huge stairs come up from below leading to a set of double doors across from us. My thought is to go around the back railing where we’re less likely to be seen, when I’m distracted by angry yelling from behind the doors.

“Jesus fuck, Crusher!” Is that Cain? “You and your damn fascination with whores is costing us this whole goddamn setup.”

“They fucking owe us money. And what the fuck are you so pissed about? Carlo made good. His guys are out there right now, taking care of the goddamn Eagles. By the time this is done, you’re going to have Eagle-eye’s fucking head mounted on your fucking wall and we can take over their whole setup.”

“That’s all well and fucking good, except they’re shooting the shit out of our clubhouse and killing brothers. We were supposed to hand them over to the Fabbri, not take the heat ourselves.” There’s a slam, like a fist into a wall.

The four of us look at each other. At least Cain and Crusher are in there, maybe the fucking Fabbri as well. We could cut the head off the snake if we play this right.

“Crusher, let me go!” yells a feminine voice. Fuck, we might’ve hit the fucking jackpot. “This isn’t what we agreed on.”

“You shut the fuck up and do what you’re told, slut!” Crusher’s hard words are followed by a sharp crack and a scream. Did he just slap her?

“Sandra!”

It doesn't really fucking matter what he did, because Natalie charges the doors. Before any of us manage to stop her, she throws them open. “Let her go, you fucking monster!” she yells.

Fuck.

NATALIE

WHEN I BURST INTO THE ROOM, IT'S IMMEDIATELY OBVIOUS that I just made a really stupid mistake. Quickshot's going to kick my ass later.

If there is a later.

It's a ballroom turned storage area, in a terrible state of repair. Peeling paint, a couple of broken windows and on the far side, the remains of a fallen chandelier is gathering dust in a corner. There're a couple of chairs and tables on this end, some weight equipment on rubber mats to one of the sides, and otherwise, it's a maze of crates, bags and God knows what else.

Sandra is here. That's good. She's on her butt on the yellowed marble floor and clutching her cheek. A streak of blood is running from her nose.

So is Crusher, Cain, five, no, six more of the Unwanted, and that guy Giancarlo. And at least three of them have guns out, pointing at me and the rest are pulling theirs. That's less good.

"Sandra, are you okay?"

She nods. "Yeah, but... you shouldn't be here. I told you to go."

"And I don't care. I'm not leaving you."

Cain aims a huge revolver right at my head. "Well, this is all fucking heartwarming, but this isn't the time for a fucking family reunion. Get the fuck over there with your sister."

I scramble to her side. Where are the guys? They were right behind me, so I figured they'd have followed me in to do their crazy heroic thing by now, but there's nothing. Just silence. I refuse to believe that they've given up on me just for one stupid mistake.

I drop to my knees next to Sandra. "You're bleeding."

"I'm fine. Really. It's just—"

"It's just nothing. I'm going to get you out of here, and bring you home."

Crusher laughs. "I don't think so. I had one slut, sold her, then got another, and now I've got both of them. Fuck the hundred thousand. You girls are gonna fucking do what I say for the rest of your miserable lives. You've stirred up way too much fucking shit for us to let you go."

I whirl on him. "And if I refuse?"

He pats the gun in his belt. "There's ways of dealing with that too. I'd watch my fucking mouth if I was you."

Right.

Cain looks around the room. "You three, go out and check around. No fucking way she wandered in here on her own I don't want any damn surprises."

They get as far as the door before a massive arm grabs the first one and yanks him out of sight. There's a dull thump, followed by a pained grunt, and then the guy comes flying back into the room, landing in the arms of one of the others, bringing both of them to the floor.

Badass fills the doorway, his face twisted in a furious grimace, looking every bit like an avenging angel. "I'm making knuckle sandwiches. Anyone want some?"

"Jesus Christ, did you learn all your lines watching eighties movies?" Animal bursts past him, both of his guns up. He pulls a trigger and the explosion makes my ears ring. One of the Unwanted screams and slams into the wall, where he collapses, seeping blood. I look away, nauseous. "Keep your

fucking hands where I can see them, or it's all of you fuckers going down."

Quickshot doesn't say anything, keeping to the back, but his pistol is up and his shooting hand is rock steady. His expression is dark, like an executioner.

There's a few too many barrels pointing around in the room for my liking, leaving my guys and the Unwanted in an uncomfortable standoff. The first one to pull the trigger now is guaranteed to get nailed by someone else.

But it's Giancarlo Fabbri who's the first to talk. I'm not sure when he pulled his gun, but he's pointing it right at me. "Bikers, always so fucking messy. You could actually get somewhere if you kept your dicks in your pants and paid attention. I'm so fucking sick of this. *Cazzo*."

"Natalie!" screams Sandra, but just like me, she sits very, very still. The last thing we want is to make his finger twitch.

Animal bristles, leveling one of his pistols at the Mafia guy. "Aim away from the girl. Trust me, I have every fucking reason to want to take you down right where you fucking stand. If you want to live, you'd better do exactly what I fucking say."

Giancarlo smiles that terrible cruel smile from when he bid on me back when this all started. "So personal. Proving my point. My men are out there right now, massacring your boys. The Fabbri's are done hiding. Once your club is gone, South Side is ours. Do you really think you can get out of here alive? Try anything, and your girl's going to be trying to suck air from where her head used to be." He shrugs. "Your choice."

"I'm not going to fucking say it again," snarls Animal. "Aim the gun away from her."

Sandra reaches out to grab my hand, and I take it, squeezing hard. All I see is Giancarlo's barrel pointing at me. It's making my life seem so incredibly short and fragile.

"I don't think I will. Call it short term insurance while I wait for my long term to get the fuck up here and deal with you." His voice sounds almost casual, like this is all just an

annoyance for him. And here I'd thought Cain or Crusher would be the real problem.

"Fuck." Animal is visibly struggling to keep from leaping those last ten feet or so to rip Giancarlo's head clean off.

The regular pop of gunfire still echoes from outside, and I can only pray that the Eagles have the upper hand, but what if they don't? What if it's going to be a bunch of Mafiosos coming up here instead?

Badass's hands are curled into tight fists. "You're losing out there. If anyone should be begging for their damn life, it should be you. Soon, all your buddies will be on the ground, waiting for their body bags, and then what the fuck will you do? Give us the girls, and maybe we'll let you live."

"Like fuck we will," growls Animal.

"I could shoot you where you stand," says Quickshot, his steady voice completely devoid of emotion.

"You could, and maybe... just maybe, my muscles contracting won't fire my gun, and even if they do, maybe the bullet won't hit your girl. But are you willing to take that chance?" Giancarlo takes a slow step closer to me, as if to reduce the chance of him missing if Quickshot puts a bullet in him.

There's got to be something I can do, or say. Anything. I just don't know what. Now that he's closer, the pistol is almost close enough to grab, but then what? He's bigger and stronger than me. And it's not like I know what I'm doing trying to wrench a gun away from a killer. What if it goes off?

"So what?" growls Crusher. "We just fucking wait?"

"We do seem to be at an impasse. At least until my team has cleaned up."

God, is he right? Are all the Eagles getting massacred out there? Eagle-eye, Preacher, Devil, King, Chef, and all the others? The thought makes me ill. I've been getting attached to the club, not just my guys here. My gut clenches with anxiety.

There's gunfire in the house, and then heavy footsteps pound up the stairs outside the ballroom. The question is who they

belong to. Eagles, Unwanted or Mafia?

Turns out it's all three, and chaos erupts around us. A whole mass of people barrels into the room. Bullets are flying, and everyone's diving to get out of the way. I grab Sandra's wrist to pull her with me.

At least I try, before a massive arm wraps itself around my throat.

"Where the fuck do you think you're going?" Crusher's hoarse voice and fetid breath are in my ear. "This whole thing's going to shit, but I'm not going to fucking let you go. As long as I've got you, your boy scouts won't kill me. Now come on, Sugar. We're getting the fuck outta here, and then you can help me celebrate afterwards." He puts the barrel of his pistol against the side of my head and starts pulling me backwards towards the far side of the room between two rows of crates.

I'm so sick of people threatening to shoot me.

Just as he pulls me out of sight, Cain goes down from a bullet to the face, a sight I don't think I'll ever get out of my head. I don't see where my guys are, or Sandra.

"Let go of me!"

"Don't make me fucking shoot ya."

I try to kick his shin, but he doesn't care. "If you shoot me, you're free game."

Did anyone even see him grab me? "Help!" I scream. "I'm back here!"

Then suddenly I'm seeing stars. A sharp pain from my temple crawls all the way down my neck and onto my back. Crusher lifts the grip of his pistol and holds it like he's going to hit me again. "Shut. The. Fuck. Up." His voice cracks, sounding even more unhinged than usual.

I whimper and nod. I'm not getting out of this if he kills me on the way.

Towards the back of the room, it looks like there used to be a staircase, but it's been knocked out and replaced with steel

struts and a rudimentary elevator platform that goes up from a garage on the first floor.

“Fuck,” swears Crusher and pushes a green rubber call button mounted on a pole next to it. Gears grind and the platform starts crawling up towards us. It’s too high to jump yet, but it won’t be long. Then what? If Crusher has a vehicle down there, he’s either going to take me with him or he’s going to kill me. Neither sounds good.

“You’re not getting away. They’ll find you.”

“Shut the fuck up. When I say jump, you jump, if you don’t want your fucking legs broken.”

There’s red at the corner of my eye and sliding down from my eyebrow. I’m bleeding. I blink to keep it at bay but I’m starting to panic, and hard. I can feel it building up, my heart racing, my pulse pounding and the edges of my vision darkening. I’m a baker, not a fighter.

“Get ready.” Crusher hits the down button and the elevator reverses, so it’ll get us down as quickly as possible.

I make a last attempt to get away from him, fueled by panicked adrenaline. He’s going to kill me if I don’t. I focus on what little I know about fighting, and aim my elbow at the center of his chest, right below his ribcage. He wheezes and loses his grip, and for a whole moment, I think I’ve managed to actually do something, but then his arm is around me again, pulling me back and throwing me to the floor. I hit hard, my breath knocked out of me. The back of my head hits the marble and everything goes black for a moment.

Crap. Fuck. This is it.

But when I open my eyes again, it’s not Crusher who’s standing over me. It’s Badass, and he’s holding Crusher up by his throat, high enough that Crusher’s feet aren’t touching the ground. The expression on Badass’s face is something I hope I never see again, because if there’s a picture in the dictionary next to the definition of ruthless murder, this face is it.

Crusher kicks his legs uselessly as he struggles for breath. He’s trying to say something, but it’s just gurgles.

Movement gets my attention, and it's Animal. He's got Sandra, his arm holding her close. Thank God, she's safe. And then Quickshot, whose expression is dead. Completely flat, like a robot's, while he watches Crusher wiggle like a fish on a hook. Then he turns to me, and the stone melts. His eyes widen and his nostrils flare as he drops to his knees next to me to cradle my head with his hands.

"Natalie. Are you okay?"

My head pounds like a hammer and I know my temple is bleeding, but as I try to move, just gently, my body seems to work. I nod and regret it immediately. My brain feels like it somehow got detached and is rattling around in my skull. "I think so."

"Might be a concussion," says Animal. "We'll have Doc look at her."

The elevator grinds to a halt with a clunk, all the way back down on the first floor. Badass still has a tight grip on Crusher, who's turned blue in the face. With a sudden motion, he drives his forehead into Crusher's face with a crack.

Even half choked to death, Crusher gets out a pained gurgle. Blood spurts from his nose and his glassy eyes roll into the back of his head. Then Badass looks at the gaping hole down to the first floor where the metal platform of the elevator just settled, and I realize what he's going to do.

"Badass, don't—"

He launches Crusher's body backwards and I watch his twitching body sail through the air until he strikes the platform with a gross crunch. He lies still.

"Turn away," says Quickshot. As he stands up, his expression closes down again. He pulls his gun and aims downwards, then pulls the trigger. I just get my hands to my ears in time before the gunshot echoes through the large room. Then he puts it away calmly. "We should get you two outta here."

I refuse to look back down into the hole as he helps me to my feet. I don't think I ever fully realized exactly how far my guys will go to keep me safe and protect my honor. At least not

until today. God, I hope they'll never have to do that again. I clutch Quickshot hard as he leads me back through the ball room towards the front.

“We’re going home,” says Badass. “Nice shot with the elbow, by the way.”

NATALIE

I SAW WAY MORE DEATH THAT DAY THAN ANYONE SHOULD HAVE to see in a lifetime. As rough as my adventure started, I never understood exactly how rough the seedy underbelly of this city could be. And in a way, I kicked it all off.

It went better for the Screaming Eagles than I could've hoped for. There were losses, and a lot of men will carry scars for the rest of their lives, but they got off easily compared to the rest.

The Unwanted are gone. With Cain dead, Crusher, well... crushed, and their name dragged through the mud, Eagle-eye is planning on having their whole clubhouse leveled to the ground. I don't even know how many people died, but it's enough to still wake me up in a cold sweat.

And the mob? Still out there. The Eagles acquired a few fancy SUVs to sell off, but as far as I know, Giancarlo Fabbri wasn't among the bodies. It bothers me that he's still out there, but in spite of bidding on me that night, I don't think he really cares what happens to me. He just saw an opportunity to make someone suffer.

I shudder in Badass's arms at the thought.

"You okay, honey?" He squeezes me closer. All four of us are cuddled up on one of the couch sections in the Eagles' Roost, in front of the stage. The guys have been passing me back and forth while we watch the show. Zoe, one of the club girls, is the one up there now, and she moves with a sexy grace around that pole that I couldn't hope to replicate even if I practiced my whole life. It's like her chest, her hips and her head move

completely independently of each other, and at the same time in such perfect synchronization that it's hypnotizing.

I totally understand why people think pole dancing is sexy.

What I don't understand is why they would want me to do it, with my two left feet and a body that definitely wasn't meant for the kinds of athletic gyrating that Zoe's doing.

I cuddle into Badass's chest as I look between the guys. They're all watching me, despite Zoe's sexy gyrations on stage. "I'm fine. Just a shiver."

The bar's hopping tonight, a blend of college students and bikers. It seems to just keep getting more and more popular. Of course, we're always guaranteed a spot, but Crash is working the door, and I know he's already turning people away. I like it when it's busy. Somehow, it almost seems more private then. Like we can hide ourselves in the crowd.

Badass slides his fingers up my side. They wanted me slutted up tonight, so it's bare, right up the bralette they gave me to wear for a top. On these nights, they choose my outfit, and while I can still tell them 'cookie' if it's too much, it's amazing how comfortable I've gotten with myself and my curves. It's a lot easier to feel good about a little extra here and there when you have three amazing guys literally pushing each other out of the way so they can get their hands on you.

As Animal demonstrates when he yanks me over to sit in his lap instead. He immediately cups my breast with one hand while the other drops between my legs outside my little shorts to pull me right up against the heavy bulge in his pants. "We'll give you a real reason to shiver," he growls into my ear. "Then shake and twist and roll around on the fucking bed as you come like fucking freight train."

I twist so I can run my hand up his bare chest under his cut. Hey, if they get to pick outfits for me, I can pick for them. I trail the scars across his pecs with my fingertips, then lean in to kiss each one.

"So, did you decide yet?" asks Quickshot. He's watching me hungrily, his one hand resting strategically over the cock that's

straining against his jeans. I was in his lap before Badass, and he made absolutely no secret of how horny me wiggling my ass was making him.

The elephant in the room that we've been avoiding since the battle at the Unwanted clubhouse is when I'm going back to my old life. The deal's well past, and in theory that was supposed to be it. I stayed, because I think we all needed each other's company for a while. At least, that's what I'm telling myself. There's no reason for me to stay anymore, technically speaking.

Sandra's back home, under guard. There's always an Eagle nearby, but I don't even think it's necessary anymore. With the Unwanted gone, who's going to come make trouble?

I was right in the end. She's not on drugs again, it was her shitty ex that ran off with a load of drugs that he'd had her pick up for him. Without him to get the money from, they decided she'd be the next best thing. Now there's no one to collect, so we should be safe. And she's doing great, even though she was pissed that I got into trouble for her. Even without me to keep an eye on her every day, she still seems to be on track to get her GED, and she's even talking about community college.

Like, how wild is that?

I look at Quickshot, then Badass and finally Animal, and just being with them fills me with warmth. A feeling of safety, of closeness. And even if they haven't truly, really, fully said it yet, a feeling of love. But can I really just be with three dangerous bikers for the rest of my life? Is that even a thing in the biker community? Or will they just tire of me someday—and then what?

“I feel like I should be going back. Sandra's doing well, but I hate leaving her alone, you know?” Ugh. Just saying it feels wrong, like I'm trying to deny myself something wonderful by shutting the door on it. And it's not just because Animal's clever fingers have found my nipple through the skimpy top and are using it to tell my pussy to get ready for them. “And I don't know. I need to find a new job and—”

“Babe.” Quickshot moves from the couch to kneel in front of me so his face is on height with mine. He captures my chin and makes me look at him. He’s relaxed, looking more like the boy next door than the hard mask I know he wears when things get deadly. He smiles, and it’s like the sun rises. “You keep saying that you should this or should that, but what is it you fucking want?”

It’s a good question. Very short term, and with the way Animal’s handling my body, I know exactly what I want, or what I’m going to want very, very soon. But long term? “I want to be safe. To feel like I’m doing things for me, not just for everyone else. To be loved? To maybe be able to put aside some money and not just live hand to mouth.” God, rent’s about to come up, and if I don’t make some money this month, next month is going to be difficult to cover.

He chuckles, like he knows something I don’t.

“What?” I narrow my eyes at him. “What is it?”

“We can give you all of that.”

“What do you mean?”

Animal’s fingers slide away from my breast, which should probably be the first sign that something serious is going on.

Badass sits up and shifts closer, so I’m surrounded by the three of them. “Exactly what he said. No one’s going to fucking keep you safer than we can. You could leave here, forget about us, find some nice guy who’ll mow the lawn and file your taxes. We’re never going to be that guy, but we don’t have to be, because there’s fucking nothing we won’t do to keep you safe. We’ll burn down the whole fucking city if we have to.”

“Oh.” I’m not even sure what to say to that, but I know it’s true. They’ve already showed me.

“And here with us,” adds Animal, “there’s no fucking rent. There’s space for you, we’ll make sure of it, even when you’re so fucking pissed at us that you don’t want to sleep in any of our rooms.”

“Though we have some ideas for that too,” Quickshot adds.

I know Emily and Alessa have houses with their guys right here in the compound, and Faith—with her freaking bookstore—has an apartment with hers above it. Is that what they're thinking? Would they really want that?

“How would you feel about starting your own fucking bakery?” Quickshot grins. “Because I was chatting with Faith yesterday, and we had some ideas you might be interested in.”

Okay, there's way too much happening at once. And even still, one of my points still hasn't been answered. When I say it, it's a barely whispered question. “And loved?”

Animal wraps his arms around my waist and pulls me so close I lose my breath. “Baby girl, if you haven't figured out that we fucking love you by now, you're not the fucking genius I thought you were.”

“You need to hear it?” asks Badass, running his massive hand up and down my thigh. “Because I'm not afraid to fucking say it. I fucking love you.”

“I love everything about you,” adds Quickshot, leaning in close. “And I love making you feel loved, in every fucking position imaginable.”

Then he kisses me, hooking his hand behind my neck to hold me close.

“We'll keep you safe forever, baby girl,” whispers Animal right into my ear. “If you'll have us.”

I pull away from Quickshot long enough to ask, “Are you guys proposing to me?”

“Will you be our old lady?” asks Badass directly.

“And depending on your answer,” says Animal, his hand back on my breast, “we'll either spend the next couple of hours celebrating it, or proving to you that you're wrong before we ask you again.”

Quickshot's right. It's not what I should do, it's what I want to do. For once in my life, I should be allowed to be a little selfish. Sandra's okay, and just because I'm shacking up with the amazing bikers who showed me what it's like to live my

life, not just go through the motions, doesn't mean I can't keep an eye out for her. And help her where I can.

So yeah, I will choose what I want.

"If I make you convince me, can we still celebrate my answer then?"

"Fuck, honey," says Badass. "We're going to celebrate until you can't fucking walk."

By the end of it, I have no idea if they're convincing or we're celebrating, but what I do know is that I'm theirs, fully and completely.

And they're mine.

NATALIE

EAGLE-EYE LOOKS OVER THE CROWD GATHERED IN BOOKS & Crannies—Faith’s bookstore. For the occasion, the store’s closed, but it’s packed by so many bikers that for once the new book smell is completely overpowered by the scents of leather and motor oil.

I can’t remember the last time I had so many butterflies in my stomach. It’s a whole swarm, and it’s a day that I never imagined could possibly be real, for several reasons. But here I am, and behind me are Quickshot, Badass and Animal, holding me close between them, both for comfort and to make sure I don’t run screaming out of the bookstore in total panic.

Not against my will, mind, but I asked them to, just in case. Because this is huge. Like bigger than huge.

I’m both declaring my independence to the world and at the same time locking it down completely.

Sandra smiles at me encouragingly and gives me a little thumbs up, while I’m standing here trying not to hyperventilate. The guys thought I’d look amazing in a corset today, and of course I gave in to them, but I’m regretting it a little now, no matter how much it emphasizes my curves. Just a little more room to breathe would’ve been nice. Well, if I pass out, at least there’s three big guys here to catch me.

Eagle-eye clears his throat.

It took a little renovation of the bookstore, and I feel a little bad about stealing away some of Faith’s space, but the new area looks amazing. Several small, round tables with chairs

around them, and a couple of leather benches in the corners. Bookshelves as separators to give customers some privacy, reading lamps, and in the back, a counter. And behind that, you've got everything necessary to run a little café. And in their unfinished basement, we've put a freaking bakery. It's tiny, but it's mine.

A big sign over the cash register reads "Grand Opening", with balloons and everything. I made so many freaking cupcakes that all of the little tables are covered with trays. On opening day, they're free for as long as they last. That said, who knew bikers liked cupcakes so much?

"Okay, fuckers, listen up!" starts Eagle-eye. He's standing on the stepping stool I use to reach the high shelves behind the counter, looking out over the crowd imperiously. Off to his side sits Faith, smiling broadly, and next to her is Miriam with a supporting hand on Faith's shoulder. "I know most of you are here for the free cupcakes, but we've got an important order of business to deal with first."

Animal gives me a nudge to start walking forwards, and as I start, the guys follow together. Who would've thought that opening my own café in a cozy bookstore would not even be the most important thing that happens to me today?

We stop right in front of Eagle-eye, me in front and Quickshot, Badass and Animal in a little half-circle behind me. My mouth is dry. I always imagined I would get married one day, and it would be a sweet wedding with a cake I baked myself, lots of flowers, pretty gowns and sleek tuxedos, and I don't know, a priest or something.

Not a barrel-chested old biker with a massive mustache wearing a black T-shirt, an MC cut, jeans and leather motorcycle boots.

But hey, you only get married once, right, so might as well make it special.

"If you guys are going to keep hooking up three guys to a girl, I should just start making fucking copies of the same speech so I have it ready for next time. The first time, I thought I was doing something unique, the second time there were four of

you, to be fair, but this is the fourth fucking time, and I don't think anyone in this club even knows how to do this the fucking normal way anymore."

There's cheering and laughter. Now that I've gotten the chance to get to know Emily and her three guys, Alessa and her four guys and Faith with just three again, a little better, this whole thing doesn't seem quite as crazy to me, but still... a little weird. It helps that Sandra is being so encouraging, though.

"Be that as it fucking may..." Eagle-eye turns to me. "Natalie, you've had the whole wide world of men to choose between, and hell, probably women too if you wanted to, and somehow, you've settled on these three fuckers who want to have you as their old lady. I'm just going to ask you this once, but are you fucking sure it's them that you want? They can be a damn handful, if you ask me."

Both hands, to be honest, but I don't say that out loud. Wouldn't want to blow up their egos even more than they already are, though in this crowd, it wouldn't even be inappropriate.

Biker weddings aren't like normal weddings, that's for sure.

So instead, I just shrug and say, "Yes. They'll do."

"We'll do, huh?" Badass says with a growl that sends delicious chills down my spine, even through all the laughter around us. "You're going to fucking pay for that later."

I'm counting on it.

"And you three." Eagle-eye fixes each of my men with his eye, one by one. His expression is so stern, you'd think they were about to get kicked out of the club and their cuts burned, and not just married to me. "I don't know if any of you fuckers realize exactly how fucking lucky you are to have found a girl like Natalie, and even luckier, that's she's chosen you to spend the rest of her life with. So I want to hear each and every one of you swear with your cuts as forfeit that you're going to treat her like the queen she is, that you're going to deal swift justice to any fucker that tries to mess with her and to not dip your wicks into any honeypots except hers." He shrugs. "Unless

that's your thing by mutual fucking consent. I don't know, it's a whole new fucking generation out there and I'm getting old. Now swear."

Um, yep. Biker weddings, definitely different.

"I swear," says Quickshot.

"Fuck yeah," agrees Animal and smacks my ass.

"For fucking ever," says Badass.

"Then I declare to the club that Natalie is your old lady, claimed and owned. If any of the rest of you fuckers even think about fucking around with your brothers' lady, I'm gonna fucking keelhaul ya. Read me?"

"We read you!" yells every biker in the room, followed by a cheer.

"And now! Cupcakes!"

And the whole café devolves into a feeding frenzy. Man, I was hoping that people would like them, but holy crap.

Badass sweeps me right up in those huge arms of his. "You fucking did it."

Animal closes in behind me and with a hand on my ass, leans in to kiss the back of my neck. "I like that you didn't bake any muffins, though. That muffin's just for us."

"Jesus, Animal," I groan.

"No regrets?" asks Quickshot. He slides his fingers through my hair, running his fingertips firmly over my scalp. I lean into it before I answer.

"None. Only that the Unwanted didn't sell me to you earlier."

The guys laugh. "I think the timing was okay," says Badass. "You needed to get your sister out of a tough spot first."

"Yeah, I guess so. I've never been to a biker wedding before. What's next?" I wrap my arms around Badass's neck.

"We either take you right on the counter over there in front of everyone, or you 'give us a tour of the bakery' downstairs,"

says Animal with a wide grin. “What’s getting a new old lady for if it’s not for consummating?”

“You guys!” I smack him on the chest, acting all scandalized. Then, more seriously, “The bakery.”

“You got it babe,” says Quickshot and leads the way. I doubt anyone has any doubts about what we’re up to, but I pretend that they don’t as the guys bring me into the back room and down the stairs to my spanking new bakery.

Then again, it’s not like they haven’t heard us before.

NATALIE

GOD, I'M NERVOUS. ZOE SAID THAT I HAD THE BASIC HANG OF it at least, but I think she was just being nice. But I'm committed now. I've taken the lessons, and the guys are about to get the show they never expected.

We've got a couple of hours until the Eagles' Roost opens, and I got Chef to promise that the bar is off limits until then. Ideally, this time, he won't walk in on us with the opening crew in tow.

I check myself in the mirror one last time, then draw a deep breath. "You guys ready out there?"

Even though their response is enthusiastic, I almost chicken out for like the tenth time today. What if they just laugh, or think it's dumb? But no. I can't think that. They've been practically begging me for this since we met, and you know what? If they don't like it, that's on them. I'm going to do my best, and just count on them knowing better than to make fun of me for it.

Before any more second thoughts—more like fifteenth or sixteenth thoughts at this point—I tap play on my phone, which is Bluetooth connected to the house sound system. A moment later the first song in my playlist starts, a slow song with sexy vocals and a driving beat.

Almost like it was designed for strip tease and pole dancing.

Then I pull the curtain aside and stride out with determined steps and swiveling hips, just like Zoe taught me.

It's worth it just to see their jaws drop.

All I've got on is a button-down men's' shirt, a nearly see-through front clasp bra and a pair of lacy black panties. Oh, and the tallest fuck-me heels I could trust myself to walk in. Apparently, they don't hate it.

I grab the pole for support, and swing around. I'm not going to try to climb the stupid thing, but Zoe showed me all sorts of ways of working it into my stripping act for the guys without having to get all athletic like she does. Some things are best left to the pros, at least until I've had more time to practice.

Animal whoops as I come around to face him, while Badass and Quickshot watch me like I just fell from the moon. I think they like it, and now that I'm out here, I love showing them what I can do. It's not every day you can spellbind three smartass bikers just by wiggling your ass at them the right way.

I put my back to the pole, slide one hand down so I can hold it for support, then thrust my hips forwards at them in time with the music, before I spin back around so it's between me and them, almost like I'm hiding behind it.

Badass mouths "Fuck," though I'm not sure he realizes it, and when I start to unbutton the shirt, they all lean forwards to see better.

Remembering Zoe's advice, I keep it slow, swaying my hips as I move across the stage, popping the little buttons one by one. More and more cleavage appears, and I imagine doing this in front of a packed bar, and not just my guys. Obviously they'd be right up front and center anyway, but God, the thought gets me wet. Maybe I'll be brave enough someday, as long as I've got Badass, Animal and Quickshot here to protect me and take care of me, but only if they want me to. But I know how they love to show me off, just to make sure everyone knows that they own me.

I smile at the thought. My possessive cavemen.

As I pop the last button of the shirt and pull it open, Animal throws his cut on the couch beside him and peels off his T-shirt. We twirl our shirts in unison, and with a laugh, throw

them aside. Seeing them start to undress gets me pretty hot under the collar too. If I was still wearing the shirt I guess.

I put my back against the pole and reach up over my head to grab it. As if the bra wasn't already giving my breasts plenty of help, the move puts them right out there, and the guys notice, to put it mildly. It's hard not to laugh as I twirl around the pole until I'm back up front but this time bent over with my ass facing them. As I wiggle it, they're watching intently, even as they scramble out of their clothes.

I should probably wrap this up soon, or they're not going to give me time to finish.

By the time I'm undoing the front clasps on my bra, they've all got their pants off, and they're watching intently while stroking themselves. Now that's a sexy freaking sight. Three ramrod straight cocks pointing at the ceiling, already shining with moisture as my three favorite guys in the world are working their fists up and down. My mouth is literally watering.

I draw a deep breath, because Zoe said it would push my breasts out more, then open the bra to reveal them. Maybe it's me, but I'm pretty sure all three of them just sped up their stroking, like they can't help it. I give the girls a little shake, then throw the bra aside. Just my panties left now, and I'd better hurry before they just charge up here and tear them off me.

Then again, that could be fun, too.

I stop right in front of them on the stage, turn my back, and bending over at the waist, start pulling my panties down slowly. I'm so wet between my legs that they cling for a moment before finally letting go, baring my pussy to their hungry stares.

When I stand up and look over my shoulder, the guys are already coming for me. I step out of the panties as quickly as I can, and then I scream with laughter as a very big, very hard, very horny Badass throws me over his shoulder and carries me to one of the tables. I hope its legs are sturdy, because it's about to get a serious workout.

“What, you think you can fucking tease us like that and not face consequences?” he asks in a mock stern tone.

He puts me down on my back on the table the short way so my ass is right on one edge, and my head hangs over the other. “I was counting on conseque—” I start, before he buries his tongue in my soaking pussy, taking my breath away and my words with it.

Quickshot latches onto my nipple while Animal comes around to my head, stroking that huge cock in his fist. “Look at what you fucking did to me, huh? What the fuck are we gonna do about this, do you think?”

I open my mouth and stick my tongue out.

“Fucking straight,” he growls and then kneels in front of my head and feeds it to me. I close my lips around him and suck, shutting my eyes and tasting him. As Badass flicks his tongue through my pussy and over my clit, I try to mirror the movements around Animal’s tip, and he rewards me with a pleased moan. I reach around his hips to hold onto his rock hard ass for support.

Quickshot grabs my free breast and starts playing with the nipple while he sucks the other one. Animal starts to thrust, fucking my mouth and pressing the head against the entrance to my throat. I can’t swallow him yet, but he’s happy to help me practice.

Badass pushes my thighs back, opening me up for him as he spears his tongue into me. He slides it all around, touching every single nerve with his magic, until my hips are thrusting against him and I’m starting to shake. Like a volcano rumbling in warning before an eruption, I’m moaning around Animal’s cock and pressing my chest into Quickshot’s mouth.

We barely started, and the guys are already making me come. Then again, that’s something they’ve proved more than once that they’re really good at.

Digging my nails into Animal’s ass, I undulate between the three of them as my orgasm washes over me. I arch off the table, and only their strong hands keep me from launching

myself right off it. God, they're so good. So so good. Every little bit of me is tingling with pleasure, from my throbbing pussy to my fingertips and curling toes. I shut my eyes tight and just ride it out as I groan deep in my throat.

When I slump back to the table, limp as a rag, Badass picks me up—God, he loves carrying me around—and brings me to the couch. He drops into it with his ass right on the edge, and with me on top of him. Both he and Quickshot wrap their hands around my waist and then I'm lifted up and lowered onto Badass's strutting cock.

He feels so good sliding inside me, stretching me open like only they can. God, he's thick. It's a tricky position for me to get the leverage to raise and lower myself, but they're plenty strong enough to do the work for me. All I have to do is brace against his chest and luxuriate in the feeling of him filling me, over and over again.

Quickshot lets go, just to drip slippery liquid onto my ass.

“You guys brought lube.”

He laughs. “You think we wouldn't come prepared when you promised a fucking surprise? Fuck, just having you alone in here would'a led to this, even if you weren't gonna strip for us.” He captures a big dollop of the lube and starts rubbing it into my asshole.

When his thumb slips inside, I groan deep in my chest. With Badass's thickness already inside me, even just his one finger feels huge. And he's going to slide his cock in there. I capture my lower lip between my teeth while I concentrate, trying to open up for him while Badass is busy distracting me with his expert fucking.

“You okay, baby girl?” asks Animal as he climbs up on the couch back, stroking his glistening cock. I expect him to shove it in my mouth, but instead he slides his hand into my hair and tilts my head so I have to look up at him.

“Did I say my safeword?” I ask back, putting just a little snark into my tone. It's not like I haven't taken all three of them before.

At that he laughs and pushes his cock into my mouth. “Then suck me again if you’re so fucking confident.”

He’s giving my mouth a workout today. Maybe the other guys just called dibs on my other holes.

I lurch forwards, almost choking myself on Animal when Quickshot nudges his cock against my asshole. Badass reaches up to put his hand around my throat and eases me back again. Quickshot backs up too, so we can try again.

“It’s okay,” I say as Animal slips out of my mouth. “I was just surprised. Try again.”

I take a deep breath and press back against him as Quickshot rubs his slick cock against me. He nudges, carefully, and then I give way, moaning as he fills me in the back like Badass does in front. Like every time, I’m amazed the both of them will fit, but the way they stretch me is unlike anything else. A challenge, but the discomfort is temporary and the little shocks of electricity that shoot through me are pure pleasure. And as I slowly adjust to both of them, even that little twinge disappears.

I use Badass’s chest for leverage, clinging to him for all I’m worth while the two of them double fuck me. Or the three of them triple fuck me, as Animal gets himself back in my mouth, and they rock me between them, taking their pleasure as they give me mine.

But nothing lasts forever. With every stroke, the moans grow louder, their hands grip harder and their thrusts go faster as they work themselves towards climax.

But I’m going to beat them to it, because the way Badass is built and the position I’m in, the base of his cock is rubbing against me just right, and the stimulation from my ass and Animal’s fingers tugging my hair has me so hot and so close that it’s not going to take much to throw me right over the edge.

Before any of them groan to signal their release, I explode between them. The orgasm pulls me under until I’m drowning in pleasure. I scream around Animal, making him groan in

return. I quiver, my arms trembling like I'm freezing, while at the same time I'm so hot I'm slick with sweat. I'm on fire, coming over and over as they grind against and into me.

And then, just as I'm ready to collapse, I taste Animal's cum, flowing over my tongue as I swallow as fast as I can. Badass thrusts up into me and holds himself steady as he shoots spurt after throbbing spurt inside me. I gasp, drawing precious air as Animal slides from my mouth, just in time to cry out as Quickshot buries himself in my ass with a throaty groan. He swells and comes what feels like a bucket's worth.

And then we all collapse in a pile on the couch, disentangling just a little by little while we catch our breath.

"So, you guys liked the show then?" I finally get out.

"Hottest one I've ever seen. Or been part of," groans Quickshot.

"Fuck yeah," says Animal. "If it's up to me, you're giving us at least one show a week. I fucking love watching you shake your ass up there. Only reason I don't say every fucking day is that I think it would fucking kill us."

Badass chuckles. "Anytime you want to show off for us, baby, we'll have hard cocks for you. Fuck, it's impossible not to when you're around."

If anyone had told me a few months ago that I would find myself triple fucked by a group of Screaming Eagles after they saved my life, helped me save my sister and then open my own little bakery on top of it all, I would've called them crazy. Heck, even any one of those things, and I still would've called them crazy. But here I am. Madly in love, and them madly in love with me.

"How long until the bar opens?" I ask.

"You got about fifteen minutes," Chef yells from over the bar that he's wiping down, accompanied by Jewel's giggles.

Oh no. Oh God. I look at the guys, and the guys look at me, and we collapse laughing. Quickshot throws his t-shirt over me, just like that night that feels like a lifetime ago, and they carry me out a big, sticky mess.

And I don't regret a thing.



Coming up next is the Good Girl for the Bikers, where Crash, Preacher and Devil find their Summer, who happens to be Crash's stepsister, so keep an eye open for that.

Coming in July 2023!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

International bestselling author Stephanie Brother writes high heat love stories with a hint of the forbidden. Since 2015, she's been bringing to life handsome, flawed heroes who know how to treat their women. If you enjoy stories involving multiple lovers, including twins, triplets, stepbrothers and their friends, you're in the right place. When it comes to books and men, Stephanie truly believes it's the more, the merrier.

She spends most of her day typing, drinking coffee, and interacting with readers.

Her books have been translated into German, French, and Spanish, and she has hit the Amazon bestseller list in seven countries.