

Evernight Publishing



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ISBN: 978-1-77130-931-8

Cover Artist: Sour Cherry Designs

Editor: Karyn White

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# **DEDICATION**

For everyone that wanted more from Inked. This is for you!

# **DIRTY GIRL**

## ***Inked, 2***

**Jenika Snow**

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### **Chapter One**

The sound of the tattoo gun buzzing and the sight of the needle going into skin, permanently marking a person, had a kind of calming sensation moving through Naggie. She pulled the gun away and ran the paper towel over the skin, wiping off the excess ink. The memorial tattoo she was giving this burly Marine was a tribute to his late wife. The stories that she heard while marking people up were both heartbreaking and uplifting. This particular session was in the heartbreaking category though, hearing Kel tell her about how on his last tour with the Marines he'd learned of his wife's sudden and tragic death in a car accident. Their two year old daughter hadn't been in the car—which he said he was thankful for tenfold—but it was so horrible to hear the pain in his voice. Life was short, that was for sure, and she never took any of it for granted. Naggie may only be twenty-eight, but she knew that life could be taken away before it really began, and that was thanks to a deadbeat mother and a father that had liked to practice his right hooks when he was drunk.

“I think we're almost done here, Kel.” She added a little more shading around the eyes and leaned back to look at the image. The tattoo was of his wife, Marlene. She had a set of angel wings and looked over their daughter who slept. It was a powerful image, and it was moments like these, when she wasn't giving her hundredth butterfly tramp stamp, or another koi fish on a hip, that made all of this worth it. Not to misunderstand, she loved working

on each and every one of her clients, but it was these personal tributes, the one that split her heart right open, that made all of this worth it.

Kel stood and walked over to the full-length mirror hanging on the wall across from her station. He turned to the side and took in the tattoo on his left shoulder blade. For several seconds he didn't say anything and just stared at the ink.

"It's good?" Naggie had been doing this for as long as she could remember. It had first started with her drawing on cantaloupes, and then moved to drawing on herself with markers, and soon she was interning at a tattoo parlor in the next town over. It was only when her boss, Cadeon Morris, had moved to Reckless, Colorado and opened up his tattoo shop, Ipseity, that she had started working professionally as a tattoo artist. Cadeon was a typical bad boy in their small community, what with his ink and riding around on a Harley, but he wasn't the only person known as "trouble" in town. The biker gang, The Vicious Bastards MC, also had a pretty hellacious reputation in town, but now that Cadeon was with the daughter of the president of said MC, she saw more of the outlaws.

"Shit, Naggie."

She looked at Kel's reflection again and smiled when he started to tear up. "Good?" God, she was going to start crying.

The big Marine turned and embraced her, and she felt her full five-foot-two height at that moment. Then again everyone was pretty much taller than she was. He pulled away, and she actually saw that he was crying.

"Thank you."

"You are so welcome." God, she was going to start blubbering like a fucking baby. He turned, and she glanced at herself in the mirror. Her hair was a little longer now, but still had the pixie cut style. She had naturally blonde hair, but liked to dye it a platinum color, or at least she had for the past several months. Maybe it was time for another change? Maybe she should just try her honey blonde color for a while? She turned away from the mirror and met Kel at the counter. After going over the aftercare instructions she said bye to him, but couldn't keep the goofy smile off her face.

"You know now you get like that every time you do a personal piece?"

She glanced over at Ziggy and flipped him off good-naturedly. "Yeah, I know, but I can't help it." Naggie smiled wider at Ziggy. His Mohawk was blue this month, and when he turned his head to look at the door when the

bell rang with a customer entering, she could see right through the plug in his ear.

“Hey, Booshie.” Ziggy stood straighter, and she glanced over to see the man in question walking up to the counter.

Booshie, the VP of the motorcycle club in Reckless, grinned down at her. The Vicious Bastards MC was a force to be reckoned with in their small town, lethal and often had people crossing the street just to avoid walking past them.

“Hey, man.” Booshie and Ziggy clapped hands and did that half-hug thing guys normally do. Ziggy wasn’t a small guy by any means, but compared to Booshie he looked so tiny. Then again she supposed anyone looked small in front of Booshie, well, aside from other Vicious Bastard members, or even Cadeon.

“Hey.” Booshie grinned and did one of those chin lift things that, once again, guys tended to do in form of greeting.

“Hi.” Naggie was nervous, and she hated that feeling. There was just something about the way this man looked at people, or maybe it was just the way he looked at her? Over the past six months since Cadeon had gotten together with the daughter of Scars, The Vicious Bastards President, a lot of the bikers from the club had been coming to the parlor more frequently. Cadeon used to do a lot of ink for the bikers at their clubhouse, but since he was practically family now since dating Stella, a lot of the guys just came to the shop after hours.

“Cadeon isn’t here today.”

Booshie nodded. “Yeah, I spoke with him. He is getting ready for a week away with Stella, but I was kind of hoping to get some ink done while he is out.” Booshie lifted a dark eyebrow. “If you’re game? Cadeon said you can do some wicked shit.”

Naggie felt her cheeks heat, actually felt herself blush. Cadeon had always complimented her work, but for some reason hearing Booshie say it made her belly do this little flip. This was bad given the fact she was with Rob, and had been for the past year, but never had she felt anything like this. “Well,” she cleared her throat and willed her face to stop feeling like a fire licked across it. “I can probably do it later this week as I am booked for the next few days.” God, just thinking about being alone and so close with him had her face getting even hotter. This was bad, really fucking bad, but she



just needed to get her shit together and keep calm.

Booshie grinned, and for such a rugged looking man that smile totally transformed his face. He wore a dark colored bandana around his head, and his shorter dark hair brushed along his chin. Naggie had never been the kind of woman that was attracted to men who looked like Booshie, but she also wasn't going to deny that every time she saw him in the last six months she realized he was all man. Rob was a good-looking guy, the type that she always went after. He wasn't clean cut in the least, sported tattoos and piercings, and was not much bigger than she was, but he was safe. But Booshie... God, here she was staring at him as he shot the shit with Ziggy, and she couldn't help compare everything about the biker to her boyfriend. Booshie had full-sleeved tattoos on both of his arms, and she could even see some ink peeking up from under the collar of his shirt. So, he was different from what she normally went for, but then again not too much.

“So, how ‘bout Wednesday?”

Naggie blinked a few times and realized the guys had stopped talking to each other and Booshie was now speaking to her. “Yeah, sounds good.” She got her composure back in line, and knew that she needed to act like a professional. This guy had to be almost twice her age, and she knew that with him being in The Vicious Bastards he didn't have high standing morals when it came to making money, but yeah, she felt this raw desire for him.

He turned and left, and she stood there watching out the front window as he straddled his bike and put his skull cap helmet on. And then there was that roar of life from his bike that she could hear over the pounding bass of the music overhead.

“You got a thing for him or something?”

She turned and glared at Ziggy, who wore this goofy ass smile on his face. “Fuck you. I have a boyfriend.”

“Doesn't mean you can't look.” Ziggy winked and headed toward the front door to lock up.

No, it didn't mean she couldn't look, but the thoughts she had were totally inappropriate, so she told herself from that moment on she was going to put any and all thoughts concerning that big ass biker out of her head.

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Booshie took the winding back roads of Steel Corner, and although he should be focusing on the road all he could think about was Naggie looking

fine as hell back at the shop. He wasn't ashamed to say just looking at her in that tank top that showed off her arms that were covered in ink, tattoos that were of flowers, skulls, and even birds thrown in the mix, gave him a hard-on that rivaled all others. She was small, in stature and age compared to him, but she was hot as fuck. The problem was he knew she had a guy, had even asked Cadeon about her. But Booshie didn't mess with taken women, because even if he could take on any guy if he really wanted something—and he really wanted Naggie—he wasn't about to go there. She wasn't even what he normally went for, not with her pixie cut blonde hair, thin frame, tattoos, and even the eyebrow piercing, but there was something about her that got his engine going. The bad thing was he had even jerked off to her, and worse, thought about her when he fucked the club pussy chicks. It was wrong and dirty on every damn level. He had been seeing more of her due to Cadeon being with Stella and working more out of his shop, and Booshie had gotten this fixation on Naggie. Hell, he had even wanted her to give him some ink just so he could look at her more and talk to her. But he wasn't a bastard, despite his club name, and would never overstep his bounds. Naggie seemed like a wild child with a fierce temper, but she also was honest and decent.

Booshie pulled into the driveway of The Vicious Bastards clubhouse. There were a few members hanging around right outside the front door. Little had one of the club pussy girls hanging off his arm, and Ranger, one of the original Vicious Bastards, was leaning against the brick wall smoking on a cigar. Scars, the President of their MC, was on his cell a few feet away, and just by the way he paced Booshie knew he was pissed.

He cut the engine, climbed off his bike, and removed his helmet. Titling his chin in greeting toward Tank, the Sergeant at Arms and whose reputation matched his nickname, Booshie moved toward the rest of the guys. He kept his eyes on Scars, trying to gauge his President's emotions. Shit was obviously going down, especially when he heard Scars raise his voice, and throw out some choice words.

Little whistled out low when Booshie stopped in front of them. They were all now watching Scars, and when the president got off the phone and headed their way there was a draft that followed in his wake.

“Hey, what's up?” Booshie asked while getting a cigarette out of his cut. He really needed to quit smoking, but it was hard when everyone did it around him, and when the nicotine helped to calm him when he was feeling

especially homicidal. Not literally of course, but close enough when shit went down, or if he was sitting around bullshitting with the guys.

“That motherfucker over at O’Henry’s is trying to get out of paying his weekly due. John said that he doesn’t need our protection any longer, and that some other pricks are taking over that area.”

Booshie lit the end of the cigarette and inhaled deeply. “John doesn’t have anyone else, and there aren’t any other dumb assholes that would dare come onto our territory and try and collect on shit that isn’t theirs.”

“Yeah, John just knows those punk ass bitches that started shit with him, and the ones we have been keeping in check have moved on, and therefore aren’t a threat to his douche bar,” Tank said, but the hard tone in the biker’s voice was filed with menace.

Booshie thought about what Scars said, and then looked at Little and Tank. “You want us to go over there and give him a little heart-to-heart?” Booshie grinned around his smoke, and Little and Tank grunted in amusement beside him.

Scars sighed and turned to the side. It was still early enough in the day that the sun hadn’t set yet, and when that light slashed across the side of Scars’s face his scar became even more prominent. It might have been twenty plus years since he had gotten that scar, but the reasoning on how it had happened, and what he had lost, was still as fresh and painful as if it had happened yesterday. Scars might have been the one to bear the mark, but they were one big family, and when one member hurt they all fucking did. Scars didn’t say anything for a few minutes, and neither did the rest of the guys. Their President got a joint out of the inside of his cut, lit the end, and stared at the mountains that were in the distance.

“That motherfucker has been coming up with excuses on why he doesn’t need our muscle anymore, and why he wants to stop having to pay the fees,” Little said right before he spanked the club pussy on the ass and sent her on her way. “But when Tank starts cracking his knuckles and rolling his head around on his neck that little prick John nearly pisses his pants.” Little started laughing and elbowed Tank in the chest, and The Sergeant at Arms grinned and nodded.

“Yeah, good fucking times, but John is either high as fuck, or has something else set up if he thinks he isn’t going to pay us.”

John O’Henry was a second generation Irish bar owner in Steel Corner.

His old man came over from Ireland back in the day, started O'Henry's, and the bar had been passed down to John and his younger brother Stevie. But a year back there had been a pansy ass gang of college age kids that had broken into John's bar, trashed the place, and stolen a bunch of shit. The Vicious Bastards had set those fuckers straight that had vandalized the bar, and helped John get his bar up and running, but in return he would pay them a weekly fee to not only make sure no one messed with him again, but to also add some cash to The Bastards' pockets. It had been going good for the last year, but now it looked like John was trying to get out of the deal just because the original threat was now gone.

"We did a lot for that asshole," Tank said again. "Those pussy ass punks may have left Reckless months ago, but we put a lot of money and muscle into helping John rebuild that place and making it known that he wasn't to be touched."

Scars sighed and inhaled from his joint. "It's a damn shame." Scars turned and looked at them, but he took two more hits before speaking again. "I liked John and his family, but we had an agreement that he'd keep the cash flowing. It isn't like he's hurting for money since he gets a shitload of people coming in from River Run and Steel Corner that want the rare and imported beer and liquor he supplies." Scars took one more hit and then flicked the roach into the trashcan by the front door. He looked at the ground, and Booshie knew he was thinking of what to do. If it was up to him Booshie would have gone over there right now and beaten the shit out of John for thinking they could screw them over. It wasn't so much about the couple hundred dollars John gave them a week, but about keeping face and their reputation, and letting others know that when they did business with The Vicious Bastards you didn't just back out.

"Booshie and Tank, head over to O'Henry's after six. That is when John will be in." A hard looked covered Scars's face. "Remind him that if he welches on a deal then the MC won't back him in anything again, and also remind him that if he wants out of our agreement he'll have to fork over a year's worth of fees." What Scars didn't say, but what they all knew, was that John would also get a fucking beating for fucking over The Bastards.

It wasn't like the club went around kicking people's asses. They put themselves and their club on the line when they helped someone out, especially concerning a gang that dealt in violence of their own. When they'd

agreed to handle John's problem, they should have just kicked out the adolescent vandals, but a good ass kicking and a "talk" on what happen if they pulled that kind of shit in their town again went a long way. Besides, they didn't kill people, least of all some punk ass kids that thought breaking other people's shit was a good time. But, they needed to uphold their image or they wouldn't be feared and respected, and any mediocre gang or club could move in on their territory. Not fucking going to happen, so that meant they would be busting balls at O'Henry's.

## Chapter Two

Naggie pulled her SUV onto the driveway and cut the engine. When she had gotten the Honda Pilot, she had gotten so much shit from Cadeon and Ziggy. Them saying she looked like a little kid in the front seat of such a big vehicle only made her flip them off, fling a string of profanities their way, and have her enjoy her ride that much more. They were jealous that she looked so good in this massive vehicle, and sure, she was small in stature and might look slightly funny trying to climb into it, but fuck them all. But she loved those two guys like they were her family. In fact, they were her only family, and the only ones that gave two shits about her.

She saw Rob's truck in the driveway and grabbed her phone from her bag. She was almost two hours early getting off from the shop, but after doing that tattoo for the Marine, and not having another client, she had called it a night. Rob wasn't supposed to be home until after eight—another three hours away—but she grinned, thinking maybe he had something special planned since their anniversary was tomorrow. Hey, a year of being with the same person might not have been such a big deal, but that was the longest relationship she had been involved in.

She grabbed her shit and made her way out of the car and toward the front door. A dog started barking, and she stopped and glanced over her shoulder. The house was Rob's and it was in a rundown and older part of the town. It was on a cul-de-sac, but it was nice living with someone and not having to feel like she was alone all the time. Since it was the middle of the summer and just after five, the sun was still high in the sky. It was warm and slightly humid, and overall nasty ass weather. She had never been one that enjoyed the heat, so a cold shower to wash the sweat off, which had formed in the small amount of time it took her to walk to and from her car, was in her very near future.

The house was relatively quiet except for the small ticking of the wall clock. Setting her keys on the small table next to the door and her bag on the floor, she stood straight again and listened. Something felt off, but she couldn't quite place why the hairs on the back of her neck and on her arms stood on end.

"Rob?" Naggie called out, realizing how weird it was that Rob was home but nowhere to be seen. Normally he was on the couch watching TV or

playing video games. But then, right before she yelled out his name once more, she heard some noise in the back bedroom. The house was small, but for some reason it seemed like it took Naggie forever to get down the hallway. There was another banging sound right on the other side of her closed bedroom door, but before she opened it she already knew what the fuck was going on. The sight before her at first had her mouth hanging open on its own, and then this blood-curdling rage filled her.

Rob was on his knees, holding onto this very skinny waist, and had his head thrown back as he grunted with each thrust. Naggie couldn't speak, couldn't move as she was in a kind of trance watching her boyfriend fucking not just a woman, but that skanky ass bitch, Tally. It took Rob and Tally a whole minute of continued fucking before they realized they had an audience. Tally looked over, still on her hands and knees, and smiled. Rob gave one more thrust before turning and looking at her. He was sweaty, and beads of perspiration dripped down his chest. The "Oh shit" look that crossed his face was priceless, but Naggie was seeing red and was about to beat someone's ass.

"I didn't expect you home this soon."

"That's obvious." Venom dripped from Naggie's voice, and she was barely holding onto her control. But then again she didn't know why she hadn't kicked both of their asses right now.

"Naggie, baby."

She held up her hand, then realized it was shaking uncontrollably due to how fucking pissed she was. Naggie curled her hand into a fist. "You don't get to fucking call me that every again, you worthless piece of shit." Naggie couldn't remember being this mad. What made this whole situation even worse was that Rob was fucking the same woman—the town slut. Tally was the same woman who had tried to pick up Rob at the bar over six months ago, and the same one Naggie should have royally fucked up back then. "What the fuck." She had said it more to herself than directed at either of them, but then when Rob pulled out of Tally, and that slut's grin grew, something inside of Naggie just snapped.

"Naggie, this not what it looks like."

She felt her eyes widen, and this incredulous laugh came from her. "Not what it looks like? I'll tell you what it looks like..." She sucked in a lungful of air, feeling her entire body shake from her anger now. She may be

short and small in the body frame department, but she had a temper to rival an enraged bull. “My now ex-boyfriend has his dick in the town slut’s dirty ass cunt. That is what it fucking looks like.”

Rob, with his tattoos and piercings, and that willowy kind of body, used to turn her on, but now all she could picture was him sticking it into the woman that got around with nearly every guy in town.

“How about you leave and let us finish.” Tally smiled, and actually lay back on the bed—the fucking bed Naggie had slept in with Rob.

And that was the straw that broke the fucking camel’s back. The red haze that covered her vision filled every inch of her body, and without thinking or holding back any longer, she went into the room, over to Tally, and grabbed that skank by her hair. Tally squeaked out, but the skinny bitch wasn’t any match for the rage that consumed Naggie. She felt possessed, angrier than she had ever felt before. She hauled Tally off the bed, and the bitch struggled out of her grasp. She may have been smaller than Tally, but she had the strength of ten grown ass men right now, or at least she felt like she did.

“You bitch.” Tally squealed out, clawed at Naggie’s hand, and then started asking for Rob to help her. But Rob was a big pussy and stayed right where he was.

Naggie grabbed off the floor the strips of material that Tally considered clothes, and hauled her out of the bedroom, down the hallway, and kicked her trampy ass out of the house.

“You bitch. Rob isn’t going to stop seeing me.” Tally was scrambling to put her clothes on as she stood on the front porch. “In fact he’s been fucking me for the last three months.” Tally grinned, but she looked like the damn Joker because her red lipstick was smeared across her face. “You remember that night he went out with his buddies.” Tally slipped her shirt over her head, and the thing barely covered her big, fake tits. “Yeah, met him up, and he jumped right at the opportunity to get laid good and hard.”

Naggie curled her hand into a fist again, and without thinking popped Tally right in the side of the head. The bitch fell backward, hit the ground on her bare ass, and instantly blood started to drip down her lip.

“You psychotic bitch—”

“He’s all yours, bitch.” Naggie slammed the door shut and locked it, and then she was storming back in the bedroom. Rob already had his pants



on, but she couldn't even look at him she was so pissed and disgusted.

"Naggie, I'm really sorry."

"Shut the fuck up." She turned and grabbed her bag out of the closet.

"Don't leave. Tally means nothing, absolutely nothing to me. She was just a fuck, and—"

Naggie spun around and narrowed her eyes on Rob until he snapped his mouth closed. "And how in the hell is that supposed to make me feel better?" Before he could respond she shook her head. "You know what, it doesn't even fucking matter. I'm done. You cheat on me once, you'll always do it. Hell you probably have been screwing a slew of chicks since we have been together." When he didn't answer and she saw his throat work as he swallowed she knew right then that this whole relationship had been a joke. "Wow, you dirty motherfucker." She turned and grabbed her clothes hanging up, and shoved them in her bag.

"Please, let's talk." Rob came up to her and grabbed her arm, but on instinct she turned around and brought her fist across his cheek.

"Don't touch me. You don't even get that right again." It had felt damn good to hit Tally, but there was even more pleasure in doing it to the man she had lived with and had thought she cared about.

"What the fuck, Naggie? What did you expect me to do when you haven't been giving it up?"

"So now it's my fault you're a piece of shit boyfriend?" She snorted and turned back around and finished getting her shit out of the drawers. "I think that is the standard line a POS guy says when caught cheating."

"Where are you going to go?" There was a bite in Rob's voice, but no way did he get to be pissed about this.

"Not your concern. You can now bring that slut to the house and fuck her to your heart's content." She turned around and stared at him. "Or is the thrill gone now that you're single?"

"I wanted to tell you, but didn't know how to explain it. I mean I felt like shit doing it behind your back."

His pathetic excuse just made her even more pissed, and if she didn't leave she was going to do something she might regret later, like crack the lamp over his head. "I don't have to put up with this shit." She stared at him, right in the eye so he knew she was dead serious. "I am too good for this bullshit."

“What the hell, Naggie? Let me explain.”

She didn't bother telling him there was nothing to explain. He had been caught, didn't deny it, and had been doing it for months. But it wouldn't have mattered if this was the only time he had done it, or if he had been doing this for their entire relationship. Cheating was cheating, and she was done. She moved past him, brushed him off when he tried to reach for her, and walked out of the room. Once she had her keys and her other bag she had set on the floor by the front door, she headed to her Pilot, tossed her crap inside, and got in. Tally was lucky she had been smart enough to leave, because if she had still been standing outside Naggie would have beaten her ass for real this time. She started her car and looked at Rob, who still stood on the porch. With a grin, she lifted her hand and flipped him off. Yeah, that felt good, but what was going to feel even better was getting drunk and trying to forget about this shitty night and everything the last year had entailed.

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Naggie lifted her empty shot glass to Ryan, the bartender at O'Henry's, one of the only decent bars in Reckless. She needed a refill like last week, but for some reason the bar was busy tonight, and that meant Ryan was slower than normal in keeping people hydrated. The bar was dimly lit, but who wanted to go to a place to get drunk at with florescent lighting? Hell, she wanted to feel like she was in a haze as she drowned her sorrows in a bottle of whiskey. There were guys off to the side playing pool, others sat on overstuffed chairs in front of a big screen TV watching sports, and even some scantily clad college-aged girls were shaking their ass and tits on the makeshift dance floor.

“You sure you want to get trashed?”

Naggie looked at Bennie, her friend for the last two years. Bennie had come in for some ink a couple years ago, and after Naggie had been the artist to give it to her they had clicked. Bennie was a gorgeous brunette who looked like one of those pin-up girls. She wore those tight pencil skirts and baby doll style shirts like she owned the damn world. Naggie wasn't gay, but Bennie had curves that could make any straight girl want to see her naked. But it wasn't just her awesome attitude, her killer sense of style, or the fact Naggie had clicked with Bennie almost instantly. She also had some awesome ink, and Naggie was honored to have been able to work on her, too.

Bennie held up her hands, but if she was about to say something Ryan

stopped her when he leaned on the counter and started talking.

“Would you quit busting my balls, Naggie?” Ryan nodded, and she couldn’t help but do the same, but it felt like more of a grimace than anything else. “So, more Crown, or do you want to mix it up?”

Naggie shook her head. “No, I don’t want to mess with the buzz I got going on by mixing shit. How about you just bring the whole bottle over here?” Ryan cocked a dark eyebrow.

“Fine, just send over a couple more shots, please?” She batted her eyelashes, feeling good and warm already.

“So, is this going to be an ‘I can’t walk straight’ night?” Bennie asked.

“This is a totally I can’t walk, talk, or think straight kind of night.”

Bennie nodded. “You want to talk more about it? You were kind of vague on the details over the phone.”

Naggie nodded and rested her elbows on the counter. She stared at Ryan. “He’s a cute guy, in that sort of vanilla way.”

“Naggie, stop diverting and spill it. You know you can talk to me.”

She looked over at Bennie. “I know. I guess I am just humiliated and still furious over the whole thing.”

But Bennie didn’t give her a sympathetic look, and she loved her even more for that.

“Hey, the important thing is that you are too good for that kind of bullshit, and that you are still young, hot, and ready to rock.” She winked, and Naggie burst out laughing.

Ryan came over with a few shots and set them on the bar in front of them. “It’s a freaking madhouse in here tonight.”

Naggie looked around and agreed. It was packed, but mainly it was a bunch of douchey looking college kids in their polo shirts and khaki shorts. Ryan left them to help the waitress with an order, and she turned and faced Bennie. They grabbed their shot glasses, lifted them up, and clinked them together. “Fuck them all.”

Bennie nodded, and they tossed back the shots. “If you want my honest opinion I always thought Rob was a little asshole.”

“What? Really?” She had only told Bennie that they had broken up because she caught him in bed with another woman. Naggie hadn’t said what woman that had been, how long it had been going on, or the physical altercation that happened. But in due time she’d spill it all.

Bennie nodded. “Yeah, remember when the two of you came over and he was bitching like a little girl about the limes not being cold?”

Naggie started laughing and nodded. “Oh my God. Yes, that was embarrassing on so many levels.”

“Honestly, I think he is nothing more than a wannabe.”

Naggie didn’t respond to that, because if she did it probably wouldn’t be anything nice toward Rob. “You know, I am so pissed, but more than that I am hurt.” She would not cry, oh hell no she wouldn’t cry, especially not for that asshole.

“Honey, I have totally been there, done that, and don’t care to ever have to visit it again.”

“You got shafted, too?”

Bennie nodded. “Yeah, years ago actually.” She shrugged. “Beat the whore’s ass right there in my bed with her big tits shaking everywhere.”

Bennie grinned. “And then I kicked his ass.”

“God, I love you.” Naggie leaned her shoulder into Bennie’s, and they both started laughing. Naggie then proceeded to tell her everything that happened and didn’t mince her words or leave anything out.

The Drifters started playing overhead, and for as out of place as it seemed to be listening to oldies in this Irish style pub “This Magic Moment” was a good fucking song.

“Don’t worry. Something a lot better will come along.”

Naggie nodded, because she didn’t have a doubt about that. Any guy that didn’t cheat on his girl was better than Rob, but it still sucked.

## Chapter Three

Booshie and Tank stood in the backroom of O'Henry's looking at a very nervous John.

"Look, I don't want any trouble. I just don't need The Bastards' help anymore."

Booshie was beside Tank and had a toothpick in his mouth. When Booshie looked over at the Sergeant at Arms it was to see this sadistic smile on his face

"So, you think that making a verbal agreement with the club means that after only a year you can back out?" It was a rhetorical question, but clearly John didn't get that because he started speaking.

"N-no, I mean I am appreciative of what the club has done, but I can't keep paying when the only threat there ever was has now left." John was twisting his hands together in front of him. "Besides, after you guys roughed up that gang it wasn't like they were going to bother me again anyway."

Tank *tsked*. "You know why they call me Tank?" He pulled the toothpick out of his mouth and flicked it aside. "I'll tell you so you don't have to think on it too hard." Tank pushed away from the wall and took a few steps toward John. "I go through motherfuckers that mess with my club like a damn tank."

John took a step back and held his hands up. "I told Scars I didn't want any trouble, but that I am just backing out. No harm no foul."

Tank looked at Booshie and grinned.

"John, we like you and your little establishment, but you can't just back out."

John looked at the ground, clearly thinking about what he was supposed to say.

"Listen." Booshie took a step forward. "You pay us the weekly fees for the next year and we will call it even."

John opened his mouth to say something, maybe to complain that he still couldn't pay that, but Booshie held his hand up.

"Essentially you're breaking a contract, and with any business you would have to suffer the consequences of breaking said contract, right?"

It took him a moment, but John nodded. "Yeah, I guess."

"Good, then we have an understanding that we will keep the agreement

that is set in place for the year.” Booshie lowered his head slightly, but kept his gaze locked on John. “Because I don’t want to have to come back here and kick your fucking ass, John. When I said the club like you, I meant that, but when you fuck with our revenue then you are nothing special.”

John swallowed audibly. “Yeah, I don’t want any trouble. I just don’t want to back away from...” He looked between him and Tank, and then swallowed again. “I just want to stay away from back alley stuff.” John retreated a step, and Booshie couldn’t help but burst out laughing.

“All right, man.” Booshie walked up to him and gripped his shoulder. “Glad things worked out and we didn’t have to bust kneecaps.” Booshie grinned, but he was far from joking. It wasn’t like they went around doing this shit to every bar owner, but there had to be consequences when even a verbal contract was in place. They couldn’t have the rep of being bad motherfuckers if they let every Tom, Dick, and Harry walk all over them.

“Come on, man, I’m thirsty.” Tank placed the toothpick back in his mouth, and Booshie followed him out and into the bar. Some oldies music was playing overhead, a few slutty girls were dancing with each other in the center of the room, and the overall bar was pretty packed. “Can you believe that asshole trying to say he couldn’t afford to pay us when he has been busy like this every fucking weekend,” Tank said, but even in his voice it was clear the man was busy checking out the pussy. “I mean I’ve seen the numbers he’s been pulling in. The asshole is a lying motherfucker.”

Booshie glanced at Tank, and the other biker turned away from the gyrating women.

“Little told me that every time he comes in here for a collection the place is pretty much shoulder-to-shoulder, and you know he overcharges for that imported shit.”

Booshie nodded and scanned the bar. “Yeah, I know he does. That’s why I’m not letting him get by on this one. He continued to look throughout the bar, but it was the little platinum pixie haired beauty that was currently tossing back shots with a Dita Von Teese lookalike that snagged his attention. He knew Naggie from the tattoo shop, and there had always been something about her that had his dick harder than a motherfucker. Shit, they should have all run together for as many women as he had been with. But just thinking about her tight little body, of her slender frame, and of her mouth that was just as quick and raunchy as any of The Vicious Bastards’, had his cock ready

to burst through his jeans. The brunette and Naggie were speaking in between clearly getting hammered, but there was almost this forlorn expression on Naggie's face. Whatever had brought the pixie haired woman to the bar had obviously not been good. It wasn't like she didn't look like the kind of woman that enjoyed herself and partied, and he had heard Stella and Cadeon talking about the wild side Naggie had, but there was this definite heavy cloud hanging over her.

"Man, I'm going to grind my shit up all on those college chicks. They keep eye-fucking the hell out of me," Tank said.

Booshie looked over at Tank, and then glanced at the women dancing together in the center of the room.

"Damn, they are fucking hot, with those tight ass bodies," Tank said and grinned. "I betcha I can get both of them in my bed tonight."

"No doubt, man, but they are young enough to be your kids, Tank."

Tank looked over at him. "Yeah, but I don't have any kids, so I'm not going to entertain that thought." Tank stared over Booshie's shoulder. "But damn, look at that blonde hottie over there by the bar."

Booshie knew exactly who Tank was referring to, and he wasn't going to let Tank entertain *that* thought.

"Man, I might go hit up the tatted up honey."

"Back it off." Booshie hadn't meant to say that on such a rough growl, but damn, just the thought of any guy, especially a Bastard member, going over and trying to get with Naggie pissed him off.

"What, you hitting that or something?" Tank moved a step back, and reached for the toothpick in his mouth to remove it.

"No, but she works with Cadeon, and she has a man." Damn, Booshie needed to take a step back from this conversation. Tank was watching him with this look that told him he was suspicious on why he was cock blocking so hard.

"Yeah, man, what the fuck ever." Tank shrugged. "I'm going over and picking up those chicks. They look like threesome material for sure." Tank moved past him and over to the girls on the dance floor. Instantly they parted from each other and migrated over to Tank.

Booshie looked at Naggie again, and his fucking cock got hard right away. She was leaning over the bar slightly, reaching for the limes, and her tank top rode up and displayed the small of her back. Shit, the ink on her skin

was such a turn-on, and although she wasn't totally covered in tattoos from head to toe, she had the perfect amount. Her body was also hot as shit. Booshie had always been about the thick, curvy variety of women, but Naggie's slender form was having him on the verge of jerking himself off later tonight. Shit, who was he kidding? He'd either be fucking a club girl, or coming in his palm thinking about Naggie. He looked at her lower back, and his dick gave a jerk. On the small of her back was what looked like a sugar skull tattoo in vibrant colors. There were roses and vines moving throughout the eye sockets, the nose, and mouth, and Booshie found it hard to concentrate on anything else.

He took a step closer to her, but stopped when some douche-bag moved up right beside her, leaned on the counter close enough that their shoulders were touching, and whispered something in her ear. Before Booshie could react, because he was feeling pretty damn irrational at the moment, Naggie turned and pushed the guy away. The fucker took on this angry expression, said something else to her, and Naggie reared her arm back and brought her open palm to his cheek. The guy stumbled back, a look of shock on his face, and then slowly it morphed into rage. Before the situation could escalate into violence toward Naggie, which Booshie could tell the guy was about ready to hand out, he was moving toward her, and feeling the possessive side rise up like a hungry beast.

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The guy that had just whispered in Naggie's ear had said that he wanted to fuck her with his tongue. Normally Naggie was all about the raunchy, filthy sex, but this guy looked like he liked to get his way, no matter what, and couldn't give two shits about the woman he was screwing. Naggie wasn't all for that. He also couldn't take no for an answer, and that was a big red flag for her. She may be tough, and have a mouth on her that rivaled a sailor's, but no fucking way could she take on a guy when rage was running through him, not for long anyway. Naggie was not a prude, had done some pretty freaky shit in her time, but no way in hell was she about to let some little prick that she didn't know come up to her and whisper those filthy things in her ear. He was drunk, but that wasn't an excuse. Her hand stung from slapping him, and she realized in less than a couple of hours she had hit three people. She would have felt doubly liberated to have smacked this guy and put his dumb ass in its place, but it was clear he was not used to this kind of treatment from a



woman. He was one of *those* men on the inside. He looked like one of those boy next door types, with the perfectly combed hair, tailored and starched clothes, and that Tommy Hilfiger scent surrounding him. So not Naggie's type, but even if she had given him the time of day his raunchy drunk talk was not winning him any points.

"You trashy cunt."

She chuckled, because it had been a while since she had been called a cunt. Her handprint was a red mark on his cheek. "Fuck off, prep." She turned to talk to Bennie, but then he grabbed her arm and yanked her back around so she was staring at him. He still didn't let her go. "You better fucking let me go before I smack you again and make you look like the little bitch you are."

He bared his teeth at her, and just when she thought he'd have the balls to hit her in front of everyone, this looming shadow covered both of them. She turned and saw Booshie standing right beside them, this dark, deadly look on his face, and his gaze latched onto where the asshole still had a hold of her arm.

"Boy, you better fucking let go of her arm if you want to keep your hand."

Booshie's voice actually had shivers working through her. If the prep had been smart he would have realized that Booshie was like The Hulk compared to him, and looking like he really would tear off the kid's hand with the slightest provocation.

"Hey, this doesn't concern you." It was clear the kid was a hothead, and drunker than hell by the way he slurred his words, and clearly didn't care if he lived or died. Prep took a step back, but ended up bumping into the guy beside him. That had the man turning around and shoving back.

"Watch it, asshole."

The prep stumbled forward and right into her, knocked over the glass of water Ryan had insisted she have, and spilled the damn thing all over her. The coldness of it had her jumping up, but all that did was have the glass falling off the counter and shattering on the ground.

"You just asked for a whole lot of trouble, kid," Booshie said, but the prep wasn't so much as a kid as he was a twenty-something year old douche-bag.

The next series of events happened so fast Naggie couldn't even wrap

her head around them. Booshie had the guy by the scruff of the collar and yanked him away from her. He had him lifted off the ground so that only prep's toes touched the floor. Everything seemed to grow still and quiet. The biker's rage was tangible, and she knew Booshie was about to do some serious damage if things didn't settle down. She didn't want an all-out brawl.

"You dare to lay a hand on a woman?" Booshie said in a slow, even, but hard voice. That sound was even scarier than if he was yelling.

Naggie saw the way Booshie's knuckles turned whiter the longer he held onto the guy's shirt.

"You actually put your fucking hands on her like you had the right to." Booshie didn't look affected aside from that deadliness that came from him. "In fact, if I didn't know any better I would think you were thinking about hitting her."

The cockiness on the prep's face vanished as realization set in. "No harm." He lifted his hand, trying to remove Booshie's, but it was no use. Compared to the biker he looked like a child.

"You never put your hands on a woman unless she wants it, and it is clear that one didn't." Booshie's face slowly started to turn fierce and horrifying, and she was actually starting to worry for the asshole that deserved what he was getting right now. "Clearly you're as stupid as you look." But before she could intervene Booshie let the guy go. Prep fell to the floor, but he only moved back a few steps and tried to suck in air. Booshie he took a step back, rolled his head around on his neck and then cracked his knuckles. She could tell he was the type of man that didn't just walk away from an altercation, but then again he was a Vicious Bastard, and their reputations were hardcore. When he turned and looked at her she was stunned, speechless, and couldn't even move. But Booshie had been right, the guy was stupid, because he charged and threw a sucker punch in Booshie's side.

Even from where she stood she could tell that when the guy hit Booshie it was like slamming his fist into a concrete wall. And then it was like all hell broke loose as Booshie punched the guy right in the face. His head cocked to the side, and he fell backward and slid across the floor like he had been hit with a wrecking ball. Blood instantly spilled from his nose and mouth. The electricity in the room became charged, and the hairs on her arms stood on end.

“Holy fucking hell, girl.”

She looked at Bennie, not knowing what to say, but feeling this rush of adrenaline pumping through her veins. She nodded after Bennie spoke and then looked at the scene in front of her again. Booshie stormed over to prep again, bent down so he could haul the guy up by the neck, and punched him again. Blood covered prep’s lower face and his pale yellow polo. But then another biker came up, Tank, and one she knew was the Sergeant at Arms for The Vicious Bastards, and hauled Booshie back. He said something to the other man, low and fast, but Booshie still had his eyes on the guy he had beaten the hell out of. More preppy college kids came up and helped their friend off the floor, but at least they were smart enough to leave.

“Damn, I swear there is always some shit that happens,” Ryan said from behind them.

Naggie couldn’t move as she kept her gaze on Booshie. It wasn’t like she hadn’t seen her fair share of bar brawls, but this had been something different. She had actually *felt* like Booshie hadn’t been helping her out, but had actually been protecting her in a way that strangers didn’t really do for each other. But she supposed it wasn’t like they were really strangers at all, or maybe it was just this weird feeling inside of her because she wanted him in a bad way. And by “in a bad way” she meant she wanted him to fuck the hell out of her. He turned away from Tank and slowly moved toward her. He was all muscles, corded and hard and tensing right below his golden, hard skin. When he was right in front of her it seemed like the music came blasting back into her, and the voices in the room grew to a normal pitch. The scent of leather, cologne, and even a hint of motor oil from his Harley, filled her nose, and actually had her wet. A look around his wide shoulders showed everyone had gone back to what they had been doing. At least they were smart in that respect. Damn, she had never seen a man wear a pair of jeans, dark t-shirt, or leather biker vest as well as Booshie.

“Shit, you’re cut.”

His deep voice had her lifting her gaze back at his face, but his focus was on her hand. She looked down, saw that she did have a small cut on the side of her palm, and reached for a napkin. “Damn, I didn’t even realize.” The cut was small, but with so much blood smeared on her hand it looked worse than it was. “It’s okay, though.” She lifted her gaze back to his face and saw that he was watching her intently.

“You want me to call your boyfriend? He can come get you if you and your friend are too drunk to drive home.” He looked over her shoulder at Bennie.

“Um.” She waited until he looked back at her. “No more boyfriend.” God, she sounded all breathy and excited at that prospect, and how bad was that?

He didn’t say anything for several seconds, and when he did speak his voice was all deep and husky like. “Is that right?” He lowered his gaze to her breasts, and dammit she felt her nipples tighten as if he were actually reaching out and touching her.

“Yeah, that’s right,” she said, but didn’t realize she had actually spoken until the words were already out. She had just broken it off with Rob—that lying, cheating son-of-a-bitch—but regardless, jumping into bed with the man she had been trying not to lust after was wrong on a lot of levels. But, Naggie had never been one to live life by the book. She couldn’t because of the crappy upbringing she had endured. But this was Booshie, a badass motherfucker from The Vicious Bastards MC, and right now she was pretty sure he was eye-fucking the hell out of her.

“Girl, you okay? I feel like I am in some kind of non-physical porno right now,” Bennie whispered into her ear, but Naggie was pretty sure Booshie had heard. Hell, the corner of his mouth twitched.

She elbowed Bennie in the ribs and smiled when her friend grunted. “I’m good.” She heard Bennie’s phone going off, and then the sound of her friend talking.

“How about I buy you a drink?” Booshie asked.

She nodded, because she was already pretty much drunk, but the little altercation had put a cramp on her buzz. Booshie moved over to the bar, and she glanced down at his hands, his big, massively sized hands. Didn’t they say big hands meant a big cock? God, she was grasping for straws now, and thinking about totally inappropriate things. He still had one hand curled into a tight fist, and she knew that although he played it off like he was collected once again, she could tell this was a man used to keeping his anger in check.

He ordered them a beer each, and for the next twenty minutes they stayed on a safe topic, with Bennie chiming in every once in a while.

“Listen, I have to get home. My mother is having trouble making the bridal veil for the Brandon wedding, and she needs my help.” Bennie and her

mother owned a small, eclectic bridal shop in town. It wasn't a traditional shop that carried just the white and cream gowns, but ones that were colorful, custom, and original just like Bennie and her mother. "Are you ready to go?" Bennie grabbed her clutch off the bar top and stood from her seat.

Naggie had driven herself here, but she was far too drunk to even think about doing that now. But she also wasn't ready to leave, not when she was feeling this weird connection with Booshie, but it was the good kind of weird. Tank came up to Booshie again, but this time had two blonde co-eds beside him. Their tits were nearly spilling out of their shirts, and their skirts left nothing to the imagination. They also had some weird sparkling shit that covered their arms, and Naggie thought the whole look was ridiculous. She turned toward Bennie when Booshie and the other guy started talking. "I think I might actually stay for a bit longer."

Bennie leaned to the side and looked at Booshie, and then looked at her again. "You seriously expect me to leave you here with this big ass biker dude? You're nearly wasted as it is."

"I'm buzzed, not sloppy, Bennie. Besides, he isn't a stranger. He is actually close with Cadeon's girlfriend, family almost, and he's been coming into the shop for the last few months or so."

Bennie didn't respond right away, but the look in her face told Naggie that her friend knew that there was something more. Bennie leaned in further and said in a low voice, "You want to sleep with him, don't you?"

When Naggie didn't respond right away Bennie leaned back and shook her head. "Girl, good luck with that," She leaned to the side again and looked at Booshie again. In a much lower voice she said, "That man looks like he could eat a woman up and still be starved, even your spunky ass, Naggie."

Good, because on a day like today Naggie wanted to be used, abused, and fucked unconscious. Bennie started chuckling, as if Naggie had said that sentence out loud. It wasn't like they didn't look after each other, because they did all the time. Bennie was like a sister to her, but they also didn't bullshit each other. If Naggie wanted Bennie to take her home, or if she thought Naggie was not with it enough to know what the hell she was doing, then she'd call her out.

"You sure?"

Naggie looked over her shoulder, saw Booshie looking right at her even though his buddy was still talking to him, and felt her heart pound in her

chest. Yeah, she was sure she was ready to put the shitty day behind her in one night of wild, raw sex. And she knew that was exactly what she would get if she gave it up to Booshie. When she turned back around it was to see Bennie shaking her head and smiling. “Oh yeah, I am pretty damn sure.”

“Well.” She shrugged, grabbed her purse, and stood. “You sure know how to kick the old out and bring the new in.” She grinned once more and leaned in for a hug. “But I am only a phone call away, and just know that I wouldn’t be leaving you here if I thought you wouldn’t be okay.” She leaned back and stared at Naggie in the eye. “But you’re a strong girl, and I trust you, but please be careful. You are such a wild child.” Bennie smiled, and Naggie returned the gesture.

“I’ll be okay, and hey, maybe he just wants to talk.”

Bennie shook her head and gave Naggie a “what the fuck ever” look. “That man wants you like you are a raw steak and he is iron deficient.”

That had Naggie bursting out laughing. “You and your funky ass analogies.”

Bennie winked, and the look she gave Booshie was one a big sister might give to warn off the guys. Naggie watched her leave the bar, and when she turned to look at the biker she saw that he was watching her, and that Tank was walking away with the two blondes, most likely about to have a ménage.

“So, just you and I now,” he said and took a long drink of his beer. He set the bottle down and leaned in close. When he grinned it was one of those smiles that surely had panties dropping all over the place.

“Yeah, just you and I.” Naggie couldn’t help this undeniable attraction she felt for Booshie. They may not “know” each other besides the pleasantries they had shared when they saw each other, but Naggie didn’t feel as though they were strangers. They stared at each other for a long while, and the heat and electricity continued to bounce between them. There was a lot of action all around them: the music, the loud voices and laughter, and the general activity that seemed so out of place because she felt like they were in their own little world. Booshie brought the beer bottle to his lips again, his gaze still trained on her, and took a long swallow. God, just watching his throat work as he swallowed was so damn attractive, and all she could think about was having this unbelievably raunchy sex with Booshie. Her pussy was wet, and she knew her nipples were probably visible right through her shirt.

And when Booshie looked down at her chest, and she saw the way his pupils dilated, Naggie knew that if she were to ask him to take her home right now, he would.

“You want to talk about whatever is bothering you?”

Naggie didn't want to talk at all, and in fact the only sounds she wanted to hear were of her and him grunting and groaning as he pounded what she knew had to be a big ass cock in and out of her. Instantly her cheeks heated at the thoughts of that, and of the images that slammed into her mind. Booshie cocked one of his eyebrows, and the corner of his mouth lifted. She had to wonder if she had said that out loud. But she wouldn't have cared even if he had heard her. She had a buzz going on, was single once again, and was so horny that her clit practically throbbed. He looked good, damn good. The dark bandana he wore was like a staple for his fashion, but she knew he wore it because that was just his style, and not because he was trying to appear like a bad ass biker, despite the fact he really was. The leather cut he wore smelled good, and whatever dark and spicy cologne he wore filled her head and made her even more intoxicated.

“I don't want to talk, Booshie, I want you to take me home and help me forget about this worthless piece of shit day that I've had.”

For several moments he did nothing but watch her, but then he lifted his beer and finished it off while holding her gaze with his own over the rim. “Your day was that bad that you want to come home with a virtual stranger and have him fuck you until you can't walk?”

He wasn't a stranger, but she didn't mention that. Her pulse raced, adrenaline filling her body, and she licked her lips. She didn't even hesitate when she said, “Yes, I want that really fucking badly.”

There was this sound that came from him that had a tingle running up the length of his spine. It was like a wild animal stalking the night and looking for his prey. “It's dangerous to proposition a man at a bar the way you just did.”

“I didn't proposition anyone.” She leaned in, and the scent of the beer he was drinking came from his warm breath. “What I am saying is that a woman like me needs a man like you to show me what it means to be fucked over in the good kind of way.”

He made that deep, low rumble again, and a fresh gush of cream left her. “You got a fucking mouth on you, Naggie.” He lowered his gaze to said

body part. “You are one fucking dirty girl, baby.”

Just hearing him say that had her curling her fingers into her palm. “I want to get a lot dirtier with you taking me back to your place.” Naggie wasn’t a wallflower and certainly wasn’t ashamed of her sexuality. It wasn’t like she was a blushing virgin, and had pretty much done everything in the sexual department at least once. She loved her body, loved the ink that covered her flesh and expressed her personality. She wanted to be an outgoing and sexual person in a responsible way, too. Maybe jumping into bed with Booshie wasn’t the best thing to do on the same day that she had broken it off with Rob, but the truth was over the last few months it was like this massive elephant was in the room when she was with Rob. Maybe on some level she had known her relationship with him was doomed, but damn, a year was the longest she had committed to a person, and it wasn’t like she was getting any younger.

“You only live life once, right?” She shrugged. “Besides, it isn’t like we are strangers, not really at least.” She swallowed, feeling really thirsty all of the sudden.

“You want me to take you home, baby?” His chest rose and fell, and he continued to stare at her mouth.

Naggie didn’t verbally respond, but nodded and licked her lips again. He groaned low in his throat.

“You’re playing with fire, Naggie.”

Maybe she had licked her lips to get him even more worked up, or maybe this man just got her so worked up she couldn’t even tell what the hell she was doing anymore? He shifted in his seat, and she glanced down to his crotch. *Oh, God.* That had been a bad idea because the sight of the bulge he was sporting had everything inside of her stilling. Even through his jeans Booshie looked like he was packing a fucking anaconda between his legs, but then again he was big all over. Purely masculine in every way, this biker was the epitome of what a man should be. Naggie had never even been one of those women that got all mushy when a big strong man came into her life, but God, Booshie was a whole other breed of male. She had been called a wild child, had done some pretty daring things in her life, but never had she gone home randomly with a guy like this. But damn, it felt right, and she knew Booshie was the type of man that could make her feel really good and forget about a lot of shitty things. Who cared that he was probably old enough to be



her father? *Nasty. Don't even think about that.*

Booshie flashed her a shit-eating grin, and then he stood, reached for her hand, and helped her off the stool. Yeah, tonight was certainly going to be one she didn't forget, both mentally and physically.

## Chapter Four

Booshie was getting harder by the second at feeling Naggie tighten her arms around his waist. He took the corner of the road and hugged it tight, and loved that she pressed herself closer. Surely she had been on a bike before? But hell, he liked her pussy and tits all pressed up against him. Shit, he could feel the heat from her body right through his cut and t-shirt. He wondered if her pussy was hairless, or if she had a thin strip of blonde hair that covered her mound. He didn't care either way as long as long as he had his hands, mouth, and dick all over it by the time they got to his bedroom.

The wind was chilly as he took the last turn on his bike to get to his place. He was located on the outskirts of town, away from anyone that would fuck with him and his privacy, but still close enough that he could help out The Bastards at the drop of a hat. He pulled his Harley into his driveway, and parked it in front of the garage. He had the engine cut, was off the bike, and had his hands around her slender waist before she could even say anything. He was rock hard, ready to fuck her, and didn't want to waste any time.

Booshie unlocked the front door of his place and kicked it open. He already had her in his arms, and had his mouth on hers by the time they walked inside. After shutting the door behind them, he slammed her back up against it and tilted his head so he could deepen the kiss. His cock was hard, and his balls drawn up tight to his body. He had wanted Naggie for a long fucking time, but of course her being with someone had kept him at a distance. All it had taken for him to let his control slip was the words she uttered about being single. It didn't really matter why she was single, because the fact was he could finally slide his dick into her tight little body. He broke the kiss, felt this powerful need rise up inside of him from testosterone and adrenaline, and knew that he had never wanted to fuck a woman as badly as he did her. It seemed weird as hell wanting her like he did. Booshie wasn't ashamed to say he wanted women for one thing: pussy. But Naggie made him feel differently. Maybe it was the fact that for all these months he had been pining after her, aching to fuck her, but knowing he couldn't touch her?

He ran his lips and tongue over the line of her neck, loved that she trembled beneath him, and reached up to spear her hands in his hair. She pushed his bandana off, and gripped the strands so hard that a sting coursed through his cock and balls. "*Mine*. Do you hear me, Naggie?" He wound his

hand through her hair and tugged on the short strands as much as he could. She gasped right beside his ear, and his dick jerked from the sound. "I'm going to fuck you so hard tonight that your sweet little pussy is going to be sore." He bit the spot right below her ear. "You'll sit down and hiss out in discomfort, remembering that I was all up in you, pounding away like I owned every part of you." He loved that she reached out and held onto his arms, dug he nails into his skin, and pulled her closer. "And I'm going to do that tonight, Naggie. I'm going to own every fucking part of you," he growled into her ear.

"You're just as dirty as I am," she whispered in a heated moan.

"Dirty sex is the best kind, baby." He ground his erection into her belly. "You feel how hard I am for you?" He could feel the wetness of pre-cum coat the tip of his cock, and had never been this turned on before. Over and over he dry-humped her, feeling like a fucking teenager copping a feel for the first time. But he didn't care, because he had never been this revved up, and before the night was over with he was going to have Naggie saying a lot of dirty things to him. He felt her pulse pound fast and hard right below her ear, and he ran his tongue over it. It felt like his heart was in his shaft, throbbing and pulsing in time with how frantic he felt. "Baby, I want to do some pretty filthy things to you, things that would make you feel like a damn virgin." He thrust against her stomach again.

"I wish you'd stop threatening and start delivering." She tugged at his hair hard enough that he hissed out from the pain, but he loved it. He fucking *loved* it all.

Moving his hands around her back and gripping her firm ass, he clenched his fingers around the globes and relaxed them. He repeated this action over and over again. He then moved his thigh between her legs, and lifted up enough that she was forced to hold onto him for support. She was on her toes with her pussy was right over his knee. The damn jeans she wore were in the way, but they'd be off soon enough. Right now he wanted her to grind herself on him until she came. "Come on, baby, move that pussy on my leg, fuck yourself until that sweet cunt quivers for my cock."

She started panting harder, and he loved that she was slowly unraveling. "What do you want to do to me?" There was no hesitance in her voice. All that laced her words were heated seduction and anticipation. Yes, she was exactly the type of woman he needed, the one that didn't hold

anything back, and would give as good as she got.

“I’d tear your clothing off, bend you over my bike, and fuck you until you couldn’t walk straight.” He dipped his gaze down to see her breasts pressed against her shirt. She was smaller than what he normally went for, petite even, but she was gorgeous nonetheless. “I want to run my tongue over your ink.” He lowered his head, and at the same time pulled her shirt down and exposed her skin. There was a dahlia that covered the delicate bone of her shoulder and branched out over her collarbone. He ran his tongue along the petals, and loved that her skin was slightly salty but sweet at the same time. He still held onto her shirt with one hand, and it caused the material to be snug against her body. He pulled back so he could see the outline of her bra, but the constraint did nothing to hide her hard nipples just aching for his mouth.

“And then what?” She rested her head back on the door and breathed out.

“When you couldn’t take anymore,” he wrapped his other hand around her hip and squeezed hard enough that she would know who was in charge, “I’d force you to take another inch of my cock into your cunt until you screamed out.” He still had his knee wedged between hers, and he was harder than fucking granite and growing stiffer still every time she worked her denim clad pussy on his leg. “I’d stretch your pussy with my big cock, baby, make you yearn for more.” Fuck, he wanted her right now. Would she let him touch her and do all the filthy things he wanted to do? “*Christ*, I can think of so many things I’d like to do to you.”

“Booshie, I didn’t come here to talk.”

He leaned back so he could look at her face. Her cheeks were red, her lips parted and slightly swollen from his kisses, and her tits rising and falling the faster she breathed. With her hands now on his chest, she exerted pressure until he took several steps back. He knew what she was going to do, or at least he was praying like hell she was going to do it. And then as if his prayers had been answered she grabbed the bottom of her tank and pulled it up and over her head. Booshie had never thought seeing so much inked up skin on a woman would be arousing, but fuck, seeing Naggie’s flat belly, big tits, and arms covered in colorful tattoos had his dick trying to rip through his jeans. She stared at him while she slid her hands up her flat stomach, moved her finger along her belly button ring that slightly dangled, and continued

upward until she was cupping the mounds of her breasts. For such a tiny thing her chest was big and round, and all natural. He could tell there wasn't any fake shit in her because those puppies shook like a warm bowl of Jell-O.

"Take it off for me, baby." He grabbed his dick through his jeans and applied pressure as he watched her lift her arms and reach around her back to unlatch her bra. Her cleavage was something that wet dreams were made out of, and he knew he'd be titty fucking her before the night was over with. Hell, Booshie wanted to do just about everything raunchy with her, and the sultry look she gave him told him she was more than willing to give it all to him, too. In a matter of seconds she had the bra off and tossed to the ground. Her skin was this light peach color, but her nipples were a dark pink shade and harder than stone. "Take your nipples in between your fingers and twist them, Naggie." Booshie was a very dominating man, controlled his life and everything around him. Being in an MC made a man rough and hardened, but he was also the VP, and that put him in a whole different mindset.

She grabbed her breasts, pulled the tight peaks between her thumb and forefingers, and tweaked them until a gasp left her.

"That's right, fucking pull them until they hurt." He unhooked his belt, popped the button of his jeans, and slid the zipper down. Once he had his dick out and in his hand he stroked it as he watched her do exactly what he said. He liked that she obeyed him, followed through with his demands without question, and was so damn hot he could feel the heat come from her like he was right by the fucking sun. He liked that she looked down at his cock as he stroked himself from root to tip, and he got really damn high when her eyes widened at his size.

"You're pierced," she breathed out.

Yeah, his dick was pierced. A nice Prince Albert through the crown of his penis ensured for a wild ride for both of them. "You ever been with a man that had this going on?" Booshie wasn't vain in any sense, but he was a man and knew that his dick was long and thick. Once he had it inside of her there was no doubt in his mind that he'd stretch her pussy good and wide and make her come harder than she ever had before. She certainly looked primed for him, but the test would be to see if her pussy was nice and juicy for him.

"I've been with men that had piercings before, but none in the southern region." She was still playing with her nipples, and he liked that she hadn't stopped even though she looked surprised when he had pulled himself out.

But then again Naggie didn't look like she shocked very easily, or at least he hoped she didn't.

He moved closer to her, and she dropped her arms by her side. The sight of her breasts right in front of him, aching to be sucked on, touched, and worshipped, screamed out at him. He cupped each mound, squeezed the soft, firm flesh, and then lowered his head and sucked a nipple in his mouth. She tasted so damn good that he couldn't stop the groan that left him. Alternating between her left and right breasts, Booshie was a fiend for her flesh, and had to force himself to take a step back. Without thinking any longer, and feeling this beast rise inside of him, he made quick work of getting her out of her tight jeans. The panties she wore were these little white ones, and almost innocent in appearance. He gripped her waist and turned her around so her chest was pressed to the door.

“Booshie.”

Dammit, he loved it when she moaned out his damn, and he really fucking loved it that her panties were nothing more than a white string right between the crease of her ass. “Naggie, baby, you got an ass on you that goes on for miles.” He brought his palm down on her left cheek, and the resounding crack filled the room. Again, she was a little thing compared to most women he went after, but her tits and bottom were made to be worshipped. He alternated from the left to her right butt cheek, loving the way the mounds jiggled and her flesh started to turn red. She was holding onto the molding, digging her nails into the wood as he continued to spank her ass hard enough that his hand was stinging, and had the outline of his fingers on her creamy skin. But she didn't complain, didn't tell him to stop, and in fact kept giving out these little breathy moans that had this need inside of him intensifying and climbing to a blistering height. He shoved his pants all the way down and stepped out of them, and then he grabbed his cock again and started stroking himself with one hand as he palmed a cheek of her rear with the other. “Look at this ass.” Taking the string that was between the cheeks and pulling it out and away from her, he got down on his haunches and leaned in close.

“I wish you'd stop talking, Booshie.” She looked over her shoulder and down at him.

He glanced up at the same time he spread her ass cheeks apart. He might have the thong pushed to the side, but it was still in his way. With a

small amount of strength he tore the material away from her and let it fall to the ground. "I'm done talking, baby." He leaned in and started licking her pussy, over and over again until she finally spread her legs wider and popped her ass out. Booshie tightened his hands on the mounds of her bottom and ate her out like he was a fucking starving man and she was the only thing that could sate his appetite. "Tell me you'll let me do whatever the hell I want, baby." He flattened his tongue and ran it up her cleft. He repeated the action, and then started sucking on her little, hard clit.

"I want you to do whatever you want to me." The sound of her nails digging into the wood filled his head. Small mewling noises left her the harder and faster he started sucking at her clit. She was putty in his hands, and that was just the way he fucking liked it.

The need to be with her, and the fact that every time he had seen her the desire to bend her over and shove his dick into her tight little body, made him insane with lust. She was strong and had willpower to rival any member of the MC, but right now they were both nothing but these animals that had this very physical and primal need that needed to be taken care of right the fuck now. There was no denying or running when it came to them finally getting it on. It was inevitable. He didn't deny himself any longer. He stood, not nearly having enough of her sweet cunt, but wanting to move this along because his dick felt like it was about to explode. He turned her around so she faced him once more, took the back of her head again with a hand in her hair, and twisted the strands in his fingers. She moaned out, and the look she gave him over her shoulder was one that had pre-cum slipping from his cockhead. He tilted her head so her neck was bared and claimed her mouth once more. A grunt of pleasure left him at the first touch of his lips to hers, but he wasn't gentle with her. He wanted her to taste herself on his lips and tongue. She gasped, which had her mouth opening further and allowing him to delve his tongue inside. Sweet and salty flavor invaded his tastes buds, filling his mouth, and having him crave more. Over and over, he fucked her with his mouth, stroked her with his tongue, and loved that she rubbed against him. He was thrusting his erection into her belly while he kissed her, needing to be inside of her before he exploded, and was about to fucking do that right now. He moved his hands down her back, over the nice big curve of her ass, and slipped them under each cheek. In one move he lifted her off the ground and turned so he was supporting her weight. "Bedroom," he grunted against her

mouth.

She didn't pull away, but instead kissed him harder and made a low, needy sound. Yeah, tonight he was about to take her harder than he had ever taken a woman before. She had wrapped her legs around his waist, and her bare, nearly hairless pussy moved along his cock. Yeah, at the first glance of her pussy just moments before, he had realized she kept her pussy lips naked, but had a light, trimmed thatch of blonde hair covering her mound. He let out this primal sound from the back of his throat. He was in his room in a matter of seconds, and once the door was shut behind them he set her on her feet and took a step back. Her body was smokin', from her inked-up skin and piercing right through her navel, to her big ass-tits that he wanted to fuck, and it called to every male part of him. He wanted in her body now, wanted to plunge his cock in her pussy until her inner muscles clenched around him, and milked the cum right from his balls. He moved forward again, lifted her into his arms, and all but tossed her on the bed. He climbed up before she could protest, and then pried her legs open with his hands on her knees. Her cunt spread for him like an opening flower, and the darker pink folds parted in welcome. Pre-cum slid from the tip of his cock and fell to the mattress. Fuck, he had never been so turned on before, and he hadn't even stuck his cock in her tight little cunt.

"Come on, Booshie, fuck me." She grabbed her breasts and seduced him with her gaze and the way she played with her titties.

He still had on his cut and shirt, but he had those off in a matter of seconds. He grabbed a condom from his bedside table and slid it on his shaft before she could utter another word. "You sure about this, Naggie?" He held her gaze with his own, urging her to be honest with him. "Once we start this there isn't any going back." He hadn't turned the light on, but even in the darkness he held her gaze. "It doesn't matter to me that you just broke it off with the asshole today, I don't want you pissed at yourself once this is all said and done." Honestly Booshie didn't know why he even gave a fuck if she regretted being with him or not. She was willing right now, primed to the max, and was not with anyone. As far as he was concerned this was an all go, but there was this little voice in the back of his head that didn't want things to get royally fucked between them. He liked looking at her, being around her, and even speaking to her during their short times together. The thought of her regretting doing anything with him left a bad taste in his mouth. *Damn, dude,*



*you better get your shit together, because this kind of thinking leads to old lady territory.*

He could even remember the one time he *almost* had an old lady, and had always thought that she had been the one to get away, well, that one relationship he had screwed up anyway. It had been a tough time in his life in thinking he couldn't truly care about someone and be committed to the MC. He had been wrong, but that had been years ago, close to twenty. Honestly, he had been a young kid with a hard-on for the girl that he had fucked for the first time. A lot had changed in the time he had been in the MC—he had changed a lot. He looked at Naggie and actually felt his pulse pick up a bit. Here he was about to fuck this young woman that was probably half his damn age.

“You’re thinking about something that is pulling you away from this moment.”

She read him perfectly, that or he was conveying his emotions a little closer to the surface than he wanted. Booshie was a master of keeping things on lockdown, and if he wanted someone to know what he was feeling then he would tell them. Never did he let his guard down, and kept the brick wall tightly built around him. But there was something hard yet gentle about Naggie, soft but coarse that drew him like a bee to honey. She was just as sweet, too, and he was done thinking of the past, and of what in the hell she might do when he made it known that if he really wanted something then he held on tight.

She hadn't said she wanted to stop after he asked her if she was sure, so he gripped her around the waist and hauled her ass down the bed. Her blue eyes were clear and a very unique light color, and they sucked him in as if they were a living entity all on their own. He smoothed his hands over her thighs, and positioned her legs so they were on either side of his. This angle gave him a clear shot of the pink wetness of her slit.

“I’ve had one shitty night, and me going home with you is because I know you can make me forget about it.” She cupped her breasts and breathed out roughly. “I just want to have a good, hard fuck, and be the dirty girl you said I was.”

*Well fucking hell.* Booshie ran a hand over his mouth, and felt the scruff of his beard scratch his palm. “You’re going to be the death of me.” He said to himself as he continued to stare at her tits, and then moved his gaze down

to her spread pussy lips. He aligned himself at her entrance, but Booshie didn't shove right into her, and instead pushed the head in slowly. Her pussy stretched around his girth, and it made the whole situation hotter when he placed his hands beside her head on the bed and leaned forward slightly. He stared at where their bodies were connected. "Your pussy is stretched so wide around me, Naggie baby."

She lifted her hips as if she were the one about to take control. He made a low sound in his throat, and she stilled instantly. "Fuck, Naggie, don't move." He swallowed, and felt his muscles contract with the strength he was using not to shove all of his shaft into her sweet body. "You're tempting a beast, baby. I need to take you slow or I'll be a fucking animal with you."

"I want you to be a fucking animal, Booshie."

And just like that he snapped. He shoved the rest of his cock into her so fast and hard inside of her that she was actually shoved up the bed from the force. He bottomed, but he needed friction or his balls would explode. As it was they hurt like a motherfucker. "You ready for this, Naggie?"

"God, yes." She closed her eyes and arched her neck as this gloriously erotic sound left her. "You're so big."

"You're so fucking tight and wet, baby." He grunted out and slowly started to pull out of her. When only the head was lodged in her pussy he thrust back deep inside of her. She moved up the bed another inch, and he growled out. With one hand on her shoulder to get her stationed since holding her waist wasn't doing it, he started really thrusting in and out of her. He pumped his dick in her cunt until both of them started getting sweaty. "So. Damn. Good." He felt her orgasm start with the clenching of her inner muscles around his dick, the tightening of her nipples, and the gasp of pleasure that left her. He renewed his thrusting until her breasts bounced from the force.

"Oh God. It hurts, but it feels so good." She reached up and wrapped her hands around his biceps. "I feel so good, so stretched."

The sting of her nails in his skin felt good, too, so fucking good. "I get so damn hot when you say those filthy things." He slammed into her again and again, bottoming out in her pussy, and then pulling almost totally out. Over and over he did this, feeling the sweat fall down his temple, and watching it drop onto her inked up skin. The scroll work on her side read "Have No Regrets Over The Mistakes You've Made". Closing his eyes and

feeling the pleasure take hold of him, he got lost in the tight, hot suction of her body. She had already come, but the sounds she still made told him this wasn't over just yet. Booshie could have come right now, but he was a selfish bastard and wanted to prolong this as much as possible. The thing was, he wasn't going to be able to hold off for much longer.

He was barely leashing in his control, and so he reached down and started rubbing her clit with his thumb. He rolled the nub around until it became so engorged he knew she'd come again. "Just once more, baby. Give it to me one more time until you scream out." Her cunt was pink and glistening, and her clit stood out begging for more attention. She shook her head back and forth, and just like that she came for him again. When she cried out so loud his ears rang he watched the euphoria cover her face. For several seconds he watched her come, and it was one of the hottest things he had ever seen. She relaxed into the bed as he slowed his thrusting, and then when that content sigh left her and she opened her eyes he pulled out. Before she could say anything he flipped her around, lifted her so she was forced to be on her knees, and spread her ass cheeks. Her anus was smooth and pink, and he was about to slide his dick deep inside of her and really stretch her out good. Booshie collected her arousal on a finger, and moved the digit over her tight hole, spreading her natural lube around. Her ass was tight, and when he penetrated her just slightly a gasp left her. "It's okay, baby." He eased off, not wanting to scare her, but about to fill the tip of the condom if he didn't get inside of her again.

"I know, but I'm desperate to feel you inside of me again."

Well fuck, this woman was most definitely going to rock his world, and even though the night wasn't over with, Booshie knew this was not going to be the end of them. He wouldn't let it be the fucking end.

## Chapter Five

Naggie was about to lose it if Booshie kept doing that anal play. She wasn't a stranger to being touched back there, and had done pretty much everything there was to do in the sexual sense, but even so all of this felt so new, and so amplified being with him. He moved his finger back and forth over her asshole, adding more pressure with each passing second.

"I'm going to slide my dick in your ass, Naggie, and you'll beg me for more even when I'm balls deep in you." He emphasized his point by slipping his finger into her back hole. The sheet beneath her mouth grew moist from her increased breathing. Naggie might have already come more than once, but she was ready for more.

"I'll go easy and slow until you're used to me, and then I'll fuck you as hard and fast as I did to your pussy." He took his finger out of her and palmed her ass, massaged the globes, and had her skin heating within seconds.

"I don't want slow." She looked over her shoulder and stared into his face. His expression was one of carnal lust, and with his hooded eyes, the sweat dripping down his hard, corded tattooed body she knew that she would never forget about tonight. Just looking at the raw power that came from him was enough to have her inner muscles clenching hard. "I want you everywhere." How strange things had escalated so fast and powerfully as they had, but it was the good kind of strange for sure. The hard slap to her ass had a pleasurable gasp leaving her. She thought he might shove that big dick that hung between his legs right up her in that hole, but he moved away and grabbed a bottle of lube from his bedside table instead. She wasn't even about to think how prepared he was, and that most likely that meant he did this sort of thing often. But the truth was Naggie might have only been with Rob for the last year, but before that she was sexually liberated. If she wanted to have sex, than *she* picked the man she wanted, and controlled the situation. She was most definitely not in control right now, and it felt fucking incredible.

Moments later he was back behind her, had her ass spread, and poured the cool lube down the crease of her bottom. He aligned his cockhead with her anus, and in the next second was pushing into her slowly, but thoroughly. The lube he used helped ease his way into her, but it didn't stop the burning

pain of his huge cock filling her, or the fact that she felt very full. When he was past the tight ring of muscle it was like she opened up, and then he slid all the way in.

“That’s it, baby, take all of me.” His hands were vise-like on her, squeezing her to the point that she knew there would be finger sized bruises. But Naggie wanted those marks on her, wanted to have this kind of ownership from him. He pulled out slowly until just the tip was lodged in her, and then he pushed back inside just as agonizingly slowly. He did this over and over, until Naggie found herself thrusting back, wanting him to really take her. A hard slap to her ass had her movements stalling, and a look over behind her showed a hard mask on his face. “You need to stay still, baby, because I’m two seconds away from coming as it is.” Sweat continued to drip down his hard, toned chest, and the urge to run her tongue along those valleys and dips of tendon and sinew rode her hard.

Soon he was fucking her with abandon, giving it all to her so she was forced to reach up, grip the wooden bars of the headboard, and hold on. Her breasts bounced from his hard thrusts, and the sound of their wet skin slapping together filled the room.

“Fuck, yeah.” He slapped first her right cheek and then her left. “Do it, baby. Squeeze my dick.”

A wave of pleasure slammed into her, taking her breath away, and making her do exactly what he said. She clenched and released her inner pussy muscles around his length until they both moaned. Booshie reached around her body and found her clit with his big fingers. He pinched the tiny bundle of nerves, and lights flashed behind her closed lids. Her body shook from the pleasure, and she took comfort in the all-consuming ecstasy that stole her sanity. He placed a hand on the center of her back and continued to push into her, and then pull back out with increasing speed and vigor. And when he placed both of his hands on her back and slid them up to grip the nape of her neck, Naggie had never felt so owned by a man as she did right then. For several seconds he held her immobile as he pounded into her deliciously sore body. He thrust into her once, twice, and on the third pump stilled inside of her. He came long and hard, shuddering and groaning, and holding onto her flesh so hard the pleasure and pain became one. He might be wearing a condom, but she could feel the jerk of his cock, felt the powerful pumping at the tip of his dick as he filled the condom. His coarse words were

sharp and dirty, and another shiver wracked her already exhausted body. His orgasm seemed to go on forever, and when he finally exhaled and pulled out of her she immediately collapsed on the bed.

“Holy shit.” The words tumbled out of her, but she was too tired to be embarrassed. Instead, all she wanted to do was let the euphoric haze of having been thoroughly screwed by Booshie, pull her into oblivion.

The feeling of something smooth and gentle moving up and down her side had Naggie slowly opening her eyes. She blinked a few times to clear her vision. The light that filled the room was low and muted and came from the bedside lamp if given the small clicking sound she heard coming from behind her. She on her side and facing away from him, but smiled when she felt his warm breath on the nape of her neck.

“You wore me the fuck out, baby.”

She smiled even though he couldn’t see her. The caress of him moving his fingers along her side, right over her script tattoo could have had her falling back to sleep, and she would have if not for the fact he chose that moment to speak again.

“You’re just as exhausted as me, Naggie baby.” He didn’t phrase it like a question and didn’t stop touching her.

“Yes, that happens when someone fucks me like a damn madman.” She smiled and shifted so she was now facing him on her side. He was smiling, too, and that small, almost sleepy grin looked really good on him.

“What does this mean?” he said, his focus on her side again. He started tracing the words of her tattoo.

“Exactly what it says.” She smiled again, not being a smart ass.

“You know what I mean.” He flashed her this shit eating grin, all straight white teeth, and a face so manly with his trimmed, scruffy beard, and dark longer hair framing his face.

Yeah, she did know what he meant. Although she didn’t mind telling the story of her ink, this conversation seemed very intimate in a way that had nothing to do with the fact they had just had sex, or that this was a one-night stand. She shifted so she was now on her back, and even though she was naked she wasn’t self-conscious over her nudity, had never been in fact. He pulled the sheet up so that it covered both of their lower halves. “Big, hardened, but with a compassionate side.” She smiled. She had kept her arm above her head so he could still touch her side tattoo, and because she liked

how it felt having him stroke her softly. Naggie stared at her ink, and moved her gaze along the same lines he was currently running his fingers over.

“Have No Regrets Over The Mistakes You’ve Made” had been one of her very first tattoos, and one of the most cherished ones on her body. She loved all of her ink, but that particular one defined her life, and who she was.

“I guess it is just something I live by, and I wanted it permanently on my body to always remind me that I’m only human.” She lifted her gaze to his face, and for a second all they did was stare at each other. She was so used to seeing him with a bandana on that his dark chin length hair free was a little different, but in a good way. His face was so masculine, and his jaw so square. Without thinking she lifted her hand and ran her fingers over the tips of his hair, and then moved them along his scruff covered cheek. He captured her hand with his, and pressed her palm to his cheek. When he leaned forward and took her mouth with his she might have thought he’d kiss her to start something hot and deep again, but he barely brushed his mouth along hers, and before she knew it he was pulling away from her.

“Have you made a lot of mistakes in life?” He pushed away a stray piece of hair that fell across her forehead.

“Haven’t we all?” It was a rhetorical question, because like she had said, they were all only human.

“I know I’ve done some shit that makes my skin crawl.” He rolled onto his back and lifted his arms up to put his hands behind his head. He stared at the ceiling for a while, and it was clear he was thinking about something hard. “You’re different from the other women I’ve been with.” He turned just his head and stared at her. His eyes looked so dark.

“You’re different from the other men I’ve been with.” She smiled after she said it, but he kept a stoic expression. Before she could even comprehend what he was doing he had his hands wrapped around her waist and had her hauled up and over him. Now straddling his narrow hips, Naggie braced her hands on his firm pecs and stared at all the ink he had. Like her he had full sleeve tattoos, but he also had the patch logo of his MC inked into one of his smooth pecs. She knew all the men in his club had the same tattoo. She had seen the President, Scars, had one on his shoulder blade when she had picked up Stella at the clubhouse one day. Scars was not the typical father figure that resided in Reckless, but Naggie knew he was one protective man when it came to his daughter. That was something she had never had, and as

depressing as that was to think about, it was her life, and she didn't dwell on the negative shit.

"Does it scare you if I said I don't like thinking of you with other men?" Booshie said and pushed up enough that he could smooth his hands over her arms, along her shoulder, and cupped either side of her neck.

Naggie didn't say anything for a moment as she processed what he had just said. She didn't twist his statement into thinking he wanted a relationship with her, because obviously it was too soon for any of that, on her end as well. "Strangely no." She started moving her palms over the skulls that were entwined with black roses and chains tattooed on his thick bicep, moved her hand along his pec that had his MC logo on it, and then stilled to look in his eyes. "You have just as much ink as me," she said, changing the subject. Naggie took his hands that were still framing her neck, and pushed them down her body so he could be the one that now cupped her breasts. "Does that turn you off, that I actually kind of like the idea that you're all possessive like?"

He started squeezing her flesh, but didn't verbally answer. Instead, he shook his head. She looked at his patch tattoo again, traced the skull in the center with the flames that surrounded it, and felt arousal building in the center of her body once more. The top rocker read The Vicious Bastards, while the bottom rocker said Reckless. A man with a lot of ink had also been one of her sexual preferences, but she had never been this attracted to a man like she was with Booshie. Maybe it was because of the shit she went through with Rob? It could be a rebound thing she supposed, but frankly she didn't want to even go down that road. Naggie had never been one to worry about why she did something. If it made her happy then that was all that mattered. And Booshie made her very happy, or at least for the past few hours he had. That had her smiling. In fact, every time she had seen him over the past few months she'd felt this tingling in her body and this tightening in her stomach.

"It turns me the fuck on." He leaned forward and captured one of her nipples in his mouth.

"If you keep that up I won't be able to control my actions." She speared her hands in his hair and pulled at the strands. He used his tongue, lips, and teeth to drive her crazy, and when he started groaning against her breasts she nearly reached between their bodies and impaled herself on his already hard cock. The damn thing felt like an iron rod between her legs, and her pussy



grew moist.

“I don’t want you in control.” He nipped at her nipple. “I want you to feel just as wild as I do.” He smoothed his hands over her sides and down her back to grip her ass. He squeezed the mounds almost painfully, but then he suddenly stopped and slowly backed off on the frenzied actions.

“What’s wrong?”

He lay back on the bed and grinned up at her. “Nothing, baby, but I know you have to be sore, and I’m in no rush. I plan on having more of you, because tonight is not the fucking last time we do this.”

Her heart started beating fast and hard, and she actually grew frightened by his statement. She had just gotten out of one relationship, only hours ago in fact, and although she wanted Booshie in a real, raw way, she didn’t think having anything more than sex with him was smart. But on the heels of that thought she felt embarrassed, because maybe that was all he was implying ... sex? Maybe she had been this easy piece of ass—which she had, since he picked her up at the bar in like ten minutes—and now he saw her as a pussy on demand? God, now she felt ridiculous for thinking he wanted more than what they were doing right now, but at the same time she was relieved.

“You okay?”

She slid off of him and nodded in response. “Yeah, just my thoughts went wayward for a minute.” She sat on the edge of the bed, and although she wasn’t buzzed anymore, she also didn’t have her car, and therefore couldn’t run away like she wanted to do right now.

“You don’t seem okay.”

She looked over her shoulder and watched as he sat up and stood. He was buck naked, and God did he wear it well. Nothing but hard muscle covered him, and when he turned and faced her and she got a look at his now semi-hard cock with that silver barbell pierced right through the crown of his shaft, she had to curl her fingers into her palms.

“You keep looking at me like that and I won’t be able to stop myself from tackling you to the bed and mounting you like some kind of fucking animal.”

“You mean again?” She grinned. Here Naggie thought she didn’t have a filter, or that she was coarse. Compared to Booshie she felt like this virgin Catholic schoolgirl. She glanced away quickly, but couldn’t help but smile.

Before she could move Booshie was back on the bed and had her pinned beneath him. He used a knee to pry her legs apart and pressed his erection into her already wet pussy. A gasp left her, and then a moaned followed that.

“You were going someplace in your mind that was fucking up the vibe of this evening.” He didn’t say it accusingly, but more that he was concerned. “You want to talk about what is going on in that pretty little head of yours?” He braced his forearms on the bed beside her head and ran his cheek along hers. His beard tickled and scratched her cheek, but what caught her so off guard was this softer side of him. Being underneath all of his hard muscles made her feel fragile almost. Naggie could actually picture herself comfortable in his embrace, and not just because she had a little liquid courage going through her, or that Booshie made her feel something different. It wasn’t because she was feeling pissed and down. He had been there and hadn’t disappointed in helping her forget about that motherfucker Rob or that skank Tally, that was for damn sure. For the last several months she’d felt like a teenager getting all giddy when she’d see him, but she had been with Rob, and she wasn’t unfaithful, unlike that asshole.

“Can I tell you something without you thinking I am all kinds of weird?”

He grinned down at her, but it was one of those corner mouth ones that made him look like he was up to no good. “Of course, baby.” He even spoke so gently to her. He just always seemed so rough, *looked* so hardened and pissed off all the time.

“I’ve wanted you for quite some time, months in fact.”

He lifted a dark eyebrow like he was curious and amused by her admission. “Is that right?”

She nodded, but Naggie wasn’t one to be embarrassed easily, even though she had felt like that more than once in Booshie’s presence.

“You never said anything.”

She shrugged, or as well as she could given the fact she was lying down. “I was with Rob, and I’m not a cheater.” She heard the bite in her voice after she said that, and by the look on his face she knew Booshie had heard it, too. “But he fucked me over by cheating on me.” She felt that familiar rage move within her. She welcomed it. Anger was an authentic emotion, and the ones that buried it tended to not face life head-on. At least that was her experience. She really didn’t need to tell Booshie the how or

why she had broken up with Rob, but she also didn't want to hold it in. "I caught him fucking some Reckless skank from town."

Booshie didn't say anything for a few seconds, but he also kept his attention on her. She also noticed that his jaw was slightly clenched, as if he were the one that was pissed.

"So, I kicked the tramp's ass out of the house, bitch-slapped Rob, and never regretted doing any of it. In fact, the only thing I regret is wasting a year of my life on his worthless ass." She shrugged and moved her hands over his bulging shoulders. God, she loved his body and tattoos, and found herself getting distracted from what they were talking about as she looked at his golden skin.

"And then you met me at the bar, and we had some wild fucking sex." He leaned down and kissed her, and at the same time thrust forward so his dick pressed against her slick folds once more. She felt the hard ridge of his piercing, warmed by their body heat and eliciting all sorts of desires inside of her.

"Yeah, some wild sex." She grinned and ran her tongue over his top lip, and then on bottom one. "I have to tell you that I don't let just anyone have butt sex with me on the first date." She stared at him, keeping her composure, and then she started laughing, hoping he realized she was teasing. When he grinned she felt her pulse spike and this warmth settle in her belly.

"Well, I have to tell you I don't normally stick my dick in a woman's ass that I bring home for the first time."

She started laughing harder. "Then why did you?" She stared at his lips, ones that were strong and full.

This very serious expression covered his face. "Because I have wanted you for a long fucking time, but I am also not the type of person to go fucking another man's woman." He leaned in close, his lips barely brushing hers, and said, "Even if that other man is one stupid motherfucker that needs his dick and balls ripped off."

God, he was so ... fierce. She speared her hands in his hair, lifted up enough to press her mouth to his, and kissed him as hard and fiercely as he had done to her earlier. He might be the most dominating man she had ever met, but right now she was going to be the one to fuck *him*.

## Chapter Six

Booshie sat in the parking lot of the bar he had met Naggie in last night, and stared at her profile. She was in the passenger side of his SUV, and although they had fucked twice last night, and he was feeling good about the prospect of seeing her again, she had been acting weird.

“You sure you’re okay?” Booshie was not the type of man that cared if he saw a woman again after he slept with them, at least not after he had walked away from Susan all those years ago. But there was something very different about Naggie, something that he had noticed the moment he saw her months ago. He couldn’t even describe it, couldn’t understand why after all this time he felt something more than a passing need for pleasure when he was around her. Hell, they had spent one night together. That shit didn’t equate to a relationship, and he didn’t even know if that was what he wanted. Booshie wasn’t getting any younger, but he had never thought much about having an old lady, or a family for that matter.

She turned and looked at him, but didn’t verbally respond.

Booshie knew that silence. He might not be the kind of man that kept his mouth shut, but even he could sense that she was uncomfortable. “I had a good time with you, Naggie.”

She chuckled, and it was filled with genuine amusement. “Me, too.” She looked down at her hands that she had resting in her lap. “Is Booshie your real name?” When she looked at him once more he didn’t respond right away.

For a moment he just took in the sight of her. They had a fuck marathon last night, one that had made him feeling like he was decades younger. *She* made him feel like he was decades younger. “Does it sound like a real name?” He grinned, hoping the small act told her he was giving her a hard time.

She started laughing and shook her head. “I’ve learned in life that just because it doesn’t sound ‘normal’ doesn’t mean it isn’t real.” She shrugged. “Naggie is actually my real name.” She chuckled humorlessly. “I bet you’re asking who in the hell would name their kid Naggie.” Her smile widened, but he caught an expression on her face that passed as quickly as it had come. “Shitty ass parents, that’s who.”

Booshie could tell in her voice that there was anger in there, but she

tried to play it off like she didn't give a shit. Steering away from that might be the best option right now, because obviously she didn't want to go down that road. "No, Booshie isn't my real name. The club gave it to me when I was a prospect. My real name is Nicholas Travene."

She nodded, and her smile grew. "Nicholas." She said his name softly, and he couldn't help but start to get hard. God, he was a sick bastard, but he hadn't heard a woman say his legal name in so damn long, and it coming from Naggie sounded so fucking good. "Well, your name sounds a hell of a lot better than mine." She turned and looked at him. "I actually thought about changing it a couple of times over the past few years—"

He reached out and cupped the side of her face, cutting off the rest of her sentence. "I like your name." He let his gaze travel over her face and down to her chest. "In fact, I love everything about you." When he lifted his gaze up her throat and saw her pulse beating faster, he knew his words had hit a chord with her. "Please don't ever change for anyone." God, he sounded like some kind of pussy whipped boy, but honestly he didn't give a shit. He liked being gruff, but also gentle with her. In fact, she was the only one that he *was* gentle with, but he liked it that way, and he couldn't explain why exactly. Her cheeks turned pink, and his grin widened. "I've embarrassed you." He ran his thumb over her cheekbone.

"Yeah, and that isn't an easy task." They locked gazes and held them there for several seconds. "But I've noticed that when I'm around you I feel things that don't make any sense."

His heart started beating harder at her words. "Yeah?"

She nodded slowly. "Yeah, but that also scares the shit out of me."

Yeah, he knew what she meant.

"And I just got out of a relationship—albeit a shitty one." She pulled away and stared out of the front windshield. "Not saying that you wanted anything more than last night—"

"Naggie." He waited until she looked at him before he continued. "I am not the kind of man that goes around wanting more than one night with a woman."

She opened her mouth, probably to tell his arrogant ass off, but he shook his head and stopped her.

"No, just listen, okay?" She didn't say anything or nod, but he kept going anyway. "I'm not asking for your hand in marriage or anything," he

grinned and loved that she rolled her eyes, “but I am asking to see you again.”

“For more sex?” There was a little bite in her words.

“No, I was thinking we could hit up the Spaghetti Warehouse in Denver before I took you back to my place again.”

She rolled her eyes, obviously knowing he was kidding about the latter, well, kind of kidding. He did want her back at his place, in his bed, and with his dick inside of her.

“Naggie, baby.” He took her hand in his and gave it a squeeze. “My life has always been lived on the edge. I don’t do anything half-assed, but I also live my life fast and without regrets.” He cupped her cheek with his other and pulled her closer. “Maybe that is why I want you so badly, or maybe it is because you are one pretty incredible woman?” He lowered his gaze to her mouth. “All I’m asking is to take you out to dinner.” Of course he wanted more, hoped she did, too, but this was her call. “I won’t pressure you, won’t hound you to go with me, but I will say that I have never wanted a woman more than I want you.” He let those words hang between them for a moment. “And I’d like to explore that.” He started moving his thumb back and forth along her skin once more. “I won’t lie and say my life is a fairytale, because you live in Reckless and know all about The Vicious Bastards.” Yeah, their rep wasn’t all good, and a lot of people tended to keep their distance, but if The Bastards didn’t have that type of reputation they wouldn’t be where they were right now. And whether the town realized it or not, they kept them safe, and made sure others stayed out that would have otherwise run the town over. It happened all over the country, but Reckless was The Bastards’ territory, and had been for as long as he could recall. So, living up to their name they had to be crude and harsh or others would come in and take what wasn’t theirs. Booshie just hoped she understood that, and was prepared to deal with all of that shit if she decided to move forward with him.

“You want just dinner?” There was a slight tilt to her voice. Hesitance maybe? But she was a smart woman, and her instincts were telling her that he wasn’t all good. He’d be lying if he tried to tell her he was this knight in shining armor.

“No, Naggie. I want a lot more than that, but I think this is new to both of us, and taking it one day at a time is probably the safest route.” She may have been in a relationship just yesterday, and so he couldn’t really say that

this was new to her, but Booshie felt something with her.

She stared into his eyes, and although there was a part of him that thought she might tell him sex was all she wanted, he hoped like hell she wouldn't.

"I'm too old to play games, and I am serious about making something more out of this than a one-night stand, but only if you are." He stared at her, wanting to just take action because that was the type of man he was, but he wouldn't push Naggie, not when he had a shot of having more with her. He was too fucking old to be beating around the bush when he wanted something as much as much as he wanted her.

"Okay." She said that word without hesitation, and he fucking loved that she was willing to jump in with both feet. "This is going to be fucking crazy."

Booshie tossed his head back and laughed one of those belly rolling ones. "Yeah, baby, it really fucking will be, but when something feels good like this I like it a little crazy." He took her mouth and kissed her hard and possessively. That ex of hers had screwed up royally by betraying her, but if she gave herself to him he'd make sure she was never fucked over ever again. At least not in the bad way.

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Naggie pulled her car into Rob's driveway, and Bennie pulled in behind her. Once Booshie had dropped her off they'd made plans for later in the week for dinner, but she was still scheduled to give him ink Wednesday. They hadn't talked about that appointment, and her thoughts were more focused on the fact she had basically jumped from being with Rob to being in ... whatever it was they were in ... with Booshie. But the difference was she felt so damn comfortable, and it felt so right being in Booshie's presence, that she couldn't see that this was wrong at all. Whether it really was or not was left to be seen, but right now she'd enjoy the ride. She climbed out of the car, and Bennie did the same. She walked up to Naggie, and they both stared at the front door.

"And he's gone, like for sure?"

Naggie looked over at Bennie. "I hope." It was technically their one year anniversary today, and they had had plans for this afternoon to see a show and go to lunch, but fuck him and his nasty ass. She had done a drive-by before actually pulling into the driveway. Fortunately she had Bennie as

back-up, but it wasn't because she was afraid of Rob. In fact, it was more that she was afraid of what she would do to Rob if she was alone with his douche-bag ass. "And you're sure it is okay to stay with you for a while?"

Bennie rolled her eyes and then slipped her arm through Naggie's. "Girl, I wouldn't have it any other way. Besides, that old house is too big for just me, and it'll be like an adult sleepover all the time." Bennie grinned. "With wine binge parties, stuffing our faces with greasy fattening food, and watching gay porn on occasion."

Naggie burst out laughing. "You couldn't handle gay porn. It's too hot for you."

Bennie snorted, but grinned again.

They made their way up to the front door, with Bennie's heels clicking and Naggie's boots hitting the pavement. She started to get pissed the closer she got to that door, but she pushed her emotions aside and focused on why she was here: to get the rest of her shit and leave. Once at the door Bennie removed her arm from the crook of Naggie's and patted her on the back.

"No homicide today, okay." Bennie smiled, and her red painted lips stretched over her straight white teeth.

"Did I ever tell you that you're awesome?"

"Yes, but you can tell me that anytime you want." They both started laughing, and Naggie reached for the spare key she still had and unlocked the door.

"Let's get in and out before he gets his ass home."

"Agreed," Bennie said in a sing-song voice, but Naggie knew that she was just as serious about getting this shit done as Naggie was.

They entered the house and immediately went into the back bedroom she had shared with Rob. God, she could practically still smell the nasty perfume Tally wore, and could even see them still fucking right in the bed. "Those nasty fuckers." She said it more to herself, and hadn't meant to say it out loud at all.

"You have stuff in the bathroom?"

Naggie grabbed one of her small bags and handed it to Bennie. "Yeah. If you could go through anything that doesn't look like it belongs to that douche I'd appreciate it."

Bennie left the bedroom, and Naggie got started tossing the rest of her clothes that were in the closet and in the drawers into her bag. Aside from



those material things she had no jewelry, no family heirlooms, and nothing that she hadn't bought over the past year that she couldn't buy again. Just as she was coming out of the bedroom Bennie came out of the bathroom.

"I was tempted to dip his toothbrush in the toilet." Bennie grinned, but before Naggie could sit on that very tempting idea the sound of the front door opening and slamming shut had them both looking down the hallway.

"That motherfucking cocksucker," Naggie said under her breath.

"Naggie?" Rob yelled out, and there was clear anger in his voice, which further pissed her off. He had no right to feel anything but shame and self-disgust for being such a prick.

"Come on," she said to Bennie and led the way down the hallway, not about to get into anything with Rob. She was done with this and him, and although she hadn't committed herself to another man yet, she was anxious to see where this new chapter in her life led. She rounded the corner only to come to a stop when she saw Rob standing by the front door.

"You're here."

"Just to get my shit, but now I'm gone." She moved forward and tried to push past him, but he reached out and grabbed her arm.

Snapping her head in his direction, she bared her teeth. "If you want to keep your balls and the option to have children later on in life I suggest you let go of me."

Rob let go over her, because if the past year had taught him anything it should have been that she didn't fuck around or make idle threats. But then again he cheated on her, so he either didn't care or he was just an idiot.

"Naggie, please let me explain—"

"Rob, if I were you I'd just shut the hell up and get the fuck out of the way." Leave it to Bennie to grow impatient, too.

"Bennie, stay the hell out of this."

"You have no right talking to my friend that way. You brought this on yourself, fucked up big time, and now you're dealing with the consequences. I hope you like jerking yourself off from this point on, or maybe you can have that bitch Tally handle it for you."

"I'm not seeing Tally. I stopped whatever was happening between us because I want to change. I only want you, Naggie."

Naggie stared at him but kept her humorless laugh inside. "You broke it off with her? For me?"

Rob smiled, obviously thinking that she was thrilled with the idea. “Of course I did. I love you.” He tried to reach for her again, but she slapped his hand away.

“You stupid asshole. Now it looks like you really are going to have to jack off.” She shook her head. “You know, you say you love me, but you never once said it during our relationship.” She adjusted the bag on her shoulder. “Let’s be honest, Rob. There was never any love between us. This was a physical relationship, and when I stopped putting out like a damn sex fiend you went to the next easy lay.” Yeah, their relationship had been mainly physical, but she had actually let herself trust him even if it didn’t feel real. “Then again, faking it was getting old anyway.” What she had with Rob for the last year didn’t even compare to the night she had experienced with Booshie. She stared at Rob, feeling sick and disgusted over wasting so much time with him. Served her right for not listening to her heart, and letting her need to have someone overrule her. “This whole fucking Tally in the bedroom was an eye opener, and one I desperately needed. I’m never settling again because I am sick of being alone.” She turned and looked at Bennie. “Let’s go.”

“So what, you’re just going to leave me and jump in bed with that fucking biker?”

Naggie turned back around. “Fuck you, Rob. What I do, or in this case *who* I do is none of your damn business. You lost the right to care about what I do when you stuck your dick in a tramp.” She turned and left him standing there with a scowl on his face. Once they were outside Bennie took her hand and stopped her.

“Who do you think told that POS about you and the biker?”

She shook her head. “I think the better question is who didn’t tell him. This damn town is like high school girls on speed when it comes to gossip, especially when it comes to The Vicious Bastards. But if I was worried about what people said I would have conformed a long time ago.” She smiled, squeezed Bennie’s hand, and went over to her car.

“How about we order take-in and get drunk tonight? We can watch some horror movies where the dumb sluts get killed first.”

Naggie started laughing. “You read my mind.” She climbed into the car, and once Bennie pulled out of the driveway she glanced once more at the front door. “So long, old chapter in my life.”

## Chapter Seven

Booshie entered the clubhouse and was feeling pretty damn good about himself. Yeah, Naggie had agreed to have dinner with him, and although it certainly wasn't breaking news to stop traffic, to him it felt fucking incredible. He stepped up to the bar and slapped his hand on the counter. One of the prospects was cleaning glasses, but stopped and glanced at him. He got Booshie a beer without him having to ask, and once the cold Sam Adams was in his hand he turned and stared at Scars speaking with Ranger in the other room. Ranger was an old fuck of a member that was as ancient as the club. He might not go on runs with them anymore, but he did ride with them in town, participated when needed, and kept the club pussy happy. Even for as old as he was Ranger fucked like he was a hormonal teenager. That had Booshie grinning like a fool. He knew if any of the guys saw how fucking happy he was they'd bust his balls. It wasn't like he got this way often, rarely in fact. Booshie tipped his beer bottle back, and although it wasn't quite noon yet, the beer tasted damn good on his tongue. Maybe he was just feeling this surge of emotion inside of him, like he was also a hormonal teenager and he had just gotten his dick sucked for the first time? That had him grinning even wider.

"What the fuck has you so happy this damn early?" Little leaned up against the counter of the bar, reeking of alcohol and cheap perfume.

"You need a fucking shower, man."

Little lifted his middle finger and flipped him off. "Get me a beer," he said to the prospect without looking at him. "And a shot of whiskey." He looked at the prospect then.

Booshie lifted a brow in Little's direction, but the other biker didn't look at him and just flipped him off again. Booshie chuckled and stared straight ahead as he drank his beer.

"But seriously, what in the hell has you so damn happy?"

"Nothing."

"You're a lying sack of shit." He glanced at Little, watched the man toss the shot back, and then chase it with the beer. "Rough night." He didn't phrase it like a question, because it was clear the man was hung-over, and when one of the club pussy women came stumbling out of the back hallway it was clear he had partied in his room, too.

“Yeah. I didn’t close my eyes until past four.” Little scrubbed his hand over his face. “I had to show her why they called me Little.” He looked over at Booshie then and grinned.

“You’re a sadistic asshole.”

Little straightened and turned around to stare at the woman that he had clearly fucked last night.

“See how she is walking all fucked up.” There was almost pride in the sick bastard’s voice. “She found out real fast that Little is the opposite of what I am packing.” He grabbed his crotch in an obscene manner, but that was the way of the club. The guys didn’t mince shit, and said it like it was. “Baby, you ready for round two tonight?” The club pussy stopped and looked at him, and her cheeks heated. She was a newer girl, one that had been hanging around the club cleaning up, but then wanted to take it a step further.

“I can hardly walk as it is.”

“Oh yeah, that’s fucking right.” Little drank from his beer bottle and set it on the counter before sauntering over to her. The asshole might be still slightly drunk from last night, but whatever he was whispering into the woman’s ear had her melting against him and sighing.

Booshie turned away before he had to witness them dry humping each other, and saw Ranger leave the room where he was talking to Scars. The Bastards president leaned against the meeting table and grabbed a cigarette out from inside of his cut. Scars’s face held a hard expression, and Booshie knew something was up. He made his way toward the meeting room, and once inside shut the door behind him.

“Hey.”

Scars looked up and lit his cigarette while staring at Booshie.

“Hey, man.” He tossed his light on the table, inhaled deeply, and exhaled just as forcefully. After pulling the cigarette away and looking at it, he took one more hit and snubbed it out. “I really need to quit this shit. I told Stella I would, and look at me smoking.”

“It’s a hard habit to kick.”

Scars nodded.

“What’s up? You look like you got something on your mind.” Booshie pulled out a chair and sat down a little ways away from Scars.

“It’s nothing.”

“Scars.” Booshie waited until he looked his way again. “I’m your VP,

your second in command, and I have known you longer than anyone else in this club.” He left it open like that, letting the other man know that they were close, and therefore needed to trust each other.

He sighed, ran a hand through his dark hair, and finally nodded. “Yeah, man, I know. I guess I am just feeling my age.”

“You act like you’re Ranger’s age.” Booshie grinned, and was at least glad when the other biker grinned in return. “But seriously, what’s up?”

“I just think I need to get away for a while, maybe head up to the cabin and just relax.”

“Not a bad idea. You live and breathe this club, and while that is what we need, you also need time to yourself or you’ll snap and end up taking out a prospect.” Booshie chuckled, because that wouldn’t be the first time one of the members kicked a prospect’s ass.

Scars stared at him for a moment and finally sighed. “Marriage is next, man.”

“No shit?”

Scars shook his head but didn’t answer that question. “I’m happy for my baby girl, I really am, and feel like a bastard father for feeling this way.” He sounded stunned. “I mean I still remember her running around the clubhouse throwing peanuts at the guys.” Scars started laughing as if picturing that moment.

“Kids have to grow up, man.”

“I know, but makes a guy feel old as dirt ... and like I’m losing the last part of her mother.”

Shit, Booshie wasn’t good with this depressing, sad shit, and it was equally uncomfortable because Scars was not a man that showed emotion.

“Kids grow up, brother, leave the nest, and start their own families.”

Scars nodded, but that hard look on his face grew even stonier. “They went to The Springs this week, and I know Cadeon plans on proposing.”

“How do you know? I think you’re getting yourself pissed over nothing.”

“He asked me for fucking permission to marry her, showed me the big fuckin’ ring, too.”

Booshie was silent for a moment. “Damn.”

“Of course Stella didn’t know, but she has told me they were talking about it, and then Cadeon came to me before their trip, asked, and pretty

much shoved the diamond in my face.” He scrubbed a hand over his face. “But she hasn’t said anything to me about it when she called to check in, so I assume he hasn’t asked yet.”

“You’re not losing her. It isn’t like she’s leaving town with him. Cadeon is rooted to Reckless, and respects the hell out of you and the club.”

“I know, and I am happy for them, I really am. But when and if you ever have a kid and go through this, or losing someone you love, you’ll know what I mean.”

Booshie was speechless for a moment. “Scars, I look at Stella as if she were my own flesh and blood. I watched her grow from a screaming toddler to a gorgeous woman. But even after that I know I could never really understand what you’re going through, not after all you lost.” The scar on the president’s face seemed more pronounced with his emotion. Booshie wasn’t good in situations like this, but he needed to be there for his friend, brother, and the president of his club. “Take some time off, get your head on straight, and when you come back everything will be as you left it.”

Scars turned away from the window he was looking out of and nodded. “Yeah, I think a couple of days in the cabin might do me some good.”

“You could take one of the girls up with you. You know they can make you forget your name if they try hard enough.” Booshie stood and clapped Scars on the back. “The fort will be held, brother, but we can’t stay united if your head is somewhere else.”

Scars pushed off the table, and they slapped each other on the shoulders. “You seem different, more upbeat. You get laid or something?”

Booshie just grinned and shook his head. This wasn’t just about getting laid, or at least he hoped it wasn’t where Naggie was concerned. “Nah, I think I found myself an old lady.”

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Naggie cleaned off her workstation and leaned back in her chair. It was already the middle of the week, she was moved in temporarily with Bennie, and hadn’t heard from Rob—which was a good thing. The wall clock showed it was a quarter after five, and although they normally stayed open well past nine at times, she hadn’t booked anything after six aside from Booshie coming in, and she knew Ziggy didn’t have any more appointments either. Booshie was supposed to be here any minute, and she would be lying if she said she wasn’t nervous. They hadn’t seen each other since he dropped her

off at the parking lot Saturday morning, but they had talked on the phone enough. With her getting as settled in at Bennie's as she was going to get, and being packed with appointments for the last three days, she didn't have much time to think about anything but giving ink.

"You sure you're going to be okay?" Ziggy grabbed his car keys off the counter, put his baseball cap over his short Mohawk, and stared at her.

"I'm a big girl." She smiled. "But, thank you for worrying. He's friends with Cadeon and Stella, and in the MC, so I think I will be okay."

Ziggy nodded and pulled the cap down lower. "Okay, well, call me if you need anything."

"Okay, thanks." She followed him out and was about to lock the door when she heard the rumble of a Harley pulling into the parking lot. Booshie came to a stop and cut the engine of his bike. God, he looked so good in his plain white t-shirt, leather cut, and dark jeans. His black boots looked like they could seriously kick the shit out of someone, and when he climbed off his bike and took off his helmet and sunglasses, she saw that he was wearing his ever present black bandana. Her heart started beating a little faster, and she swore she got wetter just from the sight of him. The way he walked toward her with this swagger that reeked of badass motherfucker, had her actually taking a step back from the intensity of it. He pulled the door open and stepped inside, and she actually checked him out like she was sizing him up for a suit.

"Hey, baby." He slipped his sunglasses inside of his cut and took a step toward her. He ran his gaze up and down her body, and she felt naked.

"You're looking good enough that I'm about ready to say fuck the tattoo and bend you over the counter."

*Shit.*

He was filthy, and bad, and wanting her, if the erection pressing against his jeans was anything to go by. He took another step toward her, and another, and soon Naggie found herself pressed against the counter he'd mentioned bending her over. It had only been a few days since she saw him, but it felt like forever. This little voice inside of her head told her that this was becoming a physical "relationship", even if they had only *seen* each other officially for two days. It seemed like they couldn't keep their hands off each other, and that worried her. That was how her relationship with Rob had gone, and look where she was now. She placed a hand on his chest, stopping

him when he moved closer. He stilled instantly, but she could feel how fast and hard his heart was beating. It was the same frantic rhythm as hers.

“I think this is fast.”

The corner of his mouth lifted up, but he took a step back and lifted his hands in surrender. “Fair enough, but I haven’t been able to stop thinking about you.” Silence stretched between them, but instead of her arousal dimming the longer they stayed apart, it grew hotter.

“I just want to try this with you—whatever *this* is. I know we have only really seen each other twice, but I don’t want to make this about sex.” Naggie thought maybe he’d get pissed. Most guys would by getting turned down. It wasn’t exactly like she was playing hard to get. She had slept with him on the first night of them actually talking outside of the shop. Sex ruined a lot of things, and she didn’t want this to be one of them. But he surprised her when he nodded.

“You’re right. I don’t want this to be just about sex either, Naggie. If I wanted easy pussy I could get that at the club.”

His frankness was very welcome. Naggie had never been the type of woman that liked to have smoke blown up her ass, and she was thankful that Booshie was not the type of man to deliver that.

“How about we do the tattoo?” He didn’t wait for an answer from her. He took off his cut, placed it on the chair beside him, and removed his t-shirt. All of his hard, golden, and inked up skin was right in front of her in a matter of seconds. He turned and presented his wide shoulders and muscular back. “I was thinking of getting something done here.” He ran his hand along his side, right between two tattoos he already sported.

“What did you have in mind?” God, her voice came out all soft and breathy, and when he looked over at her with this hooded expression she knew he could tell she was barely holding on.

He slowly turned back around, and she watched as his abdomen clenched, showing off his six-pack in the process. “I looked through your portfolio.”

Her hands were so sweaty all of a sudden. “You did?”

He nodded but didn’t come any closer. “Yeah, months ago when you were working on someone and I came to talk to Cadeon.”

His admission surprised her, because she thought she had known every time he had come into the shop.



“I saw this tree you had drawn up, a really realistic one, but the branches were burning.” He lowered his head but kept his eyes locked on her. “It was powerful, and stuck with me ever since. But I was thinking you could add a skull in the middle of the burning branches, tie in the club, too.”

She swallowed, knowing exactly which one he was talking about. “I’ve never put that on anyone.”

He lifted a dark brow at that. “No?”

She shook her head.

“Well, I’d like to be your first, baby.” His deep voice went straight through her, and she reached behind her to hold onto the counter.

“Oh, fuck this and the slowing down bullshit,” she said, as if something possessed her. She was right in front of him a second later, and before she pressed her lips to his she saw his grin. They kissed fast and hard, and it felt like she was going to lose it if she didn’t feel Booshie inside of her. Yeah, screw going slow.

## Chapter Eight

Booshie moved them backward until she was pressed against the counter once more, and with one long sweep of his tongue along hers, as if he was trying to torment her, he pulled away. He spun her around so she had her belly pressed to the counter, and she placed her hands flat on the smooth, cold surface.

“Don’t move.” His voice was hard and demanding, but she had no intention of moving.

She looked over her shoulder and watched him go to the door and lock it before coming right back to her. He was already unbuckling his belt and pushing his jeans down before she could even blink.

“This is going to be fast and hard, baby, and so damn dirty.”

“Good, just how I like it.”

He growled low and grabbed the short strands of her hair on the back of her head. He pulled her head back so her neck was arched, and placed his mouth on the side of her throat. He broke away and placed his hand on the small of her back and pulled her forward slightly. The position caused her ass to pop out and press against his now bare erection.

“You want me to fuck you, baby?” He growled against her ear.

“I do. I *really* do.” She moaned out. Her body was on fire, her pussy was wet, and her clit throbbed. Her nipples felt like they were going to rip right through her shirt, and all she could think about was Booshie giving it to her nice and hard just like he promised. Had she really thought she was going to keep this thing with Booshie less than physical? Naggie had always been a sexual person, and that was how she enjoyed life and expressed herself. Sex was just another way of letting loose.

“You’re a bad girl at heart, Naggie.” He gripped the hem of her shirt pulled it up and over her head. He didn’t remove her bra, but instead reached around, gripped the cups, and pulled them down so her breasts sprang free. “I’m going to shove your pants down, pull your panties aside, and lick your cunt until you come all over my face.” He moved his mouth to her ear. “And you *will* beg me, but I won’t stop until every part of your body is so sore from my desire for you that all it will take is a growl and you’ll come all over again.” He delivered on his promise and shoved her pants down. When he was on his haunches behind her, had her panties pulled to the side so her

pussy was exposed, he feasted on her like he was starved for her flesh.

The sound of his haggard breathing against her ass had her own respiration coming in hard pants.

“I know your pussy tastes just as sweet as the rest of you, and I’m not about to deny myself any longer.” He said the words as if he was speaking to himself.

The vibrations that left him had her gritting her teeth and curling her hands into the smooth counter. Naggie might be on the small side, but what she lacked in height and weight she made up for in ass and tits. All she could focus on was the feel of him trailing his fingers along her sides, and making her flesh tighten. At the first touch of his tongue to the center of her body she moaned out loud. He was clearly enjoying going slow, torturing her and having her wanting things she’d never even imagined until she was in Booshie’s presence. He licked her cleft, sucked on her clit, and squeezed the globes of her ass until the pain mixed with pleasure.

“Fuck, baby, your pussy was made for my mouth, my hands, and my fucking cock.”

“Oh. God.”

He continued to lick at her until she felt the familiar tendrils of an orgasm start to rise. He curled his finger around the thin elastic of her panties, tightened them against her body until it dug into her flesh, and hummed loudly.

“Booshie—”

“Shh, baby.” His mouth was so close to her anus now, but he didn’t lick her there, just breathed heavily and made these deep needy noises. When he started biting the cheeks of her ass she rested her head on the counter and closed her eyes so she could concentrate on the feelings he invoked inside of her. The air left her in a gush when he went back to licking her pussy, and then dragged his tongue right up her center and latched onto her clit. She was going to come, and really damn hard, too. It was when he dragged his teeth gently across the bundle of nerves that she bit her lip until she tasted blood, and moaned out her climax. Never once did he stop tormenting her until she sagged on the counter and panted for breath.

“So good, Naggie. *Christ*, so fucking good.” The way he curled his fingers into her flesh, pulled her more firmly into his face, and devoured her like he was starving, had gush after gush of moisture leaving her as she

continued to come. Finally he pulled back from her, but only enough to spear a finger into her pussy. A gasp left her when he pumped that digit in and out of her in slow, measured strokes. He withdrew, but wasn't nearly done, not when he took that now soaked finger, pressed it to her anus, and slowly pushed it into her bottom. He finger-fucked her ass, and used his other hand to cup her between the thighs. At the first touch of his thumb teasing her oversensitive clit she tensed and felt another orgasm approach. Booshie was methodical and precise as he worked her at both ends, and soon she was fucking herself on his hand, and coming again so hard lights flashed behind her eyes and a strangled moan left her. When he stood and smoothed his hands up her outer thighs she didn't know if she could take any more. She was flipped back around, and in one easy move he had her lifted on the counter with her ass hanging over the edge. Her legs were spread wide, and when he moved his wide shoulders between them all she could think about was him shoving that hardness between his thighs into her.

“You smell so good.” He lowered his stare to between her legs. “You're so fucking wet and swollen, and it is all because you want me, baby. Isn't that right?” He smirked, but didn't take his eyes off her pussy. The next sequence of events happened so quickly all she could do was hold on and let him take control. Booshie gripped her hips and jerked her forward until she was perilously close to falling off the counter, but he held her tightly. “You were made for me.” Before she knew what he was doing he had her in his arms and was striding to the chair at her station.

Now that he was seated with her straddling his waist, he cupped her breasts and pinched her nipples. With a leg hanging over either side of his body, and their faces only an inch apart, Naggie could smell herself on him. Here she was, naked and aching for him despite just climaxing. She looked down, realized he already sheathed himself in a condom, but wasn't at all surprised. He was stealthy in everything he did. He was hard beneath her ass, so thick and long that she could feel every part of his dick. A man like Booshie was feral and carnal, and no lovemaking or sweet words would come from him, not when it concerned sex. She had known how dangerous he was when she had seen him all those months ago for the first time, but hadn't known what she was dealing with until Friday night. He was raw and rough, weathered and intimidating.

“Look at you.” He roamed her face with his gaze, and he settled his

stare on her mouth. She felt his cock jerk under her ass. “So fucking irresistible.” He said that under his breath, as if he meant to keep it inside. “Yet you give me everything I want.” He snapped his gaze up to hers. Before she could say anything, even if she could have formed any intelligent words at that moment, he speared his hand behind her head and wrapped his fingers around the nape of her neck. He claimed her mouth with his, stroked his tongue along hers, and took full possession of her with just that one kiss. The flavor of everything that was Booshie, mixed with her musky arousal, was an aphrodisiac like no other. When she went to wrap her hands around his neck he groaned low in his throat and moved away only long enough to position her arms behind her back. He secured her wrists at the base of her spine with one of his hands, held her tight, and used that leverage to pull her upper body back. The position was slightly uncomfortable, but she saw how it had angled her pelvis more toward his crotch, and she knew he had her right where he wanted her.

“Booshie.” She breathed out his name, and he slowly lifted his gaze to her face. He only used one arm to support her body, and it was that one hand holding her wrists at her lower back that kept her from falling onto the ground. He trailed his free hand down her belly and stopped when he was close to her clit, and she felt his body heat spear her.

Lowering his gaze to her pussy again he said, “Look at you, so greedy for me.” He moved his fingers through her folds, so agonizingly slowly that she gritted her teeth and forced herself not to squirm on his lap. He lifted his hand up, showed her his now glistening fingers, and brought them to his mouth. She knew how she looked as she watched him suck those digits into his mouth: aroused and so damn ready for him. He groaned once he had sucked them clean.

“Just take me, Booshie. God, I can’t handle it anymore.”

“You want my cock, Naggie?”

“You know I do.”

“I won’t go easy, won’t whisper sweet words and make love to you.” He pulled back only enough that he could grip her chin with his thumb and forefinger. “I’m going to fuck you, and it is going to be just as hard and rough as it was when I had you in my bed.”

Her breath hitched.

“Does that scare you? Do *I* scare you?”

“No.” She breathed out that one word. “I think I’ve been waiting for you to come into my life for a very long time.” She had no idea why she had said that, but it was too late to take the words back now.

He gave her that damn half smile, and she knew that he liked hearing what she had just said. He was a sadist in some respects, and she realized she liked being his good little masochist.

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Booshie wasn’t about to fuck around any longer, because he wanted Naggie too damn badly. He balanced her on his lap with one hand on her lower back, and reached between their bodies to align his dick with her pussy. When he moved the tip of his erection along her slicked up folds he had to grit his teeth not to thrust into her. “I can’t go slow, baby.” Her pussy was spread out before him, and he loved her in this position, loved that she was completely open for him.

“Fuck me, Booshie.”

He pulled her forward, rested his head on her chest, and inhaled deeply. Her nipples were right there for the taking, and his mouth watered for more. He took the tip into his mouth, sucked and nipped until she was rubbing her cunt on his cock, and knew he wasn’t going to last. He rubbed his face over her breasts, loved the little sounds she made, and grabbed the root of his cock. He gritted his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut. He lifted his hips slightly, and lodged the head of his dick in her body. He worked himself up inside of her, and loved that he could see her cream slip down his length

“God, Booshie, I feel like you’re splitting me in two.”

“You fucking like my big cock in your cunt. You like that I am stretching your shit and making you work to take it all.” When his pelvis met hers, they both groaned out in unison. He gripped her hips, no longer holding her hands behind her back, and lifted her up until just the tip of his dick was inside of her now.

“You’re so big, and I feel so full.”

He started pushing her down on his shaft again, and then lifting her back up. He did this continuously until her tits bounced between them, and his dick was slick with her juices. His cock thickened, and his balls drew up tight. Still holding onto her hips he stood and turned with her still in his arms. He grunted in distaste when he was forced to set her on her feet. But he quickly turned her around, pushed her down so she had to bend over her

workstation chair to steady herself, and slammed his shaft back into her. She cried out when he bottomed out in her cunt in one swift move. He pounded into her in long, hard strokes, and the sound of her body sucking at his shaft surrounded him.

“That’s it, Naggie, take all of me. I’m never going to get enough.” He slammed into her especially hard, so much so that she fell forward. Her ass was up, her face down, and now he fucked her like some kind of feral beast. “Say it, baby, say who you belong to.” His orgasm approached, but he wouldn’t get off until she came again.

“Yours, Booshie. I am yours. All of it is yours.” Her pussy contracted around him, and she milked him until his orgasm came rushing up. When she slumped forward he pulled out and picked her up in his arms. He sat back in the chair with her in his lap, and she rested her head on his chest. It felt good to hold her and not worry about if she was going to cling to him or not. In fact, he wanted her to be attached to him, because he sure as fuck was attached to her already. It was also nice knowing that she hadn’t been with all of the other members of the MC. Booshie was used to the club pussy that walked around, not caring that they jumped from one Vicious Bastard to the other, trying to increase their status in the club. He smoothed his hands over her back, loved that their fucking had her working up a sweat, and closed his eyes. Yeah, this was what happiness felt like, and this was only the second time of being with her. That said a lot about how right this was, and Booshie wasn’t about to let that go.

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*Two months later*

“If you keep sucking down that spaghetti like that I’m going to walk out of here with a boner.”

Naggie nearly choked on her noodle, and he let out a deep chuckle.

“You always have a hard-on,” she said.

“Only for you, baby.” He reached across the table and took her hand in his.

It had already been two months since she had gone home with him, and as strange as it was for being so soon in their relationship, she felt herself falling hard for this roughened biker. They hadn’t actually put a label on what they were doing with each other, but she wasn’t seeing anyone else, and he had told her the same. They might have sex quite a bit, but then again they

were both very sexual people, and when something felt so right and good with someone why restrict it?

The waitress came over and refilled their wine glasses, and this very easy and comfortable silence filled the air between them. This was like the fifth time they had gone to The Spaghetti Warehouse, and to say they stood out like a sore thumb was an understatement. Here he sat with his Vicious Bastards cut on, the dark bandana on his head, and his big ass body taking up the whole chair. And then here she was, covered in tattoos, too, short blonde pixie hair and looking like she belonged in a punk rock band. Yeah, they were two peas in a pod, so very different, but also the same.

He leaned back in his seat and drank his wine. The meal had been wonderful, and the company even more so. Rob was a distant memory even if it had been only a couple of months, but the bastard hadn't stayed single for long even though he'd professed his love to her. In fact, the last she'd heard he had moved Tally into his place. The word was the neighbors could hear her bitching even with the windows shut, but served the asshole right. She hoped Tally fucked him over royally, and then hoped Tally caught a horrendous cause of crabs. Maybe not the best thought to have or wish on someone, but with a reputation like Tally had, it was bound to happen sooner or later.

Although Naggie couldn't see Booshie's newest tattoo due to his clothing, she knew it was there, right on his side and standing out proud. After their sexual escapade at the tattoo shop—which God forbid Cadeon ever found out about—she actually did give him the burning tree ink. To say it looked good on him was an understatement, but then again a man like Booshie wore everything well.

“You almost ready, baby?” He reached in his back pocket and grabbed his wallet, which was attached to a silver chain.

She nodded, picked up her glass, and took several sips from it. “I'm ready to beat your ass at Guitar Hero.”

He grunted and tossed a few twenties on the table. Yeah, they had that kind of relationship, but she loved that they could be serious with each other, and at other times just have fun. It went against the grain of the type of man he portrayed, but she loved that he showed only her that soft side of him. It made her feel special, and Naggie had never felt that way her entire life. They still had a lot to learn about each other, and this was only the beginning of



whatever it was they had started, but she was looking forward to exploring this new chapter in her life.

The End

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