



Cage

INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR
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CAGE


BLEEDING ACES MC IOWA

ERIN TREJO

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I sit back on the couch with my legs spread wide, a cigarette hanging from my lips as I watch her dance. Her body sways to the music as she moves. The thought of taking her back to the room and fucking her crosses my mind far too many times.

She's perfect. Everything a man could want. She knows who she belongs to, and even as Twitch runs his hand around her waist and his hand slides over her ass, she knows I will be sinking between those thighs tonight. They might touch and tease each other, but they know where the boundaries are.

I take another drag from my cigarette and blow smoke into the air. I bring my beer to my lips and take a long pull as I watch her grind her ass against Twitch. I see him grabbing her hips in his hands as she dances to the music. Cocking my head to the side, I study the two of them. Twitch is always down for a good time but this one's off-limits. The only cock slipping inside of her is mine.

"I don't understand," Tarek says as he sits beside me on the couch, watching the scene unfold.

"What do you mean?"

"She's yours, and you're lettin' the guys be all over her," he says. "That shit couldn't be me and my old lady. I'd cut a motherfuckers cock off and shove it down his throat." I chuckle under my breath.

"I know she's mine. They know she's mine. And more importantly, she knows she's mine."

“And that means what?” he laughs again.

“That means look at her, touch her, but if you try and fuck her, I will kill you.”

“That makes no sense, Cage.”

“Maybe not to you,” I tell him as I watch Twitch tighten his hold on her. Yenni backs her ass up against him, no doubt feeling his hard-on. Too bad he’ll have to find one of the club whores to handle that issue for him. Nevertheless, I watch them dance and flirt with each other. She spins around, running her hands down the front of his chest and straight over his cock. He jerks his hips, and I smirk at her. She knows what she’s doing, the little vixen. She likes knowing she drives me insane by doing it too.

“I’m just confused, brother,” Tarek adds once more.

“About?”

“You don’t think that’s cheatin’?”

“Is she fuckin’ him?” I ask.

“No.”

“Then how is that cheatin’? She’s dancin’ and havin’ a good time. That’s all she’s doin’. She knows if she crosses the line, I will snap her fuckin’ neck just like his,” I inform him. Tarek shifts in his seat while we keep watching Yenni dance. She’s perfect. Fucking exotic. She never knew her father, so she has no clue about his side of the family, but her mother was Columbian, and she’s got the perfect tanned skin and unique name.

“I think you’re insane,” Tarek tells me.

“Might be.” I stand from the couch, snuffing out the cigarette in the ashtray on the table before stalking toward her. Twitch sees me coming and takes that as his cue to back away. I step in right behind her and slip my hand around her waist while bringing my bottle to my lips with the other hand. She shimmy’s and shifts herself against me, grinding on my cock.

“You havin’ fun?” I ask gruffly.

“So much fun,” she replies, reaching back to wrap her arm around the back of my neck. I keep my hand on her stomach, keeping her body against mine as I move my hips along with her.

“I’m gonna fuck you so hard,” I warn her. She moans and presses back against my already hard cock.

“I’m gonna enjoy it,” she says.

We keep dancing as I finish my beer, and before I know it, we’re heading down the hallway to my room. I open the door and shove her roughly inside, watching her stumble before she spins around, lust dancing in her eyes. Then I move in on her.

I stalk her like she’s my prey, and maybe she is. I want to eat every fucking inch of her. When I get close enough, I reach for the little lace tank top she has on and pull it over her head, tossing it to the side. I groan, knowing every man there got to look at her tits through the lace fabric she had on.

Then I reach for her little leather skirt that left little to the imagination and slowly unzip the back. Yenni is pressing her tits to my chest, licking my neck as I slide the zipper down. When I shove it to the floor, she steps out of it and moves back in on me. Her lips are all over my chest, licking and sucking until she gets to my nipple piercings. Her teeth clamp down, and she tugs, earning a groan from me.

I let Yenni have her fun, touching and teasing me before she moves to my jeans, shoving them down my legs along with my boxers. I kick off my boots and step out of the jeans before she drops to her knees. Yenni pulls my cock into her mouth, sucking as if her life depended on it. Each barbell lining my cock, receives equal attention from her until my hand finds its way into her hair.

“You gonna gag on me, darlin’?” I ask her. She looks up at me under her lashes, and fuck, I can’t think straight. This woman is my undoing. She’s the other half of me I didn’t know I needed. She nods, and I thrust into her mouth all the way to the back of her throat until she gags. Spit falls from her lips as I hold myself there. I see her face turning red, and only then do I pull back so she can get some air into her lungs.

Then I do it all over again until my cock is pulsing, but there's no way I'm wasting my cum down the back of her throat. No, I want it between her pretty thighs. I want it inside of her.

I pull my cock from her lips and slap her face with it before motioning for her to climb up on the bed. She does, getting on all fours with her pussy on full display for me. I growl low in my throat as I walk over and pull her toward the edge of the bed. She's at the perfect level for me to slam into her, but first, I lean down and lick around her asshole before moving lower. I stick my tongue in her dripping pussy before pulling it back out. I bite her ass cheek and watch the way she clenches. Fuck, this woman is going to be my downfall.

His teeth sink into my ass over and over, and I can't help the little squeals that come out of my mouth. It hurts, but then he licks and kisses every mark he makes.

“You ready for me?” he asks. I nod my head as I look over my shoulder at him. He's so fucking gorgeous with his dark hair and piercing eyes. I don't know how I got so lucky with a man like him.

He moves in behind me, his cock rubbing over my entrance. I shift and try to push back against him, but he groans and pulls away. He likes to tease me the same way I tease him.

Finally, he lines up and grabs my hips, thrusting into me. I cry out his name as he pounds into me from behind. His balls slap against me as he takes me with force. I love it. I love everything he does to me. The deeper he gets, the higher I feel. I don't think anything could be as good as what Cage does to me.

His nails dig into my sides as he pulls me back against him. I pant and gasp for air as feelings collide inside of me. White hot heat unfurls in my stomach, and I know I won't last long.

His thrusts become frantic as he readies himself for release. I feel it too. I feel him swell inside me, and finally, he lets go taking me over the edge with him. I let myself plunge into the ecstasy he created. My pussy pulses around him as he

reaches with one hand and plays with my clit. He draws out my orgasm until my legs shake, and only then does he pull out of me. He flips me onto my back and dives between my legs. His tongue finds my clit, and just like that, he forces another orgasm out of me. My eyes roll back, my hands gripping the sheets as he rocks my body once more.

“Fuck, Cage,” I groan as he slowly laps at me before pressing kisses to the insides of my thighs. He finally inches his way back up my body, sucking my nipple into his mouth before collapsing onto the bed next to me.

“You good?” he asks.

“I’m better than good,” I tell him truthfully. He chuckles and slides his arm under my neck so that I’m lying on him.

“Got a run comin’ up. I’m gonna be gone for a few days, maybe a week.”

“I hate when you’re not here,” I tell him. He’s been on a few since I’ve been around, and I hate it every time he has to go. He always comes back, which makes me happy, but I know there’s always a chance he might not. And that’s the part that scares me.

“I know, baby. But I’ll be back. I always come back,” he says, reassuring me.

“I know you do. It’s just hard without you here,” I tell him.

“You have the girls, the shop.” I do have the shop. I run my own tattoo shop. That’s actually how Cage and I met. He came in one day looking for a new artist for the club. At first, I was suspicious of him. A hulking six-foot-two man with muscles as far as the eye could see, but the more we talked and showed up at my shop, the further I fell for the man. He has a way about him that I can’t get away from. Not that I’d want to.

“I know. It’s just not the same when you’re not here,” I admit. Cage sighs and runs his fingers along my shoulder, causing me to shiver. I love his touch. I love everything about this man.

“It won’t be long. You have ink to run on the guys anyway. I want the new patches done when I get back,” he tells me.

“All three of them?”

“Yeah. That a problem?”

“No. I need to finish up the one on Twitch, too,” I tell him and listen as he groans.

“Twitch better remember his place,” he growls.

“He knows his place, Cage. Don’t worry about him.”

“I’m not worried about him. If he so much as touches you the wrong way, I’ll kill him. Simple as that.” Another shiver works its way down my spine. I have no doubt in my mind he would kill one of his own for touching me the wrong way. He doesn’t need to worry about that though. I wouldn’t let things get that far. My heart belongs to Cage, and I think he knows that.

“I don’t think you’ll have to kill anyone anytime soon, babe. They know better.”

“They damn well better know better. I would hate to have to kill one of my own.” I know he’s telling the truth. If he had to, he would, which scares me.

Cage has always let me have my freedom and have my fun. He doesn’t care if I dance and flirt and grind on the guys as long as it’s him I come back to. And it is. I’ve never messed around with one of the guys before. It wouldn’t even be an option for me. I don’t care about them the way I do Cage.

But I know he fears one of them will take it too far. I would never let that happen. I would never want to take one of them to bed, but I like to have fun, and he gives me the space to do that. It’s usually under his watchful eye, and I find it sexier when he watches me. It turns me on knowing I can get to him just by dancing with one of his boys.

“Are you sure you have to go?” I whine.

“Yeah, I do. Big shipments mean the Prez has to be there.” I don’t ask what those shipments are, and I don’t care. He keeps his business away from me, and I appreciate that. I don’t get wrapped up in the club business because it’s none of my business.

“Calling in the big dogs, huh?” I tease him.

“You love my big dog, don’t you, baby?”

“I do. You always make it good, Cage.”

“Damn right, I do.”

“Are we still going out this weekend?”

“Yeah. I promised you a night out, didn’t I?” he asks, turning his head to press a kiss to the side of mine.

“You did.”

“Where do you wanna go?”

“I don’t really care. Anywhere you choose.”

“I can do that. You like surprises, don’t you?” I nod my head. We haven’t known each other long, but that doesn’t mean shit. We’re still learning each other, and I love that he is still finding out new things about me.

“I do like surprises.”

“Then that’s what you’re gonna get. I’m gonna surprise the fuck outta you. Then I’m gonna bring you back here and fuck you until everyone in the club can hear you screamin’ my name. You want that?” he asks, and my pussy tingles.

“You know I do.”

“Then I’ll make it happen,” he promises me. I scoot over and lay my head on his chest, listening to his heart beat beneath my ear, and sigh. I’m content here. I’m happy, which is saying a lot. My past wasn’t the best, nor was my track record with men. When Cage first came to me, I was getting out of an abusive relationship. I didn’t want to find someone. In fact, I wasn’t looking, but there he was in all his glory. And I couldn’t be happier he found me. We didn’t just jump into bed and call us a couple. I made him work for me, and he did. He still does. And that fact that he doesn’t try to douse my flames makes me care more about him.

I watch her walk through the room looking as sexy as ever in her cut-off T-shirt and shorts that show off her ass perfectly. Her biker boots make her a few inches taller, accentuating her legs. I can't keep my eyes off her.

"You gonna join the conversation, or do you need a quick fuck?" Ridge asks.

"Fuck you. If you had a woman walkin' around lookin' like her, you would be starin' too."

"We all stare at her," Twitch says before I glare at him. He knows that better be all he's doing is looking. One finger lands on the wrong spot, and he's a dead man.

"Stop eyein' him like you're gonna murder him. We know she's off limits," Tarek adds. I nod my head once when Twitch smirks at me. Out of all the guys that she flirts and messes with, Twitch is the main one. It makes me wonder if she has a thing for him. Hell, I know he has a thing for her.

"Just makin' sure the boundaries are still in place," I state, keeping my eyes on him. He nods his head in understanding.

"Got it, Prez," Twitch says.

"Can we get back to business? Who are we sendin' on this run?" Ridge asks, looking between us.

"We don't want to let things slide with Omar, but I need to be there. That means Twitch will stay back and handle him. I say we take Tarek, Ridge, Scully, and Knight with us," I announce, looking around the table at the rest of the guys.

“That’s fine by me. Omar likes me better anyway,” Twitch adds.

“Yeah, because you’ll suck his dick if he asked you to,” I remind him. The guys chuckle, but Twitch doesn’t.

“Fuck you, Cage.”

“I got all the pussy I need over there,” I tell him. Twitch might be my VP, and we might be close, but there’s been something off about him lately. I’m not sure what it is, and I can’t put my finger on it, but he’s been distant and more of an ass than usual. That doesn’t mean I don’t trust the motherfucker with my life because I do. That’s part of what being in the club is all about. You trust your brothers with everything you have and which means me trusting Twitch to keep an eye on Yenni while I’m gone. I don’t like the idea, but it is what it is.

“You callin’ me a pussy?” he asks, getting defensive.

“Calm the fuck down, both of you,” Tarek chimes in. I sit back in my chair and take the man in. Twitch is tall, a little bigger built than me, but that doesn’t mean I won’t kick his ass just the same.

“I’m calm,” I say, raising my hands to make my point.

“Yeah, sure you are,” Ridge snorts.

“Hey, Knight. Come over here, brother,” I call out, ignoring the glare from Twitch. Knight strolls over, and I kick out a chair for him to take a seat which he does.

“What’s goin’ on?”

“You’re goin’ on that run with me. You good with that?”

“Yeah, I’m good. Who else is goin’?”

“Sully, Ridge, Tarek, and me.”

“Sounds good to me. When we leavin’?”

“A few days. I need to make sure Omar is good dealin’ with Twitch on the other shit,” I tell him. He nods his head and reaches for a beer.

“Fine by me, Cage. I could use out of here for a while anyway,” he says.

“Why is that?”

“Claustrophobic, brother.”

“It’s not enclosed or small, you dumb ass,” I tell him.

“Still suffocatin’ as fuck,” he says. I get it. Knight used to be a nomad before he settled here with us. Now he’s family, just like everyone else in this place. But I understand him going a little stir-crazy after spending years on the road.

“I heard that,” I tell him.

“Miss the open road,” he adds.

“I can understand that. You can get out anytime, Knight. Just say the words, and you’re free to ride,” I remind him. He nods, knowing I’d send him on any of the runs he wants to go on if that makes him feel better. I know he misses his time on the road. I can see it in his eyes.

“Thanks, Prez.”

“So Omar. What if he isn’t good dealin’ with Twitch?” Ridge asks.

“Why wouldn’t he be?” Twitch snaps back.

“Oh, I don’t know. Maybe because you’re a fuckin’ hot head.”

“Like fuck I am,” Twitch snaps at him.

“Point and case. Look at you. I don’t know what’s gotten into you lately, but your attitude has been shit,” Ridge reminds him. At least I wasn’t the one who had to tell him that.

“Fuck off, man. I haven’t been any kind of way.” Before this shit gets too heated, I change the subject back to the run.

“We have a large shipment comin’ in. Tarek, I need you to get the warehouse ready for that shit and have people lined up to distribute,” I tell him. He nods his head like I knew he would. He’ll take care of that shit.

“We just gonna pretend that everybody isn’t ridin’ my balls?” Twitch asks, going back to the same thing. I lean forward, resting my elbows on the table.

“You wanna drop it or keep it goin’?” I ask, glaring at him.

“I haven’t been any kind of way, Cage.”

“If you say so.”

“You think I’ve been off?” he asks. I motion for the other guys to get up and leave the table. Once they’re gone, I lean even closer.

“You have been off. I don’t know what’s goin’ on with you, and you obviously aren’t talkin’ about it, but we all see it, Twitch. You wanna tell me what the issue is?” He sighs and runs his hand over his face before shaking his head.

“I don’t see an issue.”

“You’re the only one who doesn’t see it,” I tell him.

“Well, I don’t know what the fuck you’re seein’, but I sure as fuck know I’m good.” I nod my head and sit back in my seat. If that’s how he wants to play this, then so be it.

“Fine. You’re good. You gonna be good to deal with Omar, or is your personal shit gonna get in the way?” I ask him.

“I don’t have any personal shit. I’m good, Cage. For real.” I nod once more before shoving out of my seat and stalking toward the bar. I’ve heard enough from him. I don’t know his problem, and I don’t care. I’m good as long as he keeps his shit together to deal with Omar.

“What’s with him?” Knight asks me, nodding in Twitch’s general direction.

“I don’t know, brother. Whatever it is, I don’t like it.”

“What are you thinkin’?”

“Not much of anything right now. I just need him to be on point for the meetin’ with Omar. That’s all I’m concerned about at this point.”

“Heard that. Don’t need any distractions on his part,” he says.

“That’s right. You good to ride?”

“Always good to ride, Prez.” That’s what I like to hear.

I sit on the stool, working on some ink for a client. It's going to be a badass piece, that's for sure.

"You want to go bigger? We can," I tell him.

"Why not."

"That's the spirit," I tell him with a laugh as I continue to work on his piece. It's huge already, but nothing wrong with going bigger. He wants skulls. That was all he said when he came in here, and I turned it into something more. I created an entire layout that covers most of his chest.

"You're really talented," he says as he lies here, letting me work my magic.

"Thank you. I appreciate that," I reply as the door opens and Cage stalks in. He drops onto the stool behind me but doesn't say a word. It's not unusual for him to come and hang out with me at work. He likes watching me work.

"Who are you?" The guy asks, turning his head to look at Cage. I glance over my shoulder and give him a small smile before getting back to work. Cage just grunts, not saying a word.

This particular piece is going to take several sessions to complete. So I stop what I'm doing and clean the guy up. Once I'm finished, he stands and eyes Cage for a long second before moving his gaze back to mine.

"You did great. See you in a few days," he says. I nod and watch as he leaves the room before turning to Cage.

“You like intimidating my customers?”

“I didn’t intimidate anyone.”

“You were practically staring him down,” I tell him, noting how he was looking at him.

“I don’t like him,” he says, causing me to laugh.

“You don’t know him, do you?” Cage shakes his head and looks back down at his phone as I huff out a breath. “Then what’s the problem?”

“I don’t have a problem. I know when I don’t like someone, and I didn’t like his ass,” Cage tells me without looking up from his phone. I stand from my seat, about to clean up the room, when he grabs me and pulls me into his lap. His lips land on my neck, licking and sucking until I’m a panting mess.

“We can’t do this here,” I tell him. He doesn’t listen. Of course, he doesn’t. His hand slides into the waistband of my shorts and slips inside my panties. I let my head fall against his shoulder as his fingers find my wetness. He slides a finger inside me and groans before pulling it free and rubbing my clit.

“Why are you so wet? Is it from touchin’ that man?” he asks, his tone gruff.

“No.”

“I think you’re lyin’ to me. I think touchin’ him got you wet, Yenni. Is that what this is? All for him?” He doesn’t sound angry, and I don’t understand why he’s even talking like this, but his fingers feel too good touching me for me to form a sentence.

Cage keeps circling my clit until my legs begin to shake. I’m so fucking close I can taste it, but then he does something that shocks me. He pulls his hand out of my pants and shoves me to my feet before standing.

“What the hell, Cage?” I snap as I spin around to face him. He has his fingers in his mouth, licking them clean.

“You think I’d let you come after some other man made you wet?”

“I wasn’t wet for him,” I protest.

“Didn’t feel that way to me,” he argues, eyes burning through me. He can’t possibly believe what’s coming out of his mouth right now. Yet the more I look at him, the more I see that he does.

“It’s always you, Cage.” He nods and leans down, kissing my head before walking toward the door. “You’re leaving? Just like that?” I ask in a huff.

“Just like that, baby.”

“You don’t actually believe the words coming out of your mouth, do you?” He turns to look at me over his shoulder, and right there in his eyes, I can see it. He does believe it.

“I felt your pussy just now. It was needy.”

“Not for him, Cage.”

“Then who?”

“You. It’s always you.” He spins around to face me fully before stepping back into my space. He’s so damn close I can smell his cologne and nearly taste him on my tongue.

He lifts his hand, running it down my cheek before wrapping his fingers around my throat.

“I let you get away with a lot of shit, Yenni. I let you have your fun and play your games, but one thing I won’t let you do is get wet for other men. You’re mine,” he growls into my face. I swallow hard as I look him in the eye. I’ve seen this side of him before. He almost seems jealous, but Cage doesn’t get jealous.

“Cage, come on,” I whine. He smirks an evil dark smirk at me.

“I’ll fuck you when I want to. Not when you’re beggin’ me. And if I were you, I would tone down the dancin’ tonight. I’m not in the mood to see you whore yourself around the clubhouse.” With that, he releases me and turns to walk out of

the room. My heart sinks in my chest. I've only seen him angry one other time, and that's when I was first coming around the clubhouse. That's the day he made sure to tell me what was off-limits for me.

I don't know what's gotten into him today, but I don't like it.

I set about cleaning up the room when Marsha, my front desk worker, comes in.

"Is everything okay?" she asks.

"Yeah, why?"

"Cage looked pissed when he left," she says as she moves to help pick up trash.

"He was pissed. I'm not sure why though," I tell her. I can't tell her what he said because it will sound ridiculous. I don't get turned on by running ink on someone.

"I've never seen him look like that," she adds.

"It was pretty weird in here too. Did you set John up with a new appointment?" I ask, changing the subject.

"Yeah. His ink looks great. You're doing wonderfully on it," she tells me. I smile my thanks at her, but my mind drifts back to Cage. What the hell was wrong with him today? Why was he acting like that?

Once the room is clean and disinfected, I head out into the main area of the shop. This is the first break I've gotten today. I grab a drink, drop onto the couch out front with Marsha, and talk about random shit.

We talk about her boyfriend and how obsessive he can get, making me think of Cage. He can be overly possessive at times, which can be a little unnerving.

"What do you mean?"

"Like, he doesn't care when I dance with the guys as long as I go to him for sex, but if any of them touch me the wrong way, he's ready to fight," I explain.

"That's weird. You don't find that odd?"

“Cage is a little odd. I figured it was just who he is,” I tell her. I’ve always thought he was different, but lately, he’s been acting off, and I’m unsure how to react.

“I don’t know, Yenni. I would be careful with that kind of behavior. If Matt saw me dancing with some other guy, he would lose his shit. It’s kind of weird that Cage doesn’t mind it.” Maybe she’s right. In every other relationship I’ve been in, the man hasn’t wanted me to even look at another man. But Cage isn’t like that. At least, I thought he wasn’t until today.

“I thought it was odd at first, but then I figured he wasn’t trying to kill my vibe, ya know? He was letting me be free to do what I wanted within reason.”

“I get that, but letting other guys touch on you? I don’t see that lasting long.”

“Why not? We aren’t having sex. We’re mainly just dancing and having a good time.”

“Men are strange creatures, and Cage is ten times that. It makes me wonder what the hell he’s thinking when he watches you with someone else. Does that shit turn him on?” I shake my head.

“I don’t think so. If it did, wouldn’t Cage encourage it?” I take a drink from my can as Marsha shrugs her shoulders.

“He is, in a way, isn’t he? I mean, he doesn’t care you’re doing it.” I’ve never thought of it that way. Maybe he does get a hard-on watching me with the other guys. I don’t know why he would, though. That doesn’t make any sense.

“I don’t know. Maybe you’re right. But isn’t that weird for me to keep doing it?”

“Don’t shut yourself down over a man, Yenni. You’re having fun, and you’re not married. If you’re happy with how things are, go with it. Who the hell is anyone to douse your flames, girl.” We both laugh a little when the door opens. The last person I ever thought I’d see again stands there glaring at me with a smile.

“What the hell are you doing here?” I snap as I rise to my feet. I pull my long blonde hair into a ponytail before he can

get too close. I know how this works, and I'm ready to fight back.

"Wanted to see you. See how you're doing," Scott says. My insides churn.

"What for?"

"Come on, Yenni. I miss you." No, no, he doesn't. He misses the way he used to control me and hit me. He doesn't miss me.

"No, you don't. Leave, Scott."

"Don't do this. I just wanted to see how you were. How's the shop going?" Scott was my first-ever love. I loved that man with everything I had in me, and for what? For him to abuse me when he would get drunk. Don't get me wrong, when he's sober; he's the nicest, sweetest person you could ever meet. He was everything a girl could have wanted and more, but the alcohol turned him into a monster. Someone you would loathe. No matter what I still may feel for him, I can't go back to that. You can't block out the love you once had. It doesn't just fade overnight.

There's a twinge in my chest, and I reach up and rub the spot while Scott watches me.

"You okay?"

"I'm fine. The shop is good. You can go now," I tell him.

"Yenni, come on. Just ... talk to me."

"I am talking."

"No, you're being short with me. Don't you miss me? Even a little?" God, how I did miss him when we first broke up. I missed the way he'd touch me, hold me. I missed how he would kiss me every second he got the chance. There are so many things I missed about him. But I'm moving on.

"Does it matter?" I ask.

"Yeah, it does. I miss you, Yenni. More than I can say," he says. Marsha climbs out of her seat and rolls her eyes at him before walking past us both.

“I’ll be in the back. Yell if you need me,” she says as she walks past us and down the hall. Scott steps closer, tugging at a piece of my hair that fell from my ponytail.

“What are you really doing here?” I ask. He smiles.

“Just wanted to see how you were. Checking up on you.”

“I don’t need you to check up on me, Scott. We broke up.”

“Not my choice.” He’s right; it wasn’t his choice. It was mine. He got drunk and hit me for the last time. I’d had enough.

“You remember the night I left?”

“I was so drunk, Yenni. I don’t remember half of what even happened that night.”

“Let me remind you. You came home drunk. Accused me of cheating on you and then tore our apartment to hell right before hitting me for the last time,” I tell him all the memories I have of that night. It was hell.

“I was drunk. I haven’t been drinking lately, Yenni.”

“And that should make me feel better? I know what happens when you do decide to drink again, Scott. I can’t go back to that,” I tell him.

“But you still care about me. I know you do.” God, why is he here? Deep down, a part of me that will probably always care about him. He was my first love, and that’s not something you forget, but I can’t go back. I won’t.

“I’m not going to lie and say I don’t care because I do. And I think I always will, but going back to that? I don’t think so.”

“You have someone else,” he states.

“What’s the difference? Right now, I’m just having fun and living my life, Scott. I don’t answer to anyone.”

“You felt like you answered to me?”

“I did. We lived together.”

“You never answered to me, Yenni. Can’t we start over? Just ... try again. I promise you I’m not drinking anymore,” he tells me once again. I shake my head and cross my arms over my chest.

“So I should just forget everything that happened?”

“I’m not saying that. I know I fucked up, but I’m asking for another chance. Give us another chance.” He’s nearly pleading with me now, and I don’t know how to take that. I don’t want to have the same thing happen again. I don’t want to be the victim again. I’m better than that. I’ve grown since then.

“I don’t know,” I sigh as he steps closer to me. His hand comes up to my cheek and slowly caresses it as he used to. My eyes leap to his.

“I won’t hurt you again. I promise,” he says. His words mean nothing, not in the grand scheme of things. Actions are what I need.

“I don’t know what to say right now, Scott. Give me some time to think about it?” I ask. His smile is bright, just like when we had good times.

“I can do that.”

I haven't seen Yenni in a few days, but I'm taking her out tonight. I'm not the flowers and candy type, but if my girl wants to go out, I'll take her ass out.

I pull up in front of her house and climb off my bike, leaving the helmet on the seat. I stroll up to the door and raise my hand and knock. Then I wait. I hear her fumbling around inside before the door finally opens. She stands there in skin-tight jeans, biker boots, and a leather jacket looking the part of a biker bitch. She's fucking hot in that outfit, and she knows it.

I reach out and wrap my hand around the back of her neck, pulling her closer to me. Then I lower my mouth over hers and kiss her like I haven't been able to in days. I've missed her lips.

"That was nice," she whispers when I finally pull away.

"Yeah, it was. You ready?" I ask her. She nods and pulls the door closed behind her before wrapping her arm around my waist. I've never been one for anything like this. I've never really let a woman touch me the way she does, but I like it when it's Yenni. When the club girls tried it, I would push them away but not her. It's comfortable with her.

We walk to the bike, and she smiles up at me. I'm not really sure what she's so happy about it, but I go with it.

"What?"

"You know I love riding on your bike," she replies, nodding toward it.

“I know you do. That’s why I brought it,” I tell her.

“Just for me?”

“You’re the only woman who’s ever been on the back of my bike, baby.” Her eyes light up at my words. She presses into me and smashes her lips to mine. I kiss her back because kissing Yenni is something else. She doesn’t feel like other girls I’ve kissed. It’s different, and I like it.

“You want to talk about the other day?”

“What about it?” I ask.

“You were pissed, Cage. I didn’t do anything wrong,” she tries to tell me. I smirk at her. I reach down and cup her pussy as she watches me intently.

“You think lettin’ this pussy get wet for another man is nothin’?” I ask her seriously.

“If I was wet, it was because you were in the room. You have that effect on me, Cage.”

“I do, huh? I can make you wet without even touchin’ you?”

“You can make me wet with a fucking look. I don’t know how you do, but I know it happens.” I think it over, but I still think she’s lying. I think she was wet from touching that man, and maybe she was. She is a woman, after all.

“I make myself clear for you, Yenni. I don’t like knowin’ you’re touchin’ guys when I’m not there,” I tell her giving her pussy a squeeze. She moans lightly, and I grip harder.

“It’s my job, and it’s not the same, and you know it. What I do at the clubhouse is far different than my work, Cage. You have to understand that, or this will never work between us.”

“What is this between us?” I ask curiously.

“I have no idea, but I like it.” I cock my head to the side and study her face.

“You like it?”

“Yeah, I do. You give me space and freedom. You don’t hover, and I like that about you.”

“So you like bein’ able to touch men freely?”

“I like having a good time,” she retorts.

“You remember who this belongs to, yeah?” I ask her, squeezing just a bit harder.

“You. I know who it belongs to, Cage.” Just my name leaving her perfect fucking lips has my cock hard and ready to take her. But I promised her a night out, and that’s what she will get.

I pull my hand away from her pussy and bring it to my nose, inhaling.

“You smell so fuckin’ good.”

“Are you going to enjoy it later?” she presses me.

“Oh, you know I am. I’m gonna eat you like the best fuckin’ meal I’ve ever had,” I inform her. “But first, I’m takin’ you out.” I move away from her and grab a helmet, thrusting it into her hands. I watch her slide it on her head and adjust the straps before waiting for me to climb on the bike. Once I’m on, she climbs behind me and grabs me at my sides. I rev the engine and take off into the night.

The air is colder tonight. Winter is on its way. I don’t mind it. I love the cool air as it hits my flesh.

I drive us through town and pull up at a restaurant before parking and helping her off. Her eyes light up when she looks at the sign to see where we are.

“I’ve been wanting to come here,” she squeals as she claps her hands.

“I know.”

“Thank you, Cage.” She’s been talking about this Italian place for a while now, and now that it’s open, I figured she would enjoy coming here. I’m not really the dating type of guy. I don’t take girls out, but for Yenni, I do it. She likes this shit, and I want her to be happy.

We walk inside and are ushered to a seat when I motion for her to go. She looks at me strangely before I say, “Take your panties off. I want them.”

“Are you serious?”

“I want them in my hand, Yenni. Now.” It’s a demand, and I think she understands that. She shifts in her seat before I reach into my vest and pull out a small box, handing it to her.

“Don’t open here,” I tell her.

“What is it?”

“Go in the bathroom, and you’ll see.” With that, she stands, taking the box with her. I sit back in my seat and watch her walk through the restaurant getting stares from other men. A growl lodges in my throat.

The waitress comes, and I order our food and drinks while I wait for Yenni. I pull my phone out and check the time. She’s taking too long. I don’t like it. I’m about to shove out of my chair to go and find her when I finally see her walking back to the table. She sits down slightly slower than before, and I smile at her.

“You have it on?”

“Yes.”

“Good girl,” I tell her as I pull a small controller from my pocket. She eyes it before she shifts in her seat.

“You’re not going to use that here, are you?” she asks me. I smirk. Of course, I’m going to use it here. What I had her put on was a butterfly vibrator. I’m going to tease the shit out of her all through dinner just like she did me at the shop.

“I’m in control, Yenni. Remember that.” She eyes me but doesn’t say a word, and I think that’s for the best. Our food is delivered, and she grabs her fork before looking back at me.

“You picked this for me?”

“You don’t like it?”

“I love it. Thank you for bringing me here,” she says with the biggest smile. I almost feel bad I’m about to shake her up a

little.

I press the button and see her jerk in her seat, then she tenses. I watch her bite her lip between her teeth as I turn up the vibrations. A small moan falls from her lips as I cock my head to the side and watch her. I want her to fall apart. I want her to come so hard she sees lights behind her eyes. I want her to think about me while she's doing it.

I turn it up a little higher as her hips slowly rock against the seat.

"Cage," she whines as she looks up at me. Her face is flushed, sexy as hell. The waitress returns and refills our drinks as I up the intensity. Yenni's breathing has become labored. She's nearly panting when I flick the button one last time. I watch her, her eyes clenching shut as she falls apart. She comes hard, I can see it, and the fact that she's biting into her lip until I see blood tells me how much she wants to scream.

I shut the vibrator off and let her calm down as I grab my fork and take a bite of my pasta. Her hips still roll slightly as she tries to sit comfortably. I eat my food as I keep my eyes on her.

"Why would you do that?" she finally asks.

"I like watching you come," I tell her as I grab my drink. She eyes me again before grabbing her glass and bringing it to her lips. This is going to be a fun night for me.

We eat our dinner and finish off a few drinks before we leave. Once we're back on the bike, I decide it's a good time to play with her again.

It doesn't take her long to come, holding onto me for dear life. I love it. I love her like this. I want her sensitive for when we get back to the clubhouse. I'm going to fuck her so good she'll never forget me.

The ride back doesn't take long. We park and pull our helmets off. The guys are all outside, either smoking or drinking and having a good time.

I pull Yenni against me and kiss her like it may be the last time I get to do it before shoving her against the brick of the building. I pull out the controller and show it to her before pressing the buttons. She shakes her head.

“I can’t anymore, Cage. It’s too much.”

“It’s not enough,” I tell her.

“Please.” I turn up the intensity at her pleas. She bucks her hips and presses herself further into the wall before I move in. I lean down and rip her boots off, then her jeans. Then I’m there, pulling the vibrator away from her and lifting her in my arms. In seconds, I have my cock free and slamming into her.

“Everyone can see us,” she pants as I thrust inside her.

“Good.” My hips keep bucking even as I hear the guys whistling and clapping. I fuck her like she’s never been fucked before, making her scream my name as she comes one more time for me. She soaks my cock, and I love every second of it.

I find my release, and she clamps down around me, riding out the pleasure I give her. I pull out of her and let her land on her feet before tucking myself away.

“I need my clothes,” she says, bending to grab them.

“No.”

“What? I can’t walk around with my ass showing, Cage.”

“Yeah, you can. Walk your sweet ass straight to my room. I’m not done yet,” I tell her. She looks at me, confused by what I’m saying, as I reach over and grab her clothes and shoes.

“There’s cum dripping down my thighs,” she reminds me, and I growl low in my throat.

“Good. Just how I want you.”

“This is insane, Cage. Give me my clothes,” she snaps this time. I chuckle and step back into her space, grabbing her chin between my fingers.

“You belong to me. Your pussy is mine. The cum drippin’ down your thighs is mine. You’re gonna do what I tell you to

do.” I don’t know if she likes the demand in my tone, and I don’t really care. If I want my woman walking naked to my room, then that’s what she will do.

Yenni takes a deep breath and holds her head high before she turns and walks toward the door. I smack her ass hard enough to leave a mark and cause her to yelp as she moves to the door. The guys all watch her, seeing her naked pussy on full display, but she ignores them and keeps walking. I watch her open the door and head inside even while the guy’s catcall and whistle at her.

“What’s the deal with that?” Ridge asks.

“I wanted her naked,” I tell him.

“You’re insane,” Knight says through a laugh.

“I might be. But she knows who she belongs to, just like everyone else here,” I tell him. He nods his head as I pull the door open and walk inside. I don’t see Yenni anywhere and assume she took off to the room as soon as she stepped foot in the door.

I walk in while Twitch eyes me. I raise an eyebrow as I look at him, but he shakes his head. Good thing. I don’t want to fight my VP right now.

Instead of rushing to the room, I grab a beer by the bar, taking a long pull.

“Your girl is walkin’ around naked,” Tarek tells me.

“I know.”

“You know? What the hell, brother?”

“I just fucked her outside,” I inform him.

“And you let her walk in here like that?”

“Why not? Everyone knows she’s off limits to them.”

“You’re crazy; you know that?”

“I know,” I reply casually. I finish my beer and walk toward the room, ready to fuck her like she’s never been

fucked. I find her curled up on the bed with her phone in hand. Yenni quickly sets the phone to the side and looks up at me.

“Who are you talkin’ to?”

“No one. Just checking my schedule.”

“You look sexy as fuck half dressed.”

“Is this all I am to you?”

“What the hell does that mean?” I ask her, confused.

“Am I just sex to you?” Her question doesn’t catch me off guard. I know that’s what she thinks, and to a point, I hate it.

“No.”

“That’s it? Just no?”

“What do you want me to say? You’re not my wife or old lady if that’s what you’re askin’.”

“I wasn’t asking that.”

“Then what are you askin’, Yenni?”

“Am I only sex to you?”

“No.”

“Then what am I?”

“I don’t know what to say here. You’re not just sex. I don’t know how to give you what you want or what to say to make this okay. We’re just us. Isn’t that enough for you?”

His words ring in my head over and over again. *Isn't that enough for you?* Is it enough? I don't know anymore. Scott wants me back, and while things weren't great with him, I knew he cared about me. I knew what we were. With Cage, I have no idea. Is he sleeping with other women? Does he want to? Are we exclusive? I don't know, and he doesn't make it easy for me to find out. He's short, but that's nothing new for him.

"Isn't that enough?" he asks once more.

"I ... I don't know, Cage."

"I'm not boyfriend material, baby. I'm not husband material."

"What does that even mean?"

"Just what I said. It means I can't be any of those things for you."

"Then what can you be?" I ask, needing to hear something from him. Does he not care about me at all? Is that what this is?

"I can be me, Yenni. I can be who I am." I sigh and sit back on the bed, pulling my knees to my chest. Cage pulls his clothes off and tosses them onto the chair before climbing into bed. He motions for me to come to him, and I do. I snuggle up next to him and let him hold me.

"I don't know what you want from me."

“I don’t know either,” I admit. I knew going into this that Cage didn’t want a real relationship, but he also didn’t want me fucking other guys.

“Are you with someone else?” he chuckles.

“No.”

“You’re not sleeping with anyone else?”

“I said no, Yenni. I’m only sleepin’ with you.” I let out a breath of relief, but that still doesn’t help answer the question.

I stay cuddled into his side and listen to him breathe. I’m content. I’m happy in his arms. He might be different and a little on the hard side, but I still care about him. Does that make me weird?

“I don’t label things. Never have, but if you need a label, what the hell are we callin’ this thing between us?” he finally asks. My heart leaps into my throat. I knew this about him from the beginning and was fine with it then, but now, it’s different. I need that label to make me feel better.

“My boyfriend. I’m your girlfriend,” I tell him. He sighs, his chest rising and falling slowly.

“Okay.”

“That’s it? Just okay?”

“If that’s what you want to call us. I’m good with that,” he tells me. I smile and sit up, kissing him softly. It doesn’t take long before I’m riding his cock once again.

Once we’re both sated, I lie beside him while he sleeps peacefully. I can’t fall asleep no matter how hard I try. So instead, I slip out of bed, pull my jeans on and his T-shirt and sneak out of the room. I walk down the silent hallway and into the main room heading for the kitchen.

I grab a bottle of water from the fridge when a sound behind me startles me. I jump and spin around, ready for a fight, when I see Twitch.

“Couldn’t sleep?” he asks, tilting his head to study me.

“No. I needed a drink,” I reply, holding up my water bottle.

“Is that all you needed?” he asks, stepping toward me. I shudder and take a step back.

“That’s all I needed,” I tell him. I feel the knife on the counter behind me and grab the handle, ready to move if I have to. Twitch smirks and looks over my shoulder.

“What are you doin’ with that?”

“Stay away from me, Twitch.”

“We have fun times together, Yenni. Always dancin’ and grindin’ that little pussy of yours all over me. Does it get your man off watchin’ you with a real man?” His words are ugly, and I shiver. Cage would lose his shit if he heard what was coming from Twitch’s mouth.

“Leave me alone, Twitch. I’ll scream,” I tell him.

“I like screamers. Makes it all worth it, yeah?” He steps a little closer when I pull the knife in front of me. I hold it out, not wanting to hurt him, but I will if I have to.

“Leave me alone.”

“What are you gonna do, Yenni? Cut the man who makes you horny?” He’s not wrong. Dancing and messing around with him does turn me on, but it’s Cage who has my attention. Not Twitch.

“It’s over now. I’m not doing that anymore,” I tell him truthfully. I only want Cage.

“Is it? Why? Because he fucked you in front of everyone?”

“You saw that?”

“Everyone saw that. And you know what I thought? I thought, fuck if she had a real man between those thighs ...” He licks his lips as I try to step around him. He counters my steps and stands in front of me again.

“Just tell me one thing,” he says.

“What?”

“Who do you think can fuck you better? Me or him?” I swallow hard because I know what his cock feels like through

his jeans. I know what it feels like pressed against me from dancing and messing around with him, but he isn't what I want.

“Him.”

“I don't think so,” he argues, stepping closer. I raise the knife and am surprised my hands aren't even shaking. I'm still ready for whatever he tries, but what would Cage say if I hurt one of his guys? Would he be mad at me? Or him?

“I mean it, Twitch. Leave me alone,” I warn him one last time. I step to the side, and he doesn't counter my move this time. I toss the knife onto the counter and haul ass toward the door, only to have him swoop in from behind me, pressing me against the wall. His hand covers my mouth while the other slithers under the shirt. His fingers brush over my naked breast, and I suck in a sharp breath through my nose. His face nuzzles into my hair as he inhales me.

“You smell like him. I fuckin' hate smellin' him on you. Even when we dance, he's there.” I want to throw up. I want to scream for help, but his hand is over my mouth. His other hand is groping my breast, tugging at my nipple. A chill runs down my spine as I try to pull away from him.

“You aren't goin' anywhere,” he whispers near my ear. In my mind, I think he's going to hurt me. He's going to rape me or something. But then I hear a noise in the main room, and he quickly releases his grip on me. I take off through the door and run through the main room, passing Knight on my way. Then I'm down the hall and back in Cage's room before I take a deep breath.

I look at the bed and see Cage still sound asleep, and I thank God he didn't have to see that. I don't know what he would have done. That's his VP. His friend, brother.

I walk into the bathroom and wash my face before finishing my water. Then I climb back in bed with Cage. My body is too amped up from the threat Twitch became. I don't know what to do with myself. I tremble slightly, and Cage shifts, pulling the blankets over us.

“You’re cold,” he says groggily. I can’t tell him why I’m shaking, so I agree.

“Yeah,” I tell him. He pulls me into his arms and holds me as tightly as possible.

“Better?”

“Yeah, that’s better.”

Things with Yenni have been good. She wanted a label, and I let her give us one. I don't know if that's the smartest move on my part, but I'm not with anyone else, so I suppose it's fine. She seems happy enough, and that's good enough for me.

She's at the bar with some of the other girls and Tarek's old lady. They talk and laugh, and it's nice to see her happy.

"The run is tomorrow," Ridge reminds me as we sit around the table drinking and having a smoke.

"Yeah."

"You ready for it?" he asks. I nod my head. When am I not ready for a run?

"I'm ready. What's with all the questions?"

"She stayin' here?" he says, nodding toward Yenni. I shrug.

"Yenni goes where she wants," I tell him.

"She likes it here, though, yeah?"

"I suppose so. She's always around," I reply, although I feel like there's something more he wants to say. I don't know what it is, but he needs to spit it out. "I'll ask again, what's with the questions?"

"Just askin', Prez. Don't know how smart it is to leave her alone with these assholes," he chuckles, but I see how his eyes linger on Twitch.

“You know somethin’ I don’t?” he shakes his head but blows out a breath anyway.

“Not really. Just seen her haulin’ ass out of the kitchen the other night, followed by Twitch,” he says. Anger seeps into my pores, burning in my veins. I crack my neck from side to side as I look between them. Yenni seems to be oblivious to the fact that Twitch is even in the same room as her. But him? He keeps eyeing her like a piece of fucking meat.

“You think somethin’ was happenin’?”

“I didn’t say that. She didn’t look like she wanted to be in the same room as him,” he adds.

“Meanin’ what?”

“I don’t know, Cage. She ran out of there like her ass was on fire, brother.”

“You think he tried somethin’?”

“Don’t overthink this shit. She probably just wanted to get back to you.” I nod my head. Maybe he’s right. Maybe I shouldn’t let her ass out of the room anymore without me. Maybe I should rethink a lot of shit I’ve been letting slide around here.

I lean back in my chair as the guys talk around me. My eyes keep moving from her to him, waiting for at least one little glance from her, but I don’t see it. It never happens.

Shoving out of my chair, I stalk across the room and smack her ass. She jolts and turns to look at me over her shoulder.

“You had to do that?”

“Get me a beer,” I tell her. She moves quickly and walks around the bar while I eye Twitch from across the room. I see him glancing this way. I see the looks. But I don’t know what they are. What they’re for. Did something happen between them?

“Here you go,” Yenni says, passing me a beer. She then leans in and presses her lips to mine, but I don’t kiss her back. When she pulls away, she looks up at me and follows my gaze

to Twitch. She takes a small step back when I reach for her and pull her body flush with mine.

“Where are you goin’?”

“Nowhere. You look angry. I was giving you some space,” she says.

“Maybe I am angry.”

“Why?”

“You’re not stayin’ here while I’m on the run,” I tell her.

“I didn’t plan on it. I don’t want to be here if you’re not here, Cage.”

“Good girl.”

“What’s this about? You’ve never said that before,” she says. I look down at her and shrug.

“I just decided, but I have eyes everywhere, Yenni. I will know if you show up,” I warn her. She looks confused or maybe a little shaken.

“What does that mean? I just said I wasn’t going to come here when you’re not here,” she repeats.

“Better not.”

“What’s with you today?” she asks, sounding a little defensive. I can’t help it. Thinking about Twitch anywhere near her when I’m not around is fucking my head up. I don’t like to think about it, but damn, Ridge saw it.

“Nothin’. I’m good. I gotta talk with the guys,” I tell her before kissing her roughly. I know he’s watching, and he better take note of who this woman belongs to before shit gets bad quickly.

I pull away from her and walk back to my seat as the guys watch me.

“Somethin’ wrong?” Knight asks.

“No. Everything’s good. I just want to make sure we move these guns without an issue. State PD has been a bitch lately,” I remind them.

“Heard that. I got stopped by one comin’ over here,” Tarek says.

“When?”

“Yesterday. I was headin’ this way, and the asshole pulled me over. Acted like I was in the street killin’ someone.”

“No shit?” Ridge asks.

“I shit you not. They were brutal too. I’m with Cage here. We need to be extra cautious and keep our eyes open on this one.”

“Yeah. We don’t want anyone goin’ down,” I tell them. They all nod before we stand and head for the other room where we keep the guns. We need to get ready to go. We head out soon, but the thought of leaving Yenni pisses me off. If I thought it was safe, I’d drag her ass along so that I know where she is. But I can’t do that.

We check our stash and ensure we have enough ammo before loading up and heading back to the main room. I find Yenni at a table by herself, picking the label on a beer bottle.

I walk over and jerk her from her seat so she’s standing in front of me.

“I gotta get goin’.”

“Do you have to?” I nod my head. “Fine.”

“Kiss me,” I demand. Yenni does what she’s told, pressing her lips to mine. I devour her with my kiss. I kiss her until she can’t breathe, then pull back and pull her head to my chest.

“You gotta go,” I tell her.

“I know. I’m going to work extra hours at the shop,” she says.

“You need anything? Money?”

“I’m good. Thanks though,” she tells me. I knew she’d say that. Yenni doesn’t like taking my money and makes plenty of her own. The girl is good at what she does.

I pull back and grab her head in my hands before placing a kiss on her forehead.

“I’ll call you.”

“Okay. Will you walk out with me?” I nod my head once and grab her hand in mine. I lead her out the door and straight to her car, opening the door for her. Yenni climbs in and starts the car before I lean in and give her one last kiss.

Then I step back, closing the door and watching her drive away. I keep watching until I can’t see her car anymore. Then I turn, grab a cigarette from my pocket and light it up while I wait for the guys to come out.

“You think you can handle Omar?” I ask Twitch when he comes to stand next to me.

“Yeah, I got him. He isn’t much to deal with anyway. Give him the cash, collect the drugs,” he answers with a shrug. He’s right; that’s about all it is.

“I need a favor.”

“What’s that?”

“I need to know if Yenni shows up around here when I leave.”

“Why? She not supposed to be here?” I’m baiting him. I want him to lie to me so I can put a bullet in his skull. I want him to lie to me about her so I can take them both out. Don’t ask me why. I don’t know why. Maybe because I’ve been different with Yenni. I’ve given her a piece of me that I’ll never get back. I’ve let my guard down with her, and in the back of my mind, I feel like she’s using me. I crack my neck from side to side to ease the tension, but it doesn’t work.

“I told her I didn’t want her here when I’m gone. I wanna make sure she follows directions,” I tell him.

“I can do that. I’ll let you know if she shows up.”

“If she does, I want photos. I want to know who she’s talkin’ to, what she’s doin’. You got that?” I ask, looking directly at him now.

“I got it, Prez. You’ll be the first to know if she shows up,” he tells me. I better be. And he better not mess with her because I will find out, and there will be hell to pay.

“Good. Make sure Omar stays happy too. Get that shit to the warehouse and get it divided up,” I tell him, taking another drag from my cigarette. I blow the smoke into the air when he speaks once more.

“Why are you so worried about Yenni showin’ up? You think she’s doin’ somethin’ wrong?” Listen to him asking that question. If she is, it’s with him, and I know it.

“Just a little recon, yeah? You can never fully trust a woman,” I tell him.

“Why’s that?”

“They lie to get what they want. I’m not sayin’ all women do it, but a lot will lie their way to the top.”

“Yenni doesn’t seem like the type to do that, Prez. I don’t think she’s lyin’ to you,” he tells me. That doesn’t make me feel better. Brother’s lie too. Family isn’t always what you think it is.

“You don’t think so?”

“No. I don’t. She seems too good for that type of shit,” he says.

“Maybe she is. Maybe she’s not. I don’t know for sure, so I need you to keep an eye on her if she does show up.”

“You got it. I’ll keep an eye out,” he says. I bet he will. Bastard. I have a gut feeling there’s more to the other night than anyone tells me. There’s more to why she ran out of the kitchen and back into my goddamn bed.

Shaking the thoughts away, I flick my cigarette through the air, pull my gloves out of my cut, and slip them on. I could kill him here and now. I could strangle him for lying to me; no one would know. That’s when the others start filing out, and I rethink my idea.

“You ready?” Knight asks the closer he gets to us. I nod my head at him.

“Been ready.”

“Waitin’ on us?” Ridge asks with a smirk.

“Always waitin’ on you slow motherfuckers. Let’s do this,” I tell them. The guys head for their bikes, climbing on and revving them. I do the same before we pull out of the parking lot and out onto the main road.

I need the open road.

I need freedom.

I need this goddamn run.

I've worked extra hours at the shop. I've made myself scarce for the most part. I haven't gone back to the clubhouse, just like Cage said not to. I can follow the rules when I want to.

The door to the shop chimes, but I know Marsha already left.

"I'll be there in a minute," I call out from the back. I finish putting things away before I walk down the hallway and back out front. I stop dead in my tracks when I see Twitch standing there.

"What do you want?"

"How you doin'?"

"What do you want, Twitch?"

"Thought we'd pick up where we left off the other night," he replies casually. I shudder at the thought of what happened that night.

"I don't think so. You need to leave before I call Cage."

"Cage isn't here," he says, stepping closer to me. My heart is pounding against my ribs in a frantic rhythm. I have nowhere to run. There's nowhere for me to go. I step back a little as I watch him.

"Which is why I'll call him and tell him you're harassing me."

“Harrasin’ you? Come on now, Yenni. You know this isn’t like that.”

“Then what’s it like?” I ask him, wishing he’d walk out the door and leave. I don’t know what it is he wants from me, but he isn’t going to get it.

“You and me. The touchin’, the dancin’, the chemistry.”

“There is no chemistry, Twitch. It was just dancing,” I tell him. He steps closer, and it feels like my throat is clogged. I can’t suck any air in, and it freaks me out that he’s even here.

“We both know that’s a goddamn lie, Yenni. If Cage was out of the picture, would you want me?” His question is blunt and to the point. I open my mouth, but words don’t form. How can he even ask that? “I can make that happen.” Now my heart beats faster, blood pounding in my ears. Is he threatening Cage’s life right now?

“He’s your president.” Twitch shrugs.

“Minor issue.”

“How can you even say that?” I take another small step back until my back hits the counter. He knows he has me trapped.

“It is what it is, yeah? Now answer the question.” It’s not a question anymore. It’s a demand.

“No. It wouldn’t matter. There is nothing between us, Twitch.” He smirks and takes a few more steps toward me when the bell over the door rings again. I suck air into my lungs now, knowing someone else is here to witness this.

“Yenni?” Oh my god, is that Scott? I shift to look around Twitch when I see him, and I almost blow out a breath of relief.

“Hey. I didn’t know you’d be in today. You ready to finish that tat?” I ask, begging him with my eyes. He must catch on because he nods his head before he speaks.

“Yeah. I was just going to see if you had extra space for me.”

“I do. We were just finishing up here,” I say, moving my gaze back to Twitch. He grins at me before nodding his head.

“Yeah, we’re done for now,” he agrees before turning and walking out the door. I close my eyes for a brief second when I feel Scott’s hands on my shoulders.

“What was that?”

“A mistake.”

“What do you mean? He didn’t look like the type of guy you’d go for,” he says. I open my eyes and glare at him. I don’t have a type. If I like a person, then I like them. That’s all there is to it.

“My type?”

“Yeah. He’s a little intense.”

“It’s not like that anyway. He just ... he doesn’t leave me alone sometimes.”

“Is he stalking you?” he asks. I shake my head.

“I don’t know, honestly. It’s not a big deal. I can handle myself. I’m going to buy a gun tomorrow,” I tell him. His face blanches.

“It’s that serious? Jesus, why didn’t you tell me, Yenni?”

“There’s nothing to tell. I just want to be protected.”

“Against him?”

“Against anyone. I don’t want to feel so defenseless.”

“You’re far from defenseless. What can I do?” he asks.

“Nothing. I’m good. Really.” I step back so that his hands have to fall away from me. He lowers them to his sides before taking a step back. Doesn’t he get it? I want to be protected against him too. I know Scott is good, but at times, he’s a monster.

“What are you doing here anyway?” I ask him, wondering why he’s here.

“I was going to see if you can do a cover-up for me. You know the one I got back in high school?” he chuckles as I

smile.

“That fake lion on your arm?” I laugh a little.

“That’s the one. Anyway, I want it covered up. I figured you could handle that.”

“I can do that as long as you know that’s all this is. Business.” He raises his hands in the air.

“Only business. I know where the best is,” he tells me. He’s not wrong, and I’m not cocky, but I am the best artist in town. It’s why I stay so damn busy.

“Then we can do that. My last appointment bailed on me, so I can work on it now if you want,” I offer.

“Sounds good. Let’s do it.” I don’t really want Scott here, and I don’t particularly want to do his cover-up. I’m afraid Twitch is out there waiting and watching for him to leave if I don’t. The longer I can keep him here, the better for me. Maybe Twitch will get bored and leave, seeing how Scott will be here for a while.

I lead him to the back and set everything up, getting to work immediately. I get lost in the buzz of the machine, and when I look up and see the time, I’m shocked. I blink my eyes a few times to ensure I see it right. Shit. It’s almost two in the morning. I forgot to call Cage.

“Let me clean this up, and we’ll be done for the night. I can make you an appointment to finish it,” I tell Scott.

“Is it really that late? I lost track of time,” he says as he smiles at me.

“I did too. Let me make a quick phone call, and I’ll be back.” I pull off my gloves and grab my phone before walking out of the room and into the back room, dialing Cage’s number.

“Long night?” he answers.

“I was doing a cover-up and lost track of time,” I reply.

“You do that a lot. Lose time.”

“I can’t help it. I love what I do.”

“I know you do. You goin’ home?”

“Yeah, but can I ask you something?” I ask him. I need to know if he sent Twitch over here. I need to know if he knows.

“Yeah, what is it?”

“Did you send Twitch to check on me?”

“No. Why would I?”

“I don’t know. He showed up here,” I tell him. I don’t miss the growl on the other end of the line. He didn’t send him over here.

“I’ll deal with him when I get back.”

“I don’t want to cause trouble, Cage.”

“What did he want? Did he say?” I can’t tell him about the other night in the kitchen, or he’d lose his shit, and I know he needs to be focused for his run. I won’t do anything to interrupt that.

“No. He was talking about getting a tattoo.”

“You didn’t do it?” he asks, sounding a little pissed off.

“No. A client walked in.”

“Good girl. Stay away from Twitch until I get back,” he informs me. Now my heart picks up a beat. He’s never told me to stay away from anyone. Why now?

“Is there a problem?” I ask.

“No. Just do what you’re told.”

“Okay. I can’t help if he shows up here, though. You know that, right?”

“I know, and I’ll handle it.”

“Okay. Well, I’m going to clean up and head home. I have some early appointments tomorrow,” I yawn.

“Okay. Be careful goin’ home. Lock the doors,” he orders. This is new too. He’s never told me to be careful or to lock the doors. What’s gotten into him? Is he worried about Twitch?

“I will. Night, Cage.”

“Night, baby.” I hit end call, turn and walk back into the room to clean Scott’s arm.

“Everything okay?” he asks.

“Yeah. Would you mind walking out with me? I don’t know if that weird guy is still lurking around,” I explain as I clean up his arm.

“Yeah, I’ll walk you out. Have you thought any more about what I said last time I saw you?”

“I don’t know, Scott. I just don’t see us together like that anymore.” And it’s not just because of Cage, either. I don’t want to be in an abusive relationship again. I get he claims to be sober now. I understand that, but it doesn’t mean it will stay that way.

I finish cleaning up my station, and neither of us speaks another word about it. I lock up, and Scott walks me out to my car. I check the area before climbing in.

“Thanks for walking me.”

“Anytime. You sure you’re good?”

“I’m fine.”

“Okay. Be careful,” he says as he closes my door. I start the engine and pull out onto the road. I drive for a few minutes until I see the single headlight behind me. My heart beats too quickly. My stomach cramps as I realize it’s Twitch. It has to be.

I take a few turns I usually wouldn’t make to see if the asshole keeps following me. On the third turn, I debate going to the police station, but at the last minute, the headlights are gone, turning down a side road. I blow out a breath thanking God it wasn’t him. I don’t know what he wants or is willing to do to get it.

The vans are loaded up, and the guns are ready to move. We're ready to move, and I can only think about Twitch. What the hell is he thinking going to her shop? What the fuck did he want? Either way, I'm going to snap his goddamn neck for him. He has no business going around her at all. He should be watching the fucking club, not my girl.

I've thought about shit over the last few days. Shit with Yenni. I want to keep her around. I like having her around. She keeps me stable and calm even when I don't want to be. That's saying something about her and who she is.

"You ready to finish this?" My eyes move to Charm, the man I'm buying the guns from.

"You good with what I gave you?" I ask, meaning the money.

"You gave me more than enough, Cage. I'm always happy to do business with you."

"Is that right? I might use you again in the future, then," I tell him.

"Have a drink before you go," he says, motioning to the small bar along the warehouse wall. I assume he has all kinds of meetings here, and that's why there's a goddamn bar in a warehouse.

I follow him over and sit on the first stool I come to as he walks around to the other side of the bar and pours two drinks.

“It’s hard finding good partners these days,” he says, passing me a glass. I take it and take a sip before nodding my head.

“Heard that. The last two I had before you turned to shit,” I tell him.

“Yeah, I’ve heard the stories. Ran off with half your shipment, right?” I nod.

“Yeah. Had to hunt the motherfucker down and take it out of his ass,” I admit.

“That’s a damn shame.” He’s not wrong. Mick was a good contact until he decided to try and steal from us. He took the money and ran off with part of our shipment, leaving me to pick up the pieces. The buyers weren’t very happy when I could not deliver on time which angered me even more. I hunted his ass down and cut off his hands so he could never steal from anyone else in the future.

“It is. He was good to work with. Very hands-on,” I tell him. Charm chuckles and shakes his head.

“You told a joke,” he declares, laughing once more.

“Nah, I don’t joke. He lost what he had to. I don’t like goin’ around and doin’ shit like that, but when it’s necessary, I’ll do it.” Charm nods as if he understands, but he doesn’t. I have no problem killing him and moving on to another dealer if he so much as spits in the wrong fucking direction.

Charm reaches over the bar and grabs the bottle when I empty my glass. He refills it and leans against the bar looking out over the warehouse.

“We got a good thing going here, Cage.”

“You gonna keep it that way?” I ask, glancing over at him.

“You know I wouldn’t fuck you over,” he adds.

“I didn’t think the last one would either,” I admit.

“You might be right, but I’m smarter than they were. I know how to keep business.” I nod and take down what’s left of my drink before shoving off the stool. I set my glass on the

bar and hold my hand out to Charm. He stands, doing the same and shaking my hand.

“We’re good then, man.”

“Good. Glad to hear that,” he says. I pull away from him and turn, walking toward the guys.

“You ready?” Knight asks me.

“Been ready. Everything good?”

“It’s all good and ready. Half in each van. Two different routes. We should be good, Prez.”

“Good. I’m ridin’ with van one; you hit van two. Split the others up.” He nods his head and walks off as I head for my bike. I double-check the van I will lead, ensuring everyone is good before climbing on my bike. The phone rings just as I’m about to pull my helmet on. I slide it out of my pocket and answer.

“Yeah?”

“Hey,” I hear her voice on the other end.

“What are you doin’?”

“Getting ready to finish up a back piece. I just wanted to say hi before I started,” she says. Yenni. Fucking Yenni. I can’t keep that girl off my goddamn mind. I can’t think straight, and it’s all her damn fault, and I still can’t help but want her.

“I’m about to head back that way. It’ll be sometime tomorrow before we make it back. You comin’ to see me?” It wasn’t so much a question as a demand.

“Yeah, what time?”

“Around midnight or whenever you get off,” I tell her.

“Okay. I’ll be there,” Yenni says sweetly into the line. I don’t say goodbye, just pull the phone from my ear and hang up. She knows the drill.

Pulling my helmet on, I slip the phone back into my pocket before revving my bike. I look behind me and see the guys are ready to go. I motion for them to move out before I pull out at

the front of the pack. As we decided, one van goes left, the other right. No sense in having both vans together and possibly getting caught.

I pull around the van and out in front to watch our surroundings as Ridge does the same. We have a few guys following behind just to make sure no one tries anything back there.

All in all, this was a good run up here. Now it's just making it back home in one piece. I hope to hell we don't get stopped on this route. I'm not in the mood to sit in jail until we can buy our way out. And that's typically what we do with the local cops in our town. We buy our way out of shit. There's always a dirty cop somewhere, so that doesn't bother me much. I just want to get my ass back home and see Yenni.

I finished up at work and closed the shop a little earlier than normal to make it to the clubhouse. Now I stand outside next to my car, waiting on Cage to arrive. He said around midnight, but he isn't here yet. I thought about going in and grabbing a drink, but then I figured it wouldn't be very smart of me with Twitch being in there.

Instead, I stay outside watching the night sky when I hear him. I roll my fucking eyes because I don't feel like dealing with him today.

"You came back," he states.

"I'm waiting for Cage," I tell him without looking over.

"You can come inside and do that."

"I'm good out here." I'm short and to the point with him not needing any more bullshit from him.

"You'd be better under me."

"What do you want, Twitch? I said I'm waiting on Cage."

"How did you know when he'd be back?"

"He told me." Is he stupid? What the hell is wrong with him? He hums his response when I see the lights pulling in. That's when Twitch inches closer to me. I step to the side, not wanting Cage to see this mess.

I watch Cage pull up and kill the engine before climbing off his bike. He pulls his helmet off and sets it on the seat before looking between Twitch and me. He stalks over and

grabs me by the back of my neck, roughly pressing his lips to mine. He kisses me hard, and I let him, savoring every second of his kiss. Then he pulls away and kisses my forehead before pulling away. I watch him as he stalks toward Twitch, his fists balled at his sides. I watch in awe as he pulls the right one back before slamming it into Twitch's face. Twitch never saw it coming.

"You messin' with my girl?" Cage roars before punching him again.

"I didn't so shit!"

"You went to her job," he screams at the top of his lungs before swinging again. This time, Twitch blocks it. That doesn't stop Cage from going after him again. I wasn't expecting this. I wasn't sure Cage cared that much. Maybe I was wrong.

"Yeah? And why? Why the fuck were you at her job? You had no fuckin' business bein' there, Twitch."

"You told me to watch her!"

"I said if she came back here," he says.

"You what?" I yell. Cage looks over his shoulder at me before turning back to Twitch.

"Follow fuckin' orders. VP or not, I gave you a fuckin' order."

"And I followed it, Cage."

"No, you went to her job, motherfucker. I never told you to do that."

"You made him watch me?" I snap louder this time.

"I wanted to make sure you didn't show up here," Cage says over his shoulder.

"So you had Twitch reporting back to you? What the hell is wrong with you, Cage?" I snap. He shoves Twitch before turning back to me. He stalks over and wraps his hand around my neck before pulling me into his hard body.

“I don’t know you that well, yeah? I wanted to make sure you could follow directions,” he tells me. That makes no kind of sense. It doesn’t matter how well we know each other he shouldn’t have had someone watching me, Twitch, of all people.

“This is bullshit. I’m outta here,” I tell him, pulling away from Cage. I turn toward my car door when he steps in front of me, blocking my way.

“You aren’t goin’ anywhere,” he growls.

“I don’t need this shit. You have people watching me?” I accuse him.

“That’s none of your business. I can do what I want,” he says firmly. I huff out a breath and shake my head.

“This is bullshit,” I tell him, but he doesn’t listen. He reaches for the button on my skirt and flicks it with his fingers. I shove his hand away, but he moves quickly, pinning me against the car. I watch him slide his hand between us and unbutton his jeans. I shake my head, not wanting to do this here or now. I’m pissed, and rightfully so.

“You gonna tell me no?” he asks gruffly before shifting my skirt up my legs. I open my mouth to say something, but nothing comes out. He smirks at me and then pulls his cock free. He lifts me and sets me on the car’s hood, scooting my ass to the edge before shoving my panties to the side and thrusting into me. Everyone out here can see us, and I can’t seem to care as he fucks me into the hood of my car. His thrusts are rough, but I love every second of it. I know I shouldn’t let him do this, but I can’t stop myself with him.

“Did he touch you?” he growls as he reaches up and grabs my throat.

“No,” I moan as he gets deeper.

“Did he try to touch you?” Another rough thrust into me. I’m gasping for air as he holds my throat tightly. My body is coiled like a spring as he plunges deeper inside me. My eyes roll back as I let the feelings wash over me. The harder he goes, the more I want.

Then I feel him swell inside me, and that's all I can take. I lose control as I scream his name on the hood of my fucking car. He comes inside me, and I jerk from the feeling. When he's finished, he pulls out of me and tucks himself back into his jeans before helping me off the hood. I stand next to him, cum soaking my panties.

"Do you like fucking me in front of everyone?" I ask him.

"Reminds them who you belong to."

"I think they already know," I tell him. He nods his head and grabs my hand in his before leading me inside. I'm uncomfortable with the wetness between my thighs, but I let him lead me to the bar, where he grabs a few beers and passes me one.

"Drink," he demands. I tip the bottle to my lips and take a long pull as he does the same. Then he leads us over to the couch where he sits, pulling me into his lap.

"Did you have a good day at work?" Since when does he ask that?

"It wasn't bad. Finished some pieces I'd been working on and had a few new people come in."

"Good. That's good. The shop is doin' good then?"

"Yeah. It's doing well. I have no complaints."

"Good. Real good." That's all he says. Silence lingers between us as I watch the guys filtering in. I see Twitch come in, his eye black and lip bleeding, and I want to smirk at him. That's what he gets for fucking with me.

"Stop lookin' at him," Cage growls behind me.

"I'm not."

"Yeah, you are, and if you don't stop, I'm gonna kick his fuckin' ass one more time." I shift on his lap so I can look at him.

"You're probably the best boyfriend I've ever had," I tell him. He grins and shakes his head.

"Why is that?"

“None of the others ever kicked someone’s ass for me.”

“I’ll do it again, too, if the motherfucker doesn’t stay in his place.”

“I honestly don’t know what to say,” I tell him.

“Just say away from him. No more fuckin’ around or dancin’ with him.” I don’t like that he’s trying to shut me down, but I also understand why he’s saying that. Twitch is taking things too far, and we both know it.

“Okay.”

“Okay? You’re not gonna give me shit?” I shake my head.

“No. I think you’re right about this.”

“He tried somethin’ more, and I know he did, Yenni. You just aren’t tellin’ me,” he says, causing bumps to form on my skin. I debated telling him about that night in the kitchen, but I didn’t. I went back to bed like nothing happened.

“Nothing happened,” I remind him.

“That’s not what I hear.”

“What did you hear, Cage?”

“We’re not gonna get into this now. You can tell me when you feel like it. I don’t know why you’re protectin’ his ass in the first place.”

“I’m not protecting him. I just don’t want any issues. I like coming here,” I remind him.

“I know you do, but they need to know your place when you’re here. They need to know the boundaries.”

“Everyone but Twitch seems to know them.” He shifts under me and wraps his hand around my throat.

“You know I’d kill anyone who touched you. You know that, right?” I swallow hard. Something in the way he says that makes my skin crawl, and I don’t know if it’s in a good way or not.

“I know.”

“Then tell me if he touched you,” he says again.

“He didn’t.” Lies. It’s all lies, and I know it. I should tell him exactly what happened, but I don’t. I don’t want to see his brotherhood torn apart because of me.

I know she's lying to me, and that's fine. She can lie all she wants, but that isn't going to stop me from watching Twitch. If I so much as see him look at her wrong, I'm going to slit his throat and watch him bleed out all over the floor. She makes me crazy. She makes me like this.

When I first met her in her shop, I knew she was something special, different from other girls. She doesn't take my shit, but she doesn't take anyone else's shit, either. It gives me a hard-on knowing that too. So when Knight was telling me about the night she ran out of the kitchen, I knew she didn't just stand there and take Twitch's shit.

Now I watch her, standing outside with a gun in her hand. There's something sexy as hell about a girl with a gun. She holds it up, aims, and pulls the trigger. Fuck, my cock is hard as steel just watching her like this. But there's something more to it, and I wonder if my VP has anything to do with it.

I cock my head and watch her re-aim at the target and pull the trigger once more. Tarek stands next to her, nodding his head, when Knight comes up next to me.

"She learnin' to shoot?"

"Looks that way," I tell him.

"Why aren't you teachin' her?"

"I told Tarek to do it. I can't think straight when my cock is hard," I admit to him. He chuckles and shakes his head.

"That makes you hard?"

“Sure as fuck does. Look at her,” I say, nodding toward her. He turns and looks at her, aiming and shooting again.

“She’s pretty hot,” I grunt my agreement.

“You seen Twitch actin’ any kind of way lately?”

“Not really. He’s been eyein’ her a lot more than usual. You think somethin’ was goin’ on?”

“I think I need a new VP,” I admit to him. I don’t say that lightly either. I don’t take to losing a member lightly, but Twitch is fucking up lately, and I need to get a handle on that.

“Why is that?”

“He’s fuckin’ around. He ain’t actin’ like we’re brothers anymore. I don’t like it,” I tell him. He pulls a cigarette from the pack and offers me one. I take it and light up as I stare at Yenni.

“Heard that. I’ve seen it lately, too. He’s been distant too. Not wantin’ to hang out as much. I’m not sure what the deal is,” Knight tells me.

“So you have noticed.”

“I don’t like it, Knight. Not even a little.”

“What do you wanna do about it?” I finally pull my gaze away from Yenni and focus on Knight.

“If I could vote him out, I’d do that.”

“You wanna take it that far? Strippin’ his patch?” he asks, not sounding as sure as I feel about it.

“Yeah, I do, before somethin’ else happens and I end up killin’ my own VP.”

“You think it would come to that? You and he have been good for a long time, Cage.” I know this, but that doesn’t change how he’s been lately. Something is wrong. Something is off, and I can’t put my finger on what it is. It isn’t just about Yenni, either. There’s something else going on with him.

“We were. Not anymore.”

“You sure it’s not just about her?” I shake my head.

“No. Not just about her. There’s somethin’ else goin’ on, brother.”

“What do you want to do then besides kill his ass?” Knight asks me.

“I want you to keep an eye on him. I want to know what that motherfucker is up to when he isn’t here.”

“I can do that.”

“Good. This stays between you and me, yeah?”

“Of course. I won’t say shit to anyone,” he adds. I nod and bring my cigarette to my lips, inhaling once more before flicking it to the ground. I’ve had enough of Tarek over there with my girl.

I stroll over and slip my arms around her waist, but she jerks. Who the fuck did she think it was touching her?

“Scared?”

“A little. What are you doing?”

“I thought about fuckin’ you right here,” I tell her.

“I’m doing something.”

“I can see that. You’re also makin’ my cock hard watchin’ you.”

“Then maybe you shouldn’t watch me.”

“You want someone else watchin’ you?” I ask, feeling defensive. Tarek takes that as his cue to walk away, probably for the best. I keep Yenni pressed against my body, holding her tighter than I need to.

“Just you,” she whispers. I thrust my hips forward, letting her feel how hard she’s making me, and she moans lightly.

“You want me,” I state.

“I’m busy. Everything can’t be about us fucking you know?”

“Everything isn’t about us fuckin’, Yenni. I took your ass out just like you wanted,” I remind her.

“I know, and I loved it.”

“Then shut the hell up. If I want you, I can have you. Anytime, anywhere.”

“You think highly of yourself,” she says over her shoulder. I lower my head and kiss her. She doesn’t have anything to say to that. I roll my hips, dry-humping her right here where we stand. I don’t give a fuck who’s watching us. My hand slips into the front of her skirt and then into her panties when she moves. She steps out of my embrace, causing my hand to be pulled from her skirt before she spins to face me.

“Is that all I’m here for?” she asks, resting the hand with the gun on her hip. Fuck me.

“No.”

“Then why can’t you help me with this?” she asks, holding the gun up.

“I can.”

“Then do it.”

“You’re feisty today. I like it,” I tell her before grabbing my cock and tugging a few times. Then I move to adjust that bastard since I won’t be getting shit from her right now.

“You’re doin’ good anyway. You’re hittin’ the target,” I tell her, nodding down the line toward the target.

“Not in the right spots,” she argues.

“You shootin’ to injure or kill?” I ask. I need to hear the answer. I need to know what the fuck is going on that she needs to learn how to shoot. I know Yenni is stubborn and won’t tell me shit until she feels like it. That’s another thing I like about her, even if it does piss me off at times.

“Both,” she says, keeping her head held high.

“You’re hittin’ to hurt right now. You see the black spot? That’s the heart. Aim for it, breathe, and relax. Stroke the trigger but don’t pull it.” I step back and watch her aim the gun, slowly and easily stroking the trigger as she looks straight

ahead. Then she squeezes the trigger and hits it right in the center. She turns to me, a smile on her face.

“I did it.”

“Yeah, you did. Good job, baby.” She turns and throws herself into my arms, wrapping my arms around my neck. Her lips come crashing down on my neck, and shivers roll through my body. That’s the effect this girl has on me. I don’t see myself letting her go anytime soon, either.

“You gonna suck me off right here,” I ask her.

“No.”

“Yeah, you are. Get on your knees, Yenni.” She doesn’t move, so I take the gun from her hand and press it to her temple. I expect her to drop down, but she doesn’t. She pulls back and stares at me with lust-filled eyes. Then slowly, she drops to her knees in front of me and pulls my cock from my jeans. She gets to work sucking me into her mouth and the back of her throat. I thrust my hips, hitting her deeper and watching her as she gags on me. Finding my release with how she works her little tongue doesn’t take me long.

I pull out of her mouth and tuck myself into my jeans before lifting her to her feet. She wipes her lips before I lean down and kiss her.

“You hungry?” I ask.

“Yeah. You going to feed me?”

“Yeah, I’m gonna order somethin’.” She laughs, and it’s beautiful.

“That isn’t feeding me. That’s cheating.”

“No, it’s not. It’s still food.” I almost crack a smile at her.

“Fine. I’ll take what I can get.” I chuckle as I walk her back up to the clubhouse and find our way inside. I pull out my phone and call in an order for the two of us. The rest of them are on their own this time.

We head to the bar and grab some drinks before getting comfortable on the couch. That’s when Twitch walks in. He

has his phone in his hand, smirking at the screen. He types something, and that's when shit hits the fan.

All of our phones begin going off with a message. I slide my phone out as the others do the same, pulling up the message. A few gasps can be heard, and some, *oh shits*. Then I click on the message, and a video opens. My teeth clench as I watch what's happening on the screen. I tilt my head, watching the video as it plays. The more I see, the harder I grind my teeth to the point of pain.

I can't believe what I'm seeing or the date on the recording. It was taken when I was on the run. At least, that's what the timestamp says. Anger courses through my veins as I shove to my feet and glance around the room. All the guys eye me, but it's Twitch who looks happy with himself. I storm toward him, holding the phone up.

“What the fuck is this?”

“A friend sent it to me. Figured you'd want to see that,” he says, grinning.

“What friend?”

“Does it matter?”

“You sent it to everyone. Why?”

“They all need to see what kind of whore she is, Prez. You don't need someone like that in your life,” he says, his grin falling now.

I step back and look around at the guys once more before turning to look at her. How the fuck could she have done this? She told me she was working the whole time I was gone. Apparently, running ink wasn't the only thing she was doing. Not according to this video, anyway. It's her. And some fucking guy. She's getting fucked right there on the screen. I can't believe it. How could she do this to me? After all the shit I've done for her?

“Get the fuck up and get the hell out of my clubhouse,” I roar at her. The bottle of beer is pressed to her lips before she slowly lowers and looks around, confused.

“What?”

“Get out, Yenni. Get the fuck outta here!” I scream louder this time. She stands to her feet, setting the bottle on the floor at her feet before stepping up in front of me.

“What’s going on?”

“I want you gone,” I tell her.

“What the hell happened, Cage?” I spin the phone around and press play allowing her to watch herself on the screen. Her face pales before she shakes her head, and I move. I wrap my hand around her throat and squeeze.

“I’ll count to ten. And if you aren’t outta here, I will take you out. You get me?” She opens her mouth, and I squeeze harder. I don’t want to hear any excuses she has to give me. Nothing, not a single thing she can say, will fix this. She was with someone else.

“That’s old, Cage. At least five years ago,” she says as I release my hold on her.

“You’re a liar. It shows the goddamn date, Yenni! Get the fuck outta here before I lose it.” She doesn’t move. She shakes her head, pressing her palm to my chest. I nearly explode. I don’t want her touching me right now. I don’t want her anywhere near me. She’s a fucking liar. She lied to me. How could she? I never even touched another bitch while I was with her. Hell, I barely even looked at one, and she could do this to me? Fuck her.

When she doesn’t move, I grab her wrist and shove her back until her back hits the wall roughly. I lean down, getting right in her face.

“You lied to me. You fucked me over.”

“I didn’t.”

“You did! It’s right there on that video, you lyin’ whore. I let you have your way. I let you fuckin’ do your thing, and this is how you repay me?” Anger seeps through my veins, my blood boiling. I could snap her neck so easily right now. I

could end her. And maybe I should. Maybe I shouldn't let her walk out of this clubhouse.

"I could kill you right now. No one would care. No one would look for you. No one even knows you're fuckin' with me but my brothers, and they ain't tellin' nothin'." It's a threat, and she should take it as that.

"I didn't do anything, Cage." Tears spring to her eyes, which I don't typically see with her. She isn't a crier.

"You make me fuckin' sick, Yenni. Here I thought you were different. I thought we could be somethin', and then you had to go and ruin that shit. You have to fuck me over."

"I didn't, Cage."

"You got till the count of ten to get the fuck outta my sight," I tell her. She doesn't move. I release my grip and pull my gun from the back of my jeans, pointing it directly at her.

"One," I begin to count. She still doesn't move. I cock the motherfucker. "Two," I tell her. She swallows hard, and at first, I think she's going to wait it out, but she doesn't. As I count to ten, she turns and walks away from me. Something in my chest hurts seeing her go.

I finally lower my gun and shove it back into the waistband of my jeans. Everyone is watching me cautiously. They all know I could snap at any moment.

"Delete it. All of you!" I see everyone pull their phones out and delete the video Twitch sent them.

"Who is he?"

"Do you really care? She was whorin' around, Cage." I should kill him too. I should shove the barrel of my gun down his no-good throat, but instead, I turn on my heel and walk to my room. I drop onto the edge of my bed and rest my head in my hands. How could I have been so stupid? How could I have trusted her? I did, and now look what happened.

I swallow the lump in my throat and try to control my rage, but nothing seems to work. I want revenge. I want to snap her neck. Fuck why did she do this?

I feel lost. I don't know what to do with myself. I want to crawl into a hole and die. Who would have sent that to him? Why?

I climb into the car with tears burning my eyes. He believed it. Cage believed the lie on that screen. It was years ago. I remember the drunken night when Scott made that video. He told me he deleted it. He promised me, and he lied. I should have known better. I was stupid and drunk.

I shake my head as I start the car, but when I look in my rearview mirror, I see Twitch standing there. He walks to the side of my car and knocks on the window. I debate rolling it down. I shouldn't, but I do anyway.

"What?" I ask as I wipe my eyes.

"Why'd you do it?" he asks, eyeing me like I'm the biggest piece of shit.

"I didn't do anything. That's an old video. Someone messed with it," I reply. He chuckles and leans down by the window.

"You should have been with me and not him," he says.

"I wasn't with anyone except Cage, and you know it, Twitch."

"I don't know anything anymore. Just like your man in there. You fucked him over, Yenni, and it wasn't even with me."

“I didn’t do anything,” I declare again. Tears cling to my lashes before slowly falling down my cheeks. Twitch reaches in and wipes one away before pulling away from me. I roll the window up, shift the car into drive and haul ass out of the parking lot.

My heart feels like it’s shattering into a million little pieces. How could he believe I’d do that to him? After all that we’ve been through? He should know me better than that.

Anger settles in my chest as I race through town and straight to Scott’s house. He had to have sent it, but how did he know? How did he know about Cage? It’s not like I went around telling everyone my business.

I pull into his driveway and climb out, leaving the car running as I rush toward the door. I pound on it with my fist until he opens the door. Then I punch him in the chest as hard as I can. He stumbles back, rubbing at his chest as he stares at me.

“What the hell, Yenni?”

“You told me you deleted it!”

“Deleted what?”

“That video years ago. You said you deleted it.”

“Of us? I did delete it,” he says.

“No, you didn’t. How the fuck did you find out about Cage and me?”

“What the hell are you talking about? You need to calm down. You’re not making any sense right now,” he says, trying to come closer to me. He did this. I know he did. I slap his hand away when he tries to reach for me.

“How’d you get his number? Why would you do it? Just because I didn’t want to be with you again?” That has to be it. He was mad at me. He was mad I didn’t get back together with him. He had to have done this. There is no one else who had access to the video.

“You’re losing your mind. Are you drunk?” he asks. Really? He thinks I’m drunk. I run my hand over my face

trying to force myself to calm down, but there's no use. I can't.

"You found out about him and were pissed I didn't get back with you, so you sent the video to Cage. It had to be you!" I scream this time. Scott shakes his head, running his hand over his face before sighing.

"Listen, I don't know who you're talking about or what you think I did, but it wasn't me, Yenni. I didn't do anything." The world seems to spin in circles around me as I take a step back. For some reason, I want to believe him. He looks sincere and doesn't seem to be lying. But if not him, then who? Who would have had access to that video?

"Are you okay?" he finally asks.

"No. I need to go," I tell him before turning and trudging back down the steps. I climb into the car and rest my head on the steering wheel. Something is wrong here. Something is really wrong, and I don't know how to make it right.

I take a deep breath and lift my head before backing out of the driveway and pulling onto the road. I see Scott standing in the doorway, looking as confused as I feel.

I drive back toward the shop, hoping to take a break and breathe. My head is swarming right now. I can't think straight. This is all too much to deal with, but I take another deep breath and settle myself instead of thinking about it.

If he doesn't want me, then that's fine. I should have seen this coming. I knew things between us wouldn't last from the first moment we got together, but I wanted to believe he was different. Badass bikers aren't different. They are just like every other fucking man on this earth.

I pull up at the shop and wipe my eyes before climbing out. I can handle this; it's just another breakup. I've been through them many times and always came out on top. I don't need him. I don't need anyone.

With that, I unlock the doors and walk in, locking up behind myself. Walking to the back of the shop, I grab my sketch pad and pencil, sitting at my desk. I can focus on something else, find something else to do with my time, then

think about this shit. If Cage wants to believe it was recent, then let him. Fuck him.

I get to work on a sketch for a client and lose all track of time. My phone never rings, no texts, nothing. I thought maybe, he would come to his senses and call me. But no.

With a sigh, I decide I should go home. I should go ... somewhere. Anywhere but here. I can't sit here anymore and wonder what the hell he was thinking.

I leave the shop and walk the few blocks to the local bar. I used to drink at the clubhouse but not anymore.

I head inside and take the first stool I can find before dropping into it. I order a few shots and a beer and start drinking the ache in my chest away.

It doesn't take long for me to get drunk. I don't like being this drunk, but it makes me forget him. Forget that he held a gun to my head and forced me to leave. Forget that he actually believed what he saw, to begin with.

When I've had more than enough, and the bartender cuts me off, I slide off my stool with a smile and no memory of why I was even here. After paying for my drinks, I walk back out the door and stumble toward the shop. There's no way I'll make it home in my condition. I'll just sleep it off at the shop.

But before I can make it there, I see him. What the hell does he want now? Can't he just leave me alone?

"Where you been?"

"Where does it look like?" I snap at him.

"Drinkin' away what you did?"

"I didn't fucking do anything, Twitch. You think I wouldn't know if fucked someone else?" I slur as he gets closer.

"Damn, you're drunk as fuck," he says. No shit. I've had more shots than I've ever done in my life. I don't feel a goddamn thing at this point, and isn't that what I wanted, not feel anything?

“So what? Why are you here?”

“Seein’ if you’re okay.”

“Like you give a fuck. Go away, Twitch.” I pull my keys from my pocket and attempt to stick them in the lock, but the whole fucking door is spinning around. Twitch steps in behind me, his heat radiating off him as he presses his front to my back. I suck in a breath, not liking him this close to me.

“Let me do it,” he offers. I shake my head. Fuck him. I can do this myself. I try once more and fail when he laughs and grabs my keys. I spin around, shoving at his chest, but he doesn’t move. Instead, he holds the keys in his hand, an evil glint in his eye. I want to run, but I can’t. My legs are like jelly. They won’t budge no matter how hard I try to make them. My head swims, and I feel like I’m going to pass out when Twitch’s arms wrap around me.

“You make this shit too easy,” he says as he holds me up.

“What shit?” I mumble.

“All of it.”

I pound my fists against the punching bag until my knuckles bleed and ache. Then I ignore the pain and keep going. I have too much pent-up energy to sit around doing nothing.

I can't stop thinking about her. I can't stop seeing the fucking look on her face. She didn't seem to care that she lied to me. I may have had a gun to her head, but I would have never pulled the trigger. The thoughts of her face linger in my mind, and I can't seem to shake them.

"You're gonna break your knuckles," Knight says as he and Ridge walk into the weight room.

"Don't give a fuck," I growl.

"Why don't you just go get her?"

"Go get her? A cheatin' whore? I don't fuckin' think so." I go back to punching the bag like my life depends on it. I'm pissed that she would do that to me, to us. I may not be the best man for her or even good to her, but she cared about me, and I cared about her. Fuck this is messed up.

"You know that for a fact?" Ridge asks.

"You saw the video and the date on it," I tell him.

"Could have been faked," Knight adds.

"Why would it be faked? Huh? What's the point?"

"I don't know. Why not send that shit off to Mystic and let him tear it apart?" he asks. I shrug.

“Go for it. I don’t really give a shit what you do with it. She’s gone now.”

“And you miss her. It’s been two days, Cage, and you’ve been in this weight room poundin’ that bag,” he reminds me. I lower my hands and turn to face him now.

“What the fuck is your point?”

“We have guns to distribute,” he states. Fuck, I know I have work to do, but I can’t stop thinking about her. About slitting her throat, holding her. Fucking her, keeping her. It’s bullshit, and I know it. I shouldn’t feel a damn thing but anger toward her for what she did.

“Fine. Set it up with Vernelli. I’ll fuckin’ deliver it myself,” I tell him.

“You think you’re in the right head space to do that?”

“You come in here fuckin’ bitchin’ at me, and now you ask me that? What the fuck do you want from me, Ridge? Knight?” I look between the two of them, pissed off at the world. What do they want me to do?

“We want our fuckin’ Prez to do his job,” Knight snaps at me. I nod my head before scrubbing my hand over my face.

“I’m good now. I just needed to get it out,” I reply, even though it’s a lie. I can’t get her out of my goddamn head, and it’s making me insane.

“Good. I’ll call Vernelli.” With that, Knight turns and leaves the room, leaving Ridge.

“You sure this is how you wanna handle things?”

“It’s handled, yeah? She’s gone.”

“I know you cared about her, Cage.”

“It means nothin’, and we both know it.”

“No, it means somethin’. I just don’t know what.”

“Look, Ridge, I get it. The guys are worried, but there isn’t anything for you to worry about. I’m the same motherfucker I’ve always been. I got this,” I reassure him. I don’t plan on

sitting here sharing fucking feelings with his ass. I don't plan on telling him how I feel.

“Okay. If you say you're good,” he adds.

“I'm good, brother.” He nods and walks out of the room as I follow him. I call out to Ginger, one of the club girls, and she comes running.

“Get somethin' to clean this up, yeah?” She nods as I show her my knuckles and take off toward the back rooms. I walk over and grab a beer before dropping down at the closest table I can find and taking a long pull. There isn't any amount of alcohol that can erase her from my mind, which pisses me off. I drank until I couldn't fucking see straight, and then I drank some more. Then I pounded on the bag, hoping that would ease the tension in me, but it didn't. Nothing helps.

Knight sits down and shoves some paperwork in front of me with a pen.

“What's this?”

“Shit for the strip club. They need it signed off on,” he says. I nod and grab the pen, not bothering to read any of it. I sign it all and slide it back across the table when he pulls his phone out and clicks on something.

“Vernelli said he's willin' to meet in an hour,” he tells me. I nod my head and take another pull from my beer.

“Let's do it then. Offload at least part of those guns,” I tell him.

“You think he would take the full load?”

“Doubtful. He doesn't have the resale value we do,” I remind him. Knight nods when I see Twitch walk in. The motherfucker has looked overly happy the last few days. Maybe he's glad Yenni is gone since he couldn't get a piece of her. Motherfucker.

“What the fuck are you so happy about?” I ask when he's close enough.

“Not shit, Prez. Just a good fuckin' day.”

“You get some ass or what?”

“I got more than some,” he says, smirking. I smile back and nod my head as he walks closer.

“We’re meetin’ Vernelli in a little while. You comin’?”

“Why the hell wouldn’t I come?” he asks. How the hell should I know? He seems to be preoccupied with something the last few days.

“Fuck if I know. Maybe your new piece of ass is keepin’ you busy,” I tell him. He laughs.

“Not a chance in hell. I’m not you, Prez.” I see the regret of his words as soon as they leave his mouth. He shakes his head and curses under his breath.

“It’s all good, brother. Brothers over bitches, yeah?” Or so he thinks. I would have put a bullet in his head for Yenni not even a week ago. I was willing to kill my own VP for some piece of ass. I should be ashamed, but I’m not.

“Got that right,” he says fist bumping me. “What time we leavin’?”

“Now. I wanna get there early,” I tell him as I finish my beer. I stand from my chair and walk over, tossing my bottle in the trash before turning and looking around the room. The guys all seem busy in conversation when Ginger walks back toward me. She motions for me to sit, and I sit back on the stool behind me. She sets the stuff she collected on the counter and grabs my hand in hers. Then she gets to work cleaning it and applying the cream before wrapping them up.

“You want both hands wrapped?” she asks, glaring up at me.

“No, just the bad one.”

“That’s the right one,” she says. I nod and let her finish what she’s doing before pulling her to her feet and kissing her. The taste of her lips on mine makes me sick. I can’t fucking do this. I can’t kiss another woman. Instead of trying, I shove her away and head out the door. I don’t need this shit. I need out

of here. Maybe meeting up with Vernelli will be just what I need.

I head for my bike and grab the helmet when Tarek walks over to me.

“Have you talked to her?”

“No. Don’t plan on it either.”

“You don’t think you should make sure she’s okay?” I shake my head once more. She isn’t my fucking problem anymore.

“No.”

“Come on, Cage.”

“You worried, brother? You check on her. She fucked me over, in case you don’t remember. She fuckin’ cheated on me. I have pussy thrown my way on the fuckin’ daily, and did I touch another piece of ass while I was with her? No, I fuckin’ didn’t. I did the right thing for once in my goddamn life, Tarek, and look what it got me? Now if you’re concerned about her or her fuckin’ safety, check up on the bitch.” With that, I slide my helmet on and climb on my bike. I rev the engine as a fuck you to Tarek too. I don’t know why he’s so fucking concerned about her. I don’t know what he’s thinking is wrong, but he can handle that himself.

I just want to meet with Vernelli and get this shit over with so I can go back to beating the shit out of my bag and drinking until I can’t see straight.

My mouth is dry, drier than it's ever been. I can barely lift my damn head, and I don't know why. My arms ache too. I blink my dry, crusted eyes trying to get them to focus. The last thing I remember is drinking my ass off in the bar. Everything else is just a blur after that.

I shift a little and try to lift my hand to my face. It's heavy and only goes so far before it stops. I groan and shift once more, trying again. When I can't lift my arm, I know something is wrong. I blink rapidly until my eyes focus and look down at my wrists. They're chained. What the hell? I tug at the chain, but it does nothing more than scrape against my already chafed wrists. I tug one more time for good measure and wince at the pain.

Then I turn my head and try to get my bearings. I don't know where the hell I am or how I got here. There's light on the bedside table, and the bed I'm chained to is actually comfortable. This can't be right. Something has to be wrong here.

I sit up, taking the chains as far as they will go before snatching me back and looking around some more. The room isn't that small. It's actually pretty nice in here. There's a chair in the corner, a window. That's when I see the camera in the corner. What the hell? I open my mouth to scream, but my throat is so dry it cracks as it comes out.

A few minutes later, the door opens, and the last person I thought I'd see walks in.

“What the hell is happening? You have to get these off me. Did they grab you?” I ask in a hurry wondering why Marsha looks so calm. She walks over to the other door, slides it open without saying a word, and comes back with a glass of water. I take it from her and greedily gulp it down as she sits on the edge of the bed.

“You can have more,” she says as I finish the glass.

“What’s happening? Where are we?”

“We’re at a house. That’s all you need to know right now,” she says softly.

“What happened to us?”

“Nothing happened to me. You were taken,” she answers, confusing me even more.

“By who?”

“You’ll find out soon enough,” she tells me. I don’t understand any of this. Then it hits me. Is she helping them? Why would she? She’s been my best friend for years. She wouldn’t do this to me. But it makes sense when she stands from the bed and walks back toward the door. Whoever has taken me, she knows them.

“Marsha?”

“What?”

“Why are you doing this?” she laughs and then spins around to face me. There’s an evil glint in her eyes now. One I never saw in her before.

“It’s always about you, isn’t it? Everything is always about Yenni. She’s the pretty one, the exotic one. The one men always want.”

“What?”

“You don’t get it, do you? Every man falls at your goddamn feet, Yenni. I’m so fucking tired of seeing it. Scott was the first one. Then Twitch,” she snaps at me.

“What does Twitch have to do with anything?” she laughs now, unnerving me. Did he do this? Is he behind all of this? It still doesn’t make sense to me.

“You’ll find out everything soon enough.” With that, she turns, heads out the door, and I hear the click behind her. I’m locked in here in chains.

My heart kicks up a notch as I glance around and try to figure a way out of this. There’s no way. Not without getting these chains off, and how the hell am I going to do that? Instead of yelling and wasting the energy I have, I sigh and think. Screaming isn’t going to get me anywhere. I can try to talk to Marsha when she comes back. Maybe I can talk her into letting me go. I don’t know who has me, but I will gut the motherfucker.

I sit back on the bed with nothing else to do. There’s nothing for me to use to try and break the chains. There’s ... nothing. I let my head drop back on the headboard and close my eyes. I must drift off.

I hear the door open, and my head snaps up, my eyes locking with Scott’s. Did he do this?

“What the hell are you doing?” I scream at him this time. He looks sick to his stomach but doesn’t say a word as he carries a tray into the room and sets it on the bed in front of me. I don’t want food. I want answers. Answers no one is giving me.

“What’s happening, Scott? Did you take me?”

“I didn’t take you. I can’t explain this right now either,” he says before heading back toward the door. I don’t want to be left alone in here. I don’t know what’s happening.

“Scott? Please.” I’ll beg him if I have to. Then I hear his voice, and a chill wraps around my spine.

“He can’t help you.”

“What are you doing? Why are you doing this?” He steps into the room out of the shadows, and I can see the evil in him too. My stomach cramps at the thought of what he might do to me.

“Why am I doin’ this? Why am I doin’ this?” he asks twice. What the hell is wrong with him?

“What do you want, Twitch?”

“I thought it was obvious when we used to dance what I wanted. I wanted you, Yenni.”

“You can’t do this. I will fight you,” I tell him, even as my heart beats against my ribs.

“Will you? I like a good fight.” He eyes me like I’m his next meal. Bile burns the back of my throat.

“Why are you doing this? How?”

“The why and the how ... well, Yenni. The why is because I fuckin’ want to. The how is easier than that. You see those two motherfuckers out there? They didn’t want to lose their miserable lives, so they turned on you. The video? That was all me. Great, right?”

“How the hell did you get that video? From Scott?” he laughs and shakes his head.

“No, he deleted it, like a good little pussy would. But imagine my surprise when Marsha had it on her phone.” No way. Why the hell would she have it? I shake my head; none of this is making sense.

“She didn’t have it,” I say more to myself than to him.

“She did have it. Turns out little Miss Marsha has always been a little jealous of you. She’s just been waitin’ on the perfect time to exact her revenge,” he tells me. He’s lying. He has to be. There’s no way she’d do that to me.

“That makes no sense,” I tell him.

“Marsha!” he roars, and I hear her come running. She’s in the room in seconds before he grabs her by the back of her neck and walks her toward the bed. The next thing I know, he’s bending her over the end of the bed, running his hand under the dress she has on.

“So fuckin’ wet, right Marsha?” he asks. I look between the two of them, none of this making sense.

“For you,” she whispers, and shock hits me. She wanted Twitch? Why didn’t she just go after him?

“I know what you’re thinkin’, and she would never have gotten me. I only wanted you,” Twitch says as he pulls his cock free and strokes it. I watch, unsure what to do, when he hikes her dress up and shoves into her from behind. Marsha moans; she actually fucking moans as he fucks her from behind. I close my eyes, and that’s when Twitch snaps.

“You watch me fuck her, or I’ll kill her and leave her dead body with you!” My eyes snap back open as my chest rises and falls rapidly. He wouldn’t, would he?

He fucks her hard, and she seems to love every second of it. My stomach twists and turns as he comes inside of her. Then he pulls out of her and tucks himself away before approaching me.

“Next time, that’ll be your pretty little pussy I’m buried in.”

“You better never touch me,” I warn him. He chuckles.

“We’re touchin’ you, Yenni. Both Scott and me. You missed him, didn’t you? He said he wanted you back, but you’re mine now. He can play with you and have a taste, but that’s as far as it goes. I’m a little like Cage in that aspect. It fucking turns me on seeing you with other men. It makes me harder than you could know. I want to bend you over and take you hard in front of everyone just like he did. Maybe we’re both sick in the fuckin’ head, huh?” His words make me sick to my stomach. I don’t want him or Scott touching me. If Cage knew he had set this up, he would kill Twitch.

“Cage will kill you,” I tell him.

“How? When? He will never know. He has no fuckin’ clue about this house or that it’s mine. He will never find you until I’m done, and you’re used up. By then, you’ll be begging for death,” he tells me. Marsha stands there watching me with an evil grin on her face. I never saw it in her. I thought we were friends, but I was so wrong.

“You can’t do this,” I beg, looking at her mostly.

“She can and she will. She wants me, Yenni. She can have me all she wants as long as she plays along,” he says, resting his hand on her shoulder.

“You want him after he’s going to rape me? What kind of sick shit is that?” I ask her.

“Is it sick? He gets what he wants, and so do I, Yenni. This time it isn’t all about you,” she taunts me. How can she do this? She’s going to let him do whatever he wants to me? Is she going to help him?

The deal with Vernelli went well. We sold a majority of our guns to him, and he was happy to buy a few extras. Now I sit back with my drink in hand, drowning the thoughts of her like that does any good.

“She hasn’t been to work,” Ridge says as I look over at him and shrug.

“What the hell do you want me to do?”

“Did you hear what I said? She hasn’t been to the shop. There’s fuckin’ notes on her door from people lookin’ for her, Cage.”

“And you want me to do what?”

“You’re a real piece of work today,” he mumbles as Knight strolls into the room.

“We need to talk,” he announces.

“About what? You bitchin’ too?” I ask him with a smirk on my face.

“The video was fucked with. That date isn’t right. She wasn’t fuckin’ him while she was with you, Cage,” he says.

“What do you mean?”

“Mystic tore that video apart. Someone changed the timestamp on it,” he says. My heart lodges in my throat. What the fuck does this mean? I sent her away and threatened her for nothing? What the hell?

“Someone changed it,” I repeat his words.

“Yeah. And she hasn’t been to work. I had Mystic pull every feed he could find and she never showed up for work, Cage.” That’s unlike her. She loves what she does and would never miss work.

I tip the glass to my lips and finish the rest of my drink before setting it on the table and refilling it.

“Maybe she went on vacation.”

“You really think she’d do that?” Tarek chimes in now. I shrug. I don’t know what she might do.

“Don’t know, and it isn’t really my problem now, is it?”

“You’re just gonna let this shit go? Let her go?” Knight asks. I look up just as I see Twitch walk in. Again, he looks too fucking happy, pissing me off more.

“What the fuck is with him?” I ask, nodding toward the asshole.

“I’ve been lookin’ at him too. Mystic is pullin’ some info for me,” Knight says.

“You think he’s dirty?” I ask, looking up at him. He shrugs this time.

“Can’t say for sure, but I don’t like how he’s been actin’ lately. He’s too damn happy,” he adds. I agree. Something is off with him.

“We need to know what’s goin’ on with him, Knight. I don’t like secrets,” I remind him.

“I know, Prez, and I plan on findin’ out all I can. What are we doin’ about Yenni, though?” he asks.

“We’re not doin’ shit. She did what she did,” I remind them even though they just told me she didn’t. I can’t wrap my head around it. I sent her away. Hell, I was ready to blow her fucking head off before this came to light.

“She didn’t do shit, Cage, and now you know it,” Ridge tells me.

“Why don’t you run over there and see what Twitch is so goddamn happy about for me,” I tell him brushing him off. He huffs out a breath but walks off anyway. Tarek takes a seat and stares at me, not saying a word. It’s a little unnerving.

“You want somethin’?”

“Yeah, I wanna know why you’re fightin’ this so hard? Why aren’t you goin’ to find her?”

“I sent her ass away, brother.”

“Yeah, because you thought she cheated on you. She didn’t. So go find her ass,” he tells me.

“Not that simple, and we all know it. She ain’t gonna want my ass back,” I admit to them. Hell, I wouldn’t want me back either, and that’s just something I’ll have to deal with. I did her wrong, and now I’ll pay the price.

“You know that’s bullshit, right?” Tarek says.

“Is it?” I ask, looking over at him.

“It is. She cares about you, Cage. She’ll come around once you explain what’s goin’ on,” he tells me. I don’t see it that way. I don’t see her coming around after what I did to her. I embarrassed her, pushed her away, and threatened her. That pain in my chest returns, and I can’t think straight. Fuck this is all fucked up.

“Fine. Look into it. Check her place,” I tell them. Knight nods and stands from his seat before heading for the door. I sit back in my seat and have another drink because that’s the best I can do right now.

“You okay with all this?” Tarek asks. I nod my head.

“It was a spur of the moment kind of thing. I saw the goddamn video and lost it. I don’t think anyone would have reacted differently,” I tell him. He nods his head but doesn’t say anything further. I shove off the chair and head to my room, needing a shower and a piss.

Once I’m inside, I can smell her in here. It’s fucked up and a kick in the fucking face too. I shouldn’t have to smell the girl still in my room, but I do. I shake my head and walk into the

bathroom, turning the water on before stripping out of my clothes. I climb in and step under the water, letting it wash over me.

I think about Yenni and what I wanted with her. What did I want? Did I want more than what we had? Kids? The thought of her stomach round with my baby does something to me. I could see it happening. I could see her smiling and rubbing her stomach. Fuck, why did I send her away? Why didn't I calm the fuck down and wait to see what she had to say? No, I had to be a fucking hothead and lose my fucking temper by sending her away. What if she is in danger? But from who? Who would be after her? That makes no sense.

I wash myself as I think about her, always about her. I can't get her out of my head. She's engrained in me, and whether she did anything or not, she's fucking my head up.

I rinse off and climb out, wrapping a towel around my waist as my phone rings. I walk to the dresser where I left it and answer it.

"Yeah?"

"I hate to say this, brother, but it doesn't look like she's been home either," he says.

"Where the fuck would she go? Did you check Marsha's?"

"Same thing there. Doesn't look like anyone was there," Knight tells me. This isn't good news. Where the hell would they have gone? Marsha is the only one she trusts enough to go to with.

"Fuck. I don't like this," I tell him. "Does she have any cameras at her place?" Not like I've ever paid much attention, I haven't. Not that I was over there much, she spent most of her time here with me.

"Not that I see. What do you wanna do here?" he asks as I run my hand through my wet hair.

"I don't know, Knight. What do you think?"

"I don't think she walked off on her own, Cage. This all seems a little too weird, yeah?"

“But who would have taken her? She didn’t know anyone and had no issues with anyone. She fuckin’ went to the shop, and that’s it,” I tell him.

“I don’t know, brother. What about Twitch? Think he might know somethin’?”

“Why would he?” I growl into the line. Is there something I don’t know about?

“Just a little strange she goes missin’ after that video was sent from him, don’t you think?” He’s right. It is strange.

“I’ll talk to him,” I say before hanging up and putting my clothes on. Once I shrug into my cut, I grab my phone and slide it into my pocket before returning to the main room. I see Twitch and Tarek talking, but they don’t look like it’s anything important, so I stroll over and fist bump the both of them.

I’m dead fucking tired. I haven’t slept since she’s been gone. I keep replaying that video over and over in my head.

“You good?” Twitch asks.

“Yeah. Give us a minute,” I say to Tarek. He nods and walks away as Twitch watches me intently.

“What’s goin’ on?”

“We’ve been good, yeah? No rival bullshit comin’ our way. We haven’t fucked anyone over,” I say to him, trying to get a feel for what might be going on.

“Not that I know of, Prez. Things have been pretty silent, but that can change in the blink of an eye,” he says. I know he’s right. Things can change.

“I’m just thinkin’ out loud, man. Somethin’ feels off. I don’t like it.”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know. Can’t pinpoint it. I just feel it in my gut, ya know? Somethin’ just doesn’t feel right to me,” I tell him. Twitch shifts from foot to foot before taking down the rest of his beer.

“I don’t feel anything. You sure this isn’t personal? This about Yenni?” Why would he ask that? Why bring her up? Something is off with this whole conversation, and I don’t like it.

“Nothin’ personal, brother. I think it’s club related,” I tell him, wanting to gauge his reactions. If he’s lying, there has to be some kind of sign from him.

“Club related? I don’t see where that would come from. We’ve been in good standin’ with everyone so far,” he says.

“Yeah. Maybe it’s internal, Twitch. Maybe we have a rat.” He raises his eyebrows before running his hand through his hair.

“You think so?”

“Would make sense why I feel the way I do.”

“But a rat? I can’t see any of the guys bein’ a rat,” he argues. I can. Him. I think he’s the fucking rat in this club. I think he’s been doing shit behind my back. All that familiar anger burns in my chest, and I’d like nothing more than to unleash it on his ass.

“You’re right. Me either, but it’s somethin’.”

“Maybe you just miss your girl. You should get her back,” he says. My stomach clenches. He has something to do with her being missing; I can feel it in my bones.

“Thing about that is, she kind of up and disappeared on me.”

“What do you mean?”

“She hasn’t been to work. People have left notes on her door. Where the hell would she go?” I watch him as he thinks it over. I still feel it. Low in the pit of my stomach. He knows something, and I’m going to find out what the fuck it is.

“Really? That doesn’t seem like her, but you did threaten her with a gun, man. Maybe she’s scared?”

“She didn’t seem scared,” I tell him, and she didn’t. That’s not a lie. She wasn’t afraid; she was pissed.

“That doesn’t mean she wasn’t,” he adds.

“True. I guess it’s possible. But where the hell would she go?”

“To her friends,” he says.

“She only has one. I suppose she might have snuck off with her. Maybe havin’ a girl’s weekend.”

“I’m sure that’s probably it.” I nod my head before turning and walking away, ending the conversation. I stalk toward the bar and grab another drink to calm my heated nerves.

Someone better find her. Someone better know where the fuck she is.

The chains cause my wrists to ache, but there's no way out of them. I've tried and tried again, only to leave my wrists bleeding. Marsha has been in with food and water, but that's all I've seen of them. It makes me wonder what the hell they're planning. What they're up to.

I don't have much time to think it over when the door opens. Twitch strolls in like it's just another normal day and sits on the edge of the bed, followed by Scott.

"She looks good like this, doesn't she?" he asks, looking at Scott. Scott doesn't say a word. He just keeps his mouth shut.

"What the hell are you doing this for, Twitch?" I ask him. I'm past the point of being afraid of them and onto the part where I'm really pissed off.

"I'm keepin' you. Isn't that obvious?"

"Chained to a bed?"

"If that's the only way to keep you. Then yeah."

"You could unchain me," I tell him trying to get on his good side. I'll play into his little delusional games if that's what it takes to get out of here. Twitch leans closer and grabs my chin roughly between his fingers, jerking my face toward his.

"You think I'm stupid?"

"I didn't say that."

“The first chance you get, you’re gonna run, Yenni, and honestly, I’m tired of chasin’ your ass. So this is how it’s gonna be,” he says before releasing the grip on my face. He sits back a little and reaches for my leg, slowly running his fingers up my thigh. I try to jerk away, but he doesn’t let me. His grip tightens to the point of pain.

“There’s no sense in fightin’ me.”

“I won’t stop fighting you,” I snarl at him. It’s true. I will fight him until I take my last breath. He isn’t going to get what he wants from me that easily.

“Scott, get the chains,” he orders over his shoulder without taking his eyes off me. I chill wraps around me as Scott moves out of the room only to return with another set of chains. I know this is for my legs. I kick them, trying to push myself up the bed so they can’t chain my ankles, but then Twitch moves. He’s on top of me in seconds, his hard body pressing mine into the mattress. I struggle to breathe and shove at him, but the chains on my wrists bite into my skin, and I stop. There’s no preventing this no matter how hard I try, and I know that deep down. However, something in me, a spark of fire, wants to make it that much harder on him. And I will.

He pushes me off when he sees I stop struggling, and Scott grabs my ankles. He clamps the chain around each one and then to the end of the bed. I’m spread open for them in nothing but a skirt that leaves little coverage for me.

“Fuck, you look good like this,” he tells me before his hand is back. I try to clench my legs together, but there’s no use. Twitch’s fingers glide up my thigh and under the hem of my skirt before touching me. I jerk, trying to pull away, but I can’t. Scott has tightened the chains on my arms and legs, so I can’t even move.

“Come here, Scott,” he tells him. Scott walks over and sits on the other side of the bed when Twitch reaches over and grabs his hand. He shoves it under my skirt and straight to my bare pussy. I breathe through my nose, trying to calm the anger inside me. The rage is almost consuming.

“Feel that? She’s wet.”

“No, I’m not. You’re just stupid,” I hiss. He forces Scott’s hand over my pussy and squeezes down. I want to scream, but I won’t give them that satisfaction. Instead, I bite the inside of my cheek until I taste blood.

“She wants us,” Twitch tells him. Again, I keep my mouth shut. That is until I feel fingers sink inside me. Now I thrash around on the bed, trying to get them away from me, but it does no good. Twitch and Scott both have fingers inside me, stroking me. I writhe on the bed, trying to pull at the chains to escape, and for what? I know this is happening. There’s no stopping it.

“Take your clothes off,” Twitch tells Scott. He pulls his fingers free and stands from the bed, glaring at him.

“No.”

“What do you mean, no?”

“I’m not doing that,” Scott tells him. Tears stream down my cheeks as I realize what will happen to me.

“You’re not? Would you rather I shoot her in the head?” Twitch asks before pulling his fingers free and standing from the bed. He pulls his gun from the back of his jeans and walks closer, pressing it to my temple. Now I lose it.

“Do it! Pull the fucking trigger, Twitch!” I’d rather be dead than have him anywhere near me.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” he asks with a chuckle.

“Take your clothes off, Scott.” His voice holds a demand this time. I shake my head at Scott, willing him not to do this. I look at him with pleading eyes, but if it has to be one of them, I’d rather it be Scott. I don’t want Twitch anywhere near me.

Vomit sits at the back of my throat, watching Scott slowly take his clothes off. Twitch keeps the gun pressed to my head, and I silently beg him to do it. I don’t want either one of them touching me.

Scott climbs on the bed, directed by Twitch.

“This will be the only time you get her. Do you understand me?” He tells Scott. Scott nods his head, and I see that his

cock is hard. How is he hard if he's being forced into this? My stomach recoils at the thought.

Before I know it, Scott is thrusting into me as I sob. Twitch seems pleased with himself as he keeps the gun pressed into my temple hard enough to leave a mark.

I close my eyes, willing it to be over, when the door flies open, and a shot sounds through the air. The next thing I know, Scott's limp body falls onto me. I shift and try to pull away, but he's dead weight. Something warm is dripping onto my shoulder when I see Marsha with a gun in her hand.

"What the hell are you doin'?" Twitch roars before pulling his gun away from my head. He then turns it on her. She moves the gun toward Twitch and my stomach cramps. What the hell is happening here?

"You can't do that to her," she says softly as if she gives a shit now. "You can't rape her," she adds.

"I didn't touch her, Marsha."

"You forced Scott to!" She roars at him. "She doesn't deserve that!"

"Where'd you get that gun? You goin' through my shit?" Twitch asks her like it matters where the gun came from. Who gives a shit where it came from at this point?

I swallow hard as the warmth seems to creep over me. I know what it is, but I refuse to think about it, or I'll throw up.

"I made a call."

"You what?"

"I made a call. Your boys will be showing up here to find her soon," Marsha says.

"What the hell are you doin', Marsha?" Twitch growls.

"You'd never be with me. It's always been her. I fixed it, Twitch. They'll come for her, but they don't know about you. I didn't tell them about you. We can run. Me and you," she says, sounding desperate.

"You didn't tell them about me?"

“No. I said it was Scott. We can run,” she says once more before I hear the sound of another shot. Marsha drops to the floor, and I scream this time.

“Oh my god,” I sob as Twitch comes over and stares down at me.

“You got lucky today. Don’t think I won’t kill Cage if you say my name just once. It’d be so easy,” he tells me. I shiver as tears fall down my cheeks as he walks away. I hear him leave before the door slams shut. I tug at the chains, bucking my body to try and get Scott off me. It’s no use. I breathe through my nose, trying to gain some control over myself.

I don’t know how long I lay here. It seems like forever when I hear the door being kicked open. Then silence follows. I keep my eyes clenched shut as the silence lingers in the room. Then I hear footsteps, and my heart kicks up a notch. I still keep my eyes closed, not knowing who it is.

“Fuck!” I finally hear Cage roar. I pry my eyes open as he looks down at me, letting out a sigh of relief. The guys rush into the room, quickly pull Scott’s body off me, and drop it to the floor. I suck air into my lungs, smelling the scent of blood that makes me gag.

“Get the cutters,” Cage yells as he drops onto the bed next to me. His hands come to my face, gripping it roughly.

“You’re alive,” he says.

“I’m alive,” I tell him as tears stream down my cheeks. He nods his head. I’m safe. I feel safe now he’s here.

I hear the guys come back in, and Knight cuts the chains from my legs and wrists. Then Cage moves, jerking me off the bed, pulling me into his arms, and holding me. This is unlike him. He doesn’t act like this.

He keeps a hand pressed to the back of my head, holding me as tightly as possible without hurting me. I sob into his shirt, holding on as tightly as I can too.

“You’re okay now,” he says, pressing his lips to my hair. I shiver under his touch. I didn’t think he’d find me. I didn’t

think he'd ever come. I thought Twitch had me hidden from the world, and no one would find me.

She's covered in blood; thankfully, none of it was hers. There's a strange feeling in my chest I can't place as I lift her in my arms and carry her out of this house. Without Marsha's phone call, we would have never known where she was.

I walk to the van and climb in with her still in my arms. I don't want to let her go. I want to hold her and know she's safe. Yenni squirms in my lap and lifts her head to look at me.

"I can sit, you know?"

"You want me to let you go?" In my mind, I'm saying no, I'm not letting her go ever again, but then she shakes her head and lays her head back on my shoulder. The guys climb in, and we take off, leaving the dead for someone else to deal with. We're lucky the neighbors didn't hear the gunshots, but this isn't the best side of town, so they're probably used to it.

I keep Yenni tucked close to me as we ride through town. Once we reach the clubhouse, I climb out with her still in my arms. I walk past everyone, even those with questions, and move straight toward my room. Once we're inside, I set her on her feet.

"I need to know what happened," I tell her. She shakes her head. She isn't going to open up and tell me. I should have known that, seen it coming. Yenni is one of those that will tell you when she's ready and not before that.

I nod once and walk into the bathroom, starting the shower. I didn't miss the position the asshole was in when we

found her or the fact that he was naked. I know what was happening, and if I could have killed him all over again, I would have.

I check the water temperature when Yenni walks into the room. She slowly peels her clothes off and slips her skirt down her legs.

“Will you get in with me?” she asks softly. I know she needs this; she needs me right now. I wish I were better at comforting her, but I’m not. Nevertheless, I nod my head and strip out of my clothes before helping her into the shower. Then I climb in behind her, careful not to touch her. She washes and then turns to rinse herself, but I notice her scrubbing at her thighs a little more than usual. It makes me sick and angry to think about that asshole touching her. Why did he take her? Why did Marsha help her? I don’t understand any of it, and I won’t until Yenni feels like talking.

I watch her from behind her when her body starts to shake. I reach up and rest my hand on her shoulder until she spins around and crashes her body against mine. She wraps her arms around my waist and buries her face in my chest as she sobs. And I do the one thing I can do. I hold her. I don’t know what to say to make this better. I can’t tell her I’d kill the motherfuckers who hurt her because they’re already dead. I still don’t know how that happened or who fired the shots.

Shaking my head, I know this isn’t about me, though. It’s about her. I need to keep myself together for her. When Yenni steps back, I run my fingers along her cheek.

“I’m listenin’ when you’re ready,” I tell her. She gives me a soft smile and nods her head.

“Let me have tonight.”

“I just need to know one thing, Yenni. Did Twitch have anything to do with this?” I see how she flinches, and that should be all I need, but it isn’t. I need to hear the words leave her lips. I need verbal confirmation he had something to do with her going missing.

“You can’t act right now.”

“What does that mean?”

“It means you can’t act right now. Say you won’t act right now.” This makes no sense. If it was Twitch, I’ll kill him. No questions asked. I just need to know if it was.

“Okay. I won’t act right now.”

“Yeah, he took me. He was mad I wasn’t with him and was with you.”

“Did he ... if he fuckin’ touched you,” I growl low in my throat.

“No more questions, Cage. Not tonight.” I nod, although inside, I’m crumbling. I’m fucking falling apart for this girl. And I don’t know what to do. I want to find Twitch and rip his fucking throat out. I want to shove the barrel of my gun down his throat and watch him eat my fucking bullets. I want to torture him, long and slow. There are so many things I want to do to him right now, but I told her I wouldn’t.

“What do you need tonight?”

“I need to sleep, and I need you to hold me,” she says, keeping her tone low. I nod and pull her out of the shower, wrapping her in a towel. I grab another and start drying her hair before working my way down her body before doing my own. I pull the other towel from her body when she’s dry and lead her into the bedroom. I grab a T-shirt from the dresser and pull it over her head. Then I’m ushering her to the bed. Yenni takes no time climbing in and pulling the blankets up her chest. I grab a pair of shorts and pull them on before I climb in next to her. I don’t want to rush her, so I let her come to me. She does too. She scoots across the bed and snuggles into my side.

“I wanted to kill them,” she whispers.

“We will.”

“Okay,” she says softly. I wrap her in my arms and keep her as close to me as I can get her as I breathe in her scent. I’ve missed her. I’ve missed this.

“I fucked up.”

“What do you mean?”

“When I sent you away. I know that was a lie, that video.”

“It was old.”

“Figured that out a little too late,” I admit to her.

“I’m still mad at you for that, but I need you right now,” she tells me.

“I can live with that.” She sighs, and it doesn’t take long before her breathing evens out. Me? I don’t fall asleep. I stay awake, holding her, wondering if Twitch will show his fucking face around here. Wondering if I’ll be able to keep myself under control and not kill him. I think about the club and how this is going to affect everyone. But mostly, I think about her. Yenni. The girl who has somehow worked her way into my black heart. The girl who found her way into a soul I didn’t know I had.

I listen to her sleep, her light breathing, the way it fans across my chest. I never thought I’d care about anyone like I do her. I may not show it the way most men do, but it’s there. Those feelings.

“You can’t sleep,” she whispers, letting me know she’s awake.

“No.”

“What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know.”

“Yeah, you do.”

“I’m pissed off,” I tell her.

“Why?”

“If I didn’t love you, I’d be good right now.” The words come out so easily. Without effort, and that does something to me. My chest clenches. I don’t know if I should have told her that, but I need her to know what I feel.

“You what?”

“I love you, Yenni.” I feel the tears as they leak onto my chest, but I don’t say anything further. In fact, neither of us do.

We just lay like this for the rest of the night.

I lay in his arms most of the night until I couldn't stay still. I heard what he said. I heard his words, and they sunk deeper and deeper into my chest as I thought about them. He loves me. I never thought I'd love someone again, not after Scott. I do love Cage, though. I just couldn't form the words to say it back, and I don't think he was expecting me to.

He went to get breakfast and left me alone in the room. Tarek's old lady has been by to check on me, and even Ginger has been by, which was unexpected. The one I worry about is Twitch. What's going to happen when he shows up? What's Cage going to do? What am I going to do?

I swallow the pills Cage left me for my headache as I sit up in the bed and shift until I'm against the headboard. The door opens, and my heart leaps a little until I see it's Cage. He walks in with a bag of food and approaches me before setting it on the bed.

"I didn't know what you wanted, so I got everything," he says. I smile at his words.

"Thank you." He grunts.

"Twitch isn't answerin' his phone," he tells me. I didn't figure he would. But I also heard what Marsha said. She didn't tell them about Twitch. I assume he knows that I would, though.

"He took me because he wanted me. He had me chained to the bed. He used Marsha and Scott. He threatened Scott.

Marsha went along with most of it because she wanted Twitch.”

“What the hell? Who is Scott?”

“My ex. He was abusive toward the end of our relationship. He was a drunk, and then he’d get angry,” I tell him.

“Fuck me. I didn’t know that.”

“Twitch forced him to rape me.”

“I’m gonna kill him, Yenni. He’s a dead man.”

“I know,” I whisper as he sits next to me.

“I’m not good at this comfortin’ shit. I don’t know how to be here for you,” he admits.

“You’re doing fine. I’ll be fine,” I tell him.

“Will you? He’s still out there, Yenni. He’s capable of anything,” he adds.

“I’ll kill him myself if he comes near me,” I reply truthfully.

“I’m puttin’ someone on you when you go back to work,” he says. My heart swells. I’m glad he’s doing all this, and it means a lot to me, even if he doesn’t see it. He’s comforting me in more ways than he knows.

“Thank you.”

“I know I dropped a bomb on you last night,” he says, scooting closer to me.

“It was a shock.”

“I just needed to say it. I don’t expect to hear the words back from you. Hell, I didn’t even know that’s what I was feelin’ for you until you were gone.”

“You put a gun to my head,” I remind him. That angers me, and I turn my head to look at him, but all he does is nod.

“I’m not gonna say sorry. If that video was real-”

“It was old.”

“Still not sayin’ sorry. I reacted to what I saw,” he says calmly. I should hate him for the way he talked to me that day, for what he did to me but deep down, I don’t. Am I angry? Yeah, I am.

“I’m still mad at you,” I remind him.

“Fair enough.” He shoves off the bed and walks to the door, leaving me alone with the food he brought. I dig through the bag and pull out a biscuit when the door opens, and Tarek sticks his head in before shoving it all the way open.

“You decent?” I pull the sheet up a little to cover my chest.

“Yeah,” I tell him. He strolls over and sits in the corner of the room on a chair that faces the bed.

“He’s a mess,” he tells me.

“I know.”

“He wants blood.”

“So do I.”

“You plan on gettin’ it?” he asks. I shrug.

“If it comes down to it,” I reply. Tarek nods his head.

“Good. I don’t know if Cage wants you havin’ this just yet, but I think it’s wise.” He stands from the chair and walks toward the bed before setting a gun on the nightstand.

“What’s this for?”

“Protection. Twitch caught you off guard once, yeah?” I hate even thinking that he caught me so vulnerable. It was my fault for drinking as much as I did. I should have known better, but I didn’t. Instead, I was too fucked up to fight him back.

“Cage isn’t going to like that,” I warn him, nodding toward the gun.

“He planned on givin’ you one anyway. I might as well do it now,” he explains.

“Thanks for that.” Tarek nods.

“You need anything? I know Cage isn’t the easiest person to deal with right now. I’m sure he’s also closed off, but that’s

just who he is. He doesn't do well in situations like this," he tells me. I already know that. I've seen it firsthand.

"I'll be fine. I'm just going to eat, and then I'll be out there." I nod toward the door. Tarek nods before heading for the door. I watch him leave and close the door behind him. I wonder what Cage would say if he knew he was in here giving me that gun. I bet he'd lose his shit.

I eat my biscuit, but my stomach keeps protesting the food, so I give up. I'd rather have a little something in me than nothing at all. My nerves are still shaken from everything that happened. I can't get the smell of blood out of my nose or stop seeing Scott's face as he fell forward onto me. I feel like I'm stuck in a twilight zone, which is repeated in my head. Shaking the thoughts away, I shove out of bed and walk to the closet to find some clothes I'd left here.

Once dressed and my hair piled on my head, I head into the main room. I get stares and looks from the guys, but the girls just smile my way like nothing ever happened. Maybe the guys didn't share what happened with them.

Ignoring the stares, I walk to the bar, climb up on the stool, and sit. One of the girls offers me a beer, but I nod toward the good shit. She smiles and pours me two shots, setting them before me. I take one down just as the door opens, and my stomach drops.

Twitch walks in like he owns the fucking place. His eyes meet mine before sweeping right past me. Bile burns the back of my throat as I watch him saunter into the room. Everyone's head turns to watch him. He has to know that they're all staring at him.

"Go back to Cage's room," Knight growls next to me. I shake my head. No, I won't hide in the damn room from him. I won't give him that satisfaction. Instead, I jump off the stool and walk toward him, holding my head high.

"I'm going to kill you," I tell him without blinking.

"You're gonna go sit the fuck down before I bend you over and take you right here in front of everyone," he says calmly.

That's when I lose it, screaming at the top of my lungs and lunging at him. I leap onto his front, hitting, kicking, punching, and slapping. I do whatever I can do to him, and he doesn't make a move to touch me. It pisses me off. I want him to react, but he isn't. I want him to snap, but he doesn't.

Then I'm ripped away from him as I scream louder. That's when I see Cage with his gun trained on Twitch's face.

"It's my kill!" I scream louder. Cage just shrugs his shoulders and keeps staring Twitch in the eye.

"This how it's gonna end? Over a piece of ass?"

"No, not over a piece of ass. Over my old lady," Cage tells him. A few guys gasp, but there's mostly silence. I know enough to know what that means. He's claiming me again. Right here in front of everyone, including Twitch. That means I'll never get away from him or what he's about to do.

"Your old lady was a good piece of ass," Twitch taunts.

"Why'd you come back? You had to know I'd kill you."

"I don't know why I came back. I suppose if I'm gonna die, I'm goin' out with my brothers at my back," he replies causally.

"Your brothers? They aren't your brothers, Twitch. You ruined that. You took what didn't belong to you," Cage reminds him. Twitch doesn't look afraid or even a little on edge. Then I hear it. Guns are being pulled and cocked. My heart nearly leaps out of my chest when I glance behind me and see all the guns out.

"Look at that. My brother's."

"Traitors. That's what they are. They're not brothers, never were if they could do this," Cage tells him. Twitch reaches up and takes the gun from Cage's hand as my hands shake. I don't know why Cage is letting him. I don't know what he's thinking. My nerves are on edge. I can't think straight.

"You're makin' a big mistake," Cage tells him. Twitch smirks and aims the same gun at Cage's head. Now my heart is frantic in my chest. I slip my hand behind me and pull the gun

from the back of my jeans, which I grabbed from the nightstand before I left the room earlier. I aim it straight at Twitch's head too. His head slowly turns in my direction, which was his first mistake. However, the sick smile on his face causes my hand to shake.

“What are you doin’ with that? Did you tell Cage how good I tasted you? How you were so fuckin’ wet for Scott and me?” I know what he’s doing, and it isn’t going to work. He isn’t going to make me falter right now. I won’t let him.

Things happen quickly. There’s noise, chaos, and gunshots. I pull the trigger, not looking where the bullet goes, when the gun is snatched from my hand. Everything is blurry, and I don’t know who took the gun. I’m shoved to the ground and fall to my knees before being forced flat on my stomach. I can feel bodies on either side of me, and I panic.

After minutes of screaming and shots, I’m finally jerked to my feet. Ridge has one arm, and Knight has the other. Then I glance over and see Cage with his arm around Twitch’s neck and the gun aimed at the side of his head.

“This is how it ends,” Cage says. He chokes Twitch, who’s bleeding from his stomach until he drops to his knees. I start to step toward them when Knight pulls me back, shaking his head.

I watch Cage as he steps in front of Twitch, pressing the gun into his mouth. I know there’s no stopping this. No stopping him. He’s going to kill him right here and now.

“You ready?” he asks Twitch. I don’t understand why he’s asking him, but then Twitch’s eyes move to mine, and I shiver. A sick grin tugs across his face just as Cage pulls the trigger. I watch in horror as blood sprays the walls behind him, and then his body slumps over. Then there’s silence. So much silence I can’t stand it. I shake Knight’s hand off me, and I run. I run toward the door and outside. I keep running until my lungs burn and my legs ache.

I have my keys in my pocket, and I run all the way to my shop, my safe place. I see the notes on the door, but I ignore them as I unlock it and hurry inside before relocking it.

I run to the back of the shop before I drop to my knees, trying to catch my breath. This can't be happening. Any of this. It just can't be.

She ran, and I let her. I knew she was safe, so I let her go. It's too much for her to deal with, the death, the club. I'd always known it. She wasn't cut out for this life. She has a life.

"We need to get this cleaned up," I tell the guys as I look around at Twitch's few followers. I can't believe they turned on us, but it is what it is. There's nothing I can do about it now, and I don't think I want to. They chose him, and that's that.

"This is a mess," Knight grumbles.

"Yeah, it is. Call in crime scene clean up and pay them off," I tell him. He nods as he pulls his phone out and dials a number. I pull out a cigarette and light it up. This is a mess, for sure. A mess Twitch created, and for what? Just because he couldn't have Yenni? What kind of sick fuck was he? I don't need an answer to that because I already know. He took her, and chained her to a bed to get his way with her. Forced her ex on her. That's what kind of sick fuck he was.

I walk over to the bar and grab a drink before taking it down.

"You want me to go after her?" Tarek asks.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I said no."

“She’s gonna be a mess, Cage.”

“A mess I can’t fix, Tarek. Leave it alone, brother,” I tell him this time. He finally nods his head and walks off, leaving me alone. I don’t need anyone chasing her. She saw what I wanted her to see tonight. She saw me. The man she cared about. The man she may have even loved. She saw the monster who lives inside me, the one she should run from. There’s no threat to her now, so I have no reason to chase her.

Even thinking about it hurts. I want her here. I want her with me. She calms the fucking storm inside me, and now I can feel the thunder rattling me to the core. There’s no way of stopping it now, not without her.

So I drink. I drink and watch the guys piling up bodies and stripping cuts. I watch as they drag Twitch toward the middle of the room. I pull my knife from my pocket and walk over as they lay him on his stomach, shirtless. Then I kneel and cut at his flesh. I cut off his Bleeding Aces tattoo. He doesn’t deserve this even in death.

“Get the rest of them,” I tell the guys. I want everyone stripped. I should have done it before they died, but this is fine too. I take the skin and slap it down on the bar as they work on the others. Knowing he isn’t taking our club to the grave with him makes me smile. I grin at the carnage as people walk in; the clean-up crew is here.

I pay them good money to clean up after us and not make a fucking sound. They look around at the mess and shake their heads before getting to work. They will clean up the bodies and dispose of them and any mess lying around.

I walk away from the bar and head for my room. Once there, I look around, my eyes falling on the empty bed. I wish she were still in it. I wish she had stayed in the room this morning and not seen all that. My chest tightens as I think about her out there alone. She shouldn’t be alone right now. She needs to be here with me.

Thinking about it for a second, I decide that’s what I will do. I’m going to bring her ass back here. I’m going to claim her the right way, and I’m going to put a baby in her. I will

make sure she's tied to me in every fucking way possible. She doesn't know it yet.

I storm from my room and back into the main room, climbing over dead bodies.

"Where you goin' in a hurry?" Ridge asks.

"To get my girl. I'll be back," I reply. He chuckles, and I keep walking. I climb on my bike, rev the engine and take off heading toward her shop. I know exactly where she'd go. Somewhere that felt safe and comfortable to her.

The ride doesn't take me long, and I pull up and park out front. I climb off my bike and walk to the door, banging my fists on it.

"Open the fuckin' door, Yenni, or I'll break the motherfucker!" I yell as I keep banging. I'm pissed she left like she did, but I also get it. That doesn't mean I won't wear her ass out for it.

I bang a few more times when I see her coming down the hallway. She looks exhausted, and she probably is. It's been a lot these last few days, but that doesn't mean she gets to walk away from me, of all fucking people.

When she unlocks the door, I shove it open and step inside, backing her against the desk.

"What are you doing?" she asks, her voice shaking slightly.

"You walked away from me."

"I had a reason," she huffs.

"Did you?"

"They were dead. All of them, Cage. I didn't want to see that," she argues with me.

"It was all for you, Yenni. They're all dead for you. Don't you get that?" I ask her. My cock is swelling up in my jeans, pressing against the zipper as I hover over her.

"I didn't ask for that!"

“Doesn’t matter. It happened. Twitch made it happen,” I tell her.

“I just need some time,” she says, nearly pleading. I smirk and shake my head.

“No.”

“What?”

“I said no. You’re comin’ back with me.”

“You can’t make me.” Oh, is that what she thinks? Does she think she can pull that card?

“You think Twitch chained you to a bed? You haven’t seen shit yet. I’ll chain you to a bed. I’ll keep your ass tied down until you understand you’re never leavin’ me. Do you get me?” Her cheeks turn red, anger sweeping over her until she finally nods.

“Fine. You want it to be like that? Fine, Cage!”

“Good girl. Now let’s go.”

“Fuck you!”

“We could do that too. My cock has been beggin’ for a piece of you,” I tell her. I know she isn’t ready, and I wouldn’t force her either. Just like I’m not forcing her now. Yeah, I might have threatened her a little, but she doesn’t know I wouldn’t follow through with it. I wouldn’t want her chained to a bed. I want her willingly to be there with me.

We walk out of her shop and lock up before I lead her over to my bike. We climb on, and I take off riding through town but don’t return to the clubhouse. She doesn’t need to see all the clean-up that’s going on. So I ride. I ride until I can’t see straight. I ride until I’m tired, and only then do I head back for the clubhouse.

By the time we get there, the clean-up is done, and everyone is gone. A few guys linger, but everyone has scattered mostly.

I watch Yenni as she stomps through the room and over to the couch, where she throws herself down. She pulls her knees

up to her chest and glares at me across the room. I just grin at her.

“She looks thrilled to be back,” Knight says.

“She didn’t really come willingly.”

“You forced her back?”

“She didn’t leave me much choice. She doesn’t need to be alone right now,” I tell him. It’s true she doesn’t after everything that happened here tonight.

I watch her a little longer, the way her eyes linger on the floor where the bodies lay. I stand still and take her in. She’s so goddamn beautiful. How could I have ever thought she would cheat on me? Yenni isn’t like that, and the more I look at her, the more I realize my mistake. I shouldn’t have sent her away, to begin with. I should have waited to confront her until we checked things out, but I’m not level-headed. I’m quick to make decisions and don’t think about the consequences until it’s too late.

Ignoring the nagging in my head, I walk over to her and offer my hand. She lifts her head and stares at it for a long second before slowly reaching out and slipping her hand into mine. I help her from the couch and lead her down the hall to the bedroom before closing the door once we’re inside.

“You’re mine, Yenni.”

“Could you maybe not do that right now?”

“Do what?” I ask.

“Claim me. Stake your claim over me again,” she snaps at me. I grin. I can’t help it. I need her to realize that this is it. She will never be rid of me, no matter how much she may want it right now.

“I’m makin’ sure you understand your position,” I tell her.

“My position?”

“Yeah. This is it. You’re movin’ in here,” I tell her. Her eyes widen, and her lips part, but no words come out. It’s almost amusing to watch her like this.

“What the hell are you talking about?” she asks when she finally finds her voice.

“Just what I said. You’re stayin’ here.”

“No. I have work. I have a life,” she snaps at me.

“Yeah, your life is here now, Yenni. You’re my old lady, and that won’t change anytime soon.”

“You can’t force this on me, Cage.”

“Oh, I can, and I will.”

I pout in the corner. I feel like a two-year-old child being punished. How can he just stake his claim to my life? How can he think I'll follow his orders? I could run. I could go home, but I knew he'd follow me, so what's the point?

Instead of doing any of that, I sit here and pout. I can't believe Cage forced me back here. I don't know what the hell he's thinking. Tarek's old lady comes to sit next to me, a smile on her face. I'd slap it off if she weren't so nice to me.

"You okay?"

"Is being forced to be here okay?" I ask her in return. She laughs a little.

"He just wants to know you're safe," she says.

"I was fine at the shop. The threat is gone. All of them." The thought makes me cringe. I shouldn't have seen that happen, but at the same time, I needed to see it was over. That doesn't stop the internal turmoil I feel right now. I saw people killed more than once. That's not something you forget easily. I shiver at the thought.

I glance up when I see Cage staring at me.

"See, he just wants to know where you are." I shake my head. No, it's more than that. I can see it in his eyes.

"He's being controlling."

With that, I shove myself off the couch and stalk toward the bar, shoulder-bumping him as I pass. He huffs out a laugh as I grab a drink and turn to head for the room. I should have known he'd follow me, but I ignored him.

I walk into the room and try to slam the door shut, but he stops it as he walks in.

“You think you’re bein’ funny?” he asks.

“I don’t think anything,” I reply before taking a long pull from my beer.

“Are you tryin’ to piss me off?” I turn to face him and shrug my shoulders. Maybe that’s what I’m doing. I don’t know anymore.

“Maybe.”

“Why would you want me pissed?”

“The hate sex is better,” I state. I shouldn’t have said that. I shouldn’t push his buttons, but I did it anyway, and as Cage shrugs out of his cut, I know I’m going to pay for it.

He peels his shirt off and kicks off his boots before moving toward me. I finish downing my beer when he grabs the bottle from my hand and tosses it to the floor. Then he’s on me. He’s ripping my clothes off so fast I feel dizzy. His hands are all over my body, touching, caressing.

“This isn’t what I wanted,” I tell him. He stops and pulls back after he has me completely naked, taking off his jeans and boxers. His pierced cock is hard and ready.

“You want hate sex? I can fuck you like I hate you,” he tells me. Before I can say another word, he grabs me roughly and spins me to face away from him. He shoves me down on the bed, keeping my ass in the air before he slams into me. He didn’t warn me, didn’t give me time to adjust.

I scream his name from the pain and pleasure. His fingers grip my hips, digging painfully into my flesh. I want to stop this, but it feels too good.

Cage thrusts into me like a madman, and I let him. I let him take out his frustrations on me the way I’m taking them

out on him.

“Cage, slow down!” I cry out when it becomes too much. My eyes are full of tears as he plunges deeper, his piercings dragging along my sensitive flesh.

“You wanted it like I hate you. You got it, Yenni. Hold on for the fuckin’ ride, baby.” My hands clench the sheets as he goes deeper. I feel like he’s breaking me in half, but the pleasure is too much. Tears leak down my cheeks as he fucks me rougher than before. I can feel my orgasm as it claws its way to the surface, and then I lose all control. My legs shake, and my body tenses as my release comes crashing over me.

“Cage!” I scream. He knows what he’s doing, but he isn’t done yet. Even as my orgasm sweeps through me, he keeps pounding into me, drawing it out. I ride wave after wave until my whole body trembles and shakes. Then and only then does he come inside of me.

My body is weak, spent from what he just did to me, and when he pulls out of me, I drop onto the bed. Cage chuckles and walks to the bathroom as I crawl back up onto the bed.

A few minutes later, he returns and sits on the edge of the bed.

“That what you wanted?”

“It’s what I needed,” I tell him.

“What do you want, Yenni?”

“I don’t know. I don’t want to be a prisoner,” I tell him.

“You’re not. You’re free to go to work.”

“And my life?”

“That’s mine.”

“That makes no sense, Cage.”

“It makes perfect sense. I said you were mine, and that’s it. You’re not changin’ my mind on this.”

“On what? Keeping me hostage?” I snap at him. I start to climb off the bed, but he stops me. He grips my wrist and tugs

me toward him.

“Where are you goin’?”

“To clean up.”

“No, you’re not. You’re sleepin’ like that. I’m fillin’ that little pussy of yours every fuckin’ night, and you’re stayin’ that way.” His warning makes my insides flip. He can’t be serious, but then again, this is Cage we’re talking about. He doesn’t play games; he’s always straight to the point.

“Why? That’s nasty,” I tell him.

“Is it? My cum inside of you is nasty?”

“You know what I mean.” I nearly roll my eyes.

“I’m puttin’ a baby in you,” he tells me, and my heart jumps into my throat. He’s trying to do what? I don’t think so.

“No. No way in hell. I’m not ready for kids, Cage.”

“Too late now, isn’t it?”

“What do you mean?”

“Your birth control pills were all fakes.” My mouth falls open as I stare at him. He can’t be serious. No way would he do something like that.

“You didn’t.”

“I did, baby. I told you you’re mine.”

“I don’t want kids right now, Cage.”

“When do you want kids, Yenni? Huh? When?”

“I don’t know! I don’t have a fucking timeline for that,” I snap at him. Now I shove off the bed and head straight into the bathroom. He’s behind me as I sit on the toilet and pee before cleaning myself up. He doesn’t say shit, just stares at me, and that’s unnerving.

“It’s already in you,” he says.

“What?”

“My baby. It’s already in you.”

“What the hell are you talking about?” I finish cleaning up and wash my hands before returning to the bedroom and grabbing a shirt to pull on.

“I’m talkin’ about my baby. You didn’t have your period, did you?” He is not asking me that, but then it hits me. Shit, he’s right.

“Are you monitoring my periods now?”

“Yeah, I am, and you didn’t have one,” he states. I cross my arms over my chest and glare at the man. He’s right. I did miss my period. In fact, I missed more than one. My chest clenches at the thought.

Cage walks over to me and rests his hand on my stomach gently. I don’t know what to say or do here. I don’t know what I’m going to do. I’m not ready for this. What if I am pregnant? How could he have done something like this?

“You changed out my pills.”

“They were all blanks,” he says, keeping his hand in place. “I told you I get what I want.”

“How could you do that without talking to me first? We haven’t even been together that long, Cage. What the hell is wrong with you?” I scream at him before stepping away and letting his hand fall from my stomach.

“I know what I want, Yenni, and I’m a man. I go after what I want.”

“But you lied and tricked me! How do you think that will work out in the end?”

“You go along with it. You’re gonna have my baby. You’re gonna marry me, and that’s it.” My heart thumps in my chest. Has this man completely lost his mind? Was he hit in the head? I can’t marry him. I’m not ready for all of this.

“I need to get a test,” I mumble. He nods and raises a finger before walking out of the room.

A few minutes later, he returns with a test in his hand. I should have known he’d have one on hand, the asshole.

“Give it to me,” I demand before snatching it from his fingers and walking into the bathroom. I sit on the toilet and force myself to pee once more just to get this over with.

Recapping the end, I set it on the sink, clean up and wash my hands. I don't even get them dry before Cage bursts into the bathroom.

“What's it say?”

“I just did it. It takes ten minutes,” I tell him.

“I already know it's positive. This is just for you,” he says, nodding at the stick that could change my life forever.

My heart beats a little faster with each passing minute. I'm on edge. I'm angry, aren't I? I should be. He did this to me on purpose. For his own sick reasons.

I swallow hard as we both look down at the stick.

Two pink lines.

I'm pregnant.

I didn't need to see the stick to know the truth. She was right; I monitored her periods. I knew when she had them and when she missed them. So the two pink lines weren't a shock to me. They were more of a reminder of what I'd done. The thought of her carrying my child has sat heavily on my mind for months, so I decided to do something about it. Maybe I'm an asshole for not considering her feelings, but I don't give a shit.

"I can't think right now," she says as she walks over to the bed and sits on the edge.

"There's nothin' to think about. We're havin' a baby," I tell her.

"Did it matter to you that I wasn't ready for this?" It should, but we all know the answer to that question.

"No."

"This is wrong, Cage. You went about this the wrong way," she tells me. I think it was right. It was bound to happen anyway; I just sped up the process.

"It's not wrong. We're havin' a baby, Yenni. Get used to it," I tell her before pulling my clothes back on. Once I'm fully dressed, I pull a cigarette out, but before I light it up, I think about the baby. The smoke isn't going to be good for him. I toss the cigarette onto the dresser before spinning to face her.

"No smokin' inside anymore. I'm makin' it a rule."

“What? That’s what you’re concerned about? Not that fact you lied to me and tricked me into this?” She snaps at me before shoving to her feet. She’s across the room and leaping on me before I can react. Her fist collides with my jaw, and I smirk at her.

“Calm down before you hurt my baby,” I warn her.

“Maybe I’m not keeping it anyway. What do you think about that?” She isn’t serious. I can tell by the look in her eyes. She’s just fucking with me.

“Try to hurt that baby, and I’ll hurt you,” I warn her.

“You already have by doing this, Cage. This isn’t a joke. This is another life,” she cries.

“You think I don’t know that? I knew exactly what I was doin’, Yenni.”

“Why couldn’t you have at least talked to me first?”

“I already knew what you’d say. You’d say you weren’t ready, and we barely know each other.”

“Because that’s all true, Cage,” she yells.

“Don’t yell around the baby,” I warn her.

“You can’t be serious,” she huffs.

“I’m serious. You’re lucky I can’t pump that beer you drank out of you, or I would. That’s the end of that too. No drinkin’.”

“You’re going overboard here,” she states.

“Am I? I don’t think so. There are rules,” I warn her.

“Rules? Like I’m a child?”

“No drinkin’. No more of that bullshit lettuce you call food. You’re gonna eat real food and grow my baby strong and healthy,” I tell her. Her face is pale, she doesn’t know what to say to me, and that’s fine. She doesn’t need to say anything. I have these rules for her, and she will follow them.

“Fuck you.”

“You’ll go to every appointment the doctor wants you to go to. You’ll even fuckin’ smile and be happy about it,” I add.

“You can’t force this shit on me, Cage.”

“You wanna mess that little life up? Is that what this is?”

“I’d never do that, and you know it.”

“Then follow the fuckin’ rules, Yenni. I’m makin’ an appointment for tomorrow.” I pull my cell out and type a message to our doc here. His wife is an OBGYN, and I know he can get Yenni in to see her.

The phone chimes almost right away, confirming my thoughts. Doc got Yenni an appointment.

“All taken care of,” I tell her.

“This is bullshit,” she adds.

“This is life, Yenni. We’re gonna be parents.”

“You killed people, Cage, or did that slip your mind?” I storm across the room and step up right in front of her, grabbing her face.

“I killed those who needed to be killed. I killed the motherfucker who put his hands on you. Do you think I killed for no fuckin’ reason? Huh?” Anger seeps through me; I’ll take it out on her if she isn’t careful.

“I didn’t say that,” she murmurs. I don’t release my grip on her face, though. She’s pushing me to a breaking point. One I didn’t want to be at.

“I’ll protect what’s mine. That includes this baby,” I remind her. She nods slowly before I lean in and press my lips to hers. I kiss her roughly, but she doesn’t kiss me back. That’s fine. My mission is accomplished, and she’s now tied to me for life. That’s what I wanted, and that’s what I got.

“We’re gettin’ married,” I tell her when I pull away and turn my back. That’s when something hits me. She fucking threw something at me. I spin around to see the shoe on the floor behind me and laugh.

“Come on, baby. You can do better than that,” I taunt.

“You want better than that?” she asks, her anger getting the best of her. She lunges for me, her fist flying through the air. I reach up and stop it easily, grasping it in my hand.

“You better be careful. You have my baby inside of you. This fightin’ shit is over too,” I tell her. She screams in frustration and moves away from me. I watch her grab a pair of shorts and pull them on before storming from the room. I just smile. What else can I do?

I follow her into the main room, ensuring she doesn’t do something stupid. I gave her the rules and expect her to abide by them for the baby’s safety.

She drops onto a stool at the bar, and one of the girls tries to give her a drink. She shakes her head, and that makes me smile. She’s going to take this seriously.

“What are you smilin’ about?” Ridge asks.

“My girl’s pregnant.”

“No shit?”

“Yeah, brother. I knew it was gonna happen.”

“You happy about that?”

“Damn happy. She’s mine, Ridge. Always gonna be mine now.”

“You do this shit on purpose?” he asks. Fuck. Does everyone know what I did? Or do they know Yenni wasn’t ready for all this?

“Yeah, I did.”

“And she hasn’t bolted?” he asks with amusement.

“She knows better.”

“So now what?”

“Now we have a baby and get married. That’s what.”

“And the club?”

“Everything stays the same, brother. We vote on a new VP tomorrow. Who you lookin’ at?” He brings his beer to his lips and takes a long pull.

“Knight. I plan on votin’ for him,” he tells me. I nod my head. That’s who I wanted in Twitch’s place.

“Sounds good. Tell the guys the votes are tomorrow.” He nods and walks away to let the guys know as I stalk toward the bar and slide my arms around Yenni’s waist.

“You still mad at me?” I ask her, nipping at her ear lobe.

“Shouldn’t I be?”

“If you want to, but that doesn’t change anything.”

“You should have at least talked to me, Cage.”

“I knew the answer. That’s why I didn’t ask.”

“This is life-changing. Don’t you get that?” she sounds hurt, and I hate that. That’s not what I wanted for her.

“I won’t say sorry.”

She huffs and says, “I didn’t expect you to.”

My focus is off. I can't think straight. I'm sick to my fucking stomach, and I don't think it's because I'm pregnant. It's because he did this on purpose. How can someone do that? How can someone be so selfish? But then again, it's Cage, and he always gets what he wants regardless of what he must do. This shouldn't have happened. I shouldn't be sitting here trying to do a tattoo while my mind is a complete mess.

"Are you okay?" I glance over my shoulder and roll my eyes when I see Tarek.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

"I was told to keep an eye on you today," he replies casually. Does anyone believe in privacy or what I want around here? This is my shop. My safe place.

"You can go. I'm fine," I tell him before getting back to work. I finished the tattoo, and as much as I wish I could say it turned out perfect, I don't know if I can. The customer is happy, but I'm not.

I walk back out front and drop onto the couch after my last appointment. It's almost time for me to close up and go to the damn doctor Cage demanded I see. If I could punch him in the face, I would. Hell, I tried.

"You don't look happy."

"Really, Tarek? You don't think I look thrilled about being tricked into having a baby?" He shrugs like he doesn't know

what to say. I assume he knows the deal. I'm sure everyone at the clubhouse does, for that matter. I shake the thought away and shove off the couch, heading to the desk to collect my things. When I walk toward the door, Tarek is right behind me.

“Are you coming to the doctor with me too?”

“Nope. Just makin' sure you get there, is all. Cage is meetin' you there,” he says. Now I do roll my eyes. I shove the door open and step outside, waiting for Tarek to come out so I can lock up. Once that's done, I walk to my car and climb in, watching him climb on his bike to follow me.

The drive doesn't take long; I'm parking in the parking lot before I know it. I'm nervous. I've drank. I've drunk a lot, and now I find out I'm pregnant.

Shaking the thoughts away, I climb out of the car when I see Tarek wave. I flip him off just as I hear Cage's voice.

“That isn't very nice,” he says. I turn to look at him, wondering how someone so goddamn gorgeous can be such an asshole.

“You're not very nice,” I tell him as I sling my purse strap over my shoulder and head for the building in front of me. He walks behind me, grabbing and opening the door when we're close enough. I huff out a breath and walk inside, not at all ready for this appointment.

“In there,” he says, nodding toward the office door.

Once we're inside, I sign in, and we wait. There's silence. Neither of us speak. I don't have anything to say to him anyway. The bastard. It's his fault we're sitting here.

They finally call my name, and we walk to the back, where the nurse has me undress. I sit on the table with a paper blanket while Cage paces the room.

“Why the fuck do you need to be naked?”

“Wouldn't you like to know,” I snap at him. He walks over and grips my face, forcing me to look at him.

“This is new to me, Yenni. Don't be a bitch,” he warns, keeping his eyes trained on me.

“You think I’ve done this before?” Before we can say a word, the door opens, and the doctor walks in.

They do the exam and send us for an ultrasound which has Cage on edge. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him this nervous before, and I kind of want to laugh at the asshole, but I don’t. I keep my shit to myself as they do the ultrasound.

“You look to be around thirteen weeks,” the lady says, and my heart beats faster. “There’s the heart,” she adds as we both look. Cage looks enamored by what he sees on the screen. I can’t believe that’s actually inside of me. I have a small life growing inside of me.

Tears burn the back of my eyes, but I won’t give him the satisfaction of seeing them fall. I blink them back and keep my composure about me.

After the exam and ultrasound are completed, and the doctor tells us everything looks great, we leave the office with little images of the baby in hand. Cage tore one off and shoved it into the pocket of his cut while I stare down at the others.

“You’re gonna be a good mom.”

“I’m not ready for this,” I say under my breath.

“It’s too late now,” he says. Now I jerk my head up to look at him.

“Do you even feel a little bad for what you did?”

“Not really.”

“You don’t care?”

“I do care. I care about my son who’s growin’ inside of you. I care about you, Yenni.” His words burn straight into my chest and right through my heart.

“What?”

“I told you before; I love you. Why do you need me to keep repeatin’ it? If that’s what you need, I’ll keep sayin’ it.” Does he really love me? I don’t consider it love when he tricks me into having a baby with him.

“I don’t even know what to say,” I tell him as we walk back to my car. I pull the keys from my pocket, and he quickly takes them. I look around for his bike, but I don’t see it. He must have gotten dropped off here.

He starts to drive, and I watch the trees go by. That’s when I notice we’re not heading back toward the clubhouse. I glance over at him, but he seems intent on what he’s doing. I’m sure this is some trick he has up his sleeve. It wouldn’t surprise me at this point.

I blow out a breath of frustration and rest my head against the cool glass as he drives. I don’t pay much attention to anything until we pull into a driveway. Cage doesn’t say a word as he climbs out and comes around to open my door, pulling me out next to him.

“What the hell is this?” I ask, nodding toward the house. I don’t want to meet anyone in his family. Hell, I don’t even like him that much right now.

“Do you have to bitch about everything? Just come on,” he demands. He walks in front of me and pulls a set of keys from his pocket, unlocking the door before ushering me inside.

There’s nothing in here. It’s completely empty. No furniture, no pictures or decorations.

“An empty house. Is this where you kill me?” I tease as I look over my shoulder at him. He shakes his head, looking off for some reason. I turn around fully and stare at him, wondering what the hell is going through his head right now.

“What is it?”

“Nothin’.”

“You’re thinking something,” I tell him.

“This is it, Yenni. This is where we’re raisin’ our baby.”

“What?”

“This house is ours.”

“No.”

“Yeah. We’re gonna raise the baby here. I don’t want him livin’ at the clubhouse full-time. It’s not the place for a baby. It was fine for me and you but not our baby.” His words are like a punch to the stomach. I didn’t think he even cared that much. And now this? He bought us a house?

I turn and look around the bare living room in shock.

“You can pick whatever you want in here,” he says. “Come on.” He walks past me, grabs my hand, and leads me down the hall. He shoves open one of the doors and ushers me inside. This room has furniture. There’s a bed, dressers, and nightstands. It’s ... nice.

“This is our room. I bought that little bed in case you didn’t want the baby to be by himself,” he says, nodding toward the little bassinet next to the bed. My heart kicks up a notch. He did all this?

“I ...”

“Don’t say anything. Come here,” he says, leading me to the other room. When he opens that door, my heart leaps in my chest. He did this.

The whole room is decorated in neutral colors. There’s a crib, dresser, and even a rocking chair. Tears spring to my eyes before running down my cheeks. He really has thought this over. I can’t believe that he did this.

“You did this?” Did he do this, or did one of the girls do this? It wouldn’t surprise me if he had one of them helping him.

“I did it. I wanted everything to be ready,” he tells me. I spin around, wanting to scream at him, but after this, how can I? He wasn’t lying when he said he wanted a baby. He planned this all out.

“I don’t know what to say to you,” I tell him.

“You can be mad, Yenni. I get it. I was a selfish fuck. It is what it is, and nothin’ is changin’. I will still be the same selfish fuck as before, but I needed you to know I want this

with you.” His words mean more to me than he could know. I step into his space and wrap my arms around his neck before he finally gives in and hugs me back. He holds me while I sob, unsure of what I’m doing. This shouldn’t be okay, but it feels like it is.

We stay like this for a long time before he finally pulls back, kissing my forehead.

“Everything is gonna be good.”

“How can you say that?”

“Because I know it is. We’re gonna live here together. Raise the baby.”

“What about the club?”

“The club is still my life, Yenni. There’s no way around that, but know I’ll be here every night with you. I can work for the club during the day just like usual and be home at night,” he says.

“You really want this, don’t you?” I ask him.

“Only with you. I wouldn’t do this for anyone else,” he admits, causing my heart to soar.

“Okay.”

“Okay?”

“Yeah. I’m willing to try this, but you have to stop going behind my back, Cage.”

“Fine. I won’t do that shit again. I’ll let you know when I want another kid,” he says.

“Let’s not go so fast. I’m not ready for this one,” I tell him.

“You better get ready.”

“I’m not. I told you this more than once, but you don’t listen,” I remind him. He shrugs his shoulders before grabbing my wrist and pulling me back into the other room.

“You like this?” he asks, nodding toward the bed.

“It’s nice. You did good,” I tell him. Then his hand slides up my arm slowly, causing bumps to form. He leans into me,

pressing kisses along my neck. I know where this is going, and I don't know if I should stop it. I'm still pissed at him for lying to me.

But I melt into him when he nips at the skin on my neck.

Cage makes short work of our clothes before positioning me on the bed the way he wants me, on all fours.

"I can't wait till your stomach is bigger," he says, running his hands down my back and over my ass.

"Why?"

"Means my baby is growin' healthy and strong," he says as his finger slips inside me. I moan, having missed his touch. I've kept my distance from him. I've made my point of being angry at him but now? I don't know how to resist the man.

He works his finger in and out of me until my legs shake. I shove back against his hand, needing more. I need him.

"Come on, Cage," I whine, causing him to chuckle. He pulls his fingers free and smacks my ass before I feel the tip of his cock pressing into me. I shove my hips back, needing him there, needing him inside me. When he finally thrusts, I feel like I'm in heaven. He rocks into me, and I grab the sheets in my hands, clenching as he picks up speed.

The harder he goes, the more I want. His hands grip my hips as he picks up the pace. I know he isn't going to last long, and neither am I. It's been too long since I've had him inside me.

"Come on, Yenni. Fuckin' let go," he demands as he thrusts harder and faster. My knuckles turn white as I grip the sheet harder when I feel it bursting through me. My legs shake, my body tenses, and I feel him come with me. He growls his release as my body pulses around him.

When we're both sated and coming down, he pulls out of me and lays on the bed. I let my body drop next to his.

"You still hate me?" he asks.

"I'm still mad at how you went about things, Cage. It's not that easy to get over."

“But you don’t hate me?”

“No, I don’t hate you. I don’t think I could hate you,” I admit. There are feelings I have for him, feelings that won’t allow me to hate him no matter how much I want to. And believe me; I want to. Or at least I did. Maybe this isn’t going to be so bad. He’s said he will be here to help me, and I believe him.

“Good girl.”

“You keep calling the baby a boy. We don’t know what it is yet,” I tell him.

“I know. Maybe it’s a girl,” he says. “A girl who will be as beautiful as her mom.” Things like this are the reason I can’t stay mad at him. In his way, I know he loves me. Maybe he doesn’t go about things the right way, but at least he cares.

“Or a boy that looks just like you,” I whisper.

“You’re comin’ around, aren’t you?”

“I don’t know. I’m mad at the way you did things, but I can’t be mad at the baby. It didn’t ask to be here. It didn’t ask to be a part of this,” I tell him. He rolls to his side and rests his hand on my stomach before he sighs.

“Everything is gonna be good. I promise that.”

“What if club shit comes up?”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. Anything.”

“Then I handle it. I told you I’m gonna be here for the two of you.” He sounds a little annoyed with me. I’m worried, and I have every right to be.

“This is all happening too fast, Cage. The baby, the house.”

“We’re gettin’ married soon, too.” His reminder is like a slap to the face. He didn’t even ask if that’s what I wanted. Just like the baby, although the thought of holding a tiny person in my arms is starting to feel right. I won’t tell Cage that, though.

“You can’t decide that. Can’t we just slow down and deal with the baby first?”

“No.”

“Why?”

“I said no. I want you, Yenni. I fucked up once, and I could have lost you. That’s not gonna happen again. We’re gettin’ married, and we’re gonna be a family. I never had a dad, and this baby is gonna have me.” I didn’t know that part. We don’t talk about his past, and I never asked. I let it go when he said he didn’t want to talk about it.

“We don’t need to be married to raise this baby together,” I remind him.

“Never said we did, but we’re gonna be. This isn’t up for discussion.”

“You tricked me into this baby, Cage. You can’t trick me into marrying you.” His hand moves from my stomach to my chest, where he grips my breast roughly.

“What do you want from me?”

“At least a discussion.”

“We just discussed it,” he argues.

“No. We didn’t. You told me what we’re doing again. You can’t keep doing that. If you want this to work, we need to talk.”

“Fine. Give me the reason you don’t want to get married,” he says, being short with me.

“I’m not ready.”

“Not good enough. Give me somethin’ else.”

“We don’t know each other that well. What if we get tired of each other?” He grunts.

“Still not good enough,” he adds.

“What is good enough?” I ask out of frustration.

“Nothin’ is. You’re not changin’ my mind on this,” he tells me.

I know I'm not. There's no way he will change his stubborn ass mind.

So I sigh and let my eyes flutter closed.

I watched her sleep in our bed. Our bed. Those words keep replaying in my head. Ours. Just like that baby, she's growing inside of her. It's ours. Mine.

We're back at the clubhouse, where I'm dealing with shit as usual. Yenni wasn't feeling well, so she canceled all her appointments for the day. She's in my room now, sound asleep again after she took some medicine for her stomach.

"You look too damn happy," Ridge says as he stands next to me. He leans against the bar and smirks my way.

"Maybe I am."

"Since when?" Knight chimes in. We voted him in the other day as VP. It was unanimous, which I already saw coming.

"Since I got my girl pregnant," I tell them as I bring my beer to my lips.

"She ain't that happy though, is she?" Knight asks.

"She's comin' around. She'll be fine," I reassure them. After yesterday at the new house, I think she will come around. Maybe not to the idea of getting married but of us being together.

"You say that now, but she might hate you later," he tells me.

"Why?"

"You're doin' it again, brother!"

“Doin’ what?” I ask. Knight glances around the room before dragging his eyes back to meet mine. So maybe I made other plans for us. What’s the fucking problem? I know what I want and how to get what I want.

“All of this,” he says, nodding toward where the guys and girls are setting up the room.

“She’ll be fine,” I tell him. He smirks.

“I don’t know about all that, Cage. You’re pushin’ your luck, brother. The first time she couldn’t do shit about it; this time, she could run.”

“She isn’t gonna run,” I tell him.

“She might,” Tarek adds as he comes up next to us. We stand in our small circle, talking a bunch of shit.

“You think she would?”

“You got her pregnant on purpose, brother. I think that’s enough to make her run,” Ridge says.

“But she didn’t.”

“You didn’t let her,” he adds.

“And I’m not gonna let her this time either. I told her this was happenin’.”

“Did you tell her it was happenin’ today?” I shake my head. I didn’t mention that to her. I remember telling her soon, but I didn’t say how soon. Last night the mood struck, and I called the guys telling them to get shit together. I was planning on it being a surprise when she came over after work, but then she decided to stay home today. Now they’re working to set things up while she takes a nap. I think it will all go off without a hitch. She knew it was coming. She just didn’t know how soon it would be.

I turn my head and look at the guys as they hurry to set up the chairs and shit. There are even flowers. Yeah, I thought of everything. I want her to have the best day of her life today. I want her eyes to light up when she sees what I’ve done for her.

“You’re lookin’ for trouble,” Ridge tells me with a laugh.

“I’m always lookin’ for trouble,” I remind him as I take down the rest of my beer. I turn and face the middle of the room and watch as the guys finish what they’re doing.

“This isn’t gonna end well,” Knight adds.

“It’s gonna end with her bein’ my wife.” Just as I say that, I hear her voice.

“Oh, hell no. Cage!” she screams from the hallway. I look over at see her standing there, taking in the room. Well fuck, that isn’t the look I was hoping for.

“Oh shit. Here it comes,” Knight says. Tarek laughs as I walk over to Yenni and grab her in my arms. Maybe they’re right. Maybe she’s gonna try to run. I’m not letting that happen.

“Just listen to me. This was gonna happen either way,” I tell her. She struggles in my grasp, but I don’t let go.

“You’re insane! Do you know that? Have you lost your mind completely?” she hisses at me. I chuckle and keep her held close to me.

“I love you, Yenni. I wouldn’t be doin’ this if I didn’t think we’re gonna make it,” I tell her. Her fight seems to leave her with those words.

“What?”

“I know we’re gonna make it. The three of us,” I tell her as I release Yenni and rest my hand on her stomach. “I’ve never wanted anyone or anything more than this. Let me have you. Let me have this. I grew up without a lovin’ home, baby. I never knew what it was like to be loved how I love you.” I see the tears in her eyes as she licks her lips.

“It’s all so fast, Cage. All of this,” she says, motioning around the room. I know it’s fast. I didn’t plan this well, but I know what I want.

“I know it is, and I’m not sorry either. This is what I want, and I think somewhere deep down, you want this too. Nothin’ has ever been normal for us, Yenni. We are who we are, and I never want to change that. But this is us, baby. We’re made for

each other.” I see the tears start to fall as she looks around once more. I don’t know what she’s thinking, which drives me insane.

“Say somethin’.”

“I don’t know what to say, Cage. Do I think you’re rushing this? Yeah, I do. There’s already going to be so much change with a new baby coming, and now you want to be married on top of that? We’ve never lived together,” she says, shaking her head.

“You’re here almost every night, Yenni. We basically do everything together. Bein’ married is what needs to happen. This baby deserves to have its parents, don’t you think?” I know I’m pulling the wrong card right now, but I have to make her see what’s right in front of her. I want her. I love her.

“I do think the baby deserves both parents, but that doesn’t mean we have to be married, Cage. You bought us a house!” She reminds me.

“And we’re gonna live in that house and raise this baby. Just do this for me, Yenni.” I almost say please, but that isn’t the kind of person I am. I don’t beg, but for her, I might.

“Okay.”

“What?”

“I said okay. As much as I think we’re rushing this, I can’t see being without you either. I want us to be a family, and ... if this is what you really want, then I’ll do it.” I don’t think I’ve ever smiled as wide as I am right now.

Deep down inside me, I knew this was what I wanted. I knew that I wanted her, and there was no way I would let her go. I didn’t care what I had to do to keep her.

I know I should feel bad for forcing her into things, but I don’t. She knew the kind of man I was when she first met me. She knew I did things my way, and that was it. Now she’s mine, and she’ll always be mine.

“I love you, baby,” I tell her as I grip her face.

“I love you too.” That’s the first time she’s said those words to me. And I’ll take them.

Forever.