



Biker

DADDIES

LIZ ARCHER

BIKER DADDIES

AN AGE GAP, ACCIDENTAL PREGNANCY
REVERSE HAREM ROMANCE

LIZ ARCHER

Copyright © 2023 by Liz Archer

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

CONTENTS

1. [Harlow](#)
 2. [Alto](#)
 3. [Bane](#)
 4. [Colt](#)
 5. [Harlow](#)
 6. [Alto](#)
 7. [Bane](#)
 8. [Colt](#)
 9. [Harlow](#)
 10. [Alto](#)
 11. [Bane](#)
 12. [Colt](#)
 13. [Alto](#)
 14. [Harlow](#)
 15. [Bane](#)
 16. [Colt](#)
 17. [Harlow](#)
 18. [Alto](#)
 19. [Colt](#)
 20. [Harlow](#)
 21. [Alto](#)
 22. [Bane](#)
 23. [Harlow](#)
 24. [Alto](#)
- [Epilogue](#)

HARLOW

I'm only Daddy's little girl sometimes.

Don't get me wrong, I love my daddy. He's the best man I've ever known and very protective, but sometimes, his nature to keep me safe smothers me. It's why when I got accepted into the University of Nevada, even though I lived so close to it, I decided to get an apartment. I wanted to move out. I needed my own space, I needed to spread my wings, and I needed to do so much more than my father allowed me to do.

I had to experience life.

It doesn't help the situation that my daddy is the President of the Venom Vultures MC in Las Vegas. He is brutal and intense, but I'm his weakness. So when I wanted to move out, I broke his heart, and it made me feel horrible. I had never seen him cry before. Even when Mom died when I was still a baby, he only teared up.

He's the kind of man who keeps his emotions locked inside.

When I told him I wanted to leave? A tear dripped down his face, but he didn't argue with me. He only nodded and stomped out of the room in his giant biker boots. I still see him nearly every day because someone from the club is always checking on me.

I'm an MC princess, apparently, and it isn't the best thing for me to be out here on my own. Any one of Daddy's enemies could find me and take me away.

It's still a chance I'm willing to take.

“Okay, heads you tell a truth, tails you do a dare.” My best friend and roommate Meredith chuckles as she sips her pineapple and rum.

My daddy would be furious if he knew what I was doing, which only adds to my experience.

I make my gin and tonic, squeeze a hefty amount of lime juice in it, lick my fingers, and pucker my lips when the lime juice has my taste buds dancing. I hurry over to the oversized stuffed leather couch and plop down on it.

“Deal,” I say, taking a sip of my drink.

“Me too,” Addison echoes in agreement, taking a long swig of her beer.

I hate beer. I don’t know how Addison chokes the stuff down, but she doesn’t drink anything else.

“Okay, Harlow, you’re first.” Meredith hands me a quarter. “And no cheating,” she adds.

I drop my hand in my lap and give her a look. “How do you cheat with a quarter?”

Addison chuckles, tilting her bottle up to finish it, then stands to head to the kitchen and grab a new one from the fridge.

“I don’t know. I just thought it needed to be said.” Meredith rolls her eyes. “Okay, go. Flip the coin.”

I take a deep breath, nervous all of a sudden. I never really had friends growing up. Being an MC princess didn’t allow for such luxuries. High school was brutal because everyone was afraid of me because of the club. At first, I thought it was cool that I had so many MC members to have my back—they are my family—but it didn’t work out that way.

Meredith and Addison know who I am. I didn’t hide anything when I saw a post on the bulletin board around campus that they needed a roommate. Heck, they love it when the guys come over to fix things. The guys even fix their cars for them, from oil changes to tire rotations. The girls are smitten.

They probably wouldn’t be if they know what kind of women they had sex with. The guys call them club whores or

changerounds—but me, I just call them desperate sluts looking to say they fucked a biker.

I say that, but then I think of my father's best friends. Alto, Bane, and Colt. They have been friends with my daddy since long before I was born. So the history is long, which is why I know I don't stand a chance. Plus, why would they want someone as young as me? They aren't old. All three are thirty-eight, which is a nineteen-year age gap, but isn't age just a number?

Daddy had me when he was very young. He was a prospect of the club at the time and Grandpa was the MC President. Daddy was nineteen, my age, when he had a newborn daughter, and he was happy. He said he wanted to make my mom his ol' lady, but then she died.

A bullet to the head because of a rival MC. He's never gotten over that. He's never dated. I don't even remember catching him with another woman. He still wears a ring on his finger even though my parents were never married.

He's loyal, painfully so.

I hurt for him. I only want him to be happy.

Flipping the coin, I'm yanked back to the present with my friends instead of these sad thoughts. I watch as the quarter flips through the air in a blur, then lands on the ground. All three of us lean forward and I'm relieved when it lands on heads.

"Truth." Meredith rubs her hands together evilly. "Spill the beads."

"Beans, Mer. It's spill the *beans*," Addison corrects.

Meredith frowns. "I know, but beads are harder to clean up and there are usually more of them. The inconvenience makes more sense."

Addison opens her mouth to argue but can't think of anything to say. "I can't disagree with that. Point taken."

"So tell us something we don't know," Meredith gets us back on track.

“Um.” I blush, thinking about what I could tell them. I don’t have a ton of secrets. Most of the experiences I’ve had are with Meredith and Addison. “I’m a virgin. I’ve never even kissed a man.”

Addison gasps and Meredith’s mouth falls open. “What!” they shout in unison.

I take a long swallow of my drink, suddenly feeling very thirsty. “It was too hard growing up in the MC. The guys made sure boys my age weren’t hanging around me. I’ve never had the chance.”

“We have to fix that immediately. To be fair, we are both virgins too, but we’ve kissed other guys.”

I feel better at Meredith’s words and pick up the coin. I hand it to Addison. She flips it and it lands on tails.

She groans.

A dare.

“I dare you,” I begin, having no idea what I’m about to say. I tap my finger against my chin as I think. My brows raise when I finally think of it. “I dare you to go next door and give that sexy neighbor one of your beers—”

“Psh, that’s easy,” she interrupts me and stands.

“—And…” I lean forward. “To give him your number so y’all can go out sometime.”

Meredith squeals, clapping her hands and bouncing on the couch cushion.

“Fine.” Addison lifts her chin, tossing her shoulders back. “That’s easy.” She saunters to the fridge, giving us a proud look as she swings the door open, snatches a beer, and then the bottle opener. It’s a simple one. It’s silver, smaller than her hand, and she twirls it on her finger before strolling to the door. “I’ll be back in a minute.”

Addison is all bark and no bite—well, I’m sure she’d bite if tempted—but she puts on this persona that keeps everyone away from her.

We hurry to the peephole and since I'm taller than Meredith, I watch Addison knock on the neighbor's door. I slap Meredith's shoulder. "She's doing it. She's doing it."

"No way! I want to see."

Buzzed and giggling, I try to lift her up. She presses her hands against the door and we sway, trying to maintain balance, which is hard since we are both dying of laughter.

"He opened the door!"

"Oh, screw this." I set her down and crack the door open, poking my head out, and Meredith does the same underneath me.

I'm sure we look like a pair.

The guy, Ryan, smiles down at Addison, then looks over her shoulder at us, a question on his face as his brows pinch together.

"Don't mind them. I was just coming over to offer you a beer." She pops the top off with the opener, catching the cap in her hand. "And was hoping I could get your number so we could go out sometime."

Ryan grins, taking the beer from Addison's outstretched hand. "I like your style. Let me see your phone."

Addison slips her phone from her back pocket and hands it to Ryan. He types in his number and smirks just as his phone buzzes in his pocket.

"I have your number now too. I'll be reaching out to you soon, Addison." He drinks the beer, eyeing her up and down as if he wants to devour her.

"I'll be looking forward to it." She swings the bottle opener again, twisting it around her finger, then she backs away.

I open the door, and their eyes are still locked on one another until I shut the door to break their connection.

"Ahh!" Meredith dances in a circle. "That was awesome."

"Oh my god." Addison lets out a breath, placing her hands on her knees. "That was so nerve-racking, but damn, I feel like

I'm on cloud nine."

"Okay, Meredith. Your turn." I guide my friends back to our little drunken oasis and Meredith settles on the cushion she placed on the ground.

She flips the coin and I'll be damned if it doesn't land on its side so it's standing up.

"What's that mean?"

"It means we pick," Addison says, rubbing her hands together. "Tell us a truth."

"When I was ten, I ran away from home and broke into a Chuck E. Cheese and slept there for four days. All the workers thought I was just another kid. I had the time of my life until a missing person's report came through and my face was all over the TV."

"No!" I toss my head back and laugh, my drink spilling over the rim of my glass. "Oh my god. You ran away from home?" I find that hard to believe. Meredith is sweet and innocent. I couldn't see her doing anything like that.

Her smile fades and she downs her drink.

Everything becomes more serious.

"Your turn," she tells me, handing me the coin.

"Oh no, you don't get away that easy," Addison says, snatching the coin. "Tell us why you ran away."

"I'll tell you if I land on truth the next go-around."

Addison and I let it go, giving each other a knowing look, and the game goes on for hours.

I'm drunk and the coin is lost now. No one knows where it went and it's my turn. I'm seeing double. There are two of everything and that can't be good.

"Truth or dare?" Addison slurs. "Pick dare, you chicken."

"Dare," I snip, my eyes narrowing in triumph. "I'm no chimcken." I mispronounce and try to correct it. "Chimcken. Chidicken."

We all laugh at the failed attempt. We clutch our stomachs, chuckling so hard that I roll off the couch and smash against the floor.

And that only has my “friends” laughing harder.

What friends they are.

They are the best though.

“Nope, I change my mind. Truth. I want the truth.”

“Truth and a dare,” Meredith suggests. “No taksies backsies.”

“Fine.” I prop myself up on my elbow, suddenly tired. “I have a crush on my dad’s three best friends. Alto, Colt, and Bane. They are older though. My daddy’s age.”

“The three.” Meredith hiccups. “The three that always come over to help us or follow you to class.”

I nod. “So dreamy.”

“So. Dreamy.” Meredith wobbly nods her head.

“I dare you to text them and tell them how sexy you find them and...and—” Addison stands as if she’s about to give a speech. She places her hands on her hips and she loses her balance but rights herself, causing us to laugh again. “And you have to admit you have a crush on them.”

I gasp so loud I choke. “No.” I shake my head. “I can’t do that. They would hate me.”

“Or love you. I bet they want Daddy’s little princess more than you think.” Meredith yawns. “Forbidden fruit and all.”

“If not, you have to strip and run around the building,” Addison gives another option, which has me digging for my phone because I am not running around naked and becoming a headline for the University news.

When I grab my phone, I have to narrow my eyes to concentrate on my vision so I can see the screen.

“Fine, but if they get killed because Daddy finds out, blame yourself.”

“No one will find out,” Meredith drawls as if she’s pouting.
“Ya big baby,” she grumbles.

I snort, creating a group chat with Alto, Bane, and Colt.

I name the chat *My Three Sexy Beasts*.

I hold my breath while I type.

I just wsnated to letttt you knw, I findddd, you allllls sexxy. So sexy. More than Jason Momoa. Lots more. I really like you in ways I’m not alloweddd. Don’tt tell dasddy.

I press send, proud of myself for putting together a sentence.

And then I pass out, the alcohol winning the fight for my consciousness.

ALTO

“**W**hat the hell?” I try to read the message from Harlow, Prez’s daughter, but the more I try, the more confused I become. I notice Bane and Colt are in the message too. She added them to the chat, and I can’t be reading it right because there is no way Prez’s daughter would message us this.

I glance around the tattoo shop, making sure no one can see me look at my phone in question, especially Prez. If he found out Harlow messaged us this, he’d strip me of my title, burn my vest, and exile me from the club.

No one fucks with Harlow. Especially me, the Vice President. It’s one of the club rules. She’s off-limits and forbidden. Anyone who tries anything will probably end up dead. We all have one job when it comes to Harlow.

Protect her from a distance.

I set my phone down and stretch, trying to make the busy day leave my body. My client just left, and we had an eight-hour session for his back piece. It was intricate. A kitsune wrapped in a cherry blossom tree with lightning shooting across the sky. Something that took concentration and a steady hand. My back hurts. My eyes hurt. My fingers hurt.

But damn, I love my job.

“Hey,” Bane grunts from my doorway, leaning against it with his big body. He is massive and my tattoos cover his arms and neck, back, and legs. He’s covered. It’s one of the reasons why he is our Sergeant at Arms. No one dares to fuck him over. He

has two nose rings and a tongue ring, a shaved head to show the tattoo I did on his scalp too and damn, the man reeks of trouble.

His outside matches his inside too. He is by far the grumpiest asshole I've ever come across.

"Did you get that text?" he asks, not specifying who it was from because I knew.

"I did. I found it odd." It's late. Nearly two in the morning. We've been closed since midnight, but I was so close to being done with the second session of my client's back tattoo, I decided to keep going.

"Maybe she really does want us."

I roll my eyes and sigh while Bane slaps the cocky, arrogant dumbass—Colt, our Road Captain. His outside matches his inside too. He is tall and lean, with green eyes that make girls fall over themselves to try and get a piece of pretty boy, as the club likes to call him when they're in a teasing mood.

I crack my neck and groan. "Don't even joke about something like that," I say seriously. "Imagine what Grizzly would do to us? Don't even put that out in the fucking universe, Colt."

He lifts his hands in surrender, a stern look on his face as his lips pout. "I was only joking, Alto. I didn't mean anything by it. I doubt she meant to send that to us. It isn't like her."

"She included all three of us. She knew exactly what she was doing. Little princess is trying to get us killed," Bane practically growls. "I knew she'd be trouble."

"You didn't know shit." I wipe down the seat my client was just in, disinfecting it from the sweat he poured while I dug into his skin with a needle.

"Prez can't find out she messaged us," Bane states. "I say we delete it and forget she ever messaged in the first place."

"You're a dick," I tell him, tossing the paper towels in the trash.

Bane shrugs as if he doesn't care, but his scarred mouth twitches, giving away that he does.

I think deep, deep, deep down, somewhere in the hard iron shell of Bane's heart, he's a teddy bear. I'll never admit that out loud. I like my life. I don't feel like dying.

"I don't know. She sounds drunk. There are three x's in sexxy," Colt points out, showing us his phone. "See? One. Two." He taps the screen. "Three."

I roll my eyes and Bane elbows Colt in the stomach. He doubles over, dropping his phone on the ground, and coughs.

"I'm fine," he struggles to say.

"You shouldn't be," Bane says. "This isn't a fucking joke."

Colt gasps for air and nods. "Okay, I'm done. I swear." He finally lies on the floor, staring up at the ceiling as he makes grunting noises from the pain. "Did you have to hit me so hard?"

Bane grunts, "Yes."

"Ass," Colt mumbles.

I take out my phone and stare at the message again, something wrong fluttering in my chest. I'd be a fool if I didn't admit I find Harlow fucking beautiful. I never felt anything for her when she was underage. She never crossed my mind like that, even when she turned eighteen I had no feelings for her at all. I only noticed her as the Prez's daughter.

But then she turned nineteen, and when she came home to the clubhouse for one of her college breaks, I won't lie and say my heart didn't skip a little fucking beat. She turned into a beautiful woman, and if my memory is correct she'll be turning twenty in a week.

"I think she might be drunk." I read the message to confirm. "She has to be. She never texts like this."

"Oh? Have you been texting her?" Colt flips onto his stomach and props his chin in his hands. "Do tell."

"Fuck you, gossip queen. No. You know what I mean. When we check in on her, she doesn't text like this."

“Yeah.” Bane rubs his chin with his hand. “She sounds wasted.”

I sigh, tilting my head back and feeling slightly annoyed because all I want to do is go home, take a hot shower, stretch, and go to bed. I won’t be able to sleep if we don’t check on her. I’m too worried.

“I’m worried,” Colt admits through his playful demeanor. “I say we hop on our bikes, go over there, and see what’s going on. If she’s okay, we leave. At least we’ll know.”

“And if she’s drunk, we’ll get our asses handed to us.”

“It isn’t our fault she’d be drunk, Bane,” I point out.

“Isn’t it? Doesn’t he like one of the members tailing her at all times? Where are they?”

“I wouldn’t be surprised if she told Grizzly to back off so she can have some privacy. Grizzly always gives in when it comes to Harlow. She’s his everything,” I reply to Bane.

“Yeah, well, maybe he should keep a better eye on her then.”

“Don’t be a dick.” I stretch again, this time my back pops and I groan in relief.

“Save it for the bedroom,” Colt teases.

“You’re annoying.”

“Am not,” Colt mocks me.

“No, you are,” Bane says seriously, even though I was kidding. “Let’s go then. Talking about it isn’t going to make her any less fucking drunk.” He pushes off the doorframe, his heavy boots stomping on the floor as he heads to the front door. “Well, are you fucking coming, or do I need to hold your hand and help you on your bike?”

“Why is he such a grouch?” Colt asks, jumping to his feet.

I turn off the light to the studio, gathering the store’s keys from my pocket. “Only Bane understands Bane.”

No one knows what happened to Bane or how he has four scars down his mouth. It’s a fucked-up nickname now that I

think about it. The club gave him that name after Bane in the Batman movies. He doesn't seem to mind, but maybe it isn't about the cage on Bane's mouth, but about his attitude.

Colt strides out the door first and I lock up behind me.

"She better not be drunk. I'll be furious. Middle of the damn night," Bane grumbles under his breath as he mounts his bike.

All of our bikes are custom from the MC's bike shop. Bane's handlebars are long, and the body is painted a midnight black, but in the right light it shifts into a deep red.

"Man, I remember when I restored this beauty," Colt says, again, just like he does every single time he gets on his bike. His is a classic. He found it when it was nothing but a tossed-away frame in a junkyard.

"Yeah, we know. Why don't you tell us again for the thousandth time?" Bane hooks his helmet on, his sarcasm obvious.

Colt doesn't catch on. "Well, I was seventeen years old—"

"Oh my god. Shut the hell up. We know, Colt. We know. I'll pay you thirty bucks if you don't speak for the next three minutes." Bane's bike grumbles to life.

Colt pinches his lips together, bouncing on his heels, dying to speak.

He won't be able to make it.

I remain calm, not letting Colt's story bother me at all. Colt is proud of his bike. He loves it. I'll gladly listen to whatever makes my friend happy, but Bane doesn't have that kind of patience.

"But I got such a good deal on it," Colt blurts after two minutes, and Bane rolls his eyes, driving away from us before Colt can blurt out his story.

I chuckle, following Bane on my bike, then Colt follows.

The night is dark, clear, and the stars are out by the thousands. It would be the perfect night for a long ride, but as we drive

down the road, the desert on either side of us, I know I don't have time to enjoy it.

If Harlow is drunk, a part of me will want to take her to her father, and the other part of me is going to want to spank her ass for putting herself in harm's way.

And I have no right to think about that.

We're riding for about five minutes before Bane is pulling off the road. Confused, we follow him and he parks, stands, and unzips his pants.

"What the fuck, Bane?"

"I gotta piss." He shrugs without a care in the world.

Colt chuckles and I lean against my bike, waiting for Bane to be done. The man runs on his time, no one else's.

"Do you think she's okay?" Colt asks me. "Do we take her to Prez when we find her?"

"Nah," I say, kicking the sand with the tip of my boot. "Come on, she's only trying to have fun with her friends. She's her own person. We shouldn't have to tell Grizzly everything when the entire point of her living on campus was to have her own life. What if someone told on us when we were that young? We would be pissed. And she wouldn't trust us anymore."

The loud stream of Bane still pissing sounds in the background.

"Jesus Christ. You couldn't do that at the shop?" I yell at him.

"Didn't have to at the shop," the grump explains.

"I call bullshit on that," I retort.

"Why do we care about her trust?" Colt practically whispers.

"We shouldn't. At all. I'd rather not have her pissed at us though. "

"She's pretty."

I jerk my head up and press my finger against my mouth to tell him to be quiet. "You can't go saying shit like that. No. No."

“I’m only saying what we’re all thinking.”

“I don’t give a fuck. We aren’t allowed to think that about the Prez’s daughter. You know, our best friend. We’ve been friends with him our entire lives. We can’t think that. So don’t. Get it out of your head right now.”

My phone vibrates again, then I hear Colt’s.

Bane’s must go off too because he’s tucking himself back in his pants, then digging his phone from his pocket.

“It’s Harlow,” I announce.

“I can read.” Bane’s attitude is starting to piss me off.

“Is anyone else nervous about the fact that it’s a picture? I’m afraid to click on it,” Colt says.

Yeah, I’m nervous. Drunk pictures are never good.

I click on it. My heart races when I see her smiling face holding up a peace sign. It’s an innocent photo, but I can tell she’s wasted by how glassy her eyes are.

My phone dings again and it’s of her and her friends. She outshines them—even drunk, her beauty is unreal. I rub a hand down my face, angry at myself for thinking that. It’s okay to think someone is beautiful, right? Doesn’t have to mean anything.

A video comes through next and since it’s on all three of our phones, the sound echoes.

“*Go, go, go!*” is chanted by Addison, one of Harlow’s roommates.

“Is she shotgunning a beer?” Colt questions.

I exhale with a shake of my head, watching Harlow chug the beer down then toss the can the opposite direction. “We have to go get her. This isn’t like her at all,” I say.

“She’s nineteen. This is her. This is what kids do when they’re that young,” Bane explains. “Just because she’s Grizzly’s daughter doesn’t make her special or exclude her from the basic activities all the other teens do.”

Our phones ding again, only this time it's a picture of Harlow hovering over the toilet, sick, no doubt from the beer chugging.

Meredith and Addison send selfies to us, then another of Harlow passed out on the floor.

"Fuck." I tuck my phone in my pocket again and hop on my bike. "We better get going before she wakes up and feels like she can down another beer."

"Grizzly would be pissed. She knows better."

I snort. "Bane, shut the hell up. Of course she doesn't know better. She's nineteen. You just contradicted everything you said."

He gives me the middle finger as he hops onto his bike, but my phone begins to ring before I can take off.

Annoyed with how many times I've had to fish this thing out of my pocket, I stare at the screen.

Harlow.

Only this time, it's a phone call.

"Harlow? What the hell is going on?"

She hiccups. "You sound so hot over the phone," she slurs.

"You're drunk. We're coming to get you. Don't move. Are you at the apartment still?"

She giggles. "I'm not telling. You'll have to find me."

"Harlow." I pinch the bridge of my nose. "Just tell us where you are."

"Nope. Is it you, Bane, and Colt? I've had a crush on you guys since forever," she mumbles.

"You're drunk. You aren't thinking clearly. Tell us where you are," I demand.

Bane's jaw ticks with frustration and I can tell Colt is getting worried as he takes a step forward.

"I'm fine," she says, just as something shatters and the line goes dead.

My heart drops and my stomach turns. “Harlow?” No answer. “Harlow!” I yell, but the call has ended. “Something’s wrong. Something broke in the background.”

“Let’s ride,” Colt says as if we’re going on a regular run.

This time, I place my phone in the front jacket pocket and hop on my bike. The rumbles of the engines sing throughout the night, the road disappearing into the thick of the darkness.

We ride it anyway.

Harlow better be okay.

Prez will kill us if she isn’t.

I have to keep that in the forefront of my mind. She’s my best friend’s daughter and it doesn’t matter how beautiful I find her. Loyalty to my friend means more than Harlow does.

That’s how it is and that’s how it has to be.

BANE

I'm fucking furious.

One, I'm sick of being a babysitter for a grown woman. Prez needs to back off and let the girl have her own life. Two, what the hell is Harlow thinking? How can she be so irresponsible? I know I said people her age do this, but she's better than other people her age. She's smarter and I thought she had way more common sense.

This proves Prez is right and she isn't ready to be on her own. She needs to be taken care of or she gets herself into trouble like she is now. Not that I want to take on that responsibility. I don't know how to take care of people.

I don't even like people. I only like the club. They are my brothers. Everyone else can fuck off.

I'm worried Prez is going to skin us alive if he finds out we didn't tell him about Harlow, especially if something is wrong. Something broke on her end of the call, Alto said. What if she's lying there in a pool of her own blood?

Blood.

The sight of it always makes me drift into my past and what happened to me as a child.

"You stupid fucking bitch!" My father backhands my mother so hard, blood flies from her lip.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry," she sobs, wailing as she tries to crawl away from him.

“I told you not to go outside and talk to the neighbors. I told you that. Are you too fucking stupid to understand me?” He kicks her in the stomach next.

I’m ten years old, hiding behind the wall, peeking around the corner.

“You’re a fucking whore.” He spits on her. “I bet you fucked the neighbor, didn’t you?”

“No! No,” she denies with a shake of her head. She lifts her hand to try and stop him. “No, I’d never do that to you. I was cooking and I ran out of sugar. I swear. I swear,” she weeps.

“Sugar? Fucking sugar?” He picks her up by her throat and pins her against the cabinets.

Her lip is bleeding, her cheek is bruised, and there are black smudges around her eyes.

“Sugar?” he repeats, tossing her to the side while he opens every single cabinet, grabbing the pots and pans and throwing them onto the floor.

When he gets to the pantry, he dumps all the flour on the floor, then the rice, trying to prove that we have sugar.

The kitchen is a wreck when he’s done. His chest is heaving, and my mom is shaking. All I want to do is run to her, but I know better than to interfere or he’ll hit me too.

He’ll make her watch as he hits me. She promised me to never interrupt him when he’s in one of his moods.

But it hurts me so much to not do anything.

“It doesn’t change the fact you fucked the neighbor.”

“I didn’t,” she pleads her case again. “I swear on my life.”

“So if I go next door, will he tell the same story?” he asks.

“It isn’t a story.”

He backhands her again and she crumbles to the ground. Before she can fall, he stops her by wrapping a hand around her throat again.

Then, he uses the other one too.

Her face turns red and she claws at his hands.

She can't breathe.

I run to grab my baseball bat from my room. When I have it in hand, I don't think, I spring toward the kitchen and swing.

He bellows in pain when his legs buckle. My mom gasps for air and her eyes widen when she realizes what happened.

"Victor! No! Put the bat down," she rasps.

I can't. I hate him. I hate him so much.

When I swing again, he catches the bat in his hand and yanks it from mine, tossing it to the side.

"You little fucking brat." He punches me in the face and the one strike sends me to the floor.

"Get off him!" My mom tries to stop him, but he pushes her so hard she falls back, smacking her head against the table.

She's out cold.

"You always get in the way. You were a mistake. I never wanted you, you know. Your mom got pregnant, and I got stuck with her. Just like I got stuck with you." He picks up a knife.

"You want to be so fucking mouthy? Fine." He slices from the top of my lip all the way down to my chin. "Try to open your mouth now. No one will want to listen to you." He cuts in another line, then another.

I cry, trying to push him off me, and scream, but then the knife drops from his hand. His eyes are wide and he falls to the side.

My mom is standing there with blood dripping down her head and she's holding a butcher knife in her hand. The silver blade is dripping with red.

"Get your fucking hands off my son," she yells, stabbing him in the chest. Then she twists the blade before pulling it out.

She killed him.

She drops the knife and runs to me. "My baby. It's okay. We're going to get you help, okay? He won't touch you again. He won't."

I swerve, the tires bouncing over the raised ridges of lines on the side of the road. I'm pulled from my memories and I look in my side mirror to see Alto speeding up to come up by my side.

He glances at me, giving me the universal look that asks if I'm okay.

I give a quick nod and he falls back, giving me space.

I don't talk to the club about how the scars got on my lips. I'm a monster to a lot of people and most can't stand to look at me because of it.

My club accepts me for me, but at night it sure does get fucking lonely. Not even the club whores will give me the time of day, not that I want them to. I don't want them to fucking give me the time of day either, but that's how I know Harlow's message is a mistake. She wouldn't be caught dead with me. I'm the worst part of the dream, the darkest part, and there isn't one part of me that is desirable to anyone.

Even if she did want me, which she doesn't, she is Grizzly's daughter.

I'd never cross that line.

If Harlow does like me, of course it would be the one woman I can't have. Just the thought has my temper rising and hitting the throttle harder, speeding down the empty road.

The sound of my engine screaming through the darkness brings me comfort, calming my rage.

The campus comes into view and I slow down to the speed limit, then stretch out my arm, signaling I'm turning right and into the parking lot of Harlow's apartment complex.

We slow over the speed bumps and when we get outside her building, we park.

"You gave us a heart attack swerving off the road like that. What the fuck, man?" Colt rips his helmet off and slams it on his seat. "That isn't like you. What happened?"

"None of your fucking business," I sneer at him.

I don't want to tell him anything. My experiences are mine and no one has the right to them but me.

"You're a dick." Colt lights a cigarette, but I snatch it from his mouth and toss it to the ground, smashing it with my boot for good measure.

"We aren't going to be out here long enough for you to smoke that. Get your head out of your ass. He swerved. Get over it." Alto slides his phone out of his pocket and calls Harlow.

I push Colt, then Colt wraps his arm around my neck, putting me in a headlock.

Alto puts the call on speaker.

"Ello?" she finally answers after too many rings.

"Where are you?" Alto growls.

My heart once again pounds in my chest when I hear how drunk she is.

"Who are you?" she mumbles.

"It's Alto. Where are you?" he repeats.

"Not telling."

He pinches the bridge of his nose and counts to three. "Harlow. Tell me you're home. Now."

"Nope." She moans. "I don't feel good."

I stand in front of him and snatch the phone from his hand, taking it off speakerphone. "Harlow." Her name is a deep rumble in my throat while I stare at her bedroom window.

I can't see through it because the curtains are closed, but I bet that's exactly where she is.

She inhales a sharp breath when she hears my voice. "Bane?"

"Confirm you're home or I'm going to bust down your front door. Then, I'll tell your dad about what you've been up to tonight."

"I'm home," she mumbles, hanging up the phone, and I hand Alto his phone back.

“She’s here.”

“She always listens to you,” he says, our boots scuffing against the ground as we practically run to the entrance.

I scoff. “She listened because I threatened her with Grizzly.” I type in Harlow’s code for the door to open and the lock clicks.

Colt swings it open, and we barrel inside.

It’s a good thing it’s so late—if anyone saw us in our MC cuts, they would be terrified.

I click the button on the panel for the elevator to take us to the third floor. The doors slide open, and when the three of us stand inside we are shoulder to shoulder.

“This fucking thing must be made for short people,” I bitch at the tight fit.

“No, you’re just gigantic,” Colt says, standing in the corner.

I slam my finger on the button that says three and we begin to ascend.

“What are we going to do with her? She can’t travel on our bikes that drunk,” Alto points out just as the doors open to reveal her floor.

It smells like college kids live here. Weed and beer fill the air and I cough, not missing this scene at all.

A door opens and a guy looking half asleep stumbles out of his apartment, shirtless but at least he’s wearing pants. “Could you guys keep it down? You walk very loud.”

I place my hand against his chest and slam him against the wall. “No,” I snarl, shoving him back into his apartment and slamming the door. “Don’t come back out.”

“You’re so nice and good with people,” Colt comments, slapping a hand on my shoulder. “Just so outgoing.”

I grunt in response, stomping my way down the hall until we get to the last door on the left.

Slipping the key into the door to unlock it, I find it already unlocked, and that only makes me angrier.

Does she not care about her safety? What the hell is she thinking?

When I enter her apartment, I step on an empty can and kick it to the side. Music is playing softly from the Bluetooth speaker sitting on the kitchen counter and I press a button to turn it off. Alto shuts the door behind us, flicking the lock in place.

I point to the living room.

Meredith is passed out on one couch while Addison is asleep on the floor with one of the decorative pillows under her cheek. The two of them are sleeping soundly.

We've been in this apartment more times than we could probably count. While she's in class, we do a sweep to make sure nothing is out of order.

Prez's orders.

I take a right, peeking into her bedroom only to hear someone in the bathroom. I gesture to the guys and push the bathroom door open, crossing my arms over my chest when I see her on the floor. I cock my head to the side as she stares up at me, glassy-eyed and flushed cheeks.

"Bane," she slurs sweetly, and the cold part of my heart melts.

Fucking hell, I don't need this.

She doesn't like me. She doesn't have a crush on me. I can't become warm for her.

"You're trashed, Harlow." I squat down and push her red hair from her face.

I don't notice if it's soft. I really don't.

"I'm..." She grabs the toilet seat and takes a breath, figuring out if she's going to be sick or not. "I'm fine."

"Uh-huh." Colt leans against the doorway and Alto pushes by him to take the spot in front of the sink.

Her eyes bounce from me, to Alto, then Colt. She doesn't stop watching us, her big green eyes like pinballs.

She giggles, pushing from the toilet and slumping against the wall. “This must be a dream if I get to see all three. Of. You.” She punctuates each word by pointing a finger at each of us. “Just thought you’d at least be shirtless in my dreams. Unfair,” she exhales and Colt chuckles.

I want to laugh, I do, but she’s drunk and she clearly has no idea what she’s saying. I’d understand if she wants Alto and Colt, but me?

I’m too fucked-up for anyone.

“We’re here to make sure you’re okay, Harlow. Your message concerned us,” Alto says, staring at her with too much softness in his mismatched eyes.

“Dare,” she slurs again.

“What was that?” Colt leans in to hear her better.

“We played truth or dare and my dare was to text you guys and tell you I had a crush on you.”

Ah, so she doesn’t like us. It was a lie. All part of a little game.

I’m relieved and slighted.

“Like you guys didn’t know,” she rambles, her eyes closing as her head tilts down. Her body tilts and it jolts her awake. “You knew. I’ve always found you three sexy.” She waves her finger at us and I hold my breath because she must be speaking the truth. “Always together.” She sighs, exhausted. “I got lost in soooo many fantasies with that.” She laughs and Alto clears his throat while Colt beams with a smile.

“She’s adorable when she’s drunk,” Colt says.

“She’s going to be sick,” I tell him. “Ignore what she saying. She won’t remember tomorrow. Any guy could be standing where we are and I’m sure she’d probably say the same thing.”

She scoffs, poking me in the chest. “I might be drrrruunk,” she sings, then licks her lips and I ignore how the simple touch of her finger feels against me. “But I wouldn’t sa-say this to anyone.” She stumbles and hiccups again. “You three…” This sigh is dreamy and a soft smile plays on her lips. “So hot. Why

are you so hot? It's hot, actually. I'm hot." She begins to take her shirt off and all of us launch forward.

"Woah! Woah, no! No, no!" Alto shouts as we tug her shirt down.

I only get a glimpse of the flawless flesh of her stomach. Nothing more.

"Don't get undressed, sweetheart."

"But I'm hot. I'm sweating." She lies down on the cool tile of the bathroom floor and sighs. "This feels good."

Alto rubs a hand down his face, all of us a little paler than usual since we nearly saw her half naked. It wouldn't be a big deal if it weren't Grizzly's daughter.

All of us blow out a breath and then her hand finds mine. Even a bit clammy, her skin is soft, and she smiles a little as she rests.

"You feel good. I feel so safe with you here." This time when she speaks, it's clear with no slurring or stuttering.

Fuck me.

I'm a goner.

This troublemaker is going to wrap herself around my cold, dead heart and try to bring it back to life.

COLT

There are a few things I know about Harlow's life.

Her roommates want me. I know because every time I see them, they can't help but look at me. I could have them if I want, but someone not even twenty years old has never captured my attention.

Until now.

Fuck, this is so not good.

"Bane, pull your hand away from hers," Alto orders between tight teeth.

"I'm trying," he says, but he doesn't even move.

He's frozen.

Bane is a mystery. A closed book. Where I put everything out on the table, he locks everything about himself in a vault. He's either thrown away the key or swallowed it so no one else can see what lurks inside his mind.

There's one thing that's obvious.

The man doesn't like to be touched. He doesn't touch. Hell, he doesn't even hug. The most that ever happens is if someone accidentally brushes against him.

Alto grabs Bane's shoulder and Bane spins around, wide-eyed and ready to attack, but his hand is still on the ground, trapped under hers.

"It's just me, Bane. It's Alto. Your VP."

The haze leaves his eyes and he blinks, confused and lost. He yanks his hand away from hers and stands, taking a deep breath.

“Sorry. Got lost in thought.”

“That’s the second time. Do you need to go back to the clubhouse? Colt and I can handle Harlow. Or maybe go home.” We all share a house together anyway. We could live at the clubhouse, but we choose to have a private space.

“I’m fine,” he says with a curl of his lip.

Harlow takes the time to sit up, her face pale, and she curls over the toilet seat, throwing up some of what she drank tonight.

I stand behind her, knowing just how she feels because I’ve had plenty of nights like this. “It’s alright. Let it all out, sweetness.” I hold her hair back just as she sniffles.

“I really don’t feel good.” Her voice is amplified by the toilet bowl.

“I know you don’t. You’ll feel better soon.” I rub her back, trying to soothe her, then catch myself.

I’m touching the Prez’s daughter.

Both Alto and Bane are staring at me. Bane looks angry, typical, but Alto looks resigned.

“I’m only trying to help her. Can’t you see she’s sick? Damn, he’d want us to at least take care of her. Stop being bitches about this,” I tell them, leaning to the side to grab toilet paper. “Go get her some water or Gatorade. Something with sugar in it.” I dab her mouth clean before flushing the evidence down. “Feel better?”

“No,” she says at the same time as she nods, giving away just how drunk she is.

“Someone please get me an ice pack. She’s burning up.” Maybe she does need out of these clothes. She’s wearing jeans and a long-sleeved shirt that’s soaked through with sweat. “Hey, Harlow? Hey?” I tap her cheek and her head falls back

like a bobblehead. “Sweetness? Hey, I need you to wake up for a second.”

Her eyes slowly open and I can tell she regrets how much she drank tonight.

“I’m going to get you changed, okay? I promise not to look.”

She nods and I pick her up by carefully swinging her into my arms, then lay her down on the bed. I rummage through her drawers. I open and quickly shut her underwear drawer because I do not need that image in my head.

So much about tonight is fucked-up. Too much. There’ll be no going back after this, I just know it.

“And those are bras.” I shut that drawer too, my cheeks burning a bit from embarrassment. I don’t know why. I’m not doing anything wrong. “Bingo,” I say, finding her shirts.

I find an extra-large one that says Venom Vultures MC on the right breast and figure that’s good enough. Turning around, I lift her up and look away, yanking her sweat-soaked shirt from her body then tossing it somewhere.

Only it doesn’t land anywhere.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Alto hisses.

I turn to see he’s holding the shirt. He and Bane are staring at me with flames of fury in their eyes and I reevaluate my situation.

“I know this looks bad. It isn’t what it looks like. I haven’t seen anything. So you fuckers need to look away.”

They do the moment I say it. “Her shirt was drenched. She’s burning up. I wanted to make her more comfortable.” I slip the MC shirt over her head, and it falls to her knees. Without thinking, I slip my hands under her shirt, unbutton her pants, and slip them off. “Flip on the fan.”

Bane flicks the switch and when the fan gains a good speed, she moans as cool air drapes over her skin.

“See? Do you have the ice pack?”

“Yeah. Here.” Alto throws it to me, and I settle it on the pillow, then drag her up the bed so the back of her neck can be pressed against it.

“Mmm,” she hums in relief.

“Grab a pot. For throw-up. Just in case.”

Alto gives me a quick nod, disappearing out of the room, and Bane tosses me a Gatorade.

“Perfect.” I unscrew the bottle and wrap an arm around her.

“Harlow?” I whisper, sliding my knuckles down her cheek.

“Hmm?”

“I need you to take a drink of this. Can you do that for me?”

She messily wraps her lips around the rim and I’m able to tilt it. Some of the drink spills on the blanket, but she’s able to get some down her throat. I call that a win.

“Good girl,” I praise her, kicking myself the moment I say it.

She’s not my girl. I have no right to say that.

I only call my women good girls. I’ll chalk it up to me not having a woman in a while.

“I’m going to put the drink on the nightstand, okay?” I tell her.

“Okay, Colt,” she replies.

“Hey, that’s good, right? She knows it’s me. That’s a start.”

Alto interrupts Bane from speaking when he comes into the room with the pot. “Hey, you two take care of her friends and get them to bed. I’ll watch over Harlow.”

I don’t argue because there’s no arguing orders from the VP.

I give Harlow one last look as Alto takes the spot next to her, the bed dipping from his weight. His brows dip as he stares at her, a confused expression I know too well.

We’ve all been wearing it because we all have been feeling it.

She opens her eyes, they flutter as if they’re heavy. She smiles up at Alto, her hand pressing against his cheek. “I love your eyes,” she mumbles. “So unique.”

Alto flinches from her touch as if it burns.

But I bet it burns in a way that feels good.

“You’re all so handsome. It’s unfair.”

I grin when I hear her say that and then I remember Alto’s orders. I walk out the bedroom door with Bane at my side.

“You get Meredith?” I tell him while I stare down at Addison.
“I’ll get Addy.”

Bane grunts in agreement, lifting Meredith up without an issue, and I bend down, slinging Addy over my shoulder.

Neither of them wake up from being jostled so heavily. Meredith even snores while Bane carries her.

“Wait. Wait. Let’s grab pictures and then we can send it to them tomorrow.”

Bane doesn’t look amused but he stops so I can take out my phone. I snag a picture and chuckle but Bane kicks the door open to Meredith’s room, then tosses her on the bed.

“Bane, at least tuck her in.”

He sighs in annoyance, grabbing the comforter bunched up at the bottom of the bed and dropping it over Meredith. Literally drops it.

“Do you hold an ounce of softness?”

“No,” he clips, grabbing Addy from me and tossing her on her bed too. “I’m not doing the tucking,” he warns, stomping out of the room and heading to Harlow’s.

“Just a ray of sunshine you are,” I shout over my shoulder for him to hear me.

I step inside the room and grab the extra blanket at the bottom of the bed, gently placing it over Addy’s body.

“Colt?” she says sleepily.

“Yeah, it’s me. Go to sleep, everything is fine.” I stroll out of her room and that’s when I hear her say one last thing.

“She’s been crazy about you three forever. Don’t tell her I said that.” She sighs. “She’d kill me,” she mumbles before passing

out again.

My heart hammers in my chest at the thought. A very wrong, not-allowed thought, but damn I can't deny Harlow felt good in my arms when I had her there.

"How is she doing?" I ask, leaning against the doorframe and crossing my arms.

"She'll be fine. Hungover as hell tomorrow with a lot of regrets, but fine."

"What time is it?" Bane asks, the loud sound of a can popping open has us turning.

He has a beer in his hand.

"Seriously? A beer? It's three in the morning."

"Name a better time to have one." Bane lifts the beer to his lips and plops down in the chair settled in the corner. He raises his brows at us. "I mean, there's more in the fridge if you want it."

"You aren't supposed to drink on the job. If Prez knew you were drinking while we were taking care of Harlow, he'd kick your ass, then he'd kick mine."

"I'm not driving, and I'm not trashed. I can handle one beer. Focus your concern on Harlow."

Alto huffs, the chain hanging from his pocket clinking together as he stands. "Don't act like you aren't concerned, Bane. I saw it there for a second. You didn't know what to do."

"She touched me. I don't like to be touched. That's all that was," Bane tries to explain himself.

"Whatever you need to tell yourself to sleep at night." I slap his shoulder and he sneers at me, telling me to take my hand away from his body. "My fault." I raise my hand in surrender, then rub my eyes when they begin to burn. "So, can we go? She's taken care of, right? It's probably best if we leave."

Alto exhales a big breath, scratching the back of his head. "I don't know." He groans in frustration. "You guys go. Then at

least one person will be here if anything happens.”

“We aren’t leaving you here.”

“I agree with Bane.”

We fall silent for a minute, all of our eyes on Harlow as she sleeps. Even in her sleep, I can tell she doesn’t feel well.

“I can’t stop thinking about her messages or what she’s said since we got here,” Alto admits, breaking the silence.

Bane chokes on his beer and I inhale a sharp breath from his words.

I shake my head, staring at the floor and focusing on the scuffs ruining my new boots.

Aw, man. How did they get there?

“No, nope. No. Stop it,” I mumble, unable to stop shaking my head. “Take it back. Take the words back.”

His gaze is annoyed when he narrows it at me. “What are we, twelve? I’m not taking it back. You sound ridiculous.”

“I’m going to *sound* alive,” I remind him. “While standing over your grave because Grizzly would have killed you. Take the words back. Don’t put that out in the universe. No.” I snatch thin air as if the words are floating right in front of me.

“Stop acting like I didn’t say what we were all thinking. She’s a grown woman, a beautiful fucking woman who likes us. Not just one of us, all of us.”

Bane crushes the beer can in his hand and tosses it on the floor. “I know you’re not trying to rationalize this. I know you don’t sound like you’re about to have this make sense, because it doesn’t. Shut up. Keep your thoughts to yourself. And whatever ideas you think you’re having, forget them. Whatever dream you’re thinking of, forget it. That isn’t just some girl. We’ve known her for her entire life. We’ve been friends with her father, his entire life. This isn’t a decision you rationalize. It isn’t even a decision. That thought, is the greatest act of betrayal. Fucking forget it.”

I let Alto's words play in my mind and for some damn reason, I agree with him, even though Bane makes a fair point. "Wouldn't Grizzly want her protected? Who better than us?"

He gives me a look that slashes regret in my chest. "You have got to be kidding. Do you hear yourself? She's Prez's daughter. He's our friend. You can't be serious."

"I'm not. I mean, I am, but I know nothing will come of it. I'm just talking, Bane." Alto slumps on the bed again.

I sit at the bottom of the bed and Harlow rolls to her side. Her feet hit my thigh and my hand lands on her upper leg. It feels natural. I move my hand away as if touching her burns.

"Then stop talking. You're a fucking idiot if you think this won't ever get back to Prez. It's time we go. The longer we hang around here, the cloudier our judgment becomes. You've lost it, the both of you."

Harlow groans in that instant and bolts forward, tangling herself in the sheets so she can't get up, and she throws up again. The sheets are ruined, but I don't care about that.

"Harlow!" Alto yanks the sheets off and I gather them, safely rolling the blankets together to put them on the floor.

"I really don't feel well, Alto." She heaves again and I place the pot under her, but nothing happens.

"Maybe she has alcohol poisoning. If that's the case, we have to call Prez and take her to the hospital," I suggest.

"No, I'm fine," she says, a bit more clearly and less drunk. "I'm sorry." She passes out again and Bane checks her pulse.

"She's going to take ten years off my fucking life if she keeps getting sick."

"I say we take her to the hospital," Alto suggests, like I did moments ago.

Bane picks her up in his arms and chuffs a disagreement. "Why bother? We have everything we need at the house. Our house," he clarifies. "Then, we don't have to tell Prez much. We can say we did our rounds, she texted us from a party, and we thought the safest place was with us."

No one says anything.

“Well? We don’t have time to fucking waste, do we? Instead of sitting around with our thumbs up our asses, at least this is us doing something. Now, I can’t put her on my bike, so I’m grabbing her car keys. I suppose my bike will be left.”

“And if someone sees it?” Alto asks.

“Then I guess we’re going to have to come up with another lie,” he growls in disapproval and snags her car keys from the top of her dresser.

This isn’t good.

Lies are just like cracks in a foundation. The more pressure you put on them, the more they spread.

And I have the feeling this is only the beginning.

HARLOW

I'm horrified.

No, I'm more than that. I'm beyond embarrassed.

I want to crawl into a hole and never be seen again. Of course I'll get drunk, only the second time in my life, text the three men I want more than anything, and make a fool out of myself.

I know a lot of people say this, but I mean it.

I'm. Never. Drinking. Again.

Ever.

Nope.

God, just the thought has my stomach rolling again. I don't know how I can still be sick. I've thrown up enough to get some of my rational thought back to me.

I regret everything.

I pat Bane's back, and on any other day I'd be way more enamored by how wide and muscular he is. "Put me down," I urge him, just as we get to the bottom of the steps. "I'm going to be sick again." Only this time, only half of why I'm sick is because of the alcohol I shouldn't have mixed together, and the other half is the nerves and anxiety I have about the three men I crave more than anything seeing me at my worst.

Also, they're probably going to tell my dad about this, and the lecture I'm going to get is going to be a long one with lots of yelling.

I bend over and my hair falls in my face, but then it's gone.

"It's alright, sweetheart. Let it all out. You're okay." Alto's voice soothes me as he holds my hair back.

Bane is standing in front of me so no one can see what's going on, then there's Colt.

He is saying the sweetest things which help the roll of sickness pass. "This has happened to the best of us. You shouldn't be ashamed. It's all right. No one here is going to judge you."

I'm judging myself.

Why? Why did they have to answer that stupid text? Why did I play that dumb game? This isn't how I wanted them to find out I have feelings for them. I never wanted them to find out because I know my heart would just get broken, shattered, and I'd never want to show my face at the clubhouse again.

Actually, that might still be in the plan.

When I'm better, I'm going to run away. I'll change my name and never look back. They won't be able to find me. I'll crawl into a hole to never be seen again.

My drunk self is annoying. Apparently I'm a hot mess, and on top of that, I'm feeling tears burn my eyes.

Don't cry. Don't cry. Don't cry.

The salty water fills until my sight of the bushes in front of the apartment blurs and eventually the warm liquid spills over.

Great, not only am I a hot mess, but I'm a crier when I'm drunk. I'm never drinking again. I'm never playing truth or dare with shots. I'm never doing the college partying thing again. This feeling isn't worth it.

"Sweetness, it's okay. Don't be upset. We'll take care of you," Colt tries to reassure me. His hand on my back feels good. Too good. His palm is spread out across my lower back and his fingers draw small circles across it as he tries to calm me down. "You're safe."

"I'm sorry," I blurt, fighting the urge to get sick again.

I'd rather pass out and be left in front of the bushes.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to drink so much and I shouldn’t have messaged what I did,” I ramble quickly, trying to fix the situation so I don’t lose them in my life. It would have been a nightmare seeing my dad and then Colt, Bane, and Alto surrounding him, then not being able to even look them in the eye.

“Don’t worry about that right now,” Alto says, his hand finding my shoulder to give it a squeeze. “We need to get you to the house. You’ve ruined your bed.”

I groan, the memory fuzzy even though what he’s talking about just happened a few minutes ago. “Don’t remind me.” I wave my hand to try to find his body to push him away, but I touch his thigh instead. Instead of pushing him away, I find myself using him for support. I moan when my stomach cramps again and I wrap my arm around his leg, tug him close, and lean my head against his thigh. “I’m mortified,” I grumble.

“Don’t be,” Bane grunts in his typical deep, slightly annoyed tone. “Alto has woken up naked in places he does not remember with people he didn’t know.”

I frown at the thought of Alto with anyone. I know the guys in the club get around, especially with the club whores. I’ve seen my fair share of what goes on in the clubhouse. I don’t care about seeing any of the other guys getting laid, but the one time I saw Alto and Colt getting their cocks sucked at the same time by some drunk biker bunny, I haven’t been able to go back to the clubhouse. It hurts too much knowing some whore got to experience two men I’ve wanted for as long as I can remember.

If only I was someone else. If only I had a different name, body, and face. If this was another world, another time, maybe I’d be able to have them the way I’ve always wanted.

“That’s reassuring. I can’t say I’ve ever forgotten men I’ve hooked up with.” I don’t mean to sound a bit bitter or try to rub anything in their faces, because they wouldn’t care who I have or haven’t been with.

I've never been with anyone sexually. There have been "almost" kisses, but I always backed out at the last second. It never felt right. Alto, Bane, and Colt don't need to know those details. They can think I'm experienced and maybe they'd consider wanting me.

"You don't need to be hooking up with anyone," Alto bites.

Colt agrees, "You're too young for that."

I snort, then stand straight, stumbling to the left when I lose my balance. I'm still seeing double, but it's better than quadruple.

I'll take it.

"I got ya." Colt's arm snags around my waist to stop me from falling and the warmth from his body relaxes me.

I can't help it, I snuggle in, using my drunken regret to let me enjoy his touch.

"Do you—do you have a boyfriend?" Alto asks, and I don't think anything of it.

"Why? Are you going to go run and tell my daddy?" I hiccup before giggling.

"No," he forces through gritted teeth. "Just answer the damn question."

"Nope." I pop the p. "No boyfriend."

"Good," Alto says.

"Alto," Bane snaps in warning. "Enough."

"I'm the one in charge. Not you," Alto retaliates.

Bane swings me into his arms before I take another step.

Oh, I don't have shoes on.

"Don't want you walking on the pavement, Princess. There could be broken glass all over this parking lot."

"I'm not a princess," I argue.

Bane gives me a look of disbelief before chuffing with a shake of his head. "You're the biggest princess I know...Princess,"

he adds for the hell of it, knowing it would tick me off.

I'm not a princess in the royalty sense, but in the MC sense, I am.

Every club knows it too, and it's the reason why I hate being called a princess. It's all I ever am to anyone.

One day, I'd like to be more to someone.

I know I'm young. I'm nineteen, but I've seen so many things. I've seen death, because that's part of the job when you're the Prez's daughter. All I have ever been is a prize for someone to hold over my father's head, and until I can get out of the life, that's all I'll ever be.

"Damn it," Bane curses, which isn't unusual. "I put her keys in my pocket."

Without wasting a second I dive my hand down, pretending to search for his pockets, and slide my hand over his zipper.

He growls low, placing his mouth to my ear. "Harlow, watch it."

"Sorry. I didn't mean to," I slur, hiding my smile in his shoulder so I don't give myself away. I slide my hand in his pockets and tug out my keys.

"Fucking trouble," he says, clicking the fob that unlocks my car.

He lies me down in the back and the moment my head hits the seats, everything spins and another rush of alcohol hits me.

"I don't feel good. Where are Colt and Alto? Bane?" I panic a little, thinking I'm all by myself when the car door opens and a rush of air slips inside, rolling over my heated flesh.

"Hey, Princess. You're okay. I'm here." Bane takes my hand while the other presses against my temple. "You're okay. I'm going to get you to our house, okay? We'll take care of you. The guys will be right behind us on their bikes."

"I'm sorry. I know this isn't how you wanted to spend your night. I don't mean to be annoying. I don't drink much. We aced our tests and wanted to..." I hold my stomach, turning to

my side when my mouth waters, threatening more sickness again. “Just wanted to celebrate.”

Bane chuckles and I feel the rough pad of his fingers move my hair out of my face. “We’ve all been there, Princess. Truly, nothing to be ashamed of. I’m glad it’s us here and not someone else.”

He’s never been the guy who talks a lot, so his words make me smile while my eyes hood with exhaustion. “Yeah?” I ask on a sigh, my cheek resting against the cloth seat.

“Yeah, Princess.”

The car begins to move, and I allow my eyes to shut as Bane drives to their house. A flurry of thoughts run through my head.

What will they tell my dad? Will they lie? Are they doing this out of obligation?

I grumble again, sitting up, then roll down the window to allow cool air to hit my face. There’s no way I can get sick again. I had to have gotten rid of everything by now. I’m never listening to Meredith and Addy again. They always have me letting go of all of my inhibitions—accompanying that with alcohol, I didn’t stand a chance.

“I know, Harlow. I’m sorry. Being drunk isn’t as it’s cracked up to be.”

I lean against the door and sigh. “Been drunk a lot, huh?”

“No. Enough to learn from it but not enough to be addicted to it,” he states, a hint of rage in his tone.

Bane has always been mysterious to everyone. What I do know is whatever happened to Bane was bad. Those scars on his mouth aren’t there because he was born with them. I’m curious what happened and how it happened, but Bane doesn’t talk about his past. Hell, he barely talks at all. It’s why I’m so surprised he’s said so much now.

He’s a grinch—but a sexy, muscular, bull-like grinch.

“What was that?” he asks, and I meet the four of his eyes in the rearview mirror.

I just want to close my eyes and forget tonight.

“What?”

“You said something about a grinch. The movie?”

I groan again, hating myself more for saying that out loud, so I lie. “Yep. The movie. Love it. It’s my favorite.”

“It’s not even close to Christmas.”

I narrow my eyes at him, trying to narrow the amount of Banes I see. “So? It’s a classic.”

“No, westerns are classics.”

“Well, it’s not the western season, is it? Yet you still watch them,” I point out, the words still blurring together. I can’t seem to get my tongue to work yet.

“Western season? It isn’t like summer or fall, Harlow.”

I snort. “Yes, so,” I mumble.

He laughs, reaching back and patting my knee with his hand.

“You’re funny when you’re drunk.”

“Better than annoying.”

“You’re that too,” he says a little too honestly.

I pout my bottom lip. “You could have lied to me.”

“I don’t lie, Princess,” he states, with no humor laced in his tone.

He’s so honest, he doesn’t care about your feelings or if it means it leaves you in a crying mess. We fall in comfortable silence and I rest, letting my head rest against the door. The wind is cool against my cheeks, and gets me sleepy. I can hear the grumbles of motorcycles behind us. Knowing Alto and Colt are so close has me feeling better too and a slight smile plays on my face.

I don’t know how I’m living my worst nightmare but my greatest daydream. I’ve been wanting to be alone with these three since I turned eighteen. Now I am, but I probably won’t remember any of it.

Never. Drinking. Again.

I must have fallen asleep because I'm snapping my eyes open when rough hands wrap around my waist, and I'm pulled against a warm chest.

"You okay?"

I sigh when I hear Alto's voice. I nod, peeling my eyes open enough to see the large house sitting in the middle of nowhere. What I love about their house is that it's made of storage containers, and it's huge with big windows that bring in a ton of sunlight.

It's also very well protected. One button puts the entire house on lockdown if I remember correctly. The windows get covered in bulletproof glass and steel lines the inside of the containers for extra protection from any enemies. They have a gorgeous view of the mountains in the distance and are only a few miles away from the clubhouse.

"Thank you," I whisper into Alto's ear as Bane unlocks the front door.

"For what, sweetheart?"

"Bringing me here and not taking me to the clubhouse," I force myself to say through a twisted tongue. "Daddy would have been so mad at me. I only wanted to be normal. You know, without him breathing down my neck."

"We know," Colt says. "It's why you're here. We remember what it's like to be your age."

I barely get a glance at the open floor plan of the house. It's my favorite part of it but I'm too drunk to focus, and when we enter one of the guest bedrooms, Colt flips on a lamp in the corner that doesn't shine too brightly so it doesn't hurt my eyes.

Bane flips on the fan, and I sigh in relief. "Feels good."

Alto takes me to the bathroom and helps me brush my teeth. I can't even hold the damn toothbrush.

"You're so close to going to bed, sweetheart. Just a little longer," he urges, shoving the toothbrush over my tongue and teeth.

When he's satisfied, he turns on the sink and I spit, then I cup my hand under the faucet so the water pools and wash my mouth out.

"So embarrassing," I mumble, holding onto the counter to try to get to the bed myself. "I'm mad at myself." My knees buckle when I release the hold I have on the counter and thick arms wrap around my waist to catch me.

"Woah, I got you," Alto announces.

"I can...I can do it." I try to push away from him, but the attempts are weak. I don't have enough energy.

"I know you can. We know you can, but we're only trying to help. Why don't you let Colt tuck you in? Bane will go get you something to drink and I'll make you a snack. How's that sound?"

Food?

Consider my attention caught.

"That sounds nice. Do you have grapes?"

"I do," he says.

"I hate grapes," I tell him. "No grapes."

Colt laughs, flipping the covers so I can slide into bed.

"You love grapes," Bane tells me.

I snuggle in the bed and sigh, then rest my head against the headboard. Turning, I look at him through heavy eyes. "I think I'd know if I liked grapes."

"I saw you eating them two weeks ago."

"I was a different woman then. That was another time." I wave him away. "What were we talking about?" I hiccup, covering my mouth.

I'm still horrified.

"Grapes," Colt reminds me.

I beam. "I love grapes."

Bane rolls his eyes and Alto chuckles as they leave the room.

“You’re funny when you’re drunk.”

“I don’t think so,” I exhale, closing my eyes so the graininess goes away. “I’m going to hate myself tomorrow.”

“Nah, you’ll be okay.”

“No. I’ve wanted you three for too long and now this will be the only chance I get. Of course I’m trashed the one time we’re all alone. So handsome, all of you. I’m a virgin.”

“What? What did you just say?” Bane hisses, entering the room again with Alto. “What?”

“God,” Colt groans.

“Fucking hell. We are screwed,” Alto says.

“Tired,” I yawn, leaning my head against his shoulder. I’ve already forgotten what I said.

He runs his fingers through my hair. “I know, sweetness. You need to eat a little something, take some meds so your head doesn’t feel like it will explode tomorrow, and then drink some water.”

“So much to do,” I whine a little pathetically.

“I know, but it will be worth it.”

The sound of boots pounding against the floor has me opening my eyes. Alto is the first one I see, tall and muscular, his shirt stretched over his chest. He smiles softly at me and hands me a bowl of grapes. He also hands me four ibuprofen and Bane unscrews another Gatorade bottle.

I take the medicine and down half of the drink, then manage to eat a handful of grapes before I truly can’t keep my eyes open.

“Good girl,” Bane growls at me, but I sense a hint of pride.

And I like that.

“We’ll see you in the morning, sweetheart.”

My eyes close and I think I feel their lips on my forehead as they say goodnight.

I must be dreaming because there is no way they would ever do that.

So I decide to get lost in the dream.

And there's a part of me that never wants to wake up.

ALTO

I'm exhausted. I haven't been able to sleep since we brought her to our house. I've tossed and turned all night, afraid for my fucking life because all I've thought about is Harlow. I can't believe we brought the Prez's daughter here. What were we thinking? We could have easily changed the sheets on her bed and left her at her apartment.

But no, we brought her here, and I think the last time she stepped foot in the house is when we had a housewarming party for some fucking reason. She came with a gift, a fancy blender we have no idea how to use, that sits proudly on our concrete countertop.

I roll out of bed and rub a hand down my face, trying to think of something to tell Prez because I can't keep this from him. Grizzly is our best friend and lying to him won't fly. He'll know. He's good like that, so I'll have to twist the truth.

God, I'm a real bastard for lying to my best friend.

My phone buzzes on my nightstand and I snag it from the charging stand.

Speak of the devil.

I tug the strands of my hair. "Fuck," I curse.

The message is simple. It's only telling us that church will be at noon and to be there on time or someone will be on clubhouse cleaning duty.

Fuck that.

That place is disgusting and it's a prospect's job.

I toss my phone to the side and rub my hands over my face, groaning at myself because this cannot end well.

Standing, I stretch, my back cracks audibly and I sigh in relief. My eyes burn from the lack of sleep, but I can sleep when I'm dead, I suppose. I scratch my stomach and head to the attached bathroom, flip on the shower, kick off my sweatpants, and walk into the oasis I created.

I'm a sucker for a good shower. I have a huge showerhead from the ceiling and it rains down on me. I love it.

I catch myself against the wall with my hand, hanging my head, and let the water hit the back of my neck. God, it feels good.

My cock comes to life, typical when I wake up in the mornings, and I wrap my fist around the length. I don't think about anything. I only think of the pleasure and how badly I want to come. I watch my cock slip in and out of my fist, and immediately I'm hit with an image of me bending Harlow over the bed, fucking her tight little virgin cunt.

I can't believe she admitted that, but knowing we could be the only ones to touch her fucking ruins me.

I shake my head, needing to get the image out of my head, but then my imagination takes over. It's Bane fucking her now and Colt has her mouth while I play with her ass. She's moaning for us and my mouth parts as I pant, stroking myself quicker.

My thumb rubs over the tip, dipping into the slit, the image of Harlow morphs until her lips are wrapped around my cock and that's all it takes for my entire body to tighten. Come shoots from my cock and one of the most intense orgasms I've ever had in my life rips through my system.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," I curse and groan at the same time knowing this orgasm is wrong on every level but it feels so damn good. I let go of myself, trying to catch my breath, and squeeze my eyes shut.

Shit. What did I do? What did I just do? There's no coming back from that. If I gave in once, I'll do it again.

And again.

Until the thought of her isn't enough and I'll need more.

"Damn it," I say to myself, then clean my come from the wall.

After I wash my hair and body, I step out of the shower, snag the towel, and dry off. Regret and guilt are heavy on my mind today. Probably will be tomorrow too. How the hell am I going to face Grizzly?

After brushing my teeth, putting on deodorant and a spritz of cologne, I get dressed. Black ripped jeans, an MC t-shirt, and my cut. I head to the kitchen, my cock still semi-hard because I can't stop thinking about fucking Harlow.

Who would be the one to claim her virginity out of the three of us?

Christ, I need to stop. None of us. No one is going to touch her.

"You look like shit," Colt says, pouring himself a cup of coffee.

"I feel like shit," I grumble.

I snag a mug from the cabinet and pour my own coffee, then for Bane too because he will be in here any minute when he hears us.

"Didn't sleep?"

I turn to Colt, lean against the counter, and notice he has bags under his eyes too. My stomach twists because I have a feeling it's for the same reason.

"No," I finally answer. "I tossed and turned all night." I open the fridge and grab the creamer, shivering when I see Colt drink straight-up black coffee.

It's so bitter.

I pour the peppermint mocha creamer until I reach the desired color of my coffee, then give it a stir.

"Same," he admits, then lowers his voice. "I can't stop thinking about her, Alto. What the fuck? I have never had this problem before. I have never thought about her like that, but now..."

“I know. I know,” I say with too much understanding.

Bane finally comes into the kitchen with a scowl on his face. He looks exhausted too. He slams every cabinet door to get a mug, slams it on the counter, and does the same with the fridge.

“I guess you didn’t sleep well either,” Colt points out.

Bane looks over his shoulder and narrows his eyes. He doesn’t say anything. He doesn’t need to. We’re all in the same boat. We’re all pissed. And we are all guilty.

“Is it her?” I whisper, needing to know.

Maybe it’s just me and Colt. That wouldn’t be new. Bane doesn’t ever join in when we bring a woman over.

He likes to watch, but he doesn’t actively participate.

I don’t know why. It isn’t something he’s brought up, but Bane never brings up personal experiences.

We are all three best friends. We share everything, so it isn’t even a conversation when if a girl doesn’t like one of us, then we end things. All we want is one woman to share and pay attention to, spoil, and love.

Eventually. But never in a million years would I ever entertain the idea of that woman being Grizzly’s daughter.

“Don’t,” he clips, and his shoulders tense. “Don’t even think about it. Don’t say it.”

“I couldn’t sleep either,” I admit, ignoring him because he’s being difficult like always. “I couldn’t stop thinking about Harlow.”

Bane spins around and grips me by my cut, slamming me against the counter until the edge of it digs into my back. His face turns red with rage and his jaw tense. He points a finger in my face. “Don’t fucking say that. Don’t.”

“Why?” I lean forward, inches away from his face. “Can’t handle the truth, Bane? Can’t handle that the three of us want someone so much younger than we are?”

“That’s one of many reasons.” He shoves me before letting go of my cut. “She’s never been with anyone. She deserves a man who isn’t a rough biker.”

“Bullshit.” Colt becomes impatient, setting his mug down. “You’re just trying to convince yourself you don’t deserve someone as good.”

“I don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about. She’s annoying. I don’t have the temper to deal with a girl who acts like that when she’s trashed.”

“Now you’re just being a dick,” I state. “She was adorable. She rambled, yes. She got sick, yes. But everyone has. You liked it. I saw it in your eyes. She’s one of the few women who has looked you without being afraid and you don’t know how to handle that.”

“Shut the fuck up, Alto. You don’t know what you’re talking about.” Bane stares down at his coffee and frowns, the scars on his lips moving and deepening the natural wrinkles around his mouth. “We can’t talk about this anymore. We have church soon and we need to take her back to her apartment. She can’t stay here. It’s too much.”

“For her or for you?”

“For all of us, Colt,” Bane replies. “She can’t get comfortable here and we can’t get used to her being here. Remember who we see today, and the last thing we need is to tell Grizzly we want to fuck his daughter.”

I sputter the coffee out of my mouth at his harsh words. “Well, Jesus, Bane. We wouldn’t be so crass about it.”

“Why? It’s the truth and he’ll know it. How do you think he’d feel knowing his three best friends want to fuck his daughter? What would you do? No.” He shakes his head. “Leave me out of this. I won’t betray my friend.”

“You have already,” I sneer before he can leave the kitchen. “I bet you’ve already thought about her naked and moaning your name. Don’t get high and mighty on me, Bane. Don’t pretend to be good now.”

“Thinking and taking action are two different things,” a hoarse admission escapes him.

“Until thinking about it won’t be enough,” I tell him, the same thought that entered my mind earlier.

He grips the counter and hangs his head, remaining silent because he knows I’m right.

I usually like it when I’m right, but I’d give anything to be wrong.

“Maybe we just need some space from her. Once we take her home and move on with club business, this little...” He tries to find the right word. “...hiccup will be a thing of the past.”

Scratching the scruff on my face, I think about it. Colt could be right. Maybe it’s just been a while since we’ve seen her and now we realize what a gorgeous woman she’s grown into. She’s funny, sweet, and sassy.

Apparently, she has a love-hate relationship with grapes too.

My heart soars as if it has grown its own wings the longer I think about her.

“Yeah, you’re right. We’ll be fine when we place some distance between her and us.” I lean my elbows on the counter and sip from my mug again, feeling a bit more confident that we won’t have to betray Grizzly.

Until all three of us hear the shower turn on in her room.

We snap our heads in that direction and I hear a gulp come from one of us. I don’t know who. It could have been me.

She’s naked, and those fucking images from when I was in the shower this morning resurface. Her body is wet and soon suds will cover her flawless skin. My hands ache to touch, to roam, to explore, and I growl, angrily drinking my coffee louder than necessary.

“Well, let’s hope that’s the case, right?” Colt chimes in too happily. “Because this isn’t going well. I’m imagining her all kinds of naked in all kinds of positions.”

“Colt.” Bane grimaces.

“Tell me you aren’t.”

“I want more than that.” Bane doesn’t take his eyes from her room, a darkness clouding his face. “She’d never want me anyway,” he whispers so low I barely hear him.

“Brother, if you saw how she looked at you last night, you wouldn’t be thinking that.” I slap his shoulder and listen to the different sounds of the water splashing onto the stall’s floor. She’s moving, bathing, bending down to wash her legs, and my cock is well on its way to being hard again.

“This is the last thing we need. Not with church being about the rival MC.” I lace my fingers around the back of my neck and rock, wishing she’d hurry up and turn the shower off.

If she were a club whore, I’d make myself welcome. I’d open up that door, push her to her knees, and slide my cock into her mouth like I’ve done a hundred times before.

Harlow isn’t a club whore. She’s so much more than that. She doesn’t deserve that kind of treatment. The girls that hang around the club are only after a patch. They want to be someone’s property and they don’t care if it means using their own bodies to get it. Club whores never get a “Property of” cut.

It doesn’t mean they don’t get jealous. I’ve seen a few fights between whores and someone’s old lady, and it never ends well for the whores.

If one of the bikers chooses an old lady, that’s a special someone. That decision doesn’t come lightly.

I’ve never had someone like that and neither has Colt or Bane, but Grizzly has, and his ended tragically. I remember the day she died and I never thought we’d be able to get him out of that darkness he pulled himself into. Harlow was who kept Grizzly alive. He found his reason for life through his daughter.

The water finally cuts off and the three of us exhale in relief.

“Um, guys?” she shouts from the bathroom.

“Yeah, sweetheart?” I shout, kicking myself for using the pet name I gave her.

“I don’t have a towel.”

“You have got to be kidding me.” I pinch the bridge of my nose, not wanting to go in there.

“Rock, paper, scissors,” Colt offers.

“What are we, twelve?” Bane snaps.

“Guys?” Harlow shouts again, her voice beckoning me to the dark side.

“Okay, one round. Here we go,” I state.

All of us put a fist out.

“Rock, paper, scissors, shoot.” I flatten my hand to signal paper.

Bane and Colt both have scissors.

I tilt my head back. “Assholes. You cheated.”

Colt chuckles, relaxing as he leans against the fridge. “How the hell does one cheat at that game?”

“I don’t know.” My legs feel heavy as I walk to the hallway closet that has all the sheets, towels, and blankets. My boots feel weighted down by two hundred pounds of cement and sweat begins to break out all over my body.

Why am I having this reaction? I’m thirty-eight years old. It isn’t a big deal to see a woman naked.

Only it is when it’s the Prez’s daughter.

I yank the closet open and the door bangs against the wall so hard the knob leaves a dent. Snagging a towel, a few sheets fall to the ground, and I stomp my way to her room with heavy steps. I open her door and immediately I smell the scent of the lavender bodywash we keep in the guest bedroom. Steam has fogged the mirrors and the foggy tendrils drift outside the bathroom door.

There isn’t a curtain. It’s only a glass stall.

The heat hits me in the face, the steam causing me to sweat, and then I see through the glass. I hold my breath when I only see a fuzzy outline of her body because the glass is fogged. Dragging my eyes away is the hardest thing I've ever had to do.

I hold out the towel, turn my head, and clear my throat.
"Here."

The glass door opens and the towel is taken from my hand.
"Thank you, Alto."

Squeezing my eyes shut, I stomp out of the bathroom and close the door behind me, only then do I let out a breath.

Fuck.

I'm screwed.

BANE

“**T**hanks for bringing me home,” Harlow says as we climb out of the car.

We’re in front of her apartment now and she’s wearing my shirt and Colt’s sweatpants. Everything hanging off her small body. The sweatpants are rolled so the bottoms don’t drag on the ground and the shirt is tied to her hip. I can briefly see the skin of her stomach. It looks soft, flawless, without scars, without pain of the misery of life.

She’s beautiful.

I toss her the car keys and head to my bike where Colt and Alto are waiting for me. “Don’t go getting fucking drunk again.” I add a bite to my tone, hating myself for talking to her like that all while I’m focused on the red of her hair.

It’s wet, tossed in a messy bun, and all I want to do is take it down and run my fingers through it.

Hurt flashes across her eyes and she gives me a small nod. “Yeah.” Her voice breaks, then she covers it with a smile. “Yeah, I don’t plan on drinking ever again. That was a nightmare. I’m so sorry I was such a burden. I never wanted that to happen. I am so sorry. Thank you, again.” She waves to Colt and Alto, then walks away.

“Harlow.” Her name falls from my lips in a gruff, blunt way.

She looks over her shoulder as I mount my bike.

“You weren’t ever a burden. I don’t want you to ever say that again.” I clip my helmet under my chin and crank my bike.

And there it is.

Her smile.

It's big and bright, dimples on either side of her cheeks, and my heart fucking skips a beat and I find it hard to breathe. My cock hardens and I have to readjust myself so I'm not uncomfortable.

She gives us another wave and blows us a kiss.

Colt catches it with his hand and even from here I can hear her giggle.

When she's safely inside, Alto slaps Colt on the back of the head.

"Ow. What the fuck?"

"No flirting with the Prez's daughter," he bites out.

"Bane flirted first."

"No, he was saying for her not to call herself a burden. Not catching her kiss and giving her hope."

Colt grimaces. "I don't see why there can't be a little hope. She's a grown woman. She can make her own decisions."

I pull out of the parking lot before Colt can say anything else, to get me thinking about a future with the wrong woman. I don't want to drift off into a fantasy. I don't want to dream about things I can't have because men like me don't have dreams.

We can't want. We can't have.

And I know if I had a taste of Harlow's innocence, I'd want to drown in it, and I'd end up ruining her.

Just like I do everything else.

The thought just pisses me off. I want her. The more I convince myself I don't, the more I do. My cock is pressing against my zipper and all I know is when I get to the clubhouse, I'm going to try to have a club whore get on her knees for me before church. Someone will. They're always eager to suck a biker off.

Harsh words, but it's true.

If I can't have Harlow, I'll have to settle for one of the whores.

With that thought, I crank the throttle and fly down the road. The sun is high and hot. The air is dry. To the left and right is nothing but miles of desert. A buzzard plucks at a dead animal on the side of the road, spreading its wings at us as we go by.

Right before Route 66 becomes long and unbearable, the compound is to the right. We toe the line of the law. We pay taxes by owning a few businesses in town. The club owns a mechanic shop, a bar, and a custom bike shop, the tattoo shop as well, and we even have our hands in a few casinos.

On the wrong side of the law? People pay us under the table to move merchandise and hire us for security.

"Bane." The prospect, Dart, greets me as he guards the gate. "Where have y'all been?"

Alto's bike crawls next to mine. He lifts a brow. "I know you're not questioning us, prospect."

"No, sir," Dart rushes to say. "Just saying we missed you guys last night."

"What we do isn't your business, Dart," Alto says, razzing Dart a bit. "Open the gate. We have church."

Dart trips over his own two feet, trying to get to the button to swing the gate open.

I chuckle and the grumbles of our bikes become louder as we slowly roll into the paved parking lot of the Venom Vultures MC clubhouse. With a thumping heart, a tinge of guilt, and a lot of pent-up sexual tension and rage, I park my bike. Kicking the stand down, I jerk my helmet off and slam it on the seat.

"Damn, Bane. What's got up your ass?"

I stop breathing when I hear Grizzly's voice.

"You're a grouch but you're more pissed off today."

"I don't want to talk about it." *Because I want your daughter more than I want revenge on a man who is already dead.*

“Church in fifteen,” he tells me. “Don’t be late.”

“That’s plenty of time.” My steel-toed boots bang against the steps as I climb them, the wooden porch creaking under my weight.

“For?” Grizzly takes a step to the side to allow me inside.

“A whore,” I state bluntly.

No need to beat around the bush about it. Everyone else gets to indulge. Why can’t I?

Grizzly grabs my arm to stop me from going inside. “What’s wrong?” he asks me. “You can talk to me, Bane.”

I can’t and I won’t. I could never be that honest with him.

“It isn’t like you to sniff around the bunnies.”

Without saying another word, I gently pull myself from his hold, lifting a shoulder because I don’t know what to say. Grizzly knows I don’t...get around. I’ve had sex a few times throughout my life and I can count on one hand how many times I’ve gotten my cock sucked. No one wants to have sex with someone who looks like a freak.

One thing I have never done, and probably will never do, is kiss someone.

One look at me and women bolt. The scars aren’t pretty and my lips do not look appealing.

I stroll inside, lifting my chin to Bookie, our treasurer, and Lifesaver, our MC doctor.

“There he is!” Brander, a close friend who has a very loud personality, spreads his arms and wraps them around me, lifting me in the air.

I hate being lifted.

And twirled.

I’m huge, but somehow this motherfucker can pick me up.

When he sets me down, I glare at him.

“Aw, don’t act like you don’t like it,” he says.

“I don’t think he does,” Trap chuckles from the couch. “One of these days, he’ll kill ya, Brander.”

“Nah.” He scrubs the top of my head as if I’m his little brother. “He loves it. Don’t let him lie to you.”

“I don’t like it.” I don’t know why I bother to say it, but I do. It’s the same conversation every time.

I drag a stool away from the bar where most of the whores are and sit down. Bullwhip is behind the bar today, slinging drinks.

“Bane, how’s it going, man?” he asks, pouring me a draft beer.

“Fine,” I grunt, wrapping my hand around the cold drink.

The condensation is wet against my fingertips and immediately I imagine taking an ice cube and rubbing it over Harlow’s lips, then down her neck and over each nipple so I can see them tighten.

Fuck.

My cock aches, reminding me of what I want.

I curl my lip in annoyance and chug down half my beer.

Bullwhip cleans off the spot in front of me with a rag. “Right, because that’s normal,” he says, pointing with his eyes to my drink in hand.

I turn away from him, staring at Destiny, a biker bunny who’s been around for about five years. Every biker here has had their way with her. All but me.

Her blonde hair is bleached too much, her eye makeup is too heavy, and her lipstick is messy, but I’m not here for her looks. I’m only here for her mouth.

“Bane,” she purrs, stepping between my legs.

Her hand touches my inner thigh and her fingers slide across the tip of my cock.

“What are you looking for?” She rubs her palm over my hard length. “Just a little...relief?” She puffs on her cigarette, her

lipstick leaving an imprint on the filter. She blows the smoke to the left and looks me up and down.

Without looking at me, she places her cigarette on the ashtray and she gets on her knees, but Harlow's face flashes in my mind. I only see her, her lips, her body, and I only want them.

The longer I look at Destiny, the sicker I feel.

My cock deflates and I lose interest completely.

“Get up.”

She holds out her hand for me to take, but I don't, and she rolls her eyes, using my knees to get herself onto her feet.

“What a gentleman,” she mumbles, grabbing her smoke from the tray.

I snort as I sip my beer. “Says the bunny who was just on her knees.”

“Be lucky it was me. No other bitch would,” she sneers at me.

Before I can kill her, Bullwhip jumps from behind the bar and grabs Destiny by the arm, showing her out the door.

“What the fuck, Bullwhip?” she curses.

“We're about to have church anyway. Anyone who isn't a patched member needs to get the fuck out, and the next time I hear you talk like that to a member, you won't be welcome back, Destiny.” He slams the door in her face and I spin around on the stool so no one can see my heated face.

I know the kind of man I am. I'm brutal. I'm a force. I'm ugly and I'm not kind. Knowing that and seeing reactions are two different things.

I shouldn't give a fuck about what people think, and most of the time I don't. I've grown used to being the outlier, the one no one wants, the one people cringe at when they see me, but Destiny's reaction makes me think about Harlow.

What does she think of me? Truly, without alcohol clouding her judgment.

What does she think of the tattoos I have from head to toe?
What would she think of the piercing I have through the tip of
my cock? What does she think about my lips?

I don't know why, but the thought of her ever looking at me in
disgust, the way most do, hurts me.

I don't like to feel that. I don't like to feel anything other than
being in control of my own emotions.

"You okay?" Bullwhip grips my shoulder and I glance down at
the whip he always has attached to his hip.

I'd like to take that whip and strangle Destiny with it.

"I'm fine. Nothing I haven't handled before."

"Something you shouldn't have to handle." He jumps over the
bar again and wipes down the countertop. "People are dicks.
You don't need them anyway."

"I know. I sleep just fine too." Except last night. I didn't sleep
at all.

Not that I'd tell Alto or Colt, but I snuck into Harlow's room
and sat in the chair in the corner of the room she slept in. I sat
there and I watched her sleep. I wanted to make sure she was
okay. I wanted to make sure she didn't get sick again. I was
worried.

I didn't touch her. I only watched. I got to hear her sigh and
mumble in her sleep.

I rub the middle of my chest, the desire for her growing.

My entire life changed in one night. Again.

Dramatic changes were a thing of the past. I've had a simple
life since my mother killed my father and I buried him in our
own backyard. I told myself no more life-altering moments. I
was done.

Then last night happened and now the change is happening in
full force and I don't know how to stop it. I hate change.

"Alright. I'm calling church. Get your asses in the chapel,"
Grizzly bellows, and that tiny bit of guilt eats away at my
chest.

I push away from the stool, walking into the lion's den, and there's a part of me that wishes I never went to Harlow's apartment to begin with. None of this would have happened and I wouldn't be worrying about ruining one of the few friendships I have.

I wouldn't be thinking about taking a chance on my best friend's daughter.

Because I think I'm going to, and not even his friendship, not even my loyalty to him will be enough to stop me.

I sit down next to Alto at the head of the table. We have a system. Prez sits at the head of the table, then Alto since he's the Vice President, then me since I'm Sergeant at Arms, and on the other side is Colt, the Road Captain. Next to him is Bullwhip, the Enforcer. Match is in the corner, prepared to take any notes since he's the secretary.

"Okay, before we get started, I'm opening the room to any news that needs to get dropped," Prez announces.

Alto, Colt, and I share a look. We promised Harlow we wouldn't say a word, but how big will be the lie we weave?

"I have a new business idea," Poet, a prospect who has no idea he's about to get patched in soon, pipes up.

"Let's hear it." Grizzly sits back.

Poet blushes. "I want to open a bookstore. I think it would do really well."

"And I want to open a club. A dance club. Exclusive memberships only except for college nights," Halo, another member, says.

Grizzly nods, running his fingers through his beard as he thinks. "Do you both have a marketing plan to give me?"

Poet and Halo both toss a packet on the table and both reports slide across the cherry oak until they stop right in front of him.

"I like the sound of them. I'll look over it with Bookie to see what we can do," Grizzly states. "I like going the straight and narrow. Let's not forget one of our main missions though. A

percentage of any earnings will go to relocating, saving, or whatever else is attached to domestic violence victims.”

“Yes, Prez,” Poet and Halo say in unison.

Prez slaps his hand on the table. “Alright, anything else?”

My eyes flicker to Alto, then Colt, waiting for them to say something, anything.

“Okay, moving on.”

Well, I guess that answers my question about how big the lie is going to be.

COLT

Fuck.

None of us said anything and we should have. It isn't too late. Church isn't over. At the end when everyone leaves, we can tell him. We can blame it on wanting privacy, but then we promised Harlow we wouldn't tell him, but we have to say something.

"We have problems," Prez begins. "The Serpent Devils MC are getting closer and closer to our territory, and I don't fucking like it."

Serpent Devils and Prez go way back. The Prez of the rival MC is someone he used to be close with.

It's his brother.

The same MC that killed Grizzly's old lady, Harlow's mom, when Harlow was just a newborn. It's been a constant war ever since. Since Grizzly's brother didn't kill Harlow's mom himself, Grizzly and his brother made a pact.

They wouldn't ever encroach on each other's territory because Grizzly said if he saw any Serpent Devils, he'd kill them.

Brother or not.

"You okay, Prez?" Brander asks. "Have you talked to your brother about it?"

Grizzly lifts his lip in disgust, hatred flaring in his eyes. "No."

There has been no love lost between the two men either. Grizzly hates his brother for not controlling his men more.

Prez looks down at his hand and twirls his wedding band around his finger. The man only got to wear that ring for a month or two before she died, but every time he twirls the gold band, a look of fresh pain always crosses his face.

“I’m done talking to him. He obviously doesn’t care about the rules in place.”

I know that tone. It’s one full of bloodlust and revenge.

He leans back in his chair, the leather squeaking, and he looks out the window, the hard edge of his jaw tight. “There has been an uptick in deaths all over the city. They all have one thing in common. Cocaine, but it’s never enough in their system to die from, but it’s what it is laced with. It’s unknown, a mixture of something, forensics thinks. It attacks the heart pretty quickly. There is one person who’s alive, but she’s in a coma right now in the hospital and they aren’t sure if she’s going to make it.”

“Damn,” Halo curses.

Trap whistles under his breath.

“Your blood becomes thicker and harder to pump, then your lungs aren’t able to expand fully. Eventually, you’ll have a heart attack while your lungs fill with fluid,” Lifesaver explains. “It’s brutal and it’s painful. It isn’t an easy death.”

“Where are they getting the drugs?” Brander asks, chewing on a piece of bubblegum a little too loudly.

“Well, they are college kids for the most part. They get the drugs where they can, but I had someone tell me they saw a few Serpents on the outskirts making deals,” Lifesaver states. “I think we need eyes on them to make sure before we declare war.”

“War is already declared.” Prez slams his fist on the table and from where I’m sitting I can hear his teeth grinding.

“You know what I mean, Prez. We don’t want to cut the already thin tension between the two clubs. We’re barely hanging on. I don’t want anything to happen to us. We’re in growing mode. A lot of the older members are gone now and

we're kind of rebuilding. We have to be smart. We can't afford to lose anyone."

Prez picks up his water glass and throws it across the room.

Halo dodges the glass before it hits him in the head. It shatters against the wall and a few pieces of glass fly through the air and ping against the table.

"You don't think I know that? You don't think I know how to do my fucking job, Lifesaver? You don't think I know everything you just said? Am I not keeping a good enough eye on things for you? I know, and I know we need more members. I'm not blind." Prez stands, slamming his chair under the table.

He rubs a hand over his mouth while he exhales. His chest rises and falls as he heads to the window. Grizzly presses one hand against the wall and looks out the window, his eyes cold and calculating.

"I'm sorry," he grits as if it pains him to say. "My anger isn't directed at you, Lifesaver."

"I know, Prez. It's fine."

"It isn't." The room falls silent as Prez takes a moment to himself. "I never thought I'd be in this position, but I've prepared myself for a while now that things might not end well with my brother." He turns around and twirls the ring on his finger again.

My heart hurts for him. I have never seen Prez take a whore or date another woman. He's loyal to that wedding band, to his wife's ghost, and it's fucking sad. Not pathetic, but heartbreaking.

I think about if I've ever loved anyone like that and the answer is no. I've never been in love. I've never had a long-term relationship and I have never thought about marriage.

Harlow flashes in my mind and I cough from the intrusive thought because Harlow is very much an intrusive thought. The one damn thing I'm never allowed to think about because it isn't natural and it isn't okay, but god, I can't stop thinking about her in our clothes this morning.

If Prez got that mad at Lifesaver for speaking his mind, I can't imagine how pissed he'd be if he found out three men want to fuck and pamper his daughter.

This is a nightmare.

I need to take a page out of Bane's book and hook up with a club whore.

"Okay, this is what I want. Colt."

I sit up straighter when he says my name and hope I don't look guilty as hell. "Yeah, Prez?"

"I want you, Alto, and Bane to keep an eye on the Serpents. Lifesaver, I want you to get a batch of the drugs. Tell me what you need to test it, analyze it, find some type of antidote for it, something the cops aren't doing, and it's yours. Cops won't do anything about overdoses. They don't care, but maybe we can help a few people if we can get ahead of it."

"You got it," Lifesaver says.

"We'll hit the ground running too. I'll tell everyone who works for us to keep an eye out too," I tell him, lacing my fingers over my stomach.

"Good." He drags his chair out and plops down. "Now, on to more shocking news." He scratches his cheek. "The VP from Fallen Rebels MC is coming to visit."

"Fallen Rebels?" Alto lets out an impressed whistle. "What's he doing visiting from Washington? Damn, they are impressive."

"I know, which is why when he gets here, you all will treat him with respect. I'm going to introduce him to Harlow. He's interested too. Imagine if we had the Fallen Rebels as an ally? It would be good club business if they hit it off."

My fists clench together and my eyes meet Alto's, who is equally as pissed.

Bane's scars on his lips are more pronounced, reminding me more of a cage as he glares at Prez. His leg begins to shake and his tongue slides over his teeth. He's furious.

“You’re going to make her marry someone?” I ask before I can stop myself, and the disgust, rage, and jealousy are not hidden in my tone.

Why the fuck can’t one of us try and woo her? Why does a fucking stranger have more trust and respect than we do?

Prez stares at me, cocking his head before his fingers dig into the back of his chair. “No, I’m not going to make my sugarplum marry anyone. I wouldn’t ever do that to her. I’m hoping they hit it off is all. He’s coming down to talk business but he knows about Harlow too, so he’s looking forward to the trip.”

“I’m sure he is,” Alto sneers for all to hear.

I give him a look of warning, giving a slight shake of my head so he doesn’t say anything else.

“Excuse me? Do you want to repeat that, Alto?”

“Prez, come on,” Alto scoffs. “You’re really going to fall for this guy coming down here to do business and then meeting up with Harlow? What if he just uses her?”

“I’ll kill him,” Prez says as the obvious answer. “We would all kill him. I know how much Harlow means to everyone here. All of you would have to trust him. I wouldn’t ever let my sugarplum date anyone my club didn’t like or respect.”

Right. His...sugarplum.

Fuck, that nickname only makes me feel guiltier because it reminds me she’s only nineteen.

Well, she’ll be twenty soon.

That doesn’t make what I’m thinking about doing to her any better.

“Prez, an outsider, really?” I lean in, placing my elbows on my knees. “Sure, he’s from a respectable MC, but that doesn’t mean shit. He could be sizing us up, using Harlow against you.”

“And if that’s the case, we will be prepared.” He sits down and his eyes dart from me, to Alto, then to Bane. “Why? What’s

going on? Why are you guys questioning this?”

“I just don’t want her to get hurt, Prez. Like you said—” Alto taps his finger on the table. “—We care about Harlow and we’re just being protective. Obviously, we will be respectable.”

Grizzly nods and I let out a breath slowly, relieved he isn’t questioning us, but I don’t think we were too obvious about our interest in Harlow.

“I know and I like that. Everyone here has been great at keeping her safe. I appreciate it.”

“It’s going to suck,” Bane says out of nowhere, and all the attention is on him.

“What will?”

Bane’s eyes cut to Grizzly. “When she moves to Washington to be with the VP.”

Grizzly is taken aback. “Move?”

Alto hides his small smirk, catching on to what Bane is saying. “Yeah, Grizzly. I mean, she’ll have to move. You won’t be able to see her as much. That’s alright. We can go on trips.”

“It will be odd not seeing her around,” I add.

Out of the corner of my eye, I notice the other members nod in agreement.

“Move,” Grizzly grumbles as if he hasn’t thought about it yet. “Nothing is set in stone, damn it! And no one is taking my sugarplum away from me. So stop mentioning that. She isn’t moving. End of story.”

“Grizzly.” Alto sounds as if he is in disbelief. “You’ve had to have thought about this.”

He growls. “I thought he’d come here.”

“Why? He has a bigger, more reputable MC in Washington. He’d be able to give her more. Her going there would be the smarter option.”

“We are dropping this conversation. They might not even like one another,” Grizzly snarls at us. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore. Someone go get those damn drugs so Lifesaver can test it. Church is over. Get the hell out.”

I push away from my seat, hiding my smile as we leave the room one by one. Alto tilts his head to me and Bane, then walks out the front door.

We follow him and find him sitting on one of the rocking chairs. He lights a cigarette and blows out the smoke. My heart is racing with adrenaline from what just happened. I feel like we’re kids again, robbing the store of a candy bar and thinking we’re total badasses.

Granted, we did not rob a store.

We lied to our best friend.

We played him and made him question if he truly wants Harlow to meet this guy.

Bane is the first one to say something. “What the fuck?” he whispers harshly as he takes the chair next to Alto.

“What?” Alto blows the smoke into the wind, then pulls out his phone to check the time. “I have a tattoo appointment in an hour, so whatever needs to be said, say it.”

“What did we just do?” Bane questions, running a hand over his head.

“We only made him think of the possibilities of what would happen—” I begin to say when Bane cuts me off with a dirty look.

“Lie to yourself if you fucking want. Whatever makes you sleep at night, Colt. We are manipulative assholes.” A few MC brothers take that moment to walk outside the door.

Halo gives us a nod before swinging his leg over his bike. We have to wait a minute since his engine grumbles so damn loud I can barely hear myself think. When he’s gone, Bane’s cold, furious eyes land on me and shivers run down my spine.

He can be one scary motherfucker.

“Don’t act like what we did in there were favors for him. It was all selfish.”

Alto’s boots land on the porch with a loud thump and he tosses his cigarette on the ground, putting it out with his boot. “You’re right. It was.” Our VP lets out a huge breath. “We’ll meet at the tattoo shop where it’s more private. We can’t talk about this here. We obviously all are feeling the same way and it’s a problem, but it’s a problem with two solutions.”

He leans forward in his chair and Bane does the same. Since I’m not sitting, I take a step closer.

“It’s either we have her, or she goes with the biker from Washington. Let’s be honest, we won’t be able to have things go back the way they were. Not anymore.”

I nod in agreement. Things have changed and they changed fast. When I picture Harlow, it’s of her in my arms, or naked, or moaning my fucking name when I’m claiming her heat.

There are plenty of women I can have. I know. I’m cocky, arrogant, and I know I’m good-looking. I’ve used my looks to get me any woman I want. I have a smooth tongue and I often know the right words to say, but Harlow makes me feel anything but confident when it comes to having her.

“Maybe her going with that biker wouldn’t be such a bad idea,” I say before I think better of it. The thought of her being with someone else, someone else touching her, kissing her, has fury building inside me.

I’m an easygoing guy. I’m not an angry man, but the thought of her with someone else sends me into a rage.

“How could you say that?” Alto shakes his head. “Someone she doesn’t even know. To go somewhere she isn’t even familiar with. What if something happened to her?”

“We wouldn’t have to worry about betraying our friend. He wouldn’t let her go out with anyone who was bad for her. We’d have to trust him,” I explain. But even as I say the words, I don’t believe them.

Alto leans back, lacing his hands behind his head, and he’s about to reply when the door opens and Grizzly steps out.

He seems tired. Leaning against the wall, he pulls a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket, slides one out, and places it between his lips.

Too many of us smoke and it drives Lifesaver crazy.

“You guys have me second-guessing now,” he announces, staring off into the distance. “I can’t have Harlow moving away. She’s all I have, but it would be good for business, so maybe there’s a way for them to open a chapter here or something of that sort, if it works out.”

Another chapter? On his territory? Is he insane?

“I don’t think that’s a good idea either. This is our territory,” Alto states.

He sighs, knowing Alto is right. “I know.” He rubs his temples as if a headache is beginning to build.

I couldn’t be the president. There’s too much shit to deal with.

“Plus, Harlow doesn’t like being told what to do and she wouldn’t like getting set up, so I have to make it seem like her interest is hers, and not mine,” Prez says.

Her interest in that fucking biker can’t happen.

All I want to do is ask Grizzly if we can date his daughter and promise to respect her. It’s on the tip of my tongue.

Honesty is the best policy, so why can’t I speak?

HARLOW

I've been hiding under a rock for the last week and ignoring all the text messages from Bane, Colt, and Alto. I've kept my head down, gone to class, and any time my phone dings I tend to bury myself more, keeping my head down and my shame apparent.

I haven't been able to get over how I acted the night I got drunk. I'm embarrassed and I don't know how to talk to them again. If I ignore them, they'll forget I exist and then I'll never have to confront them again.

I'm so lost in my thoughts I don't hear when class lets out.

"Ms. Montgomery, can I help you with something?"

I blink my thoughts away, looking around to find myself alone in a huge room with empty desks. The professor is swinging his bag on his shoulder, waiting for me to answer.

"No, sir. I'm sorry. I zoned out," I explain poorly, but I can't really say I was daydreaming about three different men, can I?

"It's okay. Do you need to talk about anything? I'll help when I can," he says, readjusting his glasses.

I smile as I grab my books, then my bag, and walk down the steps. "No, I appreciate it though. You're my favorite professor because you always ask. You care. Thank you for that." With a wave, I leave the room and pull out my phone from my pocket, noticing more messages from the guys.

My face heats, my cheeks burning as if I've been set on fire.

How can I face them after what happened? They know everything now. They have seen me at my worst too. I don't think there's ever coming back from puking so much you ruin your bedsheets, and they witness that, then proceed to take care of you because you're their best friend's daughter.

No, that's a humiliation I'd rather forget about and never think of for the rest of my life.

I click the messages on my phone and read them.

Alto: You have ignored us and we don't like it.

Colt: Come on, sweetness. It's only a little puke. It wasn't that bad.

Bane: No, it was bad. It was disgusting, but you're not disgusting.

Colt: Bane, we're trying to make her feel better.

Bane: By lying to her? It was gross. Puke was everywhere.

Alto: You're such a dick.

Bane: I'm an honest dick.

I giggle at the banter as I walk to my car to head to the apartment. My phone vibrates again and I don't check it until I'm in the driver's seat.

Alto: Anyway, we have given you time to wrap your head around what happened. We want to talk to you, so you better message us back or we will show up to your next class.

Colt: And I'll sit right next to you or on your desk, shirtless.

I blush at the thought. All of the women would be distracted by the sight of Colt. He's sexy, too damn sexy. He's tall, lean but muscular in all the right spots. He has abs and defined biceps. Just thinking about seeing him makes me want to drool.

Bane: You don't want to scare her, Colt.

Colt: I didn't know you had the ability to crack jokes, Bane.

Alto: Ignore them, sweetheart. Listen, we want to see you. We need to talk. It's been a week and we don't like that you feel

like you have to ignore us. Please, Harlow. Talk to us.

I chew on my thumbnail, nervous and unsure how to respond. I need to get past my shame. They obviously don't care what happened, or they don't care as much as I do.

"You can do this," I say to myself, dropping the keys in the cupholder. My thumbs hover above the keyboard. "God, I don't know what to say. I said everything I needed to the other night." I hide my face in my hand and groan. I still can't believe I admitted to them I like them and find them attractive.

I can't possibly ruin things more than I already have, right?

"Here goes nothing," I mumble to no one else but myself.

My fingers fly across the keyboard, quickly typing the speech I've replayed in my head the entire week since my drunken mishap.

Me: I've been debating on what to say. You three make me nervous and I want to live under this rock I've found because the thought of confronting you after everything is horrific. But I want to apologize. I shouldn't have texted you three. You took care of me and I put you in a bad position because you're loyal to my dad. I asked you not to tell him and that's not okay. You three shouldn't have had to drop everything to come take care of me because I was irresponsible. I'm sorry and I hate how I acted. I just hope you can forgive me.

I end my paragraph-long text with a heart emoji and press send, then release the breath I held while typing that text. They make me so nervous. No other men have ever made me feel like this. What does that make me? Am I a whore because I want three guys? I know a lot of people wouldn't understand, especially my dad.

I roll my eyes at myself as I start the car. I act like I have a chance with these three. It could never happen, for the most obvious reasons.

One, I'm too young in their eyes.

Two, I'm the daughter of their best friend. They do not see me as anything else.

My phone vibrates before I can pull out of the parking lot and I check it.

It's Alto.

Alto: We'd gladly take care of you all over again, sweetheart. Come to the shop. Now. So we can all talk.

I gasp, knowing Alto isn't asking me, but telling me to come.

Me: I don't know if that's a good idea.

Bane: Get your ass here, Harlow. Now.

I shiver from Bane's tone. I can almost hear the deep, gravelly tone, filled with impatience. I've always loved how he sounds. There is no nonsense in his voice when he speaks. He always means what he says and every word that leaves his mouth sounds like a threat.

Me: Okay, I'm on my way.

My stomach twists with nerves when my mind races with what they could possibly want to talk about. What if they tell me they don't want to see me again? No, they wouldn't do that. While they are badass bikers, I don't think they would ever treat me that way.

"Stupid, stupid, stupid," I tell myself as I take a right on the highway that will take me to them. I shouldn't have agreed. Nothing good can come out of this.

I lift my left leg onto the seat while I drive, getting comfortable. My dad has caught me too many times driving like this and has yelled at me about how unsafe it is.

I know it's not safe, but I like to be comfortable when I drive.

It doesn't take long to get to Vultures Ink. When I pull in, I park on the side of the building and hope they don't see me. I need a minute. When I park, I look through my windshield and up at the building. It's nice. It's brick, but painted black, and their sign is red with a vulture on a bike.

I've always wanted a tattoo but I've never had the guts. I don't do well with pain. I don't like anything that will hurt and I tend to stay away from dangerous activities just so I don't

break any bones. I know the men are amazing tattoo artists. I've seen their work all around the clubhouse because Vultures Ink is where all the members come to get their tattoos. When they patch in, they also get the Venom Vultures MC tattooed on them.

If they ever leave or get their patch stripped, they get the tattoo burned off. It isn't pleasant. Once you're in the MC, you're in, and the only way out is pain.

No thank you.

I tilt my head back against the headrest and shut my eyes, gathering all my emotions and nerves. I'll be here for ten minutes, maybe. Then I'll leave, we'll go our separate ways, and we can move on with our lives. My crushes on them will fade in time, maybe, or I'll make myself go on a date.

A knock on my window has me jump and scream, placing a hand to my chest. When I look out the driver's side window, I see Alto standing there. He has his hands in his pockets as he leans down so I can see his face.

And damn, what a handsome face.

I love his eyes. They are so different. One is bright blue and the other is brown, but a pretty brown. It has shades of gold and green.

Smiling, I grab my purse, and he opens the car door for me to get out.

God, he looks good today. He's wearing a tight black Vultures Ink shirt with black jeans. His arms are swirls of American traditional tattoos and they disappear under his shirt sleeves. I've had so many dirty thoughts because of those tattoos. I want to kiss them and trace them with my tongue.

"Hey, sweetheart," he says low, causing an ache to form between my legs.

"Hey," I reply, half-dazed as if I'm drugged by his presence.

I need to get a grip.

"It's good to see you. You look good."

I watch as his eyes roam down my body and I must be mistaken because there is no way Alto is checking me out.

“I really like your hair like this,” he says, twirling a red curl around his finger.

I become shy as I look down from his eyes. “I didn’t have time to do anything to it. I usually have it straight.”

“I know. I like it like this. All wild and unkept. It’s sexy.”

Sexy.

I hold in a whimper. I can’t believe he just said that to me.

“So, um.” I clear my throat. “What did you want to talk about?”

“Come in the shop. We have a few hours cleared.” He doesn’t wait for me to reply as he turns around and starts to walk around to the front of the shop.

He stops and turns around when he notices I’m not following him. “You coming?”

Yes, because I’m an idiot. I feel like I’m walking into the lion’s den. Am I going to get treated like a child? I’ll be furious if they try that on me. I know I’m a lot younger and don’t have as much experience in life, but I won’t stand for being treated that way.

I follow after him with a pep in my step because Alto could order me to do anything and I’d probably do it. I’m a sucker.

The bell above the door jingles as we enter, pictures of all their artwork hang on the wall along with awards and conventions they have been to. They even have a few pictures of celebrities that have come here just so they can get tattooed by one of the guys.

“Wow. This place takes my breath away every time I step inside it,” I say, walking to the nearest wall to look at Bane’s artwork. His is darker, twisted, and done in shades of black and gray. I think it’s sad because I see these drawings and it isn’t hard to understand that these are his emotions. This is how he feels all the time. He’s stuck in darkness and in shades of gray.

My knees hit a black leather couch where people sit and wait, skimming through the flashes of artwork to decide what's best for them.

"It really is mind-blowing how talented you three are." I move to another wall, only this one is dedicated to Colt. His art is very different from Bane's. It's bright and colorful, a bit cartoonish, with more realistic pieces.

And then there's Alto's wall. It's all-American traditional style. Pinup girls are everywhere, mermaids, ships, panthers, and I love them all.

"Thank you," Alto says, locking the door behind him, then lowering the blinds.

My smile slips from my face and I swallow. "Is this where you kill me?" I'm only half-kidding, but these are dangerous bikers, and I don't know what to think.

He snorts. "No. We only want privacy."

The way he says that has my body reacting to him in places it shouldn't.

"Well hey there, beautiful," Colt greets, wiping his hands on a towel as he leans his hip against the counter and grins at me.

"Uh." I glance around. "I'm confused." I feel trapped with no way out. I want to run. They are acting differently.

"What's there to be confused about, Princess?" Bane's voice causes me to jump, and I swallow, staring at all three men.

No one should be allowed to look as good as these three look. How did each of them score in the looks department? There's Bane, all broody and secretive with his tattoos and scowl, then Colt with his charming smile, but then there's Alto.

So relaxed and calm. He always seems to be the one in control of his emotions. Their eyes roam up and down, then at the same time they all take a step forward.

I take a step back.

Alto grins. "Where are you going, sweetheart?"

“What are you doing? Is this a trap? Are you guys trying to get me to lower my guard and then my dad comes in to give me a lecture about underage drinking or whatever?”

Colt barks out a laugh. Bane huffs.

Alto’s hand reaches for my face. His knuckles drag across my cheek. “We need to discuss something, sweetheart. I don’t know how you’ll feel about it, so why don’t you take a seat first?”

I lick my lips and Bane growls in the back of his throat. When I look at him, his chin is tilted down and his eyes are glaring at me across the room.

My chest rises quicker as my breathing increases.

Colt slaps him in the chest. “You’re scaring her.”

He wasn’t.

The way he’s looking at me...it’s like he wants to pounce.

“Then she shouldn’t do that,” Bane snarls. “I like it too much.”

I plop down in the seat, wondering what the hell is going on.

“Do you want something to drink? We have water, soda, juice,” Alto offers, opening up a mini fridge that’s underneath the front desk.

“A Coke is fine,” I reply.

As he hands it to me, our fingers touch, and I inhale a sharp breath before pulling away as if he bit me.

I open the can and the carbonation hisses. I chug the soda down, needing something to coat my throat.

Alto drags a chair, spins it around, and sits down, laying his forearms across the back of it. Colt and Bane snag a chair too, but they both sit with their legs spread.

My eyes fall to their crotches and Colt laughs. “My eyes are up here, sweetness,” he says.

Caught, I blush, looking away to see Alto smiling at me.

“Why am I here? I said I was sorry,” I say.

“We don’t care about that,” Alto begins. “We’re glad you’re feeling better, but we want to talk about what you said. You texted us, saying how you have a crush on us and find us sexy. You actually said the sexy part a few times that night.”

Oh my god.

Kill me.

Find a hole and toss me in it because this cannot be happening. I press the cold can against my cheek and wonder how the hell I’m going to get out of this.

“I was...I was drunk. I don’t remember.”

Alto is up and out of his seat, gripping my chin and forcing me to look at him. “Do not lie to me. Earlier you apologized, so I know you remember.”

“Yes,” I blurt. “Yes, okay? I find you all attractive. I always have and always will. Are you happy?” I sound a little angry and I guess I am. I don’t like to be put on the spot. “Is that all you wanted? Can I go now?”

Alto squats down in front of me and I’m waiting for him to give me a lecture about how I’m too young and I have my entire life to find someone, someone who is my age. Don’t they get it? I don’t want someone my age. I have never been interested in anyone else.

Only them.

He flattens his palm across my cheek and leans in.

I gasp, not moving, afraid, nervous, curious, and so many other things. “What are you doing?”

“Something I haven’t been able to stop thinking about since a week ago.” He presses his lips against mine, soft yet dominant as he kisses me.

Oh. My. God.

Alto is kissing me.

I clutch the Coke can so hard in my hands the aluminum dents. I’m too afraid to touch him or he’ll pull away from me.

He wraps an arm around my waist and tugs me closer, groaning into my mouth as if I'm the best thing he's ever tasted. My mouth finally opens, accepting his kiss, and his tongue flicks against mine.

I whimper.

God, this has to be a dream.

The creak of the can in my hands becomes louder as the kiss becomes deeper, hotter, and more desperate.

"Fuck," Colt curses.

"They look good," Bane says next.

"So fucking good," Colt agrees.

Alto brings the kiss to a slow end, and as he breaks away my eyes are closed and my lips tingle. I don't want it to be over.

"I shouldn't have done that, but I don't regret it for one minute."

I open my eyes and see his hunger glaring back at me.

"Wow," I say, a bit astounded.

"She's all dazed and confused now, Alto," Colt states. "It's my turn."

I'm jerked to my feet and Alto steals the Coke from my hands. I'm still numb, wondering if reality is, well, real, when Colt places his hand on the back of my head and pulls me to him. My body is flushed against his and I can feel every ripple of his abs.

"Oh, sweetness, you have no idea the trouble you've just caused," he says, slanting his lips on mine.

I melt into him, my body awakening, and press my palms against his stomach as Colt encompasses me.

His lips aren't as big as Alto's, but they are just as soft. They aren't as commanding, but gentle, as if he's preparing to give my entire body a sweet caress.

"Fuck, sweetness. You feel good."

Before I can say anything, he's kissing me again, only this time I can feel the hard length of his erection pressing against me. I gasp and he takes the opportunity to plunge his tongue into my mouth.

Oh.

Oh, I can see why he has a reputation for his tongue. He knows how to use it. If he's this good at kissing, then I bet he'd be amazing between my legs.

He breaks free, smirking, then spins me around and pushes me to Bane. "Bane. It's your turn. She's sweet, brother. All soft and new. I'm addicted."

I stand in front of Bane, eyes wide and I bet I look high. My lips tingle and they have to be red and puffy from the previous kisses.

Bane takes a step away from me and his lips tighten, the scars down his mouth seeming more fierce and brutal.

"That's not funny, Colt."

I flinch, wondering if this is all just a joke, when Bane turns around and heads into the next room.

"Did...I do something wrong?" I whisper, trying to ignore the stab of rejection.

"No, sweetness. He's...different. Why don't you go to him?"

I shake my head as Colt urges me into the room where the door is closed. Bane obviously doesn't want to see anyone.

"He doesn't want me."

"He does. Talk to him. You'll understand. We'll be out here waiting."

Alto speaks next. "And that tattoo you want? You'll be getting it. You'll sit right here." He pats the table. "And all three of us will be tattooing you."

I nibble my bottom lip, my clit throbbing at the thought of all three of these men having their hands on me. Turning the doorknob, I find it unlocked and I swing the door open,

noticing Bane leaning against the window. He stares outside, but even from here I can see the hard edge of his jaw.

He isn't happy.

I close the door behind me and lean against it. "Is it me? Is this...not something you want? Are they only interested? It's okay. You won't hurt my feelings."

He would hurt them, but not in the way he might think. I appreciate honesty, and the sooner he's able to tell me the truth, the sooner I can move on to see what adventure lies ahead with Colt and Alto.

If there is one.

This might be a fluke for all I know.

"You?" He pushes from the wall and marches over to me. He slaps his hands on either side of the door, caging me in so I have nowhere to go. He towers over me and even as he hangs his head to glare at me, I'm drowned in his shadow. "It's me," he clips. "I know a woman like you would never want a man like me."

I tilt my head back to look into his eyes, so dark, so...sad.

"I do though. I want you." I lift my hand and press it against his cheek.

He flinches from the touch, startled, but then leans into it.

Is Bane...shy?

Big, bad, ruthless, savage, murderous Bane?

There's no way.

"I think you're sexy," I tell him, and his eyes widen in surprise.

"You don't have to do that."

"Do what?"

"Lie," he says, the word burdened on his tongue.

"Why would you think I'm lying? Why don't you believe me?"

He skims the very tip of his fingers down my arm, brows pinching together. “You let me touch you,” he whispers in awe.

My heart breaks for him. “I like your touch,” I say breathlessly as he leans closer.

I step onto my tiptoes and tilt my head, brushing my lips against his mouth. He doesn’t move. He doesn’t kiss me back. He stays stock-still.

“Why won’t you kiss me?”

“Don’t know how,” he admits. “Never been kissed.”

My lips part in shock. That’s why he came into the room. He had never kissed a woman before.

“Why?”

He smirks, but not in amusement. “Come on, Harlow. You know why.”

“I can’t say I do. I’ve dreamed of kissing you for years. I’ve dreamed of this moment for too long. So tell me.”

He takes my hand in his and presses my fingers against his scars. They run from the bottom of his nose, across his lips, and down his chin.

“No one wants to kiss a monster. It’s not sexy. It’s not appealing.” His hand drops, but I continue to trace his lips. The scars are puffy, pale, and I think about how painful this must have been. I want to ask what happened, but now isn’t the time.

I almost touch my lips to his, moving my fingers to the side of his mouth. “I do, Bane.”

He drops a hand to my hips, squeezing it before inching closer to me. “You don’t have to do this,” he says. “You can want them and not want me.”

“I want you. I want all of you.” I grip his cut and pull him to me, pressing our mouths together at last.

When the shock wears off, he relaxes, and his mouth doesn’t feel as hard. His lips are plump and the feel of his scars is

different, but not unwelcome.

He cups the back of my head and kisses me as if he's starved. His kiss isn't like the other two. He's powerful, hungry, and rough. Our teeth clink and his tongue is rough against mine. His tongue ring rubs across the inside of my mouth and heat pools in my panties.

How could anyone not want to kiss him?

He kisses like he lives.

Brutally.

And it's addicting.

He tangles his hand in my hair and wraps it around his wrist, giving it a slight tug. "Fuck yes," he growls into my mouth, pinning me against the door with his body.

Everything about him is massive. His body, his strength, and his hard cock.

He skims a hand down my body, cupping my breast, and I moan as he pinches my nipple through my shirt.

This has to be a dream.

He is kissing me, touching me, moving against me like he has never done any of these things. Bane yanks my head back again, only this time he breaks our kiss and curls his lip as he stares down at me. Menacing, he nips my chin, then my throat, sucking a mark there for all to see.

"All mine," he mumbles like a caveman.

"Yours," I sigh, completely content.

"I want to kiss you again," he says, dragging his lips across my throat. "And I never want to stop. Didn't know it could feel so good. I like it." He sucks my bottom lip into his mouth before snaking his tongue into my mouth and we're lost in a kiss again.

I happen to love how his scars feel against me. Women are missing out. I bet Bane fucks brutally too, because brutal is all he has ever known.

I want to find out.

“Hey! Stop keeping her for yourself, you greedy bastard!” Colt pounds on the door and I giggle, hiding my face in Bane’s neck.

“But I want to. It’s safe in here. No one will judge you in here while you kiss me,” he says playfully, but I rear back, then push him away until he is forced to look at me.

“I wouldn’t care if they did, Bane. It wouldn’t ever stop me from kissing you whenever I want, and I will. Kiss you. Whenever I fucking want if you’ll let me.”

He still doesn’t seem like he believes me and opens the door for us to leave.

I take his hand and walk out the door. Bane is glued to my back and I feel his hard length pressing against my ass.

He’s huge.

Surely all of them can’t be that big?

“Bout time. We were going to send in a search and rescue party.”

“She was safe with me, Colt.”

“I wasn’t worried about you, Bane.” Colt winks at me.

Bane chuckles.

“Okay, where do you want your tattoo?” Alto pats the chair.

I shimmy out of my pants and Bane growls while Colt drops something. It clinks against the floor as I stand in front of the three of them in my panties.

Tracing where my panties sit, I push them aside. “Here?” I drag my finger over the smooth flesh. “And maybe here?” I mirror the other side. “Then...” I turn around and slip a finger across the crease where my ass meets my thigh. “And here.”

“Goddamn it.” Bane readjusts himself and his nostrils flare, the nose rings catching the light and glimmering.

Damn, he is hot.

“Lie down then, sweetheart. And we will take real good care of you.”

ALTO

The buzzing of our needles fills the space. Every now and then, Bane grunts as he wipes the excess ink from her skin that we have marked as ours.

That she doesn't know about, but we had to mark her as ours. We are in this, and we will deal with the consequences later. I think she thought we'd give her cute tattoos. Flowers or some shit, but no.

She trusted us, and hopefully, it won't bite us in the ass.

"How are you doing, Princess?" Bane asks her, a softness to his face I've never seen before. He kisses her forehead and she winces when Colt hits a sensitive spot with the needle.

"I'm okay," she breathes, her knuckles turning white with how hard she's tightening her fists. "It hurts. I won't lie." She opens her eyes and stares at Bane. "How do you have your entire body tattooed?"

"Pain doesn't bother me, Princess, but I will say, getting my cock tattooed wasn't fun."

"You have your cock tattooed?" she yelps, moving her body on the table, and I give her a stern look.

"Sweetheart, you have to be still. If we weren't the best, you'd have a line down your leg right now."

"I'm trying, but he just said he tattooed his cock. I'm curious."

"Why? Do you want to see for yourself?" Bane asks her, and suddenly she becomes bashful. Bane laughs, wiping the tattoo again. "Not right now, but maybe one day."

We are in so deep, and I can't even think straight. I have no regrets, but there is a conversation I keep playing in my head.

In my fantasy, I'm having a talk with Grizzly about dating his daughter.

No, not dating. Dating is for teenagers.

Claiming his daughter. Making her mine. My old lady.

He grins, happy, and shakes my hand.

The other thought—he shoots me in the kneecap, tortures me for days on end, then kills me.

I'm stupid for wanting her. Out of all the women I could have, why did my soul choose her?

And the kicker?

I don't care how mad Grizzly is about it.

This is meant to be. I feel it. She's the fourth piece in our puzzle.

I run my gloved hand down her leg and notice her panties have a wet spot in the middle of them. Rolling the stool away from her, I have to set the tattoo gun down because I want nothing more than to push her panties to the side and dive my tongue into her wet, virgin hole.

Rolling my neck, I try to calm myself, watching as her lips part and face pinches from the pain of the needle rubbing back and forth over her skin.

Her whimpers turn to a long moan and the wet spot on her panties becomes bigger.

Everyone stops tattooing.

Bane and Colt have lust in their eyes.

"Sweetheart—" I say her nickname in warning as I roll to her again. I snap my gloves off and smooth a hand up her leg, wondering if this is smart.

Her skin is so soft, so fucking smooth and perfect.

"Does the pain of getting a tattoo turn you on?" I ask, my fingers stopping at her panties.

She shakes her head.

“Why are you so wet?” I touch her covered pussy, showing where exactly I’m talking about.

“Because—” She bites her lips into her mouth. “—The three of you are touching me. So close to me. You turn me on. All of you.”

My cock has been hard since I’ve felt her lips against mine.

“You’re killing me.” I rub my finger up and down the damp material of her panties. “You really want this, don’t you? The three of us?”

“It’s all I’ve ever wanted.”

All I want is to part her panties and inhale the sweet scent of her cunt.

“Please,” she begs, spreading her legs further. “I ache.”

I shake my head. “Not yet. Not right now. Your body is going through a lot right now. The tattoos are causing pain and pleasure. We need more time together.” I swallow, the words breaking against my dry throat.

I want nothing more than to push her panties to the side and see her pretty pink pussy glistening for me, but I have to keep it together. This can’t happen too fast. We’ve fallen easily. It feels natural with her, and if we don’t stop and think we will ruin this before it can truly begin.

“Alto, please—” she begs, her nails digging into the seat.

“No. Now, behave, Harlow.”

“Colt?” Her eyes slide from me to my best friend, seeing if she can convince him.

“Oh, sweetness,” he groans, setting down his machine. “Don’t do this to me.”

“Bane?” she whimpers, peering those big, gorgeous eyes at Bane, who stares at her as if she’s a fucking meal.

“Guys,” I warn them, giving a slight shake of my head. “Don’t.”

“Just...so she relaxes for the rest of the tattoos. Right? I mean...” Colt’s hands rub down her leg.

“No.” Now I begin to get a little angry. Do they think I don’t want this? That I’m not dying to please her? I am, but not here and not like this. Not on a tattoo table where our lust is fresh and I’m hanging on by a fucking thread.

She deserves more.

I pick up my tattoo gun, but Harlow, the minx, slides her hands down her body, cupping her tits before slipping her hand under her panties.

“Fine, then I’ll do it myself.” Harlow begins to rub her hand in a circle, hiding her touch under the material of her underwear. She whimpers, locking her eyes on mine, and I drop the tattoo gun, letting it fall to the floor.

Her tattoo is done, anyway. I can touch it up later.

“Harlow,” I say her name in warning.

“Alto,” she moans.

I grip the tattoo chair, watching her fingers circle her clit.

Bane stands next to me, then Colt on my other side, and we do the one thing we weren’t ever supposed to do.

We watch our best friend’s daughter fuck herself on our tattoo table.

And I’ve never seen such a beautiful sight.

“What are you thinking about, sweetheart?” I slip my hand onto her leg, needing to touch her. “Tell us what you want.”

“Want Bane’s lips,” she pants, taking her free hand to touch her mouth. “Please,” she begs.

I shove Bane. “You heard her.”

“Mine?” He sounds so surprised.

“Then, I want Colt’s mouth on me. Here.” She pinches her nipples between her fingers. “Then I want you. I want your mouth here.” She rubs her clit again, showing me what she wants.

“Greedy girl,” I growl.

“She wants all of our mouths.” Colt begins to lift the shirt over her head when a loud knock bangs on the door.

Harlow jumps and Bane covers her mouth with his just in time to stifle her scream.

Lucky fucking bastard.

When he pulls away, he presses his finger against his lips to tell her to be quiet. She nods.

I bend over and pick up her pants, hating the fact we nearly got caught. Her fucking car is in the parking lot. What the hell were we thinking? We are stupid.

“What?” I bark, then clear my throat. “What is it?”

“It’s Match. You said you’d give me that consult, man. I didn’t know you were closed.”

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

“Come back in an hour,” I shout in return, pressing a hand against my erection, wondering when the hell things got so messed up. Is this a sign from the damn universe that this isn’t a good idea? If Match hadn’t interrupted, I’d probably be feasting on her pussy or claiming it for myself, fucking her right on the table.

“Is that Harlow’s car out front?”

“What? No. It’s been parked there all day. Don’t know whose it is.” Sometimes that happens. We have a huge parking lot and people will park their cars there every now and then. It doesn’t bother us any. We don’t care. We aren’t the type of people to call a tow truck.

“I was about to say, he’d be pissed to know she was getting a tattoo,” he says behind the locked door.

Colt helps Harlow up from the chair and is about to help her to the mirror. My heart thumps wild in my chest. “Match, now isn’t a good time, okay? I’ve spilled ink everywhere. So let me call you when I’m done cleaning up.”

“Yeah, man. No problem.”

I hold my breath, then release it slow when I hear his bike grumble and pull away.

“Fuck.” This isn’t good. Nothing about this is good.

I’m already feeling jumpy. The air conditioning kicks on and the cool gusts drape over my skin, cooling the sweat beading on it from lying to my MC brother.

I don’t lie. None of us do, but this thing with Harlow will make us become liars.

“What the hell is this?”

I spin around to see Bane and Colt standing next to her as she studies her tattoos in the mirror.

This day is suddenly going to shit.

“Property of Alto?” she reads my property patch I placed right under her panty line. She checks the other side. “Property of Colt?” Harlow spins, checking out the crease where the thigh meets her ass. “Property of Bane?” she screeches. Then big tears form in her eyes. “What the hell? How...how am I going to explain this?”

“Explain it? No one is going to see you like this.”

She spins around, looking sexy as hell in her skimpy underwear and tight shirt, but the lust is sucked out of the room when I notice she’s still crying.

“I thought...I thought today meant something. I thought...I thought we were all on the same page, but this is cruel. I can’t believe you three would do this to me.”

“Do what?” Bane asks, genuinely confused.

He doesn’t do well with emotion. He has trouble placing it.

“You’re using my feelings for you, then making fun of me. Who does this? I can’t believe you’d tattoo your patch on me as a joke because I know how serious this is. Is it because I’m the Prez’s daughter? Is this payback because I texted you all last week? Was I even your first kiss, Bane? Was this all a setup? I know you guys don’t hand these out, so why wouldn’t you talk to me about it first?” She’s jerking on her pants,

looking for all her things. “I don’t want to be a fucking secret anyway.” She snags her purse. “I saw how you acted with Match. I can only imagine how it would be out of these doors. What, you mark me as ‘yours’ and then forget all about me? Laugh it up later that you got the Prez’s daughter on the table, the virgin who doesn’t know any better?”

“What? No, Harlow. That isn’t it at all,” Colt tries to explain.

“And you were...” Bane says out of nowhere. “My first.”

I don’t know what he’s talking about right now, but all I know is that I need to stop her from leaving. I step in front of the door and hold out my hands.

“Wait. Let me explain. It isn’t what you think. We aren’t giving you a hard time or teasing you. God, we wouldn’t do that to you, Harlow. We want this. We want you. And your dad is planning on introducing you to another VP from another club. It’s a setup. He says it will be good for business.”

Her mouth falls open and more tears threaten to fall. “So you ruin me for all others with your property patch, even though I’m not yours, to ruin a business deal? Why not tell him you don’t agree with it? This is the rest of my life!” she yells at me, at all of us, really. “Dad’s plan will never work now because no man will want to see three other men’s names on me!”

“Good!” I yell at her in return. “Make no fucking mistake, Harlow. You are ours. Our names are on you. Our patches. And maybe we should have talked to you first, but we thought it was obvious. We thought we were all in agreement the moment you walked through these doors.”

“You don’t mean that. You know how I know? I remember a conversation between you and Colt saying how you’d never give a bitch your property patch because you never wanted to settle down. If so, it would be for business purposes only. That’s pretty convenient, isn’t it?” She pushes me out of the way and unlocks the door. “I hope like hell I hit it off with that VP. Maybe I won’t only be business to him.”

“Harlow!” I yell, but Colt grips my arm, stopping me from running after her.

I slam the door. “Fuck! Fuck, how did this happen?”

“We moved too fast,” Bane explains.

“No shit.” I flop down on the couch and stare at the ceiling. “How could she think that? I mean, why would she think we are so cruel?”

Colt pops a piece of gum in his mouth, something he does when he needs to smoke but can't while he's inside. “Plenty of things. There are three of us, so the dynamic will already be hard to explain.” He starts to number off reasons on his fingers. “She doesn't want to be a secret and with how we acted with Match, I don't blame her. We either are proud to have her or we let someone else have her. Then, there is that conversation we had about never giving out the property patches. That was years ago. I can't believe she remembers that.”

“Idiots.” Bane crosses his arms and leans against the wall. “I can't believe I have to pay for this. I didn't even do anything. I'm guilty by association.”

We're all guilty. Especially now.

“She's right about one thing. No other biker will want to see another biker's property patch on her. We have that going for us.”

I shake my head. “I don't know. Knowing how headstrong she is, she'd probably get them removed.”

Bane growls from the corner, not liking that idea at all.

And I have to say, I don't like it either.

BANE

No one ever has what it takes to do what needs to be done. Harlow's car has issues starting. I hear it struggle and I march outside. When she sees me, her puffy eyes widen, her cheeks wet, and just as I reach for the handle to open up her door, the car starts and she reverses so fast I trip over my own feet.

"Harlow!" I shout her name, but it's no use. She peels out of the parking lot, tires squealing against the pavement. The smell of burnt rubber fills the air and I kick at nothing, watching her get further away from us.

Fuck.

This isn't how I wanted things to go down. She has no idea how she has changed me with just one kiss.

One.

I've never had anyone kiss me before. No one has ever wanted to kiss me. Now that I've felt her lips, I only want hers on me. No one else.

She'll be my first kiss and my last.

With furious steps, I head back inside the shop and narrow my gaze at Colt and Alto. "She's gone. Who knows where she's going. I'm going to go out on a limb here and say she wasn't okay with getting our patches tattooed on her without a more meaningful conversation other than the kissing."

"No shit." Colt drops his elbows to the table and buries his face in his hands, groaning. "What did we do? We fucked up."

“No, we didn’t. We did what we had to. She’s ours. She has our property patches on her. No one will mess with her now.”

“Grizzly will find out. It’s better if he hears it from us,” Colt says.

“We’re in for a rude awakening, but I’m not willing to give her up. No one has ever made me feel like this. She feels right, you know?”

I nod my head at Alto, completely understanding what he’s saying. “I don’t want to either. She sees past this.” I point to my scars. “Not many do.”

“I think you care about them more than anyone else, Bane.”

I snort. “You have no idea what I’ve had to deal with so you can’t say that to me.”

“You’re right,” he relents. “I’m glad Harlow didn’t make you feel bad about them.”

“No, it’s like…” I dare to smile at the memory. “I think she might have liked them.”

“Well, she likes you so those wouldn’t matter to her,” Alto points out.

I rub a hand over my face trying to get this smile on my lips to go away. I don’t smile. It hurts my cheeks and sometimes my scars pull. They don’t cause pain, but I feel the scar tissue pull.

“Well, we need to find a way to make this up to her. I don’t understand why she got so mad,” Colt vents, still trying to understand how the situation went south.

“Well, it went from lust to owned pretty quickly,” Alto says. “She probably got a little skittish and then fucking Match came over. So it seemed like we didn’t want anything to do with her unless no one knew about it.”

“I say we rip the bandage off. We tell Grizzly what we want.”

“So many things could happen. He could kill us,” Colt says. “That’s his sugarplum, let’s not forget. He’ll kill for her.”

“We would all kill for her,” I state, without remorse because I’ve killed for a lot less. “And I don’t mean just the three of

us.”

The ringing of the doorbell has us zipping our lips shut and it's then I take a look at Alto and Colt. If we shared the same look that they are wearing, it's no wonder she felt so hurt.

And once again, the booming voice of Match enters the shop.

“Damn, you three just look like you got your hearts broken,” he says.

If only he knew.

Alto bites back his annoyance and Colt masks his with his happy-go-lucky smile. I remain passive. That's nothing new for me.

“Ready for that consult, Match?” Alto says, grabbing his sketchbook.

That's the thing about this shop. Everything is hand drawn. Nothing is printed or traced.

“What are you thinking?” Alto asks. “Come on back.”

Match grins, not catching on to the heavy emotion in the room. “So I'm thinking this dragon, right...”

I roll my eyes and Colt stifles a laugh at Match's enthusiasm. Alto hates tattooing dragons.

“If you're wanting a dragon, I suggest talking to Bane. He can give you a wicked one. I'm more American traditional, Match. If you're wanting badass, creepy, and a little dark, go with Bane.”

Match lifts his head and stares at me before breaking out into a smile.

Does this guy ever just not fucking smile all the time? No one can be that happy. It isn't natural.

The doorbell chimes again and Dart comes through the door, the prospect.

“Prospect.” Colt drums his hands on the counter. “What can I help you with?”

“You do piercings, right?” Dart asks, and my brows shoot up as I sit down at my station and grab my sketch pad.

Alto is right. Dragons are more up my alley than his. My style is angrier and less clean.

Match practically bounces as he walks over to me.

How can someone have such pep in their step?

“You should really try to smile more, man,” he says as he takes the seat in front of me. “Sun is shining, birds would be singing if we had trees, and I just had the best cup of coffee.”

I grab my charcoal because that’s how I draw everything, and stare at him, annoyed. “Do I look like the hopscotch type, Match?” I blink at him, unamused.

I’m cranky now. My mind is reeling from that kiss and all I want to do is experience it again, but Harlow isn’t here.

“Well, you could be if you tried,” he mumbles, pulling out a sucker from his pocket. “Ready?”

“I find it hard to believe you like to light things on fire. Such a deadly thing to do when you’re sucking a lollipop.”

“Everyone has their addictions, Bane.”

“I want a Jacob’s ladder,” Dart blurts for the entire shop to hear.

I don’t care. I have a Jacob’s ladder and a Prince Albert. It’s not as bad as people make it out to be.

“Woah, going for the big guns,” Colt says. “Alright. Step into my office. Let’s get to it.”

“Wait, like now? Right now? At this very moment?” Dart rambles, and I tilt my head back and laugh.

“See? You don’t look so deadly when you’re laughing.”

I stop immediately.

“Jeez. Okay, I’ll stop,” Match says. “So I want a dragon, flying, fire coming out of his mouth, a moon—” he begins to explain his idea.

It’s huge.

“Well, yeah, right now,” Colt says to Dart, interrupting Match’s explanation. “No one else is here. It’s a slow day. You’ll need to know you won’t be able to have sex without protection for six months to avoid tearing.”

“But I can have sex?”

“I don’t recommend it for two months. Don’t come crying to me if your dick tears.”

“Okay, I can do that.” Dart gulps.

As I sketch the dragon, I say, “It’s not so bad, man. Then, when you do have sex, it feels great. Do it. Women like it too.”

“Well, come on. Whip this thing out so I can get on with my day.” Colt opens the door to the piercing studio.

Dart disappears into the studio and Colt gives me a wink.

“Alright, drop your pants and bend over.”

“Bend over!” Dart screams, and the entire store bursts into laughter.

He doesn’t need to bend over. Colt just likes to joke around with all the MC brothers to freak them out.

The doorbell rings again and this time it’s Bookie.

“Bookie, what can I do ya for?” Alto asks.

“I was hoping you’d touch up that phoenix on my arm.”

“You caught me on a good day. Sit down. I’ll prep. I can get you in now.”

“Sweet.”

“Oh, fuck!” Dart yells from behind the closed door.

Bookie lifts his brows in question from the possible torture happening behind the door.

“He’s getting his cock pierced,” I explain, bored.

“Ah.” Bookie takes a seat and I feel him hover.

I stop sketching, turning to see him look over my shoulder.

“Can I help you?”

“Just loving to see you draw, man. You’re so talented.”

My cheeks heat from the compliment. I don't take attention well. I don't understand what I'm supposed to say, so I keep drawing. It's a quick picture I have in my mind for Match.

"Where are you wanting this? I'll need space and something like this won't do well on your arm," I state.

"I'm thinking my back. It's free."

I nod, liking the idea of having so much space to work with. I draw a tree too, something with no leaves. It's long, dead branches, then I draw quick flames on that from the dragon blowing fire.

"Okay, I'll clean this up with a pen obviously. This is quick so you have an idea of what I have going on in my head. If you want to add or change anything let me know." I toss him my sketch pad and wipe my hand on my pants, leaving a trail of charcoal.

I love drawing with charcoal. There's something very pure about the messy lines. There is a truth to it. It isn't about perfection, but just getting the image down.

"Holy shit, Bane." Match stares at the drawing. "You did this in five minutes."

I shrug. "I know it isn't amazing, but the real thing will be."

"Real thing?" He scoffs, lifting the art up. "I want this. I want this exactly how it is. It's perfect, Bane. I want this drawing. Not another."

"Are you sure? You'd be limiting to yourself to black and gray, but if you want I can add color. I can do it."

"Can we see how it goes first?"

I nod at him. "Yeah, let's set up an appointment. This might take a few sessions and they will be long. Okay?"

All of our phones buzz and at the same time Dart lets out one last scream.

"It's a text from Prez," Alto says, swallowing. "He wants everyone at the clubhouse now."

"Damn it," Bookie mumbles, jumping from the tattoo table.

“Don’t worry, we’ll make an appointment and get you in tomorrow, how’s that?”

“Sounds good. I wonder what’s going on for him to call a meeting in the middle of the day,” Match says, taking a picture of the sketch with his phone.

I could think of something, but I hope that isn’t it.

If he confronts us and we aren’t ready to claim her right then and there, any hope of having her as ours will go out the window.

We finish up with the guys to schedule their appointments and Dart comes out of the back room, an ice pack on his cock.

What a baby.

He’s sweating and a little pale. “I’m never doing this again. Nope. Never,” he grumbles. “I’m so glad I drove the truck today. I don’t think I’ll be able to ride on my bike.”

After setting Match and Bookie up with their appointments, we close the shop, get on our bikes, and head out to the clubhouse.

My stomach is in knots about what this meeting could be about, but I don’t want to get ahead of myself or make the situation worse.

One by one we pull into the gate and my worry increases when I see Harlow’s car there.

Alto parks next to me and we share a worried look. Whatever comes, we will have to deal with it. Colt, Alto, and I walk into the clubhouse together and take a seat on the couch with everyone else.

Grizzly is pissed. He slams the door so hard the house shakes, then he locks it.

“Harlow?” he yells her name and she comes out from the room he keeps here for her.

She’s still crying.

“Fuck,” Alto curses under his breath.

I want to get up and kiss the tears away. I want to taste them on my tongue. I want to feel her sorrow and take it in as my own, so she feels nothing but peace.

There is one thing that no one questions Grizzly about and it's his nickname for Harlow. She's Daddy's little girl and he would move heaven, hell, and everything in between for her.

But I wouldn't move it.

I'd burn it all down so she could have heaven, hell, and everything in between for herself.

"Someone made my sugarplum cry," Grizzly growls in his throat, so low and deadly even I get a shiver of fear up my spine.

"Daddy, it's fine." Her eyes barely meet ours before she's turning around and giving us her back. "It isn't a big deal. I only came here to see you so I can feel better. Can't we watch a movie? Do you have club business? I want some time with you," she says.

His face softens and he kisses her forehead. "We will watch anything you want and have these assholes make popcorn. Don't worry, sugar. I'll make this better. No one makes you cry."

Suddenly, I feel like I'm fifteen.

His face hardens again and he narrows his eyes at all of us. "I want to know who made her cry. Go to the campus and question all the boys—"

"No! Daddy, no. It isn't anyone there. It was someone visiting. He's gone now. It's fine. He said things he obviously didn't mean."

It's a slash across the chest when I hear those words. Why would we lie about anything we said? I meant everything I told her today.

"Then you'll give me a name and we will make him pay, sugarplum. No one makes the Prez of the Venom Vultures' daughter cry. No one."

“I’d rather not waste any more time and energy on it. Please? Can’t we put on a scary movie and just have a movie night?” She wipes another tear from her cheek and I curl my fingers into my knees, wanting nothing more than to stand up and claim her.

I want to be the one that makes her feel better.

Me. That job is mine now.

“Well, there’s a real man coming here tomorrow, Harlow. And he’s looking forward to meeting you. He isn’t some boy who doesn’t know what he wants.”

She gives him a sad smile. “Okay.”

Our situation just got a lot worse, because I’ll kill the VP from this other club if he even thinks about laying a hand on her.

This can’t continue. Things are moving at a fast pace, but it seems we will have to move quicker if we don’t want to miss our window.

The “Property of” patches are a vow.

And I vow that I am one-hundred-percent owned by Harlow Montgomery.

COLT

We stayed at the clubhouse last night because Harlow did. She and Grizzly had a movie night—popcorn, junk food, the works. I had forgotten how close they were until I saw her snuggle into her dad’s shoulder as if he could protect her from the entire world.

We are so fucked because while he can’t protect her from the world, he can protect her from us.

I yawn as I make the coffee for the club. That’s the rule. First one awake has to brew the joe for the entire clubhouse. It’s a huge pot, one of those from a diner. I fill it with water and put so many scoops of coffee in I lose count. Hopefully it isn’t too strong.

Nothing a little Baileys can’t fix.

“Oh.” I hear a sweet voice from behind me.

The exhaustion disappears as I spin around and see Harlow standing there. She’s in baggy sweatpants. Her hair is up in a messy bun and she doesn’t have any makeup on. I can see the sleepiness still tinging her undereye, light shadows that will go away when she has her cup of coffee.

“You are beautiful,” I tell her without remorse, without lowering my voice.

Let someone hear me so they can hear the truth.

“Don’t,” she whispers, crossing her arms. “Don’t do that.”

“I think we all got off on the wrong foot.” I take a step forward and she takes a step back, not looking at me in the eyes.

I want her to. I miss her eyes. I miss how big and green they are. I miss how they become full of lust when they take one look at me.

“I think I understand you three just fine,” she whispers. “I already have an appointment to get the tattoos removed. It will be like it didn’t happen.”

I prowl forward, the spurt of coffee in the pot filling the tension in the air. I pin her against the counter, staring down at her while our bodies touch. Immediately, I have a reaction, and I know she does too. Her body tenses before the anger seeps from her and allows her to relax.

“The hell you are,” I growl, taking her wrists in my hands, pinning her so she can’t move. “You are mistaken about this, Harlow. This is not some sick joke or fling or whatever scenario you’ve conjured up in your head.”

Her nostrils flare at that statement and she tries to jerk away from me, causing a piece of red hair to fall from her bun to frame her face.

“You’re ours.” I lean down and whisper harshly, “And that fucking guy coming down from the other club won’t stand a fucking chance. If we have to, we will kill him. You’re ours and you are not getting those tattoos removed because so help me, Harlow, if you do, I’ll be dragging your ass back to that tattoo table.”

I hear footsteps coming down the hall and I take a step away so we aren’t seen. Hurt flashes across her face from the rejection.

It’s instinct to move away from her. She is the one person, the one thing in the entire club, the Prez has asked us not to touch or hurt. I’m conditioned to not be near her.

And now I want to break those conditions so she knows just how much we want her. This connection can’t be ignored.

I open the cabinet to grab a mug, noticing Harlow rubbing her wrists where we touched.

She wants us.

“Coffee?” I ask her, and all I get is a slow nod.

I hand her a cup and our fingers brush together, a surge of electricity shooting down my arm. She gasps when the slight shock takes her by surprise.

Harlow hurries to the fridge to grab the creamer she uses and Grizzly walks into the kitchen with Alto and Bane.

Grizzly smiles when he sees me, then inhales. “Fuck, I love it when you make coffee, Colt. It’s the best in town. Better than Dan’s Diner.”

I prop my hip against the counter near the coffee pot, hoping Grizzly doesn’t catch on to the sexual tension building between his best friends and his daughter.

He’s oblivious, because he begins to whistle while digging through the cabinet for his favorite cup. I give Harlow the side-eye, seeing Bane and Alto caging her in without her even knowing. One is on either side of her, but keeping a good distance so she doesn’t get scared.

I grab the coffee pot before it’s done and fill my cup, then Grizzly takes it away from me.

He groans when he takes the first sip, then holds out his hand. “Sugarplum. Let me get your cup. Did you put your creamer in it?”

“I can pour my own coffee,” she mumbles, handing her mug to her dad.

He grins. “I know you can, but while you’re here, you shouldn’t have to. You can do that back at your apartment.” Grizzly becomes serious, grunting in discontent as he pours her coffee.

She sighs. “Daddy, don’t—”

“I think it would be best if you lived at home still. You would be taken care of. And whoever made you cry earlier wouldn’t have happened.”

I cough when I swallow my coffee. It burns the back of my throat and some of it goes up my nose. “Sorry,” I choke out, giving everyone my back as I continue my coughing fit.

“You okay?” Grizzly asks, slapping a hand onto my shoulder.

“I’m fine.” I wave my hand. “Went down the wrong way.”

“Well, the guy who made me cry won’t be an issue anymore, right?” Harlow asks, but the question is directed at us.

I grip the counter, grinding my teeth together from her response. Now she’s just being stubborn. She’s wanting to get a reaction out of us.

“Hey, Prez?” Match pokes his head in the kitchen.

“Yeah, Match?”

“I think the guy from the other club is here. He just rolled up.”

I spin around, clenching my jaw, and I share a look with the guys. It’s on the tip of my tongue to tell him Harlow is taken, but nothing comes out.

This is what she’s mad about. She knew we wouldn’t be able to tell the truth. Grizzly isn’t the type of guy you piss off. He has always been a mountain of a man and one solid lick of his fist against my cheek would knock me out. The man is abnormally large.

We’ve been friends nearly our entire lives and we met because I was the runt in school. I hit puberty late in life, so while growing up I got picked on. A lot. It wasn’t until senior year of high school that I finally grew, but getting to the last year of high school was not easy and I wouldn’t have made it without Grizzly.

When I was in the third grade, I was getting the shit beat out of me by a few boys a year older than me on the playground. I didn’t bother fighting back. Even though I was so young, I was tired of living. I was tired of the hard shit life threw my way and I was ready for them to kill me. So I took it.

I took every punch. Every name they called me. Every kick. I didn’t fight back. I was done fighting.

Then Grizzly came. He was in my class but was three times my size and kicked their asses. He helped me to my feet and he changed my life from that moment on. He and his parents

took me in, cared for me, fed me, clothed me, and he protected me until I could protect myself.

So yeah, my hesitance to blurt out that I want to date his daughter is hard because while I know she's worth the risk, it doesn't mean I don't realize what I'd be risking.

"Harlow, you want to go get ready?" Grizzly asks her.

"Why?" She takes a seat at the kitchen table and cocks her head which has her messy bun shift to the left. "If he doesn't like me at my worst, then why the hell does he deserve me at my best?"

He won't be liking her anyway. He won't be getting near her.

"Talk some sense into her while I'm gone, would you?" Grizzly asks, setting down his coffee cup.

Bane snorts and Alto throws a protective arm around Harlow's shoulders so it looks innocent enough. "You know once she's set her mind to something, she's stubborn as a mule."

"Don't know who she got that from," Grizzly grumbles.

"Really?" I ask him, not bothering to hide my humor. "You don't? Not even a little?"

"Fuck off." Grizzly gives me the middle finger as he walks out of the kitchen and to the front door.

When he's out of sight, I dive for Harlow, wrapping an arm around her waist and slanting my mouth against hers. Before she can push me away, I'm guiding her to Alto, who swoops in for a quick, passionate kiss. When he's done, he pushes her against Bane, who takes her mouth in an aggressive, owning kiss.

All this happens in less than thirty seconds—a good kiss is always longer than that but we don't have that kind of time.

Harlow is flushed and her lips are wet. There is a second of vulnerability and I use it to my advantage.

"You're ours, Harlow. Don't think for one fucking second he'll be able to give you what we can. He's only one man and you know you'll need all three of us just to keep you sated," I dare

to say, but she's so damn stubborn and strong-willed, she'll never admit to needing the three of us.

She tilts her chin up and straightens her spine, the moment of vulnerability gone. "I choose what I need. Not you."

Harlow pushes by us and I snag her by the wrist. "Sweetness, you've already chosen." I let her go when I hear the heavy steps of boots again.

"At least I won't be a dirty little secret," she whispers, a knife digging into my chest. Harlow takes a seat at the kitchen table and sips her coffee, frowning at it.

"What's wrong, sugarplum?" Grizzly asks.

"Nothing. My coffee is cold."

"That's okay." A voice I've never heard before enters the kitchen and he steps around Grizzly.

This guy is as tall as Grizzly, but leaner. He's wearing his MC's cut and the patch says Vice President. Under it is his name.

Grim.

Well, that's just fucking awesome.

"Grim. This is my daughter, Harlow. And this asshole is Alto, my VP. Colt is the Road Captain and Bane is my Sergeant at Arms."

He shakes all of our hands, grinning. "Hey, how are you doing?" Grim's handshake is firm, too firm, and I grip it just as hard.

"Good. Travel okay?" I bite out, trying to sound as welcoming as possible.

"It was great." He turns to Harlow, who's taking her mug out of the microwave. "Why don't you put that down, Harlow? I'd love to take you out for coffee, get to know you more."

Grizzly grins and it rubs me the wrong way.

"You waste no time, do you?"

Alto slams his elbow against my side and Grizzly squints his eyes at me.

“You’re right,” Grim agrees all too easily.

I’m ready to grab my colt from my holster and shoot him.

No one is that agreeable.

“I understand if you’d like to wait. I’m happy to have coffee here with you so you can get to know me. I have a few things to discuss with your father anyway.” Grim takes her hand and brings it to his lips, kissing her knuckles.

A rumble of displeasure escapes Bane and I glance down to see Alto’s fists clenching. We have to keep it together.

“I’d like that,” she fucking dares to answer him right in front of us. “Maybe tomorrow? I wasn’t expecting a date today and I need to go to my apartment. I have some homework I need to do.”

“Tomorrow then.” The bastard smiles at her as if she’s his entire world.

But she doesn’t blush from his stare. She doesn’t shuffle her feet with nerves. She doesn’t have that look in her eyes like she did in the shop when I saw her staring at Alto and Bane.

She’s only doing this to piss us off and that ends today.

“Alright, Daddy. I’m going to my apartment. I’ll come by tomorrow, okay?” She kisses Grizzly on the cheek. “And Grim, it was very nice to meet you. I look forward to our date.” She hugs him and the asshole has the audacity to kiss the top of her head.

She gives him a tight smile before grabbing her keys and purse. She doesn’t say goodbye to us. Fuck, she doesn’t even give us another glance.

Then she’s gone.

The front door slams shut and I’m not wasting another damn second.

We’re going.

Now.

“I think you two are going to hit it off just fine.” Grizzly grips Grim’s shoulders and gives them a shake. “But it’s her choice in the end. I won’t force her.”

“That don’t interest me, Grizzly. I’m not here for force. I had a long trip. I’m going to catch a few hours of sleep and then we can talk business.”

“Sounds good. I’ll show you your room. Colt, I expect an update on the merchandise I talked to you about in church soon.”

I salute my mug. “You got it, Prez. We were about to go out now actually. Get more feet on the ground.”

“Good. Keep me updated.”

“Will do,” I reply, keeping my cool and jealousy in check.

I’m fucking pissed.

When we are safe from Prez’s ear, Bane doesn’t even say anything, he marches out the back door to get to his bike that’s parked around front.

We’re right behind him.

From this moment on, Harlow is ours, and if she dares to go on that date with Grim, we will make sure she’ll be messy with our come. So every time she sits down she’s reminded who the hell claims her every damn night from this moment on.

Oh, sweetness, you have no idea the trouble you’ve caused.

ALTO

She has no idea we're on our way. Harlow is in for a rude awakening if she thinks for one fucking second she's going out with that asshole. I don't trust him. Grim comes here, all smiles and manners, then asks her out on a date immediately? I don't know what Prez is thinking about trusting him so fast, but something is wrong. No one is that damn chipper and ready to settle down with someone they just met. I think Grim has another agenda, and for whatever reason, Grizzly is blinded by the fact Grim is from a respected and well-known club.

He's so set on doing business with them to grow Venom Vultures MC he isn't questioning that if something is too easy, it means it's trouble.

The ride over to her apartment is quick since we speed. The road is a blur, the desert is a trap waiting for us to give in and walk into his horizon, which would be the smart thing to do considering what we are doing is suicide.

I no longer care.

Harlow is ours. Has been since the day we went to her apartment when she was drunk. Do I regret tattooing our patches on her? No. Do I wish it didn't scare her? Yes.

We pull into her apartment complex and park next to her car.

"Think she'll be welcoming?" Colt smirks, swinging his leg to get off his bike.

"Too fucking bad if she isn't," Bane says, slamming his helmet down on the seat. "I'm tired of playing nice."

“You don’t know how to play nice.”

“Fuck you, Colt.”

Colt turns to me and scoffs. “See? Can’t play nice.”

Bane growls and walks ahead of us, but stops at the elevator as he presses the button.

“Looks like you can’t get away from us,” Colt teases, bumping his shoulder.

“Will you stop? We’re mad, remember?” I tell him.

Colt is always the one trying to put everyone in a good mood. It’s always been his specialty. He can’t stand silence and he doesn’t like it when someone is upset. He puts all the pressure on himself to fix it when he knows he can’t. It isn’t up to him, it’s up to the person, but no one can tell him that.

“I know,” he says in defense. “I don’t want us barging in there and scaring her.”

“Well, too bad. We’ve gone easy. That shit ends today.”

“Easy?” Colt argues just the doors shut to the elevator and I’m trapped inside with these two bickering idiots. “It hasn’t been easy. It’s been a day since the three of us tattooed her body forever hoping she’d fall into our arms right there. Come on. She’s nineteen years younger than us, of course she thinks we aren’t serious and are being assholes.”

“Keeping calm and being nice isn’t working,” Bane clips through a tight jaw. “We’ve kept our distance. I’m done.” The doors open and Bane pushes between Colt and me.

I exhale a breath to keep calm. His way isn’t going to work. Harlow doesn’t do well with a firm hand because she likes to hit back but with her smart mouth.

God, I love that mouth, and if she won’t be quiet, one day I’ll fuck those pouty lips silent.

Bane bangs on the door with his fists and the entire thing shakes on its hinges.

“Someone is going to call the cops on us,” Colt bitches.

“Let them.” Bane lifts his fists again to go another round of knocking when the door swings open and Addison and Meredith are there. Both are wide-eyed but their shoulders sag in relief when they see us.

They should not be relieved.

“Do you have somewhere else you can be?” I step into the apartment, making myself at home. “We have club business we need to discuss with Harlow.”

“And we will be awhile,” Bane adds, leaving the door open for them to leave.

“Um, ya. Okay.” Meredith doesn’t ask any questions. She must feel the vibe we’re giving off. “Let us grab our bags. We need to go to the library anyway. We have a huge research paper to do.” Meredith drags Addison to her room and during the minute they’re gone, Harlow comes out in fresh clothes and damp hair.

She’s showered.

“What the hell is going on here?” She watches as her friends come out of the bedroom with their bags. “Hey, I’ll come with you guys—”

“You aren’t going fucking anywhere,” Bane snaps at her, shoulders rising and falling from his temper getting the best of him.

“It’s fine. Let us know you’re okay.” Addison gives Bane a wary glance before closing the door as they leave.

Colt grabs the deadbolt and locks it.

Harlow’s hands fall to her hips. “I don’t know what you think you’re doing, but you need to leave. I have things to do and how dare you tell my friends to get out when this is their house.”

Colt shrugs out of his cut and tosses it on the kitchen counter. “Sweetness, we can *because* we dare.”

Bane steps in front of her and places a hand at the base of her throat. “And we will do anything if it means getting closer to

you.” He moves his palm up, wrapping his fingers around the front of her neck and pulling her into a kiss.

She doesn’t even fight him. Harlow sinks into his embrace, wrapping her arms around his neck to deepen the kiss.

Wrapping my wrist in her hair, I yank her head back, forcing the kiss between Bane and her to come to a quick end.

She gasps from the tight hold I have on her, no doubt a sting firing through her scalp. Her head is tilted back and if she moves, her hair will pull and it will not feel good.

“I’m going to say this once, sweetheart, before we strip you down and claim you. You’re ours. You aren’t allowed to be with anyone else. You’re mine. You’re Bane’s. You’re Colt’s. You will not go out with that fucking VP from the other club or so help me,” I sneer, bringing her close to my face so she can feel how my lips move as I say the next words, “I will kill him and have his parts delivered to your doorstep.”

Her pupils dilate from the threat, but not in fear. She wets her lips with her tongue. “How long do I have to be a secret?” she asks, just as my hand roams her curves.

“Until we figure out what’s going on with Grim,” Colt replies, his thumb tracing her bottom lip. “We think he isn’t here on honorable terms and his interest in you not only pisses me off but raises red flags. You aren’t allowed to have him touch you.”

“What if he does?” Her tone is challenging, as if she wants Grim to touch her just to see what we will do.

“As Alto said, we’ll start delivering body parts and your ass will be red for a week.”

She inhales a sharp breath and Bane grumbles low in his chest. “I think she likes the idea of getting spanked,” Bane says, taking a step forward to complete the circle we have around her.

Harlow’s eyes dart back and forth to each of us, not knowing who to focus on.

Her shirt rides up from the rough grip and awkward position I have her in. Colt skims his hand across her bare belly and her nipples harden, showing us she isn't wearing a bra. The tight peaks push against the thin material, giving us a slight tease of what's hiding under there.

"Are you okay with that? We don't want to keep you a secret, Harlow. You're our property now and whatever we have to deal with from your dad, we will, but that isn't the priority," I explain. "Grim being here is, and I need to make sure you're okay with waiting to spill the truth until after he leaves."

She nods. "Yes, as long as I know I won't be a secret forever, then I'm okay with that."

"Fuck yes." Bane is the first one to attack. He grips her shirt and rips it from the collar with his hands. Her shirt falls to pieces on the floor and we finally get the view of her perfect tits. They are big enough to fit in our hands and Bane is the first one to touch them.

He bends his head down, sucking one of the taut nipples into his mouth. She whimpers, bucking against us as his tongue lashes out, swirling around the bead. He groans, kissing across her chest to the other.

"So perfect," Colt praises. "Has anyone ever played with you before, sweetness?"

The thought of other men touching her has me see red.

"No." Her mouth parts when Bane jerks her shorts down and she's standing naked in front of us.

Roughly and by the back of her neck, I drag her to her bedroom and toss her on the bed. She lies there in the middle the bed and that's when I notice the tattoos.

They are well taken care of with a shine of ointment telling me she's taken care of them.

"Good." I finally peel my tongue from the roof of my mouth, then shuck off my shirt. "Only we will ever touch you, sweetheart. You're ours." I undress, kicking my boots off first.

Colt stands next to the bed, dropping his shirt on the floor. “I want you to unbutton my pants, sweetness. I want my cock to be the first you touch.”

Naked, I lean my knees against the bed and watch. Harlow rolls onto her stomach before pushing onto her hands and knees, swaying that plump ass into the air. Her hands tremble with nerves and Bane is crawling in the bed behind her, kissing the delicate curve of her shoulder.

His tattooed body against her plain canvas is gorgeous. All dark and twisted against innocence and light.

“You’re doing good, Princess. Don’t put so much pressure on yourself. We love we get to teach you,” Bane whispers, sliding his hands from her back to her breasts.

She groans, tilting her head back on his shoulder and losing herself in his touch. Colt grins while Bane plays with her nipples again, lightly plucking and pinching them to pull needy sounds from her.

“You feel so damn good,” Bane groans, reaching down to grip his cock. “You already have me close.”

I sit back and watch, stroking myself as she sinks into pleasure.

“Princess, be a good girl and free his cock,” Bane reminds.

I nod. “He’s the only one still dressed.”

She lifts her head from Bane’s shoulder, a drunk haze cast over her eyes, and she nods slowly as if we barely reached her through a thick fog. The sound of Colt’s zipper lowering has excitement zipping down my spine. I knee walk on the bed to get closer and so I can have a better view.

“You can do it,” Bane encourages her, continuing to give adoring strokes to her body. “You’ll love it. What are you going to do with three big dicks, Harlow? Can you take all of us?”

“I want to,” she answers, her voice sweet and breathless as she grabs the sides of Colt’s jeans and pulls them to his ankles. Her lips are dangerously close to Colt’s cock. It bobs, slapping

against his stomach from finally being freed. “Oh.” She’s shocked when she’s finally face-to-face with him. She wraps her hand around him and Colt moans, tossing his head back over his shoulders.

“Goddamn it, you feel so good.” Colt bites his lip, his hand snaking around to cup the side of her face while she continues to experiment with stroking his long length.

Her eyes slide to me, dropping to my lap to see me touching myself while she is touching Colt.

“I don’t know if you’ll fit.” She’s about to say something else when she’s interrupted by Bane slipping a hand between her legs and teasing her pussy. “Oh god,” she whimpers, jerking Colt’s cock quicker.

“Shit. Oh fuck, sweetness. You can’t stroke me like that. I’m about to come all over those tits.”

We’ve never been quick shots before. We can usually go rounds and rounds, but with Harlow it’s different. It’s like all three of us are experiencing what love and lust is supposed to feel like.

“He’ll fit,” Bane mutters, nibbling her ear. “We’ll get you nice and wet, so fucking slick, Alto will have to dive between your legs and lick you clean before sliding into that virgin cunt. You’re a virgin, aren’t you, Princess?”

She nods, lifting an arm and wrapping it around his head which causes her upper body to stretch. Colt plays with her tits next, kissing the marks Bane left behind only to end up sucking and creating his own.

“You hear that?” Bane slips his finger through her lips, the slick sounds music to my ears. “So fucking needy for us, aren’t you, Harlow?”

“Always have been,” she replies, and this time it’s me who moves in close.

I grip the back of her neck and yank her close, her mouth just an inch away from mine. “And you always will be.” I bring our mouths together in an intense kiss. While Bane strokes her clit, her whines and whimpers fall down my throat. The

tentative glide of her fingertips find my chest, and even through the tremble of nerves she reaches for my cock.

Wrapping a hand around me, I grunt, my sack pulling tight against my body. I'm already ready to come.

If I did, I'd fuck her through it.

That's what I might have to do because I'm too close.

With a growl, I wrap an arm around her waist and lay her down on the bed, then kiss down her body, but I take my time. Too fast, it won't feel good. Women love touch, a slow caress that has their nerve endings on fire, crippling them until they need more, but only you can give it.

Cupping her tits, I kiss my way down her sternum, kissing my way to her nipples before blowing cool air on them.

"Suck Bane and Colt, sweetheart. Show them how much you want them while I feast on your pretty little cunt." I push her thighs apart, inhaling the sweet scent before gripping her hips and diving my tongue across her petals.

Bane straightens, his pierced and tattooed cock intimidating, but our girl is eager. She opens her mouth and sucks the head in.

"Fuck," he groans, our eyes on her as she sucks her first cock. "That's it, Princess. Make these piercings your crown." Her tongue swirls around the tip, teeth clanking against the piercings but she quickly solves that problem, covering them with her lips. Bane yanks her head back, a string of spit connecting her lips and his Prince Albert. "You sure you haven't done this before?"

She shakes her head, lips puffy and cheeks a bright shade of red.

Her eyes roll back when I suck her clit into my mouth and she cries out, Colt taking the opportunity to slide his cock between her lips.

Harlow chokes but eagerly begins sucking him too. Her mewls have me sucking her clit harder, rolling my tongue over it, then slowly sinking a finger inside her virgin hole.

I groan when I feel how tight she hugs the single digit.

“Alto!” she sings, pulling away from Colt’s cock.

“I didn’t tell you to stop,” Colt says, bringing her back to suck his cock.

Her tongue twirls around the shaft and her hand cups his sack, palming them gently.

“Sweetness, you’re going to make me come.” Colt pulls away. “Alto, switch. I want to taste her pussy.”

“Not yet.” I spread her lips with my fingers and flick, roll, and nibble her clit. “Not until she comes and I can drink her down.” I push another finger in, pumping her hard until she can’t focus on anything other than crying out my name.

Bane and Colt don’t ignore her. They lavish her body with kisses and bites, playing with her breasts.

Finally, she comes, pulsating around my finger. Her entire body spasms and her screams become louder.

I love it. I love to know I can make her sing.

She’s soaking wet by the time I slide my fingers out and I hum, sucking them into my mouth so I don’t waste a drop. “You taste so good, sweetheart.” A bead of precum pools on the tip of my cock and I swipe it, then rub it against her lips.

“So do you,” she moans.

Colt flips her onto her stomach, pushing her head off the mattress, and eats her pussy from the back.

“Oh, Colt! Oh fuck.”

I shut her up by fucking my cock into her mouth until she’s gagging and choking.

“I’m going to come. She feels so good.”

“No,” Bane growls, eyes locked on his property patch tattoo on the curve of her ass while he strokes himself. “Save it.”

My nostrils flare at his words. I know exactly what he means.

At the last second, before I fill her mouth and spill down her throat, I free myself from the divine sin of her lips. I watch her

face morph with pleasure, spit dripping from her bottom lip from sucking my cock. My fingers run through her hair as Colt has his way with her, his nose lost in the crease of her ass as he buries his face in her pussy.

“Does he feel good, sweetheart?” I slowly stroke my cock, needing some type of relief. “Is he going to make you come?”

She nods, burying her head in the mattress and fisting the blankets.

“I want to hear it,” Bane demands. “I want to hear you cry out for us.”

I lift her head by her hair. “You heard the man.” I bend down to get close to her face. “Cry out for us.”

“God, I can’t!” she shouts, reaching for my cock again. “I want more. Oh, Colt!”

I look down to see what he’s doing and he has slipped a finger in her pussy.

His eyes roll to the back of his head when he feels how tight she is. “Fuck, she’s tight,” he groans. “Maybe she’s right. We might not fit.” He smirks, slipping in another finger. “It’s going to be so fun trying.” He finger-fucks her faster and hearing her moans has my cock leaking precum.

I swipe the tip, then shove my fingers in her mouth to give her something to suck. If I plunge my cock between her lips, I’ll come, and Bane is right.

We have to save every drop because it belongs inside her. We have to mark her, claim her, breed her, and then she’ll be ours forever.

Her cries become louder and Bane grunts, fucking his fist faster the more she shouts her pleasure, then he lets himself go. He’s edging himself. The sick fuck. I couldn’t do it.

“That’s it, sweetness. Come for me. Let’s get you ready for your first cock. You have to be nice and wet.” Colt adds a third finger, lifts her onto her knees, and presses her back against his chest. He kisses down her neck and Bane immediately dives for her tits. “Look at Bane,” Colt orders. “Does it make

you feel good knowing how much he wants you? He doesn't do this, you know. He must want this pretty little pussy so much."

"Bane." His name is broken as it leaves her lips and he looks up at her with his deep brown eyes as he sucks one of her tight red cherries into his mouth.

I settle next to Bane, my fingers finding her clit, rubbing and pinching to get her to come.

"Fuck!" she shouts, her body doubling over, but Colt keeps her upright.

"That's right. Give it to us, sweetness. Come for me. Come for us."

Bane presses a hand against the base of her neck and they lock eyes. Something passes between them. I don't know if it's the intensity in his eyes but she tosses her head back, slapping a hand on his chest, and digs her nails into the skin as her orgasm hits her like a tidal wave.

The sound of slick come from her orgasm sounds as Colt's fingers glide in and out. His mouth parts and his brows pinch together as if he can't believe what he's seeing.

"Oh, good girl. You're soaking my hand. Fuck." He presses his forehead against her back, taking a few deep breaths to calm himself before slipping his fingers out, then sucking them into his mouth. His palm shines from her honey and I know just how sweet it is.

Bane dips his fingers down, slipping them through her petals, and her body trembles. "I want a taste. It's only fair." He sucks his fingers into his mouth next and groans, then licks his fingers one by one as if he has just had the best meal of his life. "Fuck, Princess. You taste good."

"Who do you want first?" Colt drifts his hands up her body and she collapses into my chest. "There isn't a wrong answer because we will all have you."

A shiver rolls over her body and goosebumps travel across her skin.

She bites her lip. “Bane,” she answers, staring him right in the eyes.

“You sure?” he asks, sounding a bit confused. “I have a lot of metal. I don’t know if I’m the best choice for the first time.”

I can tell he likes the idea of being her first. I’m going to go out on a limb and say the man has never been picked first for anything in his life due to his scars.

“No,” I disagree with him. “You’re the right one.” I wrap my arms around Harlow and gently place her on her back. I grab one knee while Colt grabs the other, spreading her open for him. “Doesn’t she look so good, Bane? Don’t you want to be the first to ever be inside something so fucking pure and good?” I figure I need to push him a little or he’ll somehow convince himself he isn’t good enough.

It’s what he does.

His hand drops to her ankle, the calloused fingers that tell a story of a rough life drift up her leg. He swallows, seeming very vulnerable in that moment. I know he hasn’t done this with me and Colt, but it’s always been a given that we’d all share one woman. I can’t help but wonder if he hasn’t had a lot of experience having sex.

Bane swallows and I can see the wheels turning in his head. Harlow sits up and touches his stomach, the feral expression possessing his face again. He watches her with hawk-like eyes, seeing what she’ll do. She kisses his stomach and his abs clench. She doesn’t say anything. She doesn’t need to. Her intentions are clear.

She slides her hand down his leg, thick and tattooed which has her palm seeming so small and delicate in comparison. I lean back against the headboard, fisting my cock once more, to watch the show. Colt does the same.

Bane cups the back of her neck and brings her up for a kiss. A peek of his tongue ring flashes while they kiss. Her hand strokes his pierced cock and he grunts, his chest expanding with every deep breath that he takes.

He lays her down between us and settles between her legs. His touches become harder, rougher, the kiss fast and needy.

“Are you on birth control?” Colt whispers in her ear.

She licks her lips and shakes her head.

Bane smirks. “Good.” He reaches down and guides his cock into her entrance, then sucks her bottom lip into his mouth. “I’m going to fuck you raw. Bare. I want to see this pussy cry with our come, Princess.” He lifts his eyes from where they connect and he curls over her, arms bracing on either side of her head. “Breathe, Princess. I’ll take care of you,” he says, and she releases a breath, nodding.

Colt and I turn on our sides, our fingers stroking up and down her arms, over her tits, calming her, and I know it helps even though she’s completely lost in Bane.

She whimpers when he pushes in and he stops, gently pressing their lips together.

“I got you. You’re safe with me,” he says, taking her mouth again. “I won’t let anything happen to you.” Her wraps one hand around her thigh, lifting her leg over his hip while the other holds onto her shoulder as he pushes in further.

Her arms wrap around his massive back, her nails scraping across his skin to leave trail marks, and I can’t wait for it to be me.

Colt leans down and kisses up her arm and I lean in, sucking and nibbling on her throat.

“Fuck, Harlow. You feel so good. You’re so tight,” Bane grunts. “Fucking hell, you guys. Just wait until you feel how perfect she is for us.” He continues to push forward until she gasps on a painful breath. “Just tell me when you’re ready,” he says to her tenderly, showing a sweet side of himself that I didn’t know existed.

It’s because it only exists for her.

“Kiss Colt, Princess. Let your tight pussy relax around my big cock.”

Colt swoops in, petting her face with the back of his knuckles before kissing her.

“Now kiss Alto,” he directs.

She barely breaks away from Colt when I turn her head and own her mouth.

“That’s enough. Look at me. I want to see your face when I claim your cherry, Princess.”

Her big green eyes lock on mine and I smirk, turning her head by her chin. “You heard him, sweetheart.”

Bane thrusts in all the way and she whimpers, pressing her forehead against his shoulder.

“Oh fuck,” he groans loud. “You feel so amazing. I’ve never felt anything that feels as good as you, Princess.” He holds the back of her head and pulls her to his chest, his eyes squeezed shut as he tries to contain himself.

“You’re so big,” she whimpers.

He chuckles. “You can’t say things like that to me right now. I’m barely hanging on.” He leans away, cupping her jaw before taking her lips again. They kiss, getting lost, forgetting everything around them, when she begins to lean back.

She’s ready.

He doesn’t ask. Bane just begins to move, giving her slow and shallow thrusts.

“You’re doing so good,” Colt praises. “I bet it isn’t easy taking his cock. Is it?” The words are crooned into her ear.

“He feels amazing though.” She gasps when he begins to pick up the pace.

He sits up, spreading her legs so he can watch himself vanish in and out. Colt and I look down, noticing a hint of blood on his cock, but she moans, tweaking her own nipples as he fucks her.

“Bane,” she whimpers his name and his hips stutter. “The piercings.”

He yanks her closer to him, her pussy taking every inch, and she screams, her tits bouncing with every hard thrust. Bane holds her legs to his chest and I slither my hand between her legs, giving her clit attention again.

Colt straddles her face, shoving his cock into her mouth, then slides out.

I smirk and we take turns choking her throat until she gags. We stop when we both become close.

“Bane. I can’t. I can’t! It’s too much. I feel like...I feel...” She can’t speak. Her words are broken in a pleasurable turmoil.

He thrusts harder, faster, cursing under his breath. “Come with me, Princess. Come with me.”

They both shout at the same time and Bane drops onto his elbows, caging her head in, pushing himself as far as he can go while he comes.

“That’s it. Oh, goddamn it. Fuck.” He captures her mouth again, slowing his thrusts. He eases out, leaving her gasping for air. His cock drips come and her pussy is a mess, but he smirks. “I’ve never seen such a pretty sight.”

I nod to Colt and he flips her onto her stomach, sliding in easily since Bane went first.

“Fucking hell, so wet and tight.” He hammers into her, hard and fast without remorse and she’s crying out so loud.

“Does Colt feel good? You like having his cock, sweetheart?”

“So good. So long. Oh god, I can’t take anymore.”

I sneer into her face and yank her head back. “That’s too fucking bad because you still have me and I’m getting a taste of that pussy. You’re ours, Harlow. To do whatever we want with. Do you understand?”

Her eyes are glassy and her tits sway from the force of Colt’s thrusts.

“So damn good. Alto, just wait until you feel her. She’s made for us.”

“Fuck yes, she is,” Bane growls, his hand gently rubbing over his “Property of” tattoo on her ass.

Colt grips the ass cheek that isn't sore with fresh ink, using the meat to fuck down onto his cock harder.

“Do you like being used, sweetheart? Do you like being passed around to the three of us, knowing we will take care of all your needs?” I ask her, getting a glimpse of Colt's cock drenched in streaks of white.

“Yes! Yes, yes, yes,” she chants, throwing her ass back against Colt. He moans, then traps her underneath him so she can't move. “I love it. I never want it to end.”

I tilt her chin up with my finger and lean in, noses touching. “That will never happen. You're ours, Harlow, and we are yours. You hear me? Yours.”

She comes from those words and Colt shouts from her tightening as spasms travel through her body. Colt slams into her, pausing as his orgasm fills her, hoping it reaches her womb. While he's coming, he pulls out, making a mess on her ass with a few streaks.

“Fuck,” he draws out, nostrils flaring. “You look so pretty all dressed up, sweetness.”

I didn't think her cheeks could get any redder, but the blush deepens when he says that.

“Come here, sweetheart.” I gather her in my arms, her body limp and trembling from multiple orgasms.

Good, because I'm at the edge. I won't last.

I want her on top of me, but I don't think for her first time that it's a good position. Colt and Bane watch us, their cocks still semi-hard, and I know later on in the night they're going to want to take her again.

Laying her down on her side, I settle in behind her and Bane settles against her front while Colt is at her feet. Bane kisses her just as I slip inside her tight heat.

The feel of her takes my breath and I slide a hand down her body until it settles on her hip, then thrust, finally moving. I

sink my cock in, her pussy swollen and tender but still taking me so beautifully. I peer over her body to see my tattoo on the sensitive part of her groin. I breathe in her scent and right now it smells of sex, sweat, and come. Maybe some wouldn't like that, but I do.

We did that to her.

Us.

I lick the salty sweat on her neck, sucking a mark onto her throat, and she groans.

“You’ve done so good, sweetheart. Taking all of us. Such a good girl taking all of our cocks. Maybe one day...” I press a finger against her forbidden, puckered star between her ass cheeks. “You’ll be filled in all your holes. Your mouth so you can’t scream, your pussy, your ass, and you’ll be so damn full of us, all ruined and stretched for each of our cocks.” The filthy words slip from my mouth easily and by the groans of the guys, I know they like the idea too.

“Yes,” she whines, pushing against me. “I want that.”

“I know you do. You’re our dirty fucking girl,” Bane rumbles.

“We will work up to this.” I pat her virgin star, staring at where my cock is splitting her open.

I slam into her, igniting a loud shout, and continue the hard strokes until my orgasm clashes with hers and I fill her, giving her every drop of everything I have. I kiss her shoulder, slowing my strokes until my cock slips free and a rush of come escapes her.

I don't want us to move yet. In this room, we are safe, nothing can ruin the moment. We need to change the sheets and get cleaned up, but I don't want to move. I want to stay right here and I never want this to end.

“She’s already asleep,” Bane says, sliding off the bed, and I do the same, then we both climb under the blankets. She gravitates to Bane, her head nestled in the corner of his shoulder. He smiles, a good change from the scowl he always wears. I hug her back and Colt slips in behind me but stays on his back so we don't touch.

We might share one woman, but we do not touch each other. It isn't like that.

"We're in deep," Colt states in the silence of the room.

So deep I don't think there's a way out.

Not that I want one. I meant what I said.

She's ours.

HARLOW

I wake up sore, sticky, and a little uncomfortable. I yawn, noticing my body isn't on a bed, but lying across three hard, muscular, and sexy bodies. My head is on Bane's chest, while my stomach is against Alto's, and my legs are across Colt's.

How the hell does one get in this position?

Oh, I know.

The dare.

I smile against Bane's chest, thinking about everything that happened last night. Bane was so gentle with me, so tender, and it was why I wanted him to be my first. We connected instantly—not that I haven't with the others, I have—but Bane has a darkness about him that makes me want to soothe and care for him.

Fingers begin to circle on my lower back and I stretch, sighing from how good it feels.

“Good morning, sweetheart.”

I turn my head to look at Alto, blushing when I remember all the dirty things he said last night. “Good morning,” I say, suddenly feeling shy.

“How do you feel, Princess?”

Bane.

I stare at him, remembering how his pierced cock felt inside me, and I have to look away.

“Hey.” He makes me look at him by turning my head.
“Answer me.”

Everyone else would be scared to look at Bane, all big and bad with his tattoos and scars, but I know there’s more to him. I find his darkness alluring, but his eyes don’t match his exterior. They are soft, a gorgeous golden brown that remind me of honey shining in the light.

“I’m sore,” I finally admit. “I’m really sore.” I try to move and wince.

“I think I know something that can fix that.” Colt rolls out of bed. “I think a nice hot bath will be what you need.”

I pout. “I don’t want to bathe without any of you.” I kiss Bane’s chest, smelling the saltiness of his sweat from last night.

“I doubt your bathtub is big enough for all four of us,” Bane says.

I sit up, analyzing all of their bodies, and I bite my lip while I check them out. They are so damn sexy. Bane is the widest of them, built like a damn bull with wide shoulders, and his tattoos cover all his muscles but I can still see the ropes of his defined biceps.

“You’re beautiful,” I let slip while I talk to Bane, running my hands up his chest and getting lost in his body again.

Alto slips from the bed. “I’ll make some coffee while Colt makes the bath.”

They leave us, but not before Alto gives me a quick spank on the ass. I yelp and Alto chuckles. Colt moves around the bed to grab my face and kiss me real fast before going to the bathroom.

Now I’m all dizzy from their touch.

“Alto. Colt.”

They both look back at me at the same time. Alto pauses in the bedroom doorway while Colt looks over his shoulder as he stands in the bathroom.

Both of them naked.

How the hell are these men so damn good-looking? Even their cocks while flaccid, lying against their thighs, are still impressive. They look like gods.

“Yeah, sweetness?” Colt teases. “My eyes are up here.” He points his fingers from his cock to his eyes.

“Mine too. I feel so violated and exposed,” Alto says, pressing a hand to his chest and feigning hurt.

“I don’t. Violate me more,” Bane says in his typical grumpy voice, not understanding their joke at all.

I giggle. “I can’t help it. Anyway, you guys are beautiful too,” I whisper, staring at each of them. “Stunning.”

Alto scratches the back of his head, not knowing what to say, his cheeks turning a pretty shade of pink. Colt clears his throat.

“I don’t know what to say. I’ve never...heard that before,” Alto admits slowly.

“Same.”

“Me too,” Bane echoes their agreement.

“Well, I could say you’re handsome, but it’s doing you a disservice because you’re so much more than that,” I say with confidence.

Alto walks over to me again, his cock swinging slightly, and I notice the dry come and—oh my god—a little blood.

From me.

From my virginity.

I swallow, thankful when he squats to meet my eyes because I’m a little embarrassed. How do they feel knowing they were my first? Do they wish I was more experienced?

“Thank you,” Alto says, staring at me as if I’m the only thing in the world that matters to him. It’s intense.

I nod, my entire body buzzing with his awareness.

“And don’t ever be embarrassed.” Two fingers lift my chin and his mismatched eyes dart over my face. “I see it. Nothing

was sexier than what we did last night. I love the evidence left behind. I don't ever want it to go away." He kisses my forehead just as the sound of rushing water comes on. "I'm going to go make us coffee and then we probably need to head to the clubhouse."

I gasp, rolling out of bed, covering my mouth with my hand. "Oh fuck. Oh, no. Oh, no, no. Where's my phone? What time is it?" I panic, looking around the room for the damn device. I can't remember where I put it.

"Woah, hey. Why? What's going on?" Bane rolls out of bed and the mattress squeaks under his weight. I have to hold my breath that the bed doesn't break from him. If they're all going to stay over here, I'll need a bigger—and much stronger—bed.

"She's got a date with Grim, remember?" Colt leans his shoulder against the side of the wall and crosses his arms over his chest.

Bane sneers, charging at me with long steps, but I know he won't hurt me. He pins me against the wall. His hand slams against the wall above my head and the other cups my aching, sore pussy. "Do I need to remind you who you belong to? Do we need to fill this pussy with our come again?"

I whimper, remembering the mess we made last night.

"Bane, she's probably sore today. She can't," Colt tells him, and some of the rage lifts from Bane's eyes.

He grunts, his hand moving from the space between my legs to my chin. He forces my mouth open. "Her mouth is fine," he tells the guys, and my heart rate picks up a notch. "Do we need to fill your mouth until your jaw aches? We'll leave you so sore you won't be able to fucking talk to him."

"Bane," I gasp his name, squeezing my thighs together. "I don't want to go on a date with him. I want you, Colt, and Alto. I wasn't interested in him when I saw him. I only wanted..." I stop speaking because I know what I say will bite me in the ass.

"What?" Colt urges me on.

“Yeah, sweetheart. What?” Alto’s voice deepens, rough and low like a grumbling engine of a vintage car.

“I wanted to make you jealous. I wanted you to be upset,” I blurt.

“Mission. Accomplished.” Bane takes a step away and I look down, noticing his cock is rock-hard, the piercings glinting in the morning light peeking through the windows.

God, he is huge. Thick at the base and wide at the tip.

“If it weren’t for the fact that you need time to heal because you took us so well last night, I’d bend you over this fucking bed and ruin you for the day, Harlow. Go get your ass in the bath right now before I spank it red so you can’t sit down.” Bane cracks his neck and takes a deep breath. “I’m going to kill that guy.”

I step up to the hulking man, the one everyone is so afraid of, the one where people can’t look past his scars and tattoos, but I see right through him. I touch his chest and he releases a breath, his hand falling on top of mine to hold it there.

“I can’t lose you when I just got you,” he whispers so quietly only I can hear.

The admission has tears stinging my eyes. “I don’t want him. I want you.” I look around the room to notice we are alone again.

“Why?” he asks in private, something he wouldn’t do if Alto and Colt were around. “I’m fucked-up, Harlow. You could do so much better than me. You could have Colt and Alto.”

“There is no Colt and Alto without you. You aren’t fucked-up.” I trace his scars over his lips with my fingers. “You’re perfect and no one has told you that enough, but I am obsessed with every part of you. Even your scars. I...I enjoy how they feel against my lips and my body.”

Heat replaces fear in an instant. “Really?”

“Really. If I wasn’t so sore, I’d let you bend me over.”

He palms my cheek, cupping my face gently as if he’s afraid he’ll break it if he touches me too hard. His lips are soft when

they meet mine and I make a note to remember Bane is going to need reassurance. He isn't like the other guys. He has always been beaten down, but not anymore.

Never again.

I'm tugged away from Bane, and he growls in annoyance.

"She needs to soak in a hot bath. You animal. Plus, I want some." Colt spins me around and grins knowingly before kissing me too.

I melt.

There isn't a woman on this earth right now who is as happy as I am.

"I can shower. I don't need to soak."

"It will feel good. I put some Epsom salt in there with some bubble bath."

"And—" Alto says, holding a very full cup of coffee. "You have coffee. We will get ready in the other bathroom and see what's going on at the clubhouse."

I sigh when I sink into the tub. "You were right. This feels good."

Alto sets the mug down. "Good. We'll be back soon."

I nod, closing my eyes as exhaustion weighs me down again. I forget about everything, including the coffee, and let the warmth of the water ease the tension in my muscles.

"Sweetheart?" Alto's voice pulls me out of a sleepy state. "Harlow." He touches my shoulder and I drag my eyes open, smiling at him as I stretch.

"Hi," I greet.

"Hi." He taps the tip of my nose. "You've been in here for a half hour. The water is cool. Why don't you shower now and we can get ready to go to the clubhouse. It's around nine in the morning right now but no messages yet," he informs me. "But your dad won't be happy if you don't go out with the VP. He did say it was up to you, but he's really wanting the clubs to get along. Something doesn't sit right with me about it. I know

it isn't right for us to ask, but I think it's best if we wait to tell your dad about us until Grim is out of our hair. I'm not wanting to keep you a secret. Ever." He brushes his thumb over my lips. "I swear."

I nod and stand as the tub drains. "I think it's best if we wait anyway. Dad isn't going to be happy about this dynamic. We need to make sure we're all in this for good." I grab the towel and look down, reminded of my tattoos. "Fuck! My tattoos. They're probably ruined now, right? No, no, no." I dab them dry and Alto lifts me out of the tub, snatches the towel from me and dries me off.

"We're in this. There is no getting out of this. And we should have remembered the tattoos. They look okay, but if they are fucked up, we will fix it okay?"

I sigh, more upset than I should be. Here I am angry my tattoos are probably fucked up, when two days ago I was furious I had them.

Now, I don't want to imagine what my body would look like without them.

"I guess I need to cancel my tattoo removal appointment."

Alto glares at me. "Damn right you are. You get them removed, your ass will be back on that table and you'll be marked again."

My breath catches from the threat. A part of me wants to get them removed just to see if that will happen.

"Don't even think about it, sweetheart. I see the wheels turning. Go get dressed."

I don't move, still thinking about being laid out on that tattoo table.

"Go," he warns me. "Get that thought out of your head right now. Do not play with fire, Harlow."

"I don't know. Fire sounds so much fun to pay with."

He lunges for me and I scream playfully, running out of the room, but there's nowhere for me to go. He snags me by the waist and tosses me on the bed, pinning me under him.

“You are testing my control.” His cock is hard against my bare leg. All he’d have to do is unzip and slide into me.

“Alto.” I rub my hand over his cock. “Please.”

He groans, pulling away. “No. Nope. Get dressed. You need time, sweetheart. I can wait a day. We need to get to the clubhouse, and while nothing would make me happier than to have your scent all over me, it wouldn’t be good.”

“I’m not going to shower.” Bane is already dressed and is drinking a cup of coffee. “I don’t want to wash away the evidence yet.”

“Bane,” I gasp in surprise and he smirks, lifting a shoulder as if what he just said wasn’t a big deal.

Colt opens up my dresser drawer and throws me a shirt that says Vultures Ink, then a bra, panties, and leggings.

“We’ll meet you there, sweetheart,” Alto says. “It’s best if we don’t arrive at the same time.”

I hate how sad he looks when he says that. His eyes frown, guilt wrinkling the sides of his temples.

“I understand,” I say gently, and I truly do. I was a brat before. I don’t know why I thought they were out to hurt me or break my heart, but I should have known better. “I’ll meet you there.” I give each of them a kiss and they leave just as Addy and Meredith show up.

They watch the men leave, and when the door closes they stare at me with mouths wide open before running into my room.

I tug on my shirt and wait for them to ask the questions they want, but they don’t say a word.

Sitting on the bed, I begin to tie my shoes. “Ask. I know you want to.”

“All three of them?” Meredith blurts, bouncing on her heels with excitement.

I blush under their gazes. “Yes,” I admit. “I won’t answer any personal questions,” I say, warning them about not asking about their sizes. That’s for me to know only.

“Lucky,” Addy sighs in a dream state. “I want three of my own bikers too.”

“Did it hurt?” Meredith asks, folding her hands together. “Who was the first?”

I stand, head to my closet and grab my favorite jacket, then slip it on. “Bane.” I say his name as if I’m in love with him.

Hell, I might just be.

“And it did, but only for a minute. They took very good care of me and made sure I was ready.”

“Bane! You had Bane first! Holy hell, that must have been an experience.”

I squint my eyes at Addy. “It was amazing. He’s amazing. He isn’t incapable of being gentle because he seems so unapproachable.”

“That’s not what I meant,” she hurries to say. “I meant, you know—” She wiggles her brows. “Kinky.”

I snort a laugh. “Besides three men at once, I didn’t do anything kinky. I don’t think I would have been ready for more than what was given to me. They knew that. Bane is sweet and loves to dirty talk. Colt is aggressive with his want for me and Alto is gentle. I have the perfect combination.”

Addy fans herself. “Any of the members single?”

I snag my car keys from the kitchen counter. “I don’t know. I’ll ask around. I have to go though. I’ll talk to you later, okay?” I blow my besties a kiss and head out the door.

The more I think about my new relationship, the more I worry about the guys. They have been around since I can remember. They always had my dad’s back. They didn’t help raise me or anything, but they were always around. Dad tried to keep the club separate from me as much as he could while I was little. I remember being twelve years old and looking at Bane, Colt, and Alto, knowing they’d be my forever crushes. Never once did they look at me like that.

Hell, for the longest time I didn’t think they thought I existed. I don’t blame them. I wasn’t of age then.

Now, I am. And they want me.

I nearly trip over my own feet running to my car. I'm so excited to see them. It's only been a few minutes, but already I want nothing more than to be in the same room as them. But then I think about Grim and my father. All my happiness fades and anxiety clutches my stomach.

My dad loves me. He'll do anything I want. He'll support me if I don't go through with wanting to date Grim, but he'll need me to have a good reason as to why I don't even want to try. As much as he supports me, he is very businesslike. Anything that will make the club more successful, he will do, even if it means using me to do it.

Does it piss me off? Yes. Do I know he won't make me do anything I don't want to do? Also yes. That doesn't mean I won't get furious from his efforts.

The ride to the clubhouse is shorter than usual because I get lost in the daydream of what happened last night. When I pull onto the driveway and head down the road, Dart is there at the gate. He makes sure no one gets in who isn't allowed in.

"Hey, Dart," I greet, giving him a friendly smile as I roll down my window.

"Hey, Harlow. How are you?"

"I'm okay. What about you?"

"Same shit, different day." He slaps his hand on the button to allow the gate to open. "I'm kind of lonely," he adds out of nowhere. He's always been an oversharer but that's what I like about him. "I think I want to try a relationship, but..." Dart lets out another dramatic exhale. "I don't know. Never mind. It isn't important."

"Hey," I bark at him. "Of course it's important. How about we talk later?"

He grins. "Okay. Sounds good. Thanks, Harlow."

"Any time, Dart." I don't bother to roll up my window as I drive through when the gate opens. The hinges squeak and I

grimace from the horrid sound. I'll have to tell my dad about that. It's so loud it will wake the roadkill predators poke at.

I park next to Alto's bike.

Just because.

I try to hide my happiness and excitement by rolling my lips together, not putting a pep in my step, but I can't. It's impossible. I had the best night of my life and I can't tell anyone. I can't celebrate.

Well, that thought worked.

I slow down, wondering when we'll be able to just be happy and not hide.

"Sugarplum." My dad is sitting in the common area, a map open on the coffee table. Grim is sitting next to him.

He stands, much to my dislike, and saunters over to me with a cocky stroll. "Good morning, Harlow." His hand lifts to push a piece of my hair out of my face and I flinch away, not wanting him to touch me. Grim pauses. "I'm not going to hurt you."

"What?"

"Daddy, it's fine. It was just an instinct. It isn't anything serious." He sits back down onto the couch and grunts, trusting what I say. "Sorry, Grim. I just think it's too early for you to make assumptions that you can touch me," I tell him gently and honestly.

Something shifts over his eyes, something dark and feral that I don't like.

A few members come in and plop down on the couch and I begin to get nervous. Everyone is filling the room now for some reason. Bookie, Bullwhip, Trap, Poet, Halo, Brander, and even Dart comes inside from manning the gate.

I'm sure Lifesaver would be here too if he didn't have a shift at the hospital.

"Maybe we can talk outside in private?"

Grim looks over his shoulder at my dad and sucks his lip into his mouth, clearly annoyed. I'm thrown off by how he's

acting. A bad feeling twists my gut when I see Daddy giving him a firm nod.

He's acting as if he has a claim on me or was promised to me. A cold dread settles in my bones. As I step outside, I give one more look at Daddy, wondering if he'd do something like that to me. Would he really promise me to someone without talking to me first?

I mean, he kind of did, but talking to a guy and being declared his are two different things.

We step outside and Grim tucks his hands in his pockets. He leans against one of the rails, staring out to where the desert is.

"I'm not really wanting anything right now," I lead with. I don't want to beat around the bush. "I'm not sure what Daddy told you about this or what would happen, but I'd rather just be friends."

"Does this have anything to do with the guy who made you cry the other night? Grizzly told me about that. I wouldn't make you cry, Harlow. I'm here for other reasons other than you." His tone is friendly and gentle, so I don't feel offended when he says that. "If that's what you want, I'll respect that, but I also won't stop asking you out in hopes you'll say yes. You're a beautiful woman, Harlow. I'd like to show you how women like you are supposed to be treated."

The door bangs open and Bane is standing there, arms crossed, and his lips are so tight the scars are more pronounced. "Everything okay out here?" he asks.

"Everything is fine." Grim gives me one last look over. "Sometimes the best things in life need to be waited for, is all." He reaches for my hand and Bane grabs his wrist, stopping Grim from touching me.

"Don't even think about it," Bane seethes.

Grim cocks his head and looks from me, to Bane, and smirks. Without saying a word, he walks back into the clubhouse. Flustered, I brush against Bane on purpose when I step inside, wanting him to know I appreciate what he did, but also just needing to feel him against me.

Alto is charging down the hall, then slows when he enters the common room, gaining a few curious glances as he casually stands next to me.

“Are you okay?” he asks, his back to everyone.

“I’m fine, but you and Bane are causing a scene,” I whisper just as Colt comes into the room, making his way to stand behind me.

My heart is slamming against my chest as my three men surround me. They aren’t close enough to touch, but they are close enough to protect me, and other members are noticing. Match and Bookie, for example, are giving us curious glances, but decide nothing must be going on because their focus is on whatever Daddy is working on.

“Sugarplum,” Daddy calls out in front of everyone.

I used to be embarrassed by the nickname, but now I know it’s an endearment. I’d be sad if he ever stopped calling me that.

“Why don’t you want to go out with Grim?”

Now I am embarrassed. “Seriously? Do we need to talk about this in front of everyone?”

“Yes.” He doesn’t bother looking up from the map as Grim draws a red line on it, connecting two places.

“That’s funny, because I thought it was up to me to decide if I wanted to go out with him. I don’t know what the hell the deal is, but I’m not going to go out with Grim. Not now, not ever. So whatever plan you had, you might as well forget about it because it isn’t happening.” I march out of the clubhouse and head to my car, not wanting anything to do with this MC for another second today.

All the testosterone is giving me a headache. Who the hell do they think they are? And did Grim go and tattle? What are we, in middle school? He can’t take rejection like a grown man? He had to go and tell my dad? What a damn joke.

“Harlow!” Alto yells for me, but I don’t stop to look at him because if I stop, I’ll run into his arms.

That’s the last thing any of us need.

BANE

Alto is right. Something is up with Grim. He isn't taking Harlow's rejection well. I overheard him telling Bullwhip that she just needed some time to get over some kid breaking her heart, but that she'd say yes to him eventually. What the hell was up with that?

Damn Grizzly is too blind to see that this Grim character has nothing good planned for Harlow. His fake pleasantries and promises can kiss my ass because no one is touching my girl and no one is going to be taking advantage of her.

Grizzly has been so far up Grim's ass, I'm surprised he sees the light of day. They have been mapping out territory of where the issues are rising with drugs, and where each body is found. All the issues were found right outside of what we claim as ours in this city, but the dealers are getting bolder, getting closer, and eventually the drugs will hit the clubhouse.

The members don't do drugs. Not hard drugs. Grizzly has everyone take drug tests every few months because he doesn't want any of his members falling over dead if we have to go and make an extraction to save a domestic violence victim.

The drugs that are encroaching on our territory are dangerously close to the domestic violence shelter, which is why Colt and I are on our way there to ask questions to see if anyone has seen anything questionable.

Colt takes a right into a gas station and I follow, easing my bike behind his.

"I forgot to fill up yesterday. I'm on fumes."

“I’ll top off too. Who knows how long we’ll be out today,” I tell him, swiping my card when I feel eyes on me. The hair on the back of my neck stands up, but I don’t give anything away. I don’t want to notify whoever is watching me that I know they are.

Going about my business, I fill the tank. Colt looks over at me, a low, small nod telling me he feels it too. I bite the inside of my cheek, my fingers tightening around the handle of a gas pump. When the pump stops, I take the nozzle out and settle back where it belongs.

With a loud rumble from pressing on the throttle, Colt and I leave, riding side by side. He takes out his gun, the barrel long and silver, the bullet big enough to leave a giant hole in your chest. The power of that weapon is heavy. I’m not sure how he wears it every day.

I breathe in the dry, hot air of the desert, dipping into my vest to grab my ninja stars. They are quick, easy to throw, and with the right accuracy, can kill someone. Blades are my weapon of choice because I hate them so fucking much and I know how they hurt. Any time I use them, I hope anyone who feels pain, feels the amount I felt when I was just a boy.

We’re ready for an attack but nothing happens. The road is quiet, but we remain at the ready. Much to my surprise, we’re able to get to the shelter without anything happening.

“Something is going on,” Colt says.

“I know.” I slide out my phone from my pocket and text Alto to let him know what’s going on.

Me: Something is up. We are being followed. I’ll keep you updated.

“I let Alto know so they’re not blindsided if anything happens,” I say, taking two steps at a time until we’re at the front door.

We aren’t in the best part of town. This shelter is beat-up, but it’s well protected, gated, and fenced in. The door is thick steel that a bullet can’t penetrate and there are protective measures in place for the shelter to go on lockdown. Windows will get

covered by more steel and we will be notified too, so if they need us we can get here in time. We made a secret exit only the owner knows about, tunnels underground that lead to safety.

A plan is always in place.

Just the thought of anything happening to the shelter has me growling.

“Stop,” Colt hisses as he bangs on the door. It’s a secret knock to let Heather know it’s the club and no one else.

She opens the door, looking more tired than ever, but a smile graces her face. She’s in her mid-fifties, blonde hair turning gray at the root, and she has wrinkles around her eyes but still she has a youthful appearance. She’s beautiful but her life hasn’t been.

“Colt. Bane. It’s so good to see you. Lunch is made. Would you like some?”

“You know I’ll never turn down your food, mama,” Colt flirts, bending down to kiss her on the cheek.

She rolls her eyes and hugs him. “It’s good to see you boys. You look well. Bane...something different about you.”

“I’m the same.” I step inside and close the door behind me, not bending down to hug her because I really don’t like touch unless it’s from Harlow. She can touch me all day and night. I’ll never get tired of it.

“You aren’t.” She taps her chin. “You’re...happy.”

“We aren’t here to talk about me,” I mutter.

“We have someone special,” Colt explains with a big bright smile.

I nudge him. “Don’t,” I warn. “We aren’t here to talk about her. We can’t.”

“Oh, it’s okay. I don’t mean to pry. I just like seeing you boys happy. Especially you, Bane. I’m happy to see the hard lines of your face have softened.” She grabs my arms, a gesture of

thoughtfulness and caring, but I just stare at where she's touching me.

I can't help it. I lean away from her.

She doesn't take offense to my uneasiness. I've always been like this. It isn't personal.

"Come on, sit. Sit." She ushers us to the cafeteria.

The inside of the shelter is completely new, thanks to us. Everyone has a small bedroom. A very small bedroom, but a room nevertheless, accompanied with a small restroom too with a walk-in shower. People should have privacy.

The hallways are hardwood and fresh paintings from local artists hang on the wall. It's bright and welcoming, something Prez was insistent on. Since people who have been abused are often depressed, it's important they aren't surrounded by something decrepit.

They have a huge space for donations, separated by sizes for women, men, and children.

We take a left to the cafeteria and it's halfway filled. Mostly women and children. They're all eating a balanced meal with food selections. Some are eating deli sandwiches, others are eating chicken on top of pasta with some type of sauce that looks delicious.

My stomach rumbles when the smell hits my nose.

"I'll bring you a plate," she tells us.

Colt grabs her hand. "We can get our own food, Heather. You don't need to wait on us. We'll wait on you." He kisses the back of her hand, patting it in a kind gesture.

I don't get it.

Why bother?

I pile my plate with chicken and pasta, then a big sandwich. When we head back to the table, Colt sets down a plate full of chicken with salad.

Leaves.

If I wanted to eat leaves, I'd walk to the closest tree, but Colt knows what Heather likes.

As we all sit down and start eating, I take a long gulp of Coke, then wipe my mouth. "Have any women or children come in high? Any deaths that we don't know about?"

"Don't beat around the bush, Bane." Colt's words are laced in sarcasm.

"I don't understand that. There is no bush to beat here," I say dryly, hating his kind of jokes.

"It's just a figure of speech. It means you're just diving right in. You aren't sugarcoating things."

"There isn't time to sugarcoat. Heather—" I cross my arms on the table. "There have been deaths in the area. Drug-related. Do you have any information? Have you heard anything? Any information will help us."

Heather wipes her mouth and sighs, suddenly seeming ten years older. She pushes her food around, then her eyes slide to the table next to us to make sure no one is listening.

"Yes," she begins, tucking a piece of hair behind her ear. "At first, I didn't think anything of it. I thought a couple of drug overdoses, it's fine." She spins the straw in her drink. "And then some of them were covered up. Mostly domestic violence victims, beaten to death, but all were found with the unknown drug in their systems. I knew some of those women. They didn't do drugs."

"Why didn't you tell us? That's what we're here for," Colt says, leaning back in the chair but keeping his voice down so we don't cause alarm.

"I didn't think anything of it at first. I thought it was typical. Drugs, death, violence, which isn't news around here, but then..." She swallows, breaking the eye contact she had with us.

"But then what?" I lean forward, turning my head with interest.

“These men I have never seen before came to the door. They asked for food, and I’m not the type of person to turn anyone down, but my gut said they were up to something. They’ve been hanging out. Whispers have been filling the streets, guys. We don’t know who they are.”

I don’t like that sound of that. “Why didn’t you say anything? Heather, we’re here to protect you and this shelter, including the people in it.”

“I didn’t want you all to think I was being paranoid. They haven’t bothered me, but can’t you see there are less women here? I would be happy to say it’s because domestic violence is down, but—” She scoffs, stabbing at her leaves. “Come on. When has that ever happened? I was going to come to you guys, but you beat me to it.”

“So much for wishful thinking that maybe you were having a good day.” Colt glances around, running his fingers through his hair. “We will take care of this, okay? If anything happens —”

“I know the drill. Don’t worry. I’ll be okay. We’re safer here because of you. I wish we knew where this drug was coming from. It’s hurting a lot of women. Only women,” she bites, her cheeks turning red as she becomes angry. “I don’t understand why men hate us.” She blinks up at the ceiling to hide her tears and I can’t help but frown at that statement.

I do something out of character and reach for her hand. I pause, unsure if I really want to, but Harlow would probably be proud of me if I did, so with that, I awkwardly pat the top of her hand in odd beats.

Colt stifles a laugh but Heather smiles, then takes her other hand to press it on top of mine.

Pure panic. I don’t like to not be in control of touch. I tug my hand free and inhale a deep breath, calming my nerves.

“Thank you, Bane,” she says at my poor attempt to make her feel better.

We finish our food and Colt gives Heather another hug, then a kiss on the cheek.

“Bane. I’m really happy to see how much you’ve grown. You might not think so, but whoever this woman is, she’s good for you.” She widens her arms and slowly comes in for a hug. “I’m going to give you a quick hug. That’s all.”

I freeze as she wraps her arms around me, but then I get a whiff of perfume, something my mom wears, and my arms melt, wrapping around Heather. I let go fast. I don’t want to linger.

“Be safe,” I grunt, giving her another odd pat on the shoulder. “And give us a call.”

“Will do. Bye, boys.” She waves with a smile, then shuts the heavy door.

“I didn’t like the sound of that at all.” Colt sits on his bike. “Something fucked-up is going on. We need to tell Grizzly it’s more than drugs.”

“If he’ll even hear us over Grim,” I growl, the man’s name pissing me off.

“We will have to make him.” Colt starts his bike, the conversation over as the grumbles of our bikes fill the air.

We roll to the gate, Colt punches in the code that opens it, and we ride out, patrolling the roads to search for this drug. Colt can’t come back empty-handed. We head to the shadier side of town and hit the streets where the prostitutes like to work the corner.

We don’t get off our bikes when we stop in front of them. A brunette woman wearing a bra with a sheer shirt, a leather mini skirt, red heels, and a feathery jacket sways her hips as she walks up to me. She wraps her red-painted lips around a cigarette, a blood-colored imprint left behind on the filter.

“Hey there, big boy. Looking for a good time?” she purrs, blowing smoke into the air. “Two hundred for a romp, baby.”

“No,” I state bluntly. “We’re looking for the new drug. I was hoping you could point us in the right direction.”

Her eyes widen and she looks left and right. “You can’t be talking so damn loud,” she whispers. “I don’t have a clue what

you're talking about. You're taking up my time."

I get my wallet out from my back pocket and gather three hundred. "I'm good for it." I hold out the money and she snatches it, tucking it in her bra.

She bends over seductively, pretending she's interested. "My boss gave me some. I have it in my purse," she breathes into my ear. "You looking to get higher than the clouds, big boy?"

"Something like that, " I say.

She pulls away, opening her purse and pulling out a tiny bag full of white, then tucks it in my cut pocket. "You know where to find me if you want something else." She rubs her hand over my shoulder, giving it a tight squeeze. "Don't take too much of that. It'll kill you."

I shrug away from her touch and drive away, Colt right behind me. The drugs burn a hole in my pocket since I know they're there. I don't like it, but the closer we get to finding some type of treatment, the sooner we can stop this.

A gunshot takes out my side mirror and I swerve, nearly toppling over from the unexpected attack. I right myself just as Colt stretches his arm and begins to fire at the people behind us who are also on motorcycles.

"Fuck!" I shout when one of their bullets blows out one of my tires.

I go down, the heavy metal sliding when it hits the pavement. My shoulder hits the ground hard, my cut not protecting my arms from road rash. I roll violently, my body moving almost as fast as my bike as it skids down the road. When I stop, I have to remember how to breathe. Everything hurts. My head spins. My vision blurs. Every part of me aches.

The smell of smoke and gasoline has me turning. Colt is down too. Blood drips from his head and his arms are just as bad as mine, but he is able to lift them up to fire, putting a bullet in one of the men after us. He falls from his bike, dead, and I cover myself as his motorcycle runs into mine, the heat blistering my skin.

I fling my blades through the air, hoping to pin down the other guy, but he speeds by us, not bothering to stop to check on his friend.

Must not be friends at all.

“Bane?” Colt shouts from the other side of the road. “Fucking hell, Bane! You okay?”

I cough, flipping over onto my back. “I’m fine,” I answer at last, wincing. I lift my arm and see the debris in the wound. “You?”

“Fine,” he says, standing, but then stumbles back to the ground. “The bikes are toast.”

I chuckle, rolling onto my stomach to push myself to my knees. “No shit. What gave it away? The fire or the fact that they’re in pieces?”

“Jesus, Bane. You look like shit.” Colt falls as he tries to walk to me, zigzagging across the road. He can’t stand anymore, losing his strength, and hits the ground on his knees. “Your arm is torn open. Your head.”

“Fuck off. I still look good. Unlike you.” I fall to my ass, holding a hand over my ribs. Every time I breathe, it hurts. I dig for my phone and slide it out of my pocket. It’s cracked. I try to turn it on, but it won’t work. “You need to call Alto. My phone is trashed.” I toss it to the side, then reach into my pocket.

I hold up the packet Grizzly has been asking for and laugh. “Of course this makes it.”

Colt laughs, sitting down as he leans against one of the tires of the bike. “Yeah.” He taps his screen and puts it on speaker.

“Colt,” Grizzly answers.

“Prez, we need help. We were ambushed. We’re injured. Our bikes are fucked.”

“What the hell happened? Where are you?”

“I don’t know,” Colt answers honestly. “We have a theory. We’ll tell you later. Can you get us before the cops arrive?”

“The guys are on their way. Don’t fucking move.”

We both laugh at that.

“You know what I mean,” Grizzly mumbles, then hangs up the phone.

“They’re on their way.” Colt drops the phone into his lap, and we wait.

The sun is hot. It bears down on us with a hot rage and my skin begins to sweat. I squint my eyes to block out the bright rays.

“What a fucking day,” Colt gripes. “It’s hardly noon.”

I dig into my cut pocket and pull out a flask, unscrew the top, and chug some whiskey. I hand it over to Colt. “It’s five somewhere, right?”

“You’re my savior.” Colt snags the flask from me and pours the whiskey into his mouth, groaning as it burns his throat. “Maybe enough of this will numb the pain in my arm.”

“That’s the goal.” He passes the flask back to me and I take another drink.

Bellows of motorcycles sound in the distance just as Colt finishes the flask. A Ford Raptor is in front. When they all come to a stop, Grizzly drops out of the truck and runs to us.

“Holy shit, what the hell happened?”

“This happened.” I toss him the small packet of drugs. “Things didn’t go so well at the shelter either. Seems they are targeting domestic violence victims. The shelter was half empty.”

“Well, that can be good, right?” Alto asks, kneeling down beside me. “Damn it, Bane. You look terrible.”

“No,” Grizzly grunts, shoving the drugs in his pocket. “The shelter is never half empty.”

“Heather said a few of the girls that have visited her a few times have died from it—they’re always found beaten to death, but these drugs are in their system. Heather insisted those girls didn’t do drugs.”

“Forced?” Grizzly snarls in rage. “Fuck no. That’s going to stop.” Grizzly wraps an arm around Colt and helps him up while Alto does the same for me.

“We’ll clean up the bikes,” Poet says as Dart parks the flatbed. “And we’ll get rid of the body.”

“Who is it?” Grizzly asks.

“I don’t know. They aren’t wearing any name tags, but they were on bikes.” I give Alto most of my weight as I limp to the truck.

Grizzly and Alto help Colt and me inside, then Prez hurries around the driver’s side to hop in.

“You think it’s another MC?” he asks, securing his seatbelt. “Lifesaver is ready for us. Help is ready when we get there, guys.”

“I don’t know,” I groan, holding my side. “I think it’s bigger than we think.”

Grizzly wraps his fingers around the wheel until his knuckles are white. “Okay. We’ll put more feelers out. We’ll need to recruit more guys. This thing with Grim isn’t working out. We could have used his help,” he says. “I won’t force Harlow into a relationship with him, no matter how much it will help the club. I want her happy.”

Thank fuck.

“We need to hit the ground and see where we can get more prospects, maybe recruit members from other chapters,” he explains, running a hand down his face, stressed. “We need men, and we simply don’t have enough yet.”

I nod in agreement. “Maybe we have an open-gate charity event. A bonfire, food and all that, a community thing,” I suggest.

Colt turns to me and gasps. “Holy shit, that’s one of the smartest things you’ve ever said.”

I close my eyes and swallow my pain. “Thanks. I have my moments.”

“It’s a good idea. Let’s plan it after you guys feel better,” Grizzly says, turning right into the clubhouse.

Dart doesn’t ask us who we are. He knows. The gate swings open and Grizzly slams on the brakes so hard Colt and I fly forward and smack against the seat in front of us.

“Fuck! Grizzly. That hurt like a motherfucker,” I groan, holding my side and gasping for breath.

“Shit. Guys. I’m sorry. I’m only thinking about getting to Lifesaver.”

“Get me there alive,” Colt says dramatically, which causes me to laugh.

“Stop! Asshole. It hurts to laugh.”

“I’m not trying to be funny.”

“You two sound like an old married couple.” Alto opens the door and helps me out while Grizzly gets Colt.

“Feels like it too,” Colt shouts from the other side of the truck. “I’m always cleaning up after him after I ask him to pick up his fucking socks around the house.”

“Oh, like you’re any better. I clean up after you all the time. How many mugs do you need to use all day? You leave them around the damn house. All full of water or coffee. Just pick a damn cup,” I argue, groaning in relief when the door opens.

“My mugs depend on my mood.”

“Mood mugs do not happen. They aren’t a thing,” I seethe, annoyed at him.

“Okay, how about it doesn’t matter,” Lifesaver says. “Set them on the couch.”

“Oh my god!” Harlow screeches and runs to our side, catching herself before she touches me. I can tell it’s painful for her to old back. “What happened to you both?” She blinks away tears and all I want to do is kiss her senselessly, then hold her tight.

It hurts me that I can’t.

“I’m okay. It was an unexpected ambush, but we are fine. The bikes aren’t, but we are.” I tap her hand and she grips my fingers for a second before letting go.

Lifesaver sees the touch before eyeing me. “Looks like it’s mostly road rash. You need a few stitches in your arm and you might have a concussion, but other than that, you’re lucky.” He plucks the debris out of my arm—pebbles, rocks, and glass.

“Ow,” I bitch.

“Really?” He plucks another piece out. “Shut up.”

“Aren’t there medications you can give me?”

“You’re tattooed from head to toe and you’re complaining about this?” Lifesaver removes another chunk of glass.

“Doesn’t mean it doesn’t hurt,” I grumble. “Needles and removing glass from your skin are two different things.”

“You’re being a baby,” Colt says, just as Bullwhip brings him a beer.

“I’m going to skin you while you sleep if you don’t stop,” I warn.

While Lifesaver works, Harlow doesn’t leave our side, but she doesn’t hang around too close. Alto remains by her too while she chews on her fingernails with anxiety. Lifesaver clears his throat and narrows his eyes at me, but doesn’t ask the question on his tongue in front of everyone.

I’m glad he doesn’t because I’m hoping it isn’t a question dealing with Harlow.

I close my eyes while Lifesaver works on me and Colt. I tilt my head back onto the couch cushion and get cleaned up.

“Where’s Grim?” Alto asks.

That has me opening my eyes and looking around. “Yeah, where is the amazing Grim?” That was laced with too much sarcasm.

I don’t regret it.

Grizzly sighs. “He had club business he had to take care of. He’ll be back.”

“You don’t find that suspicious?”

Everyone turns to Harlow because she never questions Grizzly.

“He’s from one of the most—”

“Respectable clubs,” she finishes for him. “We know. I just find it convenient that your members are here hurt, and he’s nowhere to be found.”

“Harlow, you don’t understand.”

“Oh, I think I understand just fine. You don’t know Grim like you think you do and you’re wanting to throw me to him in hopes your MC gets stronger. You can’t use me as meat. I won’t let you.” She goes into her room and slams the door, leaving everyone stunned at her little outburst.

But I can’t help but want her after that burst of sass. My cock is hard, my lust is raging, and there isn’t a damn thing I can do about it.

COLT

I'm in my room, restless and unable to sleep. I can't stop thinking about today, but I also can't stop thinking about Harlow. It's hard to sleep while knowing she's under the same roof as me. There isn't a damn thing I can do about it.

Wincing, I turn to my back and stare up at the ceiling, wondering how the hell these men got the best of us. We knew something wasn't right when we left the gas station, but when we left the shelter we should have been on alert.

We have something to live for now, something special to us to come home to. We can't gamble our damn lives away. We're fools to be so reckless with our lives. Harlow would have been devastated if anything happened to us. She was devastated. The look on her face when we walked through the door...I never want to see that again.

Prez's punishment will be out of this world when he finds out about us, but I don't care. I'll take any punishment when it comes to Harlow. Her text message to us changed everything. Her dare was the best thing to ever happen to me, to us, and now it's our turn to dare.

That's the one thing Grizzly will say.

"How dare you take advantage of my daughter!"

He'll yell it too. He'll be fucking furious, and we have to stand our ground. We have to make sure we stand by Harlow. No matter what happens. Things might get bloody. Not for Harlow, but for us. We are betraying him right now. We're

fucking his little girl behind his back, only he doesn't realize she's not so little anymore.

She's a grown woman and she's beautiful, smart, and sassy.

The door creaks open and Bane is standing there, his arm wrapped in a sling. He's got a bottle of Jack in his hand.

"Can't sleep?"

I shake my head and sit up. "Fuck no. I have too much going on in my head." I scoot over and make some room for my best friend. "I hope you brought that to share."

He grunts, tilting the bottle to me as he steps inside, closing the door silently before walking over to the other side of the bed. The mattress dips from his weight, the frame squeaking.

"If you break my bed because of your heavy ass, you're buying me a new one."

"We're all going to be in the same bed soon anyway. Get used to my heavy ass."

"I'm not fucking cuddling you."

"You better not fucking cuddle me. I don't want anything to do with your hairy ass." He unscrews the cap from the bottle and takes a swig. "We could just take turns. Like rotate. Each of us has a night with her."

I think about his words, and it makes sense. I'm sure that will happen, but I don't see any of us going a night without her. We will need her too badly. I know our situation is unique. We are three men who want to share the same woman, but we don't want to share with each other.

But that might mean bodies get brushed up against sometimes.

Even in our sleep.

"Maybe. I don't know. I'm sure it will happen, but I think we all like the idea of never going a night without her and I know I'm not about to say, 'Fuck you, it's my night. You can wait.' I'd hate to have to wait." I take a swig of whiskey, then stare at the bottle. "You know, we shouldn't be drinking this on painkillers."

“Eh.” Bane waves away my concern. “It only means they’ll work faster.”

“That’s—no. That’s not what it means. Who told you that?” I take another gulp. “It’s a miracle you’re still alive. Truly.”

“Says the guy still drinking the alcohol.”

I hold in a chuckle and hand him the bottle, passing it back and forth. “Yeah, well, no one said I was perfect.”

A moment of silence passes between us and Bane sighs, his head thudding against the headboard. “I think Grim is behind what happened today. I don’t know how or why. I don’t know his motive, but I think it’s really convenient that all this happened while he was here.”

“I’m not saying you’re wrong, but I am saying trust Prez. Grizzly has never steered us wrong before. He wouldn’t now.”

“I don’t know, man. He’s blinded by this MC. He’s desperate. I think he knows we’re in a bad way, and he’s scrambling to make sure we don’t go under.”

“We won’t,” I reassure by slapping his shoulder. “We’ll be okay.”

The door creaks open again and I expect Alto, but it isn’t.

“Harlow? Sweetness, what are you doing in here? You’re supposed to be sleeping.” I lick my lips when she eases her back against the door, closing it lightly until it clicks. Her long, flawless legs look smooth against the silky shorts of her pajama set. Her tank top is thin, too thin to be wearing it by itself around a place like this. The straps are thin and weighed down by her tits. I can see her nipples through the white material and Bane must too because he groans.

She looks fucking delicious.

“It’s past your bedtime, Princess.”

“I couldn’t sleep,” she says, tiptoeing into the room until she sits on the bed. “Everyone is asleep, and I wanted to come in and check on you. Bane wasn’t in his room, so I knew I’d find you both here.” She settles between us and my eyes flicker to the door to double-check that it’s locked.

“Sweetness,” I say with a warning, her hand intertwining with mine and Bane’s. “What are you doing?”

“I really just wanted to check on you. That was really scary. Seeing you guys walk into the clubhouse...” Her throat bobs when she swallows hard and then tears drip from her eyes to her cheeks.

“Ah, Princess. We’re okay. Come here.” Bane lifts his good arm and pulls her close to him. His hand rubs up and down her arm as she cries into his chest. “We’re fine. I swear. Nothing but a little bruised and cut up. Nothing a little time can’t fix.”

She holds onto my hand tighter, squeezing so hard that I’m surprised she has so much strength in her small body.

“Hey,” I say to get her attention, tugging her from Bane into the nook of my arm. “We’re okay. Nothing is going to keep us from you, okay?”

“But it almost did,” she rushes to say. “I saw pictures of your bikes. They’re ruined. That could have been you! Oh god, I don’t even want to think about what I would have done if Alto were to tell me you two died.” She presses a hand to her heart, struggling to breathe. “I know it’s different for you guys. I know you don’t feel as strongly for me as I do because I’ve been crazy about you for so long, so it’s scarier for me. I never thought I’d have any of you, but now I have all of you. It’s a dream. I feel—”

I hold a finger to her mouth and lean in. “I understand, but just so you know, if anything happened to you we’d be feeling the exact same way.”

Her big green eyes blink at me. “Really?”

“Really, sweetness. You’ve become our world in a very short amount of time.”

“Our entire universe.” Bane rubs his fingers down her side. “We don’t ever want to imagine life without you.”

I wipe a tear away with my thumb, hating to see her so sad and worried. I cock my head and lean in, softly kissing her lips.

“Fuck, I’ve missed the feel of you,” I groan, sliding my hand into her hair and deepening the kiss until her mouth has no choice but to open for me. Her tongue glides against mine and I have to hold in a groan when I taste her.

It’s been too long since I’ve had her.

Her hand slips around my waist, pulling herself closer, and I bite in the groan of pain as her fingers brush against the road rash.

“Do you think you can be quiet?” Bane whispers. “Do you think you’ll be able to not scream our names?”

She nips at my bottom lip and nods. “Yes. I’ll be quiet. I’ll be good.”

“You’re always good.” Bane rubs his hand over the silky material of her shorts. “But you’re fucking naughty wearing this around the house. No one sees you in this but us, Princess. You can’t be showing this off for everyone.” He plays with the hem of her shorts, rubbing the material between his fingers.

“I wanted you to look at me. I wanted to show you what’s yours,” she says, flipping around and giving me her back.

She kisses Bane next, and I’m left with the gorgeous view of her back. My greedy fingers slide up her spine and inch under the straps of her tank top, then slide them down her arm. She whimpers into Bane’s kiss and his hand reaches around, gripping a handful of her ass. His knuckles are all scraped from the wreck and against her, he looks sinful.

We’re ruining the purity inside her and drowning it with our lust.

We’ll breathe life back into her every time. She’ll never die without knowing how much she’s wanted.

She whimpers loudly and Bane breaks the kiss, sliding a hand over her mouth.

“Princess, you have to be quiet, or this can’t go on.”

She nods, eyes glassy with lust.

“Can you? If not, we can stop.”

“No. I want this. I need to feel you both. I need to know you’re okay.”

“What about Alto? Shouldn’t he be here?” Bane asks.

“He’s asleep. I didn’t want to wake him.” She kisses down Bane’s chest, careful not to bump his arm.

Our shirts are already off because of the bandages. She rubs Bane’s erection tenting his sweatpants and he quietly grunts.

“Fuck, maybe we shouldn’t,” I say, freeing my cock from my gym shorts.

“Shut up,” she purrs, swaying her ass in the air. “I want to make you both feel so much better.” She reaches into Bane’s pants and frees his cock. The piercings glint in the low light of the lamp, and she strokes him while reaching back to take me in her hand.

I grab the pillow and shove it over my face, moaning into it.

“Take her, Colt. I’ll have her sinful little mouth to keep her quiet.” Bane doesn’t waste any time. He grabs her by the throat and hauls her in for a kiss, his scars getting lost in the movement.

I tug down her shorts, rubbing my hand over the curve of her ass, and hum in delight.

“So goddamn perfect,” I whisper against her neck while she kisses Bane, then guide my cock into her from behind.

I don’t seek her entrance at first. I want to get her wet. I want to feel her pussy drip onto my shaft as she gets lost in the want for me. Her legs are pushed together and I slip through the space between her pussy and her thighs.

I plaster myself against her back, my breaths hot and broken against her neck as I slide out, then back in.

“Fuck,” I groan, feeling the outside of her pussy slide against my length.

The tip presses against her clit with every stroke and small whimpers leave her, but Bane is there, eagerly eating them up so they don’t wake a soul.

I reach around, drifting my hand between her legs and slip a finger between her folds to find her clit. Her body jerks when I land on the sensitive button. Smiling against her neck as if I just won the jackpot, I pinch it, and she rips her mouth away from Bane to suck in a needy breath.

“Oh my god. Oh god,” she whispers, burying her face against Bane’s shoulder.

I time my rhythm, circling her clit while thrusting against it with my cock so she never goes a second without being stimulated.

“Such a dirty girl, wanting to fool around under the same roof as her dad. You love the idea of getting caught, don’t you?” Bane asks, kissing down her throat.

She holds in another whine, nodding her head vigorously.

“Sweetness, you feel so good like this. You could make me come and I’m not even inside you,” I whisper moan, digging my fingers into her ass while I glide in and out. “Do you think I could get you off like this? Do you think you could come all over my cock? Just. Like. This.” I punctuate the words, thrusting every point I’m trying to make.

“Yes! I’m so close. Don’t stop.”

“Shhh, Princess. That was a little too loud. Are you trying to get us in trouble? I think you need something to do.” He bites her bottom lip before getting onto his knees and sliding his hand around to the back of her head. “Suck my cock like a good girl so we don’t have to punish you for waking the entire house.”

Her hand wraps around his thick base and she sucks him down, immediately gagging on his large length. She groans, but it’s stifled from her mouth being full which was a good call on Bane’s part. I keep thrusting and she pushes her ass against me which changes the direction of my cock.

With full force, I drive inside her tight heat, biting my lip so hard to keep myself from cursing, I draw blood. The metallic taste of iron slips down my throat as I plaster my mouth closed to not shout my pleasure for all to hear.

We fill her, nothing but the sounds of skin slapping fills the room, and I bite her shoulder. I clutch her hip, bringing her ass against my pelvis while I hammer into Harlow.

“She’s playing with my piercings. Oh, fuck. Harlow,” Bane sneers in a low, hushed tone. “You’re going to make me come if you keep doing that.” Bane tilts his head back and his tongue flicks along his lips, the ring getting caught between his teeth as he plays with it.

Whatever she’s doing, she doesn’t stop, because Bane begins to fuck her face. “You want me to come? I’ll come,” he snarls. “I’ll come until you can’t breathe.”

She chokes, gags, and coughs while being hammered at both ends.

My body burns with pain. The road rash on my arms begins to sting, but nothing will stop me from taking her, from claiming what’s mine, and from losing myself in how fucking good and perfect she feels.

“Harlow!” Bane grits through clenched teeth.

By how he’s gritting his teeth and how his body tenses, I know he’s coming. He pulls out before he’s done, white streams hitting her chin and chest.

“Look at you.” I bend her head back, laughing darkly at the mess Bane made. “All ravished and used. You like that, don’t you, sweetness? You love being ours.” I drive into her again and again until her body arches and her pussy tightens around me, milking me for all I’m worth.

Bane covers her mouth as her orgasm strikes her, keeping her silent while I take her bare, with no protection.

I look down, smirking when I see my come leak out with every shallow stroke.

“Damn it, Harlow. You’ll be the death of me,” I say, lazily stroking until my cock naturally slips out from softening.

Bane rolls off the bed and heads to my laundry hamper I keep here at the clubhouse, digging through until he finds a dirty

shirt. He cleans his come from her chest and face, then wipes between her legs.

I pull her pajama bottoms up, hating that I have to cover that beautiful curve of her ass.

“How do you two feel now?” She exhales, a sleepy smile taking over her face. “I feel amazing.”

I chuckle, brushing her cheek with my hand, then when her eyes begin to hood, I realize our bliss is short-lived because she can't stay in here.

She has to leave.

“Harlow?” I say her name dreadingly. “Sweetness.”

Bane clears his throat and my eyes meet his. He shakes his head.

“Not yet,” he mouths, running his fingers through her hair while she nestles against his chest. “Not yet.” He is transfixed on her.

“I know,” she says after a few minutes of silence. “I can't stay.”

“I want you to.” I swallow. “I want you to more than anything.”

“I do too.” Her big green eyes open and land on me—paired with her fiery red hair, I'm the one who is transfixed now.

She's beautiful.

“We will be able to one day.”

“I know.”

“How about I sneak in before dawn breaks?” she asks, rolling over onto her stomach, kicking her legs in the air as if she's at a slumber party. “Maybe we can have fun again.”

“You're going to wring us dry, aren't you?”

“What? You can't keep up, old man?” she teases, and jumps out of bed before I can spank her ass. “You know, I hear they make pills for that issue.” Harlow grimaces, clicking her tongue in concern.

“Princess,” Bane grumbles, inching forward to snag her by the waist. “We’ve shown you just how much we don’t need those pills.”

“Hmm.” She looks him up and down, then unlocks the door. “I guess we’ll find out soon, won’t we?” With a mischievous smirk, she slips out the door.

Damn it.

I think I love that girl.

HARLOW

Sleep doesn't ever come to me. I'm too wired, too amped, and too damn happy. I smell Bane and Colt on me, a scent I never want to wash off. It's only a matter of time before the club finds out about us, but the whole hiding-in-secret thing...it's kind of a turn-on. I like having to lock the door and I like having one of their hands over my mouth to silence me.

Or better yet, I love it when they quiet me with their cock.

The more time I spend with them, the more I fall in love with them, and the more I realize I can't live without them. Daddy won't approve and I'm not sure he ever will. I feel bad about that, for being the reason why my guys are going to lose their best friend. It isn't fair. I can hope that daddy will take the news well, but I doubt he will.

I'm lost in thought before I'm looking over to the clock and noticing it's around four in the morning. It should be early enough that no one is awake, or everyone will be awake depending on the night they had. That's the bad thing about staying in the clubhouse. Some nights it's quiet and peaceful.

Other nights, it's loud and the party never stops.

I crawl out of bed, making good on my promise, and grab my robe hanging on the back of the door. Wrapping it around me, I rub my hands up and down the arms, the material soft and fuzzy. And let's not forget warm.

I slowly open the door, peek my head out, and listen for anyone who is awake. I don't see anyone either, so I rush from

my bedroom to Colt's again. There's a rush of adrenaline when I tiptoe down the hallway.

The floors creak under my weight and I pause, hoping no one wakes up. I hear the sound of footsteps in the distance, and I rush to the kitchen to make it look like I'm there for a late-night snack or drink. I open the cabinet just in time to see Dart come out of his room. He scratches his stomach and pauses when he sees me.

He's only in his underwear which has bananas all over it and they're half-peeled.

Dart's hands fall to his groin to cover himself up. "Harlow, I didn't think you'd be awake."

"Sorry," I whisper so I don't wake anyone up. "I'm going to make some tea to help me fall asleep. I'm just a little restless."

He takes a large, wide step in front of the counter where we keep all the baked goods. One hand still covers his crotch while the other snags a few cookies from the tray.

"I have a sweet tooth. I'm just going to go. I'll...I need a glass of milk."

"Dart?"

"Yeah?" he croaks, looking like he's about to bolt.

"I really don't care about your bananas. I'd rather just make my tea. I'm a grown woman. I've seen men in underwear before." I mean, I haven't. Not until Bane, Colt, and Alto.

"Right." He clears his throat and drops his hand from his body, hurrying to my side then reaching above to grab a cup before setting it on the kitchen table.

We were supposed to have a conversation about why he was feeling so lonely, but I suppose now isn't the time either. Dart is a good-looking guy and so sweet. He wears his heart on his sleeve and is always looking to make people smile.

He deserves to be happy.

"Goodnight, Harlow." He raises his cup of milk to me before walking back to his room.

“Night!” I call out after him.

I tap my fingers on the counter, waiting for his door to close. When I hear it shut, I toss the tea down the drain and place my cup in the sink.

Flipping my stealth mode back on, I rush out of the kitchen, but not before smacking my toe against the corner of the wall.

“Ow! Ah, fuck,” I hiss, hopping on my leg while I hold my other foot.

I lean against the wall and inhale deeply through my nose. I swear, there is nothing worse than stubbing your toe. It’s a pain unlike any other and it stays as a low throb for hours.

“You okay?”

Dart’s voice has me jumping and throwing a hand to my chest. “Jesus, Dart.”

“Sorry. I heard something out here. Wanted to see if you were okay.”

“My toe could use your thoughts and prayers,” I grumble.

He yawns but smiles through it. “Sorry to hear that,” he says. “Where’s your tea? Did you drop it?” He checks the floor for a mess and my skin breaks out in a hot sweat.

I have to lie.

Anxiety chokes my voice and for a second his eyes wander down the hall, then back to me.

“After a few sips, I decided I didn’t need it. I’m on my way back to bed,” I lie effortlessly, feeling like complete hell about it.

“Alright.” He doesn’t believe me. I see it as he looks at me, analyzing me to decide if figuring out my lie is worth the time and energy. “Be careful. I’ll see you in the morning.”

I give him a tight smile with an awkward wave. The click of his door sounds again but this time I wait a few to see if he comes back out.

When it's just me, I hurry to Colt's room, dashing inside before anyone can see me and ease the door shut.

My breath trembles as it escapes me.

"I was wondering when you'd come back."

The sound of Alto's voice surprises me. I spin around and see the three men. Colt is in bed reading a book. Bane is sharpening his knives. Alto whips his belt off with one hand and the end of it cracks the air. I jump, for a moment feeling it on my skin even though he's nowhere near me.

"Why don't you tell me what I missed out on, sweetheart?"

I lick my lips, holding my robe together tightly as his eyes darken, the two different colors piercing me in intense ways that shouldn't be allowed. The golden brown sinks me to my knees, drowning me in evil, while the blue one praises me for being so good.

But the praise makes me come.

And there's only so much I can take.

"I..." I whimper, unsure what to say. "You were asleep. I was worried about them. I wanted to make them feel better."

Alto unzips his pants and leaves them open. The V on either side of his hips vanishes beneath the denim and my mouth waters. "That doesn't answer my question, does it?"

Bane lets out a dark chuckle while Colt casually flips the page in the book he's reading. They aren't going to help me.

"I didn't think I'd get in trouble for being with them."

"Oh, sweetheart. You aren't in trouble. You can have any of us, any time, but when I can be in here you better make sure to wake me up because I'll be damned if I miss you getting filled and drenched."

I gasp, the robe way too warm as a fever takes over my body.

"And I don't like to miss any moment where my woman orgasms. So, paint me a picture, Harlow. I want to envision every detail."

I open and close my mouth, not sure where to begin. Bane sets down his knives and I realize he's in his boxers while Colt is in the same gym shorts he fucked me in.

It jogs my memory.

"I came into the room. But I wasn't wearing this. I got in trouble for what I was wearing." I undo the robe and let it fall to the floor. "They said I wasn't allowed to wear this at the clubhouse."

Alto's nostrils flare and his muscles flex. His chin tilts down, the glint in his eyes feral. "They are right. You will never wear that around anyone else again. Fuck." He palms his cock through his jeans and already I can see the plump outline forming. "What's next? What did you do without me?"

I crawl onto the bed, taking my time. Arching my back, I sway my ass in the air to give him a show. "Then I crawled between them, wanting to be close, and then we just started to kiss. Like this—" I grab Colt's face and kiss him within an inch of my life, tongues dueling, and he moans down my throat, cupping my breast while rubbing a thumb over my nipple. I break away from him, breathless, and turn to Bane. "Then, I needed Bane." Bane dives in, his tongue more demanding and forceful than Colt's. He feels me up too, only his hold on me is tighter.

"Tell him what you did next," Bane urges, kissing along my jaw. "Tell him how you stroked our cocks."

"Is that right?" Alto asks, intrigued.

"And then I fucked this sweet little mouth while Colt filled her pussy. I had to keep her quiet. She wasn't able to follow that rule."

Alto grips my ankle and yanks me to the foot of the bed, his jeans dropping to the floor. He pushes my flimsy shorts and panties to the side, humming when he sees the evidence from earlier.

"Still so messy, sweetheart."

"I didn't want to wash them away yet." I blush, realizing how dirty that sounds.

“Good, because I’m about to add to it anyway.” He lifts my legs until the backs of my thighs are against his stomach and my heels are pressed against his shoulders. Keeping my panties pushed to the side, he drives himself inside me.

I’m about to scream when Colt’s hand covers my mouth. Bane laughs, watching me be taken as he casually leans against the headboard, hands behind his head. “I told you. She’s a mouthy little thing. I can’t wait until we can go back home and fill the walls with her moans.”

“Me fucking too,” Alto agrees, kissing down my leg while pulling out until the tip of his cock is lodged in place. He takes a pause, giving me a smug smirk before flexing his hips. I’m impaled on his cock, speared by long, thick inches that I can hardly take.

I grab onto Colt’s arm, digging my nails into his skin as Alto uses me, cursing under his breath.

“That’s it, Alto. She likes that. Keep it up. She’s about to come,” Colt tells him. “She always likes to dig those nails into the skin before she orgasms.”

He’s right. I already feel the orgasm brewing, the low burning turning my stomach and making me feel lightweight.

“She won’t. She isn’t allowed to until I do.” Alto fucks me faster, my whimper caught in my throat as Colt suffocates my sounds.

“I love watching her get punished. Colt, lift her shirt. I want to see those pretty tits bounce.”

Colt’s fingers are hot against my skin as he lifts the hem of my shirt. “Sorry excuse for a shirt. I can see her nipples through it.”

“It’s why she’s never going to wear this around the house again.” Alto curls over my body and palms my breast, squeezing it hard before sucking the nipple into his mouth. He lets go of it with a soft pop and blows cold air on the damp peak.

I try to scream, try to tell him I want more, but my pleas are silenced.

I need to come.

I can't wait anymore.

I tighten my pussy around Alto, flexing my muscles around his cock in hopes it will make him come faster because I want to come.

Alto's hand wraps around my throat. "Don't even think about playing me right now, Harlow. I'll leave you aching if you try."

Tears brim my eyes while my body burns.

The bed begins to squeak from how rough and hard he's fucking me. Alto wraps his arms around me and throws me against the wall, pinning me there by my ass. He drills into me and his mouth catches mine as a loud moan slips free.

"Fuck." His hips stutter. "You feel so good. I never want to miss a time when you feel good. You better always wake me. Always. Missing this isn't an option."

He has such a firm grip on my ass, I know I'll have bruises there tomorrow. He grunts, ramming into me harder, faster, and it's him who's becoming too loud at this point. I take his face in my hands and smother his mouth, his lips bending to my will.

Alto breaks the kiss just enough where his lips still touch mine and says, "Now, sweetheart. Now."

With one last thrust, he groans into my ear. "Ah, ah, fuck yes, Harlow. You feel so good. So tight. Love this pussy. Take every drop, sweetheart. Goddamn."

I burst. My entire body explodes into a series of ecstasy. My toes curl and I try to climb up Alto's body, my muscles pulsating around his cock.

"Alto," I whimper, riding the high he gave me.

He slumps, holding me close with my legs wrapped around his hips. Alto sets me down slowly, my legs shaking, and his cock deliciously rubs against my clit as he slips out. Come drips down my thigh while it pools at his tip.

“Isn’t that a pretty sight?” He drags his fingers through it and pushes them inside me. “I hate to see a drop go to waste though.”

The sound of the door opening happens too soon.

I forgot to lock the door.

“What the fuck?” Dart’s voice is too loud and Colt grips his shoulders and tackles him to the floor while Bane closes the door, locking it for good this time.

Alto spins around, blocking me but showing everyone else his semi-hard cock while making sure I’m out of Dart’s sight.

“What the fuck are you doing in here, Dart?” Alto tugs up his jeans with one hand, still blocking me, and Bane throws him my robe.

“What am I doing?” Dart hisses. “Are you kidding me right now? What am I doing? What the fuck are you doing!” He points at me.

Alto turns around and helps me put on my robe, tying it tight.

My eyes burn as tears form. Oh my god, we got caught. What are we going to do? My heart is racing and Alto brushes my cheek.

Crap. I’m crying.

“I’ll take care of this,” he says. “It will be okay.”

“Prez is going to kill you three. It’s the three of you, right? Jesus Christ, what were you thinking? Harlow? Out of all the women.”

Bane wastes no time. He wraps a hand around Dart’s throat and squeezes until Dart can’t breathe. His face turns red, and with his free hand Bane grabs a knife and presses it against Dart’s cheek.

“You won’t say a word.” The vicious threat in Bane’s tone has slivers of fear slithering down my spine. “Prez isn’t going to find out yet. We will tell him, but it won’t be coming from you. If you say one word, if you breathe one word, I’ll fucking

gut you, prospect. I'll leave you for the vultures to eat on the side of the road. Do you understand?"

Dart nods as fast as he can and Bane lets go. Dart gasps for breath but his threats aren't over. Colt cocks his gun and aims it at Dart.

"What are you doing!" I do my best to keep my voice down and stand between Dart and the gun.

Colt lowers it immediately, not wanting to chance pointing his gun at me. "Get out of the way, sweetness. Please," he adds.

"No. Dart is a good person. Just stop," I beg everyone. "We can talk about this."

"Like why the fuck he was coming into this room to begin with?" Bane sneers at Dart as he rubs a hand over his throat.

"I knew something was going on. Harlow, you're a terrible actor," Dart rasps. "I knew she was coming to see you guys. You aren't as sly as you think hiding your 'I want to fuck you' looks. I wanted to make sure Harlow was okay. She's my friend." He swallows, groaning in pain. "I won't say a word, but I need to know, this is mutual?" His eyes shift to me, wanting to know the truth.

"What the hell? You think we'd take advantage of her? You know us better than that."

"And how do you think Prez is going to react, Colt?" Dart throws back at him. "She's nineteen. She's his daughter. I just caught her getting railed against the wall while you two watched. This isn't okay."

"Yes, it is." Bane's chest begins to heave, his temper boiling to dangerous levels.

"No. It isn't. What if it had been Prez instead of me? You aren't quiet either. I could hear you when I got halfway down the hall. This won't be the reason why I don't get patched in. This never fucking happened. I didn't see shit. Understood? When you'll go down, you won't take me with you." Dart runs his hands through his hair and shakes his head. "All this for sex? You have the whores. You guys could have had any of them."

“Didn’t want any of them.” Bane wraps his arms around me from the back. “Wanted Harlow. We all do. She’s ours.”

“It isn’t about sex, Dart,” Alto explains. “I mean, it’s amazing, but it’s more than that. She’s got our patches tattooed.”

His eyes round so much I’d think they were about to fall out of his head if it were possible. “You tattooed her without talking to Prez? Oh my god, you all are stupid.” Dart goes to leave and Colt steps in front of him, gun pointed under Dart’s chin.

Dart leans into it, daring Colt to pull it.

“Say one word,” Colt warns.

“I won’t. I have too much at stake here too. I value Harlow’s friendship.”

“Thank you,” I whisper through tears.

Colt lowers his gun and Dart leaves the room.

That was too close.

Which means the truth is finding a way to set itself free.

ALTO

I would be lying if I said I didn't sweat every day with anxiety this past week. Any time I see Grizzly, I wait for the punch to the face, but nothing ever happens, so Dart has kept his word and kept his mouth shut. He's also not spoken to us since that night. I don't blame him. How does someone react when they find the Prez's daughter getting fucked against the wall.

Without protection.

Come dripping down her thighs. Her hair a mess. Her lips pouty and abused from our kisses.

Yeah, I can see why he won't speak to us.

The tattoo gun in my hand buzzes while the man under me whimpers in pain. He clutches the table until his knuckles turn white. He keeps squirming and I stop, dipping my needle in water, rolling my eyes.

Women sit for tattoos so much better than men.

"Maybe we should take a break," I offer, even though we've only been going for thirty minutes.

"No. No. I'm okay. I can do this."

His tattoo is simple. I'll be done in fifteen if he can sit.

"Well, I'm wondering if we need to reschedule," I say, setting down my tattoo gun. "You're moving a lot and I won't have my lines fucked up." I snap my gloves off and toss them in the trash. "Get with Colt up front. He'll reschedule you."

He turns around, sweat beading on his forehead, and it looks like he's two seconds away from passing out. "No, man. I swear, I'm good. How much longer?" He swallows.

"Fifteen minutes if you don't move. Thirty if you can't sit still."

He wipes his forehead with the back of his arm and swings his legs off the table to stand. He sways and I dive for him, wrapping my arms around his torso as his knees buckle.

"I'm fine. I'll be fine. I'm okay."

"Yeah, that's why you're slurring your words." I go to set him back down, but he falls limp in my arms. His eyes roll to the back of his head and his face is pale. "Oh, come on. You've got to be kidding me." I shake him a bit, the sweat rolling down his temple. "Hey, hey, buddy. Come on. Wake up." I tap his cheek but he doesn't move. I hang my head and groan. "Colt, call 9-1-1 and someone get me a wet cloth please."

Bane rushes into the room with a cloth and I snag it from him, pressing it on the guy's forehead.

"I've called them. They're on their way," Colt says, coming into the room to help me. "He didn't last very long, did he?"

"He didn't stop squirming. From the very beginning. He couldn't handle the pain."

"Ah, well. A lot of people think they can. It isn't for everyone." Colt is always great at making people feel better about their choices.

"Well, he has a half-naked lady tattooed on his shoulder. It's better than what it could have been," I say, hoping the guy is okay.

"I mean, you offered him the numbing cream?"

I glance up at Colt and my face hardens. "No, Colt. I didn't know we finally had it in. Where is it?"

"It's..." A look of recognition hits his face and he crinkles his nose. "It's in a box, in the back, from when shit was delivered the other day and I forgot to open it. And I might have forgotten to tell you it was here."

I run my fingers through my hair and tug on the strands. “Colt! What the hell, this could have been avoided.” The sirens sound in the distance and they get louder the closer they come.

“Sorry. I forgot. You know, with Harlow and stuff.”

“Don’t use our girl as an excuse,” I spew at him just as the paramedics rush in.

My client comes around when they trap him to the gurney.

“Aw man, did I pass out?”

I pat his shoulder. “No buddy, you’re fine. You fell asleep, rolled off the table, then smacked your head on the floor. That knocked you out.”

Bane chuckles, then coughs to cover it.

“Really? Oh, good. Whew. I was worried. I didn’t want to pass out in front of the Venom Vultures when I wanted to talk to them about prospecting. That would have sucked. Oh, man. Thank god.” He exhales on a laugh as they strap his head down. “My head doesn’t hurt though.”

“It’s because of the tattoo. The pain from that is blocking it.” It’s a piss-poor excuse, but the guy seems like he needs a break.

“That makes sense. That makes a lot of sense. Can I reschedule? I want to get it finished.”

“Yes, no problem. Call me when you feel better.”

“And we can discuss you prospecting another day, okay?” Colt adds, bringing a smile to the poor bastard’s face.

“Awesome. That’s so cool.”

“Yeah, man. You’re the coolest,” the paramedic says with a little too much sarcasm for my liking, and I grip him by the back of the jacket as his partner rolls the gurney outside.

“Listen, no one is exactly proud of passing out, okay? Don’t give him shit or you’ll deal with us. Got it?”

He swallows, visibly shaken. “Yes, I get it.”

“Good.” I shove him forward. “Give him your best care.” I drop my eyes to his nametag. “Frank.”

He rushes out the door, tripping over his own two feet.

“Really? Him. As a prospect? Dude would faint at the sight of blood,” Bane states, popping a squat on a stool.

“Well, some people don’t get off on it Bane.”

Bane shoves Colt and he smacks against the wall.

“It wouldn’t hurt to have someone like him in the club. To show we are more than big scary guys. He’s...”

“Scrawny. He’ll get eaten alive,” Bane says, taking out one of his knives he likes to scar people up with.

“Maybe he’ll bring brains to the table. Instead of all these muscled-up jackasses with tattoos on their heads and who have a tongue ring,” Colt whips.

Bane throws one of his knives and it whizzes by Colt’s head, landing right into the wall.

Again.

I growl in irritation, wrapping my hand around the blade and pulling it out, pointing it at Bane. “You’re fixing that hole and all the other holes you’ve put in this place. Got it?”

“Tell Colt to stop being stupid and I will.”

“Tell him not to be so hotheaded!”

“Okay, the both of you, stop acting like teenagers. I don’t have the patience for it.” I rub my temples, feeling a headache coming on. “I’m free the rest of the day. I’m going to go. I have a few errands to run.”

“Alright. We’ll shut the place down. We will see you later,” Colt says. “We only have a few more appointments anyway.”

I walk to the back of the studio and snag my keys, jacket, and sunglasses. “I’ll see you later,” I call out, walking out the back door to where we park our motorcycles. Checking my phone, I click on the message from Harlow and grin when I see a

picture of her. She looks perfect. Her hair is in pigtails and she's holding up a peace sign while sticking out her tongue.

I'm completely way in over my head and absolutely obsessed with her.

Which is one of the reasons why I put on the GPS on her phone, to protect her, which is also why I might have decided to track Grim too.

I don't trust him. At all. And if no one else is going to protect the club and Harlow, then I will. There's no way in hell I'm going to have Harlow in harm's way because of him.

Harlow is safe and in class, but the dot on Grim's is moving and going toward the outskirts of town, right where the drugs have been heavy.

This doesn't sit right with me.

Swinging my leg over my bike, I place my phone in the holder that I have for it, strap it in so it's secure, then pull out of the parking lot.

There's a breeze in the stifling air and I can't tell if it feels good or not. The desert days can play tricks on the mind. It's hot, dry, and a lot of people think they can survive a day in the sand, but it isn't as easy as it seems. So many people have died hiking, camping, thinking they could conquer it, but a lot of the time that isn't the case.

It's also the perfect place to dump bodies. Prez has used the miles of sand to our advantage. I plan on using it too if I find out Grim is playing us.

I take a right, coming into civilization, and pass one of my favorite pizza places. I get close to the shelter, which is the area Colt and Bane said the drugs have been heavy. I park my bike and take a look around, noticing it's a little quiet. Usually it's busy, especially since it's the street people hit before going to the strip.

A few girls are working the corner down the road, but that's it.

Well, I don't like that. This is our city and no one is going to scare anyone into not enjoying it.

Following my maps, I walk a few blocks before I have to dip down an alleyway. “Oh god.” I choke from the smell. It’s rancid, and bags of trash sit in puddles of water. I step over it, noticing a homeless guy asleep next to the dumpster.

Fuck.

Getting my wallet out, I toss him a couple hundred bucks and hurry to the end of the alley. I hold out my phone and Grim is to the right. I peek my head around the corner of the red brick, noticing Grim talking to the rival MC.

And the man he is shaking hands with?

Grizzly’s brother.

I lift my phone, snagging a few pictures of the encounter, and try to listen to what they’re saying, but I can’t hear them. I don’t think I’ll need to. With this evidence, with his meeting Grizzly’s brother, he’s fucked. He’s crossing us. I don’t know what they’re planning, but maybe Grim’s MC isn’t as perfect as Grizzly makes them out to be. He’s blinded, the fool. I don’t know why he’s so dead set on merging with them. The only thing they have going for them is how large the MC is, which means they have a lot of reach and are in a lot of pockets. They have many hands in many jars and I’m curious what they plan to do with Grizzly’s brother.

I plaster myself against the brick when Grim turns around to walk to his bike. I inch into the darkness, careful to bypass any trash so I don’t make any noise.

Now I have a perfect view of him, which means if he focused he could probably see me.

“Grim!” Grizzly’s brother shouts.

Grim pauses and they shake hands, but now I can hear what they’re saying.

“The girl?”

“I just need a little more time,” Grim states. “She’s not easy to get alone. She’s always surrounded.”

“Well, you deliver my niece, you’ll get paid well.”

Grim tightens his lips together. “You’re fucked-up for wanting to kidnap your own niece. I make good on my word though. You’ll get her, and then I’ll get paid along with the drugs.” Grim mounts his bike and buckles his helmet. “You’ll hear from me.” Grim’s bike grumbles as he roars away and I’m left with rage filling my heart with pure hatred. My hands shake as I hold a hand over my mouth.

He doesn’t plan on having a relationship with Harlow. He plans on kidnapping her and delivering her to Grizzly’s brother, for god knows what. Her own fucking flesh and blood wants to kidnap her.

Jesus Christ. I won’t allow that to happen. I can’t allow that to happen.

I have to tell Grizzly their plan.

And we will need to come clean to the Prez.

I rush from the alley and back to my bike, deciding to head back to the clubhouse. I take one last look at the GPS on my phone to see Grim has stopped at a local bar. Perfect, that gives me time to call an emergency church meeting.

I speed down the roads, not giving a fuck about cops. They are on our payroll anyway and I don’t want them to know about this. They would handle it the legal way, or try to, but this is fucking personal. When someone threatens what’s mine, I retaliate. We take care of justice, because no law, no cops, no legal system will give this motherfucker what he deserves.

When I get to the gate in a record amount of time, Dart is there, and he doesn’t even look at me when he opens the gate.

“Church! Now,” I yell at him over the rumbles of my motorcycle.

He doesn’t question me. He knows if I’m calling a meeting it must be urgent. He closes the gate when I enter, then runs after me, getting lost in the dust my bike creates over the sand-covered pavement.

When I park, he’s at my side instantly. “What’s going on, Alto?” he asks, his brows dipping in the middle.

“Something real fucking bad. Gather everyone. You and Poet too. This is for everyone.”

“Yeah, yeah, no problem. I’ll get the guys who are out back right now.” He runs around the clubhouse and heads to where a few of the guys are adding on space to the building in hopes we grow.

I charge inside, then slam the door behind me. “Church!” I bellow as loud as I can. “Now!” My footsteps pound against the floor and I hear the quick footsteps of members rushing to the room where we have church.

I sit down in my usual spot, leg shaking, and I wait for Prez to enter the room. It isn’t often someone else calls church, but this is mandatory.

Luckily, Colt and Bane are here and they sit. I’ll need their support.

Prez comes in last. “What the hell is going on? Why are you calling church?”

I try to keep my temper. I do. “What do you know about Grim? Really?”

His face becomes stern. “I know you aren’t questioning me.” He takes a step forward and every eye in the room is on me.

I stand, pointing a finger at him. “I am questioning you, Grizzly. Because no way in hell are you so blinded by this fucking MC that you can’t see straight through his bullshit.”

“You have been on his case since he got here. You aren’t giving him a chance.”

“A chance? So when I followed him today and saw him meet with your brother, to talk about how they’re going to kidnap Harlow, I should give that a chance?”

Shock takes over his face and he loses color while the members of our MC begin to murmur to one another.

This doesn’t look good for Prez.

“What the fuck are you talking about? My brother is a bastard but there’s no way he would do that to Harlow.”

“God, how fucking blind are you, Grizzly? He’s the one who is selling the drugs. I saw it today. Grim isn’t here to form a relationship with Harlow. He’s here to trick her into a relationship and deliver her for payment of cash and drugs to your brother. Wake the hell up and stop being blinded by this need to grow. Grim’s MC are bastards. Your daughter is at risk.”

“Do you have proof?” he asks, rolling his lips together.

“Proof? I’m your VP and you don’t trust me enough to take my word on this? You don’t trust me enough as your best friend who has been by your side for over twenty years, and you want proof? You really trust your brother and Grim over me?”

“I want all the evidence before I go crucifying people. My brother is an asshole, but he is my blood. Harlow is his blood. We hate each other, but I find it hard to believe he’d plan that.”

“Why?” I rub my hand across my mouth, sick of how irrational he’s being. I could call for a vote to see if he even deserves the title as President. He’s been too careless. But I won’t, because my loyalty to him is stronger than my anger. “Come on, Grizzly. The only family that’s loyal to you is the one around this table. Harlow is loyal to you.” My stomach turns with the lie, knowing I’m going behind his back and fucking his daughter, but that’s a truth that will have to wait. I’m loyal to him. Always.

I can’t help that I’ve fallen in love with her.

“But if you want proof, I have pictures of them talking.” I slide my phone across the table and he grabs it.

“This could be anyone,” he says. “And you’re just trying to set Grim up for failure.”

“Are you fucking kidding me?” I slap my hands on the table so hard the table shakes. “Are you that far gone? I’m telling you, friend to friend, brother to brother, this is bad, Grizzly. If we don’t get ahead of it now, who knows what will happen to Harlow? Do you really want to risk her?”

He marches around the table and grips me by my vest, slamming me against the wall. “Don’t you dare talk about my daughter as if I don’t care about her. I’d give my life for her.”

“Then why aren’t you taking me seriously? Why don’t you believe me?”

“Because I don’t want it to be true. Because we need this partnership!”

“Not if it means risking Harlow.”

His fist comes faster than I can prepare for it. It hits across my mouth and blood pools across my tongue. “Don’t you fucking dare. I’d never risk Harlow. Ever. I’d die before anything happened to her.”

“Then listen to me,” I beg him, shoving me off me. “I saw it, Grizzly. I saw it with my own fucking eyes. He is a traitor. He is using you and making us look like we don’t know what we’re doing. He is working with your brother. I don’t know what shit they do in Washington, but maybe it’s time to call their Prez and see if Grim is going rogue, if they are as great as you make them seem.”

“I’ll call them and see what’s going on. Nothing will happen to Harlow.”

“Do we confront Grim?” Bane asks. “I say we torture him first.” He balances the tip of a blade on the table and spins it. “Nothing a little slice and dice can’t fix.”

“No,” Prez and I say at the same time, and he narrows his eyes at me, pissed I’m answering questions he’s supposed to answer.

“We wait. I want more proof. Maybe Grim isn’t working against them—”

I scoff, pushing my friend off me. “You are something else. You’ll look for any reason, won’t you? You’ll search high and low to make sure the precious little club sits on its pedestal. You’re unreal. I expected so much more from you. We have gone to war for less and even now, you need more. If this goes south, it’s your fucking patch. Not mine.” I hurry out of the

room to stop myself from wrapping my hands around his throat.

He wants more evidence? Fine, but let's just hope that evidence isn't Harlow being kidnapped. If that happens, maybe then he'll open his eyes. It'll be too late for him though. He'll lose his position of power because he isn't putting the club first, he isn't putting his daughter first.

He's being a selfish fucking bastard.

And it will be his own downfall.

COLT

The plan is to act normal around Grim. Prez is acting like nothing ever happened and his acting is too good.

Everyone has been trying to be sparse, not wanting to get around the traitor, afraid they'll slip, which is why we're on Harlow's college campus right now.

We need to be around her. We need to make sure she is safe. And we need to make sure she knows what's going on.

I'm baffled at Prez's reaction yesterday. I can't believe he questioned Alto for having nefarious intentions. He's completely lost in the thought of having Grim's club backing us and giving us support to get more members, and he's forgotten what truly matters.

We might not have quantity yet, but we have quality.

"Maybe I shouldn't have come," Bane says, standing in the middle of the quad as students pass.

"Why? You know she wants to see you. She always wants to see you."

"People are staring," he says, locking eyes with a girl who's around Harlow's age.

"Cause you're so pretty," I tell him, trying to ease the slowly growing rage I see swirling in his eyes. His shoulders rise and fall quickly.

"What the hell are you looking at? Never seen scars before?" he sneers at another person who walks by, flashing his teeth as if he were an animal.

The group of men and women stumble away from him. “Sorry, man. No harm.”

Bane growls, curling his lip at them.

My friend is one of the meanest, most vicious men I know, but he really does hate his scars. He hasn’t learned to embrace them. A lot of people only see those scars when they look at him and they aren’t pretty, smooth scars. They are long, jagged, as if a serrated knife was used. Whatever was used was meant to inflict a lot of pain, and it worked.

Not only when it happened, but all these years later. Bane hates those scars and I don’t blame him. If you didn’t know Bane, you’d think he was a murderer.

Which...I mean...he is, but he is also a good guy.

Surprisingly shy.

“I don’t like it here,” he says.

“I don’t either, but we have recon to do and we need to find Harlow. Alto is already waiting at her apartment.”

“Why couldn’t I be at the apartment?”

“Because, Bane, you’re a better bodyguard. Don’t you want her to be protected at all costs? No one will fuck with her if you’re standing next to her.”

He nods in agreement and just as a guy walks by who others would classify as a nerd with his big glasses and stuffed backpack, Bane grips him by the bag, jerking him to a full stop.

“Oh my god, don’t kill me. I have no money. I have nothing to give you. Don’t kill me,” he begs.

I can’t help it, I laugh, because he sounds like a mouse and Bane is the big cat about to have his lunch.

“I’m not going to kill you.”

“Oh, thank god.” The kid relaxes, but there’s still a quake in his knees. “What do you want?” He pushes the glasses up the brim of his nose. “I can code pretty well. Do you need security installed? Do you need a hacker? I’m a great hacker. I’ll do it

for free in exchange for my life.” He pushes his glasses up again, his nose twitching.

This kid doesn’t have an ounce of muscle on him. He must be a hundred and thirty pounds soaking wet. He’s a runt.

I like to protect runts.

“You’re good with code, huh? Tech savvy?” An idea starts to form in my head. He could be a member of the MC. He seems like he would need the boost.

“I just want to know where Griffin Hall is,” Bane interrupts.

“It’s right over there. I can take you to it. I’m going there now.”

Bane lets the poor kid go. “What’s your name?”

“Todd.”

Of course it is. He looks like a Todd.

“How about we call you Gizmo?” I wrap my arm around his shoulder and start walking down the sidewalk that leads to Griffin Hall.

“Gizmo?” Todd asks, curious and confused.

“Yeah, all the guys in the MC have a nickname. Like me. I’m Colt. I always have a gun strapped to me.”

“Now?” he yelps, trying to get away from me, but I tighten my arm.

“Details aren’t important.” I wave the worry away. “Bane, for instance. He got that name because of the character from Batman. You know, Bane.”

Todd frowns. “Well, that’s not nice.” He shoves his glasses up his nose again. “That’s kind of mean. You should think about getting another name,” he says to Bane, showing compassion, and Bane is a little taken aback.

He looks away. “Nah, it’s okay. It suits me.”

“Anyway, we are recruiting if you’re interested.”

Bane whips his head around and gives me the biggest eyes I’ve ever seen. He stares at Todd, then me, then Todd again,

silently asking me if we are seeing the same person.

“Me?” Todd gasps. “But I’m not...you know. I don’t have a motorcycle. I have a bike. A bicycle,” he adds for clarification.

“Ah, you don’t need to have a bike right away. We can fix that for you. You can prospect and be the tech wizard.”

“Can that be my road name? Wizard? It sounds cooler. Plus, I like fantasy.”

“Sure, why not. I like it. You should think about it. We could use someone with your skill set.” We climb the steps of Griffin Hall and Bane opens the door for us. “Come by the clubhouse when you want to talk.”

“Uh, sure. Yeah, okay,” Todd says, hitting the button to the elevator.

“See ya around, Wizard,” I wave goodbye to him and find room 121.

“Bye,” he calls out just as I stop in front of the room.

Bane waits until he hears the elevator doors shut. “Seriously? Him? I could flick him and he’d break.”

“It isn’t about size. He’s smart. Good with computers. We need that. If we want to grow, we need better security measures. You know, for someone who doesn’t want to be judged, you sure do a lot of it,” I state.

He frowns, but doesn’t say a word.

I wait for him to say something, to say anything, but he doesn’t, so I take that moment to rip open the door.

The professor stops his lecture and every eye in the room lands on us.

“Can I help you?” he asks, the white hair catching the bright fluorescents.

“No,” Bane snips in his friendly tone, which isn’t friendly at all. “Harlow. Come on. We gotta talk.”

“You can’t barge into my classroom and demand to see a student. You can wait until class is over.”

I take one step forward and out of the corner of my eyes I see Harlow packing up her stuff. “We can because we donate too much money to this campus. It might even pay your little salary, Teach.” I brush his shoulder as if something’s on it. “We will take what is ours,” I whisper into his ear. “And she is ours.”

“Harlow!” he bellows, his turkey neck wobbling from the force. “Harlow, do you need me to call campus security?”

“No, Professor Ziggler. I’m fine. I promise. So sorry for the interruption. They don’t have manners.” She tilts her head at us, shoving her bag up her shoulder.

“I’ll show you just how bad my manners are later,” Bane says loud enough for the entire class to hear, and a few people chuckle while most of the men and women have open mouths.

Harlow blushes, picking up a pep in her step to hurry out the door.

“Be safe.” I wave. “Don’t do drugs. Or whatever the fuck they tell you here.” I salute before walking out, closing the door behind me.

Harlow’s red hair fans around her shoulders as she spins around, the pink hue still tinting her cheeks. “Oh my god. Could you guys be any more obvious? That was so embarrassing. How am I going to show my face in there again?”

“You will.” I grip her by the ass and pull her to me, stealing a kiss from her plump lips. “And you’ll show off all the love marks we’ll leave on your neck,” I whisper, kissing down her throat. “And you’ll feel us between your thighs because we will fuck you the morning you have to walk in here.”

“Colt,” she moans my name and I have no doubt the classroom can hear her.

Bane wraps his arm around her and twirls her to him. He cups the back of her head and kisses her until she can’t breathe. “Let’s get you home because I want to rip these clothes off.”

“O-okay,” she stutters.

“And we need to talk,” I add. “Talk first. Then play.”

“You suck the fun out of everything.” Bane pushes open the doors and I take her hand for a few seconds, needing to feel her skin against mine before the real world makes me sacrifice it.

Right as we step through the door, I have to let her go, because someone could see us and we have to be the ones to tell Grizzly.

I make the mistake of looking at her and see the rejection slash across her face and it kills me. “All I want to do is take you in my arms and kiss you until your knees buckle. I want to tell the world you’re mine. I’m not ashamed of you. I don’t want you to think that for a moment.”

“No, I know. I can’t wait for that day. It doesn’t make it hurt less. I know you three want me. Sometimes, I feel like this is all a silly fling for you. You know, the age gap thing. A sweet little virgin with older men, that type of deal.”

Bane stops in his tracks and I nearly run into him, but he spins around, tilting her chin up with his finger, and inches close. “Don’t lie, Princess. You are not a virgin. I remember that cherry on my cock.”

“Bane,” she whispers, bashful and adorable.

Her eyes dance across the quad to see if anyone heard him.

“You can’t just say things like that.”

“I just did,” he says. “And this isn’t a fling. I don’t *fling*. You can ask the guys. This is real. This doesn’t end. It’s all of us or nothing and I can’t go back to nothing.” Bane takes a risk and kisses her forehead. “Come on. Alto is waiting for us. We have a lot to talk to you about since you haven’t been around.”

“I’m sorry. I’ve had to catch up on my classwork. I had to write an essay. I can’t focus when I’m around you three.”

“And as much as I love that, we can keep our hands to ourselves. We just want you around, sweetness. Okay? I’d love to see you work and be in your element. We like your company. Not just for sex.”

She gives me a smile that could brighten the night. “Okay. I have a paper to write today and tomorrow. I’d love to hang out with you three at the house then,” she says.

“You’ll have to with what we have to talk to you about.” We get to our temporary bikes the mechanic shop we own had on hand. “We’ll meet you at your apartment, okay?”

“Sure. Is everything okay?”

“No,” Bane answers her. “It’s not.”

“Don’t sugarcoat it for her, Bane.”

“Okay?” He sounds like he doesn’t understand me.

Mumbling profanities under my breath, I hop on my bike and start it. Without waiting for the man, I start the short journey back to her place.

It’s just across the road from the main campus. Alto’s bike is like new compared to the junkers Bane and I are driving. I’m sure with some TLC they will be gorgeous when the shops are done. Maybe I can rebuild this one just like I did the last.

When I park, Bane and Harlow follow next.

I stare at Harlow through the window, she fluffs her hair and applies chapstick, adding to her natural beauty. Bane opens the driver’s side door of her car and he holds out his hand, helping her out.

“What a gentleman,” she purrs.

“We both know I’m no gentleman.”

A heated desire sweeps across her face and tension rises when we step inside the elevator. Bane’s breaths are loud and Harlow shrinks to the corner, biting her lip to wait and see what we will do.

Nothing.

We can’t do anything. We have to get inside. Bane’s fists clench at his sides.

“Oh, fuck it,” he growls, pinning her against the elevator wall before diving down to swoop her mouth into a savage kiss.

“Yes,” he hisses. “I’ve missed this mouth.” His tongue twists with hers and my cock thickens in my jeans as I watch them. He picks her up by her thighs, wrapping her legs around his waist.

He yanks her head back, sucking his bottom lip into his mouth as he stares down at her. “Harlow—” He’s interrupted by the door dinging.

Alto is standing just outside, his arms crossed, and I have to whip out my arm to make sure the doors don’t close on us.

“Really? You couldn’t wait?”

“She’s too pretty to stand there all alone and not be ravished,” Bane explains himself, and he doesn’t bother setting her down on the ground. He carries her.

She buries her face into his shoulder, peering her eyes up at me and Alto. I can tell she’s smiling.

“You better be glad you’re the prettiest damn woman alive or I wouldn’t have the patience for his bullshit,” Alto says, tapping her on the nose.

“Just alive?” she pouts.

Bane tosses his head back and laughs. A full-blown, loud laughter, and we all stare at him dumbfounded. I don’t think I’ve ever heard him laugh like that before. Chuckle here and there, yes. Smile every now and then, sure.

It’s raspy. As if he hasn’t used his laughing muscles in a while. If laughing muscles are a thing.

“Princess, we don’t like the dead.”

Of course he took it literally.

Harlow’s face turns from humorous to adoration, brushing her knuckles over his cheek before kissing him. It’s fast like a habit.

“You make me happy,” she says to him, and Bane stares at her, processing the words.

I don’t think anyone has ever told him that before.

“All of you do.” She slides down his body, her feet finally hitting the floor, and she shrugs her bag from her shoulder. It drops with a heavy clunk onto the floor. “Now, why are all of you here and why did Sexy Beasts Number One and Two come to kidnap me from class?”

I smirk, leaning into her space. “Who’s number one?”

She smacks me in the chest. “Be quiet.”

“Make me,” I murmur seductively while I stare down at her.

“Okay, can we focus?” Alto, like the leader he is, puts a stop to all the fun. “We need to have a serious conversation about a few things.”

“Okay? I don’t like that tone. Is everything okay? Is it Daddy?” she asks, plopping down on the couch.

“He’s fine. Kind of. He’s pissing me off, but he’s fine.” Alto gets sidetracked with his annoyance with our friend. He takes her hand and sighs.

Bane pokes his head out of the curtain to look out the window and I double-check to make sure I have my gun.

“Grim is working with your father’s brother. I followed him and saw them meet. They talked about you, Harlow. Grim isn’t here to have a relationship with you. He’s here to trick you, then to give you to Grizzly’s brother. We think the rival MC has something to do with the drugs around town. Women have gone missing. Some have ended up dead. I think that’s what they have planned for you, and your dad is having a tough time believing me.”

“He doesn’t think you’re telling the truth?”

Alto exhales so loud an entire lifetime of regret leaves him. “I think he feels dumb and put on the spot. He wants more evidence, but he’s aware and that’s what matters. Things are icy at the clubhouse right now, so I need you stay away from it, okay? We have a lot of planning to do.”

She chews on her bottom lip while she thinks. “Well, I can be used as bait. Go with Grim’s plan, you guys attack, take my horrible uncle out, and we can all be hap-py?” She breaks the

last word in two when she takes turns looking at the three of us and how pissed we are. “So that’s a no?”

“A fuck no. We aren’t putting you at risk. That isn’t an option.”

“Another thing we need to consider is when we’re going to be honest with him about this relationship. It needs to be soon or he will find out in a way we don’t want him to. I think we should rip the bandage off. He’ll get over it. He’s mad now so he might as well stay mad, right?”

“Or he could kick us out of the club being so angry, “ Bane glooms.

“That’s a gamble either way depending on his mood,” I say.

“I’d rather tell him when he’s calm than when he’s pissed and already stressed about his daughter. Everything he’ll feel will be emphasized,” Alto explains.

“Maybe after this thing blows over. We agreed to that, right?” Harlow asks, rounding her big green eyes.

“I don’t know if I can wait,” Bane says. “The urge to protect you right now, to have you near me, it’s too hard,” he admits, his voice low and regretful as if he was disappointing her.

“Me too,” Alto agrees. “It’s hard, sweetheart. Pretending I don’t want to pull you into my arms when I see you at the clubhouse. I can’t pretend you don’t mean everything to me. It does a disservice to how I really feel about you.”

“And how is it?” She gulps, twisting her fingers together. “How you feel about me?”

“If you only knew,” I singsong.

“Maybe it’s time we show her.”

I couldn’t agree more.

HARLOW

I've never felt more like prey in my entire life. These huge, hulking men looking at me cause me to feel small. They could break me if they wanted. They could hurt me with their strength, their bulk, the violence that seems to live within them.

But they only ever touch me with tenderness. They are careful. Yes, they can be rough and I love it when they are rough, I love it when they lose control because I make them feel so good. It's the biggest turn-on.

They all reach for me at the same time. I lose all sense of who's who and whose hands are where. My shirt is tugged free and more hands are grabbing me, ripping my bra free. A mouth finds mine and I feel the ridges of the scars. I know it's Bane.

I open my eyes, not realizing I closed them, but I need to see him.

I need to see all of them.

And that's when I realize that in the last three minutes when I've been blissed out of my mind, one of them carried me to the room.

Alto takes off his shirt, showing built muscles and defined lines. God, he's gorgeous. I want to lick every shadow that's cast onto the divots of his body.

"I know what you three are doing," I nearly pant, my body burning with desire.

Colt slips his shirt off next, lean miles of muscle like a swimmer's body on display. "Whatever do you mean?" he teases.

"You know exactly what I mean." My mouth falls open when Bane's fingers find my nipples, beaded and sensitive from desire.

"I don't know. Maybe you should tell us," Bane practically purrs, wrapping his lips around one of the peaks.

"You're trying to distract me. I can..." I groan when his teeth lightly nibble the aching bead at the same time my pants are tugged down.

"You can what?" Colt tries to remind me of what I was saying as his hand cups my pussy and his fingers slide over my entrance.

"Unfair," I moan.

"Sweetheart, when are you going to learn?" Alto replaces Colt's hand, but Alto pushes my knees apart and slides a finger inside me to the knuckle. "We don't play or fight fair."

I reach for the headboard and groan, arching my back when he slides out, only to add another finger to stretch me further as he slides the skilled digits into me once more.

"So damn tight. I wouldn't believe you'd take three cocks. This pussy is made just for us, isn't it?"

I nod, turning my head to the left to see Colt stroking himself as his eyes slide down every part of my body.

"I can be..." I lick my lips, my gaze is locked on the tip of his cock, noticing the precum pooling at the slit. My mouth waters for a taste and my body betrays me because of it. Not only am I wetter watching him, but I drop my arms and try to reach him.

I open my mouth, and he takes a step back, fucking his fist harder and faster.

"You can be what?" he asks me, and I don't even remember what I was trying to say before.

“I don’t know.” A sharp whimper leaves me when Alto slips in another finger, curls them, and hits that spot inside me that has my thighs shake. “Alto!”

“There it is,” he hums in satisfaction, hitting the same spot over and over again until broken sounds of lust are escaping me and I can’t catch my breath.

“Oh god,” I sing, climbing higher, my orgasm building and building, and right as I’m about to tip over the edge...

He removes his fingers.

“Alto! I was so close,” I whine, and Colt slams his cock into my mouth just as I’m about to complain again.

“Hush, sweetness,” he says, moving my hair out of my face to watch my lips wrap around him. “You know we will take care of you. You know we always know what’s best,” he croons, his tongue flicking over his bottom lip.

It’s cruel what they are doing. They want to get me blissed out of my mind so I forget the thought of using myself as bait.

It’s working, but when the buzz of the orgasm and want fades, I’ll remember, and I won’t go back on my decision. It’s a clever idea. If they put a tracker on me of some sort for if things go south, they can find me. Do I want to be kidnapped? No.

I know they would come for me though. And if someone is hurting a bunch of innocent women, then I need to do something about it.

“Hey. Focus on me. I must not be fucking your mouth hard enough.” Colt grabs the sides of my head, forcing me to stop sucking him down. He flexes his hips, punching his cock into my mouth until it hits the back of my throat.

I choke, coughing over his long length, and he grunts, tossing his head back as he uses my mouth how he wants. My hands flatten on his thighs, using them as support while he picks up his pace. Spit dribbles down my chin and I can’t swallow because he doesn’t allow me enough time between thrusts.

“Fuck, I’m going to come,” Colt warns, his fingers tightening in my hair.

My scalp burns from how hard he pulls.

“That’s it. Fuck, Harlow. Yes, this mouth,” he growls as his release floods my throat.

I suck him down, loving how good he tastes. He’s delicious.

“Already, brother? I’m surprised you didn’t want to wait until you were inside her,” Alto says, settling between my legs and guiding his cock to my entrance.

“I couldn’t help it,” he says, gripping my chin. “That mouth is heaven.” He crashes his lips on mine, our tongues caressing one another. I know he can taste himself. It doesn’t stop him. “I can go again too. That’s just a warm-up.”

“My turn.” Bane forces my head to the side and taps the tip of his head against my lips. “Open wide, Princess. Make me feel like royalty.”

My mouth is tingling and numb, but I don’t care. I do as he says, opening wide for him, and he slides across my tongue at the same time Alto thrust to the hilt.

I moan, the noise hugging Bane’s cock. He doesn’t take control. He’s careful because of his piercings, so I get to set the pace. I wrap a hand around the thick base, my fingers aren’t able to touch. I lick down his shaft, the rods of his piercings rubbing against my tongue. I suck the tip in, dipping my tongue into the slit and groaning when the warm metal presses against my taste buds.

His precum awakens me and I suck him with more vigor.

I whimper when Alto rams himself into me and I have no choice but to release Bane. His cock slips from my mouth and I cry out, digging my nails into Bane’s thighs as Alto fucks me.

“Oh my god, Alto! Oh god, oh god,” I chant, feeling my orgasm building again. It burns. My entire body burns.

“That’s it. Be a good girl and come all over my cock,” he praises, readjusting his angle to peg my G-spot. “I love this

pussy. I love that we're the only men who will ever have you."

"Alto, please. Please, I need to come. Let me come," I beg him.

"No," he clips, ramming his hips once, twice, then moaning. "I changed my mind." He fills me with his come and he isn't even done when he pulls free. He drags himself up my body, come dripping from the slit and dribbling all over my body. "Clean me."

Tears burn my eyes from how unfair they're being. Bane settles between my legs next, slipping in easily through Alto's come. I sob from how good he feels, hoping he lets me orgasm.

I lick Alto clean, tasting myself on him but getting a sample of him too.

"Good girl. Now, come for Bane. Let it all go, sweetheart. This won't be the last time. You have so much to learn. We won't stop fucking you until you agree not to put yourself in harm's way." Alto lifts from me, dropping to the side of the bed, and Bane takes that opportunity to flip me onto my stomach.

He presses his hand between my shoulders and pins me down, pushing my legs together, and I feel Alto's come leak from me as Bane pushes back in.

"Harlow, Princess." He curls over me, his hands clutching my shoulders for leverage to thrust into me harder.

He feels different in this position, bigger, wider, and his piercings rub against my walls. I can't breathe. Bane is taking over me.

His lips find my ear, biting the lobe, and his warm breath kisses my cheek as he gasps from how good we feel.

How good I feel.

"I fucking love you," he whispers so low only I can hear and I forget to breathe.

My fingers dig into the sheets, clutching them for dear life as he takes and gives pleasure.

I'm not sure if he means it. He picked a hell of a time to drop that bomb, especially since it's so soon, but it feels right. He feels right.

I love him too.

"Don't say it back," he stops me before I can say anything.

I listen to him because I hear the emotion in his voice. He really doesn't want me to say it back and I can't help but think it's because he might not believe me.

Not because of me, but because love isn't something he has always felt.

"I'm obsessed with you," he growls, gripping, clutching, digging his fingers into my ass until it hurts. "You're mine. You're all mine." He pounds into me relentlessly and I cry out, unable to hold in my orgasm.

He slows, sliding in and out, in and out, before planting himself deep, groaning so low the baritone sways in deeper tones.

"Bane." I reach for his hand, holding him to me while I ride the waves of pure ecstasy. My orgasm is long, hard, and drains me of all energy.

I sag against the bed and Bane kisses across my neck, down my spine, then slips out of me.

Colt is there next, pushing me onto my hands and knees. "I said I wasn't done, and I meant it." He uses my hair as reins, yanking me back until my shoulders are against his chest and he slides in deep.

"Colt," I groan out his name.

"Fuck, you're so hot. You're all used up now, aren't you? Yet you still feel so fucking good."

"Yes. Yes. Yes," I chant as he gives shallow, slow thrusts.

He takes his time, enjoying my body. Bane takes my lips, his kiss soft as a feather, while Alto dips his hand between my legs, circling my clit.

I'm going to pass out from pleasure.

They really know how to make me listen to them, even if it isn't a fair game they are playing.

ALTO

A shocking five weeks have gone by since our relationship with Harlow started. Five weeks of that slimy VP hanging around trying to get close to Harlow. Five weeks of the Prez being hyperaware of every move he makes, along with mine.

It hasn't been easy. It's been so hard keeping our relationship under wraps. We've fallen into an easy routine. Harlow doesn't come around the clubhouse, and after work we go to her, or she comes to us.

It's been exhausting.

I can't do it much longer.

Grim has been quiet too. Too quiet. He's been a good boy and hasn't given Prez a reason to question him, which makes me look like a fucking idiot.

I'm done with it.

"What are you doing?" Colt sits next to me, eyeing my phone to see the dot moving. "Still nothing, huh?"

"Still nothing. It makes no sense for them to be so quiet."

"Heather hasn't said anything either. They have been busy again. It's like it was a blip."

"No, something is going on. I want to know."

Grim comes through the front door and I turn my tracker off, sliding my phone in my pocket.

And right behind him, with her purse on her shoulder and her keys jiggling in her hand, is Harlow.

“Harlow,” I bark, sounding meaner than intended, then clear my throat when a few people look at me. “Harlow,” I try and say slowly. “What are you doing here?” I slide my eyes to Grim, grinding my teeth together.

“Daddy called me. He wanted to see me because it had been a while.” Her teeth are tight, holding in her annoyance with me.

“I pulled in at the same time,” Grim interjects. “I finally was able to talk her into that coffee, but we have to have it in the kitchen.”

“Coffee?” Colt’s voice breaks. “That’s cool, I guess.”

“Yeah and I won’t be dragging my feet now. I’m going to go make a pot.” He kisses the side of her head, way too familiar with her, and I stand, marching over to them.

“Prez wouldn’t like you hanging all over his daughter in the clubhouse. Keep your hands to yourself.”

Grim’s dark eyes narrow as we face each other. “Oh? Is it just the Prez who has a problem with it?” He lowers his voice when he looks over my shoulder.

Prez must be there.

“Or maybe the reason why she was crying was because of you, or Colt, or that scarred-up fucker,” he snaps.

I lose it when he talks about Harlow and Bane like that. I let my fist rip through the air and it lands perfectly on his jaw. I hit him so hard spit flies from his mouth and he smacks against the wall. It doesn’t keep him down though. He launches himself at me, trying to tackle me to the ground.

I’m bigger than him, so it’s easy for me to wrap my arms around his waist, maneuver, and throw him to the floor. He kicks his leg out, swiping my feet from under me and I land hard on my back.

“Stop! Stop it, Alto! That’s enough,” Harlow yells, but I’m too fucking angry.

I hate this motherfucker. I want to kill him. I will kill him. Mark my fucking words, he will be dead by my hands.

Colt drags me away as I try to attack Grim again, and Bane steps in front of me, bringing a knife to Grim's throat.

"This scarred-up motherfucker will do the same to you," he says so darkly, even drenched in sweat, a cold chill sweeps across my skin. "What do you say, Grim? You want to smile?" Bane makes Grim look tiny, and with a hold on Grim's throat, he teases the tip of the blade back and forth across his lips. Not deep enough to cut, but enough to make Grim swallow.

"Bane, that's enough. Get off the guest right now," Grizzly orders, and Bane tucks the knife in his cut before standing. "What the fuck is going on here?" he asks, looking at someone to explain what just happened. "Alto, you started it, you tell me. Why the hell is my VP acting out of character? You represent me," he shouts, banging his chest. "He is a guest. I don't give a fuck if you don't like it."

"He talked bad about Bane. A long time ago, you would have given a shit."

"I do give a shit, but Bane is a grown man who can handle himself. Can't you?" Grizzly asks him.

Bane shrugs because I know Bane likes violence of any kind.

"It's fine, you know what? I have a meeting anyway," Grim states, finally getting to his feet. He wipes his mouth and blood tints the back of his hand. "I'll see you around, Grizzly."

"Yeah, I'm sure you do have a meeting. Why don't you—"

Harlow smacks me in the gut to stop me from talking.

"Just get the fuck out," I say, wiping my forehead on the back of my arm.

Grim grabs Harlow's arm and tries to drag her out and that has Bane throwing his knife. It slices Grim across the arm and lands perfectly in the door.

"Fuck!"

I slam him against the wall and wrap my hands around his throat. “No one touches her. Do you understand me? No one.” I squeeze harder, waiting for him to die. “No one threatens her. No one touches what is mine!” The admission slips through my rage and Grim, even on the brink of death, has the audacity to smile.

“Let. Him. Go.”

I do as Grizzly says, shutting my eyes as the weight of what I just did falls on my shoulders.

“Yeah, I’ll be by later. Harlow, don’t go anywhere. I haven’t forgotten about the coffee.”

“The coffee isn’t fucking happening!” Colt shuts, shoving him out the door. “Stay away from her, do you understand me? Stay away from Harlow.”

“Not a chance,” Grim says, low enough for me and Colt to hear but no one else, and jumps on his bike.

Grizzly slams the door and shoves me back, fisting my cut. “You better not have said what I think you said. You better not have said Harlow is yours because so help me God, Alto, I don’t think I’ll ever forgive you.”

“Daddy,” Harlow whispers, tears in her eyes.

“No,” he silences her. “This isn’t your fault, sugarplum. You’re a teenager. You’re twenty years old now. I haven’t even been able to celebrate your birthday with you. Is this why? Because you’ve been with him? Don’t answer that,” he says quickly, pushing me back. “You are an adult!” he shouts. “A grown fucking man and you’re with my daughter? Mine?” He punches me across the face and I take it.

“Daddy, stop it! Stop. It isn’t just him.”

Grizzly freezes. “I swear if you’re being treated like a club whore—”

“No, I’m not. It isn’t like that. It’s Bane and Colt too,” she says, and all the members of the MC gasp, talking quietly amongst themselves.

“My best friends?” He stares at me in shock, in betrayal, and if I’m not mistaken, his eyes become red and misty. “The three of you? The men I’ve counted on my entire life and you do this to me? My little girl?”

“She isn’t a little girl,” I say, trying to figure out a way to explain myself.

He punches me again, then Colt, and Bane. All three of us. We don’t move and no one tries to intervene. We deserve the punishment and his anger.

“She’s a woman. She’s beautiful—”

He hits me again.

“She’s everything—”

He punches me again.

And again.

Until my knees buckle.

“You can hit me until I’m dead. I don’t care. It doesn’t change...” I wheeze. “How I feel.”

“She isn’t some whore you can fuck. She was off-limits. You knew. You knew no members were allowed to touch her and you three...you go behind my back.” He laces his hands behind his head and paces for a second. “Have you touched her?”

I hang my head, my throat burning at the years of friendship being tested. “Grizz, don’t—”

He wraps his hands around my neck and chokes me, forcing me to look at him. “Did. You. Fuck. My. Daughter?” He bites out each word, his fury rising by the moment.

“No,” Harlow whispers. “They don’t treat me like that.”

Oh, we do. We treat her like the good little slut she is for our cocks, but I’m not saying that out loud.

“We have sex, but they don’t treat me like the club whores,” she adds quickly to her previous statement, so he can’t catch any ideas that we haven’t taken her virginity.

It's his knee that lands against my chin. My teeth clamp together and my neck snaps back. I fall against the floor, groaning. "Fuck," I curse, the pulsating pain steals my breath.

Colt hits the floor next and even Bane takes the hit.

"You fucking assholes."

"Daddy, please stop," Harlow sobs.

"It's okay, sweetheart. Everything will be okay," I mumble through a swollen lip.

"Don't you fucking dare talk to her like you give a shit about her. Don't you fucking dare!" His voice is dripping with malice. "You don't give a fuck about her. You're an old man scratching a fucking itch. You won't be touching her again."

"Prez, listen to me," I slur, my vision blurring from being hit one too many times. "She's everything to us. We'd give our lives for her."

"Harlow, go to your room," he demands, treating her like a child.

I stand on my feet, wobbling, but I manage to stand. "Don't talk to her like that. She isn't a fucking child, Grizzly. She isn't eight years old. You can't tell her what to do. She deserves to be here."

"Three of you? Three," he scoffs as if he can't believe it. "One is enough. Three. That's unnatural! It..." He only gets more upset and shoves me again. "You three. Get the fuck out of this clubhouse and don't you dare come back until I say. If I say," he clarifies.

He rips my VP patch from my cut and it fucking cuts me to my soul. I clench my jaw and look away, hoping no one can see my emotion. He rips patches from Colt and Bane too. Bane is stunned, lips parted, eyes round, and devastated.

We knew this would be bad. We did. We knew it would be a big deal. We were three people Prez never expected to betray him like this.

I don't see it as betrayal. I see it as an opportunity. "Grizz, who better than us to protect her? Who better than us to provide for

her? Not only does she have one of us, she has three of us. Nothing will happen to her. She isn't a club whore. She isn't a one-night stand. She isn't temporary," I explain through blood in my mouth.

"She's more than anything permanent," Bane says next, to my surprise. "Forever won't be long enough."

"I don't give a fuck. I don't care what lies you have spun in your heads to make this okay. You are thirty-eight years old. All of you. I trusted you with her. Growing up, oh my god, did you...when she was little—"

It was my turn to punch him.

"Fuck you," Colt says, taking the words right out of my mouth.

"You can keep your fucking patch, the clubhouse, and trust the guy who wants to give your daughter to your brother. Go ahead. Trust the wrong people, but fuck you for thinking we would ever think that way about her when she was that young. She wasn't even on our minds until we helped her one night because she got a little too drunk. She didn't want you to know."

"We love her," Bane says, his right eye swelling but he manages to look at her. "We love her more than anything and if that isn't enough for you, if that isn't enough that three people love her, then nothing will ever be good enough for you, for her. She deserves love times three." Bane walks by Grizzly, then pauses before he opens the door. "And fuck you for thinking we'd be that sick. You need to get your head out of your ass."

"I run this club. Not you!"

"And maybe that's the problem," I sneer, heading out the door before he can say another word.

I head down the steps and yell, my voice carrying across the desert.

"Alto! Bane, Colt!" Harlow shouts for us while she stands on the porch, clearly torn on what to do.

I hate that she's crying. I hate her mascara running down her cheeks, but I won't have her choose between us and her father. I won't do it.

I charge up the steps, cup her cheek, and kiss her, through the split lip and pain. "Stay here with your dad," I say, taking a deep breath to calm down.

"But—I want to be with you guys. I want...I love you too. I love the three of you."

I don't know if I'll ever forgive Grizzly for having this be the memory she'll think back on when she remembers when we said I love you for the first time.

"I know, sweetheart. I know." I brush away her tears just as I hear a gun cock. "I won't have you choose. We will always be here for you. Stay with him." I back away, staring at the gun Grizzly is pointing at me, and mount my bike.

"Don't touch her again," Grizz says, one last warning.

Yeah...

That's never going to happen.

BANE

I feel naked without my property patch on, so I don't even bother wearing my cut like I usually do. Right when we walk through the door, I shrug it off and throw it across the room. I've always been in the MC. They are my family. They are everything I've ever had. Knowing Grizzly is mad at us, might kick us out for good, I clutch a hand to my chest to stop my heart from hurting.

I...can't process emotions. I'm not good at them. I bury them deep down and hope they go away, but I'm panicked now. I'm emotionally fucking stunted, I know that. I'm trying to get better. I truly am, but this is why I don't feel things. This is why I closed myself off. Love, in any form, only gives pain. It has only ever given me pain and I can't do this again. I can't lose again.

"It's going to be okay," Colt says, standing behind me and gripping my shoulder.

My breaths come out faster and my eyes blur as my head spins. I shake my head. It isn't going to be okay. My family has been torn apart again.

Because of me.

Again.

It's always my fault. I deserve the scars I have. They remind me of what a fuckup I really am.

Colt spins me around and Alto is standing right behind him. They both are hurt too. I see it in their eyes, how heavy they are, and how pronounced the dark circles are becoming.

“Hey, we are your family. No matter what. You have us.”

“My father did this to me,” I finally admit through a tight, gasping breath. My chest hurts and my lips sting from the phantom pain of him digging that jagged knife down my mouth.

“What?” Alto snarls, stepping forward. “Where is he? I’m in the mood to kill.”

“He’s dead. My mom was getting beat. Like always, but this time it was worse. He was going to kill her so I tried to stop him. He came at me.” I rub my fingers over my lip, feeling the ugly ridges. “My mom gathered enough strength to stab him in the back. Killed him. I dug a hole, tossed his body inside, and we burned him, then covered him with dirt.”

“Jesus Christ, Bane. I’m so sorry. No kid should have to grow through that. I mean, I remember your mom growing up. I had no idea. How is she? I mean, where is she these days?” Colt asks.

Ever since I turned eighteen and I was in with the MC, my mom told me she wanted to finally live her dream. She moved to Italy and she’s finally happy. I send her money every month so she can live her best life. She deserves that.

“She’s good. She’s traveling right now. I think she’s in Greece,” I reply. They haven’t seen my mom in years. I see her every summer because I go to her. She doesn’t want to come back to America. Even another state would be too close to his dead body.

“So you have her. You have us. You have Harlow. Nothing will change that. We aren’t going anywhere. Okay?” Alto gives me a sad but reassuring smile.

He is always good at keeping it together. It’s why Grizzly made him the VP. Who the hell would take his spot? Even in pain with his face beat to hell, he still puts others before himself.

“I don’t know about you all,” Colt begins, limping his way to the fridge while holding his side. “I need a fucking beer. Maybe a bottle of whiskey. And an ice pack.”

Alto sighs, his cheeks blowing out as he flinches when he touches his lip. “Yeah, that sounds good. I’m going to shower first. Get all that sweat off me. Let’s reconvene in fifteen.”

“A shower sounds nice,” Colt groans. “I’m going too.”

We all have our separate bathrooms and I decide to go ahead and take one too. Heading to my room, I shut the door and see just how spare it is. Nothing in here makes it personal, besides Harlow’s panties on the floor.

I bend down and pick them up, placing them against my nose and inhaling, the scent of her filling my lungs.

I miss her. I wish she was here. I want to hold her and tell her everything is going to be okay. I can’t imagine how she feels right now. I bet she feels so torn between us and her father. I want her to choose us, selfishly. Unselfishly, I never want her to be without her dad.

I fall onto the bed and bury my nose in her underwear again, the smell of her honey still fresh, and my cock hardens in my jeans.

I’m sore all over from the beating I took from Prez. I ache, but no amount of pain will ever stop me from wanting her. Ever.

I unzip my pants and free my cock, wrapping her underwear around my fat cock, then stroking it. I groan, wishing it was her pussy tight around me instead.

I want her alone one time. I want us in bed, rolling around in these sheets, so the blankets smell of her and I can sleep soundly.

“Fuck, Harlow,” I say too loudly. The guys would hear me if they weren’t in the shower.

Closing my eyes, I picture Harlow on top of me, pinching her own nipples as she rides my cock. She gasps and groans my name. Her hands fall to my chest, using me as leverage to ride me harder and faster. Her sexual calls become higher, high-pitched whimpers echoing from the wall.

I grab her hips, pulling her back and forth harder. Her clit grinds against the spot above my cock.

“That’s it,” I whisper out loud to no one, fucking my hand quicker. “That’s it, Harlow. You’re taking my cock so good.” Her underwear causes a delicious rub against my flesh.

No one has ever made me feel like she does.

Worthy and wanted.

“Yes,” I moan for her, my orgasm building and causing my sack to pull tight against my body. “Fuck. Harlow! God,” I groan when the first wave racks my body.

My come soaks into her thin panties. I’m able to feel through the material. It’s warm, wet, and I wish it all filled Harlow. I want her bound to us, to me, in every single way possible.

Opening my eyes, I frown when I notice I’m by myself—well, I’m reminded that I’m by myself—which ruins the high of the orgasm. Sneering at myself for allowing too much emotion to show through me, I get up and toss her underwear in the hamper.

I undress, heading into the ensuite bathroom. I flip on the water and step in, not waiting for it to get warm. The cold spray against my semi-hard cock deflates it further. The shower is quick. I do what I need to do and get out, dry off, and throw on sweatpants and a t-shirt.

My reflection catches my eye. It isn’t anything I haven’t seen before, but still, the scars ruining my face almost hide the black eye forming.

Almost.

Nothing so hideous could ever do me the favor of hiding something.

There’s a cut on my other cheek and I flinch when I touch it, then I spin, lifting my tattooed arm to see a bruise spreading across my ribcage. Reaching under the sink, I pull out the alcohol and squirt some in my hand, then tap it into the wound.

It burns, but it’s welcome.

When I’m done, I walk out into the common area and see Colt. He isn’t wearing a shirt and his bruises are a little worse than

mine. He has an ice pack against his ribs. When he sees me, he tosses a pack to me and the movement to catch it sends a spike of pain through my side.

“Peas?” he asks.

“What?”

“Peas? For your eye,” he clarifies, opening the freezer to grab a small bag before tossing it to me.

I plop it against my cheekbone.

“We look like a bunch of bitches who just got our asses kicked.”

Alto’s voice has me turning my head.

“Jesus Christ, Alto,” Colt hisses under his breath.

He is bruised to hell. His face is swelling so bad I think he might have a broken cheekbone. Both of his eyes are bruised. His lips are busted in two places and he has a smattering of black and blue marks all over his torso.

He took the brunt of Grizzly’s rage. He is the VP, but it was more than that. Out of everyone in the club, Grizzly and Alto have known each other the longest.

“You need an entire ice bath. I don’t think I have enough peas for that.”

Alto and I both laugh at Colt. He’s always trying to lighten the mood.

“It’s fine. It’s my fucking face that hurts the most.” He takes one of the gel masks we keep in the fridge for migraines and he slips it on his head. He sighs in relief. “Fuck, that feels good.” He opens the fridge next. “Beer?”

“Yeah,” Colt states.

“Same,” I echo him.

He slides us each a beer, then pulls out the bottle opener. His bottle hisses first, the cap falling to the floor, but we don’t give a shit about picking it up.

He hands it to me, then Colt, and the first taste of beer hits my tongue and I relax. I take my drink to the living room where the couch is, taking my ice packs with me.

My head hurts and I'm worried about Harlow being over there without us. Is Grizzly treating her fairly? Is he being kind? I swear, he better not put a hand on her or so help me, I'll fucking kill him.

I chug half my beer and tilt my head back, ready to take a nap when I hear the jiggle of the front door. Someone is trying to get in.

Come on. Can't we catch a fucking break?

The door swings open and Harlow is standing there, mascara running down her cheeks and keys in her hand.

"Sweetheart." Alto runs to her, pulling her into his arms.

Colt stows away his gun, hanging his head for a few seconds before he shuts the door, locking it behind her.

"Princess, what are you doing here?" I ask, hoping everything is okay.

"Yeah, sweetheart. I told you, you didn't have to choose—"

"It's not that. I didn't choose. Not how you think. I—I have something to tell you guys. I wanted to do it earlier, but things went to shit," she curses as she begins to cry again. "And I don't know how you all will feel. Dad is actually happy, but it only makes him hate you guys more."

Alto brings her to the living room so we can be comfortable. The three of us sit next to each other and Harlow stands in front of us, pacing. She chews on her thumbnail and she wipes her cheeks, smearing the running mascara.

"Harlow, whatever it is, it's okay. We love you," Alto tries to reassure.

"I love you all too." The words become higher as she holds in emotion. "I noticed I was late. Not a lot, but like four days? And I'm never late. Ever. So I took a test and I couldn't tell if there was another line or a shadow? So I went to the doctor to check and it was positive."

I blink at her because she rambled so fast I have no idea what she said.

“Sooo.” Colt pats his thighs. “Are you sick? I’m not sure where you’re going with this.”

“Ugh! You men need everything spelled out for you. I’m pregnant. Okay? I’m pregnant,” she says, so softly I have to lean forward.

“Say it again,” I ask or beg, I can’t tell.

“I’m pregnant,” she repeats, louder this time.

I stand so fast the ice pack falls to the floor. I’m the first one up and in two steps I’m in front of her. Wrapping her in my arms, I bring her to my chest and I close my eyes, those damn fucking emotions burning my chest. I lift her off the floor and she wraps her legs around me, her cheek pressing against my shoulder. Holding her like this hurts, but I’ll be okay.

She’s pregnant with our child. I don’t care who the father is biologically. We are in this together.

“Thank you. Thank you. Thank you,” I chant into her ear.

I have a family.

“Bane.” She kisses my neck and leans away. “You’re happy?”

“I’ve never wanted anything more in my entire life, Princess.” I wrap one arm around her, holding her tight before placing my hand against her stomach. “I fucking love him or her already.”

“My turn.”

Without hesitation, I carefully hand her over like precious cargo or glass.

“Sweetheart,” Alto smiles her nickname. “You just made our horrible day the best day of our lives.”

She kisses his cheek, then—carefully—his lips, but she doesn’t apply pressure. “Alto, your face,” she says sadly. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m not,” he says. “It led to this moment and I wouldn’t change this moment for anything.”

“Gimme,” Colt says, and Alto passes her along which makes her giggle. He kisses her senselessly, ignoring his split lip, but pulls away when it becomes too much. “We’re so happy, sweetness. So damn happy. How far along are you?” he asks.

“Oh my god, how did we not ask that? When are you due? When do we find out the sex?” Alto questions, but I don’t see how that matters.

I don’t care if it’s a boy or a girl. I just want to hold them in my arms and protect them how a parent is supposed to.

“Not far. They say not to tell people before twelve weeks. I’m around four weeks. So we can’t tell anyone.”

“Why do we have to wait?” Colt asks, concerned. “Is something wrong? Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. It’s to make sure I don’t miscarry.”

“Miscarry? You can miscarry? Why? How? What can we do to make sure you don’t? I won’t fucking allow it. No. No.” I shake my head, those damn emotions Harlow unlocked have me reeling.

Harlow places her hand on my chest. “Shhh. No, Bane, it’s okay. I’m okay. The baby is healthy. Nothing is wrong. Sometimes, miscarriages just happen. Without reason. It’s just something we have to keep in mind.”

“I don’t like it.” I roll my head over my shoulders, wanting nothing more than to make her lie in bed for the duration of her pregnancy. Now, that’s an idea. I open my mouth to offer it and she shuts me up by smothering her hand over my mouth.

“Whatever idea you had, you can keep it to yourself because I know I won’t like it.” Her brows raise, waiting for me to say something, but I won’t.

I couldn’t ever make her do something she didn’t want to do.

“Okay, Princess.” I kiss her palm and lower her hand. “The house is big enough. More than big enough. We could all move into the master room, keep the rooms we have just in

case we want a night alone with Harlow. The baby's room can be right next to us. We can knock out that wall, right, Alto?" I ask him with excitement, the wheels spinning in my head. "I mean, the master—"

"—has room for a custom mattress to fit all of us so we"—Alto points to Colt and me—"don't have to touch, because as much as we love you, sweetheart, I don't want to touch them. But sleeping with you at night is something none of us want to give up."

"Let me see it. I want to see!" She claps excitedly.

I hear the kitchen sink turn on for a second and Colt comes back with a wet towel in his hand, cleaning her cheeks of mascara.

"There we go. No more tears, okay?"

"I can't promise that, Colt. I'm pregnant. I'll probably cry at everything."

I stare at her, horrified. I'll need to make sure that never happens.

We all walk down the hall and Alto opens the locked French doors at the very end.

"I thought this was just storage or something," she states. "I didn't know you were hiding an entire room."

"Well, no one was allowed to see it until you." Alto pushes the doors open and Harlow holds her hands over her mouth as she gasps.

It's huge. It's probably the size of half the house. The bed goes from one wall to the other. It could easily fit ten people. We really wanted space. Each of us has a walk-in closet, one empty for the special woman we found who would accept all of us.

Well, the issue was me. No one could look at me.

The bathroom has a soaking tub and a large walk-in shower with a bench that I could see myself lying her down on and fucking her right there in the steam.

“Wow.” She tilts her head up to look at the inverted ceilings.
“It’s gorgeous. It’s everything. This is what you want? Me?
The baby? This is a lot—”

“Yes,” we all blurt at the same time.

“More than anything,” Alto adds.

“Whew, okay, good, because I have a few things in the car.
Nothing I can’t handle, so I’ll be right back because I’m going
to start moving in.” She kisses all of us quickly and we watch
her go, smiling at her as she looks over her shoulder.

“Holy hell. I never thought today would end like this.”

“Me neither,” I say, my gut turning—she just went outside by
herself.

I run through the house, fear unlike anything I have ever felt
gripping me as I fling the door open and take the emergency
stairway down.

I hear the guys behind me, our boots hitting the ground and
reverberating in the stairwell. I push the door to the outside
open to see her car there, it’s parked right next to our bikes.

But not her.

Her keys are in the middle of the road.

I bend down and end up falling on my knees when I pick them
up.

Everything I’ve ever wanted, I’ve ever dreamed, was just
taken from me.

I’m going to enjoy cutting scars down every inch of exposed
skin this fucker has.

And it still won’t be enough to show him how marred this
moment has made me.

HARLOW

“Wake up!”

A slap across the face has me waking up with a jolt. My head is killing me and I feel something warm dripping down the side of my neck. I try to lift my hand to see what it is, but my hands are tied. It's probably blood. I groan when my vision blurs and I sway.

“You'll be worth a lot,” a familiar voice says. “We've been waiting for this moment until you were here.”

I manage to open my eyes and see someone in front of me. It's been years, but I recognize the man. Unfortunately, he looks a lot like Daddy.

My uncle.

But I won't call him that. It's a title he doesn't deserve.

“There you are. Hey, Harlow.” He squats down to get on my level, elbows on his knees as he tilts his head at me. “Oh, jeez. You're bleeding. Let me get that.” He whips out a cloth from his back pocket and I jerk back when he tries to touch me.

“Get your hands off me.”

“Aw, that's no way to talk to your uncle.” He pretends to pout. He snatches me by the hair and yanks my head to the side. “You're just as annoying as I remember you to be.” He cleans the blood from the back of my neck, then shoves me away when he's done.

“And you're just as slimy as I remember you to be,” I retort, which earns me a backhand across the face.

Fuck. That hurt.

The taste of blood crawls across my tongue. I spit it on the ground right next to his boots and he grips me by my shirt, lifting me to my feet.

“You’re going to the cage now,” he says, lifting me from the floor of a disgusting house that is clearly abandoned. With a tight hold on my arm, he drags me to a rotted door. It looks like it used to be painted white. The color is dull from being ignored for so much time but the bottom of the door is gone, sharp spears of wood hang from the body of the slab that’s still holding together.

He opens it and flips on the light and I fight him, trying to get out of his grasp before he pushes me. I teeter over the edge before he grips my shirt, leaving me hanging over the staircase.

“If you don’t want to die, you’ll follow the rules, Harlow. Don’t fight me. You won’t win.”

I nod, giving in all too easy, but I have a baby to think about now. I can’t risk falling down the steps. He guides me down and I hear whimpers and cries, screams of other women as they beg for help. I don’t bother hiding my fear.

Tears stream down my face when I get to the last step.

“No,” I breathe out. “Please, I don’t know what you want, but Grizzly will pay you. Please.”

“I’m doing this because of Grizzly.” He opens the cage, a large cell with iron bars reminding me of a prison. He pushes me inside with the other women, then locks it closed with a key. “I’m tired of him thinking he’s better than everyone else. I’m going to be king. I’m going to take over the territory. I’m going to do what he isn’t willing to do. This is what the MC life is all about. Do you know how much money we’re going to make off you ladies? Especially you, Harlow.” He laughs evilly, then begins to whistle, spinning the key ring over his finger as he climbs up the steps.

He slams the door behind him, leaving us in filth and a dim light. I can barely see anything. Sniffles surround me followed

by heavy sobs.

“Can someone tell me what is going on?” I ask anyone and everyone, hoping someone can get their emotions together for two seconds because I’m barely hanging on to my sanity.

A beat passes and a sweet, mousy voice replies, “Welcome to a sex ring and auction. If you’re taken, you’ll be thrown in one of those rooms.” I barely see where she points and can only see the shadow outlining her arm.

In the corner are curtains that hang to the floor. They are filthy at the bottom, and I hear a man grunting.

“Oh my god.” The words come out shaken, and terror is the only thing I feel. My entire body trembles as if I’m cold, but I’m afraid.

I don’t want to go behind the curtain. That poor girl.

“If you don’t go behind the curtain, you go to the left to the other room. That’s where the auction happens. You’ll get sold and go who-knows-where. You won’t ever be seen again.”

“I have people. They will look for me. Dangerous people. There’s hope.”

“We all have people,” she says sadly. “I’ve been missing for weeks.”

“I’ve been here a month,” another says.

I get impatient because I don’t like the doubt I hear. I can’t blame them. They have been here for far too long. Alto, Colt, and Bane will find me. They wouldn’t ever let anything happen to me.

“My people are the rival MC that the guy running this place hates. My people will come for me because they don’t play by the laws.”

“Whatever you have to say to make yourself feel better,” the girl says.

We all stop talking when the curtain jerks back. A guy zips up his pants and grabs the girl from the ground, dragging her back to the cage. She can hardly walk.

She's high.

He tosses her in the cage and the girl readjusts her dress, places her head against the bars, and shuts her eyes. Her tears are wet from old tears but she's no longer crying. No, she's checked out. She's given up. She's realized her fate.

"Don't give up just yet," I say to everyone. "My people will come."

Someone else comes down the steps and the girls begin to cry.

"No! No, no!" they all begin to scream, and when the guy unlocks the cage again, he grabs the girl who just came in from the room behind the curtain.

He drags her away to the auction room and that's when I see my uncle. He was standing behind the guy who took the girl. He snags me, wrapping a hand around my throat. "Let me show you what you're in store for."

He takes me to the auction room too. It's dark, but very nice. It doesn't look like the rest of the house. It seems brand-new. The walls are painted gray and there's a chandelier hanging from the middle of the ceiling. In the back is a bar and there are leather couches around the room so the buyers are comfortable. In the front is the stage. It's smaller, but big enough to pace back and forth, do a little spin that I'm sure they ask for.

The door closes behind us and I jump.

"Don't worry. This isn't going to be you. Not yet. I don't know what to do with you yet. If I put you behind the curtain, I bet you'd make a lot of money."

"People don't want to fuck a pregnant woman," I say with a sneer, hoping he gives a shit about that, but all he does is laugh.

"Oh, that would bring in so much money later on. I'm definitely keeping you around."

"Fuck you," I spit.

"We're family, baby. I don't fuck family." He looks me up and down, sucking his tongue across his teeth. "Then again, are we

really family? We don't really know each other."

"You're disgusting."

"I'm a business man." He crowds me. "And you'd be good business. Now shut the fuck up and watch what will happen after I get sick of you." He grabs my neck and forces me to look at the stage.

The girl in the dirty dress in on stage. Lights are glaring down on her and she looks even worse than I thought. Her hair is long, oily, and tangled. She sways from the drugs and the guy who just got done fucking her tugs her dress over her head so she's standing there naked.

I try to look away, but my uncle's fingers dig into my cheek, forcing me to watch.

"We have a beautiful young woman, twenty-three, dark hair, and is broken in," the announcer begins.

Broken in.

As if we are fucking horses that need to be tamed.

Her body is bruised. Her ribs are showing through her skin.

It doesn't even look like she's going to make it another day.

The guy makes her spin and he grabs her ass.

I shut my eyes, unable to stomach anymore of this abuse, humiliation, and sickness.

"Five thousand," they call out the price, and one of the men in a fancy suit lifts his paddle. Then another.

And another.

"Ten thousand? Going once..." the announcer says, waiting for someone else to bid.

"Sold. Buyer, please come claim your prize."

I open my eyes to see what happens next. The dirty dress is tugged over her body to cover her up and the man who bought her can't be over forty. When he stands in front of her, he gently wraps his arm around her, guiding her to where he's sitting.

He seems kind, which I know can't be the case. Why would he care? It's a trick. It has to be.

"Some men come here looking for a real companion. Someone they can take care of. Those girls are lucky."

I stare at the guy who bought this poor girl and there is no way he struggles finding a woman. He's good-looking. Rich. Well dressed. I'm curious as to why he is here. He grabs his belongings, then lifts her into his arms, carrying her out in a rush.

I'm hoping this man beats the odds and isn't a lowlife. I hope he was here to help.

"So be good and this won't happen to you," my uncle reminds me.

I'm shoved backward and he pushes me toward the cages again.

"Food is in an hour. Bucket is in the corner." He shuts me in the cage, locking it, and waves the key in front of my face, taunting me.

"The MC will come for me. And you'll be fucked," I tell him, smirking with too much confidence.

"Not if there isn't an MC," he sings.

My heart hammers in my chest and I lean my face against the bars, ignoring the grim grinding across my cheeks. "What's that mean? What do you have planned? You motherfucker! Tell me," I keened until my throat is sore.

My voice is rough when I sob, "Don't you dare touch them."

All I can do is hope that the MC is prepared or I'm going to be lost forever in this hellhole with a baby on the way.

ALTO

“**Y**ou were supposed to be watching her! You were supposed to keep her safe!” Prez yells at me as I stand in the middle of the clubhouse.

“Don’t get me started on protecting her.” I smack the middle of my chest and point my finger in his face. “I warned you! I told you what was happening. I told you Grim was up to no good and what do you do? You kept him around. You allowed him in this MC. You wanted proof. Well guess what? You have your proof. Your daughter is gone. The woman we love is gone. The mother of our child is gone, and it’s because of you. She would have been safe going to her car if you had done something about Grim. You put your own needs in front of the club. Your own wants, and you have to pay the price. You should be the one without your title.”

“I know!” he screams at the top of his lungs, his face turning red and his eyes filling with tears. “You don’t think I know that now? I hate myself for it. I didn’t want to believe that one of the most prestigious MCs in America would do something like this.”

“You’re so concerned with growth, you aren’t even looking at the quality members you already have. Instead of focusing on going into our community, you’d see there are plenty of people who’d want to join, but no. You had your head so far up your ass—”

“Okay, this isn’t getting us anywhere. We need to set aside our differences and figure out where your brother is keeping Harlow. We can’t wait. If he is involved in trafficking women,

then we need to find her quick,” Colt interjects. “Usually, he goes after women who have been harmed, but that isn’t the case here. They’ve been building a business, and your brother waited until the right opportunity. We were all riled up from the fight, and when we got home and she came over, our heads weren’t in the right space, and we regret not walking to the car with her. It’s something we will always think about for the rest of our lives. So we all fucked up. Push your shit to the side and let’s focus on getting our girl back.”

I wait for Prez to say something else, but he buries his face in his hands and shouts into his palms. It’s muffled, but the pain is there. I can feel it, and so can everyone else.

“It will be okay, Prez. We’ll find her,” Match says, trying to bring him comfort.

“We’re all in.” Dart steps forward.

“Definitely. She’s family,” Bookie says.

“Is she wearing a tracker yet? Have we tried her phone?” Bullwhip asks, leaning forward in the recliner.

“No, not yet. And her phone is off,” I say bitterly.

“Okay, so we need to call someone who knows about the MCs in the area. We need to start doing research. Boots to the ground. Who has that kind of power where they are always in the know?”

“The Mafia,” I whisper, wondering why I never thought of it earlier.

“Tomas owes me a favor. He’ll tell me anything,” Bane blurts.

We all turn to him. “Why does he owe you a favor?” I ask.

“He needed something done. I did it. I got paid and gave the MC a percentage, that’s all you need to know.” Bane pulls out his phone and dials a number.

“You have his phone number?” Colt is just as surprised as I am.

“Yeah,” he grunts, without giving us more information.

“Yeah, he says.” Colt throws up his hands in irritation.

Typical Bane.

He places the phone on speaker and a dark, Italian accent comes through the phone. “Bane, my friend. I was wondering when you were going to call again. I do have a job if you’re interested.”

“I am, but I need something first.”

“Am I on speaker?”

“Yes,” Bane replies, rolling his eyes with impatience.

“Grizzly,” Tomas greets. “How are you?”

“Not good, Tomas. We need your help.”

“The President of an MC coming to me for help? My. My. How the tables have turned,” he states, a little too lightly for my liking.

Bane beats me to it. “Tomas, this isn’t the time to fuck around. Harlow has been taken by Grizzly’s brother. She belongs to me, Colt, and Alto. She’s pregnant. I’ll owe you one if you can tell us anything.”

Tomas Vinci is one of the most notorious men in the city. It isn’t often we work together. We believe we stick to our business, he sticks to his, and no blood will be spilled, but we are on good terms. If we need help, we can always count on each other. There’s always a catch, but I don’t care about that. I’ll do anything to get her back.

Tomas growls. It’s low and threatening in the back of his throat. “They dared put their hands on a young woman?”

“It isn’t just her. We think there are others. We think he’s involved in the trafficking ring, drugging them, etc. He was targeting domestic violence victims, but he was growing his business I think, and waiting for the big fish,” Colt says, having to raise his voice since he’s behind me. “Harlow is the big fish.”

“Si. I was able to put that together, thank you,” Tomas says. “I don’t like that. No one should be doing that in my city.”

“Our city,” I correct him. “You aren’t the only one who gives a damn.”

“I’ll call you back in five minutes and see what I can find out.” Tomas hangs up the phone and Bane slides it back in his pocket. “Now we wait.”

Waiting is the worst part. So much can happen in five minutes. People die. People get drunk. People make mistakes and have to live with them forever.

My thoughts go to Harlow. What happens to her every five minutes? God, I can’t even think about it or I’ll go insane.

“How long has it been?” Colt asks.

“Thirty seconds.” Bane cracks his neck and walks to the bar, grabbing a bottle of whiskey. He unscrews the top and takes a large gulp.

“Hand it over.” I stretch out my arm and he gives it to me.

We all take turns drinking out of the bottle and Prez guzzles before I rip it away from him.

“We need you coherent. She needs you at the ready. Don’t drown your regrets and what-ifs. Not yet,” I state, hating how angry and bitter I sound.

None of this would have happened if he would have listened to me, but it’s pointless to place blame. We are at fault too. We should have been with her when she walked to her car. We got too comfortable, too excited, lost in declarations of love and happiness about being fathers.

If only one of us went with her, then maybe she’d still be here.

“How long has it been?” Colt asks again, his leg shaking as he takes a seat.

“Three minutes,” Poet answers, his voice shocking me from the dark corner.

Bane’s phone rings and he doesn’t even let it ring twice before he’s answering it. “Tomas,” he greets.

“You’re right. I called a few informants of mine and it seems his brother has been causing quite the little havoc around here.

If I would have known, I would have shut it down, I apologize.”

“It’s fine,” Grizzly brushes his apology away. “Did you find out anything?”

“They are having a large auction tonight in a house that was foreclosed on a few years ago. Your brother bought it and that’s where he is running his business out of.”

Grizzly’s face turns a dull shade of white, sickly and pale. “Is it yellow? With a wraparound porch?”

“It seemed to be yellow in the past. It’s run-down. It does have that wraparound porch.”

“That stupid motherfucker,” Grizzly sneers, snatching the bottle from me and tossing it across the room.

It hits the wall, shattering, and the whiskey drips down to the floor.

“What?” I question, needing to know why he is so worked up.

“That’s the house we grew up in. It was before I met any of you. Parents’ couldn’t afford it anymore and no one else has lived in it since. That’s where he took her. Thanks, Tomas. If you need anything, I owe you one.”

“I’ll keep that in mind. Good luck. I hope you find her safe. Bane, keep me updated. And call me about a job.” With that, Tomas hangs up the phone before we can say anything else.

“We are all riding. Gather your weapons. We leave right fucking now.”

We disperse and I spring to my room, gathering guns, knives, and my brass knuckles, placing them on each hand. I’m going to ride with them on because I’m not wasting time pulling them from my pockets when Harlow needs me. When I’m done, I run outside, and Prez is already on his bike.

The guys follow, the prospects too.

I hop on my bike and Prez shouts, “When we get there, I want no mercy. Do not hesitate. Shoot to kill. I want nothing left of

that fucking bastard or that house. We will burn it to the ground.”

We crank our bikes and when they all sound together, the rumble reminds me of thunder, a storm waiting to release so much fury.

As a club, we follow Prez, heading to the house where Harlow is. Horrible thoughts keep entering my mind. What if she’s drugged up? What if she’s lost the baby? What if he’s abused her? My bike swerves when I lose control from that thought.

Colt pulls up next to me and I nod, telling him I’m fine. I am. I will be. I will be once I have her in my arms.

The ride is quick since we’re all speeding, but it still takes longer than I like to get there because Grizzly’s old house is on the other side of Las Vegas.

We turn down a dirt road and a run-down house comes into view. The porch is warped and the house looks like it’s a breath away from falling over. There are expensive cars parked on the side of the house and two men sit on the porch.

I don’t waste any time. I don’t stop my bike. I hop off it while it’s still running and it falls over. I can fix my bike but I can’t fix Harlow. I can’t bring her back from the dead.

I lift my gun and fire, the bullet landing in the middle of his chest. Prez is right behind me, firing his weapon.

“Hey! I got the side. We have runners.”

“Get them, Poet. Don’t you dare let them live,” I bark, lifting my front leg and kicking down the front door. It gives easily, wood chips flying in every direction.

Men from all over the house charge forward and one by one we take them down. There’s no mercy here and there will never be. I’m pissed, and nothing will be able to stop me.

I check every room upstairs and only see stained mattresses on the floor. “Harlow!” I call out her name.

Bane is checking the other rooms. “Where is she? Where the fuck is she!” he yells.

“She isn’t on this floor,” Grizzly says, opening a door that’s barely hanging on its hinges.

“I have your back,” Match says from behind him.

“Me too.” Bullwhip unwraps the whip from an enemy’s neck.

The guy’s face is purple from the lack of air and he falls to the ground, dead.

Prez opens the door and one by one we follow him down the rickety steps.

“Oh my god.” Prez stands at the base of the stairs.

The smell hits me first.

Body odor, piss, and so many other things that have me holding my breath. Prez flips on the light and Match runs to the cell a dozen women are in.

“No! No! Don’t touch us. Please. Please, just kill us,” one of them says.

They look filthy. The clothes are tattered and torn. All of them are wearing dresses. For easy access, I suppose.

I sneer at the thought.

“We aren’t here to hurt you. We’re here to save you. Where is the girl? The redhead, a little sassy,” I ask when I don’t see her.

They point to the room to my right.

“She said you’d come. We didn’t believe her.”

Match pulls on the door as hard as he can. “I need the key.”

“He has it on him,” one of the girls says. “The one that has your girlfriend.”

Colt and I rush to the room and there she is, but she has a gun pressed to her head.

I lift my own weapon and so does Colt. Grizzly comes in, charging forward, and I grip him by the cut to stop him.

“Don’t even think about it or I’ll put a bullet in her pretty little head.”

“You motherfucker. I should have killed you a long time ago. Let my daughter go and I will kill you fast.”

“You wouldn’t be able to get to me before a bullet entered her head.”

“I’ll give you anything. You want my life? Take it, but let my little girl go,” Grizzly begs. He takes a step forward, arms stretched out, sacrificing himself. “Take me. Harlow is pregnant, come on. You have to care about that.”

“Brings in more money.”

I notice Dart creeping up behind Grizzly’s brother.

“Don’t do this. I’m begging you. You want me to step down, fine. Move? Die? Whatever. Kill me. Let her go. Harlow, has he hurt you?”

“A few slaps here and there, nothing too bad.”

“You motherfucker!” I aim the gun at him and debate the risk of shooting him. If I miss, I could kill Harlow.

Dart grins, pressing his finger against his lips, and then drives his knife in this asshole’s back. Grizzly steps forward, pulling his gun from his waistband, and his brother lets go of Harlow. She runs to me, slamming against my chest, and I hold her tight.

“Sweetheart, are you okay? Let me look at you.” I cup her face gently, cursing when I see the bruises spreading across her beautiful face.

A gunshot rings out and I press Harlow’s face against my chest, hiding her from the gore of blood pooling on the floor. Grizzly stands over his brother’s body and shoots him again.

And again.

Then again.

“Prez,” Dart eases his name, pushing the gun away from the mutilated body. “He’s dead.”

Grizzly bends down and rummages through his brother’s pockets, pulling out the keys to the cell the women are trapped in. “Get the girls out. Take them to the hospital and burn this

place to the ground.” He stands to walk away. “Leave him right there.”

Colt tugs Harlow from my arms and holds her, then Bane is stomping through the doors, his arms bloody from killing every person.

“Took care of the people buying the girls too,” he says, and when he sees Harlow he sprints to her, kissing the top of her head and pressing his cheek against her.

“You three really love her, don’t you?” Grizzly asks.

Harlow peeks away from us and gives her dad a big bear hug. “It doesn’t mean I stop loving you.”

“It will take me time to get used to. I’m not hating the idea, but give me time.” He reaches his hand out to us.

“Understood, Grizz.”

It’s better than nothing.

“Let’s go home,” Harlow says.

“You’re going to the doctor first,” I say.

“Agreed.” Bane has my six. “We need to make sure you and the baby are okay. The women need to go too.”

Harlow frowns, nodding.

“What is it?” I tuck a piece of hair behind her ear.

“There was one girl, she got sold before you got here. I don’t know her name.”

“Could you I.D. her?” Poet lifts up files in his hands. “Found these on a table upstairs. They have pictures of all the girls. If you I.D. her, we can maybe track her.”

Harlow nods. “Yes. Yes, that would be amazing.”

“First, hospital. No arguing. We’ll take one of the cars one of these guys had. My bike is trashed.”

I head toward the door leading outside. “Grizz, Bane, Colt, you coming?”

Bane and Colt scoff at the same time, walking side by side.

Grizzly smiles, giving his daughter one last hug. “I’ll stay behind and help the girls here. Clean things up. Looks like you’re in good hands, sugarplum. I’m glad you’re okay. I love you.”

“I love you too, Daddy. And I am. I’m fine. And I’m in great hands.” Harlow reaches for my hand and I don’t hesitate to hold her back.

I never plan on letting her out of my sight again.

When I step outside, Bookie and Brander are piling the dead bodies up and they pause when they see me.

“Keep up the good work, guys.” I give them my back to hide the evidence of what they are doing from Harlow. “Sweetheart. I’m going to carry you and you’re going to promise to not look around, okay? Close your eyes and hide them against my chest.”

“Okay,” she easily agrees, yawning, and then begins to sway.

“Princess?” Bane catches her when she passes out and that has us running to the nearest car. Luckily it’s open and Bane climbs in the back with Harlow. Colt gets in the passenger side and I jump in the driver’s seat.

I haven’t done this in years, but I grab the necessary cords under the steering column and press the wires together. The car struggles to start, but eventually the engine rolls over. Slamming the car in drive, I fishtail out of the parking lot and slam the pedal to the floorboard.

The hospital isn’t far.

“How is she?” Colt asks, turning to look over his shoulder.

“She’s fine. She’s breathing. Maybe the adrenaline wore off? She’s had a bad day.”

“I hope nothing is wrong with the baby,” I whisper, taking a left as safely as I can, but I fishtail again. I almost hit the guardrail with the end of the car.

“Don’t say that,” Bane grits. “She’s fine. She’ll be fine. Our baby is fine.”

I don't know who he's trying to convince. Me or himself.

"Everyone is okay with that, right?" Colt questions, gripping the plastic handle above his head when I take another turn too fast. "It doesn't matter who the biological father is? We're all in this together. When we say she's ours, she is ours. Right? The kid will have three fathers."

"Yes," Bane and I say in unison. "Whose it is doesn't matter. As far as I'm concerned, we're family. End of story." I hope that clears the confusion. "I thought it was obvious."

"It is, but I was double-checking. I don't want to wake up one day and find my best friends hate me or the woman I love doesn't want me anymore because I'm not the father of her kid," Colt explains.

"I get that. I had that thought too," Bane says.

"What the hell, guys? Now? You want to talk about this now? If we are horrible fathers, that will be the reason why Harlow decides to leave us. And we are best friends. We're more like brothers. No one is leaving anyone. For fuck's sake." I slam on the brakes and park at the emergency room center of the hospital. "Let's go."

Bane is out of the car first, then Colt, and Bane has Harlow in his arms. Her limp body is going to give me a heart attack. We run through the doors.

"We need help! We need a doctor over here!" Bane shouts so loud every person in the room turns to us.

A doctor sprints over to us, a nurse by his side with a gurney. "What happened?"

Bane places her on the gurney and we begin walking fast as they roll her through the double doors.

"She was kidnapped earlier today. She's our...partner," Bane says carefully. "She's pregnant. She passed out when we were leaving the place we rescued her from. We don't know if he pumped her full of drugs or if the baby is okay. Please," he rambles, his voice breaking with emotion I know he hates.

“Okay. We have it from here, okay? We will update you soon, but you can’t come back here.”

“What the hell do you mean? We spent all day out of our minds with worry and fear and now you’re saying we can’t be with her?” Bane towers over the doctor, but the guy doesn’t flinch. He must be used to intimidation shows.

“I understand, but we work better without loved ones becoming emotional. They don’t need to see what we do. It only makes it worse. Sit down. I’ll be back with an update shortly.”

He leaves us standing there, watching him run down the hall to follow the nurse who’s pushing the gurney.

We don’t even go to sit down. We wait for what seems like forever. We watch the doors, unable to move our feet from the ground. We are glued. Frozen.

And fucking afraid.

“Hey.”

The sound of Grizzly’s voice startles me and I turn around to see him and the guys. I smell smoke, so they had to have burned the house down like they promised.

“The girls? Where are they?” Bane asks in a monotone voice, staring at the doors still.

“Match is with them talking to the cops, then they’re coming,” Dart explains.

“Any update?”

“She passed out, Grizz. I don’t know if he put her on drugs or what. We’re terrified. I know you don’t want to hear it—”

“No, listen. It’s going to take getting used to, but I see you three really care about her, and her happiness is all that matters. I’m scared too. She’s all I have. After her mom...I can’t imagine losing her, which is why I got so mad at you three. Just...give me time. I like to hear you’re worried. If you weren’t, I’d kill you,” he jokes, but I know he’s serious.

He will fillet us like fish if anything happens to Harlow.

“She’ll be okay.” He sounds confident and stronger, which is way better than how I feel.

“How do you know?”

“She’s a lot like her mom. She’s a fighter.” Grizzly chokes up and clears his throat. “See, here comes the doctor now.”

“Harlow—wow.” He comes to a quick stop in front of us, his gaze mapping the waiting room. “I need to speak with Harlow’s family.”

“I’m her father and these are her...husbands? Don’t argue with me on it, Doc. Just tell me if she’s okay.”

“She’s fine. I’m happy to report,” he announces, and all of us cheer.

“Oh, thank god.”

“The fetus looks good too. She’s dehydrated and exhausted. She’ll need more sleep and fluids while she’s pregnant. I recommend that she does not overdo it. No more high-stress situations if they can be avoided. I noticed a little blood while doing an exam, but it isn’t anything I’m too concerned about.”

“Blood?” Bane questions. “So she’s at risk for losing the baby?”

“It’s very early stages in her pregnancy. Anything can happen so please, bed rest. That’s my order,” he says. “She’s asleep, but who would like to see her first?” he asks.

“All of us,” Grizzly says. “Well, me and these three assholes.” He points to us and I can’t help but grin. “We’re family, after all.”

Family.

Something I’ll die to protect.

We walk down the hall and the doctor shows us her room. I take one side, Bane takes another, and Colt stands at the end of the bed. I take her hand and sit down, kissing the top of her scratched knuckles.

“I love you,” she whispers in a sigh while she sleeps. “All of you.”

“We love you too, sweetness. Rest,” Colt croons. “We’re here. We will be here when you wake up.”

And nothing, no one, will ever prevent that from happening.

This family, this woman, is mine.

EPILOGUE

8 Months Later

It's been one week since I gave birth to the twins.
Twins!

I didn't know I was pregnant with not one baby but two, until five months. One had hidden behind their sibling and didn't want to make an appearance. The shock wore off fast when I saw how happy the guys were. They were ecstatic when they found out. They turned from badass bikers to amazing dads.

But to me, they are both.

I stretch, my body is still sore from the vaginal birth. I still can't believe I was capable of doing that. There's a part of me that never wants to experience it again, but then, all three of my men cried the day their children were born.

"Hey, sweetness." Colt enters the room with coffee for me. "How are you feeling? Do you need another ice pack? You know..." His eyes drift down my body to between my legs because apparently some damn Tylenol and an ice pack are what is supposed to make me feel better.

"Yeah, but it's okay. I can do it. Thanks for taking care of me."

"I'll always take care of you." He climbs on the bed and gives me a quick kiss, setting the coffee on the nightstand. "Come on. I got you." He helps me out of bed, carrying me to the bathroom, and I groan in pain when I use the restroom. Colt gathers clean clothes and strips, then undresses me.

"Shower, but no funny business," he reminds me.

“Oh yeah. I’m in a real frisky mood,” I sass, wobbling to the shower stall.

He flips on the water and we step inside the warm spray and the first thing Colt does is hold me.

“How are Declan and Daisy?” I ask, wanting an update on my son and daughter.

“Perfect.” He kisses my shoulder. “Me, Bane, and Alto switch every fifteen minutes, and I got tired of being empty-handed, so I wanted to come see you.”

“I love how attentive you three are. I love seeing you hold them. There is nothing more attractive to me than watching you three being amazing fathers, not to mention amazing partners too. I’m a lucky woman.”

Colt tilts my head back to wet my hair. He takes care of me every morning. It’s our thing. Every single one of us has something we do alone together. Colt loves his morning showers with me. He pampers me. He starts washing my hair, a gentle scalp massage that almost puts me to sleep standing up. He rinses and gently washes my body.

Then he gives my neck, back, and legs a massage.

“Thank you,” he says like he does every morning. “For putting your body through that birth, for giving me children. I know you must be in pain, and I just want to take it away.”

“You are.” I blink away tears. How did I get so lucky with three men who genuinely care about my well-being? I know women who had to do everything on their own after the first day and it makes me wonder if men aren’t thinking about how bad we still hurt? I feel bad for those women. “You make me feel better every day.”

“Good.” He stands, giving me another quick kiss before washing himself. He steps out of the shower first, drying us off, and then he slips an oversize nightgown over my head, which isn’t sexy, but it’s about comfort right now.

He grabs underwear and a frozen pack, helping me into both.

Colt then brushes my hair and I throw it up in a messy bun just in time to hear my kids cry. My breasts immediately react, and I leak. Colt growls, eyes heating with lust, and he gently cups my heavy tits. “I love it when this happens. Nothing is sexier to me.” He bends down, lifting the gown until my breasts show, and he sucks each nipple clean. “So sweet.”

“Colt,” I scold him on a half moan. “We can’t do anything for six weeks.”

“I know. It’s going to be the longest six weeks of my life. You’re so fucking sexy like this.”

I glance down at myself, already looking like a hot mess with wet spots on my gown from lactating. “Insane man,” I mumble, walking as fast as I can to the bedroom door.

Colt grabs my coffee and we head out of the bedroom together, entering the living room to loud wailing cries.

Damn it, it’s happening again.

Bane and Alto zero in on me, staring at my chest.

I snap my fingers. “Don’t even think about it. Hand me the babies.” I lower the front of the gown and Bane moans, nearly in a daze as he walks over.

It’s been a week and you’d think they hadn’t touched me in a month.

Alto settles Declan in my arms, but not without copping a quick feel. I notice his sweatpants are tented, that large cock begging for my mouth.

“I know,” Colt says. “Just breathe through it, brother.” He tries to coach Alto through the want and it makes me giggle.

Once Declan latches, I open my other arm and Bane settles Daisy in perfectly. She latches too and I wince. I’m not used to it yet. I’m sore.

“You okay?” Bane’s lust is gone and all that’s left is concern. His hand lands on my thigh and his fingers caress me in small circles.

“I’m good. It takes getting used to. I’m glad they’re eating so well. The nurses told me some babies have issues latching.”

“I’m glad that’s not us,” Alto says, kissing the top of my head. “You’re amazing.”

I shut my eyes, exhaustion already closing in. “You guys make me feel that way.”

I look down, staring down at our kids, and I try to think about who they resemble but I can’t tell yet. One day, it might be noticeable, but I don’t care. If they wanted, I’d give them all children individually if they expressed it.

I know they won’t. They don’t care about that kind of thing.

We are in this together.

“Your dad is coming over later. He wants to see them. He has demanded pictures of them every hour and it’s exhausting. He needs to get his fix.”

“He is such a great grandpa,” I say, thinking back to when my daddy saw his grandkids for the first time. He held them and cried.

The first thing he said was, “Daisy has your mother’s eyes.”

It made me cry. I know how much he misses her. Seeing him around the twins, I see a spark in him that I haven’t been able to see for a very long time, if ever.

“Okay. Good. I’m glad he’s coming over.” I hiss when Declan sucks harder. “Goodness.” I rub his cheek with my hand and he loosens the hold on my nipple. “You’re a little savage when it comes to milk.”

“Aren’t we all?” Alto mumbles under his voice, his eyes locked on my chest again.

“You three are insatiable. Seriously, I look like roadkill and you still want to eat me.”

“Roadkill?” Bane growls in disapproval. “You’re the prettiest woman to ever walk this fucking earth and the mother of my children, which makes you a goddess. You won’t talk bad

about yourself again or when the doctor finally clears you for sex, I'm punishing you."

I blush from his threat, thinking about the last time he "punished" me. I was seven months pregnant and said I was a whale. He fucked me hard that night and wouldn't let me come for hours. It was cruel, but god, it was so damn good.

All three of them love me pregnant, but Bane was obsessed. He always kept a hand on my stomach. He always talked to it, kissed it, and he got turned on by it—they all did—but Bane was feral about it.

Bane whispers in my ear, "I know what you're thinking about and you better believe it's going to happen again. When you're cleared for sex, we're going to put another baby in you, and I'm going to edge you again for hours."

I swallow, my face hot as if I have a fever, and Colt and Alto laugh.

The twins unlatch and Colt takes Declan while Alto takes Daisy. Bane helps me up and takes me to the couch. He sits down, puts a pillow on his lap, and pats the sofa, telling me to lie down.

I do. I don't argue about it anymore. I place my cheek on the pillow and watch Colt and Alto burp the babies. I get lost in watching them, like watching something so beautiful I know I'll never see something like it again, that's how I feel when I look at them.

It's hard to believe that eight months ago, I was kidnapped and—I don't want to say almost sold, but the situation wasn't great. To think I might not have had this, the what-ifs rip my heart from the inside out. I couldn't imagine.

Daisy burps first and spews milk all over Alto's shirt. Colt laughs but Declan does it next, only it gets on his neck.

"That's okay. It's warm and gross, I won't lie about that, but I wouldn't change a thing. No, I wouldn't," Colt speaks in his baby voice, heading to the bedroom to get a new shirt.

"I agree with him," Alto states, following Colt.

Bane's hand lazily drifts through my hair after he takes it out of the bun. I close my eyes, thinking about that one girl that was sold before the MC got there, but they haven't been able to find her. I hope she's okay because no one deserves to live that kind of nightmare. The other women we rescued are doing well. All of them went to the homeless shelter and Daddy built a few large cabins on the property for them if they felt safer there.

Some of them actually decided to live on the property. They don't go to the clubhouse. They stay away, but I think maybe with time, they will come around. No one has pressured them otherwise. All the members know to respect the girls and their space.

"What are you thinking about?"

"How lucky I am." I grab his free hand and squeeze it. I'm lucky nothing horrible happened to me in my uncle's hands. I'm lucky I didn't get sold. I'm just...I'm lucky I'm here, with them, with two wonderful children.

All is perfect.

Daddy and the guys even get along now as if nothing ever happened. They are best friends again. Meredith and Addy are still in school. I took the semester off and enrolled in online classes for next fall. They hated that I moved out, but I see them all the time.

Meredith has a thing for Dart I think, while Addy eyes Match.

I don't think it will ever happen, but who knows?

It happened for me.

Maybe *I'll* dare them.

After all, a dare is what led me here in the first place.

The End

Dear precious reader, thank you for reading 'Biker Daddies'!

When I finished writing the book, I couldn't put down my pen yet... not until I wrote a little something extra special just for

you. If you want more of Harlow and her three big, badass bikers, [click here to get your bonus epilogue.](#)