



**BEAR**

**SINFUL WARRIORS MC**

**R. TAYLOR**

*Bear*

SINFUL WARRIORS MC

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**BEAR: SINFUL WARRIORS MC**

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From R. Taylor

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*Dedicated to all single mothers.  
Never give up on your dreams.*

*Sinful Warriors*



## CLUB MEMBERS

Viper (Prez)

Axel (VP)

Bear (Enforcer)

Torch (Sergeant at Arms)

Blade (Treasurer)

Chains (Road Captain)

Capone (Secretary)

Smoke

Thor

Tiny

Dice

Doc

Ink

Diablo

Gunner

Tech

Big Red

Rambo

Prospects

River

Luis

Kevin

Levi

Logan

# *Prologue*

SARA

## SEVEN MONTHS AGO

The pain in my heart is consistent. I hate the decisions I've been forced to make. I wish things could have been different for me. For us. I knew the day I laid eyes on him, he would change my life. I just didn't know it would be like this. The first time he spoke to me, my world stopped.

His deep baritone voice had a bit of a growl to it. Shivers went down my spine immediately. His dark eyes called to me. There's so much pain in them. A pain I wanted to heal. Despite his reserved ways with everyone else, he opened up to me. He's so different from anyone I have been with.

I attended private schools for the majority of my life. Preppy boys and jocks are the only things I know. Bear is neither of those things. It's what attracts me to him the most. I'm like a moth to a flame for him.

As much as it kills me, I have accepted defeat. There is nothing I can say or do to change things.

I hate that our road has come to an end.

A knock sounds on my door, breaking my thoughts.

"Come in."

The door opens and I look up to see the man who has invaded my dreams for six months. Quickly, I look away and finish stuffing clothes into my luggage.

Bear scans the room and notices the empty drawers and filled suitcases. I can feel the heat from his stare, but I can't look him in the eyes.

*This is killing me.*

"What's going on?" he drawls.

That deep, rough voice sends goosebumps pebbling all over me. I don't think he truly understands what he does to me.

“I’m leaving.”

Bear growls and stalks toward me. His body is so close to mine. I do my best to act naturally. I don’t want to have another breakdown in front of him. I’ve cried too many times as it is.

“Why?” he asks, as he pulls the clothes out of my hand. He sets them on the bed and turns me to face him. He places a finger under my chin, trying to raise my head. I take a few steps back and sigh.

“You know why.”

I try to grab some clothes off the bed, but he steps in front of me, blocking the bed.

“Why do you have to leave? I thought you understood and were okay with how things are.”

Another stab to the heart. How can he not feel *anything*? I’m not delusional. I see the way he looks at me. At least I think that’s what I’m seeing. Or maybe I’ve fallen so hard that my mind is making me see things that aren’t there.

“I understand that you don’t want to be with me. It doesn’t mean I’m okay, though. It *hurts*. I can’t look at you every day. It’s just another reminder that I’m in this alone. Maybe one day we can be friends, but right now, I need to distance myself from you. I need to try and move on.”

I walk around to the other side of the bed and begin filling my suitcases faster than before.

“And you can’t do that here?” he growls.

“No. I can’t.” Bear starts to walk around the bed, and I hold a hand up, shaking my head. “Stop!” I snap. His steps falter, and he looks at me with something I’ve never seen from him.

*Hurt.*

“I’m doing this for me, Asher. I understand if the attraction isn’t there for you. There’s nothing wrong with that. But I need you to understand that I have to put space between us. It’s the only way I’ll move on.”

“Where are you going to go?”

“I’ll move in with Viper and Cara for a while, and then, eventually, I’ll find my own apartment.”

Bear opens his mouth to say something, but when he sees the stray tear rolling down my cheek, he snaps his mouth closed. His fists clench and his chest rises and falls with heavy breaths. After a few seconds, he storms from my room, slamming the door. The pictures on the wall rattle from the force.

The dam breaks and I lie across my bed in shambles. I know I’m doing the right thing, but why does it feel so wrong?

# *Chapter One*



## SARA

Seven months. It's been seven months since I moved from the clubhouse. Seven months since I've held a conversation with him. I'm completely empty inside. I miss him so much. Asher "Bear" Evans. That man has taken up every free thought in my head since I laid eyes on him over a year ago.

Coming to my brothers' MC, I was nervous as ever. I don't really do good with men. I'm kind of socially awkward. Being around the guys was so much better than I thought it would be.

It's like my sister Cara and I inherited twenty-plus bikers as brothers. They welcomed us with open arms. We were only supposed to be here for two weeks. Then Cara went and fell head over heels in love with Viper, the president of the MC.

Over a year later since the day we arrived, and they're married with a set of triplets. Watching my niece and nephews come into the world was the most beautiful experience. They're three months now and they are the center of attention around here.

I help my sister all the time, seeing as I live with her. My choice, of course, even though I didn't have much of a choice. I couldn't look at Bear every day, knowing he would never *be* with me. Plus, I really didn't want to move away from my family. My parents are here and so are all of my siblings, minus Sofia. She travels back and forth from college.

I've never been in love before. I have only had three boyfriends in my entire life. I know that's kind of pathetic for

a twenty-six-year-old, but men all look at me the same. They only want one thing from me.

Sex.

I wouldn't know a thing about it. Another pathetic trait about me. How do you go twenty-six years without losing your virginity? Not meeting the right man, that's how.

Today is my twenty-sixth birthday. I told my family I just wanted a small dinner with just us. After word got around, some of the guys guilted me into having it at the clubhouse. So, here I am, standing in front of my mirror, getting ready. I'm nervous because it's been a month since I've seen Bear. Every time I see him, I just want to give in and talk like we used to, but I know it'll only hurt me in the end.

I rarely go to the clubhouse anymore. The only time I'm there is for the rare "church" meeting that Cara and I are a part of. Normally, MCs don't let women into their meetings, but Cara and I have to be there from time to time. With the diner we run through the MC, they need updates here and there. I keep my head down for the meetings. Looking at him sends a pang through my heart. He'll never be with me.

I still remember the first time we had a real conversation. It was a few days after we arrived here. Draco, my Savannah cat, had wandered to his room, and he returned him to me.

*"Draco," I singsong his name. Where was he? It wasn't like him to disappear on me like this. He wasn't comfortable with strangers. I was becoming really worried when someone knocked on my doorframe. I turned around and there was my Draco.*

*The most shocking thing was that he was allowing Bear to hold him. He was cuddled to his chest, purring like there was no other place he would rather be.*

*I quickly got myself together when I realized I was staring. "Thank you so much. I was looking for him and I was starting to get worried when I couldn't find him." Bear looked surprised that I was talking to him.*

*Weird. Why wouldn't I talk to him? The man brought me back my cat.*

*"No problem. He wandered into my room at some point last night." That blew my mind. Draco didn't like anyone. Not even my siblings.*

*"Well, come on in." I motioned my hand, telling him to come in. He looked a little hesitant. I gave him my best smile, beckoning him inside my room.*

*Bear went over to my bed and sat down. I walked over to the mirror and started doing my hair. Looking at Bear through the mirror, I decided to break the awkward silence.*

*"So, how long have you been a part of the MC?"*

*Again, he looked shocked. Did I give the vibes of a stuck-up bitch or something? I raised my brow, waiting for his reply. I couldn't explain why I felt so comfortable with him, but I did.*

*"I started prospecting when I turned eighteen." His voice made my insides flutter. It was so deep and growly.*

*Looking at him, I got lost in his whiskey-colored eyes. He really was an attractive man. Six foot seven and built like a mountain. His bald head and thick beard worked on him perfectly. His nose was slightly crooked, like it had been broken before, but it didn't take away how handsome he was. The man had my panties drenched just by looking at him. I knew men didn't like to be called beautiful, but he was.*

*I noticed a scar above his right eye. I wondered how he got that.*

*"So, you've been around the MC for how long?" I hoped he didn't catch on to what I was doing.*

*"Twelve years," he grunted.*

*So, he was thirty. Not much of an age difference between us. "What do you do for the MC?" He looked up at me and something crossed his face. I wasn't sure what it was.*

*"I work at the mechanic shop owned by the MC." There was more to that story, but I let it slide since we didn't know each other that well. Just as I was about to ask more*

*questions, Cara came rushing through the connecting doors to our rooms.*

*She looked surprised to see Bear in my room. Rightfully so, since I didn't entertain male company, ever. "Umm... I'll just come back."*

*Before she made her exit, Bear got up with a grunt and left. I saw the curiosity in her stare. "We talk," I said with a shrug.*

One of the babies crying breaks me out of my memory. I hurry to throw on my shoes and make my way downstairs. Tonight, I have on a red dress that stops about mid-thigh. I barely put on any makeup for the occasion. I'm just not in a major celebratory mood with my broken heart. I'm still going to fake a smile for my family, though.

When I get downstairs, I see Viper pacing the living room with Angel in his arms. Khai and Liam are in their swings, content with everything in the world. Viper is trying to calm his daughter, but she isn't going for it.

"What's wrong with Angel?" I ask, walking into the room. Viper looks up and shakes his head with a smirk.

"You know how she gets when she's hungry. Cara's in the kitchen, making her bottle now, but you know our little princess is impatient." He isn't lying about that. Angel is spoiled at three months. When she wants something, you better make it happen in a timely manner.

Cara walks in, shaking a bottle, while holding two in the other hand. She breastfeeds too, but having three babies, she has to give them formula sometimes. "Here, your highness," Cara says, putting the bottle in Angel's mouth. She quickly starts guzzling the bottle. "Angel, I swear, you would think I starve you the way you're attacking that bottle." Cara hands me a bottle and I grab Liam from his swing. He wastes no time sucking the bottle into his mouth.

Thor walks into the house without knocking like he usually does. He's the best godfather to the triplets. Cara doesn't even hesitate, handing Khai over to Thor. "Perfect timing, god

daddy. I have to finish getting ready so we can head to the clubhouse for dinner.” She rushes off to her room without another word.

After Cara is dressed and the triplets are done eating, we head to the clubhouse. We get into the SUV and drive there. Even though Cara and Viper’s house is on the clubhouse land, it’s still a bit of a walk. Pulling up to the clubhouse, my heart is beating fast. “Sis, it’s going to be alright. I really wish you would talk to him. He’s miserable without you, Sara.”

I know she’s telling the truth because all the guys tell me the same thing. I’m miserable without him, too, but it hurts too much to be around him. I give her a nod and get out. Walking up the steps, I pause when I reach the doors.

“Here we go,” I mutter to myself.

## *Chapter Two*

## BEAR

**E**mptiness. Darkness. Loneliness. Those are the only emotions I have had since she left seven months ago. I've felt this way since I was thirteen years old, but it's different this time. Sara showed me light. She made the nightmares go away. She made me feel *happiness*. Something I have never felt.

I know she's angry that I won't take our relationship further than friendship. I tried explaining to her it was for her own good. She refused to accept it. So she left. Every time I try to talk to her, she shuts me down.

She believes I'm not attracted to her. It's the furthest thing from the truth. I didn't do anything to negate those thoughts. I needed her to let go of any hope of a relationship. I'm no good for her. In the end, she'll see I was only trying to protect her. At least I can only hope.

I gave her the space she asked of me, wishing she would come back to me. She didn't. Even when she comes to church, she won't look at me. It sends an unfamiliar hurt through me every time.

Her brothers, Torch and Blade, are constantly asking us to get it together. I can't believe they would want a monster like me with their sister. Even her parents want us together. Paul told me he could see the fire in me, but he also knew I would never let his daughter get burned.

I don't understand why they put so much faith in me. The things I have done in my life... I'm not good enough for her.

We've lived two completely different lives. The things she wants from me, I wouldn't have a clue how to give them to her.

Getting out of bed, a familiar purr makes me turn around with a grin. Draco. He's been sneaking into my room ever since they came here. He hates everyone except Sara and me. I look at Draco snuggled on one of my pillows, sleeping with no worries.

A few club bunnies tried coming into my room after Sara left, and Draco showed them exactly how he felt about it.

I'm grateful for the little hellhound. I don't have to worry about rejecting them. He does it for me. I don't want anyone near me except Sara.

My light.

My princess.

I wonder how she feels about Draco spending so much time with me. She might have cut me out of her life, but he sure hasn't.

I walk into the bathroom and peel my clothes off. Grabbing the ointment off the bathroom counter, I apply it to my new tattoo. I had Ink tattoo Sara's face on my ribs. I need to feel that she is close to me in some kind of way. Ink is the only one who knows I got it. I made him swear not to tell anyone.

I know I can't keep this a secret forever and I don't want to. I'm just not ready for everyone to know about. Part of me is worried about how Sara will react.

*Will she think I've gone crazy?*

*Will it hurt her more than I already have?*

Thinking back to Cara, Torch, and Blade's birthday last month. The party was wild and crazy. Sara only stayed for a few hours and left. Her siblings looked sad, but reluctantly let her go. Everyone here knows she avoids me like the plague. I got shit-faced that night.



It stung that she despised being around me so much that she would leave her siblings' party early. It pissed me off even more when I saw all the looks of sympathy being thrown my way.

Shaking my head of the thoughts, I get dressed, grab Sara's gift, and leave my room. I leave Draco inside with the door cracked. When he's ready, he'll head back home to Sara. I feel like even the cat is trying to bring us together. Walking down the hall, one of the club bunnies throws herself at me. She's a new one since Candy got herself offed and Daisy was kicked out. I think her name is Kitty.

"Bear, I can make you forget all about her." Even the sound of her voice is annoying. Nobody will ever compare to Sara. She rubs her hands across my chest, and I quickly grab it in an iron-clad grip.

"Don't. Touch. Me!" I snarl right in her face. Her eyes widen in fear. Bitch should be scared. I have told the bunnies numerous times not to touch me.

I haven't touched a bunny since Sara came here. Yeah, that's right. I haven't had sex in over a year. I've used only my hand to relieve myself to thoughts of my princess. Her pouty lips and ocean blue eyes haunt me every day.

The moment I laid eyes on her body, my cock was instantly hard. She wasn't skinny at all. She had just the right amount of curves to her. Not too much or too little. I can't even tell you how many times I've jerked off thinking about her.

What color are her nipples? Is she bare or is she neatly trimmed? What sounds will she make when I bury my tongue inside her? So many unanswered questions. A whimper breaks me from my thoughts. I look down and see I still have the bunny in my grasp. I let her go and push past her.

Making it to the dining hall, I see balloons and streamers everywhere. Everyone is here for this. I make my way over to the bar and tell the new prospect, Logan, to get me a beer. Right as Logan sets my beer down, Paul makes his way over to me.

“How’s it going, Bear?” Paul is one of the few people I talk to around here. My princess brought that out of me. Before her, I didn’t talk to anyone.

“I’ve been alright,” I grunt. Paul gives a chuckle with no amusement in it and shakes his head.

“You can give that lie to the rest of the people in here, but not me. When are you going to pull your head out of your ass and make my daughter happy?” He raises a brow, challenging me. This man is one of the few people who has never shown an ounce of fear toward me.

“You know why that can never happen, Paul.” Doesn’t anyone understand how much this is killing me? I will not taint her with my darkness.

“Bear, one day you’re going to look up and she’ll be gone, and I don’t mean in the back of the property, living with her sister. I can see she’s waiting for you, but how long is she going to wait for?” He walks away and leaves me to my thoughts.

Is she really waiting for me?

I thought she was moving on. Not that it matters. I can’t have her. I will never forgive myself if I ruin her.

After about ten minutes of stewing about what Paul said, I watch my princess walk into the room. Everyone wishes her a happy birthday and gives her hugs. I want to rip their arms off. Nobody should touch her but me. I know it’s a bit caveman, but this is how crazy she makes me. After all the greetings are done, we sit and have dinner.

Before the girls, we never had dinner together like this. We were surviving on noodles and takeout. The bunnies couldn’t cook for shit. That is until the girls taught Mouse and Bubbles. Viper gives them extra allowance since they took the initiative to learn how to cook. Cara and Sara don’t cook here as often as they used to. Mouse and Bubbles’ food is good, but it doesn’t compare to the girls.

After dinner, I walk over to Sara. She’s holding Khai in her arms, laughing at Thor. The only reason I know it’s Khai is

because Cara made necklaces for the triplets so everyone could tell Khai and Liam apart. When I'm standing in front of her, she blushes.

“Can I talk to you for a second?” Sara looks like she's ready to bolt. I hate that she feels like she can't be around me anymore. “Please?”

Sara and Thor's eyes go wide. I don't think I have ever said that word before. Sara gives me a nod and hands Khai over to Thor. Thor lights up like a kid on Christmas. He really loves those babies.

I lead her outside, and we walk away from the clubhouse. Once there's a little distance between us and the clubhouse, I turn to her. I reach into my pocket and give her the gift I got her.

“Asher, you didn't have to get me anything,” she mutters. She is the only person I want using my given name. I still don't understand how she got me to tell her. Asher died almost two decades ago.

Despite all the horrendous memories that come with my name somehow, when Sara says it, it brings a feeling of peace. Like I belong. Like I can be normal.

I can tell she's nervous. She opens the jewelry box and I watch her eyes tear up when she sees the necklace. It's a gold necklace that reads *Princess*. I started calling her that shortly after she arrived here.

“Can you put it on me?”

She hands me the necklace and turns around. I have to take a deep breath. Her ass is lined up perfectly with my cock. I move as quickly as possible. I don't want to scare her with this raging hard-on I'm sporting. After it's on, she turns around and I can see a few of those tears roll down her face. I make a move to wipe them away, but she steps back.

“There will never be an ‘us’, will there?”

I don't want to answer that question. It kills me every time I say it. “Princess, you don't understand. I can't be that man. I have so much darkness in me—”

“Cut the shit, Bear,” she snaps. I’m stunned silent. Sara rarely ever curses. It’s a quick way to know when she’s pissed. “I get to decide what I feel is too dark for me. You won’t even give us a chance. I don’t understand. Everyone swears you’re miserable since I left, but it looks like you’re doing just fine.”

I shake my head and make my way toward her, but she takes another step back, shaking her head. “Please, Sara.” I don’t know what I’m pleading for, but I feel like I’m about to lose her forever.

“I have to let you go. I can’t keep holding on to the hope that you’ll wake up one day. I want to be married and have babies, but you’re not willing to give that to me.” She chokes up a little and tries to get herself together.

I feel like someone is ripping my heart out of my chest at the moment. Sara steps forward and wraps her arms around my neck and briefly brings her lips to mine. It’s quick but I felt it. She leans toward my ear and whispers, “Ti amo, Orso.” Then she walks away.

What the hell did she just say? I barely speak English, so I damn sure don’t know any other languages. Watching her walk away is the hardest thing I’ve ever been through. I keep telling myself it’s what’s best.

But is it?

# *Chapter Three*

## SARA

Waking up, my eyes hurt from all the crying I did last night. When I got home, I took off the necklace and put it away. If I'm truly going to move past him, I can't wear it. It's too much of a reminder of what will never be. After I took it off, I cried for hours until I fell asleep. Taking it off didn't stop him from invading my dreams.

That's the worst part. The dreams are filled with everything I want from him. Marriage. Babies. A happy life. Shaking my head, I get out of bed and get ready for the day. I walk into the kitchen and Cara is standing at the stove making breakfast. When she turns around and sees my face, her smile falls.

"I take it your talk didn't go well?"

I'm really trying not to cry, but when I think about him and what will never happen, the dam breaks. As soon as my first tear falls, I'm wrapped in my sister's arms, crying. I don't know how long we stand there, but when I look up, Viper is taking the breakfast off the stove.

"I'm so sorry, Sis. I know how much you care about him."

"It's fine. I can't change it, so let's just move on." Viper walks over to me and places a hand on my shoulder. We've gotten extremely close since I moved in with them.

"For what it's worth, I can tell you the man is crazy about you. I've never seen him like this before."

"Well, he isn't crazy enough to be with me, so let's drop this. Where are the babies?" The look on Viper's face makes

me cringe. Pity. I hate it. Cara knows it too because she quickly changes the direction of the conversation.

“Mama kidnapped them after dinner last night,” she says, laughing.

We were shocked when they moved here and asked to build a home on the property. Their house is only a two-minute walk from Cara’s. Mama is constantly taking the babies. She and Thor are always at it over the triplets. It’s really funny watching those two in a standoff.

“You know we have to go pop up at the diner today,” Cara says, sitting at the table. I give her a nod and keep eating. We do pop-ups all the time. We have to keep the employees on their toes. We have a manager who does the day-to-day stuff, but we’re the bosses. After we eat, we head to the diner. Cara calls Mom to make sure she’s good with the babies before we leave, which she is, as always.

Pulling into the diner, I look around the packed parking lot. It’s not surprising. The diner is a major hit around here. Just in the three months we’ve been open, we’ve already made back the money it took to open and then some. Walking through the doors, I see employees running around like chickens with their heads cut off. Cara walks over to the manager, Maria.

“Maria, you’re missing three waitresses right now.”

Maria pales and nods her head. “I know. Three called in this morning right before we opened. I was going to call you, but we got busy faster than normal.” Cara lets out a growl of frustration.

“We’ll talk about this later, after the breakfast rush. Sara, let’s get to work.” I’m already grabbing an apron before she finishes the sentence. Cara and I aren’t afraid to get our hands dirty.

After tying on my apron, a man takes a seat at the high bar. I walk over to him with the coffee pot already in my hand. “Coffee?” I ask. He looks up with a smile and nods his head. After I pour his coffee, I take out my pad to take his order.

“What can I get ya’ this morning?”

“I’ll have a stack of pancakes with hashbrowns, eggs over medium and your phone number.” I blush at his last statement. He’s a very good-looking man. He’s not Bear, but he doesn’t want me anyway.

The man at the bar has a business suit on, neatly trimmed blonde hair, and hazel eyes. He’s definitely swoon worthy, but there are no fireworks there.

“My phone number isn’t on the menu,” I mutter, shaking my head. I told you I’m socially awkward. He gives me a killer smile as I walk away to put his order in.

“What did that man say to make you blush like that?” Cara asks, standing next to me at the order station. I shake my head with a dry laugh.

“He asked me for my number.” My sister gives me no emotion on the statement. I can’t gauge her reaction at all. She has the best poker face known to man.

“Did you give it to him?” I shake my head in response. “Do you want to?” I pause because I’m unsure of what to do. He really is a good-looking guy. “Do whatever makes you happy, Sara. Live for you and only you.” She grabs her order and walks away without another word.

I stand there for a few minutes, thinking about what she said. Even if I don’t feel anything, maybe I should get my feet wet. It’ll be nice to get dolled up and go on a date.

Once his order is up, I take it over to him. After he finishes eating, I come to collect his plates. He stands and grabs his ticket off the bar. I feel conflicted about if I should give him my number. What harm could it do? As I’m walking away, he grabs my wrist. I turn around and he has a card in his hand.

“You said your number wasn’t on the menu, so I figured I’d give you mine. My name is Matthew. Give me a call if you ever want to go out. You’re a beautiful woman and I can’t pass up the opportunity to give you my number.” He throws me a wink and walks away.

I’m standing there, beet red. I’m sure of it. There are at least six customers at the bar and they’re all smiling.



“That was one fine piece of man. You better give him a call,” a woman at the bar says. I blush harder and walk away with his card in my hand. After the breakfast rush is over, we work with the employees to clean the diner. Lunch will be starting soon. After we’ve got the restaurant together, there are still a good number of customers coming and going, but nothing crazy.

Cara and I call Maria into the office. “I want you to give those three waitresses warnings. I understand things happen, but they can’t just call in without notice like that. Did they give a reason for calling in?” Cara asks.

Maria shakes her head with a sigh. “No. They just said they couldn’t make it. Penelope said they all went out last night. They were posting on social media at three in the morning.”

I can feel the fury rolling off my sister in waves. She’s a pretty lenient boss. She understands things happen, but she won’t allow you to take advantage of her. “Give them their warning. If they call in without notice or without good reason again, I want them gone. I have another business I run as well. I don’t mind coming in to help, but today shouldn’t have been one of those days. That was not an acceptable reason to miss work.”

Maria nods her head and tells us we’re good to go. She called in a few waitresses who’ve been wanting extra hours. We climb into Cara’s truck and head to Romano’s Security. That’s our security company. We’ve been in business for about five years and have clients all around the world.

Walking through the door, all the interns light up. They know if we’re here, it’s about to be a learning experience. We jump right into teaching them about the new drone we’ve been creating. We have six interns. They’re all fresh out of college and motivated. The interns run the store when we’re not here, taking special orders and selling the products we already have in the store.

Our nationwide clients know how to reach us directly. After a few hours, we leave the shop and head to the

compound. Cara is missing her babies like crazy. After a few minutes my sister breaks the silence. “I saw he gave you his number,” she says with a raised brow.

I nod and blush. Pulling out the card, I hand it to her.

“Matthew. Are you going to call him?”

“Honestly. I have no idea. I want to get my feet wet. If I’m going to have marriage and babies, dating comes with that territory.”

“Well, you know I support whatever you do. I’m happy you’re taking charge of your life and getting what you want.”

My tears threaten to fall. It’s not what I want. Or should I say who. But I can’t have him. Making the decision, I decide to call Matthew tomorrow and set up a date.

# *Chapter Four*

## BEAR

*W*aking up to a loud bang, I sit up in bed. I sit there for a few seconds before I hear a whimper. It sounds like my sister, Zoey. I climb out of bed and tiptoe out of my room. I don't want to take the chance of Billy seeing me. Billy is my mom's boyfriend. He's worse than our father.

*All our father did was beat us. When I was eight, he hit me so hard I fell face-first into the coffee table. It left a scar above my right eye. Kids tease me all the time and call me Scarface. It still didn't make my mom leave him though. Thankfully, a few years later, he passed out drunk while driving. He wrapped his car around a tree and died on impact. I thought things would get better, but they didn't.*

*Mom started doing drugs and drinking all the time. So, here I was at ten, taking care of myself and my sister. A year after my dad died, Mom met Billy. Things went from bad to worse. I hate the way he looks at Zoey. I keep telling Mom about it, but all she cares about is her next hit.*

*I quietly make my way down the hall. "Please, don't. You're hurting me..." I hear Zoey cry out. I fasten my steps to her bedroom door. I turn the handle and see.....*

I shoot straight up in bed. Fuck. That night has been haunting me for eighteen years. My body is covered in sweat as usual. That night changed my life. It turned me into the monster I am today.

"That must have been some nightmare." I spin around. Cara is sitting in the chair in the corner of my room, her legs

crossed, looking like she doesn't have a care in the world.

Nobody would ever be this foolish to come into my room uninvited.

Except Cara.

That woman isn't scared of shit. Still, I have to try. I give her the look I send when I want to scare a motherfucker shitless.

"Really? You know me better than that, Bear. You can shove that scowl right up your ass."

At least I can say I tried. "What do you want, Cara?" I growl, as I pick up the cigarettes sitting on the bedside table. I quickly take one out and light it. Inhaling the nicotine calms me a bit.

"I just wanted to let you know your time is up. You've been pussyfooting around with your feelings for my sister and you're about to lose her." Looking at Cara, I see fury on her face. I can't understand why she's mad at me.

What the fuck did I do?

All I did was save her sister from my darkness. She should be thanking me. Before I can give her a piece of my mind, she continues.

"Yesterday, a man asked her on a date." My heart drops to my stomach. "She's going to call him and accept." My insides twist. "I know my sister. She's only doing this because she feels she has no other choice. She's settling. I don't want that for her. But tell me something, Bear. Can you sit back and watch her marry another man? Have his babies? Live the life she wanted with you."

By the time she finishes, I feel murderous. I'll kill the son of a bitch. Slowly. Sara is mine.

What the fuck?

I can't think like this. Or can I? I would never harm Sara. I would lay my life down on the line every time for her. I guess Cara can read my emotions because she gets up with a laugh. She heads for the door, but I stop her.

“How can you want me with your sister? You’ve seen firsthand what I do in that basement.”

“Just like you’ve seen what we can do. Does that mean Sara is filled with darkness too?”

I shake my head, exasperated. “You don’t understand.”

“Look, I didn’t come in here to go back and forth with you. If you’re fine with another man taking your place, then by all means, keep doing what you’ve been doing.”

Cara heads for the door but I have one more question for her. I didn’t want anyone else knowing what Sara said to me, so I didn’t ask. “Cara?” She stops and turns around with a raised brow. “What does *Ti amo, Orso* mean?”

Cara eyes go huge. I panic a little. What the hell does it mean?

“Sara said that to you?” I give her a nod and wait. Cara lets out a shaky breath and shakes her head. “It means, ‘I love you, Bear.’” She walks out the door after dropping that bomb.

She loves me?

Fuck.

She loves... me. Of all people.

I started falling for Sara when she invited me to her room and treated me like a normal human being instead of a monster.

I don’t know much about love, but I know what I feel for Sara has got to be it. But to know she feels the same way... The feeling coursing through my body is something I have never felt before. I get out of bed with a new look on life.

I hurry and get dressed, then make my way to church. Taking my seat at the table, I see everyone is here except Viper. He walks in a few minutes late with Angel cradled against his chest. Some of the brothers laugh. None of us would have thought Viper would have kids, and the fucker has three.

“Sorry I’m a little late. Angel decided today was Daddy day and refuses to go to anyone else.”

Blade lets out a snort like he doesn’t believe it. “I bet she’ll come to me. Uncle Blade is her favorite. Isn’t that right?” Blade gets up and Viper reluctantly hands her over.

As soon as Angel is in Blade’s arms, she looks back at her father. Her lips form the biggest pout and tears gloss over her eyes. She throws her head back and releases the biggest wail I have ever heard. Viper is on his feet immediately, frantically making a “give me” motion with his hands. “Give me my baby, Blade. Now.”

Blade hands Angel back and she calms down as soon as she’s back in Viper’s arms. She tucks her face into his neck and holds his shirt in a death grip. “Daddy is sorry, baby. Never again,” he soothes Angel.

Now some of the guys are full-blown laughing. Angel has turned that man soft. Never have I heard him speak with such gentleness. Axel decides he’s going to say what everyone is thinking. “That little girl has got you wrapped around her finger, Prez.”

“Yeah. She does.” He looks genuinely happy. I start to wonder if I could have that with Sara. The thought of making Sara swollen with my child has me hard enough to pound nails.

“Alright, let’s get started. So, we all know the diner is bringing in some major bucks. I’m thinking we should open another restaurant.” A few guys nod in agreement. Honestly, I think it’s brilliant. We all get cuts from the MC businesses and the diner has been bringing in some dough.

“I think we should do it. Those girls are a goldmine in the kitchen,” Smoke says.

“What kind of restaurant would we open?” Thor asks.

“I think we should bring the girls in and see what ideas we can come up with.” Everyone gives Viper a nod in agreement. “Also, don’t forget construction for the new pool starts next week.” That was the girls’ idea. The kids went through the

roof when they found out. The rest of the meeting goes by smoothly. Viper asks if anyone has anything else to add. When I see him reach for his gavel, I can't hold it anymore.

"I want to order a property patch." Viper looks at me with a smirk while everyone else looks stunned. It's time to take what I want. I'm going to give her everything she wants—marriage, babies, and the big house. I have a shit ton of money saved. I haven't spent money on anything outside of my bike, my truck, and the occasional night out.

"Why do you need a property patch, Bear?" The fucker is gonna make me say it. Not that I care. I want everyone to know.

"I'm claiming Sara. I'm gonna get my woman." The room erupts in cheers. Angel doesn't even flinch from Viper's chest. It's like she's in her own safe place.

"Congrats, brother. It's about time you pulled your head out of your ass," Ink says, grinning at me.

"Language in front of my princess, Ink," Viper hisses at him.

Ink throws his hands up in surrender. Viper wraps up church and I walk out and make my way to my bike. Torch and Blade call my name, stopping me before I can hop on.

"Don't hurt my sister," Torch says, walking over to me. "I'll tell you the same thing I told Viper. Hurt her and, brother or not, I will come for your head. I'm completely aware of what you can do, Bear, but when it comes to my sister, I don't give a fuck." The warning in his voice is clear.

Does it scare me? Fuck no.

It's the reason I'm the club enforcer, but I respect it. He's protecting his sister. Something I couldn't do with my own sister.

"Congrats, brother. Go get your woman." Blade's voice breaks me from the road I was about to go down. I hop on my bike and head for Viper's house. When I pull up, Viper is taking Angel out of the SUV. When he sees me, he smiles and walks over. I get off my bike and meet him at the porch.



“You ready to go get your woman?”

I’m more than ready. I can have happiness and I’ll make sure the darkness never touches Sara.

Get ready, Princess. I’m coming for you.

# *Chapter Five*

## SARA

“So, did you call him?” Cara asks from her side of the couch. We’re sitting in the living room while Khai and Liam are in their swings napping. Angel is with Viper because she refused to let him leave. Angel is a daddy’s girl through and through. I can only imagine how the guys reacted to having a baby in church.

“Not yet. I’m trying to gain the confidence to call. You know I’m not that forward.” Just as Cara is about to respond, the sound of a bike rumbles outside the house. We both look at each other confused because Viper took Angel to the clubhouse in the SUV. We hear the front door open and when I look up, I see Bear standing there.

There’s so much heat in his gaze. My body reacts instantly, and I have to look away. Catching Cara gaze she smirks at me. What did she do?

Bear walks over to the couch and looks down at me. “Can we go outside and talk?” I get ready to tell him no. I have to move on. But the pleading in his eyes has me nodding. He holds his hand out for me. When I grab it, he leads me out to the porch.

“Can I take you on a date tonight?”

I feel all the air leave my lungs. Surely, I heard him wrong. Why the sudden change? He’s been adamant for seven months.

“Why now?” I hope I don’t regret questioning him. This has been all I’ve wanted for a year now, but I need to know

what changed his mind.

“Cara came and had a talk with me this morning.”

“You mean she told you about the date?”

He nods his head and I feel my anger rising. Typical man. You don’t want something until someone else has it. The nerve of him!

It takes for another man to want me for him to decide to take things to the next level. I’m not a toy. You don’t get to pick me up and play with me whenever you feel you want.

I want someone who knows they want me. Not someone who only wants to claim me because he feels his spot is in jeopardy.

The anger coursing through my body is foreign. I don’t think I’ve ever been this upset.

“So, I have to practically beg you for a year, to give us a shot, and you shut me down at every turn. *Then*, Cara comes and tells you about a potential date and *now* I’m good enough?” Bear opens his mouth to say something, but I don’t want to hear it. “Fuck you! I’m not anyone’s last resort,” I yell.

I storm past him, heading back to the house. I only make it a few feet away before his arms wrap around my stomach. He spins me around and pins me against the porch railing.

His nose touches mine and the heat in his eyes makes it hard to keep up this stare off. He looks pissed. Well too damn bad. He has no reason to be pissed.

“Last resort? Is that what you think?!” he growls. I open my mouth to say something but he pushes me further into the railing, trapping me. His rock-solid body makes my nipples harden.

I curse my traitorous body. I shouldn’t be getting turned on right now.

How the hell can I be this angry with him and still want to jump his bones?

There has to be something wrong with me.

“You have never been a last *anything*. Since the moment you arrived here, you’ve been my everything. You say you’re fine with the darkness inside of me, but, Princess, you have no idea how deep that darkness is. You have no idea the demons I battle. I’m not going to lie. The date did put some fire under my ass. The thought of someone else living a life with you that was meant for me rips me apart. I’ve never been one to act on emotion, but dammit, you walked into my life and changed everything. I can’t sleep. I can’t eat. I miss you, Sara. You are the light to the darkness inside me and I don’t want to live in the dark anymore.”

I’m left speechless. He’s never expressed himself like this. And he’s defiantly never openly showed his emotions like this. I don’t know what to do now. Could he truly have had a change of heart?

He raises his shirt up and there’s a bandage on his ribs. He gestures for me to remove it. When I pull the bandage down, my eyes are blinded by tears. There on his ribs, is me, tattooed to his skin.

I look up at his face. I can barely see him through the tears. He wraps his hand around my hip and pulls me to his body. Leaning down, he whispers against my mouth, “I love you too, Princess.”

Then his lips are on mine.

The kiss starts off slow. I don’t have too much experience in the kissing department, but I’m giving everything I have.

Bear licks across my mouth, seeking entrance. I hesitantly open my mouth and he takes full advantage. Our tongues duel furiously. I suck his tongue into my mouth, and he groans. Throwing my arms around his neck, I bring my body closer to his and run my hands across his bald head. Bear grabs my ass, thrusting his hardened length against me.

“You two do know there are children who live back here, right?”

I turn around at the sound of my mom’s voice. I know my face is the color of a tomato. My dad looks visibly sick at the

moment. I guess that was a bit much for him to see. I get ready to explain but my mom laughs.

“It’s fine, sweetheart. I’m glad you two are finally working it out. Don’t mind us. I’m just here to steal my grandbabies for a few hours.” She gives us a finger wave and walks into the house. I notice my dad give Bear a nod and he follows my mom.

“What was that? The head nod?” I’m a little confused at the moment. That nod looked like some kind of approval.

“Your sister isn’t the only one who’s been trying to get me to wake up. So, about that date. Can I take you?”

I smile and give him a nod, bringing my lips back to his. We make out on the porch for who knows how long. When I pull away, my chest is heaving, and my panties are soaked.

“I’ll pick you up at seven,” he whispers against my lips. He gives me one final peck and walks to his bike.

Walking back inside, I can’t keep the smile off my face.

“Oh, I know that look. That’s the look of a woman who has been thoroughly kissed,” Cara says, smirking. I know I’m blushing because she and Viper laugh like a pair of hyenas.

I look around and notice the babies are gone. “Where are the babies?”

“Damn, you two must have really been going at it. Mom and Dad left five minutes ago with the babies.”

I drop my face into my hands in embarrassment. How could I be so caught up in kissing him I didn’t even notice my parents leaving with three babies?

That kiss sent all kinds of shockwaves through my body. I’m on fire with need for him right now.

“So, tell me what happened.” Cara bounces in excitement. She’s been wanting us together since the beginning. I’m kind of angry at her for telling Bear about my date but I know she was only doing it because she loves me.

“We’re going on a date tonight.” I can’t stop smiling at the thought. I’ve been so miserable without him. I hope he doesn’t change his mind. There will be no going back for him if he hurts me like that.

“What are you going to wear?”

“I have no idea. Will you help me?”

“You know I will. Let’s go.”

We get up and head for the stairs. “Hurry up, woman. The kids are gone, and I’ve got plans for you!” Viper shouts from the living room. I turn around in time to see my sister shiver. Those two are like teenagers. Since the day they met, they can’t seem to keep their hands off each other. I wonder if I’m about to be just as bad with Bear.

After we find my outfit, Cara hightails it out of my room. I get my earphones and put them on high. With the kids out of the house, those two are bound to get loud. I must fall asleep at some point. When I wake up, I see it’s 5:30. I get up and hop in the shower, wash my hair and shave, making sure I’m properly groomed for tonight.

After my shower, I do my hair. My hair is wavy and hangs down my back. I pick up the blue dress Cara picked out. It’s the same color as my eyes. Cara paired it with the perfect pair of nude pumps. I apply the bare minimum for makeup. My skin is really sensitive. If I use too much, it’s like puberty all over again.

By the time I’m finished, it’s ten minutes before seven. I make my way downstairs. My nerves are bouncing off the walls. When I make it to the living room, Cara and Viper are cuddled up on the couch, wearing clothes. Thank God for small miracles. Cara’s hair is a mess. I can only imagine what those two got up to.

“You look so beautiful, Sis. Bear isn’t going to be able to keep his hands off you.” She only said that last part so I would blush, much to her amusement.

The sound of a door closing outside gets my attention. A few seconds later, Bear walks through the front door, holding a

bouquet of roses.

*Swoon.*

I didn't think he would do something like that.

"Thank you. These are so beautiful. Let me get a vase to put them in and then we can go." I race to kitchen, grab a vase, and set them on the kitchen counter. As soon as I'm in the living room, we quickly say our goodbyes and head out. When we get to Bear's truck, he pushes me against it, bringing his lips down on mine. He devours my mouth until I feel like I'll melt into a puddle. He keeps me steady with an arm wrapped firmly around me.

Breaking the kiss, he brings his forehead down on mine. "You look so beautiful," he breathes against my lips.

"Thank you. You clean up nicely as well."

I'm trying to play it cool but seeing Bear in a button-down shirt is doing something to my lady parts. He only wears t-shirts and jeans, so to see him dressed up for me makes me feel on top of the world. Bear gives me one final peck and we get into the truck.

We pull up to a steakhouse. I know this is the same place Viper took Cara on their first date. I always told Bear I wanted to try it, but I had never gotten a chance to come. Once we're seated and the waitress greet us, we order our drinks and an appetizer. Bear breaks the silence after a few quiet minutes.

"I'm glad you agreed to come out with me. I've been miserable since you moved out. I know I said we couldn't be together, but it killed me every time I did."

"I don't know why you think I'm some delicate angel, Asher. I'm not. Am I quieter than most? Yes. Am I a natural sweetheart? Yes. But I'll still get my hands dirty with the rest of them. I don't need protecting like some damsel."

"I know. Now. Cara's talk this morning really was an eye-opener for me. I want to try this. I'll warn you now, I might screw up. I've never done this before." I place a hand on top of his giving him a reassuring smile. "So, tell me about your life



before the Romano's adopted you. It's okay if you don't want to talk about it."

Asher and I never talked about our pasts too much. Every time I would ask questions, he would shut me down. I respected that he wasn't ready to talk to me about his trauma. But if we're going to do this, I need him to open up as well.

"It's fine. My mom got pregnant with me three months after she and my dad married. We were like any other suburb family with a dog and the white picket fence. I met Cara in kindergarten, and we declared since our names were so similar, we would be best friends. Over the years, our families became very close. Barbecues, picnics, sleepovers, you name it, we did it. Paul brought my father in as manager of his first hotel, paying him a lot of money. On the night of my parents' anniversary, they dropped me off at Cara's house for a sleepover. When I woke up the next morning, Paul and Crystal were crying at the kitchen table. When they saw me, they hugged me so tight and I knew. I knew something was very wrong. We buried my parents a week later and two months after that, I was Sara Romano."

When I'm finished, I don't even realize I'm crying until Asher wipes my face. "I'm sorry for bringing that up, baby. I didn't mean to make you cry." My heart flutters at hearing him call me "baby." It's always been Sara or Princess. We keep the conversation light for the rest of the date. I learned that at the age of thirteen, Asher's mom went to jail and he was put in the system. He didn't tell me what she did. I could tell he wasn't ready for that, so I didn't pry.

We spent hours talking and laughing. I don't think anyone would believe me if I told them I made Bear laugh. I love this side of him. He says I'm the light to his darkness. If this is the result of that, then I'll be a damn lighthouse for him. I love seeing him smile.

After we pull through the gate, instead of going to Viper and Cara's, Bear parks in front of the clubhouse. Bear turns to me and takes a deep breath. "I want you to stay with me tonight. I don't expect anything to happen. I just really missed

you and—”, I cut him off by smashing my lips against his. It is the boldest thing I have ever done.

Bear wraps a hand around my neck and kisses me with so much passion. By the time he pulls away, I’m so needy. I have never felt like this before. I have never been one to care about sexual pleasure.

I barely masturbate but, in this moment, I feel like I’ll combust at any second. This feeling is foreign to me. Breaking the kiss, I place my hands on his shoulders. “I would love to spend the night with you. I’m not ready for anything more right now. I’m going to be honest with you, Bear. I have never done anything besides kiss.”

Bear’s breath hitches and his eyes bulge. “Are you telling me I’ll be your first?” he whispers against my mouth. I give him a shaky nod and his hand palms my face. “You are too fuckin’ good for me, but I don’t have it in me to let you go. I can’t live without you anymore, Princess.”

His declaration brings tears to my eyes. He doesn’t give me a chance to respond. He gets out and helps me out of his truck. When we walk through the doors, everyone is smiling at us. I blush and Bear grunts. He grabs my hand and leads me upstairs. When we get into his room, Draco is in his bed. He stretches and walks to the edge, begging for a head scratch. I swear Draco spends more time with Bear than he does with me.

I think he was keeping the bunnies away too. I’ve seen a few of them walking around with scars I know Draco put there. Bear hands me a shirt and I go into his bathroom to get changed. I climb into his bed and wait for him. He comes out of the bathroom with a tube of ointment and applies the cream to his fresh tattoo and my eyes tear up again. I can’t believe he got my face tattooed on him.

Bear turns the television on but I don’t pay attention to it. I’m minutes away from falling asleep. Before sleep claims me, I hear Bear whisper in my ear, “I love you, Princess.”

“I love you too, Asher.” Sleep takes me while I’m wrapped in Bear’s arms.

# *Chapter Six*

## BEAR

*“You couldn’t save me. This is all your fault!” Zoey screams at me. I can’t see her, but I can hear her.*

*“No! I tried, Zoey! I’m so sorry. Please come back.” My voice is filled with agony. I know it’s my fault. I should have done more. I should have protected her.*

*“You’ll lose her too. You’re worthless. A monster like you doesn’t deserve her.”*

*I know she’s right. Sara is too good for me, but she makes all the darkness go away. She makes me better. “Someone like you couldn’t be better. She can’t protect you from the darkness. You ARE the darkness!” Zoey’s voice is fading away. I’m searching for her desperately, trying to plead my case.*

*“Zoey, wait. Please, I can explain.”*

*“No. You should have protected me from him. You didn’t protect me like you said you would!” I can finally see Zoey now. The more I run toward her, the more she fades away. I have to get to her. I have to explain that night.*

*“Zoey, wait!” I scream as I bolt up in the bed. Fuck, another nightmare. They don’t usually come this often. My chest heaves, and I’m covered in sweat from head to toe.*

*“Bear, please talk to me. I can’t help if I don’t know what’s wrong,” Sara pleads from beside me in the bed.*

*It’s been a week since our first date and every night, Sara has been in my bed. Every night, I wake up from a nightmare. Every time I would tell her it was nothing and to go back to*

bed. I should have known she wouldn't let this go. I know the time has come for me to tell her. I haven't shared this story with anyone. Ever. But, for her? I'll do anything.

Sitting up in the bed, I rest my back against the headboard and pull Sara against me. I need to hold her for this.

"Who is Zoey?" she whispers. I take a deep breath, attempting to calm myself. The memories from that night spikes my anger.

"Zoey was my sister."

"Was?"

"Yeah, Princess. Was." We sit in silence for a few minutes. I know she's giving me the time I need to gather my thoughts. I appreciate it more than she'll ever know. I have never spoken these words out loud.

"When we were younger, our father used to beat on us. I would take most of the hits to protect Zoey. He was the one who gave me the scar on my face." Sara gasps and tries to turn around to face me, but I stop her. I can't look at her while telling this story.

"My mom, Kathy, never intervened when he would beat us. She didn't want to take a beating, so she let him do whatever he wanted to us. This went on until I was eight. One night, my father got drunk, fell asleep at the wheel, and drove into a tree. He died on impact. After he died, I thought things would get better, but they didn't. It got worse. A few years after my dad died, Kathy met Billy. At the time, I was the parent of the house. I would steal food for Zoey, making sure she had a bath, and took her to school. I was only ten years old! My worthless mother should have taken care of us!" I bellow.

Sara jumps against me. I rub my hands up and down her arms. I didn't mean to scare her. This is just harder than I thought it would be.

"Sorry, Princess," I mutter against her neck.

"It's okay, babe. Take your time." This is why I love her. She's patient with me. She doesn't run and treat me like a

monster. She sees past everything. Taking a few minutes to gather myself, I continue.

“By the time Billy came around, Kathy was already doing drugs and drinking. They were together for three years. From the first time Billy met Zoey, I didn’t like the way he looked at her. I kept telling Kathy about it, but she would just brush it off. All she cared about were the drugs Billy supplied her. One night, I woke up from a bang against the wall. A few seconds later, I heard Zoey cry out. It was faint, but I heard it. I left my room as quietly as I could. My biggest fear was Billy catching me out of bed. His beatings were worse than my dad’s.”

I take a deep breath and calm myself. Speaking about this part of the story out loud makes my blood boil. After a few minutes, I decide to just get it over with. “When I opened Zoey’s bedroom door, I saw Billy on top of her. Raping her. Zoey was only twelve fuckin’ years old!” I shout. My body vibrates with anger. Sara turns around and I see her face covered with her tears.

She lays a gentle kiss on my lips and calmness begins to seep in. I only see her right now. It’s like she always knows what I need, shining her light when the darkness threatens to take over.

“Baby, if this is too much, you don’t have to tell me more.”

See what I mean?

The woman is too good for me. I’ll tell her everything. Because just like I want all of her, I want her to have all of me. I want my woman to know every shitty thing that happened to me. I want her to understand that she really is the best thing in my life.

“I tackled Billy off of her and we started to fight. Zoey was screaming and crying in her bed. During the tussle, I spotted his gun on the floor. He always carried a gun with him. It was one of the reasons I was so afraid of him. I kicked him off me and crawled to the gun. Once it was in my hands, I didn’t even think twice about pulling the trigger. A neighbor heard the shot and called the police. He begged and pleaded for me to help him. I stood over him and watched him take his last breath.

When the police got there, they quickly got me and Zoey out of there. Zoey's bed was covered in blood from the rape, so they took her to the hospital. My mom was arrested at the scene. She was so high and drunk, she slept through the entire thing. She was charged with child neglect and child endangerment and was sentenced to five fuckin' years. That's all they gave her. It was just as much her fault as Billy's, and they gave her five fuckin' years!"

That was the bullshit justice system for you. You can be a deadbeat mother, leave your children to fend for themselves and bring all kinds of harm into their life, and only get five fuckin' years. Since it was her first offense, they decided not to throw the book at her. That's what they didn't get. This wasn't a first-time offense. She had been doing shit like that our entire life!

"What happened to Zoey?"

I don't want to admit this. I hate accepting that I couldn't save her. That was my only job as her older brother, and I failed.

"When Zoey was released from the hospital, they put us in foster care. With Mom in jail and Dad gone, we went into the system. We had no other family. It was just me and Zoey for six months."

Sara lifts and straddles my lap. Cupping my face, she looks into my eyes. The silent declaration is there. I know she'll never leave me. "What happened?" she whispers after giving me a quick kiss.

"The rape was too much. She killed herself six months later." Sara sucks in a sharp breath and more tears fall. She wraps her arms around me and holds me for a few minutes.

"Asher, I'm so sorry. You know that wasn't your fault, right? I've heard you in your sleep, all week, telling Zoey you're sorry and that you tried. Baby, you were only thirteen. Your mom should have protected you. That burden is not for you to carry. It's your mother's."

Logically, I know she's right, but I should have done more. I should have never let her sleep alone, with Billy in that house. Maybe she would still be here if I had done a better job of protecting her.

"Asher, I can tell what you're thinking. Stop. You did everything you could. You have to accept that. Until you do, this will just fester until it drives you crazy."

I will never accept this. I will never be okay with what happened, but instead of telling her that I just nod. "Come on, Princess. Let's go back to sleep. We both have to be up in a few hours." I can see she wants to protest, but she relents. I pull her back against my chest and breathe her in. I need her like I need oxygen. Sara is too good for me but I'm too selfish to let her go.



# *Chapter Seven*

## SARA

I'm still in denial about last night. I knew he had a dark past, but to be forced to kill at the age of thirteen? That would break anyone. He brushed me off and pretended to be fine, but I know better. I could see it in his eyes. He isn't going to accept that he did everything he could do. I will help him though. I will be his light, as he calls me, and help him out of this darkness.

We're supposed to be building a home soon. I don't want to start our new life with his past still haunting him. I was surprised when Bear asked me if I wanted to buy a home away from the compound or build next to my family. As much as I'm sure one day I will want the privacy, I'll miss my family too much if I move away.

Walking into the cave, I take a seat at my computer. Nobody is here and that's perfect. I don't want anyone knowing what I'm about to do. After I get the information I need, I shut the computer down and head to the kitchen. It's time to start dinner. Mom, Cara, and I decided to cook tonight. Mouse and Bubbles do most of the cooking now, but the guys are always telling us they miss our cooking.

Walking into the kitchen, Mom and Cara are unloading grocery bags. From the looks of it, we're about to cook a feast. "What are we cooking tonight?" I ask as I walk over to the counter to help.

"We got some hams, and were going to do some scallop potatoes, green beans, black-eyed peas, corn on the cob, yams,

macaroni and cheese, caramelized broccoli and fresh dinner rolls.”

That’s a lot of food, but we haven’t cooked in forever. I know they’ll love the variety. “What about dessert?”

Mom laughs and shakes her head. “You know we wouldn’t forget dessert. Those men would riot if we did. We’re making pecan pie, honeybun cake, and cheesecake. This meal should hold them over a while.”

I roll my eyes at that. I don’t care how much we cook, the guys want us cooking every night. Mouse and Bubbles are good cooks but they’re still learning. The guys should be thankful they aren’t being served undercooked food anymore. The food those bunnies were serving when Cara and I arrived was disgusting.

Four hours later, we’re loading the chafing dishes on the table. Most of the men are on their way home from work. While I’m loading one of the chafing dishes, a pair of arms wrap around me. “I missed you today, Princess.” He kisses the top of my head and I melt. I never thought I would get to see the soft side of Asher. The fact that he’s doing it so openly is everything to me.

Turning around, I throw my arms around his neck. Rising on my toes, I bring my lips to his. When I make a move to pull away, he grips my head and kisses me harder. His kisses send electricity all the way down to my toes. He uses his tongue to pry my mouth open, and he goes in for the kill. Having his tongue swirl around mine has me clenching my lady parts. Who would have known my growly bear could kiss this good?

We haven’t done anything other than make out. A little bit of groping here and there, but if he keeps kissing me like this, that will change soon. “Jesus Christ! Not you two, too!” Cam whines from the dining hall entrance. Lord, take me now. My dad has already caught us, and now Cam.

“Look, I already went through this with Cara. I can’t do it again. How about you two stay at my house until your house is finished?”

“Are you okay staying at Cam’s house until ours is ready?” I hope he says yes. I would love to have alone time with him. I feel like that’s part of what’s holding me back.

“I don’t care as long as I’m with you.”

When did he get so romantic? I sigh happily and smile at him. Thoughts of being alone with no interruptions has all kinds of visions swirling in my head. I nibble at my bottom lip and Bear’s eyes immediately turn heated. All I can think about is what he’ll do to me with no one around to hear. I shiver at the thought. Jesus! Now I know why my sister shivers every time Viper whispers in her ear. Lord knows what he’s saying to her.

“Well, that’s settled, and I won’t have to seek therapy. Here are the keys. The house is already furnished. Just please keep all sexual activity inside those walls. Thank you and goodbye.” I’m left standing there blushing with my mouth hanging open. Bear is actually laughing. I can’t wipe the smile from my face. I love to see him so happy. We’ve only been together a week and I can already see the change in him. I just need to help him get the closure he needs from his childhood.

Dinner is served and like any other time, the dining hall is filled with laughter and jokes around the table. Viper told us before me and Cara came along, they never ate together like this. He said we made the MC a real family.

Most of these men don’t have anyone. Either their folks are dead, gave up on them, or they never knew them. It makes me realize how fortunate I am. That could have been me after my parents passed away.

After dinner is over, Big Red’s daughter, Cindy makes her way to our table. She stops right in front of Red, giving him her best puppy dog eyes. What is she up to? “Daddy, can I have dessert?” she asks in an overly sweet voice. She is laying it on thick right now. She’s even batting her eyelashes. A few people snicker around the table.

“No, Cindy, you can’t have dessert. You’re on punishment. You know the rules.” Red doesn’t even blink an eye about shutting her down. Cindy frowns and stomps her way back to

the table with the other kids. That's weird. Cindy never acts out. She's usually a sweetheart.

"What did Cindy do, Red?" Mom asks with her brows furrowed.

"She broke this boy's nose at school today. They suspended her for three days." Red looks a little sad about it. Cara, on the other hand, is smiling from ear to ear. This is her fault. Okay, I'm exaggerating a little bit. Last month, Cindy walked into the gym here at the clubhouse and caught me and Cara sparring. She begged us to teach her a few moves. I told Cara she was a little too young for that, but Cara disagreed. We asked Red and he was okay with it. He felt the same as Cara. He wanted his baby girl to learn to defend herself. So, we taught her some moves.

"Cara, wipe that smile off your face!" Red hisses at her. Cara tries and fails to stop smiling. She's biting her lip so hard, I'm pretty sure it's bleeding. Everyone shakes their head at her, but some are trying to stop themselves from laughing.

"Red, did you ask Cindy what happened? I just ask because I don't see her doing that for no reason at all."

Mom is right. Cindy wouldn't even hurt a fly. It's still not okay to resort to violence unless she was defending herself. Red looks like it never even crossed his mind to ask her why.

Mom calls her back to the table. When she comes back, she looks a little defeated. "What happened today, sweetheart? Why did you hit that boy?"

Cindy starts crying immediately and throws her arms around my mom's neck. Everyone sits up at the table. What the hell happened to her today? We sit and wait until my mom has her calm enough to talk. "He told me I was stupid and ugly and that's why I don't have no mama."

Several growls go around the table. Red and Cara look like they're ready to slaughter an entire village. Cara is really close with Cindy and Colt. Colt is Red's five-year-old son.

Red walks over and picks Cindy up. He takes back his seat with Cindy in his lap. "Baby girl, it is not your fault. You are

beautiful and you're the smartest kid I know. Don't tell your brother I said that." He whispers that last part and Cindy giggles.

"But why don't I have a mama? All my friends have one," she whispers. Cara has been wanting to look into Cindy's mother for a while and now I want to as well. No child should be left to feel like this. I don't know what I would do if my parents had ever decided to abandon me.

"I don't know why Mama left, sweetheart. But you have so much family here who will never leave you. You understand?"

Cindy wipes her face and gives him a nod. "I love you, Daddy," she says, wrapping her arms around his neck.

"I love you too, baby girl."

"Thor, are you crying?" Chris whispers, with his eyes wide open in shock.

"No... no ... it's my umm... allergies." He wipes his face and nods. Who is he trying to convince because I don't buy it. Viper turns his head to hide his laugh.

"One more thing, baby girl. I understand what he said was hurtful, but you can't hit every person who says something you don't like," Red tells Cindy.

"I beg to differ," Cara mutters. Everyone at the table bursts into laughter. Except Red. He gives Cara a look, and she throws her hands up in defense. "I was just kidding. Jesus, Red, can't I joke anymore?"

Red takes a deep breath, but we all see the smile on his lips. Nobody can really stay mad at Cara for too long. She won't allow you to. Cara clears her throat and get Cindy's attention. "How about while your dad is at work, you spend the day with me and Aunt Sara? We'll go by the diner and tech shop. Then, this weekend, we'll have a girls' day and go to the spa. How does that sound?"

Cara always knows how to cheer Cindy up. She tries to be that woman in their lives since they don't have a mother. Red's eyes soften at Cara. He knows what she's doing.

Cindy jumps up and pumps her fist into the air. “Yes, that would be so cool, Aunt Cara!” she exclaims.

Cara stands, grabbing her plate. She gets ready to walk away but then stops. “And no more breaking noses unless they start it. Then you can use that chokehold move I taught you.” She winks and walks away.

Cindy is smiling from ear to ear at the moment. Red looks horrified. “That’s not funny, Cara!” he shouts at her back.

“It wasn’t supposed to be,” she says over her shoulder.

Everyone is howling with laughter. Cara is going to corrupt that little girl. It’s only a matter of time.

Red is shaking his head, but there’s a slight smile there. Cindy hops off Red’s lap but before she can walk away, he offers her his dessert. Smiling wide, she takes the dessert before she runs back over to the kids’ table, gushing about her adventures for the week.

Everyone starts putting their plates away and goes to the common room. After a few hours, Bear asks me if I’m ready to go. I tell him yes and we go to his room so he can pack some clothes. Fifteen minutes later, we’re walking through the door of Cam’s house. I don’t have clothes here, but I’ll just borrow something from Bear. I’m just ready to be alone with him.

Cam’s house is neatly decorated. I’m not surprised. I can’t believe in all the time I’ve been here, this is my first time in his home. It’s so him. Growing up, he was the one who kept a well put together room, and it was always clean. The man has OCD. He’s very particular about his things. His furniture looks sleek and modern. I pray he doesn’t have children any time soon because his house is going to be destroyed.

The past week has been the greatest week of my life, but I can think of one thing that would make it better.

# *Chapter Eight*



## BEAR

Being in Blade's house is a little weird, but having my princess to myself is worth it. Getting out of the shower, I dry off and throw on a pair of sweats. This past week I have suffered through the worst case of blue balls known to man. Having Sara pressed against me at night, feeling her soft curves in my hands, and when I kiss her, the beast in me begs me to take her. But I can't. Not until she's ready.

I was surprised she's a virgin. Sara is beautiful. I know she's had men after her. I also know she doesn't really date. I'm a lucky bastard, and I'll never forget it. Walking out of the bathroom, I see Sara watching *Titanic*. Not again. This woman is obsessed with this movie. This is the third time this week. I really don't understand what's so fascinating about a sinking boat. She better be glad I love her because I wouldn't sit through this shit for anyone else.

Getting into bed, I pull her body against mine. Sara melts into me the minute her skin touches mine. I smile to myself. My woman lives for our cuddle time. *Cuddle time*. Who would ever believe that I would become a cuddler? At some point in the movie, I say fuck it and bring my lips down on hers. I need a taste. Being in the dining hall for all those hours, I had to behave for the kids. But not now. Now, I'm gonna get my fill.

Sara moans into my mouth and wraps her arms around my neck. Her hands rub my bald head while I squeeze her perfect round ass. Fuck. Her body is so soft. She has on one of my shirts and I can tell she's wearing nothing else under it. She drives me crazy. Does she know what that does to me? I break

the kiss to give her lungs some air, but she isn't trying to hear it.

She brings my lips back down to hers, biting and sucking my bottom lip into her mouth. My dick is harder than concrete right now. All I can think about are those pouty fuckin' lips wrapped around my cock. Sara's hands start wandering down my body. When she grabs my cock through my sweats, I groan against her lips, breaking the kiss.

"Baby, you got to stop. If you keep rubbing my cock like that, I won't be able to hold back." Sara's eyes dilate and I groan again. Dropping my forehead to her shoulder, I start counting. I need to focus on restraint.

"Then don't hold back," she whispers in my ear.

I sit up and look her in the eyes. She's serious. It's written all over her face, but I still need confirmation. "Say it," I growl against her lips.

Sara swallows and lets out a shaky breath. "I'm ready. I want to know what it's like to have you inside me. Make love to me, Asher."

As soon as my name leaves her lips, I'm on her. Lying between her legs, I start grinding my cock against her. Even with my sweatpants on, I can feel how wet she is already. Fuck. I need to gather myself. I don't want to bust in my pants like a damn teenager. Sara breaks the kiss and sits up. In one smooth motion, she pulls my shirt over her head, revealing her naked body. I forget how to breathe.

Her nipples are rosy pink. Her tits aren't the biggest but they're perfect for her body. Two handfuls are all I need. I can see she has a landing strip and I'm proud to say my woman is a natural blonde. Her body is perfect.

"Bear, are you going to stare or are you going to fuck me?" Hearing her talk like this snaps the last bit of control I have.

I bring my mouth back to hers, pushing her to lie back down. After a few minutes of kissing her, I make my way down her body. Sara thrusts her hips against mine, trying to ease some of that friction. I take her nipple into my mouth. I

suck and nibble until she thrashes and begs for more. I do the same to the other nipple. I continue making my way down her body and she is a whimpering mess.

“Asher, please.”

“Please, what? What do you need? I want the words.” Sara looks horrified at the thought. I don’t care. If she wants me to eat her pussy, I want her to say it. The thought has me leaking precum inside my sweats. “Say it, Sara. What do you want? You’re going to have to say it if you really want it.”

I’m so close to her center I can smell her arousal, and she smells fuckin’ delicious. I need her to say it fast, because I only have so much control left in me.

“Eat my pussy. I want you to eat my pussy.” She whimpers while thrusting her hips in front of my face. I don’t waste another second. I give her a long slow lick from her entrance to her clit then circle my tongue around it.

The moment I get a taste of her sweet nectar, I groan. One taste and I’m addicted. There will never be a day that goes by that I won’t get a taste of her.

Sara’s hands shoot down to my head. Her head is thrown back, and her moans fill the room. I eat her like she’s my favorite meal and dessert. Because she is. I’m addicted to her taste.

Slowing, I add a finger into her. She squeezes my finger so tight. The thought of that being my dick has me ready to bust. After I get three fingers into her, she screams at the top of her lungs. I’m glad we’re not at the clubhouse. I know my princess would be embarrassed.

Curling my fingers I find that spot that will send her soaring. As soon as I hit it Sara hips rise off the bed as she grinds against my mouth.

“Asher! I’m coming! Oh Go—” I suck her clit into my mouth, breaking her words. She comes so hard her juices are flowing down my hand. I keep working her over until she comes down from her release. Standing up, I remove my sweatpants and her eyes bulge at the sight of me.

“I won’t hurt you. You know that, right?”

She gives me a nod, but she still looks a little scared. “Do you still want this?” I ask her. Please say yes. I don’t know what I’ll do if she says no.

“Yes. I want you.”

That’s all I need. I climb back between her legs. I bring my lips to hers and she opens for me immediately. I quickly take advantage and thrust my tongue against hers. While she’s distracted from the kiss, I line my cock up at her entrance and slowly start to push in.

Sara breaks the kiss with a gasp. I have to grind my teeth together. I’m trying really hard not to bust and embarrass myself, but she so fuckin’ tight. She feels amazing. I keep easing my way into her until I feel her hymen.

“I’m sorry, baby, but this is going to hurt no matter what.” She gives me a nod letting me know it’s okay. I ease my way out and thrust back in, breaking the barrier. Sara lets out a cry of pain. I hate that I caused it. I know there wasn’t any way around that but still, I hate it.

After a few minutes of letting her adjust to the intrusion she starts to grind against me. “I’m okay now, babe. I need you to move.”

I give her exactly what she’s asking for. I start off thrusting slowly. The more her moans pick up, the faster I go. After a while, I’m stroking her long and deep. The feeling of finally being inside her is so much more than I imagined. She feels like heaven. Sara fingers dig into my back as she holds onto me like a lifeline.

“Oh. Asher, you feel so good inside of me,” she moans in my ear. That sends me into a frenzy. My hips slam down on their own accord, deep punishing thrusts. Her pussy is so tight and hot. There will never be anything that will compare to being inside her.

“Fuck, you feel so good, Princess. You’re mine and I’m yours. There won’t be anyone else.”

Throwing her legs over my shoulder, I go in for the kill. My hips drive into her with no mercy. She loves every second of it. “Right there! Oh, right there. Oh, my God, you’re so deep.” She cries out as she throws her head back.

Her walls flutter and I know she’s about to come. I circle her clit with my thumb and pinch it. That’s it. Her body shakes as her orgasm takes over. Her pussy grips me so hard I have no choice but to join her. My hips don’t stop until she has stopped coming, and I have emptied myself completely into her.

The feeling of our mixed orgasms leaking out of her has my head snapping down to look where we’re still joined.

Fuck.

I didn’t use a condom. I never do that. I know I’m clean. I was tested right before she came here, and I haven’t been with anyone since I laid eyes on her. Sara’s brow pinches in confusion when she sees the look on my face.

“What’s wrong? Was I bad?” she asks in a panic.

“Fuck, no. Princess, being inside of you is something I have *never* experienced. I didn’t use a condom. I’ve never done that before. I was tested so I know I’m clean.”

“Babe. I’ve been on birth control since I was nineteen. My cycles can get painful and being on birth control helps.”

I sigh in relief. I love my woman but I’m not ready for kids yet. I want to keep her all to myself for a while. I’m not ready to share her just yet. Soon though. Picking her up, I take her to the bathroom. “Where are we going?” she asks sleepily. She sounds so relaxed, and it makes me puff my chest out. I did that.

“We need to get you in the tub. I read that if you soak in hot water, it’ll ease the soreness.”

“Aww, you did that for me?” She slurs her words. My woman doesn’t have too much longer before she’s asleep.

“I would do anything for you, Princess.” I kiss the top of her head and get into the tub with her. We lie in silence. No words need to be spoken. Tonight was perfect.

After Sara falls asleep in the tub against my chest, I get us out of there. My princess is wrecked right now. She sleeps through me drying her and putting her in the bed. After I get myself dried, I get into bed. Bringing her body to mine, it doesn't take long for sleep to claim me.

# *Chapter Nine*

## SARA

It's been two weeks since Bear and I made love for the first time. The man is insatiable. He's had me in every room of that house—the shower, kitchen, living room, dining room table, and up against the wall in the hallway. I love it too. There's nothing like having him inside me. The way he stretches me.

*Whoa.*

My body tingles just thinking about it.

His nightmares stopped for a while, but then they started happening again four days ago. I hate seeing him suffer like this. I have a plan to help him. I just hope he doesn't get angry when he finds out what I did. If he does, I'll take it. I can't keep watching him go through this.

Right now, we have another problem. The same three girls called off at the diner. After Cara hacked into their social media accounts, she found several videos of them at a party. We don't care if they party, but we can't let them use that as an excuse for calling in. Maria called and said when she told them they were fired, they refused to leave. So, here we are, on our way to the diner.

Walking through the doors of the diner, we make our way to the back office. I'm letting Cara take the lead on this one. I don't like confrontation. If things get ugly, I have no problem knocking their asses out though. When we get close to the office, we can hear raised voices.



“You can’t fire us just because we called in!” a girl screams.

Cara pushes through the office door. Maria gets up from the desk chair and Cara sits. I grab a chair and sit next to her. “Maria, go ahead and make sure everything is running smoothly on the floor. We’ve got it from here.”

One of the girls rolls her eyes at that. They have no clue who they’re messing with. Maria hurries out of the office. She looks a little scared of the girls.

“Okay, look here Ava, Charlotte, and Layla, you’re fired. You can either leave on your own or you can leave in the back of a police car. The choice is yours.” Cara’s eyes are on fire. She is pissed about being dragged away from her babies for this.

Layla decides she wants to press her luck. I can tell she’s the leader of the group.

“You can’t fire us for calling in. I’ll sue you for wrongful termination,” she says with a smirk.

Cara and I burst into laughter at her statement. The girls stand there looking confused. They really don’t know who we are. “Bitch, please,” Cara sneers. “I got all the reasons right here in my phone.”

Cara pulls out her phone and plays the video of them at the bar partying. The look of shock going across their faces is priceless. “You three called in, saying you were sick, when really you were just hungover. Oh, and in case you don’t know, I have the videos from the last time you pulled this stunt. So, get your asses out of my office, empty your lockers, and get the fuck out of my diner!” Cara is standing up now. If these girls don’t get out of here, my sister is going to start swinging.

“You can’t do this to us! Do you know who my brother is? He’s the leader of the Wild Knights! He’ll kill you!” Layla screams in Cara’s face.

Wrong move, little bird. Wrong move. Cara’s hand moves so fast I can’t stop it. Cara has her hand wrapped around

Layla's throat. Her air supply is cutting off because her face is redder than a tomato. Cara brings Layla's face right in front of hers.

"Ask me how many fucks I give!" Cara chokes her for a few more seconds and then she throws her down to the floor. Layla is choking hard enough to cough up an organ. She's on her hands and knees, trying to catch her breath. "You've got three seconds to get the fuck out of my office before I show you what I can really do!"

Ava and Charlotte are smart enough to get the hell out. Layla, not so much. She stands and shoots Cara a glare. "You're dead!" she screams and runs out of the office.

I have to physically hold Cara back from running after her. "Sara, let me go. Let me kill the bitch. I'll show the bitch dead!" For such a little person, my sister is strong as hell. After a few minutes, she calms enough to take a seat.

"Should we tell the guys about her threats?" I ask. I'm a little worried. I don't want another Outlaws situation. Those assholes kidnapped us when Cara was nearly three months pregnant with the triplets. We came out unharmed, but that's because those Outlaws were a bunch of idiots. Before she can answer, Maria walks in. She looks visibly upset.

"Don't brush off her threat," Maria warns. "The Wild Knights are the most dangerous gang in the area. Her brother, Pyro, is a crazy son of a bitch." Maria walks out of the office without another word.

Cara tilts her head and I know what she's doing. She's planning. "Here's what we're going to do. We're going to get everything we can find on these Knights, and we'll take it to church. We'll tell the guys after we have all the facts."

I nod and we get up to leave. While we're in the truck, I come up with a better plan to help Bear. "Sis, what are you doing tonight?" I ask her.

"Probably getting fucked into a coma. Why?"

My mouth drops open and I'm speechless. She really has no shame in her sex life. I wish I could be that careless

sometimes. “You two are going to mess around and make another set of babies,” I tell her, shaking my head.

“You take that back right now! Don’t you speak that bad juju on me!”

I fall into a fit of giggles. She can be so extra sometimes. Although, I will admit, another set of triplets does sound scary. “I just need your guys help tonight.” Cara nods her head with a raised brow. I know that look, so I quickly tell her what I need. My sister, being as awesome as she is, doesn’t even hesitate to agree.

When we get back to the clubhouse, we head for the cave. We start digging up information on the Knights and create file folders for the guys. It makes it easier if they can see the information right in front of them. The folders have mugshots, addresses, and known locations. It’s one of the reasons we used to work for the government. We obtained all the info in about two hours.

I’m a little nervous because this isn’t like the Outlaws. The Knights have over fifty known gang members. We’re going to have to play this smart. Viper walks into the room with Angel in his arms, which isn’t surprising at all.

“Hey, baby, what are y’all doing in the cave?” He leans down and gives her a quick kiss. He still has the same look in his eyes from the first day he met my sister.

“Nothing. We just needed to do a few things. I need you to call church for tomorrow afternoon.” Viper raises a brow at her. Cara shakes her head. “It’s nothing right now, but it can turn into something. We have other things on the agenda for tonight.”

We quickly tell Viper the plan and he nods his head in agreement. I think my plan will work. Bear might be pissed at me in the beginning, but in the end, I know he needs this. We can’t have a real future until he closes that chapter in his life. I just hope he doesn’t walk away from me because of this.

# *Chapter Ten*

## BEAR

I'm running late leaving the mechanic shop today. By the time I get to the clubhouse, dinner is already served. Making my plate, I head for the table with Sara and her family. The triplets are in some kind of bouncy chairs next to the table. Duke and Daisy, Cara's Great Danes, are lying down beside them. They're really protective of the babies. Anybody who holds them, they watch like a hawk.

A few brothers have been growled at when the babies cry. Most of the guys stay far away from the babies when Duke and Daisy are around.

Taking a seat beside Sara, I give her a quick kiss. "Hey, baby, how was your day?" I ask her as I take a bite of food.

"It was good. It was a little eventful, but still good."

I frown at her last remark. Did something happen today? If anybody tried anything with her, I'll kill them. I know she can protect herself, but that's what I'm here for. I will not fail this time. I will not fail her.

My woman reads me instantly and soothes me. "Babe, it's fine. We'll talk about it later."

Dinner goes well. I keep feeling like everyone at the table is watching me. Maybe I'm being paranoid. Crystal and Paul get up and take the triplets with them, along with Marco. After they leave, Sara and all her siblings looking at me. Even Viper.

"Okay. What the hell is going on? Everyone keeps staring at me. Spit it out."

Sara eyes go wide and now I'm worried. Why is she nervous all of a sudden? "If I ask you to just trust me and take a ride, will you?" she whispers. I nod my head because I will. I trust her completely. She lets out a shaky breath and a nod. "We're about to take a ride in Viper's SUV. I won't tell you where we're going just yet. I just feel this is important."

"Okay. Lead the way, Princess." I'm not scared but my nerves are on edge. She's acting weird. We all pack into Viper's SUV. Cara and Viper are up front with me and Sara behind them. Blade and Torch follow us on their bikes. We pull out of the gate and head for who knows where. After thirty minutes, we pull up to a trailer park... a familiar trailer park. No. She wouldn't. She wouldn't break my trust like this and tell her family about my childhood. Would she?

My woman, being as observant as she is, quickly soothes my inner thoughts. "I didn't tell them anything. I just told them you might need support after what we're about to do. You need to close the door on this part of your life. I want you happy. I want the nightmares to stop. I want a family one day. We can only have those things if you get the closure you need. Please, just try. If it doesn't work, I'll never intervene like this again."

The pleading in her eyes is my undoing. I'll give this a try for her. I just hope I can keep it together in front of her. Facing my mother has never been the plan. She got out of prison thirteen years ago and I didn't go looking for her.

When we pull up to the trailer, I notice three men leaving. The rumble from the bikes makes them look up. Eyeing the twins for a moment, they continue toward their car. They have suits on, and the energy around them screams henchman. Our windows are down a little so we're able to hear their conversation before they get into the car.

"Benny said she has forty-eight hours to get his money or we off the bitch. Knowing that junkie, we'll be back to finish the job in two days. I can't believe the bitch was so desperate she offered up Hannah. She knows Benny doesn't deal with that kind of shit."

Eighteen years later and the bitch is still at it. And who the fuck is Hannah? I guess I said that last part out loud because Sara answers me.

“I don’t know, babe. I only looked up her address. I didn’t want to pry any more than I already had.” She looks remorseful about it. I can see she’s afraid I’m angry with her. I’m not. I love that she cares enough to try and fix me, even if I feel like it’s a lost cause.

“Viper, Cara, can you two come in with us?” They both turn around to look at me with wide eyes. “It’s just if this shit goes left, I want you to take Sara out.” Sara looks like she’s about to protest, and I quickly shut her down. “No. If we do this, we’re doing it my way.” She gives me a reluctant nod. We head for the trailer, leaving Blade and Torch standing by the SUV.

Walking up the steps, I don’t bother knocking. The stupid bitch never used to lock the doors, and I bet much hasn’t changed. Walking through the door, the smell of cigarettes, mold, and rotten food fills the air. Just like when I was a kid. Eighteen years and this bitch hasn’t changed. When she looks up and her eyes lock on me, her eyes widen. “Asher? What are you doing here?”

“I thought I’d come and get a little closure. Pulling up to this trailer, I wanted to see if you had changed. If being in jail did anything for you. But no. You’re the same junkie you always were.” I shake my head in disgust.

“Who the fuck do you think you are coming in here judging me? It’s all your fault I went to jail anyway!” This bitch is delusional.

*My fault?*

She left us to a monster, and she thinks it’s all my fault. I charge for her before I can think twice. Viper steps in my path, shaking his head. Viper doesn’t like women being harmed and neither do I, but this bitch is pushing it.

“I heard you owe some money,” I say with a dark chuckle. “Forty-eight hours or they’re killing your ass. Crack or heroine

this time?" She bows her head as if she's ashamed. I know better. She'll do anything to get out of this.

"Crack," she mutters.

"How much?"

She looks up at me with so much relief in her eyes. The bitch must be high right now if she thinks I'm paying it off for her. "Two thousand." The look of shame is now gone. She's smiling from ear to ear, showing off her rotten teeth. Before I can tell the bitch I ain't paying it, Cara breaks the silence.

"Damn, that's a lot of crack," she whispers with wide eyes. Viper turns away from her. I can tell the fucker is laughing because his shoulders are shaking. Sara isn't too far behind him. She's biting her lip to prevent herself from laughing. I give Cara a look, letting her know not right now. She throws her hands up in defense.

"I'm just saying, Bear. She owes two thousand fuckin' dollars' worth! Do you know how much crack is?" Cara points at my mother and shakes her head. Before I can tell Cara to wait outside, a small voice interrupts us.

"Mom, I'm hungry," she whispers. We all turn around and a little girl is standing in the hall. She's filthy, wearing clothes that look like rags. She has to be around ten years old... maybe eleven.

The most shocking thing is she looks like a mirror image of Zoey. What the fuck is going on? I turn and look at Kathy. Her eyes are wide. "What's her name, Kathy?" I growl at her. I remember one of the henchmen saying she tried to offer a Hannah up as payment. If this bitch tried to sell my sister, I'll kill her.

Kathy doesn't answer. Figures. I walk slowly to the girl because I don't want to spook her. She looks scared for her life as I approach her. I kneel in front of her with still a good amount of distance between us. "What's your name, sweetheart?"

"You better keep your goddamn mouth shut, little girl!"



I move to where I'm blocking Kathy from the view of the little girl. "She can't hurt you anymore. I promise. She has to go through me and my friends if she wants to get to you."

The little girl looks up stunned. "Really?"

I give her a nod and ask for her name again.

"Hannah. My name is Hannah."

I turn around in time to see Sara charge for Kathy. Cara quickly grabs her. If you want to piss my princess off, try selling a child. She isn't sweet after that. Cara whispers in Sara's ear. From the way Sara's head snaps over to Hannah, I'm going to guess she was reminding her Hannah is in the room. Sara calms down immediately.

"How old are you?"

"I'm ten years old."

"Do you know who I am?" I ask her. She shakes her head no. "My name is Asher and I'm your big brother."

Hannah eyes gloss with tears. A few roll down her face. "Really?" There is so much hope in that one word. She wants somebody to take her away from this. To save her. I might not have been able to save Zoey, but I will save Hannah. I will die before I let anything happen to her.

"Yeah, I am. I'm going to get you out of here. Okay?"

"You're not taking her anywhere! I'll call the police!"

Before I can speak up, Sara does. "Go ahead, call them. Once they take one look at this disgusting trailer you're living in, plus the state that child is in, they'll be locking your ass up faster than you can blink!" she snarls at Kathy.

Kathy is smart enough to take a step back. Cara is standing there with her classic evil smirk. I'm pretty sure she's drumming up twenty different ways to kill Kathy. I stand and hold my hand out to my sister. Hannah doesn't even hesitate to take it. I walk to the front door and shout for Torch to come over. When he's standing in front of us, I kneel down again.

“This is my friend, Torch. He’s going to take you to that truck over there while I finish talking to Kathy. I promise I won’t be long. You’ll be safe with Torch.” Hannah gives me a hesitant nod, but she grabs Torch’s hand and lets him lead her to the truck. The entire time, she still has her eyes on me. Shutting the front door, I take a few breaths.

“Please tell me we’re going to have a little fun?” Cara asks, bouncing in excitement. That woman is more bloodthirsty than I am.

“No. Not tonight. I need to get to my sister.”

Cara’s lips drop into a pout. “Well, I can understand that.”

Viper chuckles at his wife. She sounds like someone just killed her puppy. I hope Viper never pisses that woman off. There’s no telling what she’ll do.

“Please, Asher. You have to help me. Those men will kill me.”

Is she insane? I’m not giving her a dime. “I hope you see Billy in hell.” I turn and walk out of the trailer. Viper and the girls are right behind me. When I get close to the truck, Hannah jumps out and runs to me. She crashes into me and hugs me tight.

“Thank you for saving me! Thank you!” She’s crying all over me. Those seven words are my undoing. I’ve never shed a tear a day in my life, but in this moment, I come damn close.

I saved my sister this time. I might have failed Zoey, but I will not fail Hannah. We all get into the truck and head to the clubhouse. When we drive through the gate, Viper heads for Blade’s house. I’m very grateful at this moment that he’s allowing us to stay in his house. The clubhouse is no place for a child. Even though the guys tamed down the open sex, they still drink at all hours of the night. Most nights after dinner is served and the kids go home and they like to get a little wild.

When we get to the house, everyone gets out of the truck except Viper and Cara. Cara lets her window down and calls me over. “We’re going to head to Target and get her a few things until you can take her shopping.” I start to protest. I

don't want any handouts. I can take care of my sister. "Bear, you're overthinking this. We're family. Family takes care of family." She rolls up her window and Viper drives away.

I'm still standing there a few minutes after they leave. Cara called me family. I have no idea what that's like. It's been a long time since I lost Zoey. I'm starting to see what Sara means. I have to try and close that chapter in my life so we can be happy. Everyone here just wants to see me happy. It's going to take time, but I'm going to try.

Walking into the house, I see Hannah at the table, eating a sandwich. She's eating like it's her last meal. I wonder how long it's been since she's eaten. "Slow down, sweetheart. I don't want you to get sick," Sara whispers while smoothing down Hannah's hair.

"Cara and Viper went to get Hannah a few things until we can take her to get what she needs," I tell Sara. Hannah turns around with wide eyes.

"They're buying me stuff?" she whispers with tear-filled eyes. I know it was tough for her. At least Zoey had me. Hannah had no one. I get ready to reply when Blade steps forward and kneels in front of Hannah.

"You're not alone anymore, Hannah. Tomorrow, you'll meet the rest of the family. Everyone here will do anything for you."

Hannah tears flow down her face. "B-but you don't even know me," she mutters.

Blade shakes his head and says, "Doesn't matter. Bear is your brother, which makes you our family too."

"Who is Bear?" she asks while scrunching up her face. Everyone in the room laughs.

I raise my hand. "That'll be me. It's like a nickname the guys gave me." Hannah eyebrows shoot up to her forehead, but she nods.

By the time Hannah is done eating, Viper and Cara walk through the door. They have like twenty bags with them.

Hannah's mouth drops open. "That's for me?" Her voice has risen a few octaves. Cara smiles and nods her head.

"Why don't you look through here and pick out a pair of pajamas. There's a huge tub upstairs. I bet Sara has some bubbles too."

Hannah jumps from the table and starts going through the bags. She finds the pajamas she wants and makes her way to Sara. Sara holds her hand out and Hannah gets ready to grab it but then stops. She turns around and I can still see the tears in her eyes. "Thank you." Her voice cracks. She grabs Sara's hand, and they go upstairs.

"I want you to know we have eyes on Kathy. I sent Kevin and River to keep watch. I want to make sure she doesn't try to pull any funny business," Viper informs me. I'm glad he did that. I don't put it past Kathy to still try and sell Hannah even though she's with me.

Everyone says their goodbyes and I head up the stairs. Walking toward the bathroom, I can hear Sara and Hannah laughing. Best thing I've ever heard in my life. When I peek my head in, I see Sara washing Hannah's hair.

I make my way to the bed and wait for them to finish. After half an hour, Hannah walks out in a pink princess pajama set with her hair pulled into a ponytail. I take her to the guest room. When I make a move to leave, Hannah's eyes widen in fear. I walk back to the bed and sit down beside her.

"You know you're safe here, right?"

"It's just I'm afraid of the dark," she whispers. She looks like she's ashamed. I can't have that.

Growing up with Kathy, I can only imagine why she's afraid of the dark. I get up and turn on the closet light and crack the door. "Better?" She gives me a cheerful nod and pulls the blankets around her. Walking out, she whispers goodnight and I return it.

I can't believe a month ago I was miserable and suffering without my princess. Now, I have my princess back, and I have a sister I never knew about. My life has changed

immensely, but I think it's for the better. I just have to work on burying my demons. And I will. Because for Sara and Hannah, I'll do anything.

# *Chapter Eleven*

## SARA

I left Bear alone with his sister. He needed that time with her. My heart cracks thinking about when I first laid eyes on her. You can tell that little girl was left to the wolves. Kathy didn't give a crap about her. Why the hell would she have another child? She's not built to be a mother. I really wish Cara would have let me get my hands on her. I know I couldn't do anything in front of Hannah, but I was so angry, I wasn't thinking.

I get into the shower and a few minutes later, Bear joins me. He wraps his arms around me, taking a deep breath. He kisses up my neck and I arch my back into him. He pinches my nipples while biting my neck. The man knows how to get me going. His hands set flames across my body. "We'll have to be quiet. We can't wake Hannah," he whispers into my ear.

This is going to be a challenge, but I'll give it a try. I need him inside me. I turn around and his lips are on mine instantly. I suck his tongue into my mouth and wrap my hand around his cock. Bear groans and pushes me against the shower wall. I slowly pump him. His eyes are on fire with need. There is so much lust in them when I look up at him.

Bear kisses down my body, forcing me to let go of him. I can tell he was close. He would never allow himself to come before me. He takes my nipples into his mouth and sucks hard. His hand pinches the other. Bear gives my nipple a bite and a moan breaks free. He looks up and smirks. "Quiet, Princess, or I can't give you what you need." I nod my head frantically. If he stops, I think I'll die.

While he keeps playing with my nipples, his free hand makes it way down to my mound. He rubs my clit in slow circles. It's not enough. I grind my hips, trying to take what I need. Bear gives my ass a sharp slap. "I'm in control," he growls against my breast. "Understand?" I nod my head again. He gives my ass another slap. "Words, Princess."

"Yes. I understand," I moan as quietly as I can. Bear lets out a dark chuckle and I shiver. I know what that laugh means. He's about to send my body to another universe. He makes his way down my body, placing soft kisses here and there. Once he's down on one knee, he takes one of my legs and throws it over his shoulder. He dives into eating me like a madman. He takes my clit into his mouth and gives it a light nibble. My back arches off the wall. I put both of my hands on his head and hold on.

"You like when I eat this pussy, Princess?"

"Yes. I love it," I whimper. Bear chuckles and gets back to work. I swear his tongue sends bolts of lightning through my entire body. I'm biting my lip so hard, trying to hold back my moans. I feel his finger at my entrance. He pushes one of his thick fingers in and quickly adds a second. His fingers work me fast. Each time he goes knuckle deep inside me. My body works its way to a climax. I'm shamelessly grinding against his hand and face.

"Come for me, baby. I want to drink you down. Give it to me," he grinds out and takes my clit back into his mouth. His growly moan vibrates against my sensitive nub and sends me into another universe. I have to slap my hand over my mouth. There is no way I can keep quiet. My moans are loud enough for us to hear but not Hannah. Bear keeps working me over until I start to slide down the shower wall.

Bear stands and catches me before I hit the floor. He picks me up and pushes my back against the wall. I wrap my arms and legs around him, holding on. He lines his massive cock with my entrance and slowly sinks me down onto it. I tuck my face into his neck and whimper. The stretch is amazing. He fills me up perfectly. "Asher, you feel so good, baby," I moan into his neck.



“Fuck, Princess, you can’t talk like that. I’m holding on by a thread right now.” I bring my lips to his as he thrusts in and out of me. It feels like he’s fucking my mouth and my pussy.

He raises my knees just a little higher and grips my ass harder. Picking me up he slams me back down on his cock stealing my breath away. He bites my lip and I break the kiss with a gasp.

“Yes, right there, baby. Please don’t stop,” I whimper against his lips. Asher growls and speeds up.

My moans seem to send him into overdrive. Before I know it, he’s taking me in the most savage way. I’m not complaining. Trust me. Feeling him deep inside me is the best feeling. Every time he thrusts, his pubic bone rubs against my clit. The feeling has me climbing again. I’m close to another release.

“I can feel your walls closing in. Let go and squeeze my cock, Princess. I want to feel you coming all over me,” he groans into my neck. He bites my earlobe and sucks it into his mouth.

I am thrown into another orgasm. His dick swells inside me before he starts coming, rope after rope of cum. He kisses me to muffle both of our moans. Once we come down from our high, he lowers me to the ground. He keeps his arm around me. Good thing he does because I’m pretty sure I would fall to the ground right now.

“I’m calling the contractors in the morning. I’m gonna tell them to soundproof our room. I don’t like you having to hold back your moans,” he mutters against my neck.

I let out a giggle and nod. I completely agree. I love when he talks dirty to me while he’s inside me. Every time, my insides turn into jelly. The water gets cold, and we hurry to wash off and get out.

I get into bed, wearing only Asher’s shirt. Normally, I sleep naked. After the first few nights of living here, I quickly learned not to wear clothes to bed. Asher always ends up ripping them from my body in the middle of the night. But

there will be none of that tonight. We have a ten-year-old little girl down the hall. After Asher gets into bed, I waste no time snuggling up to him.

“I can’t believe I have a little sister. If I had stopped living in my head and confronted Kathy a long time ago, she wouldn’t have suffered as much.” I get up and straddle his lap.

This stops today!

He will not keep taking responsibility for Kathy’s actions.

“Asher, you’re human just like the rest of us. You have Hannah now and we’re going to give that little girl all the love in the world. You did all you could do at the time. Stop taking responsibility for what Kathy does. You are one of the best men I know. And I’m not just saying that because you give me mind-blowing orgasms.” Asher is full on belly laughing now. I love seeing him laugh.

When I first came around, Bear wouldn’t even speak to people. Now, he holds conversations, sits with my family during dinner, and he laughs. That’s all I’ve ever wanted for him. For him to be happy. I didn’t like seeing the darkness in his eyes.

“Mind blowing?” he asks coyly.

He waggles his eyebrows and I laugh with him. See. He even jokes now. I love this look on him. As long as I’m breathing, I will make sure it stays this way.

“Yes. Now stop fishing for compliments. We have to get up early and take Hannah to the clubhouse for breakfast since we don’t have much food here to cook.”

Bear turns out the light and brings my back against his chest. I can feel his cock pressing into my back.

“Bear!”

“I can’t help it. If you’re in my arms, my dick is going to get hard. Sorry, not sorry.”

I giggle and turn halfway to give him a quick kiss. Snuggling back into my pillow, I smile. “Ti amo, Orso.”

“Ti amo, Principessa.” I gasp at his declaration. When did he learn Italian? “I asked Cara how to say it after she told me what it meant. Now, let’s sleep, baby.” Sleep takes me in no time.

# *Chapter Twelve*

## BEAR

A soft knock wakes me from my deep sleep. I turn to look at the clock and see it's a little after eight in the morning. Sara shifts and turns her head toward the door. Getting out of the bed, I grab a shirt and put it on. Opening the door, Hannah is standing there looking nervous. I kneel down in front of her. "Did you sleep okay?"

"Yes. I've never had a bed before. That bed was really soft." I have to suppress my growl. I don't want to scare her. I really want to go back and kill Kathy myself.

"You'll never live like that again. I promise." I pause to get myself together. The anger that courses through my body has my beast rattling the cage. "Today, we're going to the clubhouse for breakfast. You're going to meet the rest of my friends and family. After that, we'll go to the mall and get you some more stuff. Now, go take a quick shower and I'll have some clothes laid on your bed for you to get dressed."

She smiles and races for the bathroom.

"I really want to kill that bitch!" Sara snarls from the bed. Yup, my princess is heated. Her eyes are filled with rage. I walk over and kiss her. She melts immediately. I don't like seeing my woman so upset.

"Let's get Hannah's clothes laid out and get dressed." After I lay out Hannah's clothes, we get ready for the day. Sara gives Hannah two braids, going straight down her back and we load up in my truck. When we get to the clubhouse, everyone is in the dining hall.

It's a Saturday, so no one has work or school. The kids light up at seeing a new kid on the block. Viper walks over to me and gives me a fist bump. "I already told everyone about Hannah. I didn't give details, but I didn't want you to be swarmed with questions when you got here."

"Thanks, Prez. Let me get Hannah something to eat. I'll explain everything soon. I'm just not ready to get into that just yet."

Viper walks back over to the table and tries to take Liam from Thor.

"No! I just got him. You live with the babies, so you get more quality time than me. Now go away." Thor turns his attention back to the baby and starts cooing at him. He really loves those kids. I think this is the closest he'll get to having kids. That's one man I know who will never settle down.

After I have Hannah's plate set up, I take her to the kids' table. Sara is right behind me. She pulls a seat out for Hannah, and she takes the seat. Sara starts to introduce the kids to Hannah. "Hannah, this is Cindy and Colton. Big Red over there is their father. Cindy is seven and Colton is five. This annoying booger right here is my brother, Marco, and he's twelve."

Marco growls at his sister while Hannah's cheeks turn deep pink. What's that all about? Marco gets up from his seat and stands next to Hannah's chair. He holds his hand out and Hannah takes it. "Hi, I'm Marco," he says with a smirk and a wink.

What the fuck? Oh, hell no! He better get his smooth-talking ass back to his seat. I will not have my sister crushing at ten years old. The Romanos are like hotcakes around here. Literally. First Cara and Viper, then me and Sara. Even their baby sister, Sofia, has something going on with the prospect, River.

Nope. Not happening. No way.

"You better keep those winks to yourself, mister," I growl at him. In true Romano fashion, the little shit doesn't even

flinch. Laughter breaks out around the dining hall, and I see everyone watching the scene unfold. Marco shoots Hannah one more wink and walks back to his seat. Sara pulls me away to the table where her family is. When I sit down, everyone is snickering.

“Pay up!” Torch says, holding his hand out to Blade. Blade pulls out five hundred dollars and slaps it into Torch’s open palm.

“What did you two bet on now?” Crystal asks, rolling her eyes.

“I bet Blade five hundred big ones that Marco would try and shoot his shot at Hannah.” He laughs while looking at me.

I clench my fists and growl, “Why the fuck would you bet that asshole?”

“Language!” Cara hisses at me. I realize the babies are at the table. I nod in apology. I turn my gaze back to Torch with a raised brow.

“Because my little brother is a true Romeo. Hannah is a pretty little girl. He’s about to be crushing hard.” The fucker is smiling and laughing. This shit isn’t funny. I turn around and see Marco is sitting right next to my sister. Her cheeks are rosy pink and she’s looking at Marco like he’s the best thing since sliced bread.

Maybe it’s the gold eyes. All of Sara’s siblings have Paul’s gold eyes. I prefer my woman’s ocean blues. I make a move to get up and break up the puppy-love connection when Sara stops me. “Babe, let her have this. She needs every little happy moment she can find. They’ll never be unsupervised so nothing will happen.”

Dammit, I know she’s right, but that’s my sister.

“Now you understand how we feel.” Blade chuckles with a raised brow.

I sigh and sit back down. After breakfast is over, the kids talk and play around the dining hall. Marco circles his fingers, puts them inside his mouth, and releases a shrill whistle.

I hear their heavy paws before I see them and so does Hannah. Her eyes go big, and she turns just in time to see them enter the dining hall. Hannah is frozen with fear. Duke and Daisy start to charge her. I know they're not going to hurt her, more like bathe Hannah in their saliva, but Hannah doesn't know that.

Cara steps in front of Hannah, blocking her. "Sitz!" she hisses at her dogs.

They both plop on their butts with a whine. Cara turns to Hannah and soothes her. "They won't harm you, Hannah. Ever. I know they're huge dogs, but they really are just a bunch of teddy bears."

A few snorts are heard around the room. I have to agree with my brothers. I have watched those dogs rip people to shreds. Granted, they never attack unless it's for a good reason. Cara glares at the men in the room and turns her gaze back to her dogs. "Hier," she says, pointing to the spot in front of her and Hannah.

Duke and Daisy slowly make their way to her and sit. Cara nods at Hannah and she starts to pet the dogs. After a few seconds, the saliva bath began. They lick all over her face and Hannah laughs while halfheartedly pushing them away.

Draco even makes his way in to get loved on. He might not care for adults, but he loves kids. After breakfast is over, I tell everyone we're taking Hannah to the mall. Colt, Cindy, and Marco beg to go, too. Next thing I know, three SUVs are loaded with all the kids, Sara's siblings and parents, Smoke, and Viper. Guess it's about to be a family day at the mall.



# *Chapter Thirteen*

## SARA

When we make it to the mall, the kids are bouncing in excitement. Hannah looks amazed when we walk through the doors. “Come on, Hannah!” Marco shouts. Hannah takes off after Marco and Bear growls beside me. I know he doesn’t like this, but Hannah deserves every bit of happiness.

After a few hours of shopping, we decided to take a break.

The guys have had to take several trips to the trucks to load up the bags. We’ve spent a pretty penny today. We go to the food court, and Hannah’s eyes light up. “Pick whatever you want, sweetheart,” I tell her.

“Anything?” she whispers in awe as she scans the room of her many options.

I nod my head and she runs after the kids, following them to a burger stand. Once we’ve ordered, we send the kids to the table with Smoke and my parents.

I wasn’t surprised Smoke came. He loves his grandbabies just as much as my parents. He takes in all the quality time he can get. Viper told us before we came along, Smoke had been asking for grandbabies for years. Now he has three. He attempted to keep the triplets at one time but when he returned, he said he would only keep one baby at a time. I don’t know what he went through but he was covered in formula and baby powder. Cara and I laughed until we were crying.

Cara elbowing me breaks my thoughts. When I look at her, she gestures her head to the side. I follow her gaze and my

heart drops. I watch as Matthew is making his way over. I never did call him for that date.

Cara shoulders shake from laughter.

This is bad.

Bear is going to kill this man in broad daylight. He's in his suit, like that morning at the diner. He really is a good-looking guy, but Bear is it for me. When he's finally standing in front of me, I try my best to put on a polite smile. I want to blurt out, "*You're in danger. Run!*" But seeing that we're in the middle of a food court, I keep my mouth shut.

"Hey, beautiful, you never did call me. When I noticed you standing here, I figured I'd give it another shot and ask you on that date."

I hear a deep growl behind me, and I shiver. I love when he growls, but not right now though. This is his "I'm about to rip you apart" growl. Bear walks up behind me, wraps his hand around my waist and pulls me back against him. "Back the fuck off! She's taken," he snarls. Matthew eyes go big, but he's still dumb enough to stick around.

"Wow, I didn't have you pegged to hang out with biker trash."

I just want a hole to appear and swallow this man up. Is he stupid? My brothers, Viper, and Bear make a move for him. Cara and I quickly block their paths. "I know you guys want to beat his ass. Trust me, I would love to watch, but we have seven kids with us right now."

Thank God for Cara thinking so fast. Cara turns around and faces Matthew. "If I were you, I'd get the hell out of here. They're hanging on by only a thread. If they attack you, I won't stop them. The shit you just spilled out of your mouth, you need a good beatdown. Let me ask you a question though."

Matthew raises a brow with a cocky smirk on his face.

"Have you ever watched a man's insides fall to the floor after gutting him like a fish?" Cara asks with a mirrored smirk.

Matthew's eyes widen, and he quickly walks away. We all burst into laughter at how quickly he's walking.

"That was a good one, Sis," Blade says, high fiving Cara.

Bear's arms wrap around me and he turns me to face him. The look in his eyes is animalistic. "You're mine," he growls before bringing his lips down on mine. He devours my mouth like we're alone. The food court breaks off into cheers and I break the kiss.

I know I'm blushing. "Yes, honey, I'm yours," I whisper against his lips. That seems to put his beast back into the cage. When I look over at the kids, they're standing on their seats cheering. That makes me laugh and Bear smiles. We grab our food and eat. We shop for a few more hours then head back to the clubhouse. On the way home, we pass a carnival. Hannah eyes are huge. I turn to Bear and we share the same look. We'll be going there tonight.

Once we get home, I help Hannah unpack all her things. She cries a little. I understand this is a lot. She went from having nothing to having everything. It'll take some time to get used to. When it's time for church, we take Hannah to my parents' with the rest of the kids. Marco is bouncing away on the porch, waiting for her. Hannah hops down, shouts goodbye and runs after Marco and Cindy.

Walking into church, I take my seat in between my brother, Torch, and Cara. When everyone is present, Viper brings his gavel down. "Alright, fellas, the girls have some stuff to share. I have no clue what it is, but we all know they wouldn't request church for nothing." Viper looks at us and motions for us to talk.

Cara clears her throat and sits up. "We've been having problems with three employees down at the diner. They went out to a party and called into their shift at the last minute. They were warned not to do it again but did it anyway. When we fired them, one of the girls whose name is Layla started spouting shit about her brother being the leader of the Wild Knights."

Groans and curses make their way around the room. “I know. I know. We were threatened with death for firing her. I don’t know if it’s a bluff, but I would like to be prepared.” Cara stands and grabs the folders we made. She puts a stack on each side of the table. “Take one and pass it down.” After everyone has a folder, she sits and opens hers. “In these folders you’ll see every member. We’ve included a mugshot and a bio on them. I don’t know if her brother is dumb enough to start a war over a lost job or not.”

Viper sits up with a growl. “You’re telling me you were threatened and when I asked you yesterday, you said it wasn’t anything major. That’s fuckin’ major, Cara!” he growls at her. I have never heard Viper talk to her like this. Everyone in the room tenses. This can go very bad. Cara can’t disrespect him in here. This is his throne. I turn and look at my sister. She looks like she isn’t even fazed by his anger.

“I just told you I don’t know what we’re dealing with. Why would I make a huge issue out of that? And don’t forget I can handle myself. I was taking care of myself long before I got here.” Her voice is calm, but the warning is there. If he doesn’t back off, this is going to get ugly. When I look at Bear, he’s giving me the same glare Viper is giving Cara. I get why they’re mad, but we’ve dealt with worse.

Viper shakes his head and turns his attention to the table. “I want all of you to go over these folders. Learn their faces. If you see any of them hanging around, I want to know immediately. No one leaves the compound alone. Until we know what we’re dealing with, we stay paired off. Does anyone have anything to add?” Everyone shakes their head and Viper brings his gavel down, ending church. Cara is up before the gavel touches the table. Viper tries to grab her, but she snatches away and storms out of church.

This is bad. My sister is headstrong and stubborn. I know she didn’t like having to keep her mouth shut, but she respects Viper and his position in the club. Doesn’t mean she likes it. Viper races after Cara while everyone is still sitting at the table.

Axel decides to break the silence in the room. “That fucker is crazy as hell running after her while she’s mad. I don’t think she’ll cut his dick off because she needs it, but it doesn’t mean she won’t sick Duke and Daisy on his ass.” The room erupts into laughter except for my brothers.

“I don’t want to hear about my sister needing Viper’s dick, asshole!” Blade shouts, glaring at Axel.

“Oh, please, get over yourself. Viper is probably fucking Cara down right now to calm her down,” Thor goads my brothers.

“Shut the fuck up, Thor, before I come over there and ruin that pretty little face of yours,” Torch says with a smirk. Thor hates being called pretty now. Ever since Cara told him he was too pretty and wasn’t her type, he doesn’t find the statement a compliment.

“Fuck you, asshole!” Thor shouts and storms out of church.

All the guys are howling in laughter again. Bear comes around the table and drags me to his room here in the clubhouse. “Why didn’t you tell me?” he questions as soon as his door closes. I sigh and sit on the bed.

“Babe, it’s like Cara said. We don’t know how serious Layla was, but we still want to be prepared for anything.”

Bear steps forward. “I can’t lose you,” he whispers. Before I can reply, he’s on me. He strips me naked quickly. Dragging my body to the edge of the bed, he quickly dives in. He feasts on me like it’s the last supper. I moan out loud when he licks me from my entrance to my clit and back to my ass. Having his tongue back there feels so good. I never thought I would be into that sort of thing. He wraps his lips around my clit and sucks hard.

“Asher!” I yell while grabbing the sheets. My knuckles are white from gripping them so tight. All I get is a growl in return. He grabs my legs and brings me closer to his face. I feel a finger against my back hole, and I tense. Bear looks up from in between my legs, still eating me. The look is begging

for me to trust him. I nod my head and he starts easing his finger into my ass.

I'm whimpering and moaning loud enough for everyone to hear, and I couldn't care less. Later, I might be a little mortified but, right now, I can only focus on what he's doing with his tongue.

After he has his finger in, he starts fucking my ass. The sensations are incredible. Who knew having a finger in your ass could feel this good? Minutes later, I go flying over the edge, screaming. When I come down, Asher gets out of his clothes in record time. He rolls me over and yanks me up on my knees.

Not wasting even a second, he thrusts inside me. Normally, he gives me time to adjust. Not this time. I feel like he's claiming me all over again. He needs to remind himself I'm here and safe. Every time he pulls out and slams back in, it feels like he's going deeper with each thrust.

“Asher. Oh, God! Harder, baby! Give it to me harder!”

“Look at my princess talking dirty. Fuck, your pussy is strangling me, baby. So fuckin' wet and tight and mine,” he groans. Asher brings his finger to my ass again and quickly slips it in. He starts fucking me and I feel him adding a second. There's a slight burn this time but it feels so good. I feel so full having him inside both holes. Asher pounds into me, his balls slap against my clit with every thrust.

Reaching under me, he pinches my clit and I come hard. My release flows all around his cock. Asher throws his head back with a final roar and fills me up. Fuck. That was amazing. Asher leans down and kisses my back. “I love you, Sara. I can't lose you, baby,” he mutters against my back.

I lean forward so he slips out of me, and I turn around. Looking into his eyes, I tell him, “I love you too, Asher. I'm not going anywhere. I promise.” I kiss his lips and we get up to clean ourselves up. When we make it to the common room, everyone is smirking, and I blush. Dammit, they're going to tease me. I hate being the center of attention.

Blade comes storming over to us. Oh, no. He looks pissed. “I gave you the keys to my house for a reason. Please, for the love of God, use them!” he shouts and walks away. Everyone is laughing like a bunch of hyenas. Bear laughs and lets out a loud whistle, gaining everyone’s attention.

“Everyone here knows Hannah is my sister. I’m still not ready to give all the details on that situation. Sara and I were going to take her to the carnival tonight, but after the news we just received, I would feel better with some backup.”

All the guys nod and before you know it, the entire MC is going to the carnival. This should be interesting.



# *Chapter Fourteen*

## BEAR

I'm driving one of the SUVs with Cindy, Colt, Marco, and Hannah in the back seat. Everyone is going to the carnival except Paul and Crystal. They're keeping the triplets while everyone goes out.

"Where are we going?" Hannah asks from the back seat. She's been bouncing since we came and picked them up.

"It's a surprise," Sara tells her, laughing. That's literally the fifth time she's asked. I'm glad to see her coming out of her shell.

Twenty minutes later, we're pulling up to the carnival. Hannah eyes light up and she starts clapping.

When we're out of the truck, Hannah runs over to me and wraps her arms around my stomach. "You're the best, Asher!" She smiles up at me.

"Anything for you, kiddo. Now go with Sara so you can get some tickets." All the kids go with Sara. Dice and Capone are standing close by, keeping an eye on the crowd. Viper is standing behind Cara with his arms wrapped around her. I guess he's not in the doghouse anymore.

"I see you're not in trouble anymore." Axel snickers at Viper.

"When you give your woman five mind-blowing orgasms, it's kind of hard for her to stay angry at you."

Cara turns around and gasps. "Viper!"

He just shrugs his shoulders with a shit-eating grin. Thor is looking at a ride that makes me queasy just looking at it. The cage spins and flips in all kinds of directions. Just when it slows down, it starts back up. It's tossing those people around in all kinds of ways. I can hear their screams from across the lot.

"Come on, bestie. Let's go ride that one," Thor says, pointing at the death trap.

Cara rolls her eyes but doesn't reply. Thor proceeds to beg and plead. Cara shakes her head and looks at Thor. "Thor. My best bud. Listen to me carefully. Okay?" Thor gives her a nod and waits. "I would rather let King Kong fuck me in the ass than to get on that ride with you." The guys roar with laughter and some families turn around and stare at us.

"Baby, you don't need King Kong for that. That's what I'm here for," Viper says with a devilish grin.

"Oh, please, Viper. It was a metaphor. You and that anaconda in your pants aren't going anywhere near my ass!" she seethes at him and walks away. Cara is hightailing it to the ticket booth. That just makes the guys laugh harder.

"I'll convince her one day." He smirks. He's looking at Cara like he's imagining the day it happens.

"You two fuckers are going to pay for our therapy!" Blade shouts while pointing at me and Viper. That only causes another round of laughter. I really feel bad for those two. It can't be easy hearing your sisters having sex all the time. But they brought them here. They were so confident the girls wouldn't fall for us. Guess the last laugh is on them.

When we get the tickets, we start off playing some games. I catch Hannah looking at this huge SpongeBob stuffie. It's the same size as her. Marco asks Sara for some tickets to play the game. I smirk because there is no way he'll win. The game is a shooting game. He has to have precise aim to win. Marco pays the man his tickets and grabs the shotgun.

To my utter shock, the little shit doesn't miss a single shot. The man behind the booth looks completely floored, as does

the entire MC, except his siblings. They're all smirking. He lets Marco know he can pick anything and, of course, he picks SpongeBob. Hannah looks like he hung the moon for her when he gives it to her. "Thank you, Marco!" she says, hugging SpongeBob.

"No problem." He winks, and she blushes.

I'm going to hurt this child if he doesn't stop making my sister blush. All the guys laugh at my fuming face. I turn to Blade and Torch with squinted eyes. "How the hell did he do that?"

They both smirk, shaking their heads. "When Marco was eight, we took him to a carnival almost every day over the summer. Between me, Torch, and the girls, he was a pro in no time."

Well, that explains that. The rest of the night goes on with the kids riding the rides and playing more games. Marco won Cindy a huge dog stuffie and Colt a giant Elmo. The kid was a beast at carnival games. So were his siblings. There were so many stuffies by the end of the night, we had to call a prospect to bring another truck since I was the only one in a truck.

By the time we pull up to the house, all the kids are knocked out. I pick Hannah up and carry her inside. She doesn't stir. I guess that's a good sign. I can only imagine how worn out she is. She had a long day. As I walk away, I see Red, Viper, and Blade grab the rest of the kids.

As I lay Hannah in her bed, I hear her muttered words before sleep claims her again. "I had the best day ever, Asher."

I stand there long after she's fallen asleep. I've been smiling so much lately, I don't even think about the darkness anymore. Sara was right. It's time to bury my past, so I can have a future.



IT'S BEEN FIVE DAYS SINCE I DISCOVERED MY SISTER. FIVE days since I brought her home with me and three days since

Benny's henchman did exactly what they said they would. The minute Kevin told me, I contacted the MC lawyer, Michael. He quickly drew up the papers making me Hannah's legal guardian. We still have to take it through the courts, but Hannah is legally mine.

Today is her first day at school and she's nervous as ever. Hannah is going to need some tutoring since Kathy barely made her go to school. Cindy and Marco are trying to reassure her that everything will be fine.

"Come on, kids. It's time to go." Crystal gets up and heads for the door. She takes and picks the kids up every day. She really is a lifesaver.

Before Hannah is out the door, I stop her and kneel. "It's going to be okay, sweetheart. When you get home, I want to hear all about your day."

She looks up at me with a smile. "Home," she whispers, still smiling. She throws her arms around my neck, hugging me and planting a kiss on my cheek. I watch her race to the truck with the kids.

I stand there as a new wave of emotions falls over me. She's finally happy and I will make sure it stays that way. I will bring her more happiness in her childhood than I ever had.

# *Chapter Fifteen*

## SARA

It's been three weeks since Hannah started school and she's doing well. She's a fast learner according to her teachers. The kid is happy, and she deserves it. She hasn't asked about Kathy, not one time. Bear said eventually he'll sit her down and tell her she passed away. He doesn't want to burst her bubble of happiness just yet.

Today, Cara and I are filling in at the diner. A few waitresses were sick with the flu, and we came in to help. I'm wiping down a table when someone taps me on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, are you Sara Romano?" I turn around and all the air in my lungs disappears. The man standing in front of me is the spitting image of my father. What the hell is going on? He's a lot older so he can't be a long-lost sibling.

"Wow. You look just like your mother."

I shake my head and take a step back. "Who are you?" I whisper.

He extends his hand. "I'm James Miller. I'm Mark's younger brother. Your uncle."

Tears spill over my eyes and I quickly wipe them away. How is this possible? My father never mentioned a brother. Ever. James pulls out his wallet and shows me a picture of him and my dad. They're teenagers in the photo. I grab the picture with shaky hands and sit down.

"I only recently learned about you from a high school friend. I went to visit our hometown and my friend ended up mentioning you. I had a private investigator find you for me. I

just had to meet you. I want to leave you my number. I'll be in town for a few weeks, and I would love to get to know my niece." He places a card on the table and leaves. I'm still sitting in the booth crying. Cara runs over to me and wraps me in her arms.

"Who was that guy? He looked just like Mark."

"He says he's my uncle." Cara looks at me dumbfounded and I nod. "We'll talk about this later at Mom and Dad's. Let's knock these tables out."

The cook calls Cara to pick up her order, and she races off. After four hours, the replacements arrive. Cara and I hang up our aprons and head out the back door. We had to park behind the building because the lot was full when we got here. When the back door closes, three men rush us. One punches Cara in her face, and blood flies from her mouth.

Cara quickly snaps out of her daze and kicks the man in his balls. Another man attempts to attack her from behind, but I race forward and intercept his strike. I flatten my hand and chop him right in the throat. He goes down, gasping for air. I grab the back of his head, bringing my knee right to his face and knock his ass out. Cara pulls out her taser gun and shoots the third until he goes down like a sack of bricks.

We hurry and get the zip ties out of the truck and restrain them. I put a piece of duct tape over each of their mouths. Cara pulls out her phone and makes a call. "Viper! Get the van and get to the diner ASAP!" she says and hangs up. I can guarantee Viper will be here in record time. Ten minutes later, the sounds of motorcycles fill the air. Viper, Bear, and my brothers in the lead. Viper quickly wraps Cara in his arms and Bear does the same to me.

Bear examines my face and sighs in relief when he sees I'm unharmed. Viper unleashes a roar and starts stomping one of the men. "You put your filthy fuckin' hands on my Ol' Lady. My wife!" he growls. Blade and Torch have to restrain him. We're in broad daylight and we need to get out of here. Dice, Capone, and Thor load the men in the van and take off.



“Viper, I promise I’m fine, honey. He only got that one punch in, and the fucker is about to pay for it.” All the guys smirk because pissing off Cara is a no-no. She is more bloodthirsty than some of the guys.

Viper gently kisses her lips and releases her. “Let’s move!” Viper shouts to the group. Everyone takes off for the clubhouse. When we get there, Viper lets the prospects know that no one is allowed in the clubhouse right now. Last thing we need is for our parents or the kids hearing these men scream.

When we get down to the basement, the men are stripped down to their boxers and hung by their wrists. I look over and see mine and Cara’s briefcases are already down here. “I thought you girls would need those,” Thor says from the back of the group. I guess he doesn’t want a repeat of the last time we were down here.

Viper approaches the men, and I see his anger flowing through him in waves. “I know exactly who you three are. You’re Wild Knights. I’m guessing Pyro sent you. Now, what I want to know is, what is his plan?”

None of the guys say a word. “Bear, girls, have your fun.” He walks away and takes a seat on the steel table.

Cara’s crazy ass starts bouncing and clapping her hands. “Bear, come check out this device I just made.” Bear hurries over to her and starts laughing. It’s a dark laugh. I walk over to see the device and cringe. That’s going to hurt.

“We’ll save that for last. I know they’ll break once we use it, and I want to have my fun first,” Bear tells Cara. Cara sighs and grabs her hunting knife. Bear and I follow suit.

Thirty minutes later, they haven’t given us anything. We walk back over to the briefcases and pull out the latex gloves. After we have them on, Cara hands each of us a needle and then the device. I know what’s in the needle, but Bear doesn’t. He looks confused.

“It’s adrenaline, honey. We can’t have them passing out.”

He throws his head back and laughs.

“I don’t know about anybody else, but those three scare me,” Axel mutters.

All the guys nod their agreement. Viper looks damn proud of his woman. We walk over and stand directly in front of the men. “You might kill us, but when Pyro gets his hands on you, he’ll pass you around to all his members before putting a bullet in your head!” he sneers at Cara.

Cara throws her head back, giving a big belly laugh. “Well, if he sends another round of pussies like you, I have nothing to fear.” That has all our guys laughing and the Knights growling.

Cara injects one of the Knights with a needle and we do the same. Their bodies start to shake from the adrenaline. Some of the guys step back. Cara and I laugh with an eye roll. They have no idea what to expect from us.

Cara holds the device in front of her. “This is my new baby. Have you ever heard of a cock ring?” she asks the Knights.

They looked scared of where this is about to go. “Well, see, this device is like a cock ring. The only difference is the shock waves of electricity I’m about to send through your dick will *not* be pleasurable.” Cara calls some of the guys over to hold the Knights when they start bucking and jerking.

Cara has three of these rings in her briefcase. Must be fate. Dice, Tiny, and Big Red come over and hold them still. Once we shred their boxers, we make quick work of wrapping the devices around their dicks. “Any last words?” Bear sneers. When they don’t respond, we press the button to turn on our devices. The screams come immediately. Their dicks start turning an ugly shade of purple. I hear some of the guys groan. When I turn around, they’re all cupping their manhood.

After thirty seconds, one of the guy’s dick starts leaking blood. Thor watches the scene in horror. “I’ll talk! I’ll talk! Just turn it off, please!” the Knight with the bleeding dick shouts.

We turn them off and Cara turns around with a smirk. “Mess with a man’s dick and he’ll tell you anything.” She snickers and walks away.

“Woman, I will never test your gangsta,” Thor mutters, shaking his head. That gets a round of agreement going around the room. Most of the men look visibly sick. I don’t think this is worse than when we blew up the prospects, but maybe because it was a dick this time. Who knows how men think. Cara walks over to the steel table and takes a seat as Viper hops down. He leans in and kisses her while still cupping himself.

“Baby, you have nothing to worry about. That dick is my happy place,” she purrs against his lips. Viper growls and kisses her deeper.

“I’m sending you my fuckin’ therapy bill!” Cam hisses.

Cara breaks the kiss and laughs. Viper walks over to the men, and they give us more than I thought they would. Pyro’s plan is to go after the women and children of the MC.

That earns the Knights more torture. This goes on for another hour. We get the rest of the information and learn about a few extra hangouts they have and where they keep their drugs stashed. These fuckers sling drugs to kids. I know we’ll be having church tomorrow to come up with a plan. We all leave the basement and take our showers.

A couple hours later and everyone is in the dining hall, eating. Mom keeps pressing Cara about what happened to her face. Cara just shakes her head and tells her no every time. We don’t tell our parents anything. Plausible deniability and all. If the police ever question them, they literally wouldn’t know a thing. We might take justice into our own hands, but we will never let our parents suffer because of it.

“Just promise you’ll be safe, baby girl.” Cara doesn’t say anything. She just stands and calls Capone and Dice to follow her. She tells my parents to come as well. We all know what she’s about to do. Everyone follows them into the gym to watch the show.

“I’ve told you and Dad I don’t how many times, I can protect myself, but I guess seeing is believing.” Cara removes her property cut. All she has on is a t-shirt and jeans. She removes her sandals and tells Capone and Dice to come at her. Mom looks like she’s about to have a heart attack.

Dice and Capone charge her. Cara bends her body backward, forming the perfect bridge and dodges their attack. She pops back and sends a roundhouse kick to Capone. Making a run for Dice, she throws a jab, and he blocks it.

They begin to go at it. They trade shots back and forth. Mom has my dad’s arm in a death grip. Capone approaches her from behind. He spins her around and swings. Cara ducks and the blow goes to Dice instead.

Cara sweeps her leg out and takes Capone off his feet. When his back hits the ground with a thud, Cara grabs his arm while wrapping her legs around his neck, forming the perfect arm bar.

When she begins to raise her hips from the ground, bending Capone’s arm, he taps her thigh. Cara stands, grabs her property cut, and puts it back on. My mom and dad are standing there with shocked expressions.

“Do you think you could teach me how to do that?” Mom asks in awe. The room breaks out into laughter. Guess Mom isn’t worried anymore. After we leave the gym, I tell my family we need to talk. We go to our parents’ house and settle in the living room. Marco and Hannah are having cookies in the kitchen.

“Today, a man came into the diner, claiming to be my uncle. His name is James.”

My parents gasp with wide eyes. “Mark never mentioned a brother to me.” I nod at Dad because my father never mentioned it to me either.

“Does he want something from you?” Chris asks. I shrug my shoulders because, honestly, I don’t know.

“He only said he wanted to get to know me.”

Bear growls and shakes his head. “Maybe your father never told you about him for a good reason. How do we really know he’s your uncle?”

“Because he’s a replica of Mark,” Cara speaks up.

“I don’t know, baby girl. Something isn’t right about this,” my dad mutters, shaking his head.

“Well, I’ll never know unless I meet with him.” My dad looks like that’s the last thing he wants. “Wait, you don’t want me to meet with him at all?” My dad doesn’t reply, but it’s written all over his face. I gasp and sit back stunned. “I can’t do that. I have to meet him. He’s the only family I have left!” I exclaim.

As soon as the words are out, I want to take them back. My family eyebrows raise to their hairlines. I hear a snuffle and turn to see Marco standing in the doorway with tears in his eyes. I know how that sounded, but it’s not what I meant. My throat thickens and my eyes fill with tears. “I didn’t mean it like that.”

Everyone just stares at me, but not Cara. She won’t even look up from the floor. My mom breaks the silence. “We know, sweetheart. It’s okay.”

“Twenty-two years,” Cara whispers, still looking at the floor. The room is deathly quiet. Viper is looking at her, worried. When she looks up, I feel like someone pierced me right in the heart. My sister’s eyes shine with tears. She’s not much of a crier. Cara doesn’t allow a lot of people to get close to her. “Twenty-two years and now *he’s* all the family you have left?” she whispers, standing up, her tears flowing down her face.

I make a move to comfort her, but she steps away from me, shaking her head. Before I can try to explain myself, she rushes from the living room and out the front door. I try and go after her, but Dad stops me. “Let me go talk to her, baby girl. It’s going to be alright.” My dad and Viper run after her.

I’m crying harder than I ever have in my entire life. I never meant to hurt my family. It just came out. My mom comes and

wraps me in her arms, and I sink to floor, crying hysterically. "I didn't mean it that way," I wail into her lap.

"We'll fix this, sweetheart. Just give her some time."

I don't respond. I cry harder. I can't lose my sister. She's been in my life every day since I was four. I have never even gone a day without talking to her. I hope my parents are right. I hope we can get past this.

# *Chapter Sixteen*

## SARA

It's been three days. Cara hasn't spoken not one word to me. It feels like I lost a part of myself. I completely understand how she took what I said. The hurt I saw in her eyes gutted me. If she would just give me a chance to explain, we could move past this.

I haven't really moved out of my bed since that night. I have breakfast and dinner at the clubhouse, hoping to see Cara, but she never shows. The rest of my family assures me they understand, and they're not angry with me. All they want is me safe. They don't trust James's intentions. I don't understand why they're all so defensive about him. Even Asher is siding with them. I just want to get to know my uncle.

I do admit it's kind of strange my father never mentioned him. When I finally do meet up with him, that'll be one of the first things I ask. The kids only have two more weeks left until their summer breaks begin. They're super stoked about it. The pool will be finished at the end of the week, and they talk about it constantly. We went to visit our house yesterday and things are coming along.

I just wish Cara would talk to me.

The bedroom door opening breaks me from my thoughts. Asher stands there for a second before coming to my side of the bed. He grabs my hands and pulls me out of the bed. "Get dressed. Your parents want to talk with you." He turns and walks out of the room. I don't even get a chance to argue. Screw it. I go to the closet, select some clothes and put them on.



Fifteen minutes later, I walk into my parents' home. Everyone is here, except Cara. This hurts so much. My sister feels like she can't even be around me anymore. Is this how Asher felt when I was avoiding him? As I take a seat on the sofa, I hear the front door open. I turn around and see Cara standing there. My breath hitches, finally seeing my sister after three days.

Her eyes meet mine and fury overtakes them instantly. Ouch. It hurts to be on the receiving end of her glare. Bear starts rubbing circles on my back, trying to sooth me. Cara turns to Viper, seething. "Viper, you fuckin' lied! I'm out of here," she shouts and makes her way to the door.

Mom stands up with her hands on her hips. "Cara Lucia Romano, get your ass back here and sit. This has gone on long enough." Cara looks like she's going to say screw it and leave anyway. She must be really angry with me because Mom is not playing games right now. We all know not to test her when she brings out your full name. Mom takes a step forward. "Now," she growls.

Cara stomps her foot and storms into the living room. Looking around, there's only one seat left and it's next to me. Cara takes her seat and puts as much distance between us as she can. Nobody says anything for a few minutes. I look up, and they're looking at me. I get it now. I'm the only one who can fix this problem.

"Cara, I didn't mean it that way. You guys are my family. I would never look at you any differently just because I have a long-lost uncle."

Cara snorts and shakes her head. "You really have no idea why I'm upset." She shakes her head again and scoffs. "Our entire life, you have always been insecure with your position in this family because of the color of your skin, even though we never treated you any differently. You tried your best to accept it, but I've always seen it in you. Every Christmas picture, family photo, family reunions and so on. You couldn't get past it."

I try to interject, but she puts her hand up, stopping me. “I tried to be your reassurance and, with time, you got better, but there was always that longing inside you. When James came to the diner, I was actually happy for you. But in that moment, you spoke your inner insecurities. We might be family, but we aren’t your blood.”

By the time she’s done, I’m crying like a newborn baby. It hurts that this is what she thinks. Some of what she’s saying is true, but I don’t care about the bloodlines between us. “Cara, I couldn’t care less about blood. It was a slip. I didn’t mean it the way it came out. When my parents died, I was told I had no other living relatives. He might be my blood, but you guys are everything to me. If it’s going to cause me to lose the most important people in my life, then I won’t meet him. I can lose him, but I can’t lose my sister.”

I’m a blubbering mess now. Cara has a few tears streaming down her face. I see Mom and Dad crying. Cam and Chris look hopeful that this feud will end today. After a few beats, Cara scoots closer and throws her arms around me. I don’t know how long we stay like this, but by the time we release each other, our shirts are soaked.

“I want you to meet him, Sis. I just kind of got butt hurt. The thought that you would look at me differently hurts. I’m fine with it. I would like to meet him though. I promise to be nice, but it’s just something on this boat is fishy.”

I give her a nod and breathe a sigh of relief. I have my sister back. I felt like I had lost my sister and that was like losing a limb. When someone is in your life every day for twenty-two years and then poof they’re gone, believe me, you don’t want to experience that feeling. We all sit around and laugh and talk for a little while. We make plans to pick Sofia up in a few days. She finishes her finals today. Sofia’s going to pack up her stuff and spend her summer here. I wonder if a certain prospect named River has anything to do with that.

When Asher and I make it home, he wastes no time making love to me. He’s been going without ever since the big blowup. I was too depressed and all he could focus on was getting me out of my funk. By the time we settle into bed for

the night, I am thoroughly fucked. Multiple times. Now it's time for the family to meet James.



TODAY, MOM, CARA, AND I ARE HEADED TO THE AIRPORT TO pick up Sofia. We have a few of the guys with us. We know the Knights are targeting the women and children, so we don't want to take any chances. River just had to be one of the guys. He and Sof swear they're not together. Everyone knows it's just a matter of time. River hasn't touched a single bunny since he met Sofia. I only know this because I heard Dice and Gunner teasing him about it.

Pulling up to airport, Cara parks the truck, and we head for baggage claim. The guys are right behind us. As soon as I see my baby sister, a squeal erupts from me, and we take off running for each other.

There we are. Four grown women, in the middle of an airport, screaming like banshees. Ask me if I care. I haven't seen my baby sister since her spring break three months ago.

Once we're done embracing each other, Sofia looks into the distance and spots River. To my surprise, she takes off running to him and jumps into his arms. They don't kiss, but he spins her around, hugging her to him. When he releases her, he drops a kiss to her forehead.

"Missed ya, Sof." River is smiling at my sister in a way I see every day. I see it when Asher looks at me, when Viper is looking at Cara, and when my dad is anywhere near my mom. He's in love with her. I don't know why they're not together, but I'm sure they'll figure it out. After we load all of her luggage into the truck, we head back to the clubhouse. I look in the rearview and see three cars trailing us.

"Cara. Look." I gesture to her mirror, and she quickly spots them. We're prepared this time. I pull out my gun and so does Cara.

"Why did you two just pull out your guns?" Mom asks, her voice shaking.

“Mom, I can’t explain right now. I need to focus. When we get home, I can tell you a little bit, but not everything. I need you two to stay down low. This might get ugly.”

Panic washes over my mom and Sofia’s faces, but we don’t have time to console them. We have to focus. Cara taps a few buttons on the screen in her truck and dials River. All the guys upgraded to Bluetooth helmets. It makes it easier to communicate with them when they’re on their bikes.

River picks up and doesn’t even let Cara speak. “I see them, Cara. Get your mom and sisters out of here. We’ll deal with them.”

Cara shakes her head as if River can see her. “No way! I have bulletproof glass in my truck and you’re out in the open. I’m not leaving you to get slaughtered on the highway.”

“Cara, get your ass out of here! Viper will kill me if something happens to any of you!”

In true Cara fashion, she doesn’t listen. She hangs up and gives me a nod. I see Cara set the cruise control and we put our windows down. We both hang out of our windows and shoot. One of the car tires is shot out and the car crashes into one of the others. It’s not enough to make the second one crash, but at least one is down. We get back in the truck just in time to hear shots being fired.

“River!” Sofia screams.

I look back and see River clutching his shoulder. Damn, he got hit.

“I called Viper and told him what’s going on. Not that I really know what’s going on, but he’s on his way,” Mom shouts from the floorboard of the truck.

That was her warning. She wants answers when we get back to the clubhouse. Cara and I look at each other and cringe. I hate her scoldings. She will make a grown-ass adult feel like a damn toddler. “Come on, Sara. I aim left, you aim right.”

I give her a nod and we again put our windows down. I hit my car in the engine and smoke soon follows. Cara misses her

shot, but it can't be easy driving and taking aim. I see Capone and Tiny shoot at the last car, and they get the tires.

River is barely holding on. We have to get to the clubhouse. We take off like Lucifer himself is chasing us. When we're halfway there, I see the rest of the guys heading our way. They surround the truck and follow us to the clubhouse. When we finally stop the truck, Sofia doesn't waste any time getting out and running to River.

*Well, I'm fine, baby sister, thanks for asking.*

"River, oh my God, you're hurt." She frantically checks him over from head to toe. Tiny helps River from the bike, and they make their way inside the clubhouse. Doc is probably already set up and waiting. We can't take him to a hospital. Hospitals lead to questions and then the police.

Cam and Chris come running over with Bear and Viper to make sure we're good. It seems everyone is, except our mother. "You four get your asses to my house right now. I want to know what the hell is going on and I want to know right now!" she shouts at me and my siblings.

We all drop our heads and follow her to the house. Bear and Viper aren't too far behind as they follow us. As soon as we walk through the door, mom wastes no time demanding answers.

"Talk." It's one word, but the calmness in her voice is scary. I look at my siblings with a raised brow. It was the same way when we were kids. I just stayed in the back and tried to avoid the heat from the fire.

"We weren't lying when we told you the club is legit. We are. We don't deal in drugs, guns, trafficking, prostitution, or anything like that. This situation we're dealing with is not a regular occurrence," Blade tells Mom. She snorts in disbelief.

"Try again, son. Last year, your sisters were kidnapped and came back covered in blood."

Cara and I cringe again. We hated that she saw us like that.

Cara shakes her head and steps forward.

*Oh God, no.*

There's no telling what's about to come out of her mouth. She's always been the rebellious one out of all of us. "You're absolutely right, Mom. We came back covered in blood after we slaughtered those assholes who took us. But let me tell you something. Those men were not only selling children and teenagers, but they were raping them."

My parents' eyes bulge out and Mom tears up. Her younger sister was raped in college so she understands what that can do to a person. She opens her mouth to say something, but Cara talks over her.

"So, yes, from time to time, we might take justice into our hands. You two know the justice system ain't shit. Do we go around and slaughter small villages? No. But we protect our own. You come for us, then you better expect for us to come for your fuckin' head. This group of men that we are dealing with now are mad about an employee I fired."

"What?" Mom asks with a scrunched-up face like she can't believe that.

"True story. He's mad because I fired his sister, and now he wants to come for the women and children around here."

"Well, I don't need to hear anymore. I just have one question. Are all my grandbabies going to be safe here?" she asks. Mom doesn't refer to just the triplets as her grandbabies. Cindy, Colt, and now Hannah, fall into that category as well. We all give her a nod and she sits with a sigh.

Mom looks at me and Cara with a tilted head. "So, you two are like some kind of assassins?"

Everyone laughs and Cara stomps out the door with, "Bye, Mom!" thrown over her shoulder. It's never a dull day in this family.

# *Chapter Seventeen*

## BEAR

Tonight, we have dinner with James at the clubhouse. Nobody really trusts him, plus, would you try anything with twenty-plus bikers in the room? Yeah, I didn't think so. We've had a few crazy couple of days. After the girls worked their magic, they obtained the video surveillance of the six men who attacked them after they left the airport. Viper split us off into teams to snatch them.

They've been in the basement since yesterday, stripped naked, gagged, and hanging from the ceiling. Viper decided to let them stew for a little bit. The prospects are taking turns watching them.

When we get inside the clubhouse, Hannah quickly takes off for the kids' table. She really is coming into her own. When I told her about Kathy, she didn't even blink. She just said okay and went back to watching television. I can't say I blame her, but it still worries me. One day, I'm gonna ask her about her time with Kathy.

Sara and I head to her family table. I see River is sitting with us as well. He has a sling on, and Sofia is fawning all over him. "Sof, I'm fine. I promise." She nods but she's still watching him. Blade and Torch are giving River a death glare.

Torch clears his throat and points to Sofia. "Sweet, baby sister of mine. If you put me and your brother through what Cara and Sara did, I will be forced to kill River and plead temporary insanity."



Everyone at the table roars with unrestrained laughter at Torch and Blade's expense. Sofia is blushing and River is shaking his head. They keep saying they're just friends, but nobody is buying that. Especially after how Sofia reacted when River got shot. She's been by his side this whole time, only going home to sleep.

One of the prospects walk to the table and lets us know James is here. When he enters, Paul's breath hitches. Shifting my gaze towards him he looks dumbstruck. I guess Cara wasn't lying when she said he was a replica of Sara's father.

He approaches, ignoring the entire group and pulls Sara into a hug. A hug that's lasting a little too long for my taste. As he pulls away, he tucks a piece of hair behind her ear. "You look just like your mother." Sara blushes and nods her head. I look at the rest of the group and see I'm not the only one glaring. Something about this guy just rubs you the wrong way.

Sara breaks the embrace and starts the introductions. When she tells him I'm her boyfriend, his eyebrows raise in surprise. "B-boyfriend? I didn't know you had a boyfriend."

Sara laughs with furrowed brows. "Well, of course not. We don't know each other."

Cara elbows my side and when I look down at her, I read her face perfectly. It's a silent "I don't trust this fucker." I give her a nod. I feel the same way.

"Well, let's all go grab our plates and we can chitchat," Sara says. It takes a while, but eventually, we're all back at the table with our food.

"So, how come we didn't know you existed until now?" Cara asks the minute James sits down.

James looks at Cara with anger in his eyes. Viper leans forward with an icy stare, letting him know he better watch it. "My brother and I had a small falling out in our early twenties. We both said some things and went our separate ways. I moved overseas and didn't look back. When I got the news of

my brother's death, he was already buried, and I had no idea Sara existed.”

His story is really convenient. I know her father's parents had passed away before she was born and her mother grew up in the system. Something isn't right about him. I can't shake the feeling.

“So, what was the disagreement between you and my father?”

“We were young and got into it over a misunderstanding. I was drunk and said some hurtful things that he couldn't forgive.” His explanation is vague. That really didn't answer anything. I'm gonna keep my eyes on him. I don't trust him with my princess.

Dinner goes by without any drama. I noticed every time I embraced Sara, James was watching me. I can't really gauge how he feels about me.

Getting up, I find Axel and tell him to get the package. It's time to make my princess mine. I grab Sara's hand and lead her up front. She looks confused about what's going on. I whistle loudly and gain everyone's attention.

“Over a year ago, Blade and Torch foolishly invited their sisters here, thinking they wouldn't fall for us.” The guys break off into laughter as Torch and Blade give me the finger with a smirk.

“From the time I laid eyes on this woman, I was stunned. Never have I been a talker. Never have I been one to joke around, smile, or laugh. I was filled with darkness when she came into my life. Sara, you saw through that darkness. You made it your mission to shine some light into my life. You were brighter than a beam sent straight from heaven and demanded the darkness to leave. I know what it's like to go without you, and I never want to go through that again.”

I grab the package from Axel and give it to Sara. She opens it with shaky hands. As soon as she sees her property cut, she jumps up and down, pulling out the cut. On the front *Sinful Warriors MC* is stitched on the right and the back has

*Property of Bear.* She puts it on and her lips are on mine immediately. The whistles and cheers have her breaking the kiss with a blush.

“That’s the most beautiful thing anyone has ever said to me, Asher,” she whispers against my lips.

“I’m not done, Princess.” I reach into my pocket and pull out the ring box. Slowly, I drop to one knee.

“No way!” she shouts excitedly. She is bouncing up and down before I can open the box. Once the box is open, her eyes water. I got her a three-carat princess-cut diamond.

“Will you marry me, Princess?”

“Yes! Yes!” she shouts, still bouncing, and flings her hand out. I put the ring on her finger and bring my lips down on hers. I devour her right there in front of everyone. When I release her, we’re instantly swarmed by her family.

Hannah runs to me, and I catch her. “You’re getting married, Asher?” she asks with a grin. I give her a nod with a mirrored smirk. “Good, because I really like Sara.”

I laugh and kiss her forehead. Sara is great with Hannah. She shows her all the motherly things she missed out on, and Hannah eats it up. After things calm down, I see James glaring at me from the table. Ask me if I care. I don’t. Not even a little bit. He better watch who he’s glaring at. I don’t care if he is Sara’s uncle. I’ll give him a little taste of that darkness I was talking about.

James tells Sara he has to leave for some kind of emergency. I don’t buy it. The man was angry, and everybody could see it, except Sara. Her parents let us know they’re taking the kids back to their house for a slumber party so we can celebrate. Paul and Crystal are the fuckin’ best. I’m going to be balls deep in my woman all night.

After they’re gone, everyone heads for the common room. We’re drinking and having a good time. Thor and Cara are in the middle of a ridiculous argument at the moment.

“Please. Get over yourself. The men would be lining up for that tight booty!” Cara goads Thor.

“Woman, if anybody came anywhere near my ass in jail, I’d kill the motherfucker.”

“I don’t know, best bud. With that gorgeous hair and long lashes, your name might go from Thor to Theresa.” That sends Thor over the edge.

“I’m not speaking to you for the rest of the week. When I come visit my babies, you will not speak to me!” he shouts and walks away.

Cara, Sara, and Sofia are laughing so hard, they’re clutching their stomachs. This is a normal occurrence for those two. They bicker like cats and dogs, but I know neither one would hesitate to a kill a motherfucker for the other. Sara looks at me and I can see the desire in them. My woman is ready to celebrate. Cara is currently straddling Viper on the couch, making her intentions known.

“Prospect, drive these fuckers home. They’re drunk as shit, and I am *not* listening to both of my sisters tonight!” Blade shouts. I walk over and pick Sara up. She wraps her legs around me. I look over and Viper has Cara thrown over his shoulder with a handful of ass. Sofia leaves with us. By the time we’re getting out of the truck, I can’t keep my hands off Sara.

Tonight, I want to do something different. I’ve been taking it easy on my woman, not wanting to scare her. I like control in the bedroom. I want her at my complete mercy tonight. I just hope she’s at least down to try it.

# *Chapter Eighteen*

## BEAR

As soon as we're in our room, I push Sara against the wall. Her breathing has picked up and her eyes are dilated. She keeps clenching her thighs together. My princess is ready, but tonight, she'll have to be patient. I'm taking my time with her.

"Tonight, I want to do things a little different. Tonight, I want your complete submission," I whisper in her ear.

Sara lets out a moan and nods her head. "Are you like a Dom or something?"

"Not at all. But sometimes, I like to be in complete control. Can you give me that?"

"Yes." She doesn't even hesitate. It sends pride through me, knowing my woman trusts me completely. Even though she's giving me the control, she holds all the power.

"We need to come up with a safe word."

"How about 'spider'? I hate spiders."

"That'll work just fine."

"Do I have to call you Sir or anything?"

"No, baby. No special names. Just your submission." Sara gives me a nod and patiently waits for her instructions. This is already starting off good. "I want you to take your clothes off and kneel in front of the bed." Sara does exactly what I ask without question. I shred my clothes and stand in front of her. I haven't had her lips wrapped around my cock as often as I would like, but that's my fault. Most of the time, I'm too impatient. I just want to be inside her.

Sara looks at my cock and licks her lips when she sees the precum already leaking. I groan at how eager she looks. She's ready to wrap those pouty lips of hers around my dick. "Suck," I growl, rubbing my cock across her lips.

Sara takes a lick, lapping up the precum. "Don't tease. Suck," I growl again. She doesn't waste another second. She opens her mouth and wraps her lips around me. I have to steady myself. Her mouth is fuckin' perfect. She takes me to the back of her throat and gags. It still doesn't stop her. My woman is determined right now.

She releases my cock and swirls her tongue around the head while cupping my balls. She pays attention to every groan and moan. They seem to spur her on. Taking me back into her mouth, she groans with approval. "I want you to relax your throat for me, baby." She nods and sits there, waiting for what I'm about to do.

Slowly, I thrust into her mouth. Her tongue drags underneath my dick and I have to stop my knees from buckling. After a minute or two, I'm fucking her mouth. Hard. And fast.

Sara slurps and hollows her cheeks, letting me do whatever I desire. Fuck.

*I'm going to blow soon if I don't stop.*

I pull my dick free, and she pouts. Fuck me. Just knowing she enjoyed sucking me off that much has me ready to shoot my load all over that gorgeous face.

"Get on the bed, Princess. I want you to raise your hands above your head. Not only am I going to take your touch away but also your sight. All I want is for you to feel me tonight." Sara does as I say, and I quickly handcuff her and put a blindfold on her. I stand at the end of the bed and just watch her for a minute. Her nerves are showing. I reach into the dresser and pull out an anal plug.

I don't want to overwhelm her with too many sensations at once but I want to see how much she can take. Lying down in between her legs, I take one of her nipples into my mouth.

Sara arches into me, and I give her thigh a swat. “Who’s in control here?”

“You,” she moans.

“That’s right. Next time, I’m gonna turn you over and turn that sexy ass of yours pink. Understand?”

“Yes,” she whimpers. Her cheeks flush when I talk about spanking her.

*Is my princess intrigued?*

Shaking my head, I continue to play with her nipples until I’ve driven her crazy with need. “Asher, please,” she whimpers. I give her nipple a bite and start to lick my way down her stomach. I suck her pussy lips into my mouth, and she lets out a frustrated groan. Finally, deciding to put her out of her misery, I lick her from her entrance to her clit down to her ass and back.

“Asher!”

I don’t reply. I’m on a mission. I nibble, suck, and lick her pussy like a starved man. Her cream is the best fuckin’ thing I’ve ever tasted. I could feast on her for days and still not get tired. I add a finger inside her then quickly add two more. Her pussy grips my three fingers so tight. Sara screams loudly, begging me not to stop.

“Asher! I’m coming!”

Not even a second later, her juices flow all over my face and hand. Her back arches off the bed and she convulses through her release. I keep thrusting my fingers until she’s done. When her body finally relaxes, I grab the plug. Applying the lube, I began to work the plug in. Sara doesn’t flinch. We’ve done some anal play, and she loves it.

One day, my cock is going to be buried deep inside her ass. The thought has my cock jumping and leaking more precum.

Once the plug is in, I lie between her legs. “Are you ready for me, Princess?”

“Yes. So ready,” she whimpers.



I throw her legs over my shoulders and lean forward. I grab her ass and lift her off the bed. Lining my dick up, I thrust into her in one motion. Sara lets out a moan and throws her head back. Once she has adjusted, I start fuckin' my woman with purpose. Her walls suck me in holding me hostage.

“Fuck, Princess. This pussy is so fuckin' tight. Look how wet you are for me right now.”

“Only for you, Asher. Only you!” she screams.

That makes my beast break free. I start pounding her without restraint. “Oh God, you're so deep right now. I'm gonna come again!” I don't slow down at all. I reach between us and pinch her clit, and her walls squeeze me harder. Her release flows all over us. Sara's screams are so loud, if we had neighbors, they would hear her for sure. I can't hold back even if I want to. Her tight pussy milks me for everything I'm worth.

We lie there in silence for a while before I uncuff her. When I take her blindfold off, I see tears in her eyes and I panic.

Was I too rough? I thought she was enjoying it. How could I be so wrong?

“Baby, where did I hurt you?” I ask, searching her frantically. I'll never forgive myself for this. Sara grabs my face in her hands and brings my gaze to hers.

“Honey, you didn't hurt me. It was just really intense. I loved having you in control like that. Not being able to touch or see you only heightened the pleasure. I hope we can do that more often.”

When she finishes speaking, I begin to harden again. The fact that she wants this more... Fuck, yeah, I can give her that. I give her a kiss and agree with her. I get up and walk into the bathroom and get a washcloth. As I clean up my princess, she's already sleeping. I turn the lights out and join my woman. I'm officially about to make her Mrs. Evans.

## *Chapter Nineteen*

## SARA

Last night was amazing. Asher took my body to places he never has. Having that blindfold on with the handcuffs was so intense. He woke me up twice last night and fucked me senseless. Waking up, I just snuggled up to him while he slept. After about an hour, I feel him start to stir awake.

“Mornin’, Princess,” he says, kissing the top of my head.

“Morning.” I snuggle deeper into his side.

“You have three months to plan a wedding. I’m not waiting any longer than that to make you mine.”

“I don’t even need that much time. I just want to go to the courthouse and throw a huge party.” Asher sits up and looks at me like I’ve grown two heads.

“Really? Money is no problem, Princess. I may not be as rich as your dad, but I can afford to give you the wedding you want.”

I shake my head at him. People always assume because of how rich our parents are that we always think about money, but we don’t. Our parents grew up rough, so they always made sure we weren’t too spoiled. They wanted us to have other values in life.

“That’s not it, babe. I was never that girl who dreamed of the big wedding. I just want to be your wife and throw a huge party with our family and friends.”

“Well, I can definitely get down with that. When do you want to go?”

“Two weeks. That way we can bring all the other chapters in for the party. We’ll do a family barbeque during the day and then after the kids go to bed, the adults can party.”

“Sounds like a plan.”

Asher picks me up and takes me to the shower. He shows me just how much he likes my plan. After, we head over to the clubhouse, I spot Cara and Sofia at the bar in the common room. Everyone seems to be lounging around. My parents and Thor are playing with the babies. I can hear Angel squealing with laughter at Thor. He’s making faces and crazy sounds and she’s loving it. Bear kisses the top of my head and lets me know he’s going over to talk to the guys.

My sisters and I sit at the bar, laughing and making plans for the family barbeque when I noticed one of the club bunnies, Kitty, glaring at us from down the bar. Cara notices too and of course she isn’t going to keep quiet. “Is there a problem, pussycat?”

Cara does this on purpose. When the bunnies start problems with her, she calls them everything but their name just to piss them off more. Kitty turns bright red and walks over. “My name is Kitty!” she snarls at Cara.

I think Cara is going to kill another bunny. I don’t understand why they keep coming for us. We’ve proven time and time again what we’re capable of. We don’t start problems, but we will finish them. My sister doesn’t even let Kitty’s anger faze her. “Semantics,” she says with a shrug.

“It’s not semantics! It’s my fuckin’ name.”

“Is there a point to you coming over here, Garfield?”

Sof and I burst into a fit of giggles. Cara just shrugs again. I look around and see a few people watching, but everyone is mostly oblivious to the altercation taking place.

“It’s just you three must think you’re so hot, coming in here and claiming all the men. You two might have Viper and Bear, but I had a real nice time with River last night. Guess he didn’t want to keep waiting for ya,” she says with a satisfied smirk. I see the hurt cross my sister’s eyes immediately. Daisy

did this same crap and now a new bunny. These bunnies have huge balls on them.

Cara snorts and shakes her head. “Bitch, please. I don’t believe you for a single second. Hey! River! Come here for a second,” Cara shouts across the common room. Kitty looks ready to bolt and Cara stops her. “Oh, no you don’t, bitch. Keep that same energy.”

River walks over, looking confused. When he sees Sofia’s hurt face, he frowns. “What’s going on?” he questions her.

“It’s nothing, River,” Sofia mutters.

“Bullshit. This bitch was just informing my baby sister about how she had a good time with you last night because you were tired of waiting for Sofia to give up the goods.” Cara takes her seat on the bar stool and smirks at Kitty. Her face is red, and she’s looking everywhere but at River.

River’s face is red in anger.

When I look around, I notice no one is oblivious anymore. There’s a crowd around this little altercation. “Why the fuck are you lying? Sofia, I swear I haven’t touched any of these bitches since we met.”

Capone steps forward through the crowd. “It’s true. We bust his balls all the time because of it.”

Sofia sighs and shakes her head. “Then how does she know we haven’t done anything?”

“Last night, Capone and Dice were busting my balls, asking questions about us. I told them we were just friends, and we haven’t done anything. Kitty overheard and threw herself at me. I sent her on her way, telling her I wasn’t interested. I know we haven’t made anything official between us, but I’m serious about you, Sofia.”

I watch my sister blush and nod her head. Then she looks at Kitty and fury overtakes her face. Sofia is a good mixture of Cara and me. She can be sweet like me, but at the same time, she can be as vicious as Cara. She really is a dangerous combination. Sofia rushes forward and throws a right hook,

busting Kitty's lip. "Lying bitch!" she snarls at her. Kitty bursts into tears and runs out of the common room.

Everyone is staring at Sofia in disbelief, and she blushes again. Cara walks up and raises her hand for a high five. "That's right, baby sister. Teach them bitches not to play with you. Let this be a learning lesson in this MC life. Never believe a skank like that. Take that shit to your man every time and get the truth." Then, in true Cara fashion, she turns around and leaves.

After everything calms down, I pull Sof to the side. "What's going on between you two? And don't lie to me."

"I don't know. Honestly. I know I like him, and he likes me, but I want to get through college and become a lawyer. After seeing him get shot the other day, it scared me so much. Just seeing how fast I could lose him definitely put things in perspective. I want to give us a try. I just don't know if he can handle the long distance."

"You know with all your siblings living here he wouldn't be able to get away with anything. Plus, he really likes you, Sof. Every time you go back, he mopes around for like a week. I know he isn't going to like the distance, but I know he'll endure it for you."

Sofia sits there for a few seconds, thinking it over. Then a huge smile spreads across her face. She doesn't say anything. She gets up from the couch and walks over to River. Cara and my parents come and sit down with the babies. We're all watching Sofia. When Sofia makes it to the bar, she taps River's shoulder. Cam and Chris are watching with furrowed brows. River turns around and Sofia rises on her toes, planting her lips firmly against his.

River is taken by surprise but quickly recovers. He takes his good arm and wraps it around her waist, bringing her body against his. Sofia throws her arms around his neck, and they make out like they're completely alone. Everyone is watching in shock.

Cam and Chris, on the other hand, look furious. My poor brothers have lost every sister to their friends.

They finally break their kiss and they're smiling at each other from ear to ear. River grabs her hand and leads her outside.

"Fuck all you, fuckers!" Cam shouts and storms out of the common room. And like any other day, the common room is filled with laughter.

# *Chapter Twenty*



## BEAR

Today, Viper and I are running errands with the girls. They have to check on the tech shop and the diner. Sara is a little pissed at me because I wouldn't let her ride on my bike today. But with the Knights coming for us, I would rather have her in Cara's truck. Last year, after the girls were taken from the truck, Cara went and put bulletproof glass on the truck. It really came in handy when the Knights attacked them after picking up Sofia.

We killed the six Knights we took last night. They didn't know anything outside of what we already knew. We had some fun with them before ending them though. One of the Knights did inform us that Pyro's main focus is Cara. He didn't give any details on why, but it doesn't matter. We'll end Pyro just like we did his followers.

When we get to the tech shop, the girls stay inside the truck, as instructed. I'm not taking any chances with my princess. We escort them inside and all the interns swarm the girls immediately. The interns are going on and on about some drone they've been creating. My woman is a real genius. The stuff I have watched her and Cara come up with is mind blowing.

"Cara, Sara, come look at these updates Amber put on the drone."

The girls follow the interns to the back. There's a huge table in the middle and four drones are lined up on the table. I have no clue what these things do but knowing the girls, it'll be top of the line. The girls start inspecting the drones and

Cara looks at one of them with a huge smile plastered on her face.

“Amber, you did this?” Cara asks the girl.

Amber looks like she’s nervous to answer that question. “Y-yeah, I did. I hope you’re not mad at me,” she whispers. I wonder what the hell she did. Amber looks like her entire life is about to blow up in her face.

“Mad? Why the hell would I be mad at you doing something this awesome, Amber?” Cara walks over to Amber and slaps her on the shoulder. “This is great work. You added a latch box at the bottom for a small arsenal. You updated the cameras on it, giving the drone a three-sixty rotation, and night vision. You took the initiative and proved what you’re capable of. This is what Sara and I have been waiting for from all of you. Someone who is ready to prove themselves.”

Cara turns and looks at Sara, having a silent conversation. Eventually, Sara gives Cara a nod. “We want to make you manager of the shop, Amber. This drone proves you’re ready to start making decisions and making designs. We’ll discuss your new pay in a few days. So, what do you say? You want the job?”

Amber is crying looking around the room as if this is some kind of prank. One of the interns waves a hand at her signaling for her to answer. That snaps her out of it. “Yes, I want the job! Thank you so much. I promise I won’t let you two down!” Amber throws her arms around Cara, hugging her tight. I have to smother my laugh because Cara looks so awkward. I look at Viper and his shoulders are shaking from trying to keep his laughter in. Cara isn’t really a mushy type of woman, so she’s kind of taken aback in these kinds of situations.

Once Amber is done with Cara, she pulls Sara into a tight hug. My woman smiles big and returns the hug. Cara rolls her eyes at me and Viper when she sees we’re laughing. After the hugging is over, the interns cage in Amber, congratulating her on the promotion. Nobody looks upset or jealous. It all looks like genuine happiness.

“Alright, guys, we’re heading out to the diner. Again, good work, Amber.”

We head out of the tech shop and make our way to the diner. When we get there, it’s crazy busy. I can’t believe the diner took off like this. I knew it would do well, but I didn’t expect it to bring in these kinds of numbers so early.

Viper and I put in an order with Kenny before following the girls to the back. He’s the head cook in the kitchen. Once we have our food, we go back to the office with the girls.

Sara looks up from her desk with a grin and shakes her head. “Really? You couldn’t wait until the rush was over?” I shrug my shoulders, take a seat, and dig into my meatloaf. I’m hungry. Sue me. Did she honestly think she could bring us in here and we wouldn’t eat? By the time I’m done with my meal, the girls look like they’re wrapping up their paperwork.

Maria comes crashing into the office, looking panicked. Viper and I are on our feet immediately. “What is it, Maria?” Viper asks.

“Layla and Pyro are out there demanding to see you. I don’t know how they knew you were back here, but they said they’re not leaving until they speak with you.”

Before Viper can speak, Cara interjects. “Send them back, Maria.”

Viper turns to Cara with fury all over his face. What the hell is she thinking? I know the girls are capable of protecting themselves, but it doesn’t mean we’re okay with them unnecessarily being in danger. Plus, I know Viper doesn’t like her just making these kinds of rash decisions. Maria hurries out of the office and Viper loses it.

“Cara, what the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“My love, I kept my cool in church the last time you spoke to me like this. I need you to remember when we first got together, I told you if you wanted some meek woman, I am not the one. I’m ready to get this shit done with. He poses a threat to my mother, my sisters, and every child on that compound. If you think for a *single second* I’m going to sit back and do

nothing, then you obviously forgot who the fuck I am.” By the end of her rant, Cara is standing and she’s glaring right back at Viper.

I turn to Sara, and she looks nervous. This could be bad. Both of them have tempers but they’ve never turned those tempers on each other. “We’ll talk about this later at home.” Viper walks around the desk and sits in the chair, pulling Cara down in his lap. I walk over and do the same with Sara.

As soon as we’re seated, the office door opens up. Two men and a girl walk in. The girl has a smug smile on her face while the men glare. I chuckle and look at Viper. He looks at me with a smirk before speaking up.

“I don’t understand why you’re here. There’s nothing we have to talk about. You have sent men after my woman twice now. This is war, motherfucker. There will be no compromises or agreements. The only way I’m letting this go is once I kill you and every last one of your men.”

Pyro looks a little taken aback by Viper’s bluntness. I guess he’s never had anyone talk to him this way. He quickly masks his face to cover up the surprise. “I completely agree. I just wanted to look at the woman who thought it would be a good idea to put her hands on my sister.” He turns his focus on Cara and sends her an icy stare.

Viper growls and Cara laughs. “Good times.” She sighs with a faraway look as if she’s reminiscing on the moment. Sara and I chuckle at her. Cara doesn’t fear anyone. She’ll go to her grave being the same person.

“You think that’s funny, bitch? I bet you won’t be laughing when my brother kills everyone close to you. He’ll take his time with you, but I can’t wait to watch as he takes everything from you.”

All laughter is gone from Cara now. I’ve seen this look on her many times and I know Cara is about to shake some shit up. “Bitch, you have no idea who you’re fucking with. Just like you can come for my family, I can do the same. Brenda Jones, eighteen nineteen Pine Street. Jackie Carter, thirty-

seven fifty-nine Union Street. Shall I proceed with the rest of your siblings and your father's addresses as well?"

Pyro and Layla's eyes are huge, and they look at each other. This is Cara. She is not going into this unprepared. Viper smirks at the shocked siblings' expressions. Pyro turns his attention to Cara. He's about to speak up when Viper cuts him off.

"Now you know where we stand. This meeting is over. Give it your best shot, Pyro, because I promise you, I will end you just like I ended those miserable fucks you sent our way. Get the fuck out of my diner."

"This isn't over! You better watch your fuckin' backs!" he shouts and storms out of the office. Layla follows behind him, but I can see the fear all over her face. I can smell it. They started a war over a lost job and now they're going to lose everything.

"Did you really put your hands on his sister?" I ask Cara.

The girls bark out a laugh and shake their heads. "All I did was choke the little bitch. She shouldn't have gotten in my face. I told her to leave, and she wanted to play in the yard with the big girls. Should have stayed in her lane," Cara says with a shrug.

"Let's get out of here. I'm putting the clubhouse on lockdown. I don't want to take the chance of anyone walking into a trap. I want you girls tracking them. I want their every move until we come up with a solid plan to end these fuckers," Vipers says.

"Oh, now you want me involved?" Cara scoffs and walks out of the office. Looks like Viper is back in the doghouse. Viper makes a move to follow behind Cara and Sara stops him.

"Let her cool off, Viper. You know Cara is very headstrong. If you push, she'll push back. She's never had to ask for permission for anything she does, so this is new territory for her. I'll talk her down a little." Sara hurries out of the office. Viper and I are on her heels.

Once we get to the clubhouse, Cara storms inside without a backward glance. Viper looks a little defeated. “Am I wrong, brother?” he asks me.

I’m a little thrown because nobody *ever* asks me for advice. “Honestly, I get why you’re angry, Prez. Maybe try to soften the message a little bit. I feel that’s what has her angrier than anything. Think about it. If anyone else had spoken to her like that, she would have gone for their head.”

He looks like he’s thinking it over and starts nodding. “I think you might be right. I’ll give her a minute to cool down and I’ll go work it out with her.”

“You mean you’re going to distract her with sex.”

Viper doesn’t reply. He just laughs and walks into the clubhouse. I hate that we’re going on lockdown. It can get boring real fast. We’re not allowed to leave for any reason. Luckily, this is the kids’ last week of school before summer break. I don’t know what kind of moves Pyro is going to make, but I guarantee we’ll be ready.

# *Chapter Twenty-One*

## SARA

It's been five days since Viper put us on lockdown. I'm going crazy being stuck here. The first few days of lockdown were tense. Cara was giving Viper the cold shoulder. On day three, he finally had enough. He asked our parents to keep the kids overnight and threw my sister over his shoulder. Cara was cursing up a storm the entire time. I don't know what he did when they got home, but the next day, my sister was walking with a limp.

I would have been alarmed if she wasn't smiling so hard. I didn't even bother asking what happened. I was just glad that they worked it out. Today, James is coming by the clubhouse for dinner. He kept asking me to meet up with him, but we're on lockdown. Viper let me know that normally nobody is allowed in the clubhouse when we're on lockdown, but he knows I want to get to know my uncle.

Hannah has been having a ball. She and Marco are attached at the hip. It's so cute. Bear might say differently, though. Marco is on our porch every morning, whisking Hannah away to the pool. Right now, I'm soaking in the tub to a quiet house. I turned the lights down and I have a glass of wine. Relaxation at its finest.

The bathroom door slams open and there's my man. I yelp from the sudden bang. I slap my hand to my chest, willing my fast-beating heart to slow down. When my eyes connect with his, it only beats faster from his heated stare.

He's eating me up with his eyes right now. My insides clench in anticipation for what's to come. Those whiskey



brown eyes are dark with desire. Slowly, he makes his way to the tub, but he still hasn't said anything. He starts shedding his clothes so slowly, never taking his eyes from me. My skin feels like it's on fire from his dark gaze.

After he's completely undressed, I take him in. Asher is by far the sexiest man I have ever laid eyes on—each rip and ripple of his muscles, the tattoos covering his torso, arms, and neck. His cock is hard and there's a bit a precum leaking already. I lick my lips and Asher groans. Tearing my gaze from that magnificent cock I look up and he smirks. Stepping forward to the edge of the tub, he says one word, "Suck."

I'm completely powerless when he uses that tone. Quickly, I sit up and I'm eye level with his magnificent cock. Slowly, I lick his tip, tasting his essence. Asher groans and thrusts his hands in my hair. I take him into my mouth as far as I can. Asher is huge everywhere, so there's no way I can fit the entire thing in my mouth. I start to stroke him with my hand while sucking him.

"Fuck, baby. Suck me harder. Yeah, just like that, Princess," he moans with his head thrown back. I might be powerless to his commands, but in this moment, I feel like I have *all* the power. He's lost in his lust, and I do this to him. No one else. Asher starts to thrust into my mouth and I relax my throat. He's done this enough times, I know the drill.

"I'm gonna come and you're going to swallow every bit like a good girl, aren't you?" I nod as best as I can with him in my mouth. I look up into his eyes and hollow my cheeks. Asher throws his head back and roars out his release. I drink down everything he gives me. He pulls out of my mouth and gets into the tub. Picking me up, he props me on the edge of the tub with my back against the wall.

Asher throws my legs over his shoulders and dives in. He gives my clit a slow torturous lick. I can barely feel it. Asher chuckles when I moan in frustration. One of these days, I'm gonna hurt the man for teasing me. After a few minutes of driving me insane, he finally decides to put me out of my misery and sucks my clit into his mouth.

Asher is going at me like a deranged man. He's eating me ruthlessly and I love it. He thrusts his tongue inside me, and I almost fall off the edge of the tub. His tongue is moving around inside me, and I can feel every swirl and twirl. It feels so damn good. "Asher, baby, right there." I grab the back of his head, holding him where I need him.

He replaces his tongue with his fingers and takes my clit into his mouth. I can feel my orgasm building. My chest rises with deep pants. "Oh, fuck. I'm so close, baby. Don't stop." Asher's fingers speed up and he sucks my clit harder. My orgasm crashes through me. His tongue and fingers keep up speed working me through my release. It's almost too much. I try to close my legs, but Asher isn't going for it. He wants every drop.

After my orgasm subsides, Asher pulls me off the edge of the tub and puts me on my hands and knees. The tub is huge and can definitely accommodate the both of us.

Asher doesn't wait another second. He thrusts into me so hard; it steals my breath away. "Fuck," I gasp, grabbing ahold of the tub. Asher waits till I've adjusted before pounding into me. Normally, he likes to give me a buildup but not today. He's ramming away at my G-spot, and it feels amazing. His hands are gripping my hips so hard.

"Fuck, Princess, you feel so fuckin' good. This pussy is mine. All. Fuckin'. Mine." He delivers a hard slam with each word. I'm so close to coming, my legs are already shaking.

Asher grabs me around the neck and brings my back flush against his chest. He bites my earlobe and pinches my nipple while stroking my clit. My release takes over and I cry out his name. He doesn't slow down through my release. He keeps pounding into me until he empties himself completely. Asher leans back and takes me with him, laying me across his chest.

"It gets better every fuckin' time," he whispers in my ear. I sigh in agreement because I have truly been fucked speechless. We take our time bathing together before we get out. We walk out of the house and Asher pulls me into a kiss. "I'm going to go check on Hannah at the pool," he mutters against my lips.

That's code for spying on Marco and Hannah. I giggle against his lips, and he sighs. He knows he's being ridiculous. The kids are surrounded by adults but he has to see for himself.

"Don't go over there growling at Marco," I tell him as another set of giggles begin. Asher rolls his eyes and takes off for the pool. I head to Cara's house. I need to see my niece and nephews. Walking through the door, I hear the babies squealing and laughing. Thor is in the babies' play area, growling and pretending to eat them. Sofia and Cara watch the scene, laughing hysterically.

I take a seat next to my sisters and Sofia decides she wants to be a curious kitten today. "How did you and Viper work out your argument the other day?" Sofia's face is full of mischief right now. Anybody with eyes knows Cara was fucked within an inch of her life from the way she was walking the next day. Cara lets out a heavy sigh and her face looks like she's in dream land.

"Sis, he tied me up, gagged me, and fucked me for five hours straight." Sofia and I gasp, and Cara nods.

"How the hell is that possible? Did he take a pill or something?" Sofia asks with horror all over her face.

Cara and Thor roar with laughter. "A pill?! He's not eighty years old, Sofia," Thor chokes out through his laughter.

"But five hours has to be some kind of a record, right?" Sofia looks hopeful.

"Oh, sweet baby sister, you're dating a biker now. I predict many sessions like this in your future." Sofia turns to Cara in a state of horror and that just makes us laugh harder. I'm pretty sure Sof is a virgin, so this is probably scaring the hell out of her.

"Look, when we got home, I was in full tantrum mode and wouldn't listen to a thing he said. Viper took me to the room and fucked me boneless. After God knows how many orgasms, I was calm enough to listen to him. We made some compromises, and he understands why I was mad. I understand he doesn't like me in danger, but he also needs to

know I'm not a club brother that he can bark orders at. No offense, Thor." Thor just waves her off and keeps playing with the babies, unaffected.

"I needed him to understand that when he has a problem with something to come to me respectfully as I always do with him. He needed me to understand that he needs to take the lead in our home. I don't like it, but I understand it. He's the man of the house and I never want my man feeling like he's useless here. Honestly, I don't know what I would do without him."

Cara looks a little teary-eyed after her speech. I completely understand what she means. I couldn't imagine my life without Asher. We've had a long road to get to where we are.

"Viper really fucked you for five hours?" Sofia whispers.

We all burst into laughter, shaking our heads. She has no clue what she's signed up for. We all sit around, talking and laughing. Before we know it, it's time to head for the dining hall. We load up the babies and head for the clubhouse. As we're walking in, I see James locking his car and heading my way.

"Sara, how are you?" he asks, wrapping me in his arms.

"Good, what about you?"

"I can't complain. Just missing my only niece."

Cara snorts and continues to the clubhouse doors. Everyone gets a weird vibe from him. I can tell from how they treat him. Bear, Cara, and the rest of my siblings have all let me know how they feel about James. I haven't seen these qualities in him, so I'm gonna continue to get to know him. My parents and Smoke take the babies away as soon as we walk through the doors. Not a shocker at all. After dinner is served, we're all in the common room.

The kids are at my parents' and I'm trying to get everyone to accept James. He gets the cold shoulder from everyone. I take a step back to see if there's something I'm not seeing, but, honestly, I don't see anything. After about an hour, I catch James sneaking his way out of the common room. By the time I catch up with him, he's at his car.

“James, wait. Where are you going?” I ask him out of breath. I had to full-blown sprint after him.

“I can’t sit back and be interrogated by people who don’t know me. I’m your family. You would think they would be more welcoming than this.”

“They’re just protective of me. They don’t know you. All they want is for me to be safe.”

James doesn’t say anything. He just nods his head and pulls me into a hug. As I’m pulling away, I feel a pinch in my neck. When he pulls away, there’s a needle in his hand. My body has become completely slack, and I fall against him. James lays me down in the back seat of his car and throws a blanket over me.

“I know you don’t understand, but you’re my second chance, sweet girl.” He gets in the front seat and pulls out. I’m completely paralyzed right now. When we get to the gate, I hear Kevin and Levi telling James to have a good night. I’m screaming inside, begging someone to pull this blanket back.

I have no clue what James is up to. I should have listened to my family. Clearly, he’s crazy. What the hell does he mean I’m his second chance?

The ride isn’t too long. I’m guessing about twenty minutes before James pulls me from the backseat and carries me inside the house. He takes me straight to his room and lays me on the bed.

James goes into the bathroom and when he comes out, he only has his boxers on. What the hell is going on? I know somebody has noticed I’m missing by now. I just don’t know how I can stop anything from happening when my body is completely immobile. This is the worst feeling. I am certifiably trained to defend myself in these kinds of situations, but my body has been temporarily paralyzed.

“Tonight, we get our second chance together, Angel. I wasn’t going to let some no-good biker take you from me. You are mine.”

Inside, I’m screaming.

I hope my man and family come for me in time. I am under this deranged man's mercy. I have no clue what his plan is. I just hope they find me.

And fast.

# *Chapter Twenty-Two*

## BEAR

Where the hell is Sara? I've been looking for her for ten minutes. Walking over to the couch, I find Cara in Viper's lap. They're looking at each other like in any second, they're hightailing it to their room. I hate to break this up but I'm starting to get worried.

"Cara, have you seen Sara?"

Cara scrunches her face and shakes her head no. I blow out a breath and rub my head in frustration. If I had hair, I'm pretty sure I would have pulled some out. "I can't find her. I've been looking for her for ten minutes." Cara shoots off of Viper's lap and runs to the cave. She pulls up the security cams and after a few minutes, Cara pulls a video up on the screen.

I watch James storming out and Sara following behind him.

*Why the hell didn't she tell anyone she was going outside?*

When they get to his car, they have a quick conversation, but then James pulls her into a hug. These cameras are no joke, because you can clearly see James pull a needle from his pocket. He stabs Sara in the neck and her entire body slumps against his. He lays her in the backseat and leaves.

I'm fuming and my body is shaking right now. When I get my hands on this motherfucker, I'll kill him slowly. I'm going to torture his ass for days before I allow him to die. That darkness my princess made go away is back in full force. Cara is furiously typing away on her computer. "Find. Her!" I snarl.



This idiot should have done more research on Sara. If he had, he would know she owns a tech shop. She also wears a charm with a tracker in it that she never takes off.

“Got it! Let’s go! He’s already been gone for almost half an hour.” We head out of the cave and Viper tells the guys to load up. Everyone stands around, looking confused.

“James took Sara! Load the fuck up so we can get her!” I bellow to the room. That kicks everyone into gear. Blade and Torch walk over, and their faces match my fury. James is about to have the most painful death known to man.

We all head out and I’m in the truck with Cara and Viper. I’m pretty sure Sara isn’t going to be in any condition to ride a bike. I hope we get there in time. I don’t know what he gave her but clearly, you could see she couldn’t move. Viper is breaking all kinds of speed laws and before I know it, we pull up to a house. This is going to be tricky because he has neighbors. It looks like he’s in some kind of a vacation rental. We’ll have to do this quietly, so no one calls the police.

Walking up to the door, I get ready to kick it down out of instinct and catch myself. I try the handle and the door isn’t even locked. I shake my head and walk in. It’s dark throughout the entire house. I see a light shining from down the hallway, so I make my way toward it. Cara is right on my heels along with Blade and Torch.

When I get closer, I hear that fucker, James. “I know you don’t understand, but in time you will. You’ll forget all about that filthy biker.”

That’s it. Time to die, fucker. I storm into the room and my stomach drops. There’s my princess, laid out in a bed, in nothing but her bra and panties. James still has his boxers on but he’s lying in between her legs. This motherfucker is sicker than I thought. This is his only niece and here he is about to rape her.

“You’re dead, motherfucker!” I growl and storm across the room. James turns around with a gasp. Fear and panic wash all over his face. He tries to get up to run but I tackle his ass to the ground. I sit up and start raining my fists down on the sick

bastard. Nobody makes a move to stop me for a while. By the time I'm pulled away, James is unrecognizable.

"Get to Sara, brother. She needs you," Dice whispers behind me. I hurry to the bed and pull her into my arms. I notice she has on Blade's shirt.

She's not talking or moving. Just the blink of her eyes lets me know she's conscious. "What the fuck did you give her?" I shout at James. This crazy fucker smirks and doesn't say anything.

Cara storms over to James and whips out her pistol. James's eyes go big when Cara stuffs the barrel of the gun into his mouth. "Answer him."

Torch, Blade, and Viper chuckle. "Baby, how the hell can the man answer with a gun down his throat?"

"Oh, right." She removes the gun and places it to his temple instead. Cara gives James a look when he doesn't answer. She cocks the gun. James jumps and shrieks like a bitch.

"I gave her a neuromuscular blocker!" he shouts.

Cara's eyes widen, and she brings the gun down on James's head, knocking him out. What the hell does that mean? I look up and find Doc.

"What the hell is that?" I growl at him.

"It's a medicine used to temporarily paralyze someone. It's mostly used by doctors during certain surgeries. We need to get her back to the clubhouse so I can start an IV and flush the drug out of her system."

The sick fuck paralyzed her. I'm going to enjoy every second of torturing his ass. I pick Sara up and carry her out to the truck. Dice has James tied up and thrown over his shoulder. He isn't gentle at all when he throws his ass into the van. All the way to the clubhouse, I look Sara in her eyes and hate that she can't communicate with me. Her face is blank of any kind of emotion. She really is paralyzed right now.

When we pull up to the clubhouse Sofia, Crystal, and Paul are waiting out front. Fuck, I don't want them seeing her like this, but I know they won't leave. I'm guessing Sofia told them what happened. She was here when we left. "I'm so not in the mood for them right now," Cara mutters before jumping down out of the truck.

As soon as her parents see her, they're running our way. "What the fuck did he do to her?! Why does she look like that?!" Paul shouts.

Dice pulls James from the van, and I see he's awake now.

Paul runs and tackles James to the ground. He starts beating the crap out of James. His fists come down hard and fast. Everyone is standing there speechless. Even Sara's siblings look surprised. I never would have thought Paul would snap like this.

"What did you do to my baby girl, motherfucker?" he snarls. Torch and Blade drag Paul off James and Dice grabs James, getting him the fuck out of here. He'll be hanging in the basement, awaiting his fate.

I take Sara up to my room and Doc walks in with his kit. He starts hooking up the IV while asking Sara a few questions. "Sara, I know you can't verbally respond to me, so what I want you to do is blink once for 'no' and blink twice for 'yes'. Can you do that?" Sara blinks twice and Doc continues.

"Did he hurt you physically in any way?"

One blink.

"Do you feel weird in any way other than not being able to move?"

One blink.

"Okay, this might take a while to drain the drug. I'll keep coming by to check on you to make sure you're doing good." Doc makes his exit. She said he didn't hurt her physically but I know she's still going to be traumatized. I'm just glad I got there before he could do more damage.

Sara's family walks into the room and her mother gets in on the other side of the bed. Sara looks up at Crystal and she loses it. Crystal starts hysterically crying. It's really hard seeing Sara like this. The normal smile and laughter you see from her is gone, and it's replaced by this emotionless face.

Draco walks into the room and lies down on Sara's chest. He starts purring and licking her all over the face. "Does anyone else feel weird seeing Draco be affectionate?" Cara whispers. That breaks the ice, and everyone chuckles. Draco turns to Cara and hisses. I swear these animals are the smartest creatures I have ever seen.

"Mom, where are the kids?"

I totally forgot they had the kids. I know that sounds terrible but seeing Sara like this wiped my brain of anything else. "I had Kevin go sit with them. All the kids were already in bed for the night when Sof came home and told us what happened." Crystal barely gets the words out. She's still crying while smoothing Sara's hair down.

I don't know how many hours we all sit crammed into my room, but when I feel Sara's fingers lightly tighten around my hand, I look down to see a small smile on her face. "Somebody call Doc. She's squeezing my hand." Torch hurries out of the room to get Doc.

"Can you talk, Princess?"

# *Chapter Twenty-Three*

## SARA

I can't talk, but I can feel just a little. This is so frustrating. When I think about how they found me in James's bed, I feel sick to my stomach. He kept saying this was our second chance.

*Second chance at what?*

When I make it down to that basement, I'll show him just how much of a sweet angel I can be. I'll never forget the way he looked at me once he had me down to my underwear.

I'm his niece!

Now I know why my father never mentioned him. It's clear the man is psychotic.

Doc walks into the room and begins to examine me. I'm still paralyzed in certain places but whatever is in that IV is working. After about another hour, I have feeling in my mouth, so I try and speak. "Ber," I slur. Asher's eyes widen and he brings me closer to him.

"Here. Drink this." He places a bottle of water with a straw next to my lips and I drink it down fast. "Careful, Princess. I don't want you making yourself sick."

When he pulls the water away, I give his name another try. "Bear." He smiles wide and gives me a quick kiss. I turn and look at my mom and smile. I know this is hard on her. I hate she has to see me like this. "Mom," I whisper with a croak. Mom kisses my forehead and sighs in relief.

“Do you need anything, baby girl?” I shake my head no and close my eyes.

As soon as I do, I see James standing over me in that bed and I quickly open them. I have never been more scared in my life. I started to lose hope when he crawled in between my legs. Then I saw Asher and my siblings standing at the door. I knew everything would be alright after that. If he had raped me, I don't know how I would have come back from that.

After a few more hours, I'm almost back to a hundred percent. When I first got out of the bed, Asher had to help me. I felt like a toddler trying to learn how to walk. Cara wrapped me in her arms and we cried, holding on to one another. I know she was cracking jokes, trying to lighten the mood, but I know that's a defense mechanism. I could see it in her eyes. This scared her shitless. Doc didn't tell the guys what negative effects could come from that drug. I don't even want to think about it.

My parents head home around one in the morning and my siblings head to their rooms. Asher just holds me to him. I try to fight sleep but being in Asher's arms lulls me right into dreamland. Surprisingly, no nightmares come. I know I'm safe with Asher and it seems even in my unconsciousness, I know it. When we make it down to the dining hall, everyone is there except for the bunnies.

Dad walks over and takes me from Asher's arms. He holds me so tight. “Are you okay, baby girl?” he whispers in my ear.

“I'm okay, Dad. I promise. I didn't know you had that side to you though. That right hook looked dangerous,” I say with a laugh. Dad smirks and barks out a laugh.

“Remember where I came from, sweetheart. Growing up in that neighborhood, you had to be tough.” He kisses my forehead and makes room for the rest of my family. The kids looked confused about what's going on. Luckily, they don't ask questions.

After all the hugs from everyone, including the brothers, we're sitting at the table when Mom breaks the silence. “I hope you all rip his ass apart.” Everyone stops eating and

looks at her with wide eyes. I know Mom can be a little crazy but never enough to actually want someone dead. Nobody replies because she knows enough as it is. I know she hates not being in the loop, but it's for her own good.

When breakfast is over, Mom gathers the kids to go to the pool. "I'll keep the kids at the pool and then we'll go to my house for lunch." She walks away and, again, we're all sitting there slack-jawed. She really does want his ass dead. Well, she can join the club. After I get my answers, I'm going to inflict all the pain he did and then some.

"Let's go. I want this over so I can move on from this." Everyone gets up and follows me down to the basement. I see my briefcase is already here and I look at Thor and smile. He smiles from ear to ear with a raised brow. "Thanks, Thor." He gives me a nod and I turn my attention to James. Bear really did a number on him, and Dad definitely didn't help.

"Sweet Angel, help me," he groans.

I know he's crazy, but he can't be this crazy. Does he really think I would help him out of this? Just the thought has me laughing. James looks up at me with shock. "You have no clue, do you?" I ask him. His brows furrow in confusion.

"I'm about to be your worst nightmare. You call me sweet angel, but there will be nothing angelic about me in the next few minutes. Now, I want to know why you and my father really stopped speaking to one another."

He doesn't speak, so I go over to my briefcase and pull out my hunting knife. When I turn around, his eyes widen. I make my way over and he shrieks.

"He took what was mine!" he shouts.

"What the hell does that mean?"

"Your mother! I had my eyes on her first and then he swooped in and took her. One night, I went to his house, and she was there alone. I figured I would tell her how I felt. When your dad found out, they moved across the country, and he took what was mine."



As he speaks, a vague memory comes to me. I remember hearing Mom talking to Crystal when I was seven. She didn't give up too many details, but I remember she talked about a man who tried to rape her. Crystal's baby sister had recently been raped at college and they were talking about it. I know I shouldn't have been eavesdropping but when I heard my mom crying, I had to find out why. She never said who the man was. She just said he was someone close and she and my dad never saw it coming.

"That's not all is it? You tried to rape my mother, didn't you?"

He shakes his head frantically, and I grab his hand, cutting off three fingers. "Lie again!" I snarl at him.

"It wasn't rape! I was going to make love to her! She was supposed to be mine! He fuckin' took her!"

"This fucker is completely delusional," Cara mutters beside me. "Wait a minute. Is that why you were always telling her how beautiful she was and how much she looked like Amy?" Cara asks him.

His eyes widen. Cara has hit the nail on the head. This man is absolutely deranged.

He felt like I was his second chance at being with my mother.

He was going to rape me like he tried to do to her!

I look around the room, and every man is fuming. I can tell Asher is holding himself back, trying to let me get the answers I need. But I don't need to hear anything else from his ass. I don't even care to torture him anymore. I just want him out of my life.

I now see the only family I need is the one behind me. I know I was hurt when Cara said all that stuff about them being blood, but now I see blood is *not* thicker than water. My family looks at me and they don't see color. They don't see my blond hair and blue eyes. They just see their daughter. Their sister. I will bury this insecurity finally. James was a blessing and a curse.

“Go ahead, babe. Show him what happens when he touches what belongs to you.” Bear growls and pulls me into a deep kiss. His hands squeeze my ass while he sucks my tongue into his mouth. Dammit, I feel myself getting wet down there. I almost forget we’re not alone. I pull away burying my face in his chest. I’m sure I’m blushing.

“Let’s hurry this up. I’m suddenly in the mood to be balls deep in some pussy now,” Thor says.

The room erupts in laughter and Asher glares at Thor. I take a seat on the steel table and Cara sits beside me. James is looking at Asher with so much hate. “You don’t fuckin’ deserve her! She should have been mine! My second chance!” he shouts.

Asher doesn’t say a word. He removes his blade from his sheath and cuts James’s boxers off. He doesn’t hesitate to cut his dick off. James lets out a blood-curdling scream and Asher drops his dick to the floor with a dark chuckle.

“I’m going to enjoy this,” he says with a bright smile.

“Please... don’t. I’ll leave and never come back.”

“What the fuck are you going to do without a dick? I’d rather die if someone cut my dick off,” Thor says. He shows no sign of joking. I think he’s absolutely serious. That makes a few of the guys laugh. Asher doesn’t pull his attention away from James.

“You thought you were going to take what didn’t belong to you. You thought you could take *my* princess.”

James repeatedly says he’s sorry, and he’ll just leave. He doesn’t understand he isn’t leaving this room alive. Asher proceeds to remove his testicles and the rest of his fingers. He passed out a few times and Asher enjoyed waking him up every time. Chris walks over with a blowtorch in his hand. I guess I’m about to learn how my bother got his road name.

Chris turns the blowtorch on and puts the flame where James’s dick used to be. He passes out after a few seconds. Cam walks over with a huge blade and jams it into his

stomach. James wakes with a strangled scream. "Please, just kill me already."

"But I haven't had my turn yet," Cara says as she hops down off the table. Some of the guys laugh at her antics. She walks over to her briefcase, humming to herself. It looks like she's having a tough time with what she wants to choose. She finally turns around with her hunting knife.

"Seeing as the guys did everything known to man, I don't really have too many options right now. But after all that shit you spouted from your mouth, I can think of one more organ you should lose."

Cara walks over and cuts his tongue out. It joins the pile of other organs and body parts. James is a bloody mess and I feel it's time to finally end this. I hop down from the table and face my uncle. "You are by far the sickest individual I have ever encountered. I hope you burn in hell where you belong." I grab Asher's gun from his waistband and aim it at James's head. I pull the trigger; a weight comes off me.

He'll never be able to hurt me again. In a way, I feel I've gotten payback for my mother as well. I leave the basement and the dam breaks. Asher picks me up and hurries to his room. We get into the shower, and he holds me while I cry. I don't know how long we stay there but when the water gets cold, we get out.

"I'm so sorry, Princess. I should have kept my eyes on him," Asher whispers.

"Stop it! Just fuckin' stop, Asher!" I scream. I turn to look at him. He looks shocked, but I'm sick of this. He can't keep blaming himself for other people's actions. "We had no clue James was this sick. *I* followed him to that car, thinking I would be safe. This is no one's fault but James's. If you blame yourself for this again, I don't know what I'll do but it'll be bad."

I don't give him a chance to reply. I remove his pants just enough to free his cock, straddle his lap, and sink down on him. I look him in the eyes the entire time I'm riding him. I take my time, grinding and twirling my hips. Every time he

hits my G-spot, my walls tighten. Taking him this slow, it's like the sensations have heightened. Asher grips my hip and I bring his lips to mine. I feel so connected to him. Not just physically. I feel him in my soul. We've never made love like this. It's always hard and dirty.

"Fuck, Princess. I love you so fuckin' much," he moans against my mouth.

"I love you, too, Asher."

The room is filled with moans and groans until I'm thrown over the edge, taking Asher with me. When our orgasms subside, we just hold each other for a while. "No more blaming yourself. I mean it."

"No more, Princess. Promise."

# *Chapter Twenty-Four*

## BEAR

Today I marry my princess. The past week and a half have been pure bliss. Nobody spoke of James once we left the basement. When Crystal saw me, she gave me a look that silently asked if everything was handled. I gave her a nod, and she sighed in relief. That's all I gave her though. She and Paul have come to grips with the fact that although we're legit, we occasionally step on the wrong side of the law. We never go looking for trouble, but we don't back down from it either.

The Knights have been silent so far. The girls said Pyro moved his family members. The girls know exactly where that is, too. He underestimates their skills. When the Tennessee and Louisiana chapters get here tomorrow, we're going to bring them to the table to discuss our plan on taking out the Knights. They have more men on their side with it just being our chapter, but with the other two chapters, we easily outnumber them.

Right now, I'm standing at the end of the steps, waiting for Sara. I have on blue jeans, a white button-down shirt, and my cut. The entire club is going down to the courthouse. Everyone can't go inside, but the guys don't want to miss anything. Sara appears at the top of the stairs, and I draw in a sharp breath.

She is absolutely beautiful.

Sara's wearing a white spaghetti strap sundress that stops right above her knees. She paired with a pair of blue heels that match her eyes. Her blonde hair is curled and flowing down her back. This woman is mine. I thank Cara all the time for barging into my morning and slapping some sense into me. I

could have lost her. The thought makes me sick to my stomach every time I think about it.

“You look beautiful, Princess,” I tell her once she reaches the bottom of the stairs. I lean down and take her mouth. Sara melts against me, wrapping her arms around my neck. Her hands rub the back of my head. We’re completely lost in each other.

“There are children in the room, you two,” Cara mutters behind Sara. That breaks the spell and Sara pulls away, giggling. Cara walks past us, shaking her head with a smile.

“You look so handsome, baby. I can’t wait to get home and have you all to myself.” I growl and kiss her again.

We decided not to take a honeymoon just yet. With us having Hannah, we felt it was too soon to leave her. I know Sara’s family would take good care of her, but I still would rather wait.

Hannah runs over and throws her arms around me and Sara. She has the biggest smile. She turns and stares up at Sara, biting down on her lip.

“What is it, sweetheart?” Sara asks her.

“I know Asher is my brother and with you marrying him that would make you like my sister too, but I was...” she trails off, looking a little nervous.

“But what, Hannah? You can tell me anything. Okay?”

“I was wondering if it would be okay if I called you mom?” she whispers. Hannah looks like she’s nervous Sara is going to say no.

My princess has tears flowing down her face. She pulls Hannah into a tight hug. “Yes. You can definitely call me mom, sweetheart.”

“And is it okay if I call you dad? I know it’s weird with me being your sister and all,” she mutters.

I drop down to my knee so I can look her right in the eyes. “It’s not weird, sweetheart. I would be honored to have you call me dad.”

As I look around the room, all the women are crying. Cara pulls a Kleenex from her boobs and dabs her eyes. Viper barks out a laugh and I chuckle. “What? I knew I would cry at some point today.” To my utter shock, Sara, Sofia, and Crystal do the same. I shake my head and we all head out.

When we get to the courthouse, the guys bump fists with me and pull Sara in for hugs. I growl every time someone hugs her. I know I’ve been a happier person, but I’ll always be territorial over my princess. Sara’s family follows us inside. Once we’re in front of the judge, I barely hear a word he says. My focus is completely on my woman.

I thought I didn’t deserve this, but Sara is looking at me like there’s no place she would rather be. Deep down, I know it’s true. She was meant to come and save me from my darkness. It might have taken me a while to see it, but now that I have her, I’ll never let her go.

When the judge tells me I can kiss her, I waste no time. I bring her to me and devour her right there in front of everyone. Her family cheers at the top of their lungs. People laugh at their celebration, but we couldn’t care less. We exit the courtroom, and our brothers are waiting in the hall.

Walking hand in hand, Sara shouts, “I’m officially Mrs. Evans!” The hall fills with more cheers. An officer tells us to keep it down or leave. He is gifted with at least twenty middle fingers. Everyone breaks out laughing and we leave. I pick Hannah up while still holding Sara’s hand.

We pull up to the clubhouse and everyone goes inside to start the celebration. Tomorrow, we’ll be having a family barbeque and later in the night, the adults are going to party kid free. Tonight, we’re just having a chill family dinner. Cara and Crystal banned Sara from the kitchen, telling her it was her night to relax and enjoy her husband. That one word made my heart swell with pride. I was a husband. I was Sara’s husband. I never thought this day would come.

While we’re waiting for dinner, Smoke comes over and hugs Sara. “I just want to thank you for saving my brother. When Bear came to us, we could see something haunted him



and we all tried to help. Since you've been here, the darkness he carried has slowly faded away. I get to finally see my brother smile. You and your sister were just the blessing this crazy group of men needed." Sara is crying and nodding by the time Smoke is finished. He kisses her forehead and gives me a slap on the shoulder. "Congratulations, brother. You deserve this happiness."

Smoke is the closest thing to a father figure I have ever had. Now, Paul, too. I've learned a lot from those two men. Dinner is served. We're at our family table, talking and eating. I have Khai in my arms and he's pulling my beard. He was with Sara and to my surprise, he actually reached for me. So, here we are. Sara is watching us with so much happiness.

"How about you stop taking those birth control pills?" I whisper to her.

"Are you serious?" she whispers with so much hope. I nod and give her a kiss. Khai decides he doesn't like the attention being taken from him and pulls Sara's hair.

"Khai." She giggles while trying to untangle his tiny hands from her head.

"Look what you did to my godson, Cara," Thor says while glaring at her. Cara looks confused as hell. "You passed that bloodthirsty gene of yours down to him. Kid isn't even walking yet, and he's already showing a violent side," Thor admonishes and shakes his head.

Everyone at the table breaks out in laughter, but nobody disagrees with him. I know Viper can be violent, but Cara is downright vicious. I will never piss her off. When I see movement in the corner of my eye, I look over and see one of the club bunnies, Ivy, making her way to our table.

Normally, the bunnies stay at their table during dinner. Most of them stay out of the girls' way in general, Ivy being one of them. I hope she isn't here to start any shit on my wedding day. When she gets to the table, she takes a seat in Blade's lap. He's looking at her like she's grown two heads. I know he and Ivy are tight and have been since he came in as a prospect all those years ago. We all warned him not to get

close with a bunny, but he always just said “Ivy knows the score.” After many failed attempts to get him to understand we left it alone.

Ivy throws her arms around Blade’s neck and makes a move to kiss his cheek. He pulls back with a shake of his head. “Ivy, I’m with my family right now.” He tries to pry her off him gently, but she pouts and holds on tighter. I look at the girls and they are fuming. This is not going to be good.

“Young lady, I suggest you listen to my son and remove yourself from this table.” Crystal’s voice is calm, but it’s underlined with a threat. Ivy’s eyes widen but she still makes no move to walk away.

“I don’t understand. Blade and I are tight. I didn’t think you all would mind me coming over.”

“What part of *family* dinner didn’t you understand? Whoever has a baby, cover their ears, please.” Cara waits as Viper, Thor, and I cover the babies’ ears. “You’re just a woman he fucks, nothing more. You know the damn score. You do not invite yourself to our table and basically straddle my brother in front of our damn parents. Now get your ass up before me and my sisters take turns stomping a mud hole in your ass!” she sneers.

Ivy has tears swimming in her eyes. She runs out of the dining hall, crying. Cara looks like she feels a little bad but then shakes it off. “I hate talking to them like that, but I’m telling you, that girl has Candy energy written all over her. Cam, you need to stop messing with her. She has feelings for you, and you’ve seen how dangerous that can get.”

Candy was certifiably crazy. She sent a prospect after Cara and he came damn close to raping her. Then she sent the Outlaws after her when that didn’t work. Cara tried to get along with the crazy bitch but, ultimately, she had to kill her.

“It’s not like that with Ivy, Cara,” Blade says.

Cara shakes her head and rolls her eyes. “Whatever. Don’t say I didn’t warn you.”

“I’ll talk to her, okay. I’ll make sure she understands her place.”

Cara just shrugs her shoulders. She’s done with this conversation. The rest of dinner goes by smoothly and before I know it, I’m carrying my woman inside the house. Our home will be ready in two weeks, and we can’t wait.

Once we get to our room, I know I will not be taking my time with her. Something about the fact that she’s now my wife has me going. “I don’t know how much you like this dress, but you have ten seconds to get it off or I’ll rip it off.”

Sara’s eyes widen and she quickly sheds the dress. She removes her bra and panties as well, leaving her completely naked. My eyes roam over her body, taking in every curve. She’s fuckin’ perfect and mine. I walk into the bathroom and grab her birth control pills. When she sees them, she looks confused. I throw them into a bin in the corner of the room. A smile replaces her confusion and I take her in my arms.

“Lie in the bed, baby.” Sara lies down and watches me strip. Her normal bright blue eyes have darkened. I can see her arousal along her thighs. She is dripping for me. Once I’m naked, Sara spreads her legs for me. I slowly crawl in between them, delivering kisses all over her body. Sara writhes and pleads.

“Asher, please don’t tease me tonight. I need you so bad right now.”

That breaks my control. She’s on edge as much as I am. I take her nipple into my mouth, and she arches into me. Sara grabs my head, holding me to her perfect breast. I make my way down her body. I’m dying to taste her. Her pussy is in my face, and I lick her from front to back, twirling my tongue around her back hole.

“Right there, baby. That feels so good,” she moans.

I growl and thrust two fingers inside her. Sara shrieks in surprise but a moan quickly follows. I start eating her like she’s my last meal. It doesn’t take long for her orgasm to take

over. I don't even wait for her orgasm to come down. I take my cock and slam into her.

“Oh, God!”

I start pounding into her. I have no restraint left in me. Her walls flutter again and when she comes, I feel her release all over the both of us. When I look down, I see my woman is fucking squirting.

*Fuck!*

I keep thrusting hard and deep. Her juices coat my length. I can hear each thrust from how wet she is. Sara's legs shake, and she looks completely out of it.

“Princess, you feel so fuckin' good. Look at you squirting for your man. Fuck, you're so fuckin' wet.”

Sara's only reply is a loud moan. She brings my head down for a kiss. I'm still pounding into her when her walls begin to tighten again. Fuck. I don't think I can hold back my orgasm. I break the kiss and throw her legs over my shoulder. I kiss her ankle while rubbing her clit. In no time, she's coming around my cock and I'm filling her up. The fact that I know she can get pregnant makes me come harder than normal.

By the time I pull out, Sara's eyes are heavy with sleep. I clean us up, get into bed, and pull Sara into my arms. “I'm not done with you, wife. You have a long night ahead of you.”

“Bring it on, husband,” she mutters before sleep takes her.

# *Chapter Twenty-Five*

## SARA

The family barbeque is about to start and I'm so excited. The guys are outside setting up tents. Cara is at the grill with Dad, arguing about the barbeque sauce. Mom, Sofia, Mouse, and Bubbles are in the kitchen cooking. Today is the happiest day of my life. Yesterday, I married my dream man and gained a daughter. Standing next to Asher, watching everyone set up to celebrate our marriage, seems unreal. I never thought we would get here.

Asher wraps his arms around me from behind, planting a kiss on top of my head. I can't stop the smile that spreads across my face. "You have made me the happiest man on earth, Princess." I turn in arms and bring his head down for a kiss that quickly turns heated. I swear I will forever be lost to this man. His kisses light my entire body on fire.

"I'm so glad you finally chose me, Asher. It took us awhile to get here, but I wouldn't change a thing. It makes me appreciate what we have that much more." Asher smiles and brings his lips back to mine. We stand there, lost to each other, not caring about the people surrounding us.

"Dad, can you get in with me for a little bit?" Hannah calls from the pool.

Asher's entire face lights up at hearing her call him dad. "I'll be right there," he yells back. "I'll see you in a little bit, baby." He gives me another kiss and walks over to the pool. I head for the kitchen to hang with my mom and sisters while Asher has his time with Hannah.

I'm rounding the corner of the kitchen when I hear Cara. She sounds panicked. "Mouse, put the raisins down. Now." Walking into the kitchen, I see Cara standing on one side of the kitchen holding a pan full of raw meat, her eyes wide. Mouse is standing over the potato salad, holding a box of raisins. Mom and Sofia are laughing hysterically at the kitchen island.

"What's wrong with raisins? I saw a lot of cooking videos where raisins were put in the potato salad." Mouse is genuinely confused at the moment. Raisins and potato salad are not meant to go together.

"Mouse, in that cookbook I gave you, are raisins anywhere in there for potato salad?" Mouse shakes her head no. "That's because they don't go in it. I understand some people might like that ungodly combination, but I don't. Now, if you want, I can scoop your portion to the side and you can go crazy on the raisins, but you are not about to ruin my potato salad with them. Now, for all that is holy in the world, put the goddamn raisins down!"

Mouse slowly puts the raisins on the counter and Cara mumbles a thank you. I let out a giggle and everyone turns to me.

"Well, if it isn't the bride. I hope you aren't in here to cook. I told you, today, you spend it wrapped around your husband," Mom reminds me.

"No, I didn't forget. He's having quality time with Hannah, so I figured I'd come and sit for a little bit."

We sit in the kitchen, laughing and having drinks, while Cara is in and out, managing the meat on the grill with my dad. They have cooked a feast today. There are pork chops, steaks, hamburgers, hot dogs, links, chicken, kabobs, baked potatoes, grilled corn, mac and cheese, and so much more. The other chapters are in for a treat today.

After about an hour, we hear motorcycles. Viper and Asher come walking into the kitchen. Axel comes in the side door with a box and hands it over to Viper. He opens the box and pulls out two property cuts. I'm a little confused.

He hands one to my mom and one to Sofia. They're almost like mine and Cara's but the difference is theirs read *Property of the Sinful Warriors* on the back. Mom and Sofia give Viper a confused look. "Look, you both know what happened the last time a woman attended a party this big without a patch." He stops and looks at Cara.

That had to be one of the hardest things I've ever dealt with. When Cara was attacked by the prospect, nobody saw it coming. Viper made it perfectly clear that Cara was off-limits, but with Candy stirring the pot in the background, the prospect felt bold enough to take what he wanted. We got to her in time, before he could take it too far, but she took a beating in the process.

"That was the first time anything like that has happened here. I don't think it will happen again, but I'm not taking any chances with my family. So, please keep these on during the party. This lets the other chapters know you're with us and are not to be harmed."

Mom and Sofia nod and slip on the cuts. Mom gets up and palms the side of Viper cheeks. "Thanks for looking out for me, son." Viper gives Mom a nod and she walk over to Dad. They take the babies and head to the pool to watch the kids while we go meet the guys out front.

I walk hand in hand with Bear as the other chapters pull in. All the guys fist bump and talk trash for a few minutes. Crow, the prez for the Tennessee chapter, walks over to me and Asher with a shit-eating grin. "You finally pulled your head out your ass and claimed this woman. Congrats, brother." Asher grunts but still bumps fist with Crow. We all head toward the pool.

"Viper, I can't believe you have three kids," Razor, the prez for the Louisiana chapter, says.

Viper laughs and takes a sip of his beer. "And I ain't done yet, brother."

Cara rolls her eyes and sighs. "Viper, can we at least let the triplets make it to five before you start talking about more babies?"



Viper scoffs and shakes his head. “I’m not waiting four years to put another baby in you.” All the guys laugh, and Cara looks at me, shaking her head. I told her they were going to have more babies. Viper is on a mission.

“Where the fuck are my bunnies?” Crow asks.

“Crow, do you not see all these kids around here? I sent them to the room with the rest of the bunnies. They’ll show up later once the kids go to Cara’s parents’ house for a sleepover.”

“Damn, things are changing around here, but I’m happy for you and Bear. You two look happy as hell. Girls, if you have some friends, send ’em my way.”

“Sorry, Crow, but I can’t help you. The only girls that befriended us were girls who were after our brothers. After a while we just stuck to each other.”

“Damn,” Crow mutters, shaking his head. The food is served, and everyone pigs out at the picnic tables, eating, drinking, and having a good time. Crow propositioned Cara three times, trying to steal her away. He said any woman who knew how to grill a steak like that was his kind of woman. Even though he was joking around, Viper looked ready to kill him.

The day is filled with laughs, kids playing, and a lot of trash talking. Once the sun starts going down, Mom takes the kids home to get them settled for the night. Everyone heads inside the clubhouse to get ready for the party.

Bear and I take a little extra time in the shower, and by the time I get out, I feel light as a feather. As we head to the common room, I see the party is in full swing.

Cameron spots us and stands on his bar stool. “Let’s give it up for the newlyweds!” he shouts.

Everyone starts cheering and whistling, and I bury my face in Asher’s chest. He chuckles and kisses my forehead. “Come on, Princess, let’s go get some drinks. We get to the bar and Kevin has shots of Jack lined up. Asher and I take one and Cara gets everyone’s attention.

“Bear, I’m so happy I didn’t end up having to shoot your ass for breaking my sister’s heart.” Everyone howls in laughter and Asher shakes his head with a smirk. “You might have needed a little fire put under your ass, but you came out guns blazing, ready to give my sister the world. Over these past couple of months, I have watched my sister smile in a way I haven’t seen since her parents died. Now, I’m not going to get all mushy and shit, but I just want to thank you for being that last piece of my sister’s heart to put it back together. Welcome to the family, Yogi Bear!”

Everyone laughs at the nickname she just gave and takes their shot. Asher reaches over and pulls Cara into a headlock and gives her a noogie. Cara fights with everything she has but gets nowhere. That just makes everyone laugh harder. When he finally releases her, she sends him a glare. “I know I said I was happy about not shooting your ass, but fuck with my hair and heads will roll,” she growls.

We’re three hours into the party, and some of us have taken the party outside. This isn’t my first MC party, so when a few of the guys start fucking the bunnies out in the open, I don’t even blink, but the scene is a bit much for Sofia’s virgin eyes. Cara and I laugh so hard when she turns around and sees Dice getting a blow job. We quickly get her out of there and now she’s holding on to River with a death grip.

I’m standing with my family, laughing and joking around, when gunshots break out. Instantly, I’m tackled to the ground. “Stay down, Sara.” Asher shields my body with his. I’m not able to see anything but I can hear Asher breathing a little too hard. Once the gunshots stop, I try to get from under Asher but he’s not budging. After a few tries, I roll him off me and my heart sinks.

He’s been shot in the stomach.

He’s in and out of consciousness, but he still tries to give me a smile. “No,” I whisper. I can’t lose him. We were just getting our happily ever after. This can’t be happening. Tears flow down my face. “Help!” I scream.

Cara is by my side in a second. She tells Chris to give her his shirt, and she places it on Asher's wound. I look around for Doc but I don't see him. He must be inside the clubhouse. Asher's eyes close again and a sob rips from my throat.

"Hey! Open your eyes, Bear!" Cara shouts at him. Asher's eyes flash open and he looks at me then Cara. "That's right. Keep them open, big guy. I will not allow you to die on my sister until you're old as dirt and shitting in diapers. Got me?"

Asher lets out a strangled laugh. "Crazy...heffa."

Cara gives him a nod with a light chuckle. "Been told that my whole life, Bear. My whole life." Cameron walks over and lets us know the ambulance is almost here. Cara keeps talking to Asher, trying to get him to keep his eyes open and I thank God for her. I wish I could do it, but I'm so broken with fear of losing him.

I hear the ambulance pull through the gates and when I look up, I see the destruction that has been left behind. A few brothers have been shot, but nothing life threatening. When they get Asher onto the gurney and load him up, I quickly follow behind him.

"We're right behind you, Sis." I look at Cara and give her a nod right as they're closing the doors. The ambulance takes off and the paramedics work on Asher. He hasn't taken his eyes off me once.

"I love... you, Princess," he chokes out.

"No." I sob into my hand. "You don't tell me goodbye. You're going to be okay. You have to be. We're going to have a house full of kids and everything else we wanted. You're not leaving me. You can't."

Just as the last word leaves my lips, Asher flatlines. "No! Do something!" I yell frantically. Suddenly the ambulance doors are ripped open, and a paramedic is straddling Asher, giving him CPR. I stumble out of the ambulance and my sister has me wrapped in her arms instantly.

"He flatlined, Cara!" I wail into her neck. Cara walks me into the hospital, and we sit. I'm so out of it, I can't pay

attention to anything. Viper is arguing with Doc to go to the back and find out what is going on. All Doc is able to tell us is that they're performing surgery on him after bringing him back. That gives me a little bit of hope, but I honestly won't breath until I lay my eyes on him.

After four hours, a doctor comes into the waiting room. I'm a shaking mess. Everyone stands and approaches him with me in the front. "You're all here for Asher Evans?" he asks in shock.

"Yes, now tell me if my husband is okay."

"It was touch-and-go for a while. The bullet didn't touch any major organs, but it caused some internal bleeding. We were able to stop the bleeding and retrieve the bullet. The next forty-eight hours are going to be crucial in his recovery."

Everyone breathes a sigh of relief and the doctor turns around to leave. "When can I see him?" I ask.

"Give me a few hours to get him set up in his room. One of the nurses will come and get you. Only two in his room at a time." I nod my head and he walks away. I turn to my sister and sob as she holds me tight.

"He's going to be alright." We take our seats and after a few hours, my mom comes crashing into the waiting room. Tears stream down her face. She wraps me and my sister in her arms, taking a deep breath.

"Asher Evans?" a nurse calls. I stand and Mom grabs my hand. We follow the nurse. Just as I'm outside the door, I hear Cara call my name. When I turn around, I see she has Viper and our brothers flanking her.

"I just want to let you know what's going on before we leave. I called Mom so you wouldn't be alone. We have three men who are going to guard this door. Dad, Sofia, and River are home with the kids. There are ten men guarding the house. Focus on Bear and don't worry about anything else."

"Wait. Where are you guys going?"

"We're about to end this shit," Viper growls.

“Cara, Viper, you can’t do anything stupid. I’m pretty sure the police are swarming the clubhouse.” What are they thinking? They can’t go out guns blazing.

“Sara, this isn’t my first war. Chief and I go way back. We’ve got this. Just focus on Bear while we handle this,” Viper says. I give him a hesitant nod as my siblings hug me and walk away. Three of the Louisiana members come up and tell me to go on inside the room. When I walk into his room, my heart breaks. He looks so pale. He has wires hooked up everywhere, but the steady beep of his heart brings a little life back to me.

I take a seat beside his bed and grab his hand. “Come on, honey. Come back to me.”

# *Chapter Twenty-Six*

## VIPER

Tonight turned into a complete shit show. Six other brothers were shot tonight but only Bear was critically injured. I took the club away from all that illegal shit to avoid this kind of bullshit. Pyro is going to regret the day he waged a war on my club. He took things this far because his sister lost her job and didn't know when to keep her mouth shut. I don't give a damn that Cara choked her ass. All this shit was unnecessary, but I will end this tonight.

Pulling through the gate, I see Axel, Crow, and Razor waiting out front. Cara hops off my bike and walks straight to Kevin and hands him a set of keys. Kevin grabs two of the prospects, Levi and Logan, and they take off. "Where did you just send them?" I ask.

"I need some supplies from the tech shop."

I nod and grab her hand. We walk into church and the other two chapters look on in confusion when I enter with Cara. I know they don't involve women, but they're about to learn we are completely different from them. My woman isn't some damsel in distress and honestly, I'm afraid of the kind of trouble she would get up to if she were bored.

"Viper, why is your Ol' Lady in here?" Texas asks. He's the VP of the Tennessee chapter.

Cara scoffs and takes her seat. Opening up her laptop, she completely ignores all the stares in the room. She and Tech are typing furiously over their keyboards. "I will only address this once. I know we normally don't allow women to be a part of

club business, but Cara and Sara earned their spot at our table. We trust them with our lives. If you don't like what's going on in here, you are free to leave."

Nobody from Tennessee or Louisiana make a move to leave, so I take my seat at the head of the table. "Axel, what happened after we left?"

"We were able to catch two of them. They're in the basement now. There were about twenty Knights shooting at us. Every one of them had assault rifles, and they came in on foot. When they started shooting, Dice and Gunner went on the roof. They took out the snipers they had hidden up there and shot the two we have in the basement. Chief said to make sure this shit is clean. He can't guarantee protection if somebody slips up."

I sit there for a minute, thinking it over. I know whatever we do, this shit ends tonight. "Cara, do you got anything?" I ask her.

She gives a frustrated grunt and slams her laptop. "He's not at any of his known locations. I need to have a conversation with these Knights. It's not a coincidence that the day he goes off the grid, he takes his shot."

I nod my head and tell everyone to head for the basement. When we get down there, I don't even bother talking to the men. I take my seat on the steel table so I can enjoy the show. My woman is furious right now. I can only imagine what she has planned for these fuckers. All my guys stand with their arms crossed, smiling at Cara.

She's at the table with her briefcase, pulling items out, humming to herself. "Viper, it's one thing to have your Ol' Lady in church, but to bring her down here..." Crow says, shaking his head. Razor nods his head in agreement.

"Crow, we've known each other a long time, and that's the only reason I'm giving you a pass for questioning my judgment. You two don't know shit about my Ol' Lady or what she's capable of. Now sit back and watch my woman work."



“Tiny,” Cara calls, not looking away from her briefcase. Tiny walks over and Cara hands him a bottled water. All the guys groan while shifting to the back of the room. Tiny’s eyes are huge and Cara giggles. “Don’t worry, that one won’t make him blow up.” Tiny nods and heads for the Knights.

“Blow up?! She doesn’t mean literally, does she?” Razor asks with wide eyes. I laugh and my guys nod with grimaces. The other chapters’ mouths drop open. After a few minutes, Cara asks Tiny which man he gave the drink to, and she goes for the other Knight.

“Now, seeing as my torture crew is out of commission tonight, I need some fill-ins. Any volunteers?” she asks. All my guys are looking like this is some kind of trap, and Cara shakes her head laughing. “I promise this time nobody will get guts sprayed all over them.” Dice and Capone step forward and Cara claps her hands, ushering them forward.

“Viper, don’t take this the wrong way, but... is she...” Crow whispers.

“I’m completely sane, Crow, but when you fuck with my family, I am certifiably crazy,” Cara says with a shrug.

“How the fuck did she hear me?” he whispers.

I shrug because, honestly, I don’t know. The woman hears everything. Cara hands a device to Dice and tells him to put it on the man’s head. She hands a remote to Capone after the device is on. Cara grabs her hunting knife and tells Capone to turn on the device. As soon as he presses the button, the Knight screams bloody murder. Cara leaves the device on for ten seconds before telling Capone to cut it off.

Once it’s off, she starts cutting all over the man’s torso. Nothing too deep, but enough to see them. Cara tells Capone to turn the device on and his screams are so loud we have to gag him.

I don’t know what that device is doing, but it’s causing his torso to spasm, making more blood gush out of him.

Cara grabs a container of bleach and dumps the entire thing on his torso. Most of the guys wince because they know

that had to burn. He passes out and Cara laughs, shaking her head. "Let's give him a break. The other guy is ready for me."

That's when I notice the other Knight is sporting a fuckin' boner. What the fuck? Does this sick fucker get off on torture?

"Why the fuck is he hard?!" Thor asks. That's the burning question right now. Cara doesn't answer at all. She just goes back to the briefcase.

"Wait, does this have anything to do with whatever was in that bottle?" Tiny asks.

Cara nods and pulls out what looks like a damn nail gun. I immediately bark out a laugh. My woman is fuckin' lethal. "What the hell are you going to do with that?" Thor asks with wide eyes.

"Have you ever heard of a Jacobs ladder?" she asks sweetly.

All the guys groan. I can already see where she's going with this. Cara cuts his boxers away, and the Knight starts pleading with her not to do it. "Tell me where Pyro is, and I'll leave your dick alone."

"I can't. He'll kill me!" he shouts in panic.

"I'm going to kill you. But at least this way, you don't have to suffer. I'll make it quick." When he doesn't answer, Cara shoots a nail right through his dick. He lets out an ear-piercing scream. I can't help but laugh at the looks that are on the other chapters' faces.

"Cara, you do realize a Jacobs ladder goes underneath his dick, not through it." Thor is currently looking at his bestie with a mixture of shock and bewilderment.

"Tomato, tomahto," she says, shrugging. She waits a few seconds and shoots another nail when the Knight doesn't say anything. All the guys cringe and hold their dicks, looking on in horror. By the time Cara gets to the fourth nail, he screams, "I'll tell you, just please... no more, please."

Cara turns around with a satisfied smirk. "Told you guys. You mess with a man's dick, and he'll tell you anything."

“What the fuck was that?” Razor whisper-shouts.

“That was my Ol’ Lady.”

Cara opens her laptop and looks at the Knight. “Location, and if you even dare try to lie to me, I will complete my Jacobs ladder and proceed with some more of the ideas I have going on up here,” she says, tapping her forehead. The Knight rattles of the location and in no time, Cara has it pulled up.

“Got it. It’s about half an hour away. And get this, he has cameras inside the warehouse. I’m hacking into those now.” Cara’s phone dings and she checks it. “Viper, is it okay if Kevin brings that package I need down here?”

I give her a nod and she shoots back a text. A few minutes later, Kevin walks in, carrying two boxes and hands Cara a key. “Thanks, Kev.” He nods and walks back out. “Viper, Crow, and Razor, can you come here for a second?” We all walk over to the table and Cara opens the box and hands each of us a small device.

“These are earpieces. All the guys will get one, but you three are the only ones who will be able to communicate back with me. I’m already in his camera system and I’ll have some drones circling the property while you guys are handling business. You guys can plan whatever you want. I’ll just be your extra set of eyes.”

I was a little confused why she called over Razor and Crow, but now it makes sense. They’re the ones in charge of the other chapters and she knows they control what happens with their men. “I stand corrected, Viper. You would be a fool to pass up your Ol’ Lady skills.” Crow is looking at Cara in amazement. I let out a growl, bringing her body against mine.

“No disrespect, brother. She really has a knack for this shit.”

“Aww, well, thanks, Crow. Now, can you guys go over there and make your plan while Tech and I go upstairs to get everything set up?”

I laugh and drop a kiss to her lips. I walk over to guys to form our plan on taking out the Knights. It takes us about

fifteen minutes to come up with a solid plan. When we head to the common room, Tech and Cara aren't there.

"They're out front," Logan tells us.

When we get out front, Kevin, Tech, and Cara are standing next to a van. The back doors are open, and my mouth drops when I see what's inside. It's like a tech wonderland. There are five screens back there and three different stations. There are so many buttons and gadgets. I have no clue what any of that stuff does.

"When did you get this?" I ask her.

"About three months ago. I was still working out the kinks inside it. I just finished everything a few days ago. I planned on selling it to one of my high-end clients, but now I think I want to keep it for myself."

Cara pulls three drones out of a box and puts them in the back of the van. Once she's finally set up with the van, she gets all the brothers' attention. "Okay, listen up, guys. I'm giving everyone an earpiece and a pair of shades. These glasses will allow you to see in the dark. I will be cutting the power in the warehouse, giving us an advantage. I know you guys like to go in guns blazing but there are at least fifty men on each side of this war right now. I would like to lessen the casualties on our side as much as possible."

The other chapters are looking at Cara in amazement while my guys look on with smug smiles. After she gives everyone an earpiece and glasses, we load up and head out. Kevin is coming along to take Sara's place since she's at the hospital. My stomach turns when I think of my brother. I hope he pulls through. He just got his bit of happiness. From what I know of his past, he deserves everything he has found with Sara.

Shaking my head from the thoughts, I get my head back in the game. I need to be fully focused for what's about to happen tonight. Cara was right. This is a full-blown war, and we need to be careful not to have any casualties on our side. When we pull over a few miles away from the warehouse, we get off our bikes and make our way through the woods surrounding the

warehouse. The closer we get, I hear the music blaring from inside.

*“Okay, listen up, fellas. These fuckers are in there celebrating, thinking they’ve somehow won. They’ll be thrown completely off guard. Listen for my ‘go’ once I cut the power,”* Cara says through the earpiece.

Hearing a buzz above me, I look up and see the drones flying ahead, circling the warehouse. “Your Ol’ Lady is a fuckin’ genius, Viper,” Razor says beside me.

*“Thanks, Razor. I’m so used to people calling me psycho or crazy,”* Cara says, laughing through the earpiece.

“That’s cuz she is fuckin’ crazy,” Thor snorts beside me.

“Bet you wouldn’t say that to her face,” I shoot back.

“Hell no! I like my dick just the way it is, thank you very much.”

*“Okay, I’m killing the power in three... two... one. Go!”*

We rush the warehouse. These glasses are the shit. Half of the Knights are standing around, looking lost because they can’t see. Some get down, hiding behind couches and the bar. It doesn’t make a difference though because we can see every single movement.

*“Crow! To your left!”* Cara shouts.

Looking over, I see Crow shoot a Knight who was sneaking behind him with a fuckin’ machete. After the Knight goes down, Crow sighs in relief. “Thanks, little one,” Crow says.

*“Anytime, birdy!”*

“Birdy?! What the fuck?”

*“I thought we were doing the whole nickname thing,”* Cara says, sounding a bit confused.

“No, just... no,” Crow says, shaking his head.

*“Well, you don’t have to be so touchy about it,”* Cara mumbles.

I keep my focus on the task at hand, but I can't help but laugh at their conversation.

*"Hell no. Six Knights are escaping through the woods. They must have had a hidey hole out there because they appeared on the drone cameras out of nowhere. I'm following them with the drones. Can some of you guys head west through the woods and follow?"*

"I got them, Cara," Razor says. He takes a good amount of his guys, and they rush out of the warehouse. After a few minutes, the warehouse is silent. Every Knight in the room is dead and we don't have a single scratch on us. We grab the gasoline and start dumping it all throughout the warehouse. When we get outside, Razor and his guys are walking up.

"Did you get them?" I ask.

"No, they shot down all three drones. Cara lost them. She said there were only six of them. If those fuckers are smart, they'll get the hell out of dodge."

I nod, but it still leaves me uneasy. I don't want any of those fuckers left. With it only being six of them, I'm sure Cara will track them down in no time. After lighting up the warehouse, we head back home. I just want to wash this day away. When we get home, Cara and I stop by her parents to check on the babies.

Looking down at my babies sleeping peacefully in their cribs, I sigh in relief. Paul said none of the kids were disturbed by the gunshots. I'm grateful they were so tuckered out they didn't wake, but this shit should have never touched home. When I get my hands on Pyro, I will make him pay.

# *Chapter Twenty-Seven*

## BEAR

*Where the hell am I? The last thing I remember is telling my wife I love her. This place is just white walls. Nothing surrounds me but white. Am I dead? What about Hannah and Sara? It can't end like this. I worked too hard to get my woman for it to end like this. I promised I would never leave her. I promised Hannah I would always be there to protect her. I'm frantically looking around but I have no idea what it is I'm looking for.*

*"Asher."*

*That's a voice I never thought I would hear again and my heart sinks. If I'm hearing her, then I know I'm dead for sure.*

*"You're not dead, silly." She giggles.*

*Turning around, I see my sister, Zoey. She looks just like I remembered her except she looks a lot happier than the last time I saw her. The same dark brown hair I remember is flowing down her back, and she has the same chocolate brown eyes as mine.*

*"Zoey," I say, smiling down at her.*

*Zoey runs to me, and I catch her and hold her tight. I missed my baby sister. I'm glad she doesn't seem angry with me like she does when I dream of her. "I have never been angry with you, Asher."*

*"Can you read my mind?"*

*"Yes." She giggles.*

*"Where are we, Zoey?"*



*“We’re like at the halfway point between the afterlife. I had to beg and plead to have this moment with you. He normally doesn’t do stuff like this.”*

*“He?”*

*“The big guy,” she says with a nod.*

*I’m so lost right now. What is going on? All this talk about the afterlife and some big guy has my head spinning. Zoey sits and I follow her down.*

*“So, I needed to clear the air with you. I need you to move on from me, Asher.”*

*I start to say something, but Zoey shakes her head. “No, Asher. What happened wasn’t your fault. We were both kids. I hate that I left you, but I couldn’t be there anymore, Asher.”*

*“I hate that I couldn’t save you, Zoe.”*

*“It wasn’t your fault! Geez, now I see why Sara wants to slap some sense into you.”*

*“Sara wants to slap me?” I ask with a smirk.*

*“On a daily basis.” She giggles. “She’s good for you. And she’s good for Hannah.” I look at Zoey and see her smiling at me.*

*“How do you know all this?”*

*“I might not have been there, but I never left your side, Asher. Everything happens for a reason. Sara was sent straight to you, to pull you out of your darkness. Even though you were too pigheaded about it at first, you eventually opened your eyes.” Zoey turns around, like she’s having a conversation with someone off into the distance. “My time is almost up. I have to send you back.”*

*We stand and I bring Zoey into my arms and hug her tight. When she starts to pull away, I hold her tighter. I missed my baby sister. “I missed you too, Ash. Just do me a favor.” I look at her for a second and raise my brow in question.*

*“Live, Ash. Live. Know I’m in a happier place here. Everyone is so nice, and I haven’t shed a single tear being*

*here. Make a life with Sara. Have a ton of babies and give our sister a life we never got to have.” I watch my sister walk away and slowly she fades away. When she’s finally out of my sight, everything goes dark.*

“Asher, baby, please wake up. I need you.” My princess sounds so broken. I’m fighting against my body, trying to wake up. I can feel her hand in mine and it’s almost as if it’s giving me strength to come back to her. I need to lay my eyes on her. I need to look into her ocean blues. I need to see her beautiful smile. I focus my strength on moving my hand.

“Asher? Baby, can you hear me? Cara, go get the doctor. He just tried to squeeze my hand.” I hear shuffling and I start fighting harder. I need to see her. My eyes flutter and the light in the room has me shutting them instantly. “Turn the lights down. It’s okay, baby, try again. The lights are down now.”

I give it another try. It feels like hours goes by before my eyes finally open. Instantly, I turn to look at my princess. Tears stream down her face. “Kiss me,” I choke out. Sara giggles and brings her mouth to mine. It’s a quick kiss and I grunt. She laughs, bringing her lips down again. This time, she gives a real kiss and despite the pain my body is in, all I feel are her soft lips.

The doctor walks in with a nurse and Cara trailing behind him. “Welcome back, Mr. Evans. You gave us quite a scare. You took a little longer to wake up than I thought you would.”

“How... long?”

“Nine days, honey,” Sara says. I was out for nine fuckin’ days? Turning to my wife, I can see she hasn’t slept. Her bags are heavy under her eyes, and she looks like she’s lost some weight. I know automatically she hasn’t left my side in the nine days I’ve been here. The doctor goes over all my injuries and lets me know I’ll have to be here another two weeks. Like hell. I’m gonna have Doc get me the hell out of here. I can recover at home. I hate hospitals and this bed is not meant for people my size.

After the doctor leaves, Sara breaks down. I tell her to get into the bed. She tries to refuse. When I threaten to get out and

grab her, she relents and gets in the bed. I hold her close and kiss her forehead. Eventually, she relaxes enough to fall asleep.

“It’s good to have you back, big guy,” Cara says, smirking.

I chuckle and instantly groan. That shit hurts. A sketchy memory comes back to me from the night I was shot. I remember Cara trying to get me to keep my eyes open. Sara looked so broken curled beside me, sobbing. Cara was being strong for her sister and tried her best to take care of me. “Thank you.”

Cara’s eyes widen and her smirk goes to a full-blown smile. “Anytime, Bear. Anytime. Get some sleep. You both need it,” she says and walks out of the room. Even though I’ve been sleeping for nine days, I can feel sleep claiming me again. I don’t know how long I sleep, but when I wake up, Hannah is sitting beside my bed, watching me intently.

“Dad,” she whispers, and her bottom lip trembles.

“Come here, sweetheart.”

Hannah gets up and gently hugs me. As soon as my arm comes around her, her body is racked with sobs. I hold her until she calms down. “I thought you were never going to wake up.”

Fuck. I hate that I put her and Sara in this position, but it isn’t like I chose to get shot. Sara stirs in my arms from all the commotion. “I will always come back for you, sweetheart. Understand?”

She nods and I hold both of my girls to me, grateful for another chance. I will do exactly what Zoey said. I’m going to “Live.”



IT’S BEEN FOUR DAYS SINCE I WOKE UP AND I’M FINALLY home. I was a complete asshole until the doctor finally released me. Doc guaranteed he would take care of me until I was completely recovered. The doctor finally relented and

signed my release forms. It feels good to be home. Well, not technically home, but it's close enough. Sara and Crystal have been fawning all over me. I've never had someone who cared enough to take care of me, so this is unfamiliar territory for me. It's a great feeling.

I text Viper a little while ago, telling him to come to the house. I want to know what the fuck happened while I was in the hospital. Everyone has been tight-lipped about what went down, telling me I needed to focus on getting better. It's complete bullshit. I deserve to know what happened. A knock on the door breaks my thoughts. Sara walks over and answers the door. Viper walks in.

“How ya’ feeling, brother?”

“I’ve had better days,” I grunt. My body feels like shit, but I’ll never admit that out loud.

Viper laughs and shakes his head. “I bet. What did you need to talk about?” he asks. He knows damn well what I want. I’ve been on him ever since I woke up. I glare up at him and he chuckles, taking the seat beside the bed.

“We got most of them. Six escaped the warehouse and haven’t been seen since. Pyro did text Layla and tell her he was getting the fuck out of Florida. Cara is going to keep track of the text messages coming in on his family’s phones. Hopefully, he’ll give away a location and we can end this completely.”

Hearing that Pyro is still out there makes me uneasy, but at the same time, it makes me happy. I would have been pissed if I didn’t get to be the one to end that motherfucker. His time will come and, when it does, he’ll die by my hands. He might not have been the one to put that bullet in me personally, but he issued the hit.

Viper finishes telling me everything that went down, including Cara’s fucked-up version of a Jacobs ladder. I hate that I missed that one. Cara and I talked, and I see now there’s way more to her than her hard exterior. She got a little teary-eyed when we talked about her helping me until the ambulance came. She told me losing me would have been like

losing one of her brothers and there was no way she would let Sara lose me after losing her parents.

Hannah walks into our room and snuggles in between me and Sara. “Can we watch a movie?” she asks. Sara gives her the remote, and she chooses *Beauty and the Beast*. I look at Sara and she’s grinning at me. Not too long ago, Thor called me and Sara, Beauty and the Beast and I almost killed him for it. Smiling to myself, I sit back and enjoy movie night with my family. Hannah passes out halfway through and Sara follows behind her.

Once it’s over, I turn off the television and let sleep take me. My last thoughts are filled with my conversation with Zoey. It felt so real. In a way, I know my sister really came to me so I could be at peace. Seeing Zoey happy and smiling helped me bury my demons. I’m going to give my girls the world. I’m going to be the man they deserve and I’m going to claim my happiness.

# *Chapter Twenty-Eight*

## SARA

It's been about a month since Bear came home from the hospital. He's almost completely healed from being shot. He's been a pain in the ass for the most part, not liking being put on bed rest. On top of that, he's been trying to have sex, and I have denied him every time. The doctor said no strenuous activity, so as much as it's been killing me, I've been denying him.

We moved into our home a few weeks ago and Asher was pissed he couldn't help with the move. Not that there was much to do. The furniture was delivered, and all the guys helped with all the boxes we had. The move was done in a matter of hours, but Asher felt useless, not being able to help.

Asher told me about the conversation he had with Zoey. When I told him about how scared I was when he flatlined, he confessed everything about Zoey. I believe that there is an afterlife, so I have no doubts that Zoey really did come to him. I'm glad that she did because I can see the burden has been lifted from him. He hasn't had a nightmare since he woke up in the hospital, and he smiles more than ever now.

Today, I'm a little on edge. I noticed the other day that my period is late. Like super late. Asher and I went at it on our wedding night, but I thought it would take more than one night for me to get pregnant. Cleary, that's not the case. Either I'm super fertile or Asher's shooters do not miss.

Right now, I'm in the common room with some of my family and snuggled next to Asher on the couch. I've been trying to sneak away to my old room to take this pregnancy

test, but every time I make a move to get up, someone brings me into another conversation.

Watching Cara shovel snack after snack into her mouth has me laughing on the inside. I don't think my sister realizes she's pregnant again. She's been having the same symptoms she had when she was pregnant with the triplets. She's been eating constantly for the past week. I can't even tell you how many times I've seen her dragging Viper away to have sex. I have the perfect idea on getting her to take a test.

"Hey, Sis, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Yeah. Is something wrong?" she asks with her brows scrunched up.

"Nothing crazy. Just some girl talk."

Cara nods her head and stands. I kiss Asher and let him know I'll be right back. I lead her through the clubhouse and straight to my old room. Walking into the room, I go to the dresser and pull out five boxes of pregnancy tests I stashed in here a few days ago. Cara looks down with a tilted head and confusion.

"Are you pregnant?" she finally asks.

"I think I might be, but I'm super nervous. I was wondering if you would take one with me. Like moral support."

"What does me taking a test have to do with moral support?"

"I don't know. I guess it would calm my nerves a little, not having to do one alone."

Cara looks at me like I've grown three heads, and it takes everything in me not to laugh. I have to make her think this is really about moral support, because she'll never deny my request if that's what she believes. Cara snatches a box off the bed. "Fine," she mumbles and makes her way to her old room.

I grab a box and go into my bathroom. I thought this would be easy, but aiming for this little stick is harder than I would like to admit. After I finish my test, I wash my hands and leave



the bathroom. Cara is sitting on my bed with her test on the dresser while she continues to shovel snacks into her mouth. Shaking my head, I set mine next to hers and start the timer.

I'm on edge the entire time I wait for the timer to go off. Seconds feels like hours. I want to have a baby with Asher so bad. He's already given me more than I thought he ever would, so a baby would be the icing on the cake. If he really did get me pregnant on our wedding night, I'll have to be careful to make sure I keep up with my birth control after this pregnancy. I don't want to have a Cara and Viper situation going on. The triplets are only seven months old, so I know my sister is probably going to blow a gasket.

The timer goes off and I make my way to my test on shaky legs. Cara doesn't even move from the bed. She's really oblivious to the fact that she's pregnant right now. When I look down at my test, the word *pregnant* is on the screen and my eyes fill with tears.

"What does it say?" Cara asks around a mouth full of honeybun.

I turn around, holding the test up, smiling. "I'm pregnant!" I exclaim. Cara brings me into a tight hug and I swear she takes a bite of honeybun over my shoulder. We stand there hugging each other for a while before I remember that we never looked at her test. I pull away and look down at hers. Sure enough, it reads *pregnant*. "Sis, you need to look at your test."

"Why?" she asks, while opening another damn honeybun.

"You're pregnant." There, I said it. Just might as well rip it off like a Band-Aid.

Cara's head shoots up to look at me, and she glares. "Don't joke about that kind of stuff!" she hisses at me.

"I'm not joking. Look," I say, gesturing toward the pregnancy test.

Cara gets up and looks down. She sees both tests on the dresser are indeed positive. Her mouth drops open, and she

stumbles back to the bed and takes a seat. “How the fuck did this happen? I take my birth control like clockwork.”

“Are you sure you didn’t miss any days?”

“Sara, I have three babies in my house, so hell no, I haven’t missed a pill.” Cara sits there for a few minutes and then I see the panic and then rage take over her face. Poor Viper. He won’t be able to get anywhere near her after this. I have to bite my lip to keep the laughter in. I do not want to be added to her shit list. “I’m going to castrate his ass!” she hisses and storms out of the room.

I quickly get up and follow her out to watch the show. I know she might be angry about the timing, but I know after she calms down, she’ll be happy about the baby. Regardless of how she’s acting, I know my sister. I know she wants a house full of kids with Viper. Following behind my sister, I giggle because everyone is in the common room except the older kids. They’re at the pool while a few of the prospects keep an eye on them. As soon as we’re in the common room, Cara wastes no time ripping Viper a new one.



## BEAR

I know something is going on with Sara. She's been acting off for the past few days. When she asked Cara to talk, my hackles went up even more. Looking over at Viper, I ask, "What was that all about?"

Viper shrugs. "Hell if I know, brother. She said girl talk, so who knows what that entails." I let it go for now, but I'll be questioning her tonight when we get home. I don't like feeling like there are secrets between us.

After about fifteen minutes, the girls come back into the room. Well, Cara is stomping her way across the room, and she looks like she's out for blood. I don't know who pissed her off but they better run.

She walks right up to Viper and stands over him, glaring. Viper's brows furrow as he sits up. "What's wrong, baby?" he asks with concern.

"What kind of kryptonite sperm are you carrying in your balls?" she hisses. Everyone's mouth drops open and then laughter soon follows, which Cara shuts down with a look. A few of us are still laughing, not taking her seriously.

"What the hell are you talking about, Cara?"

"I'm pregnant, jackass!" she shouts and stomps her foot like a toddler.

Viper's lips twitch and I can see the smile forming on his face. "I swear to everything that is holy, if you smile, I will lose my shit." Normally Cara doesn't curse in front of the triplets, but I guess her emotions are high right now. Sara is standing next to Cara, shoulders shaking from laughter.

Viper gets up and holds Cara to him. She tries to resist but eventually she melts against him and calms down. I don't know what Viper is saying, but she's nodding by the time he lifts his head. Out of the corner of my eye, I see Doc looking

panicked and trying to ease out of the room. Apparently, Cara sees it too.

“Hold it right there, Grey’s Anatomy! Why are you looking guilty?” she asks with her hands on her hips. Doc looks around for a second as if he’s waiting for backup, which I’m sure no one is going to give him.

“Well, uh, you remember last month when I was working all those hours at the hospital... and I, uh—”

“Spit it out already!”

“When you were sick last month and I had to give you those antibiotics, I forgot to tell you they affect your birth control.”

All the guys wince and shake their heads. I hope he has his will in order with Michael, because Cara is going to kill him. The look she’s sending his way has all the guys around Doc inching away from him. Viper wraps his arms around Cara to restrain her as she lunges.

“I’m sorry, Cara. It was an honest mistake. I was so tired with all the hours I was working at the hospital.”

“Is that what you two were talking about?” Crystal asks.

“Sara actually realized I was pregnant before I did and suggested we take our tests.” I freeze when I hear the word “we” and by the looks on everyone else’s faces, they caught it as well.

“We?” I ask, sitting up in my seat. Cara winces, looks at Sara and mouths, *sorry*.

Sara shrugs and waves her hand dismissively. “I was going to tell them as soon as you were done with your temper tantrum.” She laughs.

I get up and stand over her, bringing her body flush against mine. “Say it,” I growl against her lips.

Sara throws her head back, laughing, “I’m pregnant!” she shouts. The common room is filled with cheers as everyone celebrates the news. I bring my lips down to Sara and thrust my tongue into her mouth. She’s been denying me sex all

month, but I don't give a damn what Doc says, I'm fucking my woman tonight.

When I pull my head back, Sara's family swarms her and Cara immediately. Crystal is in tears and Cara and Sara are smiling from ear to ear. After all the commotion is over, Cara turns to Viper. "We're getting a nanny, hell, maybe two," she demands.

Viper chuckles, bringing his lips to hers. "Anything you want, Hellcat."

"And a maid!" she adds.

"Okay."

"And you better pray there is only one baby inside this belly. Stop laughing! It's not funny! If we have another set of triplets, that will be six kids under the age of two, Viper!"

All laughter dies from Viper instantly, like a bucket of cold water got thrown on him. He nods his head, agreeing with his Ol' Lady's reasoning.

Bringing my hand to Sara's stomach, my throat clogs up.

She's having a baby.

My baby.

Sara looks up at me and I can see how happy my woman is. I need to get her out of here quickly so we can celebrate.

"Doc," Cara calls.

"Y-yeah?" he asks hesitantly.

"Run."

Cara takes off toward Doc and he runs out the side door. Everyone howls with laughter. Viper takes his seat, still laughing. "Aren't you going to go stop her, Prez?" Capone asks.

"Nope. Better for it to be his balls than mine," he says with a shrug. Another round of laughter goes around the room and Crystal tells us not to worry about the kids tonight. They've been asking for another sleepover since the barbeque. After

Crystal and Paul leave, I grab Sara's hand and lead her to my room. I need to be inside her right now.

As soon as the door is shut, I spin her around, caging her body against the door. I don't even give her time to deny me. Bringing my lips to hers, I take her mouth in a dominating kiss, demanding her submission. She doesn't disappoint, either. Sara melts against me, wrapping her arms around my neck. Fuck, I missed this.

Slowly, I start to peel her clothes away, guiding her to the bed. I lay her down in the bed while I strip my clothes off. Sara opens her mouth to say something, and I pin her with a look that has her closing her mouth. I feel fine, and I'm about to show her just how fine I feel.

Grabbing one of her ankles, I drag her to the edge of the bed and drop to my knees. I tease her forever, kissing every inch of her body except where she really needs it. Sara grips the back of my head, mewling and begging for me to stop teasing her. Not happening. I know she was following Doc's orders, but she denied me for a month. Ten minutes isn't going to kill her.

"Asher, please. I can't take too much more. I need you, honey," she pleads.

When I look up, I can see the desperation all over her face and then it hits me. She was suffering just as much as I was. I give her wet center a lick from front to back, then thrust my tongue inside her. Sara's hips rise off the bed and she grabs onto the sheets.

"Oh, Asher," she moans.

Thrusting my tongue in and out of her, I watch as her climax builds. Replacing my tongue with my fingers has her moaning even louder. I swear I could sit here and feast on her forever, but my dick is harder than nails, and I'm desperate to get inside her. Not wanting to delay any more, I wrap my lips around her clit and suck. Sara's orgasm takes over and her body shakes violently.

“Asher, yes, oh God, yes,” she screams. I grunt and keep going until her orgasm comes down. Once her body stops shaking, I line up my cock with her entrance and slam home. Sara shrieks from the sudden intrusion while I have to grit my teeth from how tight she feels. Her walls clench around me perfectly, sucking me in. When she lets me know she’s ready, I pull out before slowly thrusting back in.

“Fuck, I missed being inside you, Princess.”

“I missed it too, Asher.”

I can’t give her slow and gentle right now. I need to take her hard, but I’m scared of hurting the baby. Sara looks up at me and realization comes over her face. “It’s okay, honey. You can’t hurt the baby. As long as you’re not slamming me against walls or anything, we’ll be okay.”

Looking into her eyes, I see she means every word. I pull out and thrust in harder and harder. I have to make up for the month I spent not being able to fuck her. Throwing her legs over my shoulders and raising her hips off the bed, I start pounding into her. She’s taking everything I give and loving every second of it. When her walls start to clench, I rub her clit and her body is thrown into another orgasm.

Once her body calms down, I flip her over and pull her up on her knees. I slam into her, fucking her without restraint. I grip her hips to hold her in place while I chase my orgasm. I slam into her harder and harder. Sara grabs a pillow and smothers her screams. Placing my hand on her upper back I push her down until she’s arching for me. I prop on foot on the bed. With both hands gripping her hips I fuck her harder than I ever have. “Asher! I’m gonna come again, baby.”

Dragging my thumb through her wetness, I bring it to her back hole and push in. Her body jolts, but it’s still not enough to tip her over. Taking my other hand, I reach under her, finding her clit and pinch it. Her body starts shaking and her walls squeeze me so tight, she takes me over the edge with her. I plant myself as deep as I can go and release, filling her up.

We lie there panting, trying to catch our breaths. “Fuck, Princess,” I mutter against her back. Sara nods but doesn’t say

anything. When I pull out, I watch my cum run down her legs and the sight has me getting hard all over again.

I grab a washcloth and clean us both up and get into bed, bringing her body against mine. “We’re having a baby.” Every time I think about our baby growing inside her belly, it doesn’t seem real.

Sara lifts her head from my chest to look me in the eyes. “We are,” she says with a smile. I pull her head down to mine and I kiss her. She’s giving me the best gift in the world.

I never thought I would have kids and now I have Hannah and one on the way. “Don’t take this the wrong way, Princess, but I think getting shot wasn’t such a bad thing,” I tell her.

Sara lifts her head, shock all over face. “What?” she gasps, looking down at me.

“I just mean that if I hadn’t talked to Zoey, I would have always walked around with that guilt eating at me. I know I got better over time, but it was always in the back of my mind. I don’t know how real that conversation was, but it was exactly what I needed to move on with my life.”

Sara’s eyes soften and she nods, giving me another kiss before resting on my chest again. “I love you so fuckin much, Princess. Thank you for never giving up on me.”

I feel Sara tears falling to my chest and she holds me tighter. “I love you, too,” she chokes.

“Hey, no tears,” I tell her, lifting her face to look me in the eyes.

“They’re happy tears, honey.”

Giving her a nod, we lie there in silence until sleep takes us. I wake my wife three more times in the night before I finally give her a break. Lying with Sara in my arms, I know I’m a lucky son of a bitch and I’ll never let her go. She is my light and my entire life. I can’t wait to start my forever with her. She saved me, showed me I was worth it, and I deserved happiness. For that, I’ll give her the fuckin’ world.



# *Epilogue*

BEAR

## THREE MONTHS LATER

The past three months have been pure bliss. Sara had morning sickness like crazy in the beginning and every time, she would call Cara a “lucky bitch” for never having to experience the symptom. Once she was out of her first trimester, it was smooth sailing from there. I can’t keep my hands off her stomach. Watching her stomach swell with my baby makes me want to get her pregnant as soon as she has this baby.

Sara said if I pulled a Viper, she would make me get a vasectomy before allowing me to fuck her again. I think I’ll just wait until she’s ready for another one. Lucky for Viper, Cara was only pregnant with one baby this time. We found out last week that we’re having a girl and they’re having a boy. Sara told me she wanted me to name our baby girl, which I already had picked out. When I told Sara I wanted to name her Elena, she asked me why I chose that name.

I told her the name means “light” and Sara’s eyes glossed over with tears. I had Elena’s name picked out the week I found out Sara was pregnant. I knew if we had a little girl, she would be the light in my life, just like her mama. I told Sara the middle name was on her to which she chose to name her after Zoey. When Elena is older, I’ll tell her all about Zoey. I already started telling Hannah about Zoey and she asks questions all the time, wanting to know what her sister was like as a kid. I tell her she reminds me of Zoey every day.

A few days ago, I finally told the club my story. I told them about my father, the scar, my mother, Billy, and Zoey. I didn’t leave out a single detail. Gunner shocked me when he told me he knew how it felt to lose a sister. His sister OD’d at sixteen.

“Church!” Viper yells, walking through the common room. Everyone gets up and heads to church. We have to meet about the new restaurant we’re opening soon. The girls chose to go

with a high-end restaurant, serving authentic Italian dishes. This one is going to bring in major bucks.

I'm talking valet, and those overly expensive drinks and food. Most of the guys were hesitant at first to open a high-scale restaurant like that, but after the girls' presentation, we all agreed to take the leap. They know a little more about this kind of stuff, and with Kissimmee being a tourist stop, people are going to go on dates, celebrate and explore. It's bound to be just as busy as the diner.

Once everyone is seated, I notice the girls are missing. Just as I'm about to ask Viper where they are, they walk through the door, hands full with food. When they take their seats, I gag when I see what they're eating. Sara has a ribeye steak with peanut butter slathered on top and a huge side of mashed potatoes. Cara has a gigantic pickle with a bowl of mint chocolate chip ice cream.

Looking around the table, I see I'm not the only one repulsed by their food choices. "Girls, you know you're not supposed to eat in church—" Viper closes his mouth the moment the girls look up from their food. Both are glaring, daring him to argue with two hormonal and hungry pregnant women.

I'm glad my brother smartens up and moves on. Snickers go around the table. Watching your prez get a silent scolding from two pregnant women is something I never thought I would see in church. "Okay, so we all know why we're here. The restaurant is set to open in about another four months. The girls are due around that time so we're going to postpone the opening another month or so. Does anyone have any objections to that?"

Everyone shakes their head and Viper moves on. "Sara, Cara, Tech, have you found anything on those remaining Knights? What about Layla?"

The girls are too busy stuffing their face, so Tech speaks up. "Sorry, Prez, it's like he disappeared into thin air. He's been keeping in contact with his family, but he never tells them where he is. He only stays on the phone for a minute, not giving us enough time to track the call. He hasn't said

anything about trying to retaliate, but I still don't trust it. Layla is currently with her mother down in Texas."

Viper sits there for a second, thinking things over. "This is what I want to do. If at any time you three think he's coming back, I want you to let me know. We'll go down to Texas and grab the bitch. I normally don't like involving women, but she started this shit."

Everyone nods their agreement. We normally would never involve or hurt a woman, but Layla wanted to wage this war, so karma is a bitch. From there, Viper gets the profits from the other businesses while the girls continue to eat, ignoring the entire table. When church is over, we head for the dining hall.

As soon as Hannah sees us, she runs straight into my arms. "Dad, I got an 'A' on my math quiz!" she says, smiling up at me.

"Is that right?" I ask with an arched brow.

"Yup," she says, popping the "p."

"Well, I think it's time to build that thing you've been asking me for," I say, grinning down at her.

Hannah gasps and steps back. "No way! You're going to build the treehouse?" she asks, bouncing in excitement. I give her a nod and she jumps back into my arms, shouting thank you repeatedly. When she pulls away, she places her hands on Sara's stomach. "You hear that, Elena. We're going to have a treehouse," she whispers to Sara's belly.

Sara looks over at me with the biggest smile. Dinner is the same as always, kids eating together, laughing about their day at school, brothers shit-talking with one another, and jokes and laughter being thrown around. Tonight, we have Sofia here. She visits once a month to see River. Paul told her as long as it doesn't disturb her studies, he'll fly her in once a month for a weekend. Sofia is currently trying to talk her father into two weekends a month.

"Dada!" Angel shrieks while lunging for Viper. Everyone stops eating and looks at a stunned Viper and Cara. I swear I see tears in his eyes, and I can't blame him. I got a little

choked up the first time Hannah called me dad and I'm sure I'll be the same with Elena. Viper takes Angel from Crystal, looking at his daughter in awe.

“Say it again, baby girl. Da...da,” he instructs her.

“Dada!” she shrieks, grabbing his face and giving him a slobbery baby kiss.

“That’s right, baby girl. Dada.” He smiles.

“You see the thanks we get, Sara. I carry these babies for nine months, deal with swollen ankles, not being able to see my own vagina for over six months, back pains, and having my lungs become a personal punching bag, and you see whose name gets said first,” Cara rants while shaking her head.

Everyone bursts into laughter and Cara cracks a smile, planting a kiss on Viper’s cheek. Rubbing Sara’s stomach, all I can think about is laying eyes on my baby girl and hearing her first words. I can’t wait.

When we get home after dinner, Marco follows us inside. Hannah and Marco go to the living room to play some game called *Fortnite*. Marco pulls out his Switch while Hannah powers up the television. I honestly don’t get that game at all but those two spend almost all their free time playing it. They only have an hour, so they waste no time starting the match.

Sara comes over and lays her head down on my lap, looking up at me with a huge smile. “What?” I ask, smiling down at her.

“Nothing. I’m just so happy, honey.”

Leaning down I give her a quick kiss. “Me too, baby. Me too,” I whisper against her lips.

Sara snuggles in and it takes my woman minutes to pass out. I carry her to our room, lay her in the bed, and wait for Hannah’s bedtime. When I send her up to take her bath and get ready for bed, I walk Marco home.

Running up the porch to his house, he shouts over his shoulder, “Bye, Bear.”

“See you later, kid.”

Once I have Hannah in bed, I join Sara in ours and think about the past two years with my princess. We've come a long way to get where we are. I know as long as she's by my side, my days will be filled with light and love, because that is exactly what she gives me every day.

THE END

*From R. Taylor*

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