



ALWAYS YOURS

VICIOUS SNAKES MC. BOOK 10

MALLORY FUNK

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Dedication

This book is for everyone who
fell in love with the Vicious
Snakes and have supported me
through this journey of a
longer series than I could ever
hoped for.

Thank you, Mallory

About this book:

There are just a couple things about this book before you begin reading.

The names change lots from their real name to club name, to name changes.

(Ex. Liliana-Lily, Nikolai-Nick-Nik-Nicolas, -Arthur-Arturo-Art-Bear) That is intentional for the purpose of the characters gradually getting used to a different name, also based on who the POV is in that moment.

Trigger warning:

The couple things I must warn you about this book that it discusses rape, murder, but there are no scenes with rape. It's only talked about.

There is some torture but nothing too heavy.

Thank you for taking a chance to read this book. I hope you enjoy the journey Derek and Lily have taken. Part one is their past and part two is the present time where we

left off after Ultimately Yours and
Unbelievably Yours.

Part One

The Past

Around 30 years ago

Chapter One

Lily (Liliana) -Age 15-

I stare at my parents while they tell me that when I turn eighteen, I will be married off to help form an alliance between the families. I'm only fifteen years old, but I guess they want me to be ready for when it happens.

I knew that there was always a possibility I would be forced into an arranged marriage, but I never thought that my parents would be the type to put me through that. Heck, my mother was supposed to marry someone else before she ended up falling in love with my father. I think because of who he was, my grandparents allowed the marriage to happen.

There was more to life than living like this.

I am the daughter of a powerful mafia don. My father was the head of the family. Everyone did what he said, or they had paid the price.

The man he wanted me to marry was the son of a man that was just as powerful as my father. Matteo was a year older than me. We both belonged to the Five Families. All the kids of these families went to the same school. Matteo was known for being cruel to his partners. I knew the only reason he didn't come near me was because of who my father was, but it looks like I will no longer be protected by that considering they will now be marrying us off to each other.

I nod my head and try to hide my anger at my parents since I know arguing will do nothing but land me some sort of punishment.

All five of my brothers are in the family room. When they see me, they give me questioning looks.

"In three years, I will be married to Matteo Deluca," I tell them.

Looks of shock and anger come over their faces.

“What the fuck are they thinking by marrying you off to that monster?” Enzo spits out angrily.

I shrug. “We need the alliance,” I say with a sigh, knowing it’s hopeless.

“We will find a way to get you out of this,” Marco says with a determined look on his face.

I just give him a sad smile.

“I need to go see Nikolai,” I state.

They nod their heads in understanding. Nikolai is my best friend, and I don’t know what I would do without him. He’s the son of my father’s right-hand man and we have been close for years, since he’s always around and trains with my brothers. I’m not allowed to learn any of that since I won’t need those skills to be the perfect trophy wife. I roll my eyes at the thought.

I think my father didn’t mind us being friends since Nikolai and I never saw each other as more than friends. We have come to think of each other as brother and sister. I couldn’t imagine seeing him as anything more; I shudder at the thought.

Our driver takes me to his house. The door opens before I make it to the steps. Nikolai is smiling at me, but his smile quickly drops when he sees the expression on my face.

“Come on, let’s go talk where there are no ears around,” he says, and we head to his room. He unlocks the door, and we walk in. I immediately throw myself on the bed and groan.

I mumble into the bed, but he can’t understand me. I can barely understand me.

“Say that again?” he says with a small chuckle while sitting next to me.

I turn my head to face him. “I said that my father has arranged for me to marry Matteo DeLuca when I turn eighteen.”

Anger overcomes Nikolai’s face. “What the fuck is he thinking?” Nikolai asks in shock.

“You know how it is in this world. We must keep the alliance strong. It is my duty as part of this family, and I can’t back away from duty,” I say, lowering my voice to mimic my father’s.

“That’s fucking bullshit. I can’t believe he would expect you to marry that man. He fucking likes to cut his women. He likes to see them bleed and cry. And not in the ‘let’s do this with consent kind of way.’ There is a reason no woman will come near him without him forcing them to. Your father is not that fucking blind,” Nikolai states after getting up and starting to pace.

“What else can I do? I don’t have a fucking choice,” I shout before sitting up and facing him.

“We will figure something out. You will not be subjected to that kind of life. Even if we have to get you out of here,” he says, locking his eyes with me to show how serious he is.

I sigh at my best friend. “We can’t just leave.”

“Why not?” he asks, looking at me like he’s already made up his mind.

“Well, for one, where are we going to go? There isn’t anywhere we can hide that they won’t find us. Our parents have a far reach. You expect to leave all our family behind; our life?” I ask in shock.

“I will do anything if that means I can keep you safe. We have three years. We use that time to plan and save whatever money we can so that when we get away, we have the means to do so. We’ll have time to make fake IDs and everything. I’m not letting you become that man’s wife. In the meantime, he will try to think he can get his hands on you since you are to be married, so I think I need to start training you. Let’s go,” he says while pulling me up.

“Go where? This isn’t the end of the conversation, Nikolai. What you are saying is crazy,” I say, pulling us to a stop before we leave his room.

“You are my best friend. I’d like to think you would do the same if some psycho girl ever got her hands on me,” he says

with a smirk.

“I would cut and gut the bitch who hurt you,” I say with a look of cold determination.

He nods his head like he expected that response from me.

“Exactly. I can’t let you out in the world by yourself. We are each other’s ride or die. Til the end. We do everything together,” he states.

“Alright, where are we training because your father isn’t going to hide that from mine, and there is no way that my father would let me learn such useless skills,” I say, rolling my eyes.

“We will go somewhere they always expect us to go so they don’t get suspicious. I’m sure Dawson will let us use a room to train and won’t say anything. Look, you know my brother Arturo has been the black sheep of the family for years. My father doesn’t know where he is, but Art gave me a way to contact him if I wanted out. He may be our chance,” he says.

I swallow hard and think about his words. He’s right. Arturo left years ago when I was just a little girl. He didn’t want to live this life after his girlfriend was killed. I didn’t blame him for leaving, and he could be the chance we need.

We both are silent and lost in our heads as we leave.

I follow him out the house to where my driver is still waiting for me. We ask him to take us to the local restaurant we like to frequent. It’s true that they won’t suspect anything since we come there to eat almost every day. The owner, Dawson, has a table on reserve just for us. Plus, Dawson has an apartment above the restaurant, so maybe that is where Nikolai is thinking we will train.

When we get there, we talk to Dawson who leads us upstairs. You would think this place would be dingy and small for an apartment above a restaurant, but it’s pretty spacious.

He has a room that already has mats in it where he trains, and I hear Nikolai ask if there’s a way he can order targets so that he can teach me how to use a knife.

All of it makes me nervous, but I know he's right; these would be useful skills to have. Especially if we can't find a way to get me out of this marriage.

There is no way I would want this marriage to happen either. I couldn't imagine that man's hands on me.

I have to do whatever it takes to get away. I know that will be the only way. I'd hate to leave my brothers, but I feel like I have no choice. I don't want that kind of life for myself. If my father had told me to marry anyone else, it might be different.

The hard fact is that he didn't. He wants me to marry a monster.

That will never happen.

~

I spent the week training with Nikolai. There was no school during the week for some holiday, and I was avoiding being home as best as I could. My house was a very tense place to be in. My brothers were pissed, and they only voiced that opinion to me and each other since no one really had the guts to talk back to my father. Even though we are his kids, there isn't much he would tolerate from us.

We also knew better than to speak down to him in front of anyone else, so it was always best to keep our mouths shut.

I didn't want to be around my mother or father. Thankfully, I only had to be around for supper, which was when everyone was expected to be there.

Today was the first day back at school which meant that I was going to see Matteo; my future husband if I didn't find a way out of it.

By the look on his face when he saw me walk into the school, I could tell that his family had told him about their arrangement for us. He was smug, and his eyes held a desire that looked sick and cruel. I could tell that he could not wait to sink his teeth into me.

"Well, if it isn't my future bride," he says, leering at me.

“I’m not your anything right now,” I snap at him with my brothers and Nikolai backing up behind me.

“Not yet. One day though, you will be my wife and you won’t have these bodyguards behind you. You will be all mine behind closed doors. I’d watch what you say. I’d hate to make the wedding night... unpleasant,” he says with a wicked gleam emerging in his eyes while he finishes his last word.

I bite my tongue so that I don’t say what I really want to say back to him. I don’t want to give away that I would never be his bride or wife. Associating those words with him make me shiver in disgust.

“You will not lay one finger on her,” Enzo growls.

“Not yet, but three years and you are mine,” he says to me, and gestures for his friends to leave with him. Before he is out of sight, he turns his head and winks at me. He licks his lips before turning his head back around.

“Fuck, that guy is creepy,” Nikolai says before throwing an arm over my shoulders and leading me down the hall.

Creepy is an understatement.

Derek – 18 years old-

Today was my first day prospecting for the Vicious Snakes. My family is all about the club, and that was all I knew growing up.

My father and grandfather were brothers, and I knew I wanted to be one too. Heck, one day if I have a son or grandson, maybe he will also want to be a brother.

Being part of the Vicious Snakes is something to be proud of.

One of my best friends prospecting with me, Arthur; or Art as he likes to be called, is grinning at me even though we are on clean up duty after last night’s party.

“Why the fuck are you smiling right now? We are literally cleaning up used condoms off the ground,” I say before

picking another one up with the gloves I'm wearing and throwing it in the trash beside me.

"We are finally fucking doing it. I knew I wanted to be part of this club when you guys first entered my life, and I'm glad to finally do it. To have that family I always wanted.

I let out a sigh, but I completely understand where my friend is coming from. He had been disowned by his family years ago, and it was only luck that we ended up in the same neighbourhood. He was living with someone he claimed was a great aunt, but they looked nothing alike. I never really felt like they were blood related, but they cared about each other all the same. She had only passed away a year ago and left everything to him, so maybe they were. Who knows?

We had become friends quickly. Art lived across the street from me, and it was a no brainer to decide to prospect together.

"Hey Art?" I ask as we clean up bottles, cigarette butts, and whatever else is all over the floor.

"Yeah?" he responds without looking at me.

"Do you ever think about going back home and contacting your family?" I ask.

I see him still from the corner of my eye.

"No, I wouldn't ever go back. It wasn't a good place to grow up," he mutters lowly.

"If you ever want to, I'll be here for you," I say to make sure that he knows that.

"Thanks, I know. I don't see that ever happening though. Even if there are people that I wish I could see again," he says.

"Maybe one day, you will," I say, trying to sound upbeat and reassuring.

"You never know," he says softly.

The way he looks pissed off but dejected makes me even more curious about his life. What is he hiding?

Hopefully one day he will open up to me.

Chapter Two

Liliana – 17 Years Old-

The day of my wedding seems to get closer and closer. I feel the dread in me that I might have to actually do it, if we don't pull this off.

We had been taking any money that we could. Whenever I bought something, I always asked for cash back. I never went to an ATM or my dad might be suspicious upon looking at the bank statements. I don't know if he looks at those things, but he could; especially if he expects me to run.

I told my parents that I didn't want any part of the wedding planning, so my mother has been planning it with Matteo's mother.

The only thing I helped participate in was getting someone to take my measurements.

I didn't care. I wasn't planning on being there anyways.

I knew that Nikolai was doing the same thing as I had been to save some money. We went to train four times a week. He has taught me how to use knives, which is one of his favourite things to do.

With my doom's day approaching in just a couple weeks, I know that it's time.

We have to get out of here.

We had both bodyguards and my father's men watching us; however, whenever we went to the restaurant, we weren't really watched because it has been our hang out for years. They don't suspect us to try anything there. I would be stupid to think they weren't watching the exterior of the building though, so we knew that we had to disguise ourselves in the washrooms before leaving.

Just like any other day for the past while, I headed upstairs with Nikolai before returning downstairs to eat and leave.

We hadn't brought any bags with us, but the money we stashed was here with Dawson. For some reason, we knew we could trust him.

We also had clothes and disguises ready to go as well. The hair on the wigs actually felt real and not synthetic, but I don't ask where he got them from. I take off everything I am wearing, including underwear and jewellery. Nikolai suggested it would be good in case anything was bugged. I didn't leave even a hair tie in. I knew there was a possibility there might be bugs in my clothes or jewellery. I wouldn't put it past my father.

I put my hair in a new ponytail and twist it up into the wig that I'm going to wear. It's a short haired wig and there was fake hair to make a beard or stubble, I guess. I shook my head with a smile but put it all on. I put on thicker eyebrows and clothes I wouldn't ever wear; baggy pants and a huge sweater, along with a hat and some leather jacket.

Once everything is on, I leave the room and look to see Dawson and what I assume to be Nikolai with a red-haired wig and sort of the same type of clothing that I am wearing.

"If I didn't know any better, I would assume you were a dude," Nikolai says. I shake my head but don't say anything.

Nikolai hands me a couple of guns and knives to strap to myself. I take them knowing that we just might need them. They will soon discover we are gone, and we will have to take action.

The money we saved is in a bag that Nikolai is now carrying on his back; along with the new identification.

"Are you ready?" Nikolai asks.

"As I will ever be. Let's do this," I say.

I look over to Dawson.

"Thank you. For everything," I say before walking over to him and giving him a hug.

“Just get out of here. Find the life you were meant to live. Be happy. Make sure you make it worth it,” he whispers in my ear, and I nod my head so that he knows I’ve heard him.

We head downstairs, and two people who could be our look-alikes walk up to Dawson’s apartment. They give us nods before disappearing inside.

I guess Dawson covered all his bases.

I will find a way to make it up to that man.

He’s literally saving my life.

My heart is beating wildly as we make our way back through the restaurant and head outside.

We walk past a couple of my father’s men, and we keep our heads down. When we are far enough away, I breathe a sigh of relief that they didn’t realise it was us.

We walk for a good forty minutes until we come to a parking lot and, to my surprise, Nikolai walks up to a car and gestures for me to get in.

He pulls keys out of the jacket he’s wearing and starts the car.

I don’t say anything until we are well out of city limits.

“Where did this car come from?” I finally ask, breaking the silence.

“Dawson had picked it up under a fake name and put it here so that we could drive away. It’s a busy enough place that I don’t think anyone would have placed us there,” he says.

“That was scary. We don’t have much longer until they realise we are gone,” I say, voicing my fear.

“We’ve got about another hour before the goons come in and look for us. Hopefully, we will be far enough away that they won’t be able to catch up,” he says.

“What about Dawson or those other guys? Do you think something will happen to them for helping us?” I ask grimly.

Nikolai lets out a sigh. “It’s very likely, but it was their choice. They knew the stakes.”

“Those random guys wanted to help out strangers?” I ask in disbelief.

“They weren’t random. They were guys from our school who needed the money. Even if they do rat, they don’t know where we are going; heck, Dawson doesn’t even know. We are going to get to the next town and change vehicles there. We are going to do that about six times before I’m sure no one can find us. Dawson doesn’t know that we are getting another vehicle. If they got him to talk then they will look for this one. We won’t be in it anymore; plus, we will change disguises a few times too,” he says, having it all planned out.

“What about Arturo?” I ask softly.

“When I know we are safe, we will contact him. Not a minute before,” he states firmly.

“And how are we going to have all the money for these vehicle changes?” I look at him curiously.

He looks over at me and smirks. “I took out a lot of money. My parents haven’t been watching me for years. I have been keeping a stash forever. A ‘just in case’ rainy day stash. Something Arturo told me to do if I ever wanted to leave. ‘Always have a plan in place,’ he would tell me. Sure, he was pretty much a kid when he left; but you know we all had to grow up fast.”

“That’s true. If I ever have kids or grandkids, they are going to know what it’s like to run around and play. They will actually get to be kids,” I say.

Nikolai nods his head in agreement.

We spend the next month on the run; changing vehicles, disguises, eating drive thru, and constantly driving. We have been taking turns driving and, so far, no one has caught up with us. I changed from a man to a woman to a man again. We left the clothes and everything in the garbage, and even changed the backpack Nikolai had. He was not leaving anything to chance. I’m lucky that he had thought of every possibility. There is no way I would have thought of half this shit. I probably would have been caught right away.

I miss sleeping in a bed. There is no way to properly stretch out in a vehicle.

Finally, Nikolai had contacted Arturo. I was nervous for his reaction.

Hopefully we wouldn't be turned away.

Derek – 20years old-

I've only had my patch for a few months. Usually, the prospecting term lasts a year, but so much stuff had been happening that there wasn't time. My club name became Razor, and Arthur's became Bear. I think it suited him perfectly. He was a huge fucking guy.

I worked hard to get here and wanted everyone to know that I earned it. I know I definitely earned respect from some of the brothers.

The best thing was the club women.

Sure, some guys had Old Ladies, but I wasn't sure I wanted one just yet. Seemed like more trouble than they were worth.

There was one club bunny that I had fucked up with. Bianca. I had fucked her a few times but, when I tried to end it, she went and told me she was pregnant.

Fuck, I wasn't ready to be a father. I knew I would do what it took to step up though.

First, I had went with her to the doctor and confirmed she was indeed pregnant.

I knew I was the only brother that had touched her since she was fairly new, and we weren't a club that forced the women to fuck anyone. They had a choice with their bodies, and it seemed to be that I was her choice.

Right away, she had a wicked gleam in her eye and tried to declare herself my Old Lady, but I put a stop to that. She might be carrying my child, but that title is going to be for one woman only, and I feel it in my gut that Bianca isn't the one.

I had put a stop to fucking her last week when she tried to tell me she loved me with tears in her eyes. Fuck that. Love? Now I'm not a cold man, but what does she know about me other than how my cock feels to know that she loves me? She doesn't know shit about me and only cares about the fact that I will be president one day. She wants my status.

She was trying to leave her shit in my room, and I tossed it all out to send a message. I did make sure that she had a room with the girls, and I will find her a place before the baby is born. I definitely won't give it to her until I am absolutely confident that baby is mine. I'm not stupid.

Bear's phone rings, bringing me out of my thoughts.

"Yeah?" he grumbles lowly.

I watch as he turns pale as a fucking ghost. "Nik-" the name gets cut off with a choked sound I have never heard from my best friend.

I'm immediately on alert.

"What's going on? Are you okay?" Bear asks quickly.

I listen as he gives whoever it is directions to the clubhouse. When he hangs up, I wait for him to tell me what's going on.

"That was my brother. He's on his way," he says quietly.

I raise an eyebrow at him. "I didn't know you had a brother," I reply.

That is something I feel like I should know about my best friend.

He lets out a sigh. "I'll give you a short version for now since he is on his way," he mutters, and I nod my head for him to continue.

"My home life wasn't the greatest and I had seen some things that would get me killed. After my mother found out what I had witnessed, she got me out of there when I was quite young. She knew someone who could keep me safe, and I did everything she said and followed her direction to disappear. I left a note for my brother to contact me if anything happened and he needed out. I gave him the name I would go under, the

one my mother told me to use, and then I left. I hadn't heard from my family in years and, honestly, I expected him not to call; but he just did. I know that whatever it took for him to leave has to be bad," he tells me.

"Is your family that dangerous?" I ask because it is the first thing that comes to my mind.

"Yes," he says, and looks me in the eye, so that I can tell how serious he is about this.

"Let's see what they have to say. You know I've got your back, brother," I tell him.

He nods his head, and we wait out by the gate for his brother. A vehicle pulls up with a man and a woman in it and we tell the prospect to let them in.

"Nikolai!" Bear says and, as soon as the man is out of the car, he pulls him into his arms.

I can tell just how much he missed his brother, and the similarities are quite obvious.

They both have brown hair and eyes, they are built, and around my height at six-foot-four. I look over to the other person. She gets out of the car and my breath catches.

Oh fuck. She's hot as fuck, that's for sure. I don't know who this is but, damn, I would love to get to know her.

Bear pulls away and the woman walks into his arms "Arturo," she says quietly with a hint of an accent in her voice.

"Liliana?" he gasps before pulling her to him. She cries softly into his chest. I don't know if I should leave or not, but I decide to wait for Bear to decide what he wants me to do.

"Tell me everything," he says when he pulls away. He keeps looking between them like he actually can't believe they are here.

"Let's head to your room. That way, we have privacy," I tell him. He looks over at me and nods his head.

We all walk into the clubhouse and into his room. No one says anything until the door is shut and locked as we don't want

anyone walking in on this conversation.

Bear stays standing while his brother and the woman, Liliana, take a seat on the end of his bed.

“What’s going on?” Bear asks.

“I needed to get Liliana out of there. Her father was going to marry her off to Matteo DeLuca. I don’t know if you remember him or his family, but she would not have been safe and would have spent her life being beaten and broken until she was nothing but a shell of a woman. I couldn’t let her go through that, so we have been saving up for three years now and made the escape a couple weeks ago. We took many different routes to be sure we weren’t followed and changed our disguises over and over again,” Nikolai explains.

“DeLuca? What the fuck was your father thinking?” Bear shouts, causing Liliana to flinch.

“Sorry, darling. That makes no sense that he would do that; from what I can remember, he didn’t care for the DeLuca family,” Bear states, looking confused.

“I’m not sure. They don’t tell me anything like that. I’m just a woman,” she spits out at him with a glare.

I feel instant anger at her words. Just a woman? What kind of bullshit is that?

“Well, you aren’t in that world anymore. They won’t find you here. I made sure of it. Did you guys change your names yet? I go by Arthur or Art, but now my road name is Bear. So, none of that Arturo talk; he doesn’t exist anymore,” he says, and they nod their heads at him.

“I went with something close to our names, but nothing close to the last names; just so we don’t get mixed up. I don’t want it to be too different. So, I am Nicholas, and this is Lily. That way, we will still answer if people call us,” Nikolai says.

Bear looks at his brother proudly. “Good.”

“Is the club in any danger?” I ask. This is definitely something we should consider.

“We weren’t followed, and they don’t know how to find us, so I think we are okay. If they ever find us, maybe then; but I made sure we didn’t have a trail, and we changed our appearance often,” Nik says.

“Right, we will deal with them if that day ever comes. Since no one knows about Bear’s family, we can just say that you just recently found out that you were his brother, so you came looking for him. Your home life wasn’t good, and you were hoping that your only brother wasn’t like that. You have Lily with you because she’s your best friend and would never leave your side. She practically forced you to take her,” I tell them.

They all stare at me for a moment before nodding their heads.

“That’s a good idea. The less people know about them, the better. We should tell Prez,” Bear says.

“We will if we need to. The club has other shit to deal with right now. Until we know there’s a threat, we won’t tell anyone beyond this room,” I say.

“Alright, I trust your judgement,” Bear says, prompting the others to agree as he is the one that they know and trust.

I leave them to catch up and try to ignore the pull to Lily that I feel. I don’t need to get tangled up with a woman.

I have enough shit going on right now.

Chapter Three

Liliana

It has been two weeks on the road, and the first night here at the club where Art had made a life. We haven't really left Art's room since we got here, but Nikolai and I really needed rest. We both took a nap in Art's bed.

Art left to see if there was a room we could stay in for now; hopefully the story Art's friend worked up will work.

I realised when we woke up that we didn't even get the guy's name.

He is fucking gorgeous though. I wonder if there are more yummy men in this clubhouse.

Not that I need any more man problems, but it doesn't hurt to look. Being that I'm eighteen now and not living with my family anymore, I can be with whomever I want. The thought is freeing but also kind of scary. I never had any options before. I knew my life was going in one direction, and I wasn't trained for anything more, until Nik took matters into his own hands.

Nick and I decide to venture out, since our stomachs are grumbling loudly.

We get into the main room and Art is sitting at a stool with the same man from before, and they are laughing over something while drinking beer.

We head in that direction.

"Oh, good. You guys are awake," Art says, smiling at us.

"I forgot to mention that this is my brother, Razor. I was so glad to see you earlier that I didn't think to introduce you," he says, gesturing to the hot as fuck man in front of us.

"Nice to meet you," I mutter.

“My Prez and VP want to meet you, and then you guys are good to stay in a room by mine. I assume you guys wanted to share, since you don’t know anyone here,” he explains.

“It’s okay, we can share. I’m used to his smelly ass already,” I say.

“Hey!” Nik shouts, causing everyone to look over at us.

I look over at him and shrug. I’m not saying anything that isn’t true.

“I don’t smell. You are the one who nearly killed us on the road; took forever to get that smell out,” Nik says, and my cheeks redden in embarrassment.

“Me? What about you? You always smell like something crawled up and died in your ass!” I shout back.

It isn’t until I hear a bunch of laughter that I realise that everyone was listening to us.

“I take it that these are our new guests,” some guy says while walking up to us. He has bright green eyes just like the gorgeous man, Razor. They have to be related because, damn, those are some good genetics.

I don’t realise that I have my mouth open and that I’m openly staring until a hand is waved in front of my face. I look over at Nik and glare. “What?”

“You have a bit of drool there,” he says, gesturing to the bottom of his lip.

I automatically go to wipe when he laughs, and I realise I was caught staring at this man.

I look over at him again and he’s grinning at me.

“Now, if I was thirty years younger, you would be in trouble,” he says with a wink, and I swear I nearly swoon.

“Wow, you shouldn’t do that,” I say, waving my hand at him.

“Do what?” he asks in confusion.

“You know, wink. That’s very deadly. That will lead any woman to trouble that I’m sure most aren’t ready for,” I say.

Oh god, why can't I shut up?

He coughs out a laugh, and I look at Nik, Art, and Razor who are all trying to hold back laughter.

“Well, that’s good to know. I’m Prez. This here is my son. So, all this goodness will most likely be what you have to look forward to if you stick around in the future,” he says with another wink.

I cover my face with my hands.

“I think I’m just going to go hide now,” I say with my voice muffled by my hands.

Before anyone can say anything, there’s a loud noise and I realise that it’s my stomach making it known that I haven’t eaten in hours.

“We haven’t eaten in a couple days,” Nik says.

“Why not?” Razor asks, looking a bit angry that we haven’t eaten.

“The cash ran low, and we needed money for gas. I plan to find a job as soon as I can. We both do,” Nik says, glaring at Razor.

“We can help with that. Do either of you know how to cook?” Prez says.

I nod my head. “Yeah, that’s all I was really taught. As long as you have ingredients, I can cook just about anything.”

“Tonight, we will order pizza, which is what we usually do, but tomorrow I will get a prospect to head to the store with you and you grab lots of food; I’m talking about carts full. We don’t have much since no one know how to cook shit and the last time one of the club bunnies tried, we got food poisoning. All we have eaten since is take-out. Haven’t had a home cooked meal since my ma died,” Prez says.

“We can do that. I’d be happy to earn my keep,” I tell him.

“Oh darling, I’ll pay you to cook for the club. That way you get some cash, and we get delicious food,” he says.

“If you are sure,” I say slowly.

“I am. And what skills do you have?” he asks, turning his attention to Nik.

“He’s good at fighting and self defense. He trained me how to fight. So, I would suggest him to help out if you had a gym or something but, if not, I’m sure he can apply to the nearest one,” I say, putting my two cents in.

“We do own a gym and we do happen to be down an instructor. We can see what you’ve got tomorrow. Tonight, just relax,” he says before turning away and leaving.

I let out a sigh staring at his ass as he walks away.

“Woman!” is shouted. I jump and look back to see Razor glaring at me.

“Could you stop eye fucking my dad?” he asks angrily.

“He’s just aged so right,” I say with a sigh.

Art and Nik chuckle at me.

I grab a pop and a seat at a nearby table. Nik, Art, and Razor join me. We sit and talk until a man puts a couple boxes of pizza and other takeout containers in front of us.

“Got us wings and a Ceasar salad. I didn’t know what you liked, so we have pepperoni and an all-dressed pizza,” Razor says.

I nod my head and start eating before he is finished talking. I’m moaning as the taste of pepperoni hits my mouth.

No one says anything as we eat. Nikolai and I are basically stuffing our faces full of food. I notice a couple of girls try to sit on Art and Razor’s laps, but they both push them away.

It isn’t until the end of the meal that I ask. It’s bugging me and I have to know.

“Who are those women?” I know they aren’t theirs since only seconds later they climbed on someone else’s lap and started something that had me turning my head.

“Those are club bunnies. They are here to fuck the brothers. Before you ask, they are all here by choice and they choose who they fuck. I think that by seeing you here, they are maybe

trying to show you that you don't belong to Razor or me," Art says.

I nod my head. "I get it, but why would they think that I was after either of you? First of all, eww Ar-Bear... you are like family to me," I say with a shudder.

"Maybe they saw you eye fucking Razor and his dad like you wanted to be in a sandwich," Nik says dryly as Razor happens to be drinking a swig of beer at that moment and spits it all over me.

I squeak in surprise. "What the fuck, Nik?" I say, glaring at my so-called best friend.

"What? This is the first time I have ever seen you actually take an interest in someone. I have to take advantage of that fact and get you back for Becca," he says while raising an eyebrow at me.

"What happened with Becca?" Art asks, looking excited for some gossip.

"Nothing," Nik shouts, and I grin evilly at him.

"Oh, come on now, pumpkin. You know I wouldn't keep secrets from Art," I say, not losing my grin.

"Well?" Art says looking impatient.

"I was getting close to Becca, and we were about to fuck, but Lily here is the ultimate cock block of all cock blocks," Nik says lowly.

"I was just trying to be helpful," I say with a shrug.

"What did she do?" Razor asks, now interested in the story.

"She threw me a box of condoms and said she wasn't ready to raise anyone else's kids. I had to explain that she wasn't my girlfriend or anything but, when we started getting back into it, a lube was then thrown into the room with Lily yelling 'in case she is dryer than the Sahara Desert,'" Nik says while glaring at me.

The two burst out in laughter. "Why didn't you let the poor man get laid?" Art asks.

“I hear that she had something, and I didn’t want Nik to catch it,” I say with a shrug.

“Well, you could have told me instead of embarrassing me,” Nik says.

“My way was more fun,” I say with a shrug.

“She left after Lily had said that. Turns out eight other guys came out saying they had STIs and practically the whole school was getting tested,” Nik says with a shudder.

“Next time, you should listen to me when I tell you a woman is no good,” I say crossing my arms and leaning back.

“I’ll remember to trust your judgement more,” he says seriously.

The table is quiet until a woman comes up and, in a whiny voice, calls Razor’s name.

“Ah fuck, not again,” I hear him mutter before she stops over wearing a crop top, a mini skirt and high heels.

I look down at her heels and wonder how she can walk in them when she looks at me angrily. “What the fuck are you looking at?”

I pull back at her question. Wow.

“I was looking at your heels. If you don’t want people to look, maybe wear different footwear,” I say with a shrug not taking my eyes off her.

I have known girls and women like her my whole life. They get off on making people’s lives miserable.

She huffs and turns back to Razor. “Baby, you ready to go?”

The high pitch note to her voice is already on my nerves.

“Change first. I ain’t fucking taking you to the doctor with your nipples and ass practically hanging out,” Razor says angrily.

She storms out of the room, and I relax now that she’s gone.

“Your woman?” I ask, raising an eyebrow.

“Fuck no,” he spits out before storming out of the room behind her. I look at Art in question.

“That’s his story to tell,” he says, holding up his hands.

“Alright. I’m ready to head back to bed,” I say before getting up and heading to Art’s room.

Derek “Razor”

I knew what Bianca was fucking doing. She was trying to lay her claim, and letting Liliana know that I was hers, even though I wasn’t. The only reason I put up with her was because of the kid growing inside of her. I knew the chances were great that it was mine. A lot of brothers were telling me that she wasn’t fucking most of them.

I don’t know how I didn’t see that she had set her sights on me.

I would make sure she had a place, and that her and the kid wouldn’t want for anything. That didn’t mean I wanted to be with her. Fuck that.

Right now, my sights were set on Liliana. Fuck me, she was beautiful. I knew I wanted a piece of her. There was something telling me that this woman was going to change my fucking world.

I honestly couldn’t fucking wait.

The fucker who thinks she was going to marry him better not show his face around here. I would love to get my hands on him. I only know a little bit about him but, from what I can tell, he’s not a good man. Shit, this woman took off and made sure he couldn’t find her so that tells me all I need to know.

Bianca has changed into a tank top and shorts that are entirely too short. I guess it’s better than the tiny fucking things she was wearing earlier.

When we leave the clubhouse, she walks towards my ride but I call out her name shaking my head and walking towards Ken’s

truck. He let me borrow it to take her.

“Why can’t we take your bike?” she asks in a whiny voice.

“You ain’t my fucking Old Lady. There’s only ever going to be one woman on my bike and that ain’t you,” I snap.

“I don’t know why you are playing hard to get; we both know that I’m going to end up being your Old Lady,” she mutters.

I get into the truck and watch as she stomps her way to the passenger side before climbing in.

“I’m not playing hard to get,” I say with a sigh. Fuck this game is getting tired.

She doesn’t say anything as we make our way to the doctors and get everything done. I keep an eye on her to make sure she doesn’t try anything.

Once we have the due date, I realise that it adds up to the weekend of my birthday where I pretty much fucked her the whole time.

I don’t say anything as we drive back to the clubhouse, as it starts to sink in that I’m going to be a father.

Fuck. I always wanted kids, but I had hoped to be in love and have my own fucking house by then.

Liliana is gone by the time we are back and, when I ask Bear and his brother where Liliana went, they tell me she went to bed. I try hard not to show my disappointment. Fuck, I really would like to get to know her.

Hopefully without those two hanging around.

Bianca tries to get my attention, but I grab a bottle of whisky and walk towards my room.

Liliana is in the hallway talking to Stone and laughing. I’m sure that the look on my face isn’t friendly, and Stone fucking smirks at me before raising his hands and walking away.

Liliana turns and looks at me. Her eyes widen at the look on my face, and I try to smooth out my features.

“Hey, you’re back,” she says softly.

I nod my head.

“Yeah, just got back. Not in the mood to party. Going to have a drink in my room. ‘You want to join?’ I ask, walking towards my door.

“Oh, I’m sure you want to be alone,” she says.

“If I didn’t want you there, I wouldn’t have asked,” I say turning back around to face her.

“Alright. Though I’m not much of a drinker, so you have been warned,” she says, smiling at me.

“Let’s go,” I say, opening my door and walking in. I leave it open hoping she will follow me.

I smile when I hear her footsteps and the door closing behind her. Thank fuck because I didn’t want anyone to get any ideas about joining us.

“Do you want a coke to mix with it?” I ask as I grab two glasses from my dresser and walk to the mini fridge.

“Oh, you have regular drinks in here?” she asks, surprised.

I let out a chuckle. “I had to get a mini fridge. You can’t keep anything around the brothers. Food or drinks. They do not care who brought it in; it’s theirs for the taking.”

“That makes sense. Yes, I’ll take coke with it,” she says, sitting herself at the headboard of my bed.

I get her a can of coke and bring everything to the bed.

“Do you regret leaving?” I ask when no one speaks for a few minutes.

She shakes her head. “No, I’m going to miss my brothers and parents. They aren’t bad people. I think maybe they were being threatened or blackmailed to have done what they did. Still, I can’t contact them because anything can be traced, and I don’t want the DeLucas to find me,” she says with a shudder.

“Are they that bad?” I ask, curious to hear more about this family.

“Definitely. Matteo has a bad rep around school and has forced himself on more girls than you can imagine. The only reason I didn’t get attacked was because of who my father was, but it seems they found a way around that,” she says with a sigh and gets lost in her own thoughts. “Whenever I saw their women around, they wore blank expressions on their faces, almost like they were broken, defeated, and had no hope. They were scary thin, and they would flinch whenever their husbands were mad, which was obvious to everyone. That’s not a life I would ever let myself live. I’m just lucky I have Nikolai. He got me out and taught me how to defend myself if I ever needed to.”

“Shitty situation, babe. You are lucky to have a friend like Nikolai. Are you guys together?”

I can’t help but wonder.

She gags and lets out a laugh. “Oh god, no. He’s like a brother to me. I don’t think I could ever see him in that way.”

I feel instant relief at her words.

“So, what’s going on with the baby?” she asks, trying to change the subject.

I let out my own sigh. “Fuck, I thought maybe she was fucking with me or something but, after we got the due date, I realised that the signs lead to me most likely being the father.”

“And you know that it’s not one of your brothers?” she asks.

I shake my head. “They have all come and told me that she stopped fucking them almost two months ago. She has been trying to fucking pin me down.”

“You don’t want that?” Liliana asks softly.

I turn my head to look at her. “No babe, she was and is a club bunny. I never wanted anything more from her than a woman to fuck. I sure as shit don’t want to settle down with someone who has fucked all my brothers.”

“Well, you’ve got experience going for you. I haven’t so much as kissed anyone. Everyone was scared my father would kill them for touching me,” she says quietly.

“You want a kiss, baby?” I ask, my voice going husky.

I watch as she swallows hard. “Yeah, that would be nice.”

I put my drink on the nightstand and grab hers to do the same. I grab her chin in my hand and tilt her face up to mine to lower my mouth to hers.

I stop just a breath away to give her one last chance to say no, but she presses her lips to mine.

Fuck her lips are soft and, when her tongue lightly touches my lips, I can't help but let out a low groan.

I don't know if I can bring myself to stop as I slide my tongue into her mouth and get my first taste of her.

She lets out a little whimper as I bite her lip softly.

Somehow, we find ourselves laying down on the bed with me on top of her with her legs around my hips as she rubs herself against me while I'm grinding myself down onto her.

Fuck, I kiss down her neck as she moans, and her hands dig into my arms before she lets out the sexiest fucking sound I have ever heard.

I wait for her breathing to calm down before I pull back and look down at her.

Her hands fly to cover her face, but I quickly grab them and hold them above her head.

“Fuck, that was so embarrassing. I'm just going to go to my room and hide now,” she says, lightly pushing at me with her hips, but my cock is still rock hard, and she must still be sensitive because a whimper escapes her.

“That was sexy as fuck. I think we need to see how many more times I can make you come,” I rasp as I lean down to kiss her.

“I don't know if I'm ready for sex, but can I see you come?” she asks hesitantly when we part.

I close my eyes and drop my head so I can try not to come in my pants.

“Alright baby,” I say, and I get up on my knees to pull my cock out of my jeans.

She gasps when I grasp my cock in my hand and give it a long hard stroke.

“Fuck baby. This isn’t going to take long,” I rasp.

She bites her lip and looks at me with desire in her eyes.

“Can you teach me how to suck your cock next time? I think that’s something I really want to try,” she says in a purr.

The image of her lips around my cock has my orgasm slamming into me.

“Fuck,” I curse out as my release comes and fuck, I get it all over her pants and shirt.

She lets out a gasp. “That was hotter than I thought it was going to be,” she says.

“Fuck, I have lots of things I can show you,” I tell her as I tuck my cock back into my pants and zip up but leave the button undone.

“I can’t wait. Let’s finish our drink and you can show me more,” she says while sitting up, but grimaces as she realises that her clothes are covered in my come.

“Let me get you something to wear,” I tell her, and she nods her head.

I grab a shirt and a pair of boxers for her to wear. She disappears into the bathroom as I grab my drink and sit back where I was on the bed.

I know I want more of her already. The fact that she hasn’t touched anyone before has me getting hard again. I want all her firsts and that includes her heart.

This woman is meant to be mine.

I just fucking know it.

Chapter Four

Liliana

I close the door behind me the next morning as I leave Razor's room and head to mine. Nikolai is sitting up looking worried until he finally sees me enter the room. He looks me up and down and then narrows his eyes at me. "Where have you fucking been?"

"I was with Razor," I tell him with a shrug.

"You have any idea how worried I was?" he shouts.

"You knew I wouldn't leave without telling you. I don't need your permission to have fun, do I?" I ask, raising an eyebrow at him.

"Did you fuck him?" he asks bluntly.

I shake my head. "For your information, nosy, we didn't fuck. Sure, we did other things, but that's none of your business."

I sit down on the mattress beside him.

He lets out a sigh. "I'm just trying to watch out for you. I know you haven't been with anyone, and I don't want you to get your heart broken by a biker who will just fuck you and then fuck you over."

"Maybe he will. That sounds like my mistake to make though," I tell him softly.

He lets out a sigh but still looks worried. "Fine, I won't get in the way but, if he fucking hurts you, I will gut him myself."

I chuckle at his words. "Alright. I know you can be protective. I thank you for that but, for the first time, I'm free to make my own choices; please don't try to take that away from me."

"I know. We had a shit situation, but I would do it all again if it meant you were safe," he tells me.

"Who knows. Maybe we will make a good life here for ourselves," I say with a shrug.

“Art, or I mean Bear, seems to have made a good life for him. I don’t think I had ever seen my brother smile until today,” Nik says softly.

“Yeah, I didn’t think he knew how to smile,” I say laughing at my own words.

“Maybe one day we won’t have to look over our shoulders. Right now, I just keep hoping that no one finds us,” he says.

“I don’t think that worry will ever go away,” I tell him.

“Alright, enough of this. Go shower because you smell like sex, and then we need to start earning our keep here. As much as take-out is good; that’s all we have been eating for weeks. I need a good home cooked meal,” Nikolai says.

“Yeah, I agree. I’ll shower and then head to the store. Any preference for supper?” I ask as I get up to head to the washroom. Nik hands me some clothes that are way too baggy. I’ll have to do something about that today too.

“Make your garlic parmesan penne... with homemade garlic bread. That would be fucking heaven,” he pleads.

“Got a craving for garlic, do ya?” I chuckle.

“Damn straight,” he says.

I shake my head with a smile on my face as I head to the shower.

My mind drifts to everything that Razor and I had done last night. He showed me how talented he is with his fingers and mouth. I swear, there is not one part of my body he didn’t touch last night.

I also took my turn and learned how to give hand jobs and blow jobs. It was quite fun learning what makes him crazy. I learned by the sounds he made. Having that man fall apart because of something I did was the most addicting part.

I’m easily becoming addicted to that man. I just hope that he didn’t use me for a notch on his bed post last night and plans to ignore me today. I don’t know what I would do if that happened.

Once I'm done my shower, I get changed and Nik is waiting for me. We head to the main room and the Prez, Art, and VP are waiting for us.

"Alright, these two prospects are going to go with you to the store. They have the money you need, so get everything and anything you can think of. There is no limit. There are a lot of mouths to feed here," he says looking at me. I nod my head, but I can't help how my eyes widen at his words. I have a feeling we are going to be spending a good chunk of money today.

"Also, I'm handing you my card. I don't want any arguments. You need clothes and other shit that women need. Shampoo, makeup; whatever," Art tells me as I start to shake my head.

"I'll pay you back," I tell him.

"You know you don't need to, darling. You have always been family to me. I know you guys left with only the clothes you were wearing, so you've got nothing. I have been saving up money for a long fucking time. It will be good to use it to help my family," he tells me softly.

I nod my head as my eyes well with tears, but I make sure they don't fall.

"Nik, you need some clothes too, so we can go do that now and then we will take you to check out the gym and see what you've got," Art says to his brother.

"Alright. We need phones. I want Lil to get a hold of me if she needs me or runs into any trouble," Nik says.

"We will get that sorted today. The prospects have their phones, but I'll give her mine until we get both of you phones. That way, she will have it if she gets separated from the prospects for whatever reason," Art says.

I nod my head liking that idea.

"Any preference for food?" I ask the men while we are still standing with them.

"Anything, darling. We will eat anything you make. As far as I know, there isn't anyone who has allergies. If they don't like

it, they can get their own fucking food. You might need to see what is there for dishes and cookware though. I don't think we have much, so you might have to stop somewhere for that," he says.

I nod my head and slap Nik on the shoulder before heading to where the kitchen is. Prez is following beside me and, when we get in there, a man is standing there with his top half bent over the counter and his chin in his hands as he watches the coffee maker.

"Prez, we need a new fucking coffee maker. I swear this thing has been going for thirty minutes and it's only half done," the guy complains when he sees us.

"Lily will pick up a new one today," Prez says.

"How old is that thing?" I ask in horror.

"You don't even want to know," Prez says with a smile before shaking his head.

I look through the cupboards and drawers to see what they have and, as it turns out, they have practically nothing. When I look back at Prez, he gives me a sheepish expression.

"You need everything. Plus, a good cleaning," I tell him.

"I'll get some prospects to clean it while you are gone. That way, you won't have to worry about it," he tells me.

I start getting excited as we head out. The first stop is to get all the appliances.

I cringe when I hear the bill, but the prospect waves me off as he pays for everything.

The next stop is to get me some clothes. We just come to a mall where I try to pick as little as I can, but the prospect shakes his head. "Bear is just going to pick stuff out for you if you don't buy your own, and you definitely don't want to have him pick out your clothes."

I let out a sigh knowing that the prospect is right. All I have seen Bear or Art wear is jeans and black tees. I definitely do not want him picking out my wardrobe.

I take a little bit of time grabbing what I can. When the prospect's arms are full of bags of clothes, underwear, makeup, and hygiene products, I raise an eyebrow at him as he nods his head in approval.

"Can we get something to eat before we shop for the groceries? We have been here for hours," I ask.

"Sure thing. There's the food court if you want, or we can head somewhere else," he says.

"The food court is fine. I'm not terribly picky," I tell him.

We eat, and I learn that the prospects names are Kyle and Maverick.

After we eat, we head to the grocery store, which is massive, and all three of us grab a cart. When I question Kyle, he says that we will need all three carts as they were asked to buy a lot of food.

I think about all the things I can make for lots of people, and the sauces and seasonings I will need. It doesn't take long before all our carts are full.

By the time we are done, I am exhausted.

More men come out of the clubhouse to help us load everything into the kitchen, and I grab my bags to bring to the room I am staying in. I drop everything and head back down to the kitchen.

I cringe when I walk in as I am worried that we bought too much. Prez is there with Razor, but he smiles at me.

"You did good," Prez says.

I let out a breath.

"I tried to not go crazy, but your prospects wouldn't allow it," I say with a wince.

"Then they did their job. I wanted you to go crazy. This kitchen hasn't been used in years, and it's finally going to get some use. I can't wait to see what you have planned for supper," he says.

“I just need to unpack and wash everything,” I say while walking further into the room.

“The prospects can help wash the dishes and appliances. You get working on food and planning where you want everything. If you are going to be cooking in here, you probably want the kitchen set up to your liking,” he tells me with a knowing look.

“That would be great,” I tell him with a smile.

He chuckles at me and winks. I cover my eyes with my hand. “What did I tell you about that wink. It’s deadly. Don’t do that unless you expect me to be a useless bimbo today.”

There is a bunch of laughter around the room before I feel someone walk close to me. I already know it’s Razor by the smell of his cologne.

“What did I tell you about checking out my dad?” he says roughly.

“Tell him to tame that wink of his. I’ll turn into a puddle of goo if he keeps it up,” I say, louder than I intended.

“Alright, I’ll stop winking long enough for you to cook us some supper,” Prez says chuckling.

“Good. Where’s Nik and uhh Bear?” I ask.

“Right behind you if you would uncover your eyes,” Nik says.

I put my hand down and turn around. “How long have you been standing there?” I ask, placing a hand on my chest.

“Long enough to know your panties are getting wet for my Prez,” Art says with a wink.

I shake my head at him as my cheeks flame in embarrassment.

“No, your wink doesn’t do anything for me,” I respond to him trying.

“I sure hope not. You’re like my little sister,” Art says.

“Well, all of you need to get out of here, or I’m not cooking today,” I say while making shooing motions.

They all laugh and start to leave the room. I walk into the pantry where lots of the food bags have been put.

There is a body behind me, and I'm turned around to be greeted with Razor's lips crashing into mine. I let out a moan at the contact.

"Fuck, I've been waiting all day to taste you again," Razor rasps against my lips.

"You can taste me after supper," I tell him, but whimper when I feel his hard cock against my stomach.

"I'm going to take you up on that, baby. I also didn't like the fact that you snuck out while I was sleeping. 'Didn't like waking up without you in my arms, baby,'" he tells me as his lips move down my jaw to my neck.

"I-I didn't know if you wanted me to or not. I wasn't sure of the protocol," I gasp when he bites down on my neck.

"There is no protocol with you. I don't know where the fuck this is going, but I know for a fucking fact that I want you and I want to see where this goes between us. Because baby, I think it will be so fucking good," he says in a purr.

"Okay. As long as it's only me you're fucking," I say before pulling away. He frowns down at me. "I know you guys like to fuck whomever whenever you want, but I haven't fucked anyone in my life, and I don't want to be just another notch on your bedpost while you're fucking someone else. If you can't give me that, then say so now and it will be over," I tell him.

He grips my chin and looks intensely into my eyes. I swallow hard as the next words leave his mouth. "I don't fucking want anyone else but you. I'm not going to lie to you or give you pretty words you want to hear. I will not fuck anyone while I am fucking you, and we will see where this goes. That is all I can promise you."

I nod my head. "I get that. We have only known each other for a couple days. Who knows, maybe we will get bored in a couple weeks," I say with a shrug.

"You already thinking of getting bored of me, baby?" he asks with a smirk.

“Maybe,” I say shrugging, and then grin mischievously at him.
“You might have to think of ways to keep me entertained.”

“Oh, you bet your ass I will,” he growls in my ear.

“Hey son, leave her alone. I’m starving. Don’t make me come in there, wink at her, and steal her from you,” I hear the Prez shout.

I groan. “I’m never going to live that down,” I mutter.

“Nope,” he says, and slaps me on the ass before leaving the pantry.

I shake my head and wonder what I have gotten myself into, but I want to live and do what I want for a change. I don’t want to listen to anyone for once.

Razor is either a very good idea or a terrible one.

I hum as the prospects work around me to clean everything we bought, and I start putting everything away.

Over an hour later, I find Razor bringing me a takeout cup of coffee without saying anything before taking off.

I tried the delicious caramel flavour as I finish up. The drink gives me enough energy to do just that.

I make the pasta and everything else from scratch.

I’m completely exhausted by the time I’m finishing up, but I’m very excited for everyone to try my cooking. The kitchen fills with more and more bikers hungrily looking at everything that I made.

Once everything is ready, I make a plate for Prez, VP, Razor, Art, Nik, and myself. The men all come into the room and grin when I hand them each a plate filled with pasta and garlic bread.

I move out of the way and motion to the rest. I swear, I have never seen a group of men move so fast in my life.

Razor pulls me onto his lap as we both eat our food. I don’t miss the knowing looks Prez and VP throw at each other.

The room is silent. No one says a word as the room is filled with groans of enjoyment. I look around as brothers basically lick their plates so that they don't miss out on a single morsel. I barely have a couple bites before everyone is getting up for seconds.

I stare at everyone wide eyed.

“Did you guys even chew your food?” I ask in amazement.

There are chuckles around the room from everyone.

“That was the best fucking thing I have eaten in a long time,” someone says.

I shrug. “Thanks. It's pretty simple, but I was forced to learn household stuff. Honestly, I never minded doing it. There's something satisfying about having people enjoy a meal that you made on your own.”

“I might have to come eat here more often if this is the type of food you make,” someone else says.

A flush creeps up my cheeks.

“Thank you,” I reply.

Razor squeezes my sides and, when I turn to look at him, he grins at me proudly.

Art drops me off his second helping since he didn't want me to get off his lap.

I feel a sense of peace come over me, like I had finally found where I was always supposed to be.

Derek “Razor”

All day, I haven't been able to get Lilianna out of my head. The sounds she made last night when I was licking her pussy, and the hum she made when she took my cock into her mouth, had me losing it. Heck, even the small smile on her face when she fell asleep safe and satisfied got me going.

I had ended up taking a picture of that smile. Fuck that makes me sound cheesy, but how could one woman wrap you around her finger so fast?

I woke up immediately disappointed when she wasn't in my arms where she was supposed to be. Fuck, I rarely let anyone sleep with me. I don't want them to get too attached.

When she told me she wanted to be the only one I was fucking, I knew it was an out she was giving me. I wasn't about to fucking take it.

I know that if I don't see where this goes, I will regret it. I tend to try to live my life so that I have no regrets.

Fuck, I could even tell that my dad has already accepted her as part of the club.

He had pulled me aside and told me not to fuck around with Lily.

I told him that I had no intentions to, but I needed to know if there was something fucking there.

I can't wait until I can get her back into my room tonight.

Just as the thought passes, there in the kitchen doorway is Bianca.

Fuck, I don't need this shit right now.

"What the fuck is this?" she asks, stomping over to me and Lily while looking at Lily with anger in her eyes.

"What does it look like?" Lily asks calmly and, when I look at her, she doesn't look scared, angry, or doubting her place with me. There is nothing in her eyes but a calm detachment to the situation.

When I look to Nik and Bear, they both see it too. They grin like they can't wait for what is about to happen.

"It looks like you are touching my man. That's what it fucking looks like," Bianca spits out.

Before I can tell her that I am not her fucking man, Lily shakes her head at me, telling me with her eyes that she's got this.

“If he’s your man, then why weren’t you in his bed last night?” Lily asks her with a slight tilt of her head.

Bianca looks at her with a smirk. “What makes you think I wasn’t? We were fucking like animals all night long.”

Lily lets out a humourless chuckle. “Well, that would be impossible since it was my name he was screaming last night.”

She raises an eyebrow at Bianca. “And from what I can recall, you weren’t there,” Lily finishes.

“You were fucking my man?” Bianca’s asks, and her eyes blaze with anger as she steps closer.

“I’d watch what you are about to do. You won’t like the outcome,” Lily says sounding bored.

“You can’t touch me. I have his baby inside of me,” Bianca says smugly.

Lily looks at me and I nod my head that she is pregnant with my baby. Lily lets out a sigh as she stands up.

“That’s too bad,” she mutters.

“Now you see why he’s mine and not yours,” Bianca states.

Lily shakes her head. “No, that’s not what is too bad. What’s too bad is that I can’t teach you a lesson since you are pregnant.”

“He’s mine. He will come to me. He always does,” Bianca says, crossing her arms over her chest.

“He’s not a dog,” Lily says with a chuckle.

Bianca doesn’t say anything, but shrugs.

Anger burns inside of me.

“You think if we just stand on opposite ends of the room, we can both call him at the same time and see who he comes to?” Lily asks curiously.

“Listen honey, the club life isn’t for everyone. It’s about time you see yourself out. There’s no room for little girls here,” Bianca spits out.

Lily doesn't say anything and just stares at her with a bored expression.

Bianca doesn't like that she's not being acknowledged and moves in to grab Lily. I get up to step between them except, before I can, Lily moves faster than any of us can blink.

She has an arm holding the one Bianca was going to grab her with, and a knife to her throat.

"Now this is how it's going to play out. Clearly, Razor doesn't want you on his cock anymore. Quit acting desperate and realise this too. For the time being, Razor is mine until I say so. I meant what I said that I won't fight you while you have his baby inside of you but, Bianca; no one ever grabs me without my permission. Do. You. Understand. Me?" Lily states calmly, but the threat is in her eyes.

Bianca is shaking and scared. I know I should probably be stepping in but, fuck, why is this so fucking hot? My cock is rock hard from Lily laying a claim to me.

There is complete silence in the room. No one moves.

"I asked you a question and I would like an answer," Lily whispers lowly.

"I understand," Bianca says.

Once the words are out of her mouth, Lily releases Bianca, pushes me to my chair, climbs on my lap, and takes a bite of food like the whole thing didn't happen.

Bianca runs out of the room like her ass is on fire. I know I'm going to have to deal with that later.

When I look over to Bear and Nik, they are looking at Lily proudly. My father and VP both look proud as well.

"Well hell, I think she's going to be just fine here," my father says.

"She fits right in," VP says in agreement.

I don't say anything but grab Lily's hips and stand her up. She turns around, but I stand up behind her. I turn her to face towards me and grab her to throw over my shoulder.

She grunts but doesn't say anything. I feel her hand move when I turn around and head towards my room.

We get into my room, and I throw her on my bed before heading back to the door and locking it. I don't want anyone to fucking disturb us.

I turn around to face her and she's smiling at me and still holding her fork.

"Baby, that was hot as fuck," I rasp, and climb on the bed on top of her with my legs planted on each side of her hips.

"I'm glad you think so. I was worried that maybe I overstepped," she says softly.

I shake my head. "No way you did. I have told her many times that I wasn't her man, but she thinks because she's pregnant she can call herself my woman. I will do whatever I can to help the baby. I'll give them a nice house, and they won't have to worry about anything; but I never have wanted anything more with her. She knew that," I tell Lily, needing her to know.

"I figured that was the case when I had seen the two of you yesterday, and from what Art had told me," she says, reaching up and running her hand down my cheek.

"It doesn't bother you if I am having a baby with another woman?" I ask.

She smiles at me softly and shakes her head. "No. As long as you are good to me, and faithful, then it doesn't bother me. I will do whatever I can to help you and hopefully be there with you and the baby. I know there's something between us growing, and I can't wait to see what that is."

I lean down and kiss her softly.

She threads her fingers through my hair and thrusts her tongue into my mouth with a moan like she has been aching to kiss me all day.

I can't have that.

I kiss her back like I have been dying to all day, since the moment I woke up and realised that she wasn't in my arms.

Her body moves like she's looking for some friction. The sounds coming out of her are fucking music to my ears.

I move my mouth down along her jaw and to her neck where I lightly nip.

A shiver breaks over her body.

"I've been dying to get my mouth on you again all fucking day," I rasp into her ear.

I sit up on my knees and take off her shirt. She sits up slightly to help me get her bra off before I'm moving to get her pants and panties off.

"Me too," she says huskily.

I stand back on the ground at the end of the bed, remove my cut, and place it on the chair in my room. I then proceed to take off everything else.

Once I stand naked before her, I look up to see her biting her lip, and her eyes moving over me hungrily.

I move back onto the bed and kiss up her thighs.

Fuck, I had a taste last night, but this is something I could easily become addicted to.

When I make it to her slit, I waste no time in licking her. She gasps at the sensation of my tongue, and I groan at the taste of her pussy.

I move my mouth up to her clit and slide a finger inside of her to find her extremely wet.

"Fuck baby. You're soaked," I say when I pull my mouth away and look up at her.

"Razor," she gasps.

Her hand grabs my hair as she thrusts her hips up, and I chuckle as I get back to work. I love that she's not afraid to take what she wants.

I slide another finger inside of her as I work her clit with my mouth.

I don't stop as I feel her clench around my fingers. She moans out my name as she finds her release.

I pull back and make my way up her body. Lily shocks me though when she flips me onto my back.

"My turn," she purrs.

"Do what you want to me," I say lowly.

"Oh, I intend to," she says, and runs her hands along my chest. Feeling every muscle. Fuck, I'm so thankful that I spend so much time working out with the way she's eyeing me like she can't wait to devour me.

Her nails scrape down my chest as she makes her way down to my cock that's rock fucking hard.

She licks her lips as she shimmies her body down, so that her face is level with my cock.

I don't take my eyes off her as she licks the precum that is already dripping. Lily looks up at me as she takes the head of my cock into her mouth and sucks.

"Fuck," I gasp.

She puts a hand to the base and twists as she takes as much of my cock into her mouth as she can. It's pretty impressive for her, since I know the only cock she has ever sucked is mine.

That thought gets me ready to blow right the fuck now.

Fuck, why do I love of the thought of being the only one to kiss, suck, lick, and hopefully one day fuck, her. Having her touch me in ways she has never touched a man is an intense feeling.

I try my best not to thrust into her mouth as she takes my balls in the other hand and hums around my cock.

Fuck, everything is too much. I was already ready to blow after eating her pussy.

"I'm going to come. Pull away now if you don't want to swallow it," I rasp.

She doesn't pull away though. She sucks me hard as I come down her fucking throat.

She keeps going until she has wrung every drop from me.

I'm breathing hard as she moves up my body and lies down, placing her head on my chest and entwining her legs with mine.

Neither of us says anything.

We don't need to. I plan on making her come a few more times before the night is up.

I don't see myself getting sick of this woman any time soon. Heck, I might just be getting addicted to her.

Right now, I don't see myself ever letting this woman go.

She's a game changer.

That I already know.

Chapter Five

Lilianna

This time when I wake up, I don't leave while Razor is asleep. He looks so peaceful as my head is still on his chest, but my body is stiff from sleeping in one position the whole night. Not to mention that I have to go to the washroom.

I try to wiggle myself free, but Razor groans and tightens his hold on me. "Where 'you going?" he asks, his voice thick with sleep.

"Unless you want me to pee on you, I suggest you let me up," I say with a chuckle.

"Alright, but you get your ass back here," he says before letting me go.

I quickly get up and run to take care of business before heading back to Razor. He has his hands behind his head as he looks at me with heated eyes. The blanket is just covering his bottom half, but damn does he make a delicious sight with the tattoos and muscles all on display. I realise I'm still naked but, with the way he's looking at me, it's hard to feel self-conscious about my body. He looks at me like I'm the sexiest woman he has ever seen.

We spend the next hour in each other's arms before Razor's phone goes off and he says he needs to head out. I don't question it. I knew from my family that the women were only told what their men wanted to tell them, which was basically nothing. I figure it's the same here. It's something I'm used to.

I get dressed and head back to my room with Nik, and grab stuff to shower and change. Nik isn't in the room when I get there, but he's there when I show up.

"How's it going?" I ask him when I see him.

"They had some club business. I spent the night catching up with Art. It has been too fucking long," he tells me.

“Well, I need to catch up with him too,” I say.

“Yeah, you have been spending a lot of time with your man,” he says with a raised eyebrow.

“It has been good. I know I might get my heart broken, but I want to see where this relationship is headed,” I tell him.

“I understand that. I can’t help but look out for you though. From what Art tells me, Razor is a good man,” Nik says.

“As far as I can tell. My gut says he is,” I say.

“We should find something to do; we don’t know how long they will take at their meeting,” Nik says before standing up.

“What do you have in mind?” I ask him warily.

He doesn’t say anything but pulls me with him.

~

Nik drives around for about twenty minutes and turns into the parking lot of a paintball place. Paintball was something he always wanted to try, but we were never really allowed to be kids, so we had never done it before.

We spend hours shooting each other and it’s the most fun I have ever had.

We get back to the clubhouse, covered in paint and laughing.

Art, Razor, Prez, and a couple other brothers are outside. They look panicked until they see us.

When we get out, they rush to the vehicle until they see us and stop; looking both of us over.

“I was going to ask where the fuck you guys have been, but I can tell by the paint,” Art says in amusement.

“We needed something to do while everyone was gone doing what you guys do,” I mumble.

“Right, maybe leave a note or something next fucking time. We had no idea where the fuck you were,” Razor snaps.

I raise an eyebrow at him. “I didn’t know we were prisoners here.”

He lets out a sigh. “Baby, you aren’t. We were just worried that you were found,” he says softly.

I look at Prez quickly and he nods his head. “Yeah, they told me when they freaked out and couldn’t find you guys.”

“Sorry,” I tell him softly.

“We will watch out for you guys if your past comes back. Right now, we don’t think anyone is looking for you, but we got you guys phones just so that we know where you are in case anyone figures it out,” he tells me, and I nod my head.

“I can’t believe you lost,” Art says laughing and pointing at Nik.

“What makes you think I lost?” Nik asks, crossing his arms and scowling at his brother.

Everyone bursts out laughing at the question.

“The evidence speaks for itself,” I say to Nik.

He looks at me in outrage.

“I taught you how to fight, defend yourself, and how to use knives. Not once in those lessons did we cover shooting. How the fuck are you such a good shot?” he asks while throwing his hands in the air.

“Some people just have natural talent,” I say smugly.

Everyone chuckles at my words and teases Nik on the way into the clubhouse.

This easy banter between everyone is something I have always wanted. I wish I could have grown up with a life like this.

I look towards Razor as he walks in grinning with Nik and Art. Maybe one day I will have this life, raising my children in it.

When I try to picture a future with Razor here, I could easily see us. That thought scares me immediately.

I’m eighteen and just finally getting out on my own and living my own life. Am I really ready to see a future with the first guy who gave me an orgasm? I sound like a definite clinger. That is not something I would want Razor to see me as. I may

only have him for a couple more days, weeks, or months, and I don't want him to run because I was clinging onto him.

Especially since Nik is thinking of prospecting, and Art is a fully patched member. I'll be tied to the club in some way or another. There is no way I would ever leave Nik. As far as life goes, Nik and Art are my only family right now.

There is nothing that would make me go back.

I head straight to the kitchen to start cooking, and then stop when I see a lot of club girls making a huge mess. Oh hell no. Not in my kitchen.

"What the fuck?" I hiss.

They all stop what they are doing and turn to look at me.

"You can clean it up. You, after all, are the help," one of them says with a smirk.

I pause and narrow my eyes at her.

"I don't know what gave you the impression that I'm the help. But you clean up after your-fucking-selves. I ain't your fucking maid."

"Well, sure you are. You are cooking and whatnot for the brothers. We already earn our keep," another one says.

"On your back maybe, but that doesn't mean I clean up after the club bicycles," I snap.

"What the fuck did you call us?" one says, stepping closer.

I see the men walking closer out of the corner of my eye, but I halt them with a hand behind my back so no one in front can see.

"You know what I fucking said. Everyone gets a turn, right?" I say, raising an eyebrow.

"What the fuck do you know; you are nothing but a little girl," one says. Maybe if they were nicer, I'd bother to learn their names but, right now, I'm too pissed off at these entitled sluts.

"I don't usually judge people based on what they do. Fuck whomever you want for all I care, more power to you; but talk

down to me and disrespect me like that, you better watch what you fucking say from here on out,” I say, getting angrier by the second.

“Who the fuck do you think you are?” one asks as they start walking closer. I walk further into the kitchen so they can’t see the brothers in the hallway listening. I do catch Art and Nik keep them back because they already know these women are in for a world of trouble.

“The last I checked, it wasn’t any of your fucking business who the fuck I am,” I spit out as they circle me.

“Think you are all that because you ride Razor’s dick? Look what happened to the last chick who thought she owned him. Women come and go, but club pussy will always be here,” one says practically spitting in my face.

I lift my hand and wipe my face, but I don’t miss the flinch the big talker in front of me does, causing me to smirk.

“I can see how you all think that you are all that when you spread your legs for every brother willing to get in between your thighs. That doesn’t make you better, or high and almighty, because they had your mouth or pussy once. As for Razor, again, that isn’t any of your business. I don’t need to have to be on his dick to stand up for myself; I will do that regardless. Heck, I could be riding his dick and I’ll still tell you off to your face,” I say, gesturing to the brother outside the window who is older, starting to grey, and has a bit of a belly going on.

They all turn to look and start laughing.

“Trust me, if you were riding Stone’s dick, no one is going to give a fuck what you say,” one says cackling.

I raise an eyebrow. “That’s a pretty disrespectful way to talk about a brother who helps keep a roof over your head, food in your stomach, and body full of dick,” I say smirking.

“He’s just another brother we have to fuck to make sure we have our place here. One of those ones your close your eyes and picture it’s another one,” one says smugly.

They are looking back at me, so they don't see Stone turn and narrow their eyes on their backs. The window is wide open, so I know that he heard everything.

"There is one thing you girls are forgetting," I say grinning.

"What's that?" one asks, raising her eyebrow.

"Club whores come and go. They aren't golden fucking pussy. These men can get a couple dozen more women here by tomorrow. The second you think you are better than anyone else and talk about people behind their backs, you're done. There can't be disloyal and untrusting people in the club," I say.

Brothers come from each doorway and Stone walks in from the patio.

"What do you know about it?" one asks as they look around, eyes getting wide at how many brothers heard them.

"Let's say I grew up where men ruled the fucking world. There is no room to have anyone who would stab you in the back. A woman who talks like her snatch is made of gold, and thinks she can control men with their pussies, has no place in this world," I tell them.

"Listen, I don't know what you heard," one starts with a whine.

Prez shakes his head. "She's right. Stone is a brother who had paid for more than one of you to get new wardrobes, go to school, get wheels; but you just fucking think you're too good for him or his money, even though he has been generous to help club women in need. I don't need bitches like you in this club. Lily is right. I can find more women willing to jump on my dick right fucking now. You should be fucking grateful for the money the club has put out for all of you," he states. Anger is clear in his face.

"We're sor-" another one says.

Prez stops her with a look. "Sorry don't fucking cut it. Each fucking one of you can pack your shit and get the fuck out of my club. Gear and Fidget, follow them and make sure they

only take what they fucking have. You women have twenty minutes to get off my property.”

The women scramble to leave the anger of the brothers.

“Prospects, clean up this mess,” Prez shouts.

“Sorry you just lost like eight women,” I say with a shrug even though I don’t really mean it.

VP shakes his head. “No, you fucking don’t. It was time for new club pussy anyways. Some of them were thinking I was going to claim them,” he adds with a shudder...

“Wouldn’t want that now,” I say teasingly.

“Can’t deprive the world of the gloriousness that is me,” he says with a wink.

I roll my eyes and turn to check what I want to cook for supper.

“How come my wink doesn’t make you weak in the knees like the Prez here?” the VP asks.

A couple chuckles sound out from the other brothers.

“Maybe you just don’t have any game,” I tell him over my shoulder.

“Woman, I have plenty of game. If Razor hadn’t have scooped you up, you would be crying out my name right the fuck now,” he says.

I turn to look at him, making a show to look him up and down.

“Crying out of regret that I caught your eye maybe,” I say dryly.

Everyone busts out laughing.

“Shut it and let her cook, or it’s pizza again,” Prez says while shaking his head with an amused smile on his face.

Everyone quiets instantly. Wow, I guess they are tired of pizza. Noted.

I decide on what to make, ignoring everyone as they do their thing.

Well, there's one person I can't ignore, but I can feel his stare on me. Fuck, I wonder if I will end up back into his room tonight.

I sure fucking hope so.

Derek "Razor"

This woman is perfect for me. Fuck, I'm rock hard just thinking about how she put those club whores in their place.

She's right though; we don't need people we can't trust in the club, no matter who they may be.

I don't have any more doubts. This woman is meant to be my fucking Old Lady.

I can't seem to take my eyes off her as she moves around the kitchen and starts cleaning.

"You're gone, brother," Bear whispers lowly.

I nod my head and don't bother to deny it. "Don't I fucking know it."

"I don't know what the fuck the family is like now that I haven't been there in years. What I do know is that the DeLucas weren't known for kindness. They took what they wanted and didn't give a fuck about anyone else. What troubles me is the fact that her dad had arranged for her to marry one of them. I sure hope they don't fucking find us. I made sure there was no trail and I hope Nik fucking did, but you never know. It'll be a long time until I can fucking rest knowing that they won't come, if ever," Bear says.

"We will protect all three of you, if it comes to that. I sure as fuck hope it doesn't though, since that means war and I'd hate to see the war that would break out, and the lives that would be lost, if that were to happen," I tell him honestly.

"I'm fucking glad to have a piece of my family with me. I didn't realise how much I missed them until they showed up," Bear admits.

“You have them now. You aren’t going to lose them,” I reply.

I hope he can see that I will do whatever it takes for no harm to come to them.

“You going to claim her?” Bear asks.

I nod my head.

“Yeah, when she’s ready to hear how much she is mine,” I tell him with a grin.

“It’ll be sooner than you think,” Bear tells me.

I sure as fucking hope so. I can’t wait to see my name on her body, and my property cut on her.

I get a text from Bianca saying she needs me. I grumble as I get up and Bear chuckles at me.

When I make it to the room she’s staying in, she’s by herself since three of the other women were just kicked out.

“What’s up?” I ask as I enter.

“I have a doctor’s appointment tomorrow. Also, I need some money to get bigger clothes. None of these fit properly,” she whines.

I raise an eyebrow at her. I don’t think that any of her clothes ever fit properly, but I keep the thoughts to myself.

“Alright, we will get clothes after the appointment,” I tell her.

“Can’t you just give me the money, and you can spend time with your little girl,” she whines.

“She’s not a little girl,” I say with a sigh and rub a hand over my face.

“Whatever, I don’t need you to watch me get clothes. I know you would rather be with her,” she says quietly.

“I can make time for the both of you; you are carrying my baby. So, if you want to get maternity clothes tomorrow, we can do that. I thought you just had an appointment though. What’s this one for?” I ask.

Bianca shrugs. “I’m not sure. They called me this morning and asked if I could come in tomorrow.”

I blow out a breath and try not to let my worry show.
Hopefully nothing is wrong with the baby.

She looks like she wants to say something else, so I wait her out.

“Why wasn’t I enough?” she asks. She says it so quietly that I almost don’t hear her.

“It’s not that you weren’t enough. While I could have made you my Old Lady, and maybe we would have tried to make it work, we would have eventually hated each other. We don’t have that connection. I saw how my parents were, and I knew that wasn’t us. The second I laid eyes on Lily, it was like coming fucking home. You and I will find a way to co-parent, and you will find someone one day and will know what I’m talking about,” I tell her softly.

“I’d like to be alone now,” she says, turning away from me.

As much as it sucks to hurt her or break her heart, I know that Lily is the one for me. I wasn’t lying when I said that I feel like I am home anytime she looks at me.

When I’m with her, it’s like my soul knows that it has found its other half.

She may not have ever come and I wouldn’t have ever known her. That would have been a shame.

I eat the food Lily made, spend the next couple hours making small talk, and wait until the time when I can bring her to my room again.

I’d love nothing more than to fuck her, but I need to wait until she gives me the go ahead. I don’t want her to feel pressured into fucking with me. Especially since she has never let another man touch her body but me. Fuck, that always gets me hard as a fucking rock.

I love being the only one to touch her and hear her sounds of pleasure.

I’ll do whatever it fucking takes to make Lily mine.

I’ll keep her safe. There is no way the DeLuca’s will ever get their hands on her.

As long as I am breathing, Lily will be protected.

Chapter Six

Liliana

One week later...

I've spent every night with Razor. There was one night where I tried to sleep in my own bed after we had fooled around. He fell asleep first, so I went to my bed. It wasn't even an hour later when I was woken up by him picking me up and carrying me back to his room, telling me that I need to go back to his bed where I belonged. Nik often teases me about that night, but I can tell he's starting to warm up to the idea of Razor and me.

Nick has also started prospecting with Razor's support. That leaves me a lot of time during the day to myself.

Today, I was making another grocery run with a couple prospects. I couldn't believe how much food we had gone through already. It seems like every day the dinner crowd grows bigger and bigger.

The prospects were loading up the vans when I heard a noise from the side of the building. Curiosity got the better of me, so I moved to look over. I walked closer when I noticed someone was looking through the garbage.

When I got closer, I noticed how small they were. Fuck, I sure hoped it wasn't a child.

"Are you okay?" I ask softly, hoping I don't scare them.

The person turns around startled. Her eyes widen when she looks at me. I hold up the water I was about to drink since it's hotter than heck outside.

"Do you need help?" I ask, trying to seem unthreatening.

The woman bursts out in tears.

"This was not how my life was supposed to go," she says in between sobs.

I see the prospect walk closer, but I hold up a hand. They stop where they are, but don't take their eyes off the woman and me.

She doesn't talk for quite some time, but her sobs have quieted so I decide to ramble to hopefully keep her calm.

"I know it seems weird having a stranger coming up and helping you, and you don't know if you could accept their help. I was like that only a week ago. I ran away from the only home I knew and hoped I had found good fucking men. They seemed alright, but there are a lot of people out there who wear masks and I still am waiting for that other shoe to drop. Heck, I would probably be right beside you if they didn't give me a place to sleep or food to eat. I don't know what would have happened," I say.

"Why did you leave home?" she asks softly.

"My parents wanted me to marry someone from a family who doesn't give a shit what happens to their women. I figured a life for me was better out here than back home," I tell her honestly. I don't know what it is about this woman, but she makes me want to open up to her.

"I heard my father was going to sell me to cover some debt with the mafia and I ran. That was four months ago. I took whatever money I could get, changed my appearance, and I didn't stop travelling until I ran out of money," she tells me.

I still when the words mafia leave her.

"What did your father do with the mafia?" I ask hesitantly.

"My father is an accountant, so he probably helped them move money around; but he had a big gambling addiction. After my mother died, he was all I had. Then I heard him on the phone, and I knew he didn't see me the same," she says.

"Can you tell me which mafia he is associated with?" I ask.

"I think it was one of the Irish families. I'm not really sure. I tried to keep myself out of that business," she says.

I feel relief that she wasn't promised to one of the Italian families. That would have made hiding a lot harder. Well, it

will still be hard since we will now have to be looking out for two mafia families who are on the hunt for us. There is no way I'm going to leave this woman to fend for herself.

"Have you been on the street this whole time?" I ask.

She nods her head. "Yeah, like I said I kept going until money wore out, so I couldn't afford to stay anywhere. I was lucky that my money lasted over the winter months so that I didn't have to freeze," she says with a chuckle.

"But you do have to worry about heat stroke in this weather," I tell her.

"Yeah, that's a downer. I'm sure luck will come my way," she says, not sounding the least bit worried.

"How about you come with me? As far as I can tell, the Vicious Snakes are good guys, I'm sure they would help you without a problem," I say softly.

"You have only been there for a week, so it's kind of hard to take your word for it," she says with a laugh.

Her words bring a smile to my face. "Well, that may be true. There are a few hotties to look at though. Plus, if you can cook anything well, then there is no way they can say no."

"Alright, but if someone gropes me without permission, I will lay them out," she says in warning.

I chuckle at her words. "I hear ya. I had to put a few women in their place. So far, the guys are respectful. Though if you so much as check Razor out then we are going to have problems."

She lets out a loud laugh. "Alright, you will have to point him out, so I don't look at the wrong person."

"I'm Lily by the way," I say holding out my hand.

"Sasha," she says shaking my hand with a smile.

The prospects clear it with Prez that I had seemed to pick up a stray, but he doesn't say I can't bring her by.

We pick up some lunch from the drive thru and the prospects wave me off when I try to help bring anything in. Instead, they

tell me to help the woman.

I bring her to the room I'm staying in with Nik and give her a change of clothes to wear. There are a couple things I haven't worn yet, and she looks to be about the same size as me. I give her underwear I haven't touched, and she heads straight for the shower.

I am pretty much stuffing my face with burgers and fries when she walks out. She chuckles at the look on my face. "I sure hope you saved some for me."

"Why do you think we got like ten burgers? I can eat quite a bit," I tell her.

She sits down and starts to eat. We make small talk until we are both stuffed.

"Why does it feel like I have known you my whole life and not just a few hours?" she asks softly.

I shrug. "I was thinking the same thing. Maybe sometimes you just click with people. I like to trust my gut and it is telling me I can trust you."

"Mine is saying the same thing," she says.

"So, what do you think you should cook tonight? You have to wow them. They pretty much become putty in your hands with food," I tell her with a chuckle.

She thinks about it for a moment. "How about BBQ chicken with potato salad and corn on the cob? Seems warm enough for that."

"Well now my mouth is watering even though I only just finished eating," I tell her.

"Let's get to work. That way, we can have it all ready for the time they come down for dinner."

We both head to the kitchen. All the food is already put away and the prospects are working on other jobs already.

I help her get everything ready to cook and laugh when her eyes widen at how much food we have to make.

“I was surprised by how much these men eat. This will probably be all gone in minutes. Usually, I make plates for the Prez, VP, Razor, Bear, Nik and myself before I let anyone else eat; just in case there isn’t enough for us after the others take seconds and thirds.”

“Good idea,” she agrees.

The food smells delicious once she starts cooking. I help out where I can, but it looks to me she has got this on her own.

Men start piling in from the smell with appreciative groans.

“Fuck, what smells so good?” Stone grumbles.

“Sasha is just bringing the rest of the chicken in, and then we can feed you,” I tell him.

I feel arms wrap around my waist. “Fuck baby, I missed you today,” Razor mumbles in my ear.

“I would say I missed you too, but I have been way too busy for that,” I tell him with a smirk.

He growls in my ear, and I laugh and pull away.

Sasha comes back in with wide eyes as I pull away.

“Let me help with that,” I say grabbing one of the trays in her hand.

Prez walks in and grins. “I think we are all going to have to start working out if you ladies are going to keep feeding us like this.”

“Here’s everyone’s plates. The rest can chow down,” I say before taking a seat on Razor’s lap like I have been doing every day now, and Sasha sits beside me quietly.

“Where’s Bear and Nik?” I ask after noticing that their plates are still in front of me.

“They had to run a last-minute errand. Nik dropped his phone in mud, so he needs a new one,” Razor says.

“Wow, I don’t even want to know how he managed that,” I say.

“Good. And you must be the stray Lily picked up,” Razor says, focusing his attention on Sasha.

“Hi, yep, that’s me,” Sasha says, and I look over at her to see that her eyes are closed and covered by her hand.

“What are you doing?” I ask, laughing.

“You told me if I looked at him, we were going to have problems. So, I figured this is what I need to do to keep our friendship intact,” she says grinning.

“You can look at him; just don’t start eye fucking him. I’ll have to resort to drastic measures,” I tell her dryly.

“Alright,” she says, and looks ahead.

“Well, this is going to be weird with her looking at my forehead,” Razor chuckles.

“I can see you two are getting along just fine,” Prez says grinning.

“It feels like we have known each other our whole lives. It helps that we both don’t really know anyone in this club,” I tell him.

“We will talk after we eat. I need to know what kind of trouble she’s in and if any is coming to our door. As far as I can tell, she can stay here and cook with you. I know there are more brothers showing up every day. You almost need an extra set of hands now,” Prez says.

“That will work,” I tell him.

Sasha looks uncertain. I know that she’s worried they are going to turn her away when they find out who she’s running from, but I don’t think they will. They don’t seem like the type to turn away a woman in need.

Bear and Nik come walking in, and Bear stops in his tracks as he looks at Sasha like he’s seen an angel.

“Wow,” Sasha whispers in awe.

“Now him; feel free to eye fuck him,” I whisper to her.

“Oh I will,” she says loudly, causing Razor and Prez to chuckle.

Bear seems to shake himself out of whatever trance he was in and aims a charming smile Sasha’s way.

“Who might this beauty be?” he asks, sauntering over.

“I’m Sasha,” she squeaks out.

Well, she didn’t seem so shy before Bear walked in. I look over to Nik and he’s grinning.

“I’ve always wanted a sister,” Nik says while moving to shake Sasha’s hand.

“Hey!” I shout.

Nik looks at my pout and chuckles. “Okay, another sister,” he says with a shake of his head.

“Damn rights,” I mumble.

“Are you related?” Sasha asks.

I shake my head. “Nope, but we grew up together so he’s like a brother to me. Plus, I think we both know that sometimes blood doesn’t make you family.”

She nods her head. “Ain’t that the truth.”

Everyone chats as they eat and, now that I have a new friend, I feel more settled than I had been this entire time.

Sometimes we could use a friend. Especially when we don’t know what kind of dangers are ahead.

Derek “Razor”

I sit with Lily and her new friend as she tells us what happened when she came across Sasha today.

What are the odds we had found another woman who was being sold or traded off to a mafia family.

There has been some drama here, but not enough that we can’t handle whatever comes our way.

She has been hiding for four months in town. If they haven't come searching here already, maybe they don't have a reason to.

Before pops could agree to having her stay with us, Bear had put his claim on Sasha. When pops looked at me, I nodded and put my claim on Lily.

I knew he wouldn't rush us to get them inked or have cuts designed for them, since my mom gave him the runaround when he was trying to claim her. He tried to ink her up the first couple days they met, saying he knew she was his. She gave him this long lecture about how it was her body and if she put his ink on her skin that means she accepts the claim.

I could see it from both ways though. I want nothing more than to have my name on her, but with her family owning her and trying to marry her off for someone else to own her, I could see how I would want it to be her choice. That way I would never have any doubts that I forced her into it. She was completely and willingly mine.

Lily moved her stuff out of the room she was sharing with Nik, and Sasha moved right in. Bear doesn't want her rooming with anyone, but there aren't many rooms right now and he can at least trust that his brother won't make a move on his woman.

Nik warns her that he snores, and she laughs saying she's used to noise. As long as she was safe, she would have a good sleep.

I couldn't imagine her living on the streets for four months, and then not feeling safe enough to get a good night's sleep here.

When I shut and lock the door, Lily grins at me. "I'm glad I met you guys," she says softly.

"A lot of people like to paint us in a bad light. Sure, we like to take care of our own business, but we don't hit, rape, or sell women. That's not who we are. Women have a choice in this life," I tell her.

She moves into the middle of the bed, and I climb on top of her, kissing her body along the way. I love the way her breath hitches at my touch.

“I-I want you inside me tonight,” she whispers.

I pull back and look at her to make sure I heard her right.

“Can you repeat that.”

“I want you to fuck me tonight, Razor.” she says, sounding uncertain.

“Call me Derek, baby,” I rasp as I move down to kiss her hard.

“Derek,” she gasps as I bite on her lower lip.

“There’s no pressure, baby. I want you to be sure this is what you want. Once I have this part of you, I don’t think I could ever let you go,” I say hoarsely against her neck.

“What if I don’t want you to let me go?” she asks softly.

“Baby, you have no idea what you just got yourself into,” I say, grinning at her.

“I can’t fucking wait,” she says, and grabs my hair in her hand and moves my mouth to hers.

I don’t waste any time in taking off both of our clothes and have my mouth between her legs.

She’s gasping, moaning and clawing at the bed below as I work her into an orgasm.

I have spent over a week getting to know her body and what she likes and doesn’t like. I have spent every night making her come again and again.

Watching her fall apart for me is something I have easily become addicted to.

“Please, Derek,” she moans as I suck hard on her clit and feel her clench around my fingers inside of her.

I don’t stop until she’s come down from her high, and then I move up her body to grab a condom from my drawer.

Fuck, my hands are shaking. I don’t think I have ever taken a woman’s virginity before, and Lily means a lot to me.

After I put the condom on her, I climb up her body and put a hand on each side of her head. When I look down at her my breath catches as she looks at me with desire and trust. I don't think anyone has ever looked at me this way.

I've had sex plenty of fucking times and fucked many women, but something about this time feels different.

I move to grab my cock and place it at her entrance, she tightens her legs around my hips for a moment and I see a flash of nervousness in her eyes.

"Are you sure?" I ask.

She nods her head. "Yeah, I'm sure."

Her hands wrap around my head, and I lean down to kiss her as I enter her slowly.

She stills at the pain, and I hold myself still inside of her until it passes.

She moves her hips and tests her body before she gives me the go ahead to move.

Fuck, this woman feels like fucking perfection.

Having her heat wrapped around my cock makes me want to blow before I've even started.

I thrust in and out of her a few times slowly to make sure she's not in any pain and, when the signs of pain dissolve into pleasure, I slowly pick up speed.

I kiss her hard. Fuck, I can't get enough of her taste. I pull away when I need to breathe. Lily is panting just as hard, and I kiss my way down her neck to her nipples.

She gasps when I bite down and lets out a moan when I lick the sting away with my tongue. I give equal attention to both nipples; biting, sucking, and licking as I thrust in and out of her.

Lily is moaning and scratching at my back. It is hard enough that I know she is leaving a mark.

The sting of pain is welcomed as we near the edge of an explosive orgasm.

I move one hand to her clit, and it only takes seconds before she is coming underneath me.

Her walls clench around my cock and I thrust a few more times. I swear that I feel her break the skin on my back as I find my release.

I pretty much fall on top of her while being careful that I don't drop all my weight onto her.

She doesn't seem bothered by it though as she smiles up at me in satisfaction.

"Wow, that was... wow," she says between breaths.

"Fuck baby. I think I'm addicted to your pussy," I rasp, causing her to chuckle.

"No, I think I'm addicted. I might have to have my way with you until I am sick of your cock," she says.

Fuck, I hope she never gets sick of my cock.

"You can take my cock anywhere or anytime you want to," I say with a wink.

"I'm going to take you up on that," she says, smiling at me.

"Let's clean up and then we can get some rest, but I'm nowhere near being done with you tonight," I tell her.

She laughs like I am joking, but there is no way I am.

I want her to be as addicted to me as I already am to her.

We take turns washing each other which makes me want to fuck her all over again, but this time she gets on top.

Fuck, I don't care how tired I will be tomorrow.

As long as Lily is mine, nothing else matters.

Chapter Seven

Lilianna

Two weeks later...

Fuck.

I knew things were getting too good to be true.

Bianca hasn't been a pain in the ass lately. Derek still takes her to her doctor appointments, which were happening more frequently because they were concerned about something in her blood. Derek has prospects watching her constantly to ensure that nothing goes wrong. He even hired a new girl to share the room with her just in case something happened in the night.

Sometimes It's hard not to be a little bit jealous, but she is the woman carrying his baby and I have to get over whatever issues I have with her.

She's going to be a part of our lives for a very long time. I know he's not fucking her, so that helps. He always shuts her down when she tries to flirt with him, but it's easy to see she saw more out of their deal than he did. Sometimes she looks at him with longing, but quickly erases the look as soon as he looks at her.

I guess I know what it's like to have a mask in place, so I can also understand that.

It also helps that I have been staying in his room and anytime he is not with me he's usually doing club business. Every free moment we have, we are with each other.

I have become completely insatiable for him. Every chance I get, I pull out his dick and pretty much beg him to fuck me.

There is also no sign of anyone having followed Nik and me, nor is there any indication that anyone is looking for Sasha.

Each day that passes I get more and more hopeful that we actually pulled this off, and I can live my life free.

Well as free as I fucking can considering my circumstances.

I stare down at the stick that I had made Sasha get for me. I made her promise not to tell anyone, and she had sworn not to tell a soul.

She made sure no one saw her buy it, since it would be weird since I know that she and Art haven't had sex yet. People would definitely question why she would need one.

Sasha stayed in the bathroom with me, and we waited.

The dreaded moment came, and the symbol on the screen indicated I was pregnant.

It's not like I was even that late. I was maybe a day late, but I have always been on schedule. I was hoping that the delay was caused by stress, but my whole life had been full of stress so maybe my body doesn't know what stress is anymore.

I didn't feel any different, but my gut told me I had to check.

What the fuck am I going to do?

Derek already has one woman pregnant; would he think I did this on purpose?

How fucking fertile can a man be? He knocks up not only one chick, but two, with condoms?

The odds of that aren't high.

"What the fuck? We were safe every single time," I whisper in horror to Sasha.

"Sometimes one guy likes to wiggle his way to freedom," she says with a shrug.

I raise an eyebrow at her. "Wiggle? You make it sound like a worm," I say dryly.

"Well, it could be," she says laughing.

Before she gets anymore words out, I grab the test and put it in my pocket. She walks behind me into the room and then out

into the hall. We have a couple hours until we need to start supper, so I make my way outside to get fresh air.

“Could you imagine just the guy wiggling like this to get to your precious?” she asks and does some sort of weird wiggle as she walks.

It’s very hard to keep a straight face.

“Babe, what the fuck are you doing?” Bear asks as I look over to see him, Derek, and Nik all standing in the backyard having a beer.

“She’s practicing her sexy moves to seduce you!” I holler at him.

“Lily!” Sasha yells in outrage.

“Give him another little wiggle. Maybe add a gasp, see if that will lure him in,” I say before running away.

“I’m going to get you back for that, Lily Sparklebum!” Sasha says, yelling at me.

Her words make me stop though and I turn to look at her. “Did you really just call me Lily Sparklebum?”

She shrugs grinning at me. “Well, I don’t know your last name, so I have to come up with one.”

“You could have said anything, absolutely anything, but that’s you come up with?” I say with a sigh of disappointment at her.

“Okay enough, Miss Sparklebum and Wigglebutt. Come over here. We’ve got something to discuss,” Nik shouts.

“Well now I don’t know if he will ever forget those names,” I grumble.

“No doubt. I’m happy without that name,” Sasha mutters as we walk towards the men.

“Are you going to tell him?” she whispers.

I shake my head. “Not yet.”

When we make it to the men, I kiss Derek and Sasha does the same to Bear.

“Fuck, I need to find a woman,” Nik mumbles.

I pull away and look at him with a smile. “One day you will.”

“There’s a party here this weekend. We haven’t had one since you guys have come, so we wanted to warn you that it can get pretty wild. You are welcome to stay in the room and whatever or come down, but don’t leave a brother from this club’s sight. There are a few other chapters coming. So, I just want to be sure you ladies are safe,” Derek says.

“Can I check it out and then if it isn’t my thing, go back to the room?” I ask.

“Yes, just wait for me or Bear to escort you,” Derek says.

“What about Nik?” I ask.

“Since it’s a club party, he will be serving beer and cleaning up or on gate duty,” Derek replies.

“Do we need to cook?” Sasha asks.

“Whatever is easy, finger foods would be good. I know Prez would love to brag the cooking skills of you two up,” Bear says proudly.

“We can make up a menu tomorrow so we will know what we need,” I tell them.

“Speaking of menus, what’s on the menu tonight?” Bear asks.

“You’ll see,” Sasha says.

We chat with them until it’s time to start cooking. I ignore the weight of the pregnancy test for the rest of the night. I put it in the zipper pocket of one of my bags and promise myself I will tell Derek soon.

I don’t know what the fuck he’s going to think.

It’s too early to have kids and be a mom. Heck, I barely know how to be a mom. Mine wasn’t exactly a great role model growing up.

I already know that there is no way I could get rid of it.

It’s not like I will show right away, so I have time before I tell him.

Maybe I should just get it confirmed with a doctor first. That way, I won't cause him to freak out if it's a false positive.

Yeah, that's what I will do.

I push the thoughts away as Derek joins me in bed and I fuck him, even knowing that's exactly how I got into this mess in the first place.

Derek "Razor"

Something is up with Lily.

I don't know what the fuck it is.

Ever since I told her there was a club party, there has been something off with her.

Maybe she's only worried about the number of brothers coming.

She won't have to worry about any fucker touching her because I will gut anyone who thinks about taking my woman.

Things have been going really well, but I have a feeling that the shoe is about to drop and I don't know why.

Nick, Lily, and Sasha are all fitting into club life perfectly. I don't know if that says a lot about their upbringing or what but, seeing as Bear is falling completely head over heels for Sasha, it's probably a good thing she can handle this life.

We had also gotten quite a few new club whores in, which is no interest to me right now since I have everything I need.

I don't tell Lily, but Bianca is getting more miserable and bitchy by the day. She has been bringing up just 'leaving to get out of my way,' but I can't have her leaving while she's carrying my baby. I always have someone watching her. With how she is talking, I don't know if I can trust her right now.

Nick is taking a shift at the stripper club we have opened. Working at a strip club is not something we normally have

prospects do, but he's a big guy so I think that will help if any problems arise.

I know what happens and, if women come onto you, we don't really have a strict policy on what happens. As long as the floor is good, he can take a break with a woman if that's what he ends up doing. I know I have had that happen a few times. Sometimes a release is all you need.

I hand him a couple condoms and tell him to enjoy his shift. He rolls his eyes but takes them, thinking he won't need them.

Fuck, I hope I won't need condoms anymore; Lily needs to get on birth control. I would love to feel her heat ungloved.

That's something I need to bring up with her.

When we are in my room in the afternoon after I see Nik off, I decide to bring it up.

"What do you think about going on birth control?" I ask her.

She freezes at my words. "Why?" she asks cautiously.

"I think we both know we are both in this for the long haul and I would love to feel you bare," I tell her honestly.

"I don't know if I can get birth control right now," she says, and steps away from the bed to pace the room.

Shit, does she have some sort of medical condition that I don't know about?

"Why's that babe?" I ask.

"Well, you see the thing is... shit... this is a lot harder than I thought it was going to be," she trails off, looking panicked.

"Is there something you aren't telling me?" I sit up straight, looking at her in the eyes.

What is she hiding from me?

"Okay here it is. I can't use birth control because I am already pregnant. I have an appointment tomorrow morning with the doctor," she whispers.

I go still at her words. I couldn't have heard her correctly.

“What do you mean, you are already pregnant? Have you been fucking around on me? I know for a fact you were a virgin with the blood on the condom when the first time I took you happened,” I say slowly. Dread fills me. Has she been playing me this whole time?

She narrows her eyes at me, and anger is filling her features. “No, I haven’t been fucking anyone else, why the fuck would you think that?”

“Well, we have been using fucking condoms for the whole time. Of course, I would think that you were fucking someone else. We have been protected,” I spit out angrily, standing up.

I walk closer to her, but she holds up her hand pausing me to get closer.

“I can’t believe you would actually think that. The only person I have been fucking is you,” she snaps.

“You’re fucking lying. I obviously don’t know you that well. Since I took your cherry for the first time, you probably jumped on any other brother’s cock that comes your way. You probably are fucking someone while I’m at work or doing club shit,” I growl out.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” she gasps in rage.

“Well, who the fuck is it?” I snap.

“I can’t even fucking talk to you right now. Talk to me when you want to be a mature adult about this. Think about the fact that you already have another woman pregnant while using your precious condoms. I should be asking you since you were such a well-stocked supplier. We haven’t had to buy any since your stash is so big,” she says before stomping out of the room.

“FUCK!” I curse and throw the nearest object I can find against the wall.

This can’t be fucking happening.

I don’t realise how loud I’m letting my anger out until my father steps into the room.

“What’s going on, son?” he asks calmly.

“Lily said she was pregnant,” I tell him.

He raises an eyebrow at me. “Well, you have some pretty strong fucking swimmers then son. Knocking up two women at once.”

“Am I supposed to believe that baby is fucking mine?” I ask in anger.

“You saying you think Lily was stepping out on you?” he asks evenly.

I nod my head. “Well, how else do you expect this to happen. We were protected,” I spit out and go to yank the drawer open that is stocked full of condoms.

“Son, Lily isn’t stepping out on you. She’s been with Sasha, Nik, or you the whole time she has been here. There is no way she would have had the time. You forget that there are cameras around the main parts of the club, and she is only hanging out with Sasha when you have been gone,” he says softly.

“I don’t fucking get it,” I say, sighing and sitting down on my bed while eyeing the condoms.

“Maybe it’s your condoms. They could be expired,” he says while standing next to the drawer.

I snort at that. “They aren’t fucking expired. I don’t think I have ever used ones that were old.”

“Well, this could be the problem,” he says, grabbing one out of the drawer. He shows me the one in his hand. I look closely at it and, sure enough, there is a tiny as fuck hole in it.

When I see that, we start going through all of them and there are holes in every single one. You wouldn’t know to look for it unless you were actually fucking looking for it.

“Fuck!” I shout.

My dad calls his VP to bring Bianca in here.

She comes in looking smug until she sees all the condoms lying on my bed. She goes white as a fucking ghost.

“Something you want to tell me?” I ask, anger lacing my tone.

“What do you mean?” She asks playing dumb.

“You know what I fucking mean. There is no way I would have knocked up you and Lily with condoms. The chances of that are very fucking low. You better talk now, woman!” I say walking closer to her, getting angrier by the second.

Her shoulders drop in defeat and looks at me with defiance in her eyes.

“How else was I supposed to make you mine?” she snaps.

“I was never fucking yours. The only reason I put up with you is because of that baby inside of you. We were just fucking. Nothing more,” I snap back.

“You meant more to me than a fuck. I needed time for you to see that, and then Lily came along and ruined everything,” she says.

“She ruined nothing. She’s my woman. You need to let that shit go,” I tell her.

“Wait, did you say that she’s pregnant too?” she asks, going even paler.

“Yes, she is,” I growl out.

“You will pay for your actions. Right now, you are only here because of that grandchild inside of you, or you would be out on your ass,” my dad says angrily.

Bianca leaves the room.

“I don’t know what I’m going to do. Two kids. That’s not what I fucking planned,” I tell my father.

He puts a hand on my shoulder. “You will do what’s right. I know you will be a great father.”

“I need to fix things with Lily,” I say with a sigh.

“Yeah, son, you do. She is just as much a victim in Bianca’s game as you are,” he tells me.

I nod my head in understanding.

I need my woman to forgive me. I don’t know what I will do if she doesn’t. I said some pretty crappy things.

Fuck.

Chapter Eight

Lily

I don't think I have ever been so angry in my entire life, and that's saying something. How could he think I was cheating on him? He's the only man I see.

I see Bianca being brought to his room and shake my head. Am I just going to turn into another Bianca? Will he hate me and treat me with cold indifference now?

I really fucked up my life. I've only been gone from my home for a month, and I'm already knocked up. My life is already mapped out for me.

There is no way I could get rid of the baby; I know I will raise it with love. I will treat this baby how I always wanted my parents to treat my brothers and me. This baby is going to have their own choices in their life.

I grab Nick's knives and start heading out to the back, thinking of the only thing that will give me some stress relief.

Sasha is following me the whole way as I walk towards some trees so I know that no one will end up getting hurt.

I stop thinking and start throwing knives at a tree. I imagine a target there the whole time. If I happen to picture Derek as the target, then no one will know but me.

The thought brings a smirk to my lips as I throw each knife, constantly hitting my target.

"You're pretty fucking scary good at this," Sasha says softly.

I let out a chuckle. "Nick has been teaching me everything I know. This seems to calm me."

"It's pretty scary how throwing knives calms you," she says, making me laugh.

"I needed a way to defend myself if the need ever came. Now, I just love how it feels," I tell her with a shrug.

“Makes sense,” she says with a nod.

“Distract me. Tell me what’s going on with you and Bear,” I ask, raising an eyebrow at her.

She shrugs. “I like him and everything. I just think he deserves more than me,” she tells me.

“What makes you think you aren’t good enough for him?” I ask. I stop throwing and give her my full attention.

“Look at me. I was homeless not two weeks ago and I have nothing to offer him,” she says in defeat.

“You have yourself to offer him and that will be enough. I’ve known him for a long time, and I can tell he cares for you more than you think he does,” I say.

“Yeah, but I can’t offer him what really matters,” she says.

“What would that be?” I ask. She looks like she’s on the verge of tears.

“I can’t have kids. I had some problems when I was a teenager and I ended up getting a hysterectomy. There is no chance for kids in our future. Maybe if we adopt, but I couldn’t give him one of his own,” she says with tears falling down her cheeks.

“Oh sweetie. Kids aren’t all that matters. Sure, I’m pregnant and my opinion might not mean much right now, but I know Bear will love you for you. Who knows if he would even want kids? After the way we were raised, I wouldn’t be surprised if he didn’t.”

I wrap her up in a hug and let her cry against my shoulder.

“You need to talk to him. You can’t decide for him what he wants or doesn’t want. That’s not fair to him,” I tell her when she doesn’t say anything else.

She nods her head against me. “I know. I will.”

“Heck, Razor thinks I cheated on him and that’s why I’m pregnant,” I tell her, pulling away.

She gets angry at my words. “Why would he think that? That’s ridiculous. You are practically in love with him.”

“Not practically. I am. I know it’s fast, and sometimes I wonder if it’s just lust blinding me into thinking I am in love with him, but I really do believe I am in love with him. But then I told him I was pregnant, and he accused me of sleeping with someone else,” I tell her with a shrug, trying to hide how much those words hurt me.

“With all the time you have?” she says sarcastically, shaking her head.

I chuckle with a sad smile. “Yeah, I don’t get much time in between cleaning and cooking. The only time I have is with you where we bullshit about whatever, and then it’s time to start all over again.”

“He will see that he’s wrong,” she says in a sincere tone.

“Even if he did, could I really just forgive him when he really doesn’t trust me?” I say with a sad sigh.

“You will. Everything will work out. You and Razor look at each other like you are the only two people in the world. You may not have been together long, but you can tell what you have is real. This is just a hurdle you guys need to get through,” she tells me.

“But what about Bianca? Look what happened to her. What if I am just going to end up like her; with Razor barely tolerating me?” I ask before sitting down on the ground in defeat.

“You are nothing like Bianca. She saw more between them than there actually was,” Sasha says sitting next to me.

“What if I see more to it than there is? I ask the question that I have been thinking over and over again.

“You don’t,” she says.

“How do you know that?” I ask.

She shrugs. “I think you need to see it to believe me, but that man loves you whether he knows it or not. You two will work through it. I just know it.”

I roll my eyes and push down the hope that crawls up. Maybe I need to keep my heart guarded around Derek. He obviously

doesn't trust me; what reason do I have to trust him with my heart?

"You better figure it out because here he comes," Sasha whispers.

I turn my head to look over my shoulder and see Derek walking up with regret on his face. I shake my head and turn back to throw another knife.

"Am I right to assume you are thinking that's my head?" Derek says with a wince when I throw another.

"Probably not the head you are thinking of," I say with a smirk.

He cringes at the look on my face, and I raise an eyebrow at him and throw another one, hitting near the previous knife.

"I don't know whether to be scared or turned on right now," he admits.

"With how I feel right now, I would say be scared. I'm tempted to slice it right off so you can't get anyone else pregnant again," I say dryly.

"Ouch brother," Bear says as he walks up while laughing at the look on Derek's face.

"Shut it, brother," Derek says through clenched teeth.

"Sasha, babe, let's give them some time to talk," Bear says.

She looks at me in the eyes, communicating without words. I nod that I'm fine with her leaving so I can talk to Derek. I am hoping that it will also give her the opportunity to talk with Bear about her situation.

I watch as they leave. The silence around us is unbearable, but I feel like Derek needs to be the one to speak first.

"I'm sorry," he starts, and I scoff and shake my head.

"That's not going to cut it. You can't just say you're sorry and I'll forget everything you said. It doesn't work like that," I tell him.

“I know. You deserve better than what I can offer you. I spoke before thinking. I know you haven’t fucked around on me, but I just let every fear come out in my anger at the situation,” he tells me.

“You don’t think I’m afraid? That’s the difference here. I wouldn’t call you names or accuse you of things without proof. Where would I have the time to fuck another guy while also fucking you two, three times a night? I’m sorry but I’m just not that horny. I can control myself,” I tell him with a shake of my head.

“Bianca had poked holes in all my condoms. My dad had come in my room to talk to me after noticing I was upset, and we discovered that every single condom in my drawer had holes in them. I guess she wanted to be sure she was knocked up, but never took the time to take all the evidence out,” he mutters.

“I would tell you that I was surprised but, honestly, I’m really not. That woman has been obsessed with you for a lot longer than I have been around. Maybe you told her how it was, but it was obvious she thought there was more to it than you did. And then I have to wonder, am I not thinking the same thing? Maybe there is not as much to us as I think there is,” I tell him softly.

His eyes widen at my words and panic takes over his features.

“No baby, that’s not how it is. You mean more to me than you know. Our relationship is nothing like what I had with Bianca. That was just sex. What we have isn’t; it’s more.”

I look over at him with a sad expression on my face. “What makes you think this is more? I cook supper for the club and then we head to your room and fuck for the rest of the night. All we have is fucking sex. This isn’t a relationship. It’s not even close,” I say, and start to walk away.

“What we have is more than that and you know it,” he states, following me.

“How am I supposed to know that’s true? We barely even talk,” I say, turning to raise an eyebrow at him.

“Then let’s get to know each other without the sex,” he says, cringing at his own words.

“You think you could really not have sex for more than, what, eighteen hours?” I ask, looking over at him in shock.

“I’m not a horn dog. I can prove to you that we are more than sex. If that’s what it takes for you to see how serious I am about us, I would do it in a heartbeat,” he says pleading with me.

“I could see how that would prove it if we got to know each other without ripping each other’s clothes off, but that doesn’t mean I forgive you for everything you said. You accused me of some pretty hurtful things,” I say before walking back into the clubhouse which is full of people.

“I know, I was an asshole. I reacted without thinking. I know you aren’t like that,” he says.

“There obviously can’t be any relationship if you don’t trust me. I mean what’s to stop me from jumping on Stone’s cock right as soon as you turn your back,” I ask, crossing my arms over my chest.

He lets out a big sigh. “You won’t jump on Stone’s cock. I know that, baby,” he says sounding tired.

“What’s wrong with my cock?” Stone shouts, causing me to twitch my lips.

“Yeah, what’s wrong with his cock?” I ask, grinning at Derek.

“Fuck. Nothing is wrong with his cock. I’m sure it’s perfectly fine. He could probably please any woman he wants,” he says before rubbing his hand over his face. “Fuck, I can’t believe those words just came out of my mouth.”

Everyone bursts out in laughter at his words. “That’s good to know you have a lot of faith in my skills, brother,” Stone says, smirking at Derek.

“This conversation took a surprising turn,” Derek mumbles.

I shrug. “Until I know you can trust me, I don’t see how this relationship will work.”

“And do you trust me? If a club girl came up to me?” he asks, crossing his arms.

I nod my head. “Well sure. You told me you wouldn’t be with anyone else, and you prove how much you want me every day, so I had no reason to doubt you.”

His shoulders drop in defeat. “I fucked up. I’ll prove it to you in any way I can.”

“Until that moment happens, I will be staying with Nick and Sasha,” I tell him.

When he looks into my eyes, he’s ready to protest but I think he can see how serious I am about this. If we are in bed together, the temptation to have sex is too easy to give into.

We’re going to have a baby and we need something between us that’s more than lust. Derek is trying to prove that we are forever but, in order to do that, we need to know more about each other than how to get each other off.

Hopefully I’m not wrong in wanting to give him another chance.

Derek “Razor”

I’m lying in bed later that night. I can’t help but toss and turn. I’ve already gotten used to Lily sleeping in my arms, but I fucked that all up.

Even though it fucking sucks, and I barely will get any sleep without her, I am determined to show her how much she means to me.

I don’t know how my life could become so fucked up in a matter of months.

Now I have gotten two women pregnant. One of them thinks I only want sex with her, and another believes that I want her to be my Old Lady when I don’t.

My life had gotten completely complicated in a matter of hours.

I want to have those babies now that I know about them. Late nights up with them and changing diapers wasn't something I was sure I wanted, but I didn't realise how excited I was to meet them and hold them until they were both closely in my grasp.

Bianca was threatening to leave, and Lily wasn't sure I wanted her for more than sex, and those situations spell out 'dad of every other week' to me, and that just wouldn't do.

I wanted to be there for it all. I just don't see how I could make it work.

I want to see Lily swollen with my baby. I want to hold Bianca's and my baby in my arms.

They are both going to be born a couple months apart.

There is enough in my savings, and I make enough through the club, so I at least won't have to worry about taking care of them financially.

First thing I needed to do was find a house for me and Lily to live in and work on it until I am able to convince her that what we had was real.

There was so much to do, and it didn't seem like I had a lot of time. Sure, it will be months before both babies are born; but that will fly by in no time.

I make a list of everything I need. I have given up on trying to sleep.

First thing in the morning, I need to call a realtor and then take Lily to her appointment.

Then I need to work on my plans to get my woman back.

I look up everything a baby needs, and I tab it to my laptop. I'll get Lily and Bianca's opinion on what they want tomorrow.

When morning comes, I'm exhausted but have a plan in place for everything.

Lily and Sasha are up making breakfast when I leave my room and head to the kitchen.

“Morning ladies,” I say lowly.

“Morning,” they both mutter.

“What time is your appointment?” I ask Lily.

“About two hours. After I eat, I’ll go get ready. Are you going to come?” she asks.

I nod my head, even though it guts me that she had to ask that in the first place.

“How was your sleep?” I ask her. She looks like she barely slept at all.

“It could have been better. Between Nick’s snoring and Sasha’s talking, I barely could sleep,” she chuckles.

“If you need to nap later, you are welcome to use my bed. After the appointment, I have some stuff I need to do,” I tell her.

“That would be great. I feel like I could sleep for hours right now,” she says with a soft laugh.

Some more brothers come into the room once the smell of breakfast takes over the club. Lily plates me up like she usually does, and that gives me some hope that she’s not completely rejecting the possibility of us building our relationship.

I don’t get to say much to her during breakfast. Once she leaves to go get ready, I head to my room to get ready too.

I take the club’s SUV to drive her to the appointment. I add another vehicle to my list of things I need to buy since I won’t be able to ride around with her on my motorcycle, especially since we will need room for a car seat soon.

She follows me out to the vehicle and climbs in before I can open the door or offer her help.

The drive is silent and I’m at a loss for words to say.

“How’s this going to work with Bianca having a baby too?” she asks quietly.

I let out a tired sigh. “I’m not sure, but I know I want to be there for both of you. I hope that by the time our baby comes, we can be living in our own place. I’d like to make a room for when my other baby comes over. Right now, I can’t trust Bianca not to take off on me or I would have gotten her a small house or an apartment already. She threatens to leave constantly. I don’t know what I would do if she took my baby with her.”

She looks over at me with a sad expression on her face.

“Would she really take off?”

I nod my head reluctantly. “She would. I can see it in her face that she means it when she says it, but I can’t let her take my baby away from me.”

“Do you really want to get a place for us to live?” Lily asks me.

“Of course. I know you are unsure about how I feel about you, but you are it for me and I hope I can show you that. You’re already my everything and I already I know that I want to spend my life with you. My father always told me I would know when I found the woman for me, and I didn’t believe that you could just know something like that until you walked into my life,” I tell her honestly.

“Wow,” she breathes out.

“I actually have an appointment with a realtor after the appointment, and then I’m going to look at vehicles for us,” I tell her.

“Can I come?” she asks hesitantly.

“If you want; I know you are tired. If you feel up to it though, I’d love it if you helped picked out our future home,” I say.

“I can nap after that. Sasha said she would handle supper today,” she replies.

“You can still use my bed. I’ll nap in my father’s room,” I say to make her feel more comfortable.

“You can have your bed, that’s okay,” she says softly.

I shake my head. “I like you in my bed. Even though you think it’s not a good idea. I didn’t get any sleep without you beside me.”

“Then let’s nap together. No funny business. I would sleep better with you there,” she admits.

“If you want, baby. No pressure,” I say softly.

We pull up to the clinic and our conversation is halted.

It doesn’t take long before we are in the room waiting for the doctor after Lily was weighed, had her blood pressure checked, and gave a urine sample. She seems quite nervous and keeps fidgeting.

“Hi, I’m Dr. Crawford,” the woman says walking into the room with a big smile.

“Hi, I’m Lily and this is Derek,” Lily says, gesturing to me.

“Right, so you had taken a pregnancy test, and the result is positive,” the doctor says.

I can’t help the smile that comes over my face.

They start talking about periods and how far along Lily is. She isn’t too far; about four to five weeks. She writes a prescription for prenatal vitamins, and anti-nausea medication, and tells her that she would like to see her in a month. It happens so fast, but Lily is smiling when we get back into the SUV.

“I wasn’t sure what to think when I thought I was pregnant, but now that the doctor has confirmed it, I can’t believe it. I’m going to be someone’s mother. Now that it’s real, there isn’t anything I want more,” Lily says.

“I think that you will be a great mom. I’m the lucky fool that gets to have that with you,” I tell her.

“Let’s go look at houses, and then feed me before car shopping,” she demands, causing me to chuckle.

Hopefully this is the start of the rest of our lives together.

Chapter Nine

Liliana

Three months later...

There have been a few bumps in the road in the last few months, but I had never expected anything less.

Derek and I have slept in the same bed every night, but we haven't gone beyond kissing and holding each other.

He has made a great effort to get to know me. He has taken me out on many dates and asks me all sorts of random questions. I can see it in his eyes that he's really trying.

We had found a house after looking at twenty of them. It has five bedrooms and three bathrooms. Derek had wanted to fix it up and update the appliances before we moved in, so I had time to pick out furniture. He had insisted that I pick out what I wanted for the house, but I did get his opinion on some things.

We are making a nursery for our baby, and one for his other baby. He wanted to make sure that he had it ready with everything we will need just in case Bianca lets him have his baby over often. If he could have his other baby here all the time, he would be happiest, but he knows that won't be a realistic ask. I know he wants both his babies with him more than he tells me because this man is nothing if not devoted.

He doesn't really tell me too much about what is going on with Bianca, but she's still at the clubhouse and getting bigger by the day.

Sometimes it's hard to know that there is another woman carrying his baby, but what happened with them was over before I came along.

She gives me dirty looks whenever she thinks no one is looking, but there's nothing I can do about her hate for me. I didn't make Derek pick me.

I wish there was a way that I could make it work between us. We are both having his babies, so we are going to always be in each other's lives in one way or another.

If I could talk to her without her wanting to start a fight verbally or physically I would try to make amends, but there is no way I would risk my baby.

I stare down at the slight bump and give it a little rub. A smile comes to my face.

I honestly never thought I wanted kids; especially with the life I was raised in. I had figured I was doomed to marry someone I didn't even like.

There was no way I would bring a child into that.

This club though is something special.

The Vicious Snakes.

They are more than just club brothers. They are a family. Sure, there are some Old Ladies here that I still haven't gotten to know and some, but not many, kids around. A lot of the brothers are still young. There is plenty of time to fill this club with families.

They all take care of their own, which is something I truly admire. I'm lucky to be a part of it.

I've gotten to know mostly everyone too, which is good. I've played pool, cards, and bullshitted about random things with each brother.

When there has been a club party, I stay by Derek, Bear, Nick, and Prez, and if I want to leave, surprisingly, Derek leaves with me. There are just some things I don't want to see, such as when brothers get their dicks out waiting to get sucked.

They can go at it all they want, but it's not something I really need to see. Especially when I am not getting it myself.

Though Nick hasn't really participated since Derek had given him some of his pregnancy guarantee condoms and forgot to tell Nick not to use them.

He was with a woman at the strip club who was there for a bachelorette party and ended up knocking her up.

Her name was Rebecca, and she was some rich lawyer's daughter.

I know this because she's currently screaming at Nick because her father cut her off and disowned her for getting pregnant by a biker scum.

I could see 'stuck up princess' written all over her. If I would have met her that night, then I could have told Nick she was not worth the trouble; but that was the very day me and Derek were fighting.

"Maybe I should just get rid of it, and then maybe my dad will forget this mistake ever happened," she says, taunting my best friend.

I can already see the anger simmering inside of him. Well, that wasn't a very smart thing to say.

"Like fuck you are killing my child. I don't see what the problem is; I said I would take care of you. We may not drink champagne here at the club, but that doesn't mean I'm fucking broke," Nick snaps at her.

"I'm not getting a job; you are right about you taking care of me. Don't think I'm going to live here. I want a house off property where I can raise our kid so that she might have a good life," she snaps before storming towards the room Nick is staying in now.

Ever since Sasha talked to Bear, she had been staying in his room. She seems so happy. I knew he wouldn't have a problem with her not being able to have kids. Art isn't like that.

Nick takes a seat beside me and lets out a long groan. "Fuck, this is messed up. I'm never accepting another condom from your man," he hisses with eyes dropping down to my belly.

"Well, we have Bianca to thank for that," I mutter.

He nods his head in agreement. I had told him everything that went down, and he was angry at Derek too. He still did

everything that Derek told him to do since he was still a prospect, but it took a few weeks before things were cool with them again.

“She won’t be able to stay at the club, especially since she pretty much disrespected them like that,” I state.

“Oh, I know. I need to get some cash together. Might have to rent for a while, but I know she won’t be welcomed here,” he says sadly.

“Well, our kids are going to be around the same age, that’s exciting,” I say, grinning.

“That’s one thing that will be good. Maybe they both will be boys and can grow up just like their dads,” Nick teases.

“Breaking hearts all over the place. Or maybe they will be girls, and you guys will be wrapped around their fingers,” I tell him.

“Fuck, I don’t know how to raise a girl,” he panics.

I raise an eyebrow at him. “Do you know how to raise a boy?”

His eyes widen and dart all over the place.

“Fuck no, I don’t know how to raise a boy either. Holy shit, I’m going to be a dad.”

Nick’s breathing picks up and he gets up to start pacing the room.

Bear comes in and looks at his brother in confusion. “What’s going on with him?” he asks me.

I chuckle and shake my head. “He just realised that he is going to be a father.”

Bear chuckles and looks back at his brother in amusement.

“She was just shit talking the club life, so he needs to move into a place like yesterday,” I tell Bear.

“Fuck. No one will want her around after that,” he says, and I nod my head in agreement.

“Nick!” Bear shouts to Nick who comes over to us looking completely panicked.

“Brother, What the fuck? How am I going to raise a kid?” he asks.

“You have me there with you, brother,” Bear says.

“I need to start looking for places,” Nick says, and moves to walk away but Bear puts a hand on his shoulder.

“No brother, I have money. Sasha and I already have a place next to Razor and Lil’s. I will buy you a house and you can think of it as a baby gift,” Bear tells him.

Nick looks over at his brother with wide eyes. “Holy fuck, brother. Just how much money do you have?”

Bear chuckles. “A lot. The woman who took care of me had a lot of money. Plus, I never really spent much of anything I make here. I had it in case you came to me one day or needed a way out. I wasn’t afraid to buy off people if that’s what you needed. I lived at the club because I didn’t want to live in a house by myself.”

“You are literally saving my ass right now,” Nick breathes out.

“Well go get to looking at a place to buy. Prez won’t want her here long,” he says before shooing his brother away.

Nick takes off to do just that. And I raise an eyebrow to Bear. “Well damn. How come you didn’t offer to get him a house when we first got here?”

“To be honest, I missed you guys. I wanted you close and, since I didn’t have a house, I knew this would be the way. Plus, I didn’t know how long you would stick around or if the past would come crawling back to you. The club is the safest place. Right now, I don’t think we have anything to worry about since it has been over four months. That doesn’t mean we let our guard down though,” he says while looking at me in the eyes so that I know how serious he is about this.

“I don’t think I will ever let my guard down,” I tell him softly.

“It never leaves you. I always worry that they will find us and drag us back, but I’m lucky you guys got out too and made it this far,” he admits.

“We have each other if it ever comes to that,” I tell him.

“Are you heading to your appointment soon?” Bear asks me.

I nod my head. “Yeah, we are finding out the sex of the baby today.”

“Good. Then tomorrow we are leaving for that run. Things will be quiet around here for a few days,” he says.

“Yeah, you guys just be safe with whatever it is you are doing,” I tell him.

“Always,” he says grinning, and walks away when Sasha calls his name from the kitchen.

“Babe, you ready?” Derek asks while walking into the room. His hair is wet from the shower he took.

“Let’s go see our baby before my bladder bursts,” I tell him, causing him to laugh.

Derek “Razor”

I can’t stop smiling as I make my way with Lily into the clinic for an ultrasound. I’m very excited to see what the baby’s sex will be. I was glad that Lily wanted to know because Bianca didn’t want to know, and it was killing me not to have any idea.

I think she did that as some sort of punishment because she sneered at me when she told the doctor she didn’t want to know.

I’m not ashamed to say I kept her on a tight leash. Someone is always watching her, since I’ve caught her trying to pack a bag more than once. Bianca’s flightiness makes me more nervous for leaving on a run tomorrow, but we are dealing with some other club.

The Devil’s Souls. We had found out they were trying to get into human trafficking and had found out where they were planning a meet up.

We intend to intercept them and save a truck of people who we know were stolen and they were selling.

This has been something we have been working on for a long time, and it's finally time to put a stop to it.

The plan was to leave tomorrow. We had decided to keep the women out of it so they wouldn't worry. We don't know how this is going to go.

I have a churning in my gut saying something bad is on the horizon, but I don't know what it is.

I ignore it and focus on Lily right now.

We walk to the room where the ultrasound machine is, and the technician starts to set up. Lily lifts up her shirt to show the little bump she has going on and smiles at me once the technician puts the gel on.

I keep my eyes on the screen as the technician takes pictures. The process is long, but I don't look away.

"Are you ready to see if this little one is going to show us what it is?" the tech asks.

"Yes," Lily says excitedly, and I nod my head along with her.

It takes a few moments, but then the woman grins over at us.

"Congratulations; you are having a boy."

I smile so wide and move to kiss Lily hard on the mouth.

"A boy!" I shout when I pull away and Lily grins at the look on my face.

"He will probably be a heart breaker like his father," Lily says with a laugh.

"No way, he will be like his mom completely," I tell her.

"Whoever he turns out to be like, I can't wait to raise this baby with you," she says softly.

Fuck, I love this woman more and more every day.

When the tech tells Lily she is done and can use the washroom, Lily runs to the washroom so fast I can't help but laugh.

We get pictures printed out for us, and we are both grinning leaving the office.

“Let’s get some lunch before we head back,” I say after starting the SUV.

“Alright, I want a burger and onion rings,” Lily says, and I shake my head.

It’s not a surprise to me that’s what she wants. All she has been craving is burgers and onion rings. Thankfully, we usually go somewhere I can order something else. It didn’t take long for me to get sick of them.

I have no trouble getting her what she needs. Bianca doesn’t usually call me for cravings. As far as I know, she hasn’t really had any; unless she sent a prospect for them.

I have two totally different experiences with these women.

We take a seat at a restaurant and order our food, but the people already know Lily’s order by now and just ask me what I want since I change it every time.

“What else do you want to do today, baby?” I ask her after I order.

“Don’t you have to go to work?” she asks and looks at me confused.

I shake my head. “No, today I’m spending with you, since I will be gone for a week,” I reply.

“I’m going to miss you,” she says softly.

“I’ll miss you too, baby. I’ll have my phone, so I can call you whenever I have a chance,” I tell her.

“I know. I’ll just have to keep our bed warm,” she says with a smirk.

Fuck, I love that she says ‘our bed.’ I can just picture her in there, warming it; touching herself. I shake my head of the thoughts.

We haven’t had sex or anything since we have been trying to get to know one another. As much as I want to fuck her, I am respecting her wishes.

My cock is constantly hard around her. I can’t help it though. She’s a fucking gorgeous woman.

I know what she tastes like and sounds like when she's coming for me. I can't wait for her to let me experience that again.

"What are you thinking about?" Lily asks, snapping me out of my thoughts.

"You. Warming our bed," I say with a wink.

She blushes at my words. "Well, maybe after lunch you can help me warm the bed for a few hours."

My cock gets rock fucking hard at her words. I swallow hard.

"Are you sure that's something you are ready for?"

She nods her head. No hesitation in her eyes. "Yeah, I've been thinking about it for a few days, and I think you have proved more than enough that you want more than sex."

"After we eat, you are fucking mine," I growl at her.

~

As soon as the door is closed to my room, I lock it and start kissing Lily like a starving man.

Her hands claw at my clothes like she's already too impatient for me to get undressed.

I pull away from her.

"Get on the bed, baby," I rasp.

I move to pull my cut off before hanging it on the chair, and then proceed to take off the rest of my clothes. When I turn, I see Lilly only in her underwear, eyeing me up and biting on her lip.

"Fuck, you are gorgeous," I say as I walk towards her.

I climb onto the bed beside her so I can kiss her and move my hands along her body.

"Derek" she whimpers against my lips.

"What do you need, baby?" I whisper against her neck before kissing down her chest. I unclasp her bra, and I'm fucking loving how much her boobs have filled out because of the pregnancy.

“I want you inside of me,” she moans out when I lick and lightly suck on one of her nipples.

When I pull back to look at her, she shimmies her panties off and moves to straddle me.

I grab her hips and help her before grabbing my cock. She sits up so I can position myself at her entrance. Slowly, she slides down onto my cock and I groan. My eyes are nearly rolling to the back of my head because fuck, this is unreal.

She’s warm, wet, and fucking perfect. If this woman didn’t already ruin me, she would have just now. Feeling her without anything between us was beyond anything I could have imagined.

I look up at her, and she has her head thrown back in pleasure. I move my hands along her body, lightly playing with her nipples, and it doesn’t take us long to find our release; we had both been waiting for this moment for a few months.

Sure, I had fucked my fist when I was in the shower, but it’s not the same as feeling her wrapped around my cock.

She collapses and I move her to her side on the bed. She looks at me with a satisfied smile.

“Derek?” she says my name softly.

“Yeah, babe?” I tuck a piece of hair behind her ear.

“I love you,” she says, and I can tell she is nervous saying it to me.

“I love you too, Lily,” I say before kissing her softly.

This, right here, is perfect.

Despite this being such an amazing moment, I still couldn’t help but feel that the other shoe was about to drop.

Chapter Ten

Derek “Razor”

We spent the day scoping out the area and making sure we could come at the Devil’s Souls from all sides.

We were all ready for tonight when we would put this shit to rest.

I already missed Lily, but this needs to be done. Even with the feeling of doom in my gut.

We had a couple of brothers watching the clubhouse, and they had the prospects all there to help them out.

“Are you alright, son?” my dad asks as we gear up.

I nod my head, but he raises an eyebrow at me, not believing me one bit. I let out a sigh. “I have this feeling something terrible is about to happen. I don’t know what,” I tell him.

“Whatever happens, we are here. We’ve got this. You are probably just worried about leaving two pregnant women at home,” he says.

“That could be it,” I say with a nod.

“Get your head in the game. We need you focused,” he says with a slap to my back.

I sigh and shake my head of my thoughts as I get ready to head out.

I need to focus on the mission ahead of us.

We ride out in vehicles since we don’t want our presence known. We wait for a couple hours until the Devil’s Souls arrive to do the transfer. They have a big ass fucking truck. It makes me sick to think that the truck is full of people.

I wait for the signal, and then we rush out, storming the men.

I fire my gun and hit one of the men between the eyes. They start shooting back. I feel something at my side, but I ignore

the burning pain as I continue to shoot. There are more men with them than we had anticipated.

I see brothers go down, but I don't stop as I make sure we get every single one of those fuckers.

One tries to drive away, but I shoot the tires and head straight for the driver's side door. The guy shoots and aims my way once I open the door, but I'm pushed out of the way as someone takes the man down.

It takes a couple of minutes for silence to come, and then nothing but brothers shouting.

"They are all taken down!" I hear Bear shout. I turn to look as I see my father lying in a pool of blood.

He's looking up at me with pain filled eyes.

"D-derek." he gasps.

"Dad!" I shout, and cradled his upper body in my arms. There's so much blood that I can't pinpoint where the blood is coming from.

"I love you, son," he says between gasps of air, his pain echoing in my ears.

I don't care that tears are streaming down my cheeks.

"You can't leave me. You have grandchildren to meet," I choke out.

"You're a good man. So proud," he says as the light starts to leave his eyes.

"DAD!" I cry out.

I'm shaking him and screaming when arms pull me away.

"Brother, he's gone," a voice filled with sorrow says.

"No!" I shout; not believing it even though I can see it with my own eyes.

I don't know how long I sit there but, when I look up, my brothers surround me. Their eyes are filled with tears as they take in their fallen Prez.

"What's the damage?" I ask, trying to pull myself together.

“We lost Hammer, VP, and Prez. Stone was shot in the leg, and a couple of others were grazed and bruised but alright,” Bear says sadly.

“Gather their bodies. We will give them a proper burial,” I say before standing up.

“What about the truck?” I ask.

“We haven’t opened it up yet,” Bear says. I nod my head and walk to the back of the truck.

My remaining brothers have their guns up. I open the door and I’m sickened to what I find.

There are maybe fifty people in here varying from men, women, and children. They look at us frightened. They are all various stages of starving and beaten and have little to no clothing.

“We are here to help. They won’t get you back,” I tell them in a soft voice.

We call my friend who works with the local police. He doesn’t question what happened. Instead, he makes sure that the people are taken care of.

If I had only followed my gut. Now my dad won’t get to meet my grandchildren or see me make Lily my Old Lady.

We head back home immediately as we had already checked out of the motel we were staying in prior to the mission. The drive is silent and full of sorrow.

When we head back to the club, Lily looks over me with worried eyes as the doc stitches up my side.

I was grazed with a bullet, but that’s nothing compared to the pain I feel.

“Dad’s gone,” I tell her.

Her eyes fill with tears at my words. She pulls me into her arms and cries softly.

“Brother,” someone says, and I look behind me to see a prospect.

“Bianca is gone,” he tells me.

It takes a second for his words to register.

I run to the room she was staying in and look to see that all her stuff is gone.

“Where the fuck is she? You were supposed to be watching her,” I shout at him.

“I was watching her, but then you guys came in and I was shouted at to help. She was here the whole time,” he says.

“That means she just left. Search the area,” I shout.

Bear walks up to me. “Brother. Demon wasn’t with them. He’s in hiding now. He and his VP sent their brothers out and stayed hidden.

“Fuck!” I shout. Things keep getting worse.

“What the fuck else can go fucking wrong?” I spit out.

I start pacing the room. Fuck, this day has gone from bad to worse.

I search over her whole room, seeing if there are any clues, but there’s not a fucking thing.

I leave the clubhouse and search the area myself, but I can’t seem to find anything despite me searching for hours. I check every transportation place possible.

When I get back to the club, the sun is already rising but I haven’t slept a wink.

I can’t waste time sleeping right now. I call Church and wait in the room until all the brothers are there.

“We need to bury our fallen, pick a new president and VP, and find Bianca,” I tell them once everyone is in the room.

They speak up and everyone voices that they want me as their president. It was what I wanted to be after my father stepped down, but it wasn’t supposed to come about this way.

The decision becomes unanimous. I become the president and name Bear as my VP.

I don't say anything as I leave Church. I walk straight to my father's office to make arrangements for the fallen members.

When I sit in his chair, I look around the room. Only yesterday, this was all my father's.

That's when the dam breaks, and I let loose all the sorrow that has been plaguing my body.

I don't know how I'm supposed to do this without him.

Thankfully, no one comes in to see me break down.

When I feel like I've let all I can out, I go through his desk and figure out where to go from here.

Lilianna

I wish there was something I could do as I watch the man I love break down. He left late last night to look for Bianca and then returned this morning. I didn't sleep. I was too worried about everything he's going through.

Losing his father is already hard on him, but Bianca leaving with his kid in her belly is another gut punch.

I've never felt so fucking helpless in my life.

The club has completely changed in the couple days since they were gone. There are no smiles or laughter. Everyone is talking quietly amongst themselves.

Sasha and I cook, but there's no talking involved. After the men have Church, Bear comes to the kitchen and tells us that Derek went to his father's office.

Everything in me wants to follow him, but he might not need that right now.

Bear says Derek was named the president, and that he was elected as the VP. I know how Derek couldn't wait to become the president of his club, just like his father, but not this way.

After the food is ready, I take a plate to where Derek is. I knock lightly on the door. I hear Derek say "enter," and I walk

in.

Derek is sitting there looking defeated.

“I brought you food,” I say softly.

“I can’t find her. Fuck. What am I going to do?” he asks, looking at me with sad eyes.

“We will do everything we can to find her. Right now, you need to eat, and then get a rest in so that we can give your dad a proper send off,” I tell him.

When I place the food in front of him, he wraps an arm around me and pulls me onto his lap.

“I don’t think I could sleep if I tried,” he rasps against my hair.

“We will try together. Then I will help you with anything you need,” I tell him.

“I can’t believe he’s gone. I had this feeling in my gut something bad was going to happen. Why didn’t I listen to it?” he croaks out.

“You know, he wouldn’t have wanted to listen to you. He would’ve gone forward with whatever it is that you guys did. That’s the man he was. I don’t know what you guys did, but I do know the man your father was. He was stubborn about what he wanted,” I tell him softly.

“Bear told me that he pushed me down when a gun was aimed at me. He died saving my life,” Derek admits.

“Then he was a hero. He saved the man I love. I think he would do it all over again; save you. You were his son. He made sure to always protect you, and that’s exactly what he did,” I say.

There is pain in his eyes when he looks at me, but he nods his head. I can tell that he knows that what I am saying is true.

I make sure he eats, and he shares some food with me while rubbing my belly at the same time.

I know he’s thinking about what he’s lost.

When we get up to leave, he stops and looks over at a box that is sitting on the couch. He goes over and gets it.

There's a note. He sits down to read it out loud.

Derek, my son.

This is for Lily, your Old Lady. I know it's only a matter of time that you are going to make her yours. I'm leaving this note in case anything goes wrong this weekend. You know how I like to be prepared.

If something is to happen to me during this mission, I want you to know that I'm proud of the man you have become. I'm glad I got to meet the woman who is your future and if I go out, I know you will be in good hands.

I had always wanted you to find a woman who would look at you the way your mother looked at me. I've had a bad feeling this whole week about the mission. If I go out fighting, I know that it will always be to protect you. I'll be with your mother again on the other side.

You are going to be an amazing father, and I know the brothers will make you the next president if anything happens to me. They have no doubt you will succeed and bring this club places that I couldn't. They know that you will continue the Vicious Snakes legacy like you were always born to.

There have never been any regrets when it comes to you.

I love you, my son.

Your father, president,

Tyson Aiden Knight.

I can't help the tears that fall at his words.

"I told him before we went out that I didn't feel right. It kills me to know that he felt the same way but never said anything," Derek chokes out.

"Now you know what lengths he was going to go for you," I say as Derek opens the box with shaky hands.

Inside the box, there's a vest that says "Property of Razor."

“This is supposed to be given to you when I ask you to be my Old Lady.

There’s a patch in the box not attached to the vest.

“First Lady,” it says.

Derek lets out a small chuckle. “I guess he already picked your club name.”

“First Lady, like he knew that’s what you were going to be,” he says.

“I’m honoured to know that he thought of me that way. I will always be by your side. We will take care of this club together,” I tell him.

He motions for me to stand up, and he places the vest on me with a small sad smile.

“I’m sorry, this is supposed to be happy moment. It just feels wrong without him here to do this. The president is always supposed to present the cuts,” Derek tells me.

“And so he did,” I tell him softly.

“Will you be my Old Lady?” he asks.

“There is nothing more I would rather be,” I say, looking him in the eye.

“After the baby comes, we will get your tattoo. I don’t want to risk anything happening,” he says, and I nod my head in agreement.

“Let’s go rest, and then we can deal with everything,” I say, grabbing his hand.

He follows me out of the room. No one says anything as we make our way to our room.

The weight of everything is coming down on us.

But we can handle this, together.

Chapter Eleven

Derek “Razor”

After a long sleep, I wake the next morning with Lily in my arms.

I won't stop trying to find Bianca, no matter what it takes.

Right now, my club needs me.

I get dressed and head downstairs to find the brothers setting up to send our fallen off.

“We already informed the cemetery, and everything has been taken care of. The other chapters are on their way. Tomorrow, we will say goodbye to our fallen brothers,” Bear says when he sees me.

“Thanks for taking care of this,” I say, looking around.

“We are a club; we take care of each other. We lost them too, but you needed to sleep. Tomorrow, we will give them a proper club send off. Then we will celebrate their lives like they deserve,” he tells me.

“Okay,” I say with a nod before heading to the kitchen and seeing mountains of food.

“Sasha has been cooking non-stop since she heard how many chapters were coming in. She appears to have gone into panic mode and started cooking,” he says with a chuckle as he follows me.

“This is great. She will be a great Old Lady,” I tell him.

“Yeah, she will. I was going to ask Prez when we got back,” he says, rubbing the back of his neck.

I head to my office remembering seeing another box like the one Lily's was in.

I walk back out and hand it to him.

“It looks like he was prepared,” I say with a small smile.

He opens it and gasps at what he sees.

“Property of Bear” “Mama Bear”

“Sasha and I have purchased a cabin if you and Lily need some time alone together. I know that Nick wants to bring Lily up there to show her more knife throwing skills. It will be safer to do it there with no chance of hurting anyone,” Bear tells me.

I nod my head at his words.

“Maybe we will take you up on that once everything is settled. I know we could use some peace before the baby comes.”

“Sounds good, let me know. You’re as much family as Lily and Nick are,” Bear tells me.

Bear has always been like a blood brother to me. We had been close ever since we met, so it means a lot. Especially in this moment.

“There’s still no word on Bianca. There’s no footage on any trains, planes, or buses. I don’t know how she got out without anyone seeing her, unless she had help,” Bear tells me.

Defeat comes over me. I have this feeling of hopelessness that I can’t seem to get rid of. Lily comes to my side moments later, like she knew I needed her.

She’s the only light in the darkness.

“Let me get everything ready for tomorrow. I want to make sure everything is perfect,” Lily says.

I reluctantly let her go.

“Alright, I’ll be here if you need anything,” I tell her.

When she leaves, I grab the closest bottle of whiskey and pour myself a drink.

That’s how I spend my day, drowning myself in booze.

I watch Lily when she walks in and out of the room to make sure everything is as it needs to be. At some point, she brings me lunch. She watches me eat until it’s all gone when I make no move to eat whatsoever.

Bear joins me after he dealt with some stuff, and a couple other brothers start to pile in. We are all drinking more than our fair share of alcohol.

Everyone starts reminiscing and telling stories about my father. A lot of them are hilarious. My father was a troublemaker when he was young. His club name was “Cackle” before he became Prez. He had the most amusing laugh I had ever known anyone to have.

There was a snorting noise he would make, but then he always laughed like he was a cross between an evil villain and a hyena.

Stone tells me that when dad first met my mother, she wouldn't give into his charms, so he tried serenading her. With him being tone deaf, I could imagine that it was very bad. He had tried sending her flowers and teddy bears, and they said they could tell she liked that.

At one point, he had taken her out on a date when he finally got her to agree. He decided to make a picnic in the forest. They were by a local waterfall and, as romantic as that idea seemed, they came across a bear and had to get out of there. What didn't help was when she had come to the club, a spider was crawling on him. He moved her out of the way and ran out of the room, frantically trying to wipe it off even though it fell pretty quickly. She wouldn't ever let him live it down that he could be taken down by a spider. Whenever she was mad at him, or wanted to play a joke on him, she hid fake spiders that looked real around so that he was always on the lookout for them.

It's late and I'm very drunk when Lily comes back in saying that she's done with everything until tomorrow. We are all laughing our asses off thanks to all the stories.

When Lily tells me it's time for bed, I stumble along and plant myself face first on the bed before falling straight asleep.

~

All day, brothers are coming in from other chapters. Lily and Sasha already have their new cuts on before the first ones

arrive.

They stay in the kitchen. They have been cooking since they got up. There are tables lined up in the backyard where food is being placed. Prospects bring in the booze and make sure everything down to the ice is stocked up. I know that there will be a lot of drinking going on after we send the fallen off.

Their caskets are placed in the main room, and everyone takes a turn to look down at them and say a few words.

I wait until I'm the last person to see them. My knees get weak the closer I walk to my father's casket. I had already said my goodbyes to the others.

I struggle to step closer, and I feel an arm wrap around mine. I look beside me to see Lily, Bear, Sasha, and Nick holding me up as I take weak steps to see my father one last time.

A sob escapes me as my eyes land on him. I know I'm supposed to be strong, and for the men to see me that way, but I don't feel strong in this moment.

I cry for a long time, not taking my eyes off my father's body. When I feel like I have nothing left in me to let go, I feel his and my mother's presence. I don't know if my mind is playing tricks on me, but I feel much stronger in that moment.

I say everything that I want to say in my head. I feel like he would be able to hear me, and I don't want anyone hearing what I want to say to him.

"I love you. I can't believe you're gone. I'll miss you every single day. I'll tell my kids about you and how much their grandfather did for them and what a great man he was, and that he died saving my life. I will tell them how much you would have loved to watch them grow up."

When I finally pull myself away, I look around the room and notice there isn't a dry eye in the house. Everyone is in various states of crying.

None of them are looking at me like I am weak. They know that I'm not just a president of an MC, but that I also am a man who just lost his father.

Stone walks over and says a few words about each brother and tells us silly jokes and stories about them to lighten up the room.

The prospects are driving the vehicles that we rented to take their bodies to the cemetery. Everyone gets on their rides. I'm leading the group, and Lily is riding with Nick since her belly has gotten too big to ride with me.

We take the fallen for one last final ride around the town before going to the cemetery.

There are hundreds of brothers all standing around. A sea of vests covers the area.

Each president takes a turn to speak, leaving me for last.

“This is a very hard day for me for many reasons. I not only lost my father, but I lost my mentor; the man I will always try to live up to. I also lost a couple of brothers. Each one of them died fighting for what is right. They all died heroes. They will all be greatly missed as their deaths have left a huge hole in this club. We stand tall and proud to call them our brothers as we send them on their way to the other side. I have no doubt that each one of them will be greeted with open arms by their friends, families, and other fallen brothers who left before them. This is the time to say our final goodbye.”

I watch as each casket gets lowered to the ground. I don't leave until they are buried in their final resting place.

When I turn to leave, I see every single brother was standing behind me, backing me up, and watching as we close that chapter of our lives.

Lilianna “First Lady”

This has easily been the hardest couple days I can ever remember having. I didn't know Prez that long, but I knew he was a great man. Listening to all the stories about him and how much he loved his son made it all the more difficult to say goodbye.

He had taken great care of me when he found out I was pregnant. He wanted to make sure his future grandchildren were taken care of. I had seen him offer help or treats to Bianca, but she just rolled her eyes and took whatever he had. I don't think she appreciated him like I did.

He had confessed to me one day that he was glad my son had finally found the woman for him, and he couldn't wait to meet his grandchildren. I feel so much sadness now that I know he's not going to do that.

I'm going to do whatever I can to make sure his memory lives on. I will make sure that my kids know what a great man their grandpa was.

Sometimes I feel at a loss for what to do with Derek. The pain radiating off him can be so intense.

The only thing I can think of to do is take care of him and be there for him. If there was a way I could find Bianca, I would drag her back by her hair. Of course, I can't use any of the resources I had with my father's men, or they would find Nick, Art, and me.

I watch as he drinks with the other charters. I grab him more beer when he's running low since I know he needs this. I don't know how he even wanted to drink today after getting so wasted last night, but he is. I know I couldn't do it.

Every time I'm near, he pulls me onto his lap; so I only leave to grab a fresh beer.

A lot of people eye my property cut and smile and grin at Derek for landing me. I only shake my head at their comments.

The next time I leave to grab another beer for him, I also grab a bottle of whiskey since they wanted to do shots. As I'm carrying it over with a tray to the men, a woman is talking close with Derek. Her tits are practically in his face and he's trying to lean away from her. She runs a finger on his chest seductively and that's when I lose my patience; not that I had any to begin with.

I grab her by the hair and have one of my knives to her throat and she looks at me with terrified eyes.

“You don’t touch him,” I hiss at her.

She looks at me with a smirk.

“I don’t think he had a problem with it, sweetie,” she replies condescendingly.

I glare at her and dig the knife into her so that a little bit of blood trickles out. Her eyes widen in alarm.

“I said hands off my man. If you touch him again, you won’t live to climb on the next cock with your gaping cunt,” I growl out at her.

“Raz-” she pleads with my man, and I tighten my hold on her hair.

“No, you don’t get to look at him. Don’t speak to him. You see this cut. It says ‘Property of Razor.’ That means he’s mine. I won’t tolerate anyone disrespecting me by trying to poach my man, especially when he’s drunk,” I snap.

“Bitch, you heard her. Get gone,” someone shouts with a laugh.

I shove her to the floor, and she looks up at me in anger like she’s ready to attack me. She looks like she’s seconds away from it before a body steps in her way.

“I wouldn’t touch her if I were you,” Nick growls out in anger.

“Oh, what do you care? You’re nothing but a prospect,” she seethes.

He grabs a knife out of his pants. “You see, I taught her everything she knows. She’s my little sister. Not only that, but she’s pregnant with the Prez’s baby. No one is harming our First Lady on my watch,” he says calmly, but with dead seriousness.

Razor stands up and puts a hand on Nick’s shoulder.

“You heard them. Don’t come near either one of us again. His cut may say ‘prospect’ for now, but I will support anyone who is protecting my Old Lady when she’s threatened.”

The girl looks around her for support, but everyone is glaring at her. She gets up to walk to the other side of the yard.

I breathe a sigh of relief and Derek wraps an arm around me. “That was so fucking hot. I’m so fucking hard for you right now.”

I can’t help but giggle at his words.

“Oh, fuck, Prez. I don’t want to hear what you are going to do with my sister,” Nick says while putting his fingers in his ears, causing everyone to laugh.

We sit back down. I return to my spot on Derek’s lap. The brothers around us are looking at me with respect and pride in their eyes.

“You make a damn good First Lady,” one says.

“Right, fuck that was hot. She was ready to slice her throat for touching her man. Where can I find me a crazy bitch like that?” one asks, causing me to laugh.

“I’m sure you will find your crazy,” I say laughing.

They all compliment me and the little bit of skills I showed, but Nick really gets praised once they knew he trained me and that he still does when he has time.

When Derek and I finally make it to bed, I’m dead on my feet; but I make sure I take Derek’s pants, shirt, and cut off like I did last night when he passed out.

When I wake up the next morning, it’s to Derek’s face between my legs as he licks my clit.

I moan loud when he sucks it into his mouth and slides a finger inside of me.

I grab his hair and realise that it’s wet so he must have showered before deciding to feast on me.

The thoughts leave as he uses his skilled tongue on me. I have one hand in his hair, and the other clutching the bed under me.

When I find my release, I feel like it’s not enough, so I push him down to the bed and see that he only has a towel around his waist. I flick it open and position myself over him.

He groans out a “fuck” when I slide him inside of me and clench myself around him.

His hands grab my hips as he helps me fuck myself on him and I scratch my nails on his chest as I push down on him.

That brings him closer. I can tell by the way he’s speeding up my hips and lifting his to meet my thrusts. One hand moves to my clit as he helps me reach my second orgasm.

My nails dig into his skin when I find myself falling over the edge and complete pleasure comes over me. I feel his hot release inside of me as he shouts my name.

“Fuck,” he says gasping.

“That’s one way to wake up,” I say with a small laugh.

“You looked so good and delicious in my bed in your pretty black panties and belly swollen with my child that I couldn’t help myself.”

I smile, but roll my eyes at his words. The black panties are maternity ones; they are the most comfortable things I have ever worn. I swear, when I first tried them on, I went out and got five more packs. He will be lucky if I wear any other kind of underwear again.

“You can wake me up like that every morning. It’s a good substitute for coffee since I can’t have any,” I say with a wink, so he knows I’m teasing.

“So, you’re saying I have to compete for coffee once the kid pops out?” he asks with a raised eyebrow.

I nod my head. “It’s heavenly. I wish I could drink it.”

“You know, I think the coffee shop in town makes decaf of whatever drinks they make. I could send for one for you if you want,” he says.

I perk up at his words.

“Wait a minute, are you telling me you knew about this but never thought to share that information?” I ask, narrowing my eyes at him.

He chuckles.

“I didn’t know you missed it. You never said anything.”

I look at him shock.

“What? Every sigh when I watch you drink your cup wasn’t enough of a hint?”

“I guess it could be if I was a smart man, but I just thought you were looking at me dreamily and wondering how you landed a stud like me,” he says, grinning.

“You better go get me my coffee or you will have to worry about getting lucky,” I growl out.

He chuckles at my words but gets out of bed to head to the washroom and clean up. I follow him and wait for him to finish so I can do my business and have a shower of my own.

He shakes his head as I wait, since I refuse to pee in front of him. That is just a line I’m not ready to cross. Even when he tells me it’s only natural and everyone does it, he knows I just won’t.

“My coffee better be here when I get out,” I shout as he leaves to get dressed.

“Don’t forget to wear your cut. There’s still a bunch of other charters here since everyone partied hard last night,” he shouts back.

I shout out an “okay” before getting ready for the day.

When I step out of the room, fully dressed and showered, I see the club girl from last night and a couple of girls behind me. They are all looking at me with hatred in their eyes, so I give him the bored stare.

“To what do I owe the pleasure?” I ask, not letting them think for a second that they scare me because they don’t.

“You think I would just let you get away with humiliating me like that?” the main girl sneers at me.

“You humiliated yourself. I was just showing you your place,” I say.

“My place? You should know your place. You’re maybe knocked up with his kid, but that’s all you have. He will get

bored of you and come begging to have me,” she says smugly.

I raise an eyebrow at her.

“I don’t think that after having this tight pussy, he will want to go into your hollowed out cave of wonders.”

Rage burns in her eyes at my words.

“I’m not fucking gaping or hollowed out,” she hisses at me.

“Are you sure? Weren’t you just saying the other day you couldn’t feel someone’s cock when they were fucking you? I heard around the club this certain brother is well endowed, so there must be another reason for that,” I snarl at her.

“You need to mind your own fucking business,” she seethes.

“No, you need to know your place. You think you are better than me? That I’m beneath you? Let’s face it, honey. I’m the First Lady. Let me tell you what that means. I am above you in status here at the club. I don’t need to sit here and listen to you to try and talk down to me. You’re just another pussy that comes and goes out of brothers’ rooms. Hey, if you were just a bit nicer, then I wouldn’t care what or who you did as long as it wasn’t my man, or Bear for that matter. I think we need to have a little lesson on respect around here,” I say, taking a step closer.

They don’t look the least bit scared, which is stupid of them really.

She advances on me with anger in her eyes and I throw a punch as soon as she is close enough. The other two come at me at the same time; they are trying to outnumber me.

I shake my head lightly and twist one of the woman’s arms behind her back until I hear a break. She cries out in pain and falls to the ground. The other one grabs my hair, but I kick her legs out from under her and drop her to the ground. She tries to kick me in the stomach, but I move fast when I see her intentions are to hurt my unborn child and give her a swift kick to her head to knock her out.

I look up, and the main woman is kneeling on the ground holding her nose.

“It’s broken. You fucking broke my nose!” she shouts as I hear a herd of footsteps running towards us.

Derek looks me over in panic holding a tray of four coffees.

“What the fuck happened?” he shouts.

“They attacked me and tried to kick me in the stomach, so I broke her nose, her arm, and just knocked that bitch out,” I say sweetly.

All the men glare down at the women on the floor.

“I think you need a few more club women now,” I say as Derek walks over to me as the women cry out in pain. The one wakes up and, when she looks around, she gets a fearful look in her eyes. Good.

“You women dared to touch my Old Lady and harm my unborn child?” Derek growls out in anger. I have never seen him this angry.

“S-sorry it won’t happen again,” one cries out.

“Damn fucking rights it won’t happen again. If you were a man, I’d put a bullet between your eyes for the shit you just pulled. You are lucky my Old Lady can defend herself, or you would be signing your death certificates as we speak,” Derek spits out.

“You all are fucking out of here. You get your shit, and a prospect will drop you off at the hospital. Following that, I don’t want to see your faces again or I will put a bullet between your eyes. This is my Old Lady. Not only that, she’s the President’s Old Lady, which means she has the power over the women in this club. You are banned from the Vicious Snakes. No other charters will take you in. You will be lucky if any other club will want you after this. No one wants club girls who are willing to harm a pregnant Old Lady,” he snaps out angrily.

The women get up, whimpering in pain, and a couple prospects follow them to make sure they only take what is theirs and head out of the club.

“Are you okay?” Derek asks me once they are gone.

“Oh, I’m fine. They didn’t lay a hand on me, but if you don’t give me my coffee that answer is going to change,” I say, narrowing my eyes at him.

Brothers chuckle around us. “There’s four, they had different seasonal ones, and I don’t know which one you wanted to try but they are all decaf,” he says.

I grab the tray from his hands and speed walk to the kitchen where Sasha is making cinnamon rolls.

“I got decaf deliciousness,” I say, grinning.

“Let me get you a roll to go with all that coffee,” she says laughing.

I grin as I try each coffee with a moan of satisfaction and eat my weight in cinnamon rolls.

Derek doesn’t leave my side except to say goodbye to the brothers leaving back to their hometowns. I pretty much park myself on the couch in the main room and talk with whomever is nearby.

There is a tone of praise saying I was definitely a Vicious Snake.

I couldn’t be happier to be one.

I was meant to be part of the Vicious Snakes.

Chapter Twelve

Derek “Razor” “Prez”

Three months later...

Lily is getting bigger and bigger by the day. She’s almost thirty weeks along. I feel joy and sadness as her belly grows.

There still had been no word on Bianca’s whereabouts and I’m feeling hopeless, but I will never give up on looking for her or my child.

I didn’t even know what she was having. Is there a little boy or girl in her belly ready to pop out?

We got the house set up but, every time I walk into the room I prepped for the little baby, my heart breaks a little more.

Will I ever get to have them in this room? See them grow up? Even just fucking knowing who they are would be a blessing now.

That’s where Lily finds me as she waddles into the room. She gives me the same sad knowing smile she always gives me when she finds me in here.

“I found this,” she says before holding up an ultrasound picture of a baby.

“Okay...” I say slowly, not knowing why she’s showing me it.

“This is the baby that Bianca is having. She must have left it in her room. When Nick went to clean it out before moving new club girls in there, he found it. He forgot about it until now, but I figure you at least have a picture of them,” she says with a shrug.

A choked sound escapes me.

“Let’s hang it up in here. Maybe, one day, you can fill this room with them,” she says softly while wrapping her arms around me.

“I’m never going to give up looking for them,” I say as I take the picture in my hands and run a finger along it.

“I know, sweetie. Neither will I,” she says.

“I thought of a name for the baby,” she says when no one speaks for a few minutes.

I look down at her in surprise. We haven’t really had an opportunity to discuss baby names with everything going on.

“What did you decide?” I ask her.

She gets a soft look on her face.

“I was thinking of going with Tyson. After your father.”

My fucking heart melts at her words as tears well in my eyes.

“Are you sure?” I ask her.

She nods her head.

“Yeah, baby. I think it’s only right. He was a great man, and I would be honoured if we named our son after him.”

“Thank you,” I whisper into her hair after I pull her close to me. She wraps her arms around me tightly.

“Are you ready to leave?” she asks me when she pulls away.

“Yeah, let’s get out of here for a few days,” I tell her with a smile.

We are headed to the cabin to join Bear, Sasha, Nick, and Rebecca. I didn’t really want her there, but we couldn’t exclude Nick’s pregnant woman. She’s not allowed around the club anymore since she said those awful things but, thankfully, Bear had gotten them a house to live in.

We are meeting everyone out at the cabin since I have something special planned this weekend. We weren’t able to find time to make it out to Bear’s cabin before this, but things have settled down somewhat and now seems like the perfect time. I had been drinking almost every day, but Lily wasn’t having it when I was going to show up at the doctor’s drunk. She had rightfully put me in my place then. She wanted me to be the man she fell in love with to raise our son. I couldn’t

fault her for that. I wasn't doing much but running the club and getting drunk. Now I just have some when we are celebrating something. I want to be clear headed to watch my son come into this world and raise him. I would never forgive myself if I was drunk and Lily went into labour.

I know my father wouldn't want me to be like that.

Lily has really changed my life in many ways. She came into my life at just the right moment. I have no doubts that she was always meant to be mine.

When we make it to the cabin, Bear is already there with Sasha. They had made sure everything was stocked up for the weekend.

"Oh, wow, it's so beautiful here," Lily says with a gasp.

I look around and instantly love how peaceful it is out here. The cabin is pretty big. I was expecting something smaller, but it will give us privacy for what I want to do to Lily at night.

It's only a few minutes later when Nick pulls up, but he's alone. I give him a questioning look.

"She didn't want to come. She said she didn't want to waste her time with stupid shit like this," he says with a shrug, but I can see the anger coming off him.

"If that bitch wasn't pregnant with your kid, I would teach her a lesson or two," Lily says darkly.

"If she wasn't carrying my baby, then she wouldn't be around; but it is what it is," Nick says, sounding defeated.

"One day, I hope I get to teach her a lesson," Lily spits out before pulling Nick into her arms.

"I'm just going to try and enjoy this weekend before I have to deal with her again," he replies.

"Are there prospects still watching your house?" I ask. I had ordered them a few days ago. I didn't want to take any chances. I would hate for Nick to get burned the same way I did and have to feel the same way that I am feeling. No one deserves to go through that.

“Yeah, they are there,” he says with a nod.

We all spend the rest of the day enjoying the quiet. Nick takes Lily out to throw some knives. I plan in my head to have something set up for her at the clubhouse since she really enjoys it, and it seems to relax something in her.

I get everything set up for that night while she’s busy. Bear and Sasha help me.

I’m nervous as fuck.

When they get back, Lily is sweating from the heat and throwing knives, so she heads to the shower.

Everyone scrambles to put everything in place while she’s in there.

When she walks out into the backyard to find us, she sees me down on one knee surrounded by twinkling lights that Sasha had picked out and flowers that I had selected.

Lily gasps as she processes the sight.

Her lips tremble into a smile as she takes me in. Nick, Bear, and Sasha are standing off to the side. Their smiles are wide as she walks closer to me.

Lily is wearing a light blue sundress and looks as beautiful as ever.

“Lily, I know we haven’t known each other very long, but I feel like I have known you my whole life. The first time I saw you, I had this instant pull like my soul knew that you were mine. I may have fucked up, and will probably fuck up in the future, but as long as you are in that future, I know I can handle whatever life throws at me. Lily, will you marry me?” I ask as I nervously await her answer.

She nods her head.

“Yes, of course I will marry you,” she cries out.

Her hand is shaking when I place the ring on her finger.

I stand up and pull her into me before kissing her hard.

“Thank fuck,” I rasp causing her to laugh.

Everyone cheers and hollers before giving each of us a hug and congratulating us.

“I don’t want to wait long,” Lily admits to me with a smile.

“Neither do I, baby. I want you to have my name before our boy comes,” I tell her.

She nods her head eagerly.

“How fast can we set something up?”

Everyone laughs at the excitement in Lily’s voice.

“In two weeks, we can get married at the club. We don’t need to have anything fancy; just the club around,” I say.

“Alright. That’s perfect,” Lily says with a grin.

She kisses me and I can’t help but pretty much devour her with everyone there.

“Alright, go to your room before you make me sick,” Nick shouts.

Lily and I both laugh as we pull away. She grabs my hand and drags me back to the room with Sasha calling over to her that dinner would be in a few hours, so to go easy on me.

I chuckle as I follow Lily up the stairs and make love to my woman for the first time as my fiancé.

Lilianna “First Lady”

When I wake up the next morning, Derek is still sound asleep. I decide to give him a good wake up call this time, since he has done it to me many times over the weeks. I never wake up before him. It’s really my fault; I couldn’t get enough of him last night.

I wasn’t ever sure I wanted to get married due to my parents’ marriage not being a very good advertisement for it, but everything with Derek feels right.

I slide the sheet down since we are both already naked and take the tip of his cock into my mouth. I hum out a sound from

the taste of him. I don't think I will ever get enough of him.

I look up to see him still sleeping, so I switch between licking his cock and sucking him into my mouth. When I feel his hand in my hair, I look back up to see him awake and looking at me with hooded eyes.

I pull away with a smile and wipe the corner of my mouth.

“Good morning.”

“Fuck, now I know why you like waking up like this. This is pure fucking heaven,” he rasps.

I giggle as he pulls me onto the bed and to my side so he can spoon me from behind. He wastes no time in checking how wet I am. I'm completely soaked. He groans when he discovers it and thrusts his fingers in a couple times before sliding his cock inside of me.

“Fuck, you always feel so fucking good,” he whispers in my ear.

“Move,” I order him.

He slowly drags his cock in and out of me while his fingers find my clit.

I grab my hand and reach back to fist it in his hair as he kisses and licks along my neck and shoulder.

He doesn't speed up, but I already feel like I'm on the edge. I didn't think it would be possible with how much we fucked last night, but I already feel myself clenching around him.

“Come for me, baby,” Derek rasps.

It's only a couple thrusts later that my release comes over me. Derek isn't far behind me.

“You're right; that is the best way to wake up,” he says, causing me to laugh.

My stomach takes that moment to let out a loud grumble.

“I think you better feed me,” I mumble.

“I think you're right,” he says before pulling me up off the bed and getting the shower started. He leaves the room so I can

pee, and then comes back to climb into the shower with me.

We take our time soaping and washing each other.

I can't believe this man is going to be my husband. I feel extremely happy to have found him.

Everyone is already awake by the time we make it to the kitchen, and they are all giving up knowing grins.

"I'm surprised you guys are awake with how late you stayed up," Nick says, grinning.

I shake my head.

"We took naps in between each round," I say.

"Yeah, I don't need to know that," he says, looking at me with a grimace on his face.

I smirk at him mischievously. "

You don't want to know how many times Derek pounded my pussy, or when I sucked his cock down my throat?"

Sasha starts cackling as Bear and Nick make gagging noises.

"That's one way to shut him up," she says through her laughter.

I nod my head.

"Yeah, I'm going to have to remember that one," I say, and wink at her.

Derek just shakes his head, but he doesn't look pissed I said something like that. Which is good because I plan on using that ammo on Nick as much as I can.

We take the rest of the weekend to explore the area. The men go fishing at one point, and Sasha and I girl talk. I end up getting her drunk before they come back; telling her that she had to have my drinks for me since I'm pregnant.

Everyone seems to be rested and looking better. I think this weekend is what we all exactly needed.

It's going to be something we need to do more often, during times that the club can be handled without them for a few days.

I know, without a doubt, that these four people are my family. They mean so much to me and they help the ache that I feel when I think about the brothers I had left behind.

Maybe one day, I will get to see them again.

That is something I will always hope for.

Chapter Thirteen

Lilianna “Lady”

Two weeks later...

The day is finally here. I’m going to marry my man. Sure, it was a lot of work to prepare for the wedding so quickly, but we did it. I found a simple summer dress for myself that I could wear. It was stretchy, comfortable, and light so I wouldn’t get too hot.

I told Derek that he just needed to wear a nice shirt since I knew he was going to wear his cut underneath. He had wanted me to wear mine, but I told him as long as we got some pictures with and without it, I was fine with it. I was proud to be his Old Lady, and I wore that thing pretty much every day. Sasha had also worn hers a lot. The men told us we didn’t need to when we were just in the clubhouse with them, but they soon realised it was just something we were proud to show off.

Everyone seemed to help when it came to decorating, I was told not to worry about anything. Since I was eight weeks away from popping out Tyson, I knew there wasn’t much I could do anyway.

No one let me really do anything even when I tried to. Every time I got up, they freaked out and asked what I wanted or needed. When I snapped and said I just had to pee, they started to back off a bit. I probably sounded like I was possessed or something.

The days went by fast, but I was happy about that. I couldn’t wait to be Lily Knight.

Derek had quickly become my everything.

There were a lot of bikers from other charters coming to the ceremony. Everyone wanted to see Derek get married. I knew that tonight was going to be a big party.

Derek and I won't be staying late though, since he's taking me on a little honeymoon to the cabin. We would have liked to go somewhere else but, since I am getting closer and bigger, he didn't want to risk being too far from the hospital and the helping hands of the club.

I was just happy to have him to myself for a couple weeks before we became parents.

I look down and rub the baby bump that has gotten pretty huge. I couldn't wait to be a mom. We had everything ready in Tyson's nursery.

When Sasha walks out of the washroom wearing a purple sundress similar to mine, I beam at her. She looks beautiful and has come out of her shell in the recent days.

"Are you ready to get married?" she asks me, grinning.

"Oh, I've been ready for hours. I've just been waiting on your slow ass," I tease her.

She just rolls her eyes at me.

"I wanted to make sure it was perfect. You're my first real friend. You deserve happiness."

"So do you. I have no doubt Bear will be popping the question soon," I tell her.

"I would love nothing more than that, but I will wait until he's ready. You know, unless he takes another couple years. Then I'll just have to hog tie him and drag him down the aisle. Whatever works," she says with a shrug, showing me a bit of her crazy.

She doesn't love weapons like I do, but she sure can show how possessive she is of Bear. The club women barely look in his direction after she threatened to BBQ one of them for giving him "fuck me" eyes. It didn't help that she was holding a butcher knife and BBQ sauce in her hand when she said it.

"Let's go. I'm sure everything is perfect," I tell her.

Nick meets me outside the door. I had asked him if he would walk me down the aisle. He was proud and honoured to do something like that for me.

I honestly wouldn't have anyone else to do it.

Derek told everyone he wanted a quick ceremony, so at least I won't be standing for a long time.

When we head towards the backyard, I look down the aisle at Derek and smile wide as tears well in my eyes.

I never thought I would be so in love and so happy in my life. The way Derek is looking at me is something I would have spent my life looking for. After experiencing it, I knew I would never settle for anything less.

I would follow this man into a burning building or wreck the entire world to find him if anyone had the balls to take him from me.

The amount of love I have for this man should scare me, but I feel like it only makes me stronger.

After saying my vows, he follows with his. He seems to be as possessive and loyal to me as I am to him.

There is nothing I wouldn't do for this man.

Derek "Razor" "Prez"

Five years later...

My family decided to go on a trip today. We had gone to some theme park so the boys could have some fun. Little Tyson is almost five years old, and his brother Aiden is just three.

We had named both of my children after my father who I know is watching over us from the other side.

We decided not to have any more kids since Lily had complications with Aiden's birth.

Everything was going smoothly at the moment. The club had trouble a few years ago when someone had taken me and thought they could use me to get leverage over my club. I expected to be saved by my club, but it was Lily who was

standing front and center with Bear and Nick, who was now patched in with the name 'Switch,' behind her.

They had killed anyone they came across. I knew the amount of crazy Lily had inside, but that was the first time I had really gotten to witness it.

It was fucking hot. I spent hours fucking her after the doctors had cleared me from any injuries.

There was still no word on Bianca. Sometimes I feel like it was all a dream or a story I made up in my head, but I will never stop searching for her or my kid. Heck, I don't even know if she even had it, or if it survived the birth. After what Lily went through with Aiden, I knew that anything was a possibility.

Switch's woman Rebecca was a pain in the ass, but I know Lily only tolerated her for Nick's sake. She didn't want to do anything to mess with him not being able to see his little girl, Sophie.

Right now, the kids were getting restless in the vehicle, so we decided to stop for some food before heading to the park. We had just gone through a drive thru and ate in the SUV before the kids got impatient and went to play.

There was only one other kid there with a woman who looked way too young to have a kid; but I can't judge other peoples' lives. Everyone does what they can do to survive. As long as they aren't harming anyone, what is it to me?

The woman watches as my boys convince the girl into playing with them. She looks around the same age as Tyson. I grin at them making friends. My boys are definitely not shy.

"Sorry about my boys. They won't hurt your girl," I say when she eyes my cut and then turns to see Lily with hers on.

"Oh, she's not my girl. I'm just babysitting. I watch her while her mom is at work," the woman says quietly.

"Name's Derek. This is my woman, Lily, and our boys. The taller one is Tyson and the youngest is Aiden," I say, pointing to the kids who are playing on a contraption that spins.

Though they can't seem to turn it very fast, they are all having fun.

"I'm Sam, and that little one is Ella," she says, pointing to the girl.

We make small talk until the woman gets a text and has to leave. Ella pouts when she's told they were leaving, but she gives my boys, Lily, and me a cute little wave before running out of the park.

The boys look quite tired after playing for so long, but that's a good thing as it means we can drive some more before we get to our destination and check into a hotel.

When we get back on the road, I see Sam and Ella hand in hand, but now Ella has an ice cream cone and is grinning from ear to ear.

The sight causes my heart to twist as I think about what my kid out there was doing without a father.

Lily reaches over the console and squeezes my hand like she knows where my mind went. Heck, she probably does. That woman is so in tune with me, it would be scary if I didn't love it.

She will always be the light in the darkness that tries to pull me away. This woman has become my supporting rock through everything I have faced and showed me just how strong she is.

Everything in my life is almost perfect even though there is a missing piece of my heart out there. I may never know what happened to them, but I know I will never give up trying to find them.

Nothing will stop me from finding that missing piece of my heart.

I know I can do anything with Lily by my side.

Part Two

-Present Day-

Chapter Fourteen

Derek “Prez”

My whole body aches. I feel like my body is too heavy to move. I fight to open my eyes, but I’m groggy and unable to keep them open for even the shortest length of time. As my eyes aren’t really working for me, I feel around the best I can with how heavy my arms are feeling. The first thing I notice is that I’m not in my own bed. I feel around the corner of the bed and realise that I am on a thin mattress on a hard concrete floor. The room is cold and I’m shivering.

My eyes snap open when everything comes back to me. I was having my birthday party, and then a bomb went off. Fuck. Did we lose anyone? Fuck, Lily!

I look around at my surroundings and I see that I’m in a cell.

“What the fuck...” I ground out.

“It’s so nice to finally meet the love of Liliana’s life,” a sinister voice says as they walk towards my cell.

I look at the man and his eyes are pure evil.

“Who the fuck are you?” I ground out in anger as a coughing fit takes over me.

“I’m the guy whose wife you stole,” the man spits out angrily.

My blood goes cold at his words.

“Matteo Deluca?” I ask. I would never forget the name of the man my Lily had ran from.

“Oh, my dear Lilianna has spoken of me, has she?” he asks with an evil grin.

“Only to tell me that a cowardly, sadistic psychopath had tried to marry her,” I say with my own grin.

A voice laughs from the cell across from me. I look over when Matteo shouts and bangs on the cell door. "Shut the fuck up, or do you want to lose another finger?"

"What the fuck do you want?" I grind out through clenched teeth.

"What you fucking took from me! I've waited thirty years to find my Liliana, and what luck was it that your club was on the news getting rid of a bunch of noble cops," he says to me in rage.

I close my eyes and curse. Fuck, I never thought about that. After all these years, he was still looking for her.

"They were cowards just like you," I spit out.

"It doesn't matter. It won't be long until I have my Liliana back where she belongs. She will pay for running from me. When I'm through with her, she will have wished for death," he says in a cold tone.

"You won't lay a fucking hand on her," I seethe.

He raises an eyebrow at me. "Oh, won't I? I have been collecting leverage against her. It took this long to gather all the leverage that I had in mind."

"What leverage?" I ask warily, fucking hoping that no one else in my club is here. I'd rather it end here with me. But I know Lily; she won't let this go until she finds me, dead or alive.

"I'd like you to meet Enzo, Marco, Antonio, Dario, and Lorenzo; Liliana's brothers. Their parents were very helpful in their capture," he says coldly.

I look around the room and see the people Matteo mentioned, but there is another cell with a person in it that was not mentioned. I want to see if I know this person at all, but he is facing the wall so I can only see the back of him.

"All of this because some woman didn't want you. You are fucking pathetic," I snap.

“LILIANA IS MINE! She will always be mine! She was never yours, and I will get what I want. When the bomb I had ordered went off, I had my men take the opportunity to take you since everyone else was busy,” he says with an evil laugh.

“You’re fucking dead. I will make sure your death is so slow and painful that you will beg me to end your miserable life. But I won’t. I will savour the death I bring down on you,” I say in rage.

He smirks at me. “How can you do that? You are practically dead. If what I do to you doesn’t kill you, that illness certainly will,” he says as another coughing fit takes over me.

I know I’ve been sick, and I was going to see the doctor the day after my birthday. I had promised Lily I would. I know with the temperature of the room and the shivers taking over my body that I’m only going to get worse.

“Who’s the other guy?” I ask, ignoring his statement.

“Oh him. Someone you thought was long dead, but I had my men take him from the room where some bitch had shot him. I patched him up enough to get him talking, but the stubborn fucker wouldn’t say a fucking word about where she was! And the stupid bitch thought he was dead, so she never came looking for him. I know Liliana is coming now. It’s only a matter of time,” he says.

“Get up and show our new guest your pathetic face,” Matteo says, walking to the other cell.

The man jolts and, when he sits up and turns around, the blood drains from my face as I look into the eyes of a man I haven’t seen in years. Matteo was right; we all thought he was dead.

“Switch?” I choke out.

“Prez,” he says through a deep, raspy voice. It sounds off.

“That bitch shot him in the neck. I thought for sure he was dead, but my doctors were good. Now his voice is just fucked up,” Matteo says before letting out a cold and sadistic chuckle.

“The place was burned down. We didn’t find a body; just ashes of one,” I say slowly.

“Ah we had the place torched. As for the body, that was just someone we decided to dispose of,” Matteo says, waving me off.

“You will pay for this,” I say, my voice cold.

“It’s only a matter of time until my Liliana comes. Then I will dispose of all of you,” he says before leaving and locking a very heavy looking door behind him.

“Where’s Sophie? Does that bitch Rebecca still have her?” Nick asks in a desperate tone.

I shake my head. “Rebecca is dead. Lily sliced her up pretty good. Sophie was at the club when the bomb went off. I don’t know if anyone survived,” I choke out.

“Fuck!” he shouts.

I look to Lily’s family. “He’s right. Lily will be coming, but she’s different than what he’s expecting.”

“She doesn’t stand a chance against him. That man is pure evil,” her brother says.

“Lily is capable of more than you know,” I tell them.

“I never wanted this for her. I was glad she got out,” Lorenzo chokes out.

I look at him coldly. “Your parents were marrying her off to the sick bastard. They only have themselves to blame. They will pay for everything they did.”

He shakes his head. “I don’t know how you think Liliana will get us out of this.”

“Lily is nothing like you remember. She has more strength than you realise,” I grind out.

I start coughing, but I look over at Switch who is looking at me like he’s got a thousand questions in his mind.

So, I tell him. I tell him everything that happened since we thought he was dead. That Rebecca had taken Sophie away, but that Sophie ran back to us when a man had been abusing her and her mother had just let it continue. How my son, Torch, made sure that man regretted ever laying a hand on her. I tell him how I finally found Ella after all these years. Bianca had died of breast cancer, and Ella had come to the club because she had accidentally gotten pregnant by one of the brothers. I let him know Bear has been taking care of Sophie, her man, and their kids. His eyes light up when he hears that he's a grandpa, but then he breaks out in a sob when it really occurs to him all of Sophie's milestones that he had missed. I reassure him that we will get out of here. Lily will make sure of that. He nods his head in agreement. Lily is a strong woman, and he knows exactly what she is capable of.

I'm exhausted by the time I finish telling Switch everything he would want to know. By the end of it, everyone in the room has shed some tears.

As much as I don't want Lily to come to this hell, I know that nothing will keep her from me.

I just hope that I am still alive to see her, at least one last time.

Lily

I can't find Derek anywhere. I had looked over everything a thousand times. The cameras were all destroyed during the bomb.

Panic took over when I realised that he was gone. Brothers had helped me look, but we were short men due to so many being injured and needing to mend. No harm had really come to me. I was covered in large bruises, but I just breathed through the pain.

I cry into Katy's arms when I finally must admit to myself that Derek is not at the clubhouse. I force myself to believe Derek isn't dead, but I'm feeling sick with fear that he is.

I head to the hospital to check in on everyone else.

If I had any technical knowledge, I could hack into any camera in the city, but I don't. I will have to wait for Tech if I want to be able to get information that way.

Every time Derek is taken from me, I feel equal amounts of rage and loss. Derek became my everything over the years. The fact that we don't know what happened to Derek is killing me. Was he hurt in the explosion? Who would have taken him?

My family comes to my mind, but I don't want to think of the possibility that they have him. Who knows what they would do to him if they did find us after all those years.

We spent thirty years without them finding out where I was.

The only time we had heard anything was through word of mouth that Nick and Bear's parents were killed. Nick had made plans to get his inheritance. Since Bear was basically disowned by them at a very young age, they didn't even know that he was alive to give him anything.

I remember Nick setting up a meeting with a lawyer, and he had told me that everything was left to Sophie. He had changed his will right away since he didn't trust Rebecca. She had money on her mind ever since her parents disowned her for getting pregnant by a biker.

I had a feeling that someone would have had to know where we were all these years, but no one ever came.

I'm going to search in every other possible place before I even think of looking for him at home. I would have no reason to believe that my family would want Derek. If anything, they would want me.

My family holds grudges, and I know that Nick and me taking off would have angered them and they would have never forgot; much less forgive.

Katy's mom comes into the hospital and tells her some sort of sob story, and I have had enough. Katy has gone through a lot

with her own father to now have to deal with a mother who had abandoned her and was presumed to be dead.

I couldn't imagine leaving any of my kids behind or doing anything that would cause them any kind of harm.

It just about killed me to see Tyson the way he was when he lost Stacey. I had worried that there would be no way he could come back from that kind of loss. I knew my kids were like their parents. When they loved, they did it deeply.

Then Camilla came along, and she had her own hurt and trauma to get through but, somehow, she had broken down her wall, and then Tyson's, and gave him back his life. He will never forget Stacey, but he had another chance at love in this life, and I am so glad that he took it.

Katy is like a daughter to me now, and I officially had claimed her as my own when she came back after saving Stitch from the torture her father had endured.

I could see strength in her that I had in myself when I was younger.

Heck, I still have that strength. I know that, no matter what I find when I locate Derek, I will be strong. And I will locate him. I don't care what it takes, or what I have to do; I will find him.

The people responsible for taking him are going to regret they ever put their hands on him.

I can be a mama bear when someone hurts my children, but now Derek, the love of my life, has been taken. That's a different story. I almost feel feral thinking of what I'm going to do to them for taking him from me.

Everyone sets up in the mansion that Stitch's family owns. It's big enough for all of us to fit for the time being. I know I want everyone there until we figure out this mess and get our own club back up and running.

I suppose now that it is destroyed, it is finally time to do the updates we were thinking of doing.

I barely sleep as I recall every connection I had made in the thirty years I had known Derek. Everyone is keeping their eyes and ears open for any word on Derek.

Whoever has him must be good enough, or have enough money, to do this undetected.

When Tech finally wakes up and can't find anything on Derek, I spot one little piece of hope when I look through the footage with him. I know what I must finally do and where I must go.

When I walk into the kitchen, I see my sons and daughter with their partners and know that no matter how hard it will be, I have to tell them that I am leaving.

"I need to tell you guys something," I say when I walk into the kitchen with a couple bags at my feet.

"What is it? Why do you have bags?" Tyson asks me, his eyes going wide.

"I need to go find your father. I don't think I can get the answers here. I can't sit back and wait, that's not who I am," I tell them softly.

They all get a look of panic on their faces.

"You can't go! What if they take you too? What if this is exactly what they want?" Aiden tries to plead with me.

I shake my head. "Then at least we will be together."

"Mom, just give us time. You need to stay with us. We already lost our father. We can't lose our mother too," Tyson pleads.

"I need to do this," I tell them, and angrily wipe at the tears in my eyes.

"Why do you have to go alone?" Ella asks, tears welling in her eyes.

"Because this is what I need to do. I know you would do anything if this was Damien. Just like the two of you would do anything for Olivia and Camilla. I need to search for answers, and I can't get that here. I need to go where all the problems

we thought we solved are,” I say, and wrap my arms around each of my kids.

“I don’t like this,” Tyson growls out.

“Neither do I. How can you expect us to just let you do this alone? How do you know where to go and check?” Aiden says.

“Because I’m not asking for permission. I’m your mother; there is nothing you can say or do to stop me. Just take care of the club and each other. I’ll check in, but I know that there must be some stuff from our past that I need to check up on. There are people that I thought we left behind,” I tell them firmly.

“You check in every week,” Katy says, causing me to jump.

I turn around and see Katy and Stitch standing there.

“Of course I will. I have plenty more to teach you. Ella never really cared for knife throwing,” I say with a chuckle before looking over at Ella and winking.

“Well, I might want to learn if I get to try it on whomever this asshole is who thinks they can take my father,” Ella says with anger in her voice.

“I’ll work on it,” I say with a smile.

I turn to leave as I hear Stitch’s phone go off. He lets everyone know that Ink is okay. I close my eyes and breathe a sigh of relief.

While everyone is distracted, I take the chance to leave.

Derek; I’m coming for you, baby.

Chapter Fifteen

Derek

The days drag on. My cough has been getting worse, and my shivers have not gone away. I don't know how many more days I can take it. Matteo only lets us eat once a day, if we are lucky.

"Boss, can you tell me about Bear? What's his life like?" Switch asks me.

"He took it hard after you were killed. He ended up stepping down from being the VP. It was a hard decision, but he couldn't give the attention a VP gives with the grief he was feeling for you. We named Damien, or Twerk, as we called him, the new VP. He's done a fantastic job," I tell him.

A look of sorrow passes his eyes.

"You know, we knew where you guys were," Enzo says interrupting us.

"Oh, and why didn't you guys come for them?" I ask curiously.

"We knew Lily was better off without this place, and what would happen if she came back. We kept trying to make fake trails for our family to follow. When they had seen your club on the news, they knew we were lying. That's what had them lock us up. We were drugged and put in here," he tells me, and the others nod in agreement.

"What about the inheritance?" I ask Switch.

He smirks at me. "I knew what Rebecca really wanted. She had dug her claws into me. They told me about my inheritance but were able to keep me under the radar, or so we thought. Matteo and Alessandro got wind of something and were able to locate me. They healed me up so that I could talk again, and

then tortured me to try to find where Lily was. I never gave them anything. I still don't know why they bothered to keep me alive after all these years."

"Probably if they ever found her, they could use you to torture her more. Nothing is harder than watching someone you love endure torture.

"As much as I don't want her to come back to this hellhole, I think you guys may be right. She might be our only hope. Then I would love the pleasure of seeing our father fall," Dario says.

The door opens and we all go quiet. I watch as Alessandro steps in for the first time.

"We finally have the great president of the Vicious Snakes," he says with a cruel smile.

"You won't get away with this," I spit at him angrily.

"You don't think I already have? My Liliana should have never left the family. Let alone attach herself to biker trash such as yourself," he says with a cruel laugh.

"If you think Lily is just going to do as you ask, then you don't know your daughter at all," I say, smirking at him.

"She's just a woman. She will do as she's told. I already let the rumour mill run, and we should be expecting her in a few days. What a glorious thing to have her walk right into our trap," he says evilly.

I grin at the fact they are underestimating her just because she's a woman.

They will be the ones in for a surprise.

"We will have to see about that," I tell him calmly even though there's a lot of rage inside.

He messed with the wrong people.

When I don't offer him anything else, he leaves the room. His sons glare at him the whole way.

“What if Lily can’t handle it?” Antonio asks, looking worried.

I shake my head. “You guys are in for a surprise. Just sit back and wait. You will see. My Lily can handle anything.”

A cough takes me so hard that I start throwing up.

“Hopefully it’s in time to get you to the hospital,” Switch says, voicing his worries.

“I’ll stay with it as long as I can,” I tell them between gags.

Nick “Switch”

Watching my Prez throw up and not being able to do anything about it is hard as fuck.

I missed home all these years, but him being here made the longing stronger. I hate that my life was taken away from me. I thought for sure I was dead when Rebecca had shot me. I felt the blood pour out. When I closed my eyes, I thought it was for the last time.

Imagine my surprise when I woke and found myself in this room bandaged up. I couldn’t speak for months. My voice will never be the same.

I hate that my girl had to grow up without the club with her. I’m glad as fuck that she had found her way back to them.

It fucking kills me to know that she had babies, and I wasn’t there to help her through it. It crushed me that they don’t know their papa.

I will do whatever it takes to get back to her. Back to the life I am supposed to live. I spent many years working out in this room so that when the time came, I could take them down. I just couldn’t do it on my own. Now I won’t have to.

Let’s just hope Lily isn’t too late as I see Prez fight for his life. This man needs a hospital, and I know that Matteo and Allesandro aren’t going to do a damn thing to heal him.

With how he looks and sounds, he maybe has weeks left, if not days.

He's still my Prez, no matter how many years have passed.

I'm glad to know that Lily still is the badass she has always been. Prez had told me a bunch of stories about the numerous times he had been abducted, only for Lily to track them down and kill anyone that was in her way. She always had backup, but it was always her in the lead causing the most destruction.

She would have done anything to make sure she got her man back. I wasn't supportive in the beginning when I was unsure of Derek and wanted to protect Lily's heart, but they were each other's everything. Nothing and no one could come between him.

Matteo and Alessandro think that kidnapping everyone Lily loves will bring her back. They think they can control her, but I can't wait until this shit backfires.

They don't know the shit she will do to save the ones she loves. I have no doubt that if she knew I was alive, she would have come running too. They never were given any information of her whereabouts to be able to let her know I was still alive, thanks to me.

So many days, months, and years have gone by. I missed too much of my life, living with the loneliness. I had no doubt Alessandro had always told me that he would release me if I let him know where Lily was, but I was never about to do that.

It's not long after Prez pukes that he passes out. I wish I could go to him, but there is fuck all I can do from across the room.

"Think he's going to make it?" Enzo asks.

I shrug my shoulders. "I'm not sure. I think if he doesn't get to the doctor soon, there won't be anything left of him for Lily to save."

"I was afraid you would say that," Dario says with worry in his voice.

Lily

He's in there.

I just know it. There are a lot of guards around. I had followed Matteo to this warehouse. It looked run down. I knew there had to be something going on. You would think it was empty from the outside, but there were way too many men guarding it for it to be an empty warehouse.

I saw my father walk out of the building with Matteo behind him. I was far enough away that they couldn't see me. The binoculars I was using had me clearly seeing the smug looks on their faces.

After Tech had woken up and gone through any camera footage he could find, I noticed the vehicles that had gone through town passing the clubhouse during the explosion. There was a bodyguard I thought looked familiar and, when I went through my contacts to retrace the steps, it led me here.

I make a call to the club, so they know what I'm up against. I have no doubt that Bear will have filled them in on everything they don't know about my past. We had kept it a secret for so long, but now was finally the time to release the information.

I hated that I had to keep anything a secret from the people I loved, but I figured that the less people that knew about my past; the better. It lessened the chance of anyone finding me. You never know if there are any ears around that you shouldn't trust.

I spend days watching the warehouse and seeing everyone and everything coming in and out of the building. Tonight is the night I need to get inside. I'll have to wait for dark, but I think I need to refuel and come up with a plan that doesn't involve me becoming captured as well.

I visit an old friend; Dawson. I go straight to his old house. I watch outside for a bit until I see him walk by a window.

I climb a tree outside of the house and into the second-floor bedroom.

I make sure to stay quiet, so I don't scare him. I guess, either way, I will scare him because he's not going to be expecting me.

When I get to the stairs, I slowly walk down as the living room comes into view.

He's the only one in the room. He's watching the news.

Slowly, I step into view.

"Dawson," I say softly.

He startles for a second before there is a gun pointed at me. When he sees I have my hands in the air in a nonthreatening way, he lowers the gun slightly.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he says in a cold tone.

"Dawson, it's me; Lilianna." I say, not breaking eye contact.

"Lilianna Romano?" he breathes out with wide eyes.

"Yes. Long time, no see," I say with a smirk as he puts down his gun.

"What are you doing back here? You shouldn't have ever come back," he hisses out before pulling me into his arms in a tight hug.

"They took my man. I know they did. I haven't been able to get a visual on him, but all the signs are pointing to my father and Matteo," I tell him.

"Your father is a terrible man. He has been making my life a living hell, but I told him I didn't know where you were. Not that I would have told him if I did know," he tells me.

I take a seat on his couch, and he sits on the other side.

"I'm going after dark. I need to see if my gut is correct," I tell him.

"Your father has been into some pretty messed up shit since you left. I was shocked when he wanted to marry you into that

family, but they have been tearing down this city for a long fucking time now. There isn't going to be much left after a few years," he says.

"Why are you still here? You could have moved to a different town," I ask curiously. Sure, they had people watching him, but that didn't mean he was stuck here. They would just send men to wherever he ended up making sure he wasn't in contact with me

"I can't leave until I get answers," he states.

"Answers for what?" I ask.

He lets out a sigh. "Lorenzo wanted to tell you himself, if he was ever given the chance. We fell in love and then, one day, he was just gone. I don't know what the fuck happened to him, but I knew something wasn't right. Your father didn't act any differently despite all his boys having gone missing. He went on with life. I spent so much time looking, but I couldn't find anything. Every single child and heir were gone. Anyone would be affected by that unless they have something to do with it."

"My brothers are missing?" I breathe out harshly and feel a piercing pain in my chest.

"They have been for a few months. I haven't been able to find them," he tells me sadly with tears welling in his eyes.

I look at him with a sense of loss. "Well, I found a place that was being too heavily guarded to not have something important in there. I thought it might be Derek, but now I'm thinking that maybe my brothers are in there. Why would they hide my brothers?" I ask in confusion.

"Your brothers never agreed with the way your father was running the family. Not only was he financially ruining the family, but he was also needlessly killing, so there was no one your brothers trusted. Heck, he killed his right-hand man and his wife just to show he didn't care about the lives of anyone but himself," Dawson scoffs.

"Fuck. How do you know all this?" I ask.

He smirks at me. “Lorenzo never kept a secret from me. I think the only secret he kept from me was your location, but he knew where you were. He and his brothers had found you after a couple years, but they decided to do whatever it took to keep your father and Matteo off your trail.”

“I can’t believe they knew where I was this whole time,” I say. It is shocking to hear that they had known for so long and would go to such lengths to protect me.

He nods his head. “They were working on a plan to overthrow your father, but he must have caught wind of it and either killed them or is keeping them locked up. I’m hoping for the latter. I don’t know what I would do if I lost my Lorenzo,” he says as his voice cracks.

“Well, I’m going in tonight. I have collected a lot of weapons to make sure I am fully armed. I will take anyone out that I can. No matter who is in that warehouse, my brothers, Derek, or someone else entirely; I will get them out,” I say in a determined tone before I stand up to leave.

“I’m coming with you. I need to see for myself,” Dawson says before also standing up.

“Can you handle yourself? I won’t be taking you if you are dead weight,” I state.

“I can handle it,” he replies while glaring at me like I just insulted him.

We work on a plan to get into the building undetected. There are a couple vehicles pulling up to Dawson’s house. I go to the window to see if it’s my father’s men but, when I see a familiar face, I tell Dawson not to shoot the people about to walk in.

He looks at me in confusion, but I nod to confirm my certainty of the situation.

The men walk into Dawson’s home, and the room becomes full of men I would trust my life with.

The Vicious Snakes.

“How did you find me here?” I ask in shock.

Tyson and Aiden pull me into their arms.

“Like we would let you do this on your own. Once Bear had told us everything, we figured the first place to check was with the man who helped you get away in the first place. Looks like we were right,” Tyson says.

“Well, that’s a good fucking guess. I’m not sure if your father is in that warehouse or my brothers are,” I tell them with a wince.

“Brothers? Ma, are you saying we have uncles that might be locked up?” Aiden asks in shock.

“Dawson here has informed me that they all went missing a few months ago and my father doesn’t seem to care, but I found a warehouse that is heavily guarded. There is something important in there. Either they don’t want people in, or worse, they don’t want who is inside leaving,” I tell them.

Bear looks thoughtful. “We will help you storm it tonight. They probably think we are all still back home.”

“How did you pull that off?” I ask.

“Well Stitch’s brothers have set it up. They have excellent security guarding the women and children. We left who was still injured and couldn’t come. We are here to back you up. We will find what is in that warehouse,” Bear says.

“Then we need to come up with a new plan,” I say, blowing out a breath.

We work for a few hours coming up with a concrete plan using all our new reinforcements. We then wait until it’s midnight to put the plan in motion.

Everyone came to the warehouse from different spots, surrounding the building. We didn’t want to chance of anyone escaping.

My gut told me Derek was inside. I always trusted my gut.

Hang on baby. I’m coming to get you.

Chapter Sixteen

Derek “Prez”

I’ve been in and out of consciousness for days. I couldn’t tell you how much time had passed. I feel like I’m nearing the end. I can hear Switch’s panicked shouts from across the room, but there’s nothing I can do about it; everything sounds like it’s underwater.

My body feels heavy, and breathing is becoming harder.

I picture Lily’s face in my head; the only thing that has been keeping me going.

I’m trying to be strong to see my love again, even if it is one last time, but I don’t know if I have that in me.

Blackness takes over me for the millionth time. Only this time, I’m not sure if I will wake up.

Chapter Seventeen

Nick “Switch”

My Prez is dying right before my eyes, and there’s nothing I can do about it.

I feel the hope drain from me as I watch his body fight to wake up and slowly go limp. I can hear that his breathing is getting choppy. Tears well in my eyes watching this great man fall.

Everyone is solemnly observing the love of Lilianna’s life fight a losing battle when there’s a huge bang and some gunfire.

There are shouts and footsteps running around.

I hear a squeaking sound and look up at the vent. There are fingers undoing the screws, slowly.

I grin at the Romano brothers.

“Looks like your sister is here,” I whisper in glee.

“How do you know?” Enzo asks.

“I told you it wouldn’t be long before she found her men. And If I know Lily, she is tiny enough to squeeze through vents like this.

When the vent comes lose, it smashes to the ground. I can reach it from here and I grab it and drag it behind me against the wall when the door is thrown open.

“What was that?” a man asks in a panic.

“Your leverage fell over. He’s not a small guy. It was bound to make some noise,” Antonio says dryly.

The man walks closer to Prez’s cell and, next thing you know, a body drops down onto his back and slices a knife into his neck.

The person jumps off before the guard falls lifelessly on the floor.

When the person turns around, I realise that I am looking at an older version of Lily.

She gasps when she turns to look at me and her eyes go wide.

“No,” she states in shock. Her voice is laced with horror.

“Hey Sparklebum,” I say with a small grin.

“Nikolai? How is this possible?” she asks in shock.

“I’ll tell you when we get out. I don’t think Prez has much time. He needs a hospital, pronto,” I tell her sadly.

Her eyes get wide as she turns around and a cry escapes her mouth.

A body drops in the same way Lily did.

“Dawson?” Lorenzo gasps in shock.

“Find some keys,” Lily cries as she looks at her man pleading for him to hear her. She screams his name over and over, but he doesn’t budge.

Dawson checks the guard and finds the keys. He opens Derek’s cell and Lily rushes in.

Then he takes the time to open everyone else’s cell and, when he gets to Lorenzo, he throws himself into his arms crying.

“I didn’t think I would ever see you again,” Dawson cries into his shoulder. Looks like someone else came for the love of their life.

“Let’s get out of here. Who is helping you guys?” Enzo says.

“The club. They will clear the way,” I say before I hear Lily’s name being shouted.

“I’m in here, quick!” she shouts.

A bunch of footsteps are running towards the room.

“We need to get him to the hospital. He’s unresponsive,” Lily says with a sob.

I stare at my brother. He hasn't looked my way yet; his only focus is Lily. "Come on, brothers. Let's carry him out. Give them a gun; they can have our back. No time to waste," Bear shouts.

He turns around to hand me a gun, and gasps when he notices who he is giving the gun to.

"What the fuck?" he shouts.

"Who is that?" a young man asks.

"That's Sophie's father," Bear says in disbelief.

"Hey brother," I say, and he pulls me into his arms roughly.

"How the fuck is this possible?" he whispers.

"I will tell you all about it after we help Prez. I don't think he has much time left," I reply.

He nods his head and hands me his gun as he and a couple other guys carry our Prez out of this hellhole.

I can't help the tears that fall as I get the first taste in freedom that I have had in twenty years.

Lily

He can't be dying.

There is no way I will lose him this way.

I watch as they take him into a room, and I'm held behind while they work on him.

I stand there for a long time. When I turn around to the public waiting room, I look to see everyone there. The club, my brothers, Dawson, and Nick. Holy shit. Nick.

I run to him and throw my arms around him.

"How are you alive?" I cry.

“Let’s talk somewhere more private,” he says, his voice rougher than it used to be.

I eye the scar on the side of his neck.

Stitch’s brothers pull some strings to get the best care for Derek. They then get us all set up in a private waiting room.

When we are all in there, we all look at Nick expectantly.

“When I went to meet the lawyers to set up the inheritance for Sophie, Alessandro must have caught my trail. Rebecca had just shot me, and I was bleeding out the neck. I thought I was for sure dead but, when I woke up, I was in that room and stitched up. I couldn’t talk for a year and when I did, I sounded like this. Alessandro was hoping that if he got my voice fixed, I would reveal where you were. When I never let the information out, no matter what he did to me, he had hoped that you would somehow realise I was alive and come for me. He decided to wait to kill me; just in case. I was tortured and constantly in pain, and I was mostly alone until they drugged your brothers and locked them up with me in that warehouse basement. I was in the shock of my life to see Prez brought in after that,” he says.

I cry at his words. He had been alone for twenty years. If I had known there was even a chance he was still alive, I definitely would have went looking for him.

“We aren’t leaving this city until we take them down,” I say with rage in my tone.

“We are with you on that. Any way we can help you, sister,” Enzo says, and I stand up and hug each one of my brothers for a long time. I missed them so much and didn’t think I would ever see them again.

“Who knew Arturo would get so huge?” Dario says with a grin while looking at Bear.

“How did you know it was me?” Bear asks, raising an eyebrow.

“You and Nik could be twins,” Lorenzo says with a chuckle.

“I think it’s time we do a little cleaning. This city needs it,” I say.

“You’re right. There is nothing to be proud of in the family. There is no loyalty in it anymore,” Dario says, shaking his head.

“I think it’s time for Alessandro to fall. What better way than at the hands of his children?” I say with an evil grin.

My brothers and the club smirk at my words.

“Nik and Derek were right. You are a badass bitch now,” Enzo says.

I shrug my shoulders. “I made sure I was strong enough to protect my family. First, I trained in case anyone came after me, but I kept at it following my training as I knew this day would come and I would do anything to protect my children and grandchildren.”

“I can’t wait to hear more about it. I see there are two of your boys here,” Lorenzo says, looking over at Tyson and Aiden.

I nod my head. “Boys, these are your uncles: Lorenzo, Dario, Enzo, Antonio, and Marco. These are my boys, Tyson and Aiden; but they go by Torch and Steal.”

My boys look at my brothers with wide eyes. I kept that I had brothers from them and, as much as that hurt to do, I didn’t want to risk anything.

“I hope we can get to know each other. I know we missed a lot, but we didn’t want to chance that Alessandro and Matteo would find Lilianna,” Antonio says.

“As long as you don’t try to force my mom back into this life and with that piece of shit,” Torch says with a bit of anger in his voice. I look at him in surprise at his words.

“Yeah, Bear told us the full story. He thought it was time everyone knew. Once we knew what you were walking into, there was no way we were going to let you do this alone.”

“I’m sorry I kept so much from you. As you see, my father would go to any lengths to get me back,” I say while gesturing to Nick.

“That’s some fucking messed up shit,” Aiden says looking at Nick. “Sophie is going to go nuts once she sees him.”

“We will keep it between us until we get back. We can’t leave the city yet. Not until the threats are dealt with,” I say with anger in my voice.

“They fucked with the wrong family,” Torch says with rage in his eyes.

“Nick,” I say softly.

He looks at me with sadness in his eyes. “Long time, no see,” he says with a dry chuckle that cuts off in a sob.

I pull him into my arms. “We can’t get those years back, but now you are with us; and we can make some new memories. You have a daughter to see and grandchildren to meet.”

Tears fall from my eyes when I think of everything he has gone through.

Trigger walks up and has a sad look on his face. “Nick, there is someone I want you to meet,” I say with a small smile.

He looks up at me and turns to look at Trigger.

“This is Trigger; he’s Sophie’s husband.”

“Are you a good man to my daughter?” Nick rasps. I don’t think I will ever get used to the sound of his voice now.

“She’s the best thing that has ever happened to me,” Trigger tells him. You can see in his eyes how much he loves Sophie.

“She was injured by the bomb. She’s at the house now. She was struck in the leg pretty badly and had to have surgery to fix it and remove anything that was caught in there,” Trigger tells him.

“She’s okay though?” Nick asks, almost pleading.

He nods his head. “She can’t walk much right now, but everyone has been helping out.”

“I can’t wait to see her,” Nick says, and I give him a sad smile.

After everything he has been through, I know he’s going to need a lot of help and will feel guilt for not being there for his daughter; but it wasn’t his fault.

I hate what happened to him, although I am so glad he is alive. I had missed him so much over the years, and it almost feels unreal that he’s here with us.

“We need to come up with a plan,” Antonio says, getting a serious look on his face.

“Once I know how Derek is doing, then we can discuss it,” I tell him.”

My main worry is my man right now. I need to know if he’s going to be okay. He has to be okay.

~

Hours pass as we wait on new information. They run tests on him, but I still haven’t seen him.

Finally, the doctor comes out. “Derek Knight’s family?” he asks. We all stand up and step closer.

“I’m his wife, Lily,” I tell him, and he nods his head.

“You guys are lucky you got him here when you did. Though he’s going to have a rough few months ahead of him. He has pneumonia, and having it left untreated for some time has severely impacted his health. We will be admitting him for a few weeks as he was close to respiratory failure. The lack of care he received while he suffered in sickness left him seriously infected. We are going to do everything we can to make the recovery smooth for him, but it won’t be easy. He will most likely spend a lot of the time sleeping for the first week or so until the antibiotics start to take effect. You are welcome to see him, but we must ask you to limit your visit as his body needs time to heal,” he states.

“Nurse Tami here will take you to the room we have him in,” he says while gesturing to the nurse behind him.

Me and my boys follow the nurse as everyone says they will take turns as not to overwhelm him.

My heart breaks at the sight in front of me.

He has something helping him breathe, and tubes in his arms, plus a catheter in.

“Fuck,” Tyson whispers hoarsely.

“Shit,” Aiden says, nodding his head in agreement.

“Honey,” I say. My voice breaks as I take him in. He looks nothing like the man I love; he’s so pale and sick. My hand shakes as I take his hand in mine. He’s sleeping, so he doesn’t move.

“You have to get better. I thought I lost you. I don’t know what I would ever do if I lost you. You are my entire world,” I cry. My head falls, and my boys wrap their arms around me as I finally let myself break.

“Fuck, I didn’t think it would be so hard to see the man I look up to, considering how strong and full of life he always was, looking so sick,” Aiden says.

“Even tough men can get sick. He will be back prodding Ella and our women to have more babies in no time,” Tyson says, looking like he barely believes the words he’s saying.

“Your father is strong. There is nothing that he can’t overcome. We will take care of this threat once and for all, and then we can see about moving him closer to home,” I tell them.

“Will you really be able to kill your own father?” Aiden asks me.

I turn and look at both of them, so they know how serious I am. “Your father is a great man. Sure, we had our bumps along the way, but I never once believed that he wouldn’t be a good father. My father wasn’t a great man. Our house was cold, and

I was only taught to learn what a woman's place was. I'm not the weak daughter he thought he raised. It wasn't until I left, and being with your father, that I saw how real men can be. How a family should live. Alessandro not only took something from me by taking your father, but he also took your Uncle Nick, and my brothers. It takes a sick man to hold someone captive for twenty years just to use as a pawn. It's time he learned who his kids really are. He always told us that no one messed with a Romano, and it seems that he needs reminding of that, and to learn that no one messes with the Vicious Snakes. We will show him just how much he fucked up," I tell them, making sure they can notice all the rage inside of me.

"We are behind you, mom. That fucker gets no mercy," Tyson spits out angrily, and Aiden nods in agreement. I see the men that they have become, and the reason they are a part of the Vicious Snakes. They look dangerous and pissed off. Just like their parents.

We stay with Derek for a few more minutes before leaving to let everyone else have a turn. I don't want to leave him, but we have other shit to do. We need to make sure the threat is taken care of.

We have rooms booked at a hotel across the street where we pretty much have the whole floor, since there are so many of us. It will offer us more privacy anyways.

Nick shares a room with me since I didn't want to be alone, and I wasn't ready to let him out of my sight for long. I still find it hard to believe that he is here. I spent so many years mourning and grieving for him.

After everyone is settled, and has called their families, we gather in my room to come up with a plan. Nick washes up before everyone gets there. I think everyone was in need of a shower after rescuing my family.

Once everyone is in the room, there is a knock at the door. Everyone is on alert with their guns drawn. I go to answer the door but, when I look through the peep hole, I see a woman standing there.

Confused, I open the door and simply stare at her.

“Hi, I think I can help you guys,” she says softly.

“Katrina?” Dario says, walking to the door.

“Who’s this?” I ask.

He brings her inside and locks the door.

She looks around the room and her eyes go wide for a second taking everyone in. She then composes herself just as quickly.

“I know where your father is,” she states.

“Why would you help us?” I ask skeptically.

“Sorry, you must be the sister. You all look so much alike. I’m Katrina. I have been stuck with your father for the last twenty-five years. I was his housekeeper as he would like to call it, but I would use the term captive or slave,” she says with a shrug.

I look at my brothers for confirmation.

“Her mother was the housekeeper and then she disappeared one day, and Alessandro wouldn’t let Katrina leave,” Dario says with anger in his voice.

Katrina scoffs. “She didn’t disappear; he killed her. Right in front of me. He kept me close for years. I acted like I was devoted to him just so I could get a little bit of freedom. I knew I couldn’t run yet.”

“Why can’t you run?” I ask her.

“To get my revenge. He raped, tortured, and killed my mother because she didn’t want to fuck him. He stated that no one turns down Alessandro Romano,” she spits out. “I want him to pay for what he did to my mother.”

“How are you out now without anyone following you?” Bear asks.

“He sent me on a few errands since there was talk of a plan failing and he needed to lay low. No one would think twice about me not being there. He forgets how much I know. He

would always brag to me about what he did to his ‘weak sons,’ and his plan of getting his ‘bitch of a daughter’ back. He wanted to show me what a real man was like as he was raping me, but he sure did like to talk,” she says angrily.

Everyone gets angry as they hear her words. I admire the strength of this woman who went through such hell and was still fighting. I know she’s telling the truth. I will help her get her revenge on my father. I think we would all like a piece of him. When we are done, he will beg for death.

“I can tell you his location and help you get in. I’ll let you know about all the security he has around. I’m supposed to be back in a few hours. I had already grabbed what he sent me for. I did it quickly so I could come here,” she tells us.

“How did you know we were here?” Dario asks.

“I saw all of you leave the hospital, and then I waited in the stairwell when you guys went to your rooms. Then I saw you all come in here. I had a feeling that you were coming up with a plan,” she says with a shrug.

“Tell us what you know,” Damien says.

She tells us everything, not leaving anything out.

By the time she leaves, we start cooking up a plan to attack.

She said that Matteo was with him, so that will make it easier to get them both.

We will make them pay.

Chapter Eighteen

Lily

Once night falls, we have everything in place. Everyone is geared up, and we are making our way to Alessandro and Matteo's safe house.

Just like Katrina had said, there were guards all over the place. We have a lot of manpower to do this; the club is here, plus my brothers grabbed some men they knew were loyal to them. They had been building relationships for the day they took over from our father. There was a lot of people in the city who wanted to see these two men fall.

When I asked about Matteo's father and mother, they said he had killed them to gain power. They said that Matteo only rules by fear, just like our father.

Fear can only get you so far, and they are both about to see that.

We take out the guys on the outer perimeter quietly as we make our way to the house.

We are coming at them from all sides since we don't want a chance of any of them escaping.

The guards are barely paying attention which is stupid. They are supposed to be on duty and guarding them, but they don't even see us coming as we grab each one and slit their throats.

I shake my head at their weakness.

"He's so fucking stupid," I grumble.

When I look through the back window, I see Katrina tied to the table naked as my father says something to Matteo that has him grinning.

Their clothes are on, but Matteo starts to undo his pants.

“Oh hell no,” I mutter as I walk in like it’s just another day.

“Well, I’m glad I didn’t get stuck with that small dick,” I say in greeting with a fake smile.

“Lilianna?” They both say at the same time with shock on their faces.

“Miss me?” I say with a smirk.

Matteo gives me an evil grin and my father looks pissed.

“How did you find us here?”

“You wanted me to come home, father. That’s just what I did,” I say sweetly, blinking at him with an innocent expression.

“How did you find us?” he shouts in rage.

I tsk in disappointment. “You really should watch how you speak to me. After all, you took people I love just to have me back and, well, here I am. Surprise!”

“You should have come back sooner. When we had that fool, Nick. I thought for sure we would see you when I got rid of his parents just so you would come back,” my father says darkly.

“That didn’t really work out so well, did it?” I say with a wince.

I’m keeping them distracted so that our men can get rid of the rest of the guards before my brothers make their appearance.

“You should know that no one runs from this family,” my father spits out.

“And what? I should have stayed and married this small-dicked asshole?” I ask, giving Matteo a disgusted look since his cock is still out.

“Everyone has obligations to this family, and you turned your back on that,” my father says.

“Like your sons? Was it their obligation to this family that you drugged them like a coward before locking them up?” I ask, raising an eyebrow at him.

“They were my leverage to get you back. Once I knew that they had hidden you from me for all these years, it couldn’t go unpunished,” he says in a rage.

“You are a weak excuse for a leader and a man. That’s the reason the only person still loyal to you is this fuckhead because no one else would blindly follow such stupidity,” I snap at him.

“How was it stupid? It got you here? We had the bomb set off just to take that man of yours. We had paid some poor sap to get the job done. We wanted you, but my men couldn’t get to you in time,” Matteo says with a smirk.

Rage fills me with his words. He has put my club through hell. He will pay for this.

I smirk at him as I see shadows of my men come behind them and I feel men at my back.

“What makes you think I would come alone?”

They look around and take in everyone, and I notice my brothers are at my back.

“What are you going to do, kill your father?” my father asks in a smug voice, like he doesn’t actually think I have the guts to do it. I have some bad news for him.

Nick drags in my mother who looks at him in anger.

“Killing you would be too easy. You see, you guys aren’t going to get the easy way out,” I tell them.”

“Stupid girl, this is not how this family is run,” my mother spits out in a cold voice.

“Mother, how nice of you to join us,” I say with a fake, cheerful voice.

Dario works on untying Katrina from the table and gives her his shirt to cover up.

My father puts a hand behind his back.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you,” Bear hisses as he places a gun to my father’s temple.

“Arturo?” my dad asks, looking at him in shock.

“Surprised to find me alive?” Bear asks with a smug look.

“Your parents told me they got rid of you,” my father mutters.

“Well, they did. They disowned me, and I left with the money I stole and the clothes on my back. It was the best thing they have ever done for me,” Bear says.

“You think you could get away with this?” my father shouts angrily.

“Who is going to stop us?” Lorenzo says in a cold tone.

“We are the most powerful men in the city. This will start a war you cannot handle,” Matteo says smugly.

“You think you have the city under control, though that’s not really the case,” Antonio says as more men come into the house.

I can’t help but feel satisfaction as I see how many men are loyal to my brothers.

My eyes widen when I take the other men in charge of their families.

The five families of the city are in this room.

“You are backing them? After all I have done for you?” Alessandro grits out.

Finn, the head of the Irish family, walks closer and looks at my father with disgust. “This is not how the city is supposed to be run. You took this city and dug it into the ground. ‘Killed countless of my men for territory and power. Your children have made me an offer that I couldn’t refuse. When you go down tonight, the men who follow you will go down with you. Though you will find that list very small. It seems that no one cares for you to be in power anymore.’”

The other heads of the families nod their heads.

“Our grandfathers ran this operation smoothly. There was no need for pointless deaths. We had real control and power. What you had was fear. You had the men who were going to die if they didn’t do your bidding, or the men who were fearful of the fact that you would go after their families if they didn’t listen to you. We all know you couldn’t care less if you had to harm a child or woman,” Finn goes on.

“What makes you think I didn’t have a backup plan in case this didn’t go in my favour?” my father asks.

I chuckle evilly. “There is no backup plan. Everything has been taken care of. No families are in your grasps. You raised your sons to know everything about your business before you drugged them. What a stupid mistake to turn your back on your family,” I say with a tsk.

“You don’t know everything,” Alessandro shouts.

“Ahh but they do. That’s what happens when you kill someone’s mother and keep them as a slave. They pretend to be weak and broken so they know all your deepest secrets and plans,” Katrina says, grinning.

“You bitch. You are nothing but a whore. Who would believe you?” Alessandro says angrily.

“You have ruined too many lives,” I tell him. I make sure he sees every ounce of rage I have inside.

The head of the families all say their piece to Alessandro and Matteo. I take the opportunity to look around the room. I couldn’t be prouder of my brothers to give me this amount of backup. When this is over, everyone will go back to their territories and try to fix whatever Alessandro broke.

I’m not stupid enough to believe this will make everyone besties, but at least the women and children won’t have to live in fear. That was the one rule of the families. No women or children. If they were a wife or daughter, they were off limits. Well, the daughters were until they turned eighteen and became legal age to marry; but it worked for decades. There is

no reason to change it at this exact moment, and I know my brothers will figure it out.

I get bored of the whole thing, and I see Matteo doing something shifty thing with his eyes before there's a twitch in his hands.

When he thinks that nobody is paying attention, he reaches behind his back; but I throw one of my knives into the top of his arm that was just reaching behind. The knife hits my target as he lets out a scream. Weak.

I roll my eyes at the dramatics.

Lorenzo launches himself at Matteo just after the knife pierces him.

“You think you could do what? Harm my family more than you already have?” Lorenzo spits out.

Lorenzo is on top of Matteo with a hand around his neck.

“Bro, don't kill him. We want him to pay first,” I shout out.

Some of the club brothers grab my mom, dad, and Matteo, and we tie them to a chair so they can't do anything else.

When the kitchen is cleared, and the table is moved to another room, I look down at all of them.

“What was all this for? What was the end goal?” I ask them.

“To make your pathetic life miserable. You ruined my life,” my mother spits out angrily.

I raise an eyebrow at her. “How did I ruin your life?”

I don't recall anything I had done to my mother.

“Your mother fucked another man and had you. She knew the life she lived was over. After I had given her EVERYTHING!!!” my father says as he ends his statement in a shout.

“Who did you fuck?” I ask. This was news to me. I thought my mother would have been a victim of my father, but it doesn't sound that way.

“She fucked my right-hand man,” my father spits out.

“Nikolai and Arturo’s father?” I ask in surprise.

“I was biding my time to make him pay for what he did. I even tried to get him to kill his own son, and I even fucked his wife in front of him so he could know what the betrayal felt like,” he says in a proud tone.

“You mean you raped her. He wouldn’t have known what it was like for his wife to cheat on him because you raped her, and she didn’t fuck you willingly,” I say with anger rising in my voice.

“Why did you try to kill Arturo and not me?” Nick asks, looking at my father in confusion.

“Because you were my son; not his. I couldn’t kill my own blood. But then you took off with my daughter, and I had to teach you a lesson in betraying your family,” my not father says in a cold tone.

“So, Nick and Arturo are my half-brothers?” I say excitedly. I look at Nick, then Arturo, and Nick smiles.

“You have always been my sister. Blood doesn’t change that,” he speaks. I nod my head in agreement.

“We have always been family,” Bear says walking up.

“Isn’t this touching,” my mother sneers.

“Well, you cheated on my father, and your life of luxury was taken away, so you blamed me for your infidelity?” I ask with a glare.

“Your father wouldn’t have known if I didn’t end up pregnant with you. He hadn’t touched me in months; a woman needs attention,” she says in a cool tone.

“Wow, you guys are more fucked up than I even thought,” I say with a tired sigh.

“I think it’s time we teach them a lesson,” Dario says, narrowing his eyes at our parents and Matteo.

That's just what we do.

We spend the next hours taking turns in torturing them as their screams fill the air. They had picked a house that was so far out in the middle of nowhere that no one would hear them. The location worked very well for us.

It's not like anyone would stop us anyways. They fucked up too many people's lives for anyone to care.

It was only a matter of time before everything they did came back to bite them in the ass.

I am enjoying making them pay.

Chapter Nineteen

Lily

Two weeks later...

I sit by Derek's bed and don't bother wiping the tears that fall. It has been a couple weeks since I had found him and brought him in.

He hasn't woken up at all, and it breaks my heart every time I see him. I just want him to open his eyes and look at me. I want to tell him that I love him and that he can't ever leave me.

Over the years, we had our troubles. We often had enemies attacking the club, trying to take the Vicious Snakes down, but we always came through on the other side.

There were times he made me mad, or I made him mad, but we never could stay mad for long. We belonged to each other completely.

When Ella showed up at our club looking exactly like Bianca but with Derek's eyes, I knew that we had finally found the lost child we had been looking for all those years.

Derek had spent so many years and resources looking for his child, only to come up empty over and over again.

That night he found Ella, he cried harder than I had ever seen him cry. He felt guilty for the missed years, but I made sure he knew it wasn't his fault. Bianca had taken her from us; the fault was entirely hers.

We had been through so much. I don't know who I would be without him, and I'm not ready to find out.

We had taken my mom, Alessandro, and Matteo into the basement at their safehouse where my father and Matteo

conveniently used for their own twisted tortures.

We made sure they felt every bit of pain, but we haven't killed them yet. They deserve to live with everything they had done. Katrina had spent the most time in there getting revenge for what my father did to her mother, and how many times he had raped her. I could see the anger in her eyes. The rage.

There was so much built into that woman. I could also see the way Dario was staring at her. I could tell he felt a longing for her, but I don't know if he will act on it. Everyone feels for the woman after what Alessandro and my mother put her through.

We sent most of the brothers back, but Bear, Trigger, Torch, and Steal had stayed behind. They wanted to wait until Derek was awake. Bear and Trigger wanted to be near Nick to make sure nothing happened to him, and they wouldn't be able to keep it a secret from Sophie that he was alive. We all wanted her to find out when she could actually see her dad.

I don't think she would really believe that her father was alive unless she saw him with her own eyes anyway.

I have had plenty of time to talk to Nick. There was so much he had missed out on, and he wanted to know everything he could.

I showed him pictures on my phone of the kids, grandkids, and everyone at the club I had photographed throughout the years.

He cried a lot for what he had lost. I couldn't blame him. Every time I thought about it, I wanted to hurt my father and kill him over and over again.

I figured we would keep him alive until Derek woke up. Then we could take Derek home and live our lives in peace.

I would no longer have to be looking over my shoulder worrying that they would come after me.

My brothers had already started taking over everything and cleaning up the city. The families can run their own territories again without my father getting in the way.

The city was run by five families, and everyone had their own land and side of the city that was theirs. My father had tried to take over them all. He wanted it all for himself; to have all the power.

He killed and took people who were supposed to be untouchable. Wives, children. It wasn't long before we had found another warehouse used to hold women and children for leverage against members of the five families.

Everyone was returned to where they belong. I think the whole city was ready for a fresh start and to take back what was theirs.

There wasn't any need for war between the families since my brothers gave everything my father took back to those who he had taken from.

There was so much shit to go through, which kept them all busy for the time being. My eldest brother, Enzo, was taking over our territory. Everyone felt it was his time and his right as the first born.

I couldn't wait to get back to my own home. The rebuilding of the clubhouse was going on and I knew that everyone was working hard on it.

With how many people we had in the club, I didn't think it would take long to repair it.

I felt a twitch in my hand that had my thoughts come to a halt, and I looked up to see Derek trying to wake up.

I move in closer as his eyes start trying to open.

"Derek, baby. Please wake up," I whisper.

"Lil..." he mumbles out.

I turn to grab him some water with a straw and, when I turn back, his eyes are open and he's looking at me in relief.

I put the straw to his lips, and he takes a couple sips.

"I'll tell the doctor he's awake," Tyson says, running out of the room.

“My Lily,” he says softly, and he gives me a light squeeze on my hand.

“I’m here, Derek. You’re awake,” I say as tears fall down my cheeks.

“How long?” he rasps.

A few weeks. You were taken from the club when the bomb went off, and then I had been looking for you since. When we found you, I thought you.... you... I almost lost you,” I say with a sob.

He lifts his hand to my hair. “I’m here now. I tried so hard to stay with you. I wasn’t ready to leave you behind.”

“You were supposed to wake up, but you haven’t in the last couple weeks. I wasn’t sure if you would ever wake up,” I tell him.

“I could hear you. I fought so hard to get back to your voice, but I think my body just wasn’t ready,” he replies.

The doctor walks in with Tyson right behind him.

“Well look who is awake. How are you feeling, Mr. Knight?” the doctor asks as a nurse comes in to start checking his vitals.

“Like my body weighs a thousand pounds and has just run a marathon,” Derek replies.

“You had a severe case of pneumonia. It has affected your lungs, so there won’t be any marathon runs for you. You will need to keep physical activity a minimum. You may have respiratory troubles for the rest of your life, but we won’t know more until you have had more time to heal. You are looking at months of recovery,” the doctor tells him.

“When can I go home or be transferred to a hospital close to home? No offense, but I miss my grandkids,” Derek says with a small chuckle.

“You will probably be in the hospital a couple more weeks. You likely will have trouble just getting up and going to the bathroom right now. It will feel like you walked a mile just to

get that far. We can get you transferred sometime in the next couple days. You must have some friends in high places because we were told to transfer you once you woke up. A private jet is ready to take you with a nurse and a doctor,” the doctor says smiling.

“Kingsley,” Derek and I say at the same time.

The doctor nods his head. “We will get everything started. Make sure you are well enough for transport,” he states before leaving the room.

“Thank fuck we are going home. I miss the fuck out of Camilla,” Tyson says while walking over to his dad.

He leans down and gives him a hug. “So sorry to pull you away from your love,” Derek says dryly making us all chuckle.

“Don’t you ever scare me like that again,” Tyson says, pulling away.

“Dad!!” Aiden shouts when he runs into the room. He pushes Tyson out of the way. Tyson falls into the wall as Aiden falls onto Derek.

“Be careful, don’t hurt him,” I tell Aiden.

“Who, Tyson or me?” Derek says with a chuckle as Tyson straightens himself up from the wall.

“Both,” I say, rolling my eyes.

“Thank fuck you’re awake. I don’t know how much longer we can keep Ella away,” Aiden says as he pulls away.

“How’s my girl doing?” Derek asks.

“She’s getting there. Everyone is home from the hospital, but I will tell you about all their injuries later. We lost unfortunately lost Armour but, thanks to him, we did not lose anyone else. We had to have him cremated, but we haven’t held a ceremony yet as we wanted to do it once the club was repaired. Everyone is working on it now,” Tyson tells him.

Derek nods his head. “I can’t wait to hear all about it.”

“Millie has been going crazy without you,” Aiden says with a laugh.

“She video calls me every day to ask if you are awake yet and when I am going to bring you home.”

“Give her a call. Let me see my little helper,” Derek says.

Aiden takes out his phone and puts the call on video before moving it to Derek’s face.

“Mr. President!!! You’re awake!” Millie cries out in excitement.

“I’ll be back in town soon,” Derek tells her with a soft smile on his face.

“I got so much to tell you! Ink woke up and forgot a lot of stuff, but then he remembered he loved Shield and now everyone is happy,” she tells him.

He looks over at me and I shrug my shoulders. I don’t know much about what happened, but I know we will be filled in soon.

“I can’t wait to hear all about it. Make sure you keep everyone in line for me, okay?” Derek tells her.

“Yes, sir,” she says and rambles on for a few minutes before Kid takes the phone away and tells her that she should let Derek sleep so he can heal faster.

~

“There is something I need to take care of before we fly back home,” I tell my man a little while later.

His eyes close briefly before he opens them and looks at me.

“What is it?”

“My father, mother, and Matteo. We have been taking our anger out on them, but they are still alive. We are going to rid the world of their evil before leaving so that we will never have to worry about them ever again. My brothers have taken over our family and made peace with the other families. In no

time, I am confident that this city will be better than it ever has been,” I tell him.

“Give ‘em hell for me. Then come back to me. I spent too many fucking days without you,” Derek tells me.

“I know the feeling,” I say with a small chuckle.

“I’ll be back. Once this chapter of our lives is finally closed, we’ll focus on you getting better,” I say softly.

There are a couple of guards my brothers had posted outside of the door to protect Derek. I wait as our sons say goodbye to their father. We then head out to finally rid ourselves of this nightmare once and for all.

I message my brothers and let them know that we are on our way to finish them off.

We arrive at the safehouse and head downstairs.

The whole family is present; Bear, Nick, my brothers, and my sons. Katrina has rarely left this place and stands there eagerly; ready for this moment. I think that everyone wants to see with their own eyes that these people are gone.

“I knew you would be too fucking weak to kill your own father,” Alessandro spits out.

“I think you’ve got that wrong, Alessandro. We are all here to watch every glimpse of light leave your eyes. All three of you. The city is already doing so much better without you trying to control it. The territories are back to what our forefathers had agreed upon. After today, none of us will have to look over our shoulder again,” I tell him.

“Just get on with it,” Matteo says in a pained shout.

I look over at him and see a bunch of blood and cuts all over his body. When I turn my gaze to the people in the room, I see Nick smirking in his direction.

“Ah, I see you had fun,” I tell him.

He nods his head. “This fucker had fun making my life hell for twenty years. I figured it was only time to give him a taste of

his own medicine.”

“Fair enough,” I say with a nod.

Every single one of them was missing fingers and toes and had cuts all over their body. There isn't a part of me that feels sorry for them after everything they had put so many people through.

I walk up to Alessandro and bring my knife to his neck as I slowly start slicing him.

“Good-bye, Alessandro,” I whisper in his ear as I dig the knife deeper.

Katrina takes care of my mother, and Nick takes care of Matteo.

In a matter of seconds, they are gone.

“I should probably feel more guilty than relieved, but I'm glad they are gone,” Dario mutters, and everyone else nods in agreement.

“We can finally go home. Unless you need anything else?” I ask Enzo.

He shakes his head. “No, you go back to your family. We have it settled here. Keep in touch though. We've missed you too much already.”

I nod my head and pull him in for a hug. “Too many years were stolen from us. We can make up for it now. You have some nieces and nephews to meet, not to mention their children.”

“Once everything settles, we will be making a visit to meet everyone. I can't wait to see my family,” he says softly.

Tears gather in my eyes as I hug each of my brothers. “I missed you all so much. Plan on more family gatherings,” I state.

They all murmur their agreement.

Everyone else says their goodbyes as my brothers tell us they will dispose of the bodies.

When I finally walk out of the house and into the sun and fresh air, I breathe a sigh of relief that this nightmare is finally over.

We can now start working on healing our own family back home.

It's time to put the Vicious Snakes clubhouse back together.

Chapter Twenty

Derek

I can barely stay awake when they finally move me to the plane and back to my hometown.

When Lily came back from taking care of her father, she didn't leave my side for more than a few minutes. I completely understand though; I barely want her to leave my side. I know I have a whole bunch of people waiting for me when I get back and I can't wait to see each and every one of them.

After spending so much time wondering who had been injured or killed during the explosion, I won't feel at peace until I see them with my own eyes.

The Vicious Snakes is a family, and this proves it more than ever.

I have a private room. It's fancier than any other place I have been before.

I know I will have to thank Stitch and his brothers when I see them. I heard how much that family has done for the club, including letting us take over their mansion. They didn't have to do that; we could have had everyone share their homes or move into a motel for the time being, but I think they knew how much better we would feel being together after everything we had all been through.

Torch and Steal had kept us informed on how much work was being done to the club now that they had gotten the green light from the police and insurance that we could start rebuilding.

Thankfully, a lot of it was still intact. I demanded to see the pictures of the front where the main room and kitchen took most of the hit. A couple rooms were destroyed also, but I don't think Ink will be too upset his room was destroyed, considering its history.

When I am finally settled in my room, the doctor finally allows me to have visitors other than Lily. They didn't really want Lily in there either, but she refused to leave. They decided not to make a big deal of it as long as she stayed out of the way.

Ella is the first one in the room. Nick had come in before everyone else and hid in the washroom. I wanted to be there when Sophie saw him for the first time.

"Dad!" Ella says running up to me and gently putting her arms around me before crying softly into my chest.

"I thought I wasn't going to see you again," she cries.

"Shhh, it's okay. Nothing can keep me away from you. We haven't had enough time together yet," I tell her, kissing her on the head softly.

"There will never be enough time," she says, and her voice cracks.

It takes her a few minutes before she pulls away. In a matter of seconds, my grandkids are climbing up to give me hugs of their own.

Tears fall as I hold them a little bit tighter, thinking that I could have lost them. I'll be forever grateful that I didn't lose any of them.

"You have a very long line of visitors," a nurse says when coming to check on me, since shift change is coming.

"He's the heart of our family. We would fall apart without him," Ella says, looking at me and smiling softly.

My eyes mist over at her words. The love I have for my daughter is stronger than it ever was. I had always wished for this kind of relationship. I almost didn't have it. I missed most of her life, and she could have turned me away and not bothered to get to know me. I was a stranger until a few years ago.

Hearing her words proves to me how much our relationship had fully morphed into the father/ daughter one I had always

dreamed of.

“There is a lot we need to catch you up on. Once everyone has seen you,” Ella says with excitement in her eyes.

I raise an eyebrow at her and there are a few chuckles around the room.

“She’s talking about Ink and Shield,” someone says.

I chuckle and shake my head. “You finally know.”

“Took forever, but I would have gotten to Shield eventually. I just didn’t guess him because he’s wayyyyyy to good for Ink,” she says with a wink.

“Hey!” Ink shouts, causing everyone to laugh.

When Bear and Trigger come in with Sophie being pushed in a wheelchair, my eyes well with a different type of tears. This is going to be a hard thing to do.

“Sophie,” I say softly.

“Hey Prez. So glad they found you and you are getting better,” she says.

“I would have brought muffins, but I haven’t been allowed to do much since I can’t stand yet.”

“I can wait for muffins. There’s something I need to talk to you about,” I say in a serious voice.

Everyone in the room goes quiet at my words and the tone of my voice.

“What is it?” she asks, looking nervous.

“I had discovered something when I was taken. Something else was taken from you. I’m so very sorry,” I tell her with my voice cracking.

“P-prez?” she says, her tone taking on a wary note.

I nod my head to Torch who opens the bathroom door, and everyone turns to look in that direction.

Nick steps into the room. There are a couple gasps from people since he looks just like Bear.

“Who is that?” a couple women ask.

I don't take my eyes off Sophie. Her lip trembles and tears fall down her face. “No, you're not real. You died!” she cries out. She is shaking her head.

Nick drops to his knees in front of her and takes her face in his hands.

“It's really me, Soph,” he rasps.

“You died. YOU DIED!” she cries, still shaking her head and squeezing her eyes shut.

“I almost died, but I was taken, fixed up, and held this whole time. If I could have gotten back to you, I would have. I tried,” he rasps lowly.

“M-mom said she killed you,” she cries out. “We had a funeral for you.”

“She tried. This scar is where she shot me. That's why I sound like this now. The Romanos took me. They thought they could use me to get to Lily, but even when their doctor got me speaking again, I refused to talk,” he says.

There are sniffles around the room. I wouldn't doubt that everyone is fighting back tears right now.

Sophie lifts her hand to the scar on his throat, and her lips tremble.

“But you died,” she whispers brokenly.

“I'm sorry,” he says with a crack in his voice.

Sophie wraps her arms around him and squeezes him tightly.

They both let their tears fall as we give them a moment.

“I hope you gutted him like a fish for taking my best friend's father from her!” Ella shouts in rage.

Everyone is silent. Nick and Sophie pause and turn to look at Ella. She has her fist in the air, and a determined but angry

look on her face.

“I thought I was your best friend,” Olivia says with a fake, hurt look on her face.

“She told me I was her best friend,” Camilla says, and places her hands on her hips before narrowing her eyes at Ella.

“Well, she didn’t even offer that to me. I’m feeling ripped off,” Demi says with a frown.

“Apparently I’m just chopped liver,” Krista says with a dramatic sigh.

“Well, all of you lose because I got my best friend sash yesterday,” Annalise says, sounding smug.

“You did not! There is no such thing!” Ella says looking at Annalise with narrowed eyes.

“She gave me a best friend tiara,” Katy says, stepping up.

“Wow... not cool El,” Olivia says, shaking her head in fake disappointment.

“I’ve never even heard of a best friend sash or tiara,” Ella says, throwing her hands up in the air.

“Well, now I want one. We should all get ones that say ‘Snack’s bitches’,” Krista says.

The men look at the Old Ladies in horror. “Oh, or ‘Snakey’s Women’,” Annalise says, getting excited.

They start bouncing ideas off for names. The men are getting horrified for each one that is said.

The tension is officially broken, and Sophie and Nick start laughing.

“Or ‘Vicious Womenfolk’,” Nick says, adding his own thoughts.

“Well now that sounds like we are badass women. I like it,” Ella says.

“You guys are seriously making sashes that say ‘Vicious WomenFolk’?” Crash asks, looking at all of them in horror.

“Sure, why not? That would make us happy, and you would do anything to make your women happy, wouldn’t you?” Demi asks, looking over at Crash and batting her eyelashes.

All the men nod their heads rapidly causing me to laugh.

“I fucking love this club,” I say with a smile.

“Me too. It has grown so much,” Lily whispers while taking a seat carefully on the bed beside me.

I pull her closer and breathe her in. Fuck. I’ll never get enough of this. Of her.

She’s my beginning and end.

Lily

After everyone leaves, Kid and Lady drop off some food.

I lay with Derek in his bed. The nurses and doctors check over him throughout the night, and I tell him to rest when it looks like he’s ready to pass out.

Sophie, Nick, Bear, and Sasha had all left together. They were going to introduce Nick to his grandchildren. Sophie had told Bear that he was still their grandfather; they just had two now. Both men’s eyes welled with tears at those words.

That’s one thing about these rough and tough bikers. They can be hard, kill anyone who threatens them, wouldn’t blink an eye when it comes to danger, but they are all softies when it comes to their women and families.

Damien had told me they were working hard on fixing up the club and would like it done by the time Derek is out of the hospital. I think everyone is just anxious to get back to some normalcy.

I look over at my man and think about everything we have overcome. When I heard the words between him and Ella, I wanted to cry. They have only known each other for a few

years but, with the way they are with each other, you would think that they have been in each other's lives forever.

I think back to the day that Derek had found out about Ella.

We were getting ready for a club BBQ. Although we often threw BBQs, today was a special day. Damien, the VP of the club, had gotten a phone call that a woman from a sperm bank was carrying his child. They had some sort of accidental mix up and now this woman was coming to the club.

I can tell everyone is anxious to find out who she is and what type of person she is. There was no way Damien was going to let any child of his not know who he was.

After Damien had met her, he told us that the baby's father had died the day that the woman found out she was pregnant. The woman had already went through a lot, and to add a bunch of bikers to her life may be too much for the girl. I don't know what the heck I would do in that situation, but I admire her strength.

It takes a strong woman to go through the shit she has already been dealt with.

"I hope she's not a fucking bitch. We don't need any more of those around here," Derek says before looking over to the club whores.

"I think it'll be fine. Heck, she already agreed it was right for Damien to be in the child's life; plus, she's coming here today to meet everyone. Not every person would do that. She has no idea what she's walking into," I tell him.

"That's true. She should be here soon," he says, looking at his watch.

"Let's make sure everything is stocked up, and then we will head over and meet her," I tell him.

We walk in and see Damien walk to the back with a woman and, as we get closer, I can't help the gasp that escapes my lips. I cover my mouth in shock.

"Holy fuck, she looks just like Bianca," Bear says in shock.

This woman is almost the spitting image of Bianca. Everything but the eyes. I swear, they could be twins.

“What’s your?”

“M-my mom’s name is Trish Fisher, wha... who... holy shit...” Ella stumbles out her words and starts digging through her purse. You can see her hands shaking as she does this.

She takes out a picture that looks like it has been through a-fucking-lot. With a shaky hand she flips it over, and I freeze in place as I look at a younger picture of my man. Back to when we first met.

Derek grabs the picture from her, and the colour drains from his face. Torch and Steal come up to see what the fuck is going on.

“Why the fuck do you have a picture of our dad?” Torch asks.

“I-it was in my mom’s stuff when she died. I had gone through everything with her when she was alive, but she would never let me look in that box. When she passed away, I packed it with my stuff and opened it as soon as I was put in the group home,” she says looking down. Her story is just confirming everything that I already know. This is who we have been looking for.

“That picture was in there with my birth certificate and my baby picture. There was also a letter addressed to a guy named Derek Knight, but I never opened it. I just carry the picture around because it must have been important to her.”

She looks at Damien, but he just shrugs. Many of us know what this means. Especially those of us who have been around the club for decades.

I look at Derek and he swallows hard. Everyone is looking at Ella with wide eyes; we are all having the same thoughts. This is his daughter. The child he had been missing all these years.

Derek clears his throat a couple times. “Do you still have the letter?” he asks. I know he’s looking at Ella, searching her face for answers.

*“Yeah, I keep it on me in case I ever ran into him, I guess,”
Ella says, digging back into her bag.*

*“You did,” he whispers. I don’t think she heard him since she
is focused on finding the letter in her purse, but I’m standing
right beside him and hear him perfectly.*

*Ella hands him an envelope that has seen better days.
Hopefully, the letter will have the answers he needs.*

*“Here’s everything that was in the box. I mean everything
except this key chain that has the initials D.K. on it, but I have
always kept it on my keys. I can give it to you too if you’d
like,” she suggests. She looks at him with confusion because
he hasn’t said much. I know that he won’t say much until he
reads the letter. Ella looks so lost, innocent, and confused right
now.*

*He looks at the key chain, and I see a ghost of a smile on his
face. “No, that’s okay. You keep it. I’m just going to read this
letter. Can you give me a minute?” he asks.*

*He looks over at Damien before he leaves to read the letter
alone. I stand there and wait as he reads a letter that will
definitely change his life.*

*I don’t take my eyes off Ella as she takes a plate from Cook
and eats like she didn’t just rock everyone’s world.*

*Derek looks pissed when he comes back and, after the
conversation he had with her asking about her life and father,
it’s easy to say that everyone is pissed.*

*Once she’s put to bed and everyone voices their opinions on
the matter, I take Derek to our house since he put her in his
room at the club. I know he’s hanging on by a thread.*

*When we get inside, the storm he was holding in lets loose and
he drops to his knees as he breaks down.*

*I fall to my knees in front of him and wrap my arms around
him as the sobs that leave him break me.*

It hurts so much to see this strong man fall apart.

“I looked for my baby for so long. I missed so fucking much of her life. I hate Bianca and what she did to me. To us,” he says as his voice cracks.

“She’s here now, honey. You finally have your baby,” I say with a break in my voice.

We sit there and hold each other as we cry for the unfairness of it all.

We probably spend hours there and, when Derek finally makes a move to get up, I follow him to the room we had made especially for his baby.

I know he goes into that room often because it still gives him hope. This time, he walks in and sees everything we had prepared for years covered in a thin layer of dust. I try to come in here and clean up once in a while, but I hadn’t gotten around to it lately. Neither of us talked about what to do with the room because we both knew that it had to remain the way it was. Otherwise, it would seem like we had given up on finding her, and we were never going to give up looking for her. We refused to lose faith that we would one day find her.

He sits on the rocking chair in the corner and pulls me onto his lap, releasing a shuddering breath.

“I had always hoped that I could use this room if I ever found her. I knew that she had become an adult, but my mind always refused to believe that,” he says.

I nod my head in understanding.

“I know that’s what you wanted, which was why we never redecorated. But maybe we can save it for the nights we have our grandchild,” I tell him softly.

I feel him smile against my shoulder.

“I’m going to be a grandpa,” he whispers, excitement lacing his tone.

“Yeah, you are. You are going to be the best grandpa ever,” I tell him.

I smile at the memory. It was definitely a shock to us all, but I was right; he did become the best grandpa. He still is. The kids love him and love spending time with him.

Any opportunity to take care of any of the club kids, we are there. We even took over one of the wings of the club so that we had room to take care of them all at the same time when needed.

Heck, I'm sure if our house was big enough, Derek would make each one of them a room.

Sleep finally claims me as I think about all our grandkids and club kids. It's finally good to be back in our hometown, and it will hopefully not be too much longer before we are back in the club.

Chapter Twenty-One

Derek

Four weeks later...

I finally get to fucking go home. I'm sick and tired of being in a hospital. My breathing has gotten better.

Everyone takes their time to visit, so I am updated on everything that has been going on. Nick and Sophie have been constantly at each other's side. It makes me happy that those two can finally have time together.

I know what it's like to miss out on so much of our child's life, so I told Nick if he ever wanted to talk about it to just come to me. The situations were different, but we both missed over twenty years with our daughters that we wished we could get back.

The Kingsley brothers come in and it's the first time I have seen them since I was rescued. They had to go back home since they have been busy.

"Derek. I hear you get to go home," Chase says as he walks into the room.

"Fucking finally," I say with a laugh.

"Everything is looking good at the club," Theodore says.

"Thanks for everything you guys are doing for us. The room here, the doctors and nurses, not to mention letting us take over your family home," I tell them.

"It was nothing. I know mom and dad loved having the company. We also know that you guys wanted everyone together to make sure no one else got hurt. It was easier to protect everyone," Chase says.

"Still, you guys did a lot for us. I appreciate it," I say.

“The Vicious Snakes are good to my brother. You guys are family. We would do anything for Hudson,” Nolan says.

“Well, if there is anything you guys need, just let me know. We would be happy to help,” I tell them seriously.

“We may just take you up on that one day,” Dylan says.

We chat for a bit longer before Lily and Damien come walking in.

“Everything is ready at the club. The guys worked long days just to make sure it was finished for when you got released. Plus, with the help of these brothers here, we were able to add in a gate and extra security measures for the club,” Damien says gesturing to the Kingsley’s.

“I mean it. Anything you guys need. The club will be there,” I say to the Kingsley’s again. I can’t fully express the gratitude I feel for everything they had done for me and the club.

“You got it,” Chase says before they all head out when the doctor discharges me.

“I wish I could have helped rebuild the club,” I say when we get into the vehicle to head over there.

“I know you do, honey, but the club wouldn’t let you with your health,” she says softly.

“I’m just glad we won’t have to worry about anything for a while. I feel like good times are on the horizon for us,” I say.

“Me too,” she says softly.

When we pull up to the clubhouse, we notice the new gates and a prospect standing guard beside them. He lets us in.

There are a lot of vehicles and bikes here, but that’s normal for this place.

“Everyone must be here,” I mutter.

“Yeah, we only have some small things to do in the club that won’t take long, but it’s mostly done and then we will be able to move back,” Damien says.

“That’s great. It’s good to be back,” I say as he pulls into a spot, and we all get out of the vehicle.

I take in the building as we walk in. It looks the same, but you can tell they just recently painted it.

My steps are slow as I make my way in. I know it’s going to take time to build my strength back up.

Everyone is in the main room and there are smiles directed towards me.

“This place looks great,” I tell them.

I take a seat at one of the tables, and that seems to be all the time leaving me alone that the kids could handle because they start running over to me and shouting. I can’t understand with all of them talking at once.

“One at a time!” Olivia shouts in what I can only describe as her mom voice.

I hear a weird noise and I frown until I look over and see Hale, Fae, Millie, and DJ pulling and pushing Sophie in a wagon. She’s sitting there doing a wave and smiling with a drink in her hand until she spots me, and the kids all stop pulling her and rush over.

“Wow! Just wow!” Sophie shouts.

“They just left you,” Krista says with a laugh as she grabs the wagon to pull, and Ella goes to the other side to help so she’s sitting close to me.

“Can I ask why my grandkids are pulling you around in a wagon?” I ask with a laugh.

“Well, I told them to go get Dad, or Uncle, or even Colton because my chair wasn’t back there since Colton carried me back there earlier... then they had the genius idea that they were going to pull me around so that ‘I don’t wait for no man.’ Millie’s words,” Sophie says with a sheepish expression on her face.

The men she was just talking about walk into the room and stop when they see her in a wagon sipping a drink.

“Where are the babies?” she asks them calmly.

“They are sleeping. Sasha told us to quit hovering and get out of her hair,” Bear says with a grin.

“Why are you in a wagon?” Switch asks, sitting next to her.

“SOMEONE I won’t say who... forgot that they carried me to the kitchen earlier and I couldn’t go anywhere without my chair or crutches. The prospect was too scared to let me jump on his back, so the kids thought this was the best solution,” Sophie says with a shrug.

We all turn to look at the prospect that’s just coming from the kitchen with a coffee in his hand.

He stops and looks to see everyone staring at him.

“I didn’t touch no woman,” he says with a hand in the air. He puts the cup down with his other hand and now he has both in the air.

“Well, I wouldn’t go around admitting that to these men. They are worse gossips than the women,” Camilla says with a laugh.

“Well, the fact is that he didn’t touch any woman, including mine, so I guess he’s safe tonight,” Trigger says while glaring at the poor prospect.

I can tell he’s fighting not to laugh though.

“You could have gotten one of the kids to get your crutches,” Lily says with a chuckle of her own.

“Well, I didn’t think about that...” Sophie says with a blush.

“That way was funnier anyhow,” Lily says with a wink at her.

Annalise rolls a cake out. Everyone stills, but she keeps on going and ignoring the looks everyone gives her. “I know you are all worried that this one might have a bomb too, but I baked it myself. And it wasn’t right that Derek didn’t get his birthday cake. I can’t just let that happen.”

“Well, heck, you could have warned us,” Crash breathes out with a hand on his chest.

“You watched me cook it! I told you to stay away and not eat the icing! Don’t be so dramatic,” she says with a roll of her eyes.

“Well thank you. I would love some cake,” I tell her, and she smiles huge at me.

“I don’t think Mrs. Kingsley was ready to let us go,” Ella says as she walks towards the window and smiles.

“I don’t think any of them were ready,” Damien says with a laugh.

When the prospect gets the okay to let them in, Stitch opens the front door with a laugh.

“We haven’t even been gone a day,” he says to his family.

“It just feels so quiet in there now,” Susan Kingsley whines.

“I’m sure you will fill it with many little grandkids before you know it,” Lily says with a wink.

“Oh, I sure hope so! So far, one of my children doesn’t want children and only one other is dating, and Aubrey doesn’t seem to be in a hurry to give me any,” Susan says with an over dramatic sigh, causing me to laugh.

“You just have to be patient and then the grandchildren will come,” I tell her as I sit back.

Everyone looks at me with mouths open.

“What?” I say in confusion.

“Oh, come on. You are the least patient person there is when it comes to grandchildren,” Ella shouts.

“Well, have you seen how cute these little one’s you guys make are? You can’t blame me for wanting more,” I shout back.

“Yeah, I make cute kids,” Steal says, puffing up his chest.

“Oh, please. Those babies are all Olivia. They got lucky,” Torch says, teasing his brother.

Everyone laughs at their antics, and I just shake my head. I’m used to them teasing each other or trying to take the other down. I’m about to shout for them to stop, but Lily puts her hand on my shoulder and points across the room.

When I look over to the other side of the room, I see Ella walking over with a big bag of flour as the other two are pretty much wrestling on the floor.

It’s only a matter of seconds before they are dumped with flour.

They freeze like they can’t believe what just happened.

“Did you just throw flour on us?” Torch asks, slowly getting up.

Ella shrugs.

“What the heck did you do that for?” Steal asks as his face is completely covered in flour.

“Well, I wanted to be a part of the sibling fun, but I knew you guys wouldn’t wrestle me to the ground unless you wanted Damien to kick your ass, so I did the next best thing,” she says.

“It’s so cute that you think VP can kick my ass,” Torch says.

Damien steps forward and raises an eyebrow at him. Torch stares at him for a few minutes, but when Damien steps another step closer, Torch retreats.

“Alright, you win,” Torch says and walks to Camilla to wrap his arms around her, but she runs away from him.

“You aren’t touching me while you are covered in flour like that!” she says laughing.

The kids take advantage of the flour and start playing with it like they are playing with sand. Steal and Torch start chasing their Old Ladies around.

There is a huge smile on my face. This is something I will always look forward to.

Family having a good time.

I couldn't ask for anything more than that.

Lily

I take Derek to our room here at the club. I could tell he's exhausted but wanted to stay for as long as he could.

There will be plenty of time to have fun with everyone, but my man still has some healing to do.

When he sits down on the bed, I help him strip down to his boxers. The energy is completely drained out of him.

He doesn't take his eyes off me though when I start to strip down. When he makes a come to him gesture, I shake my head. "Oh no. You are still not cleared for the kind of stuff I want to do to you."

He groans in disappointment. "You know that's just a precaution," he pleads with me.

"Well, we are better being safe than sorry. I almost lost you, so I'm not taking any chances until the doctor clears you," I tell him.

"Fine, but just undress slowly. Even after all these years, you are still the most gorgeous and sexy woman I have ever seen," he says with his eyes becoming heated.

"I could do that," I tell him, and slowly take off my clothes one article at a time.

When I am completely naked, I straddle him and feel his hard length.

"Well, you've got to at least let me help my woman take the edge off," he mutters as he puts his hands on my hips and runs them up my body, but I still his movements.

“You can help me with the help of this,” I say before grabbing a new vibrator I had purchased a few days ago. “I’m not taking any risks with you just yet.”

“You got a new one,” he mutters. We both have had fun trying out new toys. Once in a while, it’s a nice little kick to our sex life.

“Well, our room was pretty damaged, so I threw anything away that could be replaced,” I tell him as he turns it on and brings it down to my clit.

“I hope there are more new toys that we can try. We have a long time to make up for,” he rasps.

I let out a moan as he runs the vibrator over my clit and then glides it back like he’s going to push it inside me but changes his mind to tease me.

It has been a long time considering he was sick before the bomb, then he was missing, and now he’s recovering. It has been a few months since I have been able to be intimate with my husband.

It won’t take me long to find my release. I haven’t been able to come in a long time.

He slides the vibrator inside of me and presses his thumb to my clit. That is all it really takes to set me off.

“That was fast,” he says with a light chuckle.

“It has been a while,” I tell him as I lay down beside him.

“I know what you mean. I’ll respect your wishes to wait until I get cleared,” he says as he wraps an arm around me.

“They just want to make sure you are heading in the right direction. You are still having some troubles breathing, and you are coughing a lot still,” I remind him.

“I would worry too if it were the other way around,” he says before pressing a kiss to my hair.

“I love you so much, Derek,” I say softly as my eyes start to close.

I feel him pull a blanket over us. “I love you too, baby. Always have. Always will.”

I sleep peacefully for the first time in months.

Everything feels so right.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Lily

A couple of weeks have passed, but everything is slowly coming together, and people are starting to relax again.

So far, there haven't been any threats. I'm not crazy to think they will never happen again, but this is the life. There is at least some time for us to settle back into our roles and get the club running back to normal.

Tonight, we are having a big night. The kids in the club are having a big sleepover. The rooms have been renovated around us and there are a bunch of bunk beds. We have set everything up in the bunker so I can keep an eye on all of them at the same time. I had made sure everyone has their own set of new pyjamas. There is also a basket of goodies for each of them placed on each bed.

Once I have that all set, I make sure that a couple of the brothers had bought enough junk food and takeout for an army.

We are having a movie night. Even the little ones are coming. Sasha, Bear, and Nick have also decided to join us.

"Wow, the kids are going to love this," Nick says, walking into the room.

"I think they enjoy these nights as much as we do. Plus, this gives the parents a night off," Derek tells him.

"It's perfect. Far different from the way we grew up. That's what I love about it," Nick says taking a seat on one of the beds as we wait for the children.

It doesn't take long before we hear the noise of a million little feet running in our direction.

A smile comes over my face as all our club kids come running in with their parents right behind them. I throw a hand up in the air.

“Stop. No parents allowed,” I say in the sternest voice I can muster.

“But you are a parent,” Krista says, crossing her arms over her chest.

“Alright,” I say clearing my throat. “No one between the ages of sixteen and fifty are allowed in here.”

They all laugh but put their hands up in the air.

“Alright, they are all yours,” I hear a few voices say.

The kids come running in and the parents leave to do whatever they want to do.

Hale walks up, looking pretty serious as he takes everything in.

“It has been a long time, but everyone missed this,” he states.

“They sure did. How are you doing with everything?” I ask him.

“I’m better now that we have grandpa. How is grandpa?” he asks me.

I put my arm around him. “He’s getting better every day,” I tell him.

“There was a moment that I thought I might never see him again, but I knew my grandma wouldn’t let that happen,” he says to me.

“No, I would go to the end of the earth and burn it all down to find your grandpa,” I tell him honestly.

“One day, I hope someone loves me that much,” he says quietly.

“One day, someone will. Whatever woman captures your heart will be very lucky,” I say softly.

“Thanks grandma,” he says. Just then, his stomach growls loudly, causing me to laugh.

We head over to grab some food and snacks before everyone takes a seat. We watch a bunch of kid’s movies that probably make the adults laugh more than the kids.

Being here with all the kids makes it a perfect night. Having Nick here makes it even more wonderful. His grandkids are constantly in his arms; it will be a miracle if he ever puts them down.

~

The next morning, we wake up before the kids. They were all up late, so hopefully it will help them sleep in. The rest of us get up and head towards the kitchen.

A few of the brothers and their Old Ladies are here already and, when I see a hungover Katy and Krista, I can’t help but laugh.

“Did you girls have fun?” I ask with a smirk.

“A little too much fun. If I ever, and I mean ever, tell you I can do a cartwheel; please just remind me that my body isn’t what it used to be,” Katy says, wincing as she adjusts herself in her seat.

“I think we have all been there,” I say grabbing some coffee.

“Oh, do tell. What have you done when you were drunk but thought you were invincible?” Krista asks, looking more alert than she was a second ago.

“Well, there was this one-time that Sasha and I had gotten pretty drunk. The boys were only a few years old, and I needed a night off. I told Sasha I could pole dance, even though I had never tried anything like it before. Well, let’s just say the fall on my head was more reminiscent of a breakdancer than a pole dancer,” I say, cringing at the memory.

Sasha barks out a laugh. “Well, not only that; she flicked her boot off her foot and hit Stone right in the face with one and

Blake with the other. I swear, they had boot prints on their face for days after that.”

“They didn’t need to know that,” I say while laughing. Even after all these years, it’s still embarrassing.

“Did you all enjoy your night off?” I ask as more people come into the room.

“It was just what we needed,” Crash says with a grin.

“Now I have the energy to do this,” Ella says as she drags something into the room.

I walk over in curiosity as she moves it into the middle of the main room. Olivia is on the other side of it helping her push.

“What are you ladies doing?” I ask with a laugh.

“Oh, it was just this thing I wanted for the club. These are a bunch of shelves for the back of the bar that I think will look nice once we get all the liquor up there. Then there are some organising shelves and whatnot for under the bar. I hate that it was so unorganised before. This way, we won’t have to wait twenty minutes for the prospect to find the tequila,” she says and turns to glare at the prospect behind the bar.

“Why didn’t it get made before?” Sasha asks curiously.

“Well, we asked the men to do it and they said it wasn’t high priority and they will get to it when they get to it,” Ella says in a deep voice.

I chuckle. “Yeah, sounds like them.”

“I figured, who needs men? We can do this on our own. We don’t need a penis to do this shit,” Olivia says as they start opening the box.

The men watch in amusement as Ella and Olivia use manicure scissors to slowly open the box. They are going painfully slow. When Ella turns to look at me and winks, their end game of this little performance occurs to me.

“Well, we need to find the instructions, ahh here they are. Looks like we need some extra supplies. I have no idea what

this stick thingy is,” Ella says, moving the paper over to Demi. Demi looks at it with narrowed eyes.

“It looks like an important tool... good thing I grabbed Crash’s tools,” she says while dragging a box to the mess in the room.

“Oh good, if we can’t find it in there, I have Torch’s,” Camilla says, bringing in a sparkly pink toolbox.

“That is not mine!” Torch shouts in horror.

“Sure it is, sweetie; it has your name on it,” Camilla says in confusion as she turns it around.

Torch’s name is printed on there in glittery, purple letters. Everyone bursts out in laughter at the sight.

“She’s lying! She did that! I have a black, manly toolbox!” he shouts.

The women walk over as they start pulling out tools that all have sparkly pink handles.

“We probably need this,” Krista says grabbing a hammer.

They start holding tools and measuring with their fingers against the walls.

“I don’t know if it’s going to work,” Ella says, narrowing her eyes at the shelves as the men are still looking on in amusement.

“Do you think we should tell them?” Derek whispers to me.

I shake my head. “No way.”

“Well, we can use this,” Annalise says, grabbing a small saw and looking for somewhere to plug it in.

That’s when the men finally get off their seats and rush over to the women. Kid takes the saw out of Annalise’s hands, and they all practically push the woman out of the working area.

“Only if you’re sure you don’t need our help...” Ella says over her shoulder. The men can’t see the wicked grin on her face.

“No, you ladies rest; we can handle this,” Damien says.

The women giggle as they head to the kitchen.

“You ladies are evil,” Derek says with a laugh.

“We got played, didn’t we?” Steal asks, whispering to his brother.

Torch nods his head with a sigh. “Yep,” he replies.

I shake my head at the women.

“We’ve taught you well,” I say, and pretend to wipe a proud tear.

“It doesn’t work every time,” Derek grumbles.

I turn to look over at him and raise an eyebrow. “Really? Name one time that it didn’t work.”

When he doesn’t say anything for a few minutes, I smirk. “Go ahead... take your time.”

He lets out a defeated sigh. “Okay, I can’t think of one; but I’m sure there was one,” he mumbles.

“Just admit it works every time,” I say, causing the women to laugh.

“What works every time?” Crash asks while walking up to us.

“When you tell your man you want to ride him and, if he doesn’t, you’ve always got B.O.B,” Demi says loudly, making everyone look over at her.

“Damn rights. If you are playing with B.O.B, then I have to be there too,” Crash says grinning widely at Demi. He walks over and smacks her ass then heads back to the group of men.

The women laugh as soon as he is out of ear shot.

It definitely is never dull around here.

Derek “Prez”

Night finally falls and we are still staying at the clubhouse. I think everyone is still feeling the need to stay close together. I'm sure after a few more nights, everyone will start making their way home, but almost losing each other definitely put into perspective how important we all are to one another.

I smile as I get undressed and think of how the women pretended not to know what they were doing so they could get the men to fix up the bar.

It took a while for all the men to realise that they had been played, and they still got the job done.

Lily has done that to me a few times over the years.

I hear Lily run the water for a bath and I make my way over there.

"You read my mind," I tell her.

"Sounds like a perfect way to relax before bed," she says as she starts taking off her clothes.

It definitely is the perfect way to relax when you can't fuck your woman.

It's not for lack of trying, but I know my health had really scared her.

I know if the tables were turned, I would be acting the same way. I know she wouldn't want to do anything that would risk hurting me any more than I am right now.

I sit behind her and soap up her body. She lets out a sigh as she relaxes against me. As much as we love taking care of the kids, it's always amazing to have a hot bath together and relax. We usually take the time to sleep in and have a lazy day after that.

"There was a time I didn't think we would get days like this again," Lily admits to me.

"I know. When I was in that cell, I wasn't sure if I would be able to hold on long enough to ever see you again," I whisper against her shoulder.

“I did everything I could to get to you. I knew that no matter what the outcome would be, I would find you,” she says.

“I knew that too. There was never any doubt in my mind,” I say.

“Still, it was good to come home and see Shield finally get over everyone knowing,” she says with a laugh.

I chuckle and nod my head. “That was a good surprise. What was also shocking was that he has a sister.”

“She’s coming by tomorrow so you can meet her then,” she says.

“I can’t wait. I’m always happy to welcome new members to the club,” I say with a sigh.

“After the meeting is when we are doing the celebration in honour of Armour,” she reminds me.

“Fuck. It still guts me knowing his life was short lived, but that man deserves the biggest fucking honour for saving so many people,” I say with my eyes tearing up a bit.

“That he really does. It would have been so much worse if he didn’t throw himself in front of it. There were so many kids close by,” she says.

“I think he deserves to have his name put up with all the men and women who gave their life for the club,” I rasp.

“That’s a good idea,” she says, and hums softly.

We sit in silence for a while and then begin cleaning each other up. Sometimes we say more without words. Everything always feels right with Lily.

With Lily by my side, everything feels like home.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Derek

Gretchen walks up to me with her daughter, Amelia, by her side. Amelia is definitely cute and fits right in with the club kids as they whisk her away to play.

“Hi, I’ve been excited to meet you, but I wanted to give you time to settle in,” Gretchen says with a little wave.

“It’s nice to meet you. Welcome to the family,” I tell her.

“You are a lot more handsome than everyone let on,” she says with a fake glare at everyone.

I smirk at Cook who narrows his eyes at her.

“How do you think I managed to get my Old Lady? If it wasn’t for these looks, I don’t know if she would have looked at me twice,” I say with a wink.

“Wow,” she whispers in awe.

Lily barks out a laugh, and Gretchen looks at her like she doesn’t know if she should run away and hide for looking at me like that or not.

“Don’t worry about it. I had the same reaction when I met his father. They do get better with age,” Lily says while throwing an arm around her.

“Yes!” Camilla says giving Olivia a high five.

“What the fuck?!” Torch and Steal shout at the same time.

“Oh, come on; you know Lily’s panties melted every time your father winked at her,” Bear says to me with a laugh.

“They did not melt,” Lily gasps in outrage.

“Oh, they did. You could tell how damp they were from across the room,” Nick says, laughing.

“Are you saying Gretchen’s panties are wet for our Prez?”
Krista asks, cackling.

Gretchen’s face turns beet red.

“They are not,” she mumbles.

“I could check that for ya!” Tech says with a grin.

“You will not be fucking checking her panties!” Cook growls.

“Why not? She’s single, I’m single. Plus, she’s hot as fuck,”
Tech says smirking at Cook.

“You don’t fucking touch her,” Cook snarls.

Tech closes his eyes, and he has his hands in the air like he’s grabbing a woman. “What it would feel like to be grabbing those curves...” He’s cut off because unfortunately he doesn’t see Cook come at him and take him down to the ground.

“Quit thinking of her naked,” Cook snaps.

“Why?” Tech taunts.

“Because she’s mine!” Cook shouts.

The room goes quiet at his words, and then I see money exchange hands.

“It’s about fucking time,” Crash shouts.

Cook pulls back and looks over his shoulder to see everyone grinning at him.

Tech takes the opportunity to stand up and takes a handful of cash from Torch.

“So worth it,” Tech says before pocketing the money.

“What do you mean, I’m yours?” Gretchen asks.

“Baby, I wanted to tell you, but I just haven’t had time to talk to your brother. I didn’t want to go behind his back,” he says, and looks over at his brothers.

I chuckle. “There has been a lot of sneaking around in this club.”

“Everything turned out how it was supposed to,” Lily says softly.

“It sure did,” I murmur into her ear.

Before the conversation can continue, my phone rings and I smile when I see the name.

“I need to take this,” I say before heading towards my office where it’s quiet.

“Hey, it’s Brewer.” the man says on the other line.

“I know who it is. Caller I.D. and all that,” I say with a laugh.

“Fuck. I was checking myself that you were actually alive. You fucker,” he says with a relieved breath.

“It was close. How’s life being a father?” I ask the Devious Eagles President.

“It’s some crazy shit. Robyn was hiding some fucked up secrets and I needed to do my own clean up. Trying to keep Dani away from the brothers is not easy,” he says.

I chuckle and nod my head. “I’m sure if there is one she has her eye on there, you won’t be able to do anything to stop it.”

“Fucking rights. I’m sure it won’t be long before she’s an Old Lady,” he says with a laugh.

I laugh and bullshit with him for a few more minutes. I know Olivia and Katy will be relieved to know that their friend has been in good hands.

I knew they worried about her, but I have a feeling she has found her home and will find herself a biker of her own before long.

Once I hang up, I let out a sigh.

Time for the hard part.

Lily

Once Derek left to have privacy for his phone call. I had made sure everything was prepared for the celebration.

The Old Ladies help set up everything as more chapters come in to pay their respects to the fallen brother.

“This never gets easy,” Sasha mutters to me while we are in the kitchen.

I nod my head. “Yeah, there are a lot of people coming to help us honour Armour.”

“It’ll be a great day. I think the club needs this. The closure. Like we are putting that nightmare behind us,” Sasha says.

“We are finally putting it behind us. Hopefully, we won’t have to deal with rivals or crazy exes any time again soon,” I say with a laugh.

“Crazy mothers, brothers sneaking around, and secrets,” she says, bumping my hip.

When Derek finally emerges from his office, he walks towards me and pulls me into his arms.

“Everything looks good. You ladies are always ready to party,” he says.

“When you are an Old Lady, you need to be ready for a party to emerge at any given time. You guys will find any reason to party,” I chuckle.

“This is definitely a good reason,” he says.

He pulls away and slaps my ass as he heads towards the main room to greet brothers and chapter presidents.

We have the urn holding Armour’s ashes on a shelf near the bar. The women made sure that the urn was designed perfectly with armour designs etched around his name.

There are lots of brothers taking their turns honouring him by doing a shot and raising it to his ashes.

The women come up when they are done with everything, and we all line up to raise our shots to Armour as well.

He had been a prospect for longer than he had been made a brother, but he was still club and family. I will never forget what he did for Annalise.

The celebration is everything I had hoped it would be.

There were stories told of Armour's prospecting days and plenty of the stories made people laugh.

Once the party started getting wild, some of the Old Ladies took the kids to the Kingsley house. Susan had said that the kids could all stay there when we were celebrating.

Her sons had set up security, and Aubrey was helping her mom wrangle all the kids. They didn't want us to worry about anything.

I knew she could handle it.

The club needed this. You could tell by how wild everyone got when the kids were gone.

There were some club girls, but no one was really in a hurry to get more since most of the brothers were married off already.

The women who stuck around were mostly Old Ladies, or women who just wanted to get with one of the single men for the night and nothing more.

Seeing everyone let loose was a good thing.

There were going to be a lot of hangovers tomorrow, that's for sure.

I think back to the coffee Annalise had gotten ready for the morning, and the disposable coffee cups she bought since there are so many people here. She also had bought a few cases of Gatorade for anyone who wanted one to fight their hangover. If that wasn't enough, there was also a ton of bacon, eggs, bread, and hashbrowns she had bought for the morning. That woman was very prepared.

I sit back with the Old Ladies at the kitchen table as our men talk with members they haven't seen in a long time.

“Did you actually get pierced?” Ella whispers drunkenly to Olivia.

Olivia grins. “Of course I did.”

“What? Did it hurt?” Sophie asks in a gasp.

“Show me!” Ella shouts.

“I’m not whipping my tits out in a clubhouse full of bikers. Do you want to see Steal go into a full-blown rage?” Olivia asks with a laugh.

“Puh-lease like the swoon king can rage,” Ella slurs, waving a hand dismissively.

Olivia looks at Ella and gasps. “My man is fierce.”

“Sorry, but baby brother is nothing to be afraid of!” Ella says, laughing.

Sasha laughs at the exchange. “Nothing better than seeing new moms letting loose.”

I chuckle and nod. “Oh, I remember those days. When you had a night or two off and just got wasted like you were nineteen again.”

“Damien could take him down in a second. Baby brother wouldn’t even have a chance,” Ella slurs.

“I think you said that wrong, Damien wouldn’t even know what hit him,” Olivia protests.

“Torch could take both of them without lifting a pinky!” Camilla shouts loudly, causing some brothers to look over to see what’s going on.

“Torch doesn’t have the muscle for that,” Olivia says, looking over at Camilla grinning.

“He’s got plenty of muscle, believe me. You haven’t seen all that working out,” Camilla says sitting back and fanning herself.

Krista sees the men behind their women grinning. “Well, that poses another question, who has the best body?” she ponders

to open the debate.

“Damien, hands down!” Ella shouts.

“No way, it has to be Kid. He has got piercings,” Demi says, whispering loudly.

“Oh yeah piercings definitely make the man so much hotter,” Ella nods in agreement.

“Anna!” Katy shouts causing Annalise to jump.

“W-what?” she asks warily.

“How many piercings does he have? And where?” she whispers the last part, but everyone still heard her.

“I’m not telling you that. I will only say this. They feel fucking AH-amazing!” she says with a drunken smile.

“Like how amazing?” Krista asks grinning.

“Like.” She stops talking to moves her hands like a bomb exploding and then makes the sounds to go with it. I can’t help but laugh at her words.

The women all sit back and stare at Annalise in awe.

“Woman! You are not fantasising about my brother’s dick!” Damien shouts, causing Ella to jump.

Ella looks over her shoulder and sees the brothers all looking at her. I don’t think the women noticed how much attention they had caught, causing me and Sasha to lose it in laughter.

“I’m not!” she says, throwing her hands up in defense.

“You were just talking about his dick,” Damien shouts.

“I was talking about that, I won’t lie. But I was imagining what it would be like if you had your dick pierced and it hit me in all the right places,” Ella slurs.

The other women nod in agreement and Bullet groans, rubbing a hand over his face.

“Please don’t tell me that I’m going to be piercing a bunch of my brothers’ dicks,” Bullet pleads.

“Well, Ink can do some too,” Sophie says, grinning at Ink.

“Whoa whoa whoa, what makes you think we are all getting pierced?” Trigger asks in a panic.

“Well, why wouldn’t you?” Sophie asks with a frown.

“The piercing sucks but, I ‘ve got to say, after it’s healed it’s definitely worth it,” Shield says, adding his two cents in.

“Brother,” a couple of brothers growl at him causing him to laugh.

“Just do it drunk; I have a Jacob’s ladder and I did that drunk. Hurt like a bitch the next day because I forgot about it,” one of the brothers from another chapter adds.

“You do? Can I see it?” Krista asks.

“Fuck no!” Pyro and Bullet shout at the same time.

“Wow, we really do talk about cocks a lot in this club,” I say with a laugh. Sasha laughs at my words.

“I don’t know how, but the conversation always comes back to cocks,” she says chuckling.

Derek comes over. I stand up so he can sit down and then take a seat on his lap.

“I’m not getting pierced,” he says to me.

I laugh. “Don’t worry, honey, I don’t need you to get pierced. We have plenty of toys to have fun with without piercings.”

“Oh fuck no. I did not want to hear that,” Torch says and gags.

“Did you just say?” Steal whispers in horror.

“Lalalala I did not hear that,” Ella says, covering her ears.

I grin at their dramatics. “We have a healthy sex life. There’s nothing wrong with that,” I say with a wink.

“Pass the whisky. I need to forget I ever heard that,” Ella says after Torch takes a swig.

Derek is laughing against my shoulder. “You love traumatising our kids,” he whispers, and I nod my head.

“They are so easy to traumatise though,” I say.

Everyone laughs, and the conversation continues to surround itself around sex and cocks, but this is definitely the healing we need.

Derek has the prospects pour shots around the table and everyone raises their shots to Armour.

“To our fallen brother. He sacrificed himself for the wellbeing of his brothers and their families, and I’ll forever be grateful to him that my kids and grandkids are alive. His life and name will never be forgotten,” Derek declares.

Everyone shouts their cheers and takes their shot.

We will never forget him.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Derek

One month later...

The day has finally fucking arrived. We are just leaving the doctor and he had finally cleared me for sex.

Fuck, that had been a long wait. My lungs have gotten better. They might never be at full strength, but I don't need them to be. Just enough where I can love my wife and play with my grandkids.

I have inhalers now if it's ever too much, but I feel like that's a small price to pay.

Lily is grinning as we leave. "Tonight, you are mine," I growl into her ear before we make it to my bike.

"My thoughts exactly," she purrs.

Fuck.

If I didn't have Church after this appointment, I would probably be racing Lily to our room the minute we got to the clubhouse.

Brothers are already in church when we arrive, and Lily squeezes my hand and gives me a nod as I head inside and close the door behind me.

I take a seat in the president's chair and look at all my brothers.

"I know you are all wondering why I called Church. A lot of shit happened, but everyone is up to speed and, as of right now, we don't have any threats. We know that it won't always be this quiet, but I have no doubt we will handle whatever comes our way," I say with a sigh.

This is the hard part, but it's time.

“I have been president of this MC for a long time now; since my father died and I took over. I think now it’s my turn to hand over my leadership. I’m stepping down as president of the club. I devoted my time to this club. I will still be a brother, but I think it’s time for the next generation to take the reins. My health isn’t what it used to be, and I would like to have more time to spend with my Old Lady and grandchildren.”

My words are met with silence.

“Are you sure?” Damien croaks.

I nod my head. “It’s time. I have no doubt that whoever leads after me will take this club to great heights.”

I stand up to take off my cut to remove my patch from it and put my patch at the head of the table. I move to sit at a seat on the other end.

Damien clears his throat. “It’s time to put a nomination for the next president of the MC,” he starts, but he puts his hands up before anyone can say anything. “I know the next person in line should be me, but I never wanted to be the president; I’m happy being someone’s right hand man and having someone else lead.”

Everyone is silent for a few minutes while they think about his words and start nodding their heads in understanding.

“I vote for Torch,” Stitch says, breaking the silence.

Torch looks over at him in shock. “Me?”

Stitch nods his head. “Yeah, brother, you. You went to hell and back and came out the other side a better man. That alone shows the strength you have for president.”

A bunch of brothers nod their agreement.

“I wasn’t here to see you through your darkness. Knowing that I carry a darkness inside of me, I had been told of your story. What you went through had rocked you and shifted your world in ways that I wouldn’t want to wish on any brother. You made it through losing your Old Lady and found hope again with an

amazing woman and family. Anyone who can get through that deserves that patch, and that man is you,” Nick says.

“Are there any objections?” Damien asks.

No one says anything and they shake their heads.

“We will go around the table, and everyone will give their answer. ‘Yes’, for Torch for president, and ‘no’ for him not to be,” Damien says, and he starts going around the room.

Tears well in my eyes as I look at my son while he looks at his brothers in awe as every single one of them affirms that they want him to be the next president.

He stands up and walks over to the seat I had just vacated. He takes a second before he sits down. His fingers look over the patch.

“I won’t let you down,” he rasps.

“We know you won’t, brother,” Damien says.

“I want to keep you as my VP. You’re a good man and you are an excellent VP to this club,” Torch says, looking over at Damien.

Damien nods his head. “I’ll be happy to be your second.”

“Whose cutting onions in here?” Torch rasps before wiping tears from his eyes.

The room’s serious energy breaks in that moment as the brothers all laugh.

Church ends shortly after that, and I walk over to my son, the new president, and give him a hug. “You will be great,” I whisper in his ear.

He nods his head.

Once we leave the room, we see all the Old Ladies and prospects in the main room, along with the club kids.

“Meet your new president,” I say, gesturing to Torch.

Cheers ring out through the room. Camilla walks up to her man and kisses him.

“I’m so proud of you,” she says as she pulls away.

Drinks are passed around as everyone takes their turns celebrating Torch.

Lily walks up to me. “Are you okay?”

I nod my head. “Yeah, baby. I’m great. It was time. Torch is going to be a great president. Now I just want to live my life with my woman, children, and grandchildren. I had too many close calls and I don’t want to waste any more time.”

“We will make the most of it,” she says with a smile.

I plan to make many memories throughout the years.

Lily

Several hours later, I finally get to take my man to bed.

It has been ages since I had felt him inside of me and I don’t want to wait another second.

When we get to the room, we lock the door and Derek sits on the bed after removing his cut and placing it on a chair.

I take my clothes off as I walk closer to him, and I love the way he devours me with his eyes.

That is a feeling I will never get sick of.

When I’m naked, I stand in front of him as his hands go to my hips before sliding them all over my body.

I take his shirt off before climbing on his lap and kissing him.

He wraps his hands around me tightly as he kisses me back hungrily.

“Fuck, it has been too fucking long since I’ve had you,” Derek rasps when he pulls away.

He turns us around so I’m lying on the bed underneath him.

I pull his head down to kiss me as one of his hands move up my body to pinch at my nipple.

I gasp at the sensation while Derek moves to kiss down my neck, throat, and finally makes his way to my breasts.

He takes his time licking and sucking at them, and I can feel myself getting more wet with each passing second.

“Derek, please,” I plead with him.

He looks up at me with desire in his eyes.

“It has been too fucking long; I’m going to savour this baby,” he replies.

I swallow hard as he moves down my body and in between my legs.

He blows softly on my clit, and I can’t help but gasp.

“Eyes on me, baby,” he says huskily.

When I look down at him, he grins at me wickedly before he brings his mouth down on my clit.

It’s hard to keep my eyes on him as he licks and sucks at my clit.

When he slides a finger inside of me and hits the right spot, I can’t help but throw my head back and moan.

His movements still and I look down at him in confusion.

“Every time you take your eyes off of me, I’m going to stop,” he rasps.

I nod my head. Fuck, I don’t know why it’s hot but every time he is like this, everything just feels more intense.

I look down at him as he brings his mouth back down and continues his movements.

I’m completely soaked and drenched right now, but that seems to keep him going as he slides another finger inside of me and bites down on my clit.

There's no warning as my orgasm crashes over me. "Derek!" I cry out.

He doesn't stop or let up as he fucks me with his fingers through the orgasm until I feel myself building up to the second.

Only when I feel like I'm close again does he stop and moves back to take off his pants.

I watch him as I bite down on my lip thinking about taking him into my mouth.

He chuckles darkly. "Not right now, baby. I'm going to fuck you hard like I've been dying to for months. Then you can have your mouth on me before we begin round two."

"Damn rights I will," I whisper.

He moves up the bed and climbs on top of me as I feel him place his cock at my entrance.

Slowly, he slides inside of me until he's all the way in.

Before I know it, there is a feral look in his eyes and he's fucking me hard like he said he was going to.

He moves to get up on his knees and grabs my legs as he fucks himself into me.

I feel myself tightening around him as he hits the right spot over and over again.

I moan out his name as he releases inside of me.

When he pulls out and collapses on the bed beside me, I move to lay my head on his chest and sigh happily.

"I'll never get sick of that feeling," I say softly.

"Me either, baby. Somehow it gets better every fucking time. Even after all these years," he says.

I fall asleep with a smile on my face. I wake Derek up with my mouth for round two, and then he wakes me up one more time before we finally call it a night.

~

The next morning when I wake up, I see that all the families are here. More than half of them look hungover from the night before, but everyone is here.

“I see no one made it home,” I tease as I grab some coffee.

“I could barely walk up the stairs; let alone go home,” Ella grumbles.

The kids are running around causing chaos, yelling, and laughing. A few parents cover their heads in an annoyed fashion, causing me to laugh.

“You should have gone to bed early with your husband like I did,” I say to Ella with a wink.

Ella shudders. “I did not need to hear that. That’s why you are so fucking peppy this morning,” she says before making a gagging sound.

“Yeah, mama, Knight got her some,” Ink says walking in and high fiving me.

“Why are you guys talking about my sex life?” Derek grumbles as he walks in.

“Your Old Lady is very happy this morning and walking a little funny. Nice job!” Ink says going to high five Derek, but Derek just walks past him.

“I’m not going to high five you over my sex life,” he mutters.

I shake my head as I drink my coffee.

“DJ, give it back!!!” Star shouts loudly as she chases her cousin around the room.

He runs through and hides behind everyone as she follows behind and now Millie, Fae, Elijah, Rylee, Audrey, Emily, Chase, Nicolas, and Luke are all chasing DJ around the room too.

“Why do kids have so much energy?” Bullet asks with a tired sigh.

“Because they suck it from their parents. That’s why parents are so fucking tired all the time. The little shits steal our energy,” Krista says with a laugh.

“Remind me never to drink when we have our kids because getting up at five in the morning isn’t fun on three hours sleep,” Trigger says as he hides his face in a bucket looking a little green.

Hale walks over to DJ and grabs the item that DJ is holding up high in the air.

“What are they fighting over?” I ask with a laugh before walking over to Hale.

He hands me the item which turns out to be Star’s favourite stuffed animal. I look at DJ and sigh. “Why did you take this from your cousin?” I ask, raising an eyebrow.

“She took my stuffy that Aunt Stacey gave me out the window and now it’s covered in mud, so it’s only fair I do it to hers!” DJ shouts in frustration.

I look over at Star who has her head down looking at her feet. “Why did you throw that out the window?” I ask.

“He was laughing at me because I don’t know how to kick a soccer ball, so I ran inside and threw it,” she mumbles.

I look over to their parents and they all walk over to their kids. “You know better than to make fun of someone for something they can’t do,” Damien says crouching down in front of DJ. DJ nods his heads and I see his little lip quivering.

“And Star, you know not to touch those stuffies Aunt Stacey gave you guys. They are precious to both of you.”

Star looks up at her dad. “Yes daddy,” she replies.

“But my stuffy is all dirty now. It’s ruined,” DJ says and lets out a little sob.

“It’s not ruined, honey. Mama will get it cleaned right up for you. It will be good as new,” Ella says before hugging her son.

“But it won’t smell the same. It won’t smell like her anymore,” he says with a little cry.

Torch walks over with sad eyes. “Uncle has some of that special smell Aunt Stacey loved to wear. We can spray it once it’s cleaned.”

DJ looks up at his uncle with hopeful eyes. “Really?”

Torch nods his head. “Yes. We can do that today.”

“Why don’t I have an Aunt Stacey stuffy?” Millie asks with a pout.

“You don’t even know who that is,” DJ says, rolling his eyes.

“Sure I do. Her picture is up in the main room, and she loved Mr. Torch President and she was Mrs. Ella’s bestest friend in the whole wide world. I want an Aunt Stacey stuffy,” Millie says stomping her foot.

After her words, the rest of the kids that can talk all shout that they want Aunt Stacey stuffies. When I look over at everyone else, I can tell there is not a dry eye in the house.

“Well, you are in luck. Aunt Stacey had a bunch of stuffies hidden at my house that I can give out to each of you,” Sasha says loudly.

I look over at her in question because I never knew that. “Is that true?” I whisper.

She nods her head. “I totally forgot about it with the constant drama, but she had like fifty of the same biker stuffies made. She wanted to make sure all the kids had one, but was afraid they were going to discontinue, so she bought out every store and stock she found,” Sasha admits.

Everyone’s mouths drop open at her words.

“Stacey just keeps on surprising me after all these years,” Torch says as his voice cracks.

I nod my head in agreement.

I look around at everyone and think of everything the club had been through.

In the seven years since Ella found her way to us, our lives had changed dramatically.

Brothers had found their Old Ladies and fallen in love. They had families and added more little kids to this once quiet clubhouse.

There was a lot of drama and hard times along the way, but we managed to find our way through together. We all came out stronger and closer than ever.

Derek wraps his arms around me, and I lean back into him.

“This is perfect,” he whispers in my ear.

“This is everything,” I say softly.

Three years later...

Epilogue

Damien

I watch as my children lay with my wife, Ella. We had been together for ten years now. We have DJ who is now nine years old, Luke who is six, and my little girl, Evie, who is almost four years old.

Ella accidentally getting pregnant with my sperm is one of the best things that ever happened to me.

When I got that call ten years ago, it changed my entire life. I didn't realise just how much it did. I was instantly attracted to her, but I didn't know what would become of us, or if we would have a relationship at all.

I'm so fucking grateful that it worked out like it has.

I have my beautiful wife and children in my life.

We had been through a lot of hard times; times where I thought someone had finally taken Ella from me for good. I don't know what I would do if I ever lost my woman.

Ella looks over at me and gives me a tired smile. We had taken the kids to the fair today and that was a long fucking day. They were all exhausted now, but we had decided to make the night a movie night and pulled a mattress and all the blankets and pillows into the living room so we can have snacks and watch movies. It's one of my favorite things to do with my family.

"What are you thinking about, honey?" Ella asks me after all the kids had fallen asleep.

I pull her into my arms and kiss her softly.

"I'm fucking grateful for the day you had accidentally become mine," I whisper.

She hums her agreement and gives me a soft kiss.

Ella

I wake up the next morning and look around to see that the kids were still sleeping. Damien was also asleep and had his mouth hanging open. I chuckled as I got up to make some coffee and start breakfast.

The living room and kitchen were a mess. We had made a bunch of snacks and appetizers for our movie night and fell asleep before cleaning them up.

I decide that I will tackle that when I finish making breakfast.

I walk over to the hallway and look at the picture that I have of Jeff and me from years ago.

It felt like a lifetime ago that I was deeply in love with this man.

When Jeff was taken from me just after we had found out I was pregnant, I didn't know how I was going to go on with my life.

The one thing that kept me going was my DJ.

Finding out about Damien, and meeting the club, was scary; but it brought me something I had always been missing. My family.

I never really wondered about my father since my mother made sure that I didn't look for him.

I found him at the most unexpected time, and he welcomed me with open arms.

There will always be that anger inside of me that my mother had robbed me of so many years with him and everyone else.

After being a part of the club for ten years, I knew the story of how they met and hooked up. When my dad met Lily, she was his everything from the first glance and that's something my mother couldn't understand because she never had it.

I'm sad for the fact that my mom didn't get to feel the love I had accidentally found.

When I met Damien, I could tell he was going to change my world. After I finally let him in, he became my whole world.

I'm so glad I got to know everyone from the club, even if it came with some losses.

I focus in on a picture of Stacey and me.

A sad smile comes over my face when I look at my best friend who I had known most of my life.

I miss her every day. Her jokes, her laugh, even the hard times. She was my number one person I could always talk to. She's someone that will never be replaced.

Her life was cut short too soon. My heart still aches for her. I know that's not something that will ever go away. I have learned to let go of Jeff and Stacey, but it doesn't fix the holes they had both left in my heart.

A shiver comes over my body, and I swear I can smell both of their scents as I feel a sensation on both sides of my shoulders.

A smile comes to my face. Many people might not believe in the afterlife, but I do. I know they are here right now. They are letting me know they are okay, and that they are glad I am happy. As much as I wish they were here, I know that things happen for a reason.

"Part of that reason is waking up and asking for bacon," I think to myself as I hear Luke shout for bacon.

"I miss you two. I love you," I whisper softly as I lightly touch their pictures and walk to the living room to see that my family is finally awake.

"Mom, we need bacon!" Luke says loudly.

I put my hands on my hips and give them a stern look. "You guys know the rules. Everyone helps out with breakfast."

They all jump up and run to the kitchen with Damien following behind them with a smile on his face.

“I love you so much,” I say softly before pulling him down for a kiss.

“I love you more than I ever thought possible,” he rasps as he pulls away.

I hear the word bacon again and I chuckle. “You better start the bacon, or else our children are going to riot,” I say.

“We can’t have that,” he agrees with a smile.

We walk to the kitchen and a sense of peace comes over me.

Yes, I’m definitely glad for the day that I had accidentally become Damien’s.

Steal

I wake up to jumping on my bed and hear Olivia groan. Kids have too much fucking energy in the mornings. They don’t usually wake us up like this, but there was a reason they were so excited today.

We were driving to the next town over to go to the waterpark. Sophie and Trigger’s family were meeting us there. Bear, Sasha, and Nick were also going to be joining us. They would do anything for their grandkids but, considering Sophie is only a couple weeks away from having another baby, they didn’t want to leave her alone regardless. They pretty much went everywhere she went.

I hear Olivia let out a sigh before turning around to look at our son.

“Rylan Derek! What did I tell you about jumping on our bed!” Olivia grumbles as she sits up.

Rylan giggles. He is almost four years old and the youngest of our children. “It’s time to get up!” he shouts, completely full of energy.

Hale, our oldest son who is now twelve years old, walks in and rolls his eyes at his brother.

“I told you not to wake up mom and dad,” he says.

“I had to. Mom and dad said we were going to the waterpark today! We can’t be late!” Rylan shouts.

“We won’t be late, buddy. The park doesn’t open for another couple of hours,” I tell him.

Well, it opens early but there is no way we are leaving when it opens; otherwise, we will be there all day. I already know they won’t want to leave.

Star, our middle child who is almost eight years old, runs in completely ready for the day with her bathing suit on, a towel in her hands, and goggles on her head.

Olivia laughs at the sight. “I can see that you guys are already ready to go,” she teases.

“That’s why you have to get up,” Rylan states.

“Let’s eat some breakfast and then we need to pack the lunch in the cooler for the day,” Olivia says, getting up.

I can’t help but grin as she stands up and stretches. I’ll never get over the sight of my wife.

She was the one woman I had thought had gotten away after our one-night stand which had resulted in her getting pregnant with Hale. I didn’t know about him until he was four years old, when Olivia happened to move them into the house right across from the club.

We had found each other again and I remembered what attracted me to her all those years ago.

She’s still as sexy as the day I had met her. I grin when I see the nipple piercings she had gotten after having Rylan when she declared we were done having kids and this was her way of giving herself a gift.

It didn’t take long after that for her to convince me to get my cock pierced. The only thing I was worried about was the pain,

but I can't deny it made everything more heightened in the bedroom.

Olivia turned my world upside down all those years ago. There is not one single day I have regretted it. She gave me the life I never knew I wanted.

That's something I will never take for granted.

I'm one lucky guy that this woman had become undeniably mine.

Olivia

We had finally made it to the park. I stay with Rylan the whole time while Aiden goes off to play in the deeper end with the older kids.

Rylan and I stay in the shallow end. There's a mini water slide for little kids that he just can't seem to get enough of.

We only took a break for lunch and then the kids were back at it.

Sophie, Trigger, and their family had joined us today as well. I could tell Sophie was getting just as tired as I was but, since she was pregnant and about to pop, I could see why she would be exhausted.

When the kids finally run out of energy, we start getting changed and ready to head home.

It takes longer than it should, but we wanted to shower in the family change room since the kids were practically dead on their feet and would no doubt fall asleep on the way home.

Aiden gives me a smile as we take turns cleaning up.

Some days I can't believe how lucky I am to finally have found him.

He has been my rock through the hard times and the one I wanted there for the good times.

I never knew you could connect so well with anybody before, but Aiden feels like the other part of my soul.

We have three beautiful children together. Hale had already told us that when he turned sixteen, he was going to prospect and be just like his dad, uncles, and grandpa.

I couldn't be prouder of the little man I had raised.

This life isn't for everyone, but it's definitely where we belong. I have no doubt that Hale is going to soar in the future with his life in the club. Maybe some parents wouldn't be proud of the fact their son wanted to be the future president of the club just like his grandpa and uncle before him, but I want him to be whatever makes him happy. I have no doubt he will be a great leader.

We start packing the kids in the car as we wait for Sophie and Trigger to emerge with their family.

They are taking a lot longer than we thought they would.

The kids fall asleep in the car as we wait. Aiden leans against the car and pulls me into his arms, and I waste no time in kissing him.

No matter how many times I kiss him, it never gets old. I always get easily lost in his arms and sink into the way his mouth feels on mine.

I'm glad that, no matter what, I had become undeniably his.

Trigger

I try to get our five-year-old twins, Chase and Nicolas, ready after we are done swimming. I know everyone is waiting on us.

When we finally get out of the dressing room and into the hallway, Sophie stands up from the bench she's on to let me know that she's definitely having contractions right now.

It seems to be different than the last time she had gone into labour. Years ago, when she had our twins, she didn't feel any pain or much of the contractions. By the time she had them, it was too late to go to the hospital, so she ended up delivering in Ink's room.

This time she's in pain. She's only pregnant with one this time. I had the doctor triple check.

Not that I don't love our boys, but those were hard days in the beginning. Even with the help we had, there were so many sleepless nights.

"Let's go, baby," I say, helping her walk outside. Nick, Bear, and Sasha are waiting for us by our car.

"It's baby time," I tell them when they look at Sophie with concern.

"We will take the boys. You three head to the hospital," Bear says, and the boys cheer as they are excited about spending more time with their grandpop.

My kids got lucky to have two grandpas on Sophie's side. She made sure Bear always knew that even though her father was back, he will always be "grandpop" to our kids.

Nick had no problem in sharing the title with his brother, though the boys call him "papa" so that they don't get confused who they are talking to.

My wife struggled for the longest time after we found out about her father being alive and held captive when everyone, including her, thought he was dead.

The night that Nick returned, she cried in my arms for hours and I wished there was something to do to take away the pain.

She has made most of the time she has had with him though, making memories and making sure he feels like he didn't miss anything. The plan for this delivery was having Nick in the room with us.

I'm pretty sure I speed the whole way there as I hear her cries of pain get louder. Fuck; if she was like this last time, I'm not

sure I would want another one because it's tearing my heart apart just to hear her in so much pain.

I smile at her when we finally make it to the room. We spend hours waiting for the arrival of our third child.

She gives birth to our daughter several hours later. I'm reminded of the strong woman she has become. All those years ago, I'm glad that she had become naturally mine.

Sophie

My father holds our little girl in his arms. Adeline Sasha. There are tears in his eyes and a small smile on his face.

"She's beautiful; just like her mother," my dad croaks out.

"I'm so glad you're here to see her come into this world," I tell him softly so that I don't wake her.

"It's just like when you were born; I never knew I could love someone that I had just met so much. Someone I would do anything for," he whispers.

"She's lucky to know you. All of my children are," I say.

"You know, I never thought I would have this time with you or my grandkids. I thought I was going to die in that cell. I know that I will never take anything for granted again," he rasps.

"I'm glad you were able to finally come home," I say.

Trigger comes back in after telling everyone that the baby is here, and he smiles when he sees me.

"You did so good, baby. I'm so proud of you," he says and kisses me softly.

When I went looking for my uncle, I never knew what was going to become of my life. I was there looking for some protection, but what I found was much more.

Trigger makes me happier than I ever thought I could be. He's definitely better than the ex my mom had tried to get me to

marry.

Having Colton in my life is one of the best things that ever happened to me.

I'm grateful for every day that I get to wake up by his side.

Colton smiles down at me. "She's so beautiful."

"Definitely worth all the pain," I say with a chuckle.

Bear and Sasha bring the boys later to meet their sister. Our sons seem very excited to see a baby, and I know that they will be excellent big brothers.

We tell them what we had named her, and Sasha's eyes fill with tears when she finds out that we named our daughter after her.

"All of our children have a piece of their grandparents. It's perfect," I tell them softly.

Which is true with Chase's middle name being Nicolas, and Nicolas Arthur, for my other boy; but if I would have known that Bear's real name was Arturo, I would have changed it. Uncle Bear said that he doesn't go by that name and, in the years that he had been gone, the only people who knew him as Arturo were Lily, Derek, and Nick. They always seemed to call him Art before they got used to saying Bear.

After the grandparents leave with our boys, Trigger holds Adeline in his arms while I eat the supper that one of the prospects had brought us. I watch Colton talk softly to her even though she's sound asleep. It's the sweetest thing ever. Seeing my man with our children always makes me smile and reminds me what a great man he is.

"Baby, have I ever told you that I'm so fucking glad you came into my life?" Colton asks.

I smile over at him. "Almost every day. But I love hearing it," I tease.

Even after all of these years, it felt so good to be naturally his.

Bullet

“Sophie and Trig had their baby,” I say after getting off the phone with Bear.

Krista and Pyro cheer and, seconds later, our little girls join in.

“What did they have?” Krista asks excitedly.

“A little girl named Adeline,” I tell her with a smile.

“That’s great! She was hoping for a girl,” Krista says smiling happily for her friend.

“I think she was happy regardless as long as it wasn’t twins,” Pyro says with a laugh.

I look over at our twin boys, Dean and Kaiden, who just learned how to stand and pull themselves up on furniture. We had gotten twins two times in a row. Krista had said she was done because, with our luck, we would end up with twins each time. I didn’t mind as long as she was happy. After all, it’s her body.

Besides, raising twins wasn’t easy. All four of them keep us on our toes. At the clubhouse, any time that one of our kids gets close to Shield and Ink’s room, my brother freaks out.

Now, I’m pretty sure that my daughters do it just to taunt them. They have this mischievous look about them every time they are at the club.

I know that if this is what they are like at five, they are going to be an absolute handful when they are teenagers.

My woman sits on the ground as she encourages our boys to walk.

When she first came back, I had hoped I would finally take my shot with her but then Pyro came along, and I thought for sure that I definitely lost my chance with her. Fuck, I’m glad I was wrong about that.

Turns out Krista had enough room in her heart for both of us. Sure, this wasn't the relationship I always thought I would end up in, but I wouldn't change it for the world.

She had never made us feel like she preferred one of us over the other. I believe she loves us equally. I have no reason to be jealous when she spends time alone with Pyro, and Pyro never gets jealous when Krista and I spend our time alone together. This relationship might not work for everyone, but it works for us and that's all that really matters.

No matter what, Krista is completely ours.

Pyro

We are all watching the boys as we hope for them to take their first steps. They are both smiling, loving the attention that we are giving them.

The girls have some of my features, but the boys look like Bullet. It doesn't matter who's the father biologically. They are still my children. These kids are just lucky to get two fathers.

I look over at Krista and smile. She's an amazing woman. I lucked out that she gave me a chance when I followed her to her father's club. I wasn't sure what would happen when I got there, but I'm sure glad as fuck that she was happy to see me when I arrived.

It doesn't bother me at all that she loves another man. I know she loves me just as much.

Our life that we had created for ourselves is better than I could have ever imagined.

Sure, the four kids keep us going by getting us up early every day and running around with constant energy. Not to mention, our girls are little hell raisers.

They seem to have fun taunting and playing tricks on the brothers now that they are getting older. I'm glad my brothers

laugh and put up with it, but they also say they will get them back when they are old enough to start dating. I don't think my girls realise the consequences of their choices, and how the brothers will embarrass them.

I already know that's going to be quite the show. I'm looking forward to it, but also dreading the thought of parenting through their teenage years. Fuck, all I can hope is that time slows down so that I don't have to let my baby girls go too soon.

Krista claps her hands and keeps trying to encourage the boys to step.

Fuck, I love seeing that look on her face.

No matter what, I'm glad that we found a way to make Krista completely ours.

Krista

Rowan takes one step, and a silent gasp escapes me as I try not to startle him. Hunter is seconds behind him. They only take a couple steps, but I cheer loudly like they just ran a marathon.

No matter how big or small the accomplishment, I always feel so proud of my children. It brings me so much joy to see them work so hard on something and then, all of a sudden, they get it. It is an amazing feeling to see the little smiles they get on their faces when they achieve something new.

The girls jump up and down and cheer with me as I look over and grin at my men.

My breath catches when I see the looks that they are both giving me. I'll never get tired of seeing that look on their faces.

They are looking at me like I'm the best thing that has ever happened to them, but they are definitely the best thing that has ever happened to me.

I'm glad they had never made me choose between them because I don't think I could even if I wanted to. They are both amazing and different in their own ways. I'm glad we had found a way to make it work.

Sometimes I think to myself how much I love them; more than I thought I could ever love anyone. How is it that I could love two people this much?

They make my days better just by existing, and I wouldn't trade our life for anything.

There may come hard times, I know we have already been through quite a bit, but we can make it through anything as long as we stick together; not just as a club, but as this little family we have created.

With my men at my side, I know anything is possible.

They make me happier than I ever thought I could be.

No matter what comes our way, I will always be happy that I am completely theirs.

Torch

We had just found out Sophie and Trigger had their baby while we were at the club. Camilla loves to spend a lot of time here, but I don't mind. I need to be here more often anyways since I am now the president of the Vicious Snakes.

Growing up, I had always dreamt of following in my father's footsteps and being the president of the club but, over the years, I wasn't sure it would actually happen. I knew he was happy with his role and didn't look like he was ever going to give it up. Then Damien came along, and he climbed the ranks

so fast I figured he was definitely next in line; but my brothers managed to surprise me once again.

The tragedy I had suffered from losing Stacey had made me a better man. There are times I still feel like she could walk through the door at any minute. There isn't a day that goes by where I don't miss her. Camilla, the wonderful woman at my side, doesn't let me feel the least bit guilty about it.

She had told me, time and time again, that she knew I loved Stacey and that a part of my heart was buried with her, but that doesn't make my love for her any less.

There were moments I didn't think I would ever climb out of that dark place, but Camilla was the light at the end of the tunnel.

We both had some sort of darkness we had to get through. When we finally did, we found each other. We had our first daughter, Peyton, and then our second girl named Madeline who had recently just turned one.

My women all have me wrapped around their fingers, but I don't mind at all.

"Baby, you okay in there?" I ask, knocking on the door.

She was cooking some lunch when we heard about Sophie since they were at the hospital all night, and then she had bolted up the stairs.

"I'll be right out!" she says, sounding a bit nervous.

It feels like forever before she opens the door. She looks like she isn't feeling so good.

"Baby, maybe you need to lie down," I say in concern.

She holds up a stick that I have already seen twice before.

"I don't think a nap is going to cut it," she says with an uncertain look.

"You're pregnant again!" I say grinning as my excitement grows thinking about having another baby with her.

“How does this even happen? We were so careful! You and your super sperm,” she grumbles.

I chuckle at her words. “We got drunk last month, remember? We didn’t use anything that night, and we both were too drunk to realise it the next morning.”

Realisation dawns in her eyes. “That’s right. Oh well, we wanted to have a big family,” she says with a soft smile.

I can’t wait another second as I pull her into my arms and kiss her with everything I am feeling.

No matter how much time has gone, I still feel the same way about her that I always have; maybe even more so. She is completely and passionately mine.

Camilla

Just like every other time when Tyson kisses me, I get lost in the moment and only focus on how he feels and tastes.

It takes too long to pull away from him but, when I do, everything comes back into focus and what I hear is complete silence.

Being a mother, that is big cause for worry.

“Oh no,” I say, and pull away to immediately run down the stairs with Tyson following after me.

“What’s going on?” he asks.

“They are too quiet,” I mutter.

“Shit,” he hisses, knowing that means our daughters are getting into trouble.

When we get to the living room where they were playing, I freeze in my tracks.

They have their crayons in their hands and are currently colouring all over the wall. Then I look over and see some crayon drawings on the coffee table as well.

“It doesn’t take long,” I say with a laugh.

We manage to get the crayons away from the girls and Tyson starts cleaning the walls while I finish up lunch.

After spending so much time being held captive and then struggling to learn how to live with everything that happened to me, I didn’t think that this was where my life would end up; but I’m more than happy with how things turned out.

I look over at the picture we keep of Stacey and Tyson. I know some people may think it’s weird that I would want a picture of my partner’s last relationship framed and hanging up in my house, but I know how much she meant, not only to Tyson, but also to everyone in her life.

I just hope that she approves of me and that she’s happy with the life I have given Tyson.

Who knows where we would both be if we didn’t find each other and I’m glad we don’t have to find out.

I have no reason to question Tyson’s love for me, even if I don’t own his whole heart.

He looks at me like he can’t believe I’m here and that I’m real. I know that he would do anything for me, just like I know he would do anything for our children.

I place my hand on my belly and smile to myself.

I love Tyson with everything I have, and I have never once regretted being passionately his.

Crash

I watch my woman as she places flowers down and sits beside the headstone that has Stone’s name on it.

Every time we visit his grave, Demi spends some time talking to him. She tells me that she feels like he’s right beside her listening.

I have no doubt that man would be. He loved his granddaughter more than anything.

Our five-year-old twins Elijah and Rylee are sitting in the car with some colouring books and snacks as they wait for their mother.

I lean against the car so I can still keep an eye on the kids, but also my wife.

We haven't had any more children, and only recently started trying again. I know I want a couple more, but Demi was nervous given how everything went last time.

Even though we know the chances of the same thing happening again are pretty slim, she still has a lingering fear that it will. I don't blame her for it one bit.

Who knew that one night with the woman who was off limits would lead to this?

We have built quite the life together in the recent years. We have grown so much as people and as a couple. I know that no matter what, she will always be by my side.

I couldn't think of anyone else I would want by my side more than Demi.

"Dad, I'm done!" Elijah yells, holding up a paper out the car window.

"Very good, bud. Is that for papa Stone?" I ask, looking at the coloured-in page of a motorcycle.

He nods his head eagerly. "Once mama is done talking to papa Stone, you can leave it for him," I tell him.

I glance at Rylee's paper and see her colouring in a butterfly. "This is for papa too!" she shouts, trying to colour faster.

"No rush, Ry. Mama is still talking to papa," I tell her softly.

When I turn back to look at Demi, I notice she's standing up and wiping a couple tears off her face before she heads this way.

When she walks up to me, I don't hesitate to pull her into my arms and kiss her softly.

"Are you okay, baby?" I ask.

She nods her head. "Yeah, no matter how many times we come, it doesn't get easier," she says softly.

"The kids coloured him some pages," I tell her, and she smiles and moves to open Rylee's door while I walk to the other side to open Elijah's.

Together, we all walk to the grave and the kids talk to Stone just like their mom does. I say what I need to in my head. I like to think, that no matter how I communicate to him, he can hear me.

When the kids are done, we head back to the car. I kiss Demi softly again before opening the passenger door for her.

I'm fucking lucky that she became secretly mine.

Demi

We head to the clubhouse since there's going to be a family BBQ today. They happen quite often now that there are more little kids running around.

I glance at my phone to see messages that Sophie had her baby early this morning and a smile comes to my face.

"Soph had her baby," I tell my man.

"Wow, that's great! It's still early, we can visit them later. We don't want them to get overwhelmed with people stopping by their room," he says.

I nod my head in agreement. Everyone will be taking turns heading over to the hospital to see the new addition and attending the BBQ. We have plenty of time to see the new baby.

The kids run towards the clubhouse the second we pull up and open their doors.

They love coming here, so most days are spent here. Everyone seems to be here all the time. We are definitely close like a family.

Along the way, we have gotten new prospects and club whores added to the bunch. Then we have some former prospects who got patched in like Camilla's brother, Xavier. Xavier's club name is 'Grim.' He has a much darker side that comes out when anyone dares to challenge the Vicious Snakes. We had no idea how sinister he could get when it came to defending his club family.

He's always there to protect anyone that he can. I know lots of it stems from him not being able to find and help Camilla for so long. It's like he's making up for lost time.

Crash and he have become close throughout the years, and my girls already call him "Uncle Grim."

Still, their number one protector will always be Hale. Whenever we come to the club and he's there, he's always watching over them like it's his job.

I knew he was always going to grow up to be a good man, and I still think that to this day.

That boy went through a lot. After the scare before the girls were born, it's not often that he leaves their side.

Crash grabs my hand as we walk into the clubhouse. It's already filling with brothers and their families. The place smells delicious. My mouth waters just walking in.

This is my life now and I'm glad that, after everything, I had secretly become his.

Kid

We have been at the club for a couple hours. We had seen Sophie and Trigger's new baby and then made our way over to the club to help out. I know Annalise loves to help Cook, Lily, and Sasha in the kitchen.

Millie walks around, helping out where she can, but mostly spends her time bossing around the little kids that are already here. Although she is now nine years old, I still see her as the little girl who would cling to me during thunderstorms. Now I have to prepare for her growing up and becoming a woman.

I'm more nervous for that than I had thought I would be. Even though I'm not biologically her father, she considers me to be. I love those kids like they are my own, and no one can tell me they aren't.

Fae is seven years old, but she seems quieter than her older sister. She follows Doc around a lot. I don't know what to make of it, but I guess you never know because Doc is younger than I am.

Our little boy, Paxton, is four years old and he follows me everywhere. Most days, he even dresses like me too. I love the fucking feeling it gives me.

I never thought I would have this, but fate had surprised me again. I guess having a family was in the cards for me, even though I felt like I was just meant to be alone forever.

My family just wasn't ready for me yet.

Annalise walks over to me with a smile and sits on my lap. I squeeze her tightly and breathe in her scent.

"Everything is ready. Now we just need to wait for everyone to arrive," she says softly.

"Both of our families are coming as well. I'm surprised they aren't here yet," I mutter. Just as those words leave my mouth, I hear the loud voices of our family walking in.

"Time to join the circus," Annalise says, but she gets up with a smile as she greets my family.

I pull her away from my father when he winks at her. The fucker knows that he's pushing my buttons and enjoys doing that. Annalise just laughs. It's all in good fun though.

I have everything I have ever wanted. My wife, kids, my family back in my life, and my club.

I never thought I could have these things, or be this happy, and it's all because of my Annalise.

Everything worked out because she hesitantly became mine.

Annalise

The BBQ is full of laughter and smiles as everyone eats and bullshits with each other.

I make sure everything is well stocked up because I know there will be a few brothers and Old Ladies drinking after this. There are always a couple of them tying one on at our family BBQs. I have a good time looking after everyone.

The club had grown so much over the years. Everyone is closer and stronger than ever.

I look over at the man I love, and know that, somehow, luck was on my side when I chose his shed for shelter.

It could have been anyone's house, but I lucked out that it was Pax. He's the most amazing man I have ever known. I'm glad my kids get to see what a real man is like. They won't have to grow up with the monster who gave me the sperm to create them.

As far as anyone is concerned, Kid is their father no matter what.

I never knew if I would believe in love again, but Kid had proved me wrong and I'm so glad that he did. Trusting him was a hard thing to do but having him beside me to raise our kids has been everything I had ever dreamed of.

Demi finds me and pours a couple of shots as I raise an eyebrow at her.

“Is there a reason you are pouring so many? Are you trying to seduce me?” I ask with a wink.

She laughs at my words and shakes her head. “Girl, we know I would be breaking out the whisky if I wanted to seduce you,” she says, and I can’t help but blush.

I got really drunk with whisky one day, and pretty much tried to fuck Kid in front of everyone. Now they all talk about how whisky makes me horny. I can’t help it if my man is sexy as sin though.

“Well, what’s with all the vodka?” I ask her.

“This might be my last time to get drunk. Crash and I decided to start trying again. So, who knows. Maybe he will knock me up tonight,” she says before waggling her eyebrows.

“Well cheers to you getting fucked within an inch of your life and dripping with Crash’s juices,” I mutter and take the shot, but she spits hers out and starts coughing.

I can’t help but laugh when I see the look on her face.

Like she can’t believe I just said that but, some days, I can’t believe it either. Sometimes my dirty mouth gets the better of me. Especially when I have already had a few drinks. My filter is gone.

“Fuck. No matter how many times I have drinks with you, I will never get used to your dirty mouth,” she says before clearing her throat a bunch of times.

“What’s going on here?” Kid and Crash ask, walking up to us.

“I was making a toast,” I say innocently.

“Just was toasting to my man fucking me with in an inch of my life and, god, I can’t even finish saying it,” Demi says while bursting out in laughter.

Kid raises an eyebrow at me but shakes his head. He pulls me into his arms.

“I see I’m going to have fun with you tonight, my love,” he whispers in my ear.

I shrug. “Maybe you will, maybe you won’t,” I purr.

We both know I will. After all, I had hesitantly become his.

Stitch

My woman and I walk into the club to see everyone already eating and having a good time. We had just visited Sophie and Trigger at the hospital.

We walk over and make some plates before sitting down with Crash, Demi, Kid, and Annalise.

They are all laughing and carrying on. I eye all the shots on the table and notice that none of them are whisky. I smirk.

“It’s vodka!” Annalise shouts while narrowing her eyes at me.

“I was just making sure. It is after all, family day. Wouldn’t want anything to traumatize the little ones,” I say with a wink.

Katy laughs and then shoots a couple shots down before eating her food.

Fuck, I love this woman more than anything. She fits in perfectly with us.

After everything she has been through, and the shit her parents had put her through, she came out on the other side. She never went back to work. Instead, she helps Doc whenever there is someone that needs to be stitched up or when he’s too busy. She loves helping out and being around the club, and I make more than enough money to support us.

I just want her to be happy; no matter what it is she wants to do with her life. Right now, she’s just happy living without the pressure from her father.

Her mother had tried a few times to become part of her life, but Katy shut her down at every turn; telling her that she

already had a mother. Lily had claimed Katy as hers, and Derek went right along with it. They treat her like she's another daughter.

We still don't want to have kids, and being the aunt and uncle of the club works for us.

We take the kids sometimes, but it's always a relief to return them back to their parents.

Now that my family has started adding more to the mix with my brothers finding their partners, I feel like we will never be short of kids to help take care of.

My parents are starting to get grandkids to spoil, so I don't have to worry about feeling pressure from them about having our own children.

We are happy with our life and what we have. We do not have any regrets regarding our choice.

Katy makes me happier than I think she realises. I don't know what I would do if she wasn't by my side.

She pushes a couple shots in front of me and raises her eyebrow.

I take them without complaint. I know that means we are drinking tonight and staying here. Since we didn't promise to watch any kids, I guess there is no reason we can't.

I watch my woman laughing and talking with my brothers, and a grin takes over my face.

Even through the hard days, I'm glad that she had ultimately become mine.

Katy

There is nothing like a good burger, salad, vodka, and good times with friends that makes me feel at peace.

Demi had let it slip that they were trying for another baby, so she wanted to get drunk tonight since this might be the last time. I have no problems being her partner in crime, along with Annalise.

She has her family here, and they plan to take the twins to their house for the night since Demi and Crash plan on staying here.

The club family has definitely grown over the years. These gatherings seem to get bigger and bigger every year. There are so many little ones running around, and I love spoiling the shit out of them. Plus, many of the club's family members have come out for the day.

I smile over at Stitch who is talking to Annalise. She is throwing her head back laughing.

I don't know how I managed to land a man like him, but I won't give him up for anything.

I am getting pretty good with knife throwing. I'm out there most days. I didn't realise how relaxing it was. Switch had also taught me some tricks.

I struggled a lot with everything that went down after the bomb went off, and with my mother trying to get a hold of me. I tried to hear her out once more, but I couldn't look at her without getting angry.

Maybe it takes time, but I'm still not there yet. I had completely cut my father out of my life, and at least he couldn't bother me from prison.

I have all the family I need right here.

I also have the man I love by my side, and I would do anything for him.

Our life might not be what other people would choose, but it's our life. We don't need to live to make other people happy. As long as we are happy, that's all that matters.

It took a while to live for myself. I know that I'm not responsible for other people's happiness.

I make my man happy, and that's what matters most to me.

When he smiles at me, it makes my whole day.

Being loved by that man is something I will never take for granted.

We do shots, round after round, and I start to feel the alcohol more. Somehow, I end up in Stitch's lap as more brothers and their women gather at our table.

There are kids running around getting all their energy out, and people eating, laughing, and having a good time. How can anyone think that this place is not a family?

You don't have to be blood to be family.

The Vicious Snakes taught me that.

Stitch taught me to love myself again. In the end, I'll always be glad that I had ultimately become his.

Shield

Fuck, it looks like we are getting wasted tonight as Demi hands me another shot.

Ink is on the other side of the room talking with Prez, VP, and Steal.

I just came to the bar to grab another beer and somehow managed to find myself over here doing shots with my brothers and their women.

All the kids start making their rounds and saying goodbye as grandparents start taking kids home, and brothers with families and homes of their own start heading home too.

That seems to be when everyone lets loose.

I look over to Ink and he's grinning at something VP is saying.

Fuck, I love that man.

I had so many walls up from people giving up on me after trying to push me out of my comfort zone, but then Ink had managed to tear them all down.

Not one of the brothers cared that we were together. Deep down, I knew they wouldn't care. They weren't like that. Love who you love, that isn't anyone else's business but yours.

I spent a lot of time in my own head and letting my own fears control my life.

That is not something I need to worry about anymore.

Ink and I had built a life for ourselves in the little home we have. Ink's ex, Nathan, had tried to come back another time to try to seduce him. He broke into the shop and got naked before Ink arrived, but little did he know it was Bullet's day to open and Krista was following him because she was getting a tattoo done.

I think Krista might have actually put the fear into him that he should stay away from now on.

We came to the shop just as she was chasing him out the door with a broom in her hand, shouting to get his naked ass out of there. He was naked as he ran out while desperately trying to put on his clothes in a hurry.

I couldn't help but laugh at the scene.

He looked at Ink with pleading in his eyes, but Ink just shook his head.

You think he would have known that Ink wouldn't ever want him again.

Ink is my man. He always will be mine. Nothing or no one can take him from me.

"What ya thinking so hard about?" is whispered in my ear before an arm wraps around my waist, pulling me into their chest.

"Just everything we have been through," I say with a sigh while leaning back against my man.

“We have been through a fuck ton. There is no one else I would rather have by my side through the good and bad days,” he rasps in my ear.

“Good. You aren’t ever getting rid of me,” I state.

“I don’t ever want to,” he purrs into my ear as he pulls me closer. I feel his hard dick against my ass and a shiver breaks out.

“Let’s go, I’ve got plans for this ass,” he says lowly and then bites my neck.

I follow him to our room and ignore the knowing smirks along the way.

When he gets naked, I take him in. I still can’t believe that he is unbelievably mine.

Ink

I fucked my man throughout the night, and he is definitely going to be sore today. I wake up and look over at him. He’s sleeping on his stomach, and I trace a finger along his back while taking in every single delicious inch of him. He has marks on his body from me, but I know he loves having them just as much as I love seeing them; even if we are the only ones that know they are there.

I knew he was going to be worth it when I decided to make my move. I never once gave up on the fact that he was going to be mine.

No matter how much time it took. No matter what we had been through. He was always my man.

I get up and head out for some coffee.

As always, Lily, Sasha, Derek, Bear, and Switch are all in the room. They already have coffee and breakfast started.

“Fuck yes,” I mutter before grabbing a coffee cup and pouring myself some.

“No hangover today?” Lily asks me. I shake my head.

“I think we burned off everything we drank last night,” I say with a wink.

“Very true. You are very loud,” Sasha says.

“Oh, please. You of all people are going to tell me that I’m loud?” I tell her, waving my hand dismissively.

She blushes at my words but doesn’t deny it.

I look over her shoulder to see Crash and Kid who look terrible.

“Have too many shots?” I ask loudly.

They wince and glare at me.

“So many shots. It’s like the women were on a mission last night,” Crash mutters.

“Probably were,” I say with a laugh.

I make a coffee for my man. “I’ll be right back for breakfast. Need to wake up my man,” I say over my shoulder as I walk away.

He’s still sleeping when I get into the room. I put our coffees on the nightstand and straddle his legs.

I move the blanket down enough to grab onto his ass. Fuck I love his ass.

I could get lost in this all day.

“No one,” he rumbles sleepily.

I chuckle. “Time to wake up,” I say, laying down on top of him.

“Too tired,” he complains.

“We have to meet my mom and sister in a couple hours,” I remind him.

He lets out a tired sigh.

“Okay, you better have gotten me coffee,” he mumbles.

I get off him so he can turn around and sit up against the headboard. I climb back on top of him and straddle him.

He runs a hand along my hip and silently drinks his coffee.

I know that it always takes a while for him to wake up, so I drink my coffee and enjoy the silence.

Moments like these can sometimes be absolutely fucking perfect.

We don't always need to talk; just being with him is enough for me to feel at peace.

When we are both finished our coffee, I kiss him for a few minutes before my stomach reminds me how hungry I am.

I get off him and watch his ass as he bends over to put his pants on. His tattoos, and lines tracing his back muscles, have me drooling.

It's still crazy that he's unbelievably mine.

Derek

It has been three years since I had stepped down from being the club president. There hasn't been a day that I regretted my decision.

I proudly watch my son as he takes on his new role. Having Tyson as the next president was the right decision. He was born to be a leader, just like my father and I were.

I have had more time to spend with Lily and my grandkids, which I fucking love. Those little ones bring me so much fucking joy. I spend as much time with them as I can.

Anytime I get sick, my family bugs me into going to get checked out. Even if it's just something small, Doc, Krista, Katy, and Olivia take turns looking me over.

To most people, it would be annoying; but it's not to me. I know I scared everyone with neglecting my health before. That's not something I'm willing to do again.

If it makes everyone feel better to look me over, then I won't stop them. I want to be healthy enough to be around for my kids and grandkids for many, many years.

I know it's hard for Lily every time I get sick, and I will do whatever I can to help assuage her fears.

Lily and Sasha are getting breakfast ready. Slowly, more and more members come downstairs.

There were a few more drinking all night than I had realised.

I look over at my beautiful woman and smile. It has been over forty years that this amazing woman has been part of my life.

Even to this day, she still takes my breath away.

Time has been good to her as she is still the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

No one could compare to her.

She sets a plate in front of me like she always does, and I pull her onto my lap.

"You need to eat too, baby," I whisper in her ear.

We both eat off the plate she made for me as everyone talks around us.

We have been through a lot as a couple and as a club, but we finally made it to a place where we can relax and enjoy it.

I have the life I always wanted, and I hope that I had made my father proud after all these years.

I know he has to be watching over us.

He would have loved everyone who has become part of the club.

"I love you so much," I whisper in her ear.

“I love you too, baby,” she whispers back before kissing me softly.

I squeeze her tighter. No matter what, she will always be mine.

Lily

When Derek had stepped down from his presidency at the club, I had worried slightly that maybe it was too soon; but now I know it was the perfect time to do so. We have just been spending the last three years making memories.

His health has improved a lot, and I’m grateful for each and every day we have together.

Almost losing him has affected me more than I had realised.

I’m instantly worried when any small sickness comes his way. The image of his face when I found him in that cell so close to death always creeps back up at me when he has even the littlest cough.

He did make it, though. He came back to me, and I’ll never give up on him. The image of him on that cell floor will never leave my head though.

I have to reassure myself sometimes that he is still here and alive.

I would do whatever I could to save him, over and over again.

There is nothing I wouldn’t do for that man. He is my life, my everything. I would do everything all over again as long as it means I could have him in my life.

We have time now to just be grandparents. He still does shit for the club, but it doesn’t consume his life like it did before. We take the grandkids as often as we can. We love spending time with them.

Every moment is a new memory made.

Last night, having almost everyone here had brought me peace and happiness. To see everyone smiling and laughing is how everything is supposed to be.

It means more to me than I can ever put into words.

The Vicious Snakes are family. This is our life and our home.

No one and nothing will take this away from us. We will take on anyone that tries.

My brothers visit as often as they can, getting to know everyone and their nieces, nephews, and all the grandkids. I'm so glad that they can be part of my life again. Even after all these years, they are finding their partners, and I'm happy that I get to witness that.

Everything has happened like it was supposed to.

I look forward to many more years with these people and my family by my side.

Watching the little ones running around, I knew we were looking at the next generation of Snakes.

I cannot wait to see what these kids will grow up to be. I know that soon their stories will just be beginning, and I feel like it's going to be one heck of a ride.

This is the life I would have missed out on if I hadn't had run away and found a home in the man that changed my life.

No matter what has come and will come our way in this life, I will always be his.

Author Notes

Thank you so much for reading Always Yours!!! I hope you loved it as much as I did writing it.

I'm very sad to see this series come to an end and I struggled writing the ending chapters. I wasn't ready for it and the emotions it brought out as this serious has come to mean so much to me and be a huge part of my writing journey.

This series was supposed to only be one book with Accidentally Yours and it turned into a ten-book series. I'm amazed and awed by the love and support this world gets from all of you.

I'm grateful to each and everyone of you who took the chance to read my Vicious Snacks...ahem... I mean Snakes.

Next year we will see what happens to Dani from book 4 when she left to get to know her father.

Also, in the future there will be a next generation where we see all these munchkins grow up. (I cannot wait for that!!)

A huge thank you to my sisters Chantilly and Georgina, they have been a huge part of my writing journey and listened to me as I bounced off ideas and changed my mind a million times but were happy to read whatever I gave them.

Thank you to my mother who supports me in everything I do and isn't afraid to tell me just how proud she is of me.

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Most of to my little family, my hubby and children, I spend so much time plotting, working and sometimes getting lost in my world but their support and love make it all worth it.

Thank you once again for reading Always yours.

All my love and tacos,

Mallory

Other books written by Mallory Funk:

The Hastings Brothers Series:

My Sweet Paige (Trevor & Paige)

Without Claire (Sam & Claire)

Crazy about Tara (Derek)

Devoted to Courtney (Cole & Courtney)

Chasing Amelia (Liam & Amelia)

The Davis Sisters Series:

Loving a Davis (Mark & Ava)

Falling for a Davis (Tyler & Jessica)

Davis Shorts (3 Short Stories)

Saving a Davis (Carter & Eliza)

Keeping a Davis (Roman & Carissa)

Vicious Snakes MC:

Accidentally Yours (Ella & Damien)

Undeniably Yours (Olivia & Steal)

Naturally Yours (Sophie & Trigger)

Completely Yours (Krista, Pyro & Bullet)

Passionately Yours (Camilla & Torch)

Secretly Yours (Demi & Crash)

Hesitantly Yours (Annalise & Kid)

Ultimately Yours (Katy & Stitch)

Unbelievably Yours (Ink & Shield)

Always Yours (Lily & Prez)

The Bluewalker Pack:

Can't Fight Fate (Penelope & Ryker)

Resisting Fate (Hailey & Isaac)

Desires of the heart:

What the heart wants (Kyla)

Trust in my heart (Holly)

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About the Author:

Mallory Funk has enjoyed writing since she was a child. Raised with three other siblings by a single mother, Mallory often places an importance on her characters having, or developing, strong familial bonds. Mallory has always wanted a big family, and is now married with three children. Mallory has a strong sense of humour and loves making people laugh. Her teasing nature is always in good fun, and often shows up in her writing. Mallory can usually be seen at her home in Nipawin, Saskatchewan sitting with her laptop and laughing at her own jokes as she writes them into her newest book.