

I break things
and I'll break
him too...

DRAGON

ROYAL BASTARDS MC



USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
K WEBSTER

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Dragon (RBMC: Tulsa, OK, #3)

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CONTENTS

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Author's Note](#)

[Books by K Webster](#)

[About This Book](#)

[Dedication](#)

[Royal Bastards Code](#)

[Warning](#)

[Note to the Reader](#)

[Prologue](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

[Chapter Nineteen](#)

[Chapter Twenty](#)

[Chapter Twenty-One](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Two](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Three](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Four](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Five](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Six](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Seven](#)

[Chapter Twenty-Eight](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Playlist](#)

[Royal Bastards MC Series](#)

[Acknowledgements](#)

[About Author K Webster](#)

AUTHOR'S NOTE

To get a free, full MM standalone book, *No Tears with Him*,
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[He Made Me Stay](#)

[No Tears with Him](#)

[Hurt Me](#)

[Sheriff's Secret](#)

[Callan's Atlas](#)

[Shift of Morals](#)

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Running Free

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Cold Queen

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Callan's Atlas

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Little Hoodlum (Book 2)

Campfire Chaos (Book 3)

Hood River Zero (Book 4)

War & Peace Series:

This is War, Baby (Book 1).

This is Love, Baby (Book 2).

This Isn't Over, Baby (Book 3).

This Isn't You, Baby (Book 4).

This is Me, Baby (Book 5).

This Isn't Fair, Baby (Book 6).

This is the End, Baby (Book 7—a novella).

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Koyn

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Hidden Truths

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Torn and Bound Duet:

Torn Apart

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Hale

Bad Bad Bad

This is War, Baby

Like Dragonflies

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Elizabeth Gray Books:

Blue Hill Blood

Cognati

*From USA Today Bestselling Author K Webster comes a new
motorcycle club dark standalone MM romance novel!*

They created this monster when they took me as a teen.

Abused me, tortured me, psychologically ruined me.

I was once innocent, fragile, and good.

Now I'm older and everything wicked.

The worst of the worst.

I'm filled with fiery rage and burn with the need to avenge the
death of the boy I used to be.

Vicious and violent and vindictive.

A metaphorical dragon among men, thirsty to set fire to them
all.

Only my mission of depraved justice will have to wait because
Prez needs me for something else. If he wasn't single-
handedly responsible for dragging me from the sick nightmare
my life had become, I'd tell him exactly where to shove his
stupid idea of putting me on babysitting duty.

My charge is a prospect.

Not just any prospect, but the young, innocent Cove Gale who
shouldn't be within a hundred-mile radius of this vile club I
call home.

I'm supposed to be keeping him safe.

But Cove's a reckless brat with a mouth that begs for trouble.

Prez should know better than to give me a toy to play with.

I break things and I'll break him too.

The prospect is just a boy.

And he's just unleashed the dragon...

****This is a gay romance and the third book in the RBMC:
Tulsa, OK series. It can be read as a standalone but may be
better enjoyed after reading the first two, Koyn and Copper.
Koyn and Copper are both MF stories while this one is
MM.****

To Holly—

You complete me, sis.

No, seriously, you do.

Thanks for always being by my side literally your entire life.

Love ya always.

ROYAL BASTARDS CODE

PROTECT: The club and your brothers come before anything else, and must be protected at all costs. CLUB is FAMILY.

RESPECT: Earn it and give it. Respect club law. Respect the patch. Respect your brothers. Disrespect a member and there will be hell to pay.

HONOR: Being patched in is an honor, not a right. Your colors are sacred, not to be left alone, and NEVER let them touch the ground.

OL' LADIES: Never disrespect a member's or brother's ol' lady. PERIOD.

CHURCH is MANDATORY.

LOYALTY: Takes precedence over all, including well-being.

HONESTY: Never LIE, CHEAT, or STEAL from another member or the club.

TERRITORY: You are to respect your brothers' property and follow their Chapter's club rules.

TRUST: Years to earn it...seconds to lose it.

NEVER RIDE OFF: Brothers do not abandon their family.

WARNING

Violent sexual situations that could be triggering.

Detailed accounts of past sexual trauma, abuse, and kidnapping.

Graphic violence, some gore, and other horrific topics.

Please read with caution.

NOTE TO THE READER

While this story can be read as a standalone, you'll get more of a full picture of these characters and their pasts by reading *Copper*, the book that precedes *Dragon* in the RBMC: Tulsa, OK series.

Royal Bastards MC: Tulsa, OK Series:

[*Koyn \(M/F\)*](#)

[*Copper \(M/F\)*](#)

[*Dragon \(M/M\)*](#)

M/F means male/female romance and M/M means male/male romance.



PROLOGUE

Chase

The Past

Oh, fuck.

Mom is going to kill me.

My head throbs and the alcohol I'd practically drowned in at the party last night churns in my stomach. If she finds out I got wasted again, I'll be in deep shit. Like lose my car for the rest of the school year kind of deep shit. Not even Dad will be able to save me from a punishment once Mom makes up her mind.

I squint against the light shining in my face. Maybe Donte and I can grab Denny's before I drag my worthless ass home. Just thinking about Mom's bitch-out has me wanting to puke my guts out.

"Donte," I mumble, blindly reaching out for him on the bed but meeting nothing but empty space.

My best friend is nowhere to be found. I'm mildly annoyed that he left me naked in his bed. Usually when we mess around, he does me the courtesy of not finding anyone else to hook up with for the rest of the night. If I find him with my ex, Kiara, I'll knock his ass out.

I go to roll out of bed, but something is caught around my wrist. Squinting against the harsh light, I try to make out what it is.

Handcuffs?

That motherfucker.

Irritation burns through my veins. It's not like Donte and I haven't ever gotten a little weird in the bedroom, but he's never restrained me before.

"Donte!" I bark out. "Get your ass back in here."

My words echo as though I'm in a cavern rather than his messy-ass bedroom. I blink against the sunshine and use my free hand to shield the light so I can make sense of my surroundings.

Where the fuck am I?

The metal walls go up probably fifty feet high to windows at the top that allow sunlight in. After a quick sweep of my gaze, I realize I'm on a mattress on a concrete floor in a warehouse situated between two shipping containers. Panic chases away my anger. I sit up, disturbed that I'm completely naked. My clothes are nowhere to be found.

With a grunt, I yank against the cuffs, but they're secured to a pipe coming out of the concrete floor. They're squeezed too tightly against my flesh to wriggle out of either.

"Donte!" This time, his name is more of a mewled plea.

Nothing but echoes.

Bile crawls up my throat and I barely roll toward the edge of the mattress in time to puke up all the alcohol I ingested last night. Used condoms litter the floor, making me gag.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

I try to remember what happened last night. The party at Donte's was huge. Lots of people we didn't know. College guys and a few hot businessmen. I vaguely remember one guy telling me I had what it took to be a model. That I could be a star if I wanted to. Donte laughed his ass off because he's a

dick, but it felt good to be seen. Basketball was only going to get me so far.

Then what?

The guy gave me another drink. We took a walk to discuss my future.

And then nothing.

Did that guy drug me?

“Donte,” I croak out. “Please stop fucking around.”

It’s a desperate attempt not to freak the hell out. I know what this is. I walked right into it. A fucking trap.

Breathe, man.

I desperately suck in air in an attempt to fill my lungs and calm down. Nothing can chase away the uneasy feeling rattling through me.

The guy and his friend from last night...I can take them. If I can figure out a way to get out of these handcuffs, I can take them both out. I’m not huge for my age, but I’m cut with lean muscle and aggressive as hell on the court. In a fight or die situation, I’m certain I’d fight before I’d roll over and die.

And Mom will find me.

My overbearing, nosy-ass mother will hunt me down. It’s her strength. I’ve always hated her knack for tracking us down and embarrassing the shit out of me and my brothers, but today I’m grateful. She’ll get to the bottom of who was at the party, who took me, and find my location. I’ll get my ass chewed out for drinking and trusting some pervs, but she’ll protect me. She’ll press charges on those assholes and they’ll go to jail. Mom is a shark when she needs to be.

Fuck, I need her to be one now.

But, as time ticks by at a maddening pace that matches the drumming of my heart, I realize no one’s coming.

Clank.

I freeze at the sound of metal on metal. A door creaks open and then footsteps echo toward me. Craning my neck toward the opening of the area I'm in, I try to hunt down the source of the sound. Someone whistles in a jovial tune that sounds like pure evil. The hairs on my body stand on end as fear engulfs me.

With tears of terror burning in my eyes, I yank hard on the cuffs. The stinging of my flesh as the metal cuts into my wrist is nothing compared to the way fear gouges its way deep inside me.

"Hello, Chase," a deep, baritone voice rumbles. "Looks as though you've been caught."

"Let me go, motherfucker!" I bellow, struggling to no avail.

The creep appears in the opening, dressed from head to toe in black. He's easily seven feet tall and massive like a linebacker.

Whatthefuckwhatthefuckwhatthefuck.

Someone sobs and I realize it's me.

The begging is me too.

"P-Please l-l-let me g-go." Hot tears streak down my face as I wonder if I'll ever see Mom again. I'd give up my Beamer and basketball and alcohol. I'd give up anything just to be in her loving arms again.

His heavy footfalls approach and he looms over me. I scramble out of his reach, covering my nudity the best I can. He squats in front of me and dark, soulless eyes peer back at me through a cloth full-face mask.

"You'll make a great pet, Caught. I just have to train you first."

I shrink away when he reaches for me. "Don't t-touch me!"

He chuckles, low and sinister. "I'm sorry, kid, but you're mine now. You'll soon learn that every single inch of you is mine to touch whenever I damn well please."

My sobs and fighting are no match for this giant.

He overpowers me.

Again and again and again.

It isn't until hours later, when I'm shaking in a mixture of pain and shock, that I come to a stark realization.

I'll never see Mom or Dad or my brothers or Donte again.

I'll never leave this monster's clutches.

Never.



ONE

Cove

Present Day – November

I sucked a dick.

The disgusting part was I didn't hate it.

Nothing against gay people. Clearly, I'm one of them. The part that makes me ill is I sucked the dick of my captor on camera.

On. Fucking. Camera.

The whimpers I made weren't all bad ones. When I hear them repeated over and over in my head, I can't help but hate myself, though.

I should have screamed and cried. I should have bit his dick off.

What I shouldn't have done was marvel over the fact I was sucking someone off for the first time in my sexually confused life. My own dick was hard because it turned me on.

Sick.

This would be so much easier to stomach if I was in captivity alone—Night Giant's personal dick sucking movie

star—because then I wouldn't have to face the reality of my perverseness.

But I'm not alone.

Both my sisters are here with me and it's all my fault.

Twins are all the rave, they'd said.

I'm too small, I threw back.

Size means nothing, they'd replied.

Like an idiot, I fell for it. I thought those motherfuckers in their fancy suites actually wanted me to model for them. When they'd assured me I was photogenic and beautiful, I believed it because I desperately wanted the attention those men were offering.

I went willingly.

With monsters.

I'm photogenic all right. But what I had in mind was magazine spreads for fashion magazines, not dark web pornographic snuff films.

Somehow, because of my mistakes, my sisters are now here with me. Trapped. Doomed for probably much worse than my dick sucking performance. Based on how the other captives have been treated, it's only a matter of time before my beautiful sisters are raped and tormented.

I can guarantee they won't like it.

They won't be sitting around replaying how their captor smelled or the way his semen tasted on their tongue. They certainly won't be fucking aroused.

The shame and guilt are threatening to eat me alive. I wish I could figure out a way to help them escape. If it meant offering myself to Night Giant in exchange for them, I would. I'm an idiot for even deluding myself into thinking that their escape is a possibility.

This place is what nightmares are made of.

We're trapped in an abandoned hotel, in a tiny room with a bunch of other people, all waiting to be sexually abused or worse.

"It's okay," Calla, my twin, whispers.

Her voice is soft and meant only for me. We communicate with just looks most of the time, but considering I can't meet her gaze, she actually has to speak.

She's wrong, though. It's not okay.

Nothing will ever be okay again.

The Gale siblings will die in this shithole, raped and slaughtered. From what one of the crazy captives, who's been here longer than anyone, told me, there's lots more horrible shit left in store for us.

"You."

Night Giant's deep voice echoes across the room, carving a hole inside my chest and filling it with dread. At least when I'd been with him before, we were alone—aside from the stupid camera—so there weren't witnesses in the room with us.

"You remind me of little Caught when I first captured him." Night Giant's voice, directed my way, has me flinching. "Innocent and so goddamn breakable. Your cock sucking video was just the beginning and already is a favorite among our viewers. Soon, you'll be a well-known star like Caught."

My dick twitches at the reminder, but shame and disgust at myself have it softening again.

Stormy, my older sister, shakes her head and I know what's coming. She'll try to protect me at all costs. It's what she does—what she's always done. The man behind her yanks on her hair, keeping her in place, though.

"Stop," she pleads. "Don't do this."

Night Giant ignores her as he drags me toward the cage door. What happened earlier with Night Giant was easy and not terrible, but something tells me I won't slide by unscathed this time. Calla sobs loudly behind me. My heart rate pounds

inside my chest, fear trickling in slowly at first but then flooding in when I see *him*.

With Dragon.

The mindless murderer Night Giant calls Caught.

Before I was made to suck Night Giant's dick, I was told all about his precious pet Caught. How vicious and violent he is but compliant and heeds his commands.

Dragon seems like a fucking lunatic.

Hot, tattooed, and muscular as hell, but totally crazy.

Now I'm trapped in a cage with the guy. This shit isn't going to end well.

"He's not like the others," Night Giant says to Dragon. "You're going to have to use his body like I use yours. Break him that way."

The fear that had been flooding into me now turns to ice, making my body tremble.

"No," Stormy croaks out. "Don't do this."

No one listens.

Dragon begins circling me, cracking his neck, his crazed green eyes boring into me. All I can do is stare back, horrified that I'm about to be this man's next victim. I should run or fight back. All I can do is gape in shock.

"Take off your clothes," Night Giant orders. "Now, boy."

His words jolt me into action. I stumble over my feet as I scramble away, whimpering and finally finding my voice. "No. I don't want to do this." I sound like a child, not some nineteen-year-old man.

"If you don't do it, Caught will help you," Night Giant says with a cruel laugh. When I disobey, Night Giant whistles at Dragon. "Here." He shoves a small pocketknife through the chain-link fence. "Help the boy, boy."

Dragon's green eyes blaze at the sight of the knife. He snatches it from Night Giant's meaty hand and whirls around,

his shoulders tense and poised as he readies to attack me.

I'm going to die.

It'll be painful and terrifying from the looks of it.

Despite the beautiful monster before me, my dick certainly isn't hard now.

Dragon pounces toward me, but I'm quick, sidestepping him. Not quick enough, though, because Dragon tackles me to the mattress in the middle of the floor. My scream echoes loudly in the room. Ruthlessly, Dragon tears through my shirt with the pocketknife.

He's going to rape me while my sisters watch.

Fuck.

"Don't touch my brother, you motherfucker!" Stormy screams out at Dragon.

She clings to the outside of the cage, screaming out obscenities and orders as though she's actually the one in charge rather than Night Giant. Dragon pauses to glower at my sister.

"Dragon, let him go! Don't do to him what that bastard did to you!" she shrieks. "You're better than that!"

Dragon's jaw clenches, but he doesn't move. Time seems to pause as I wait for him to unleash his wrath. The thunderous pounding of my heart is dizzying.

"Let me in there instead," she demands, fighting against the guy behind her, her eyes slicing over to Night Giant. "You want Dragon to fuck someone, then send me in. Not my brother."

Night Giant's phone rings and he ignores us to take the call. He grunts out a few words and then ends it before walking Stormy's way.

"Looks like you got your wish, blondie. The paying customers want to see those fat titties. The junkies didn't put up enough fight, but you, my dear," Night Giant croons, petting her hair, "look like quite the fighter."

He unlocks the cage and the man behind her shoves her inside. My beautiful, brave sister has just sacrificed herself for me when it's all my fucking fault we're here to begin with. I run over to her, hugging her tight, inhaling her familiar scent. I wish I knew how to undo all of this. To find a way for us to escape.

"Time to go, little one," Night Giant orders. "Let your sister take your punishment since she's so willing."

I choke out a sob, begging for her to forgive me. She cries too as she kisses the side of my head.

"It's okay," she murmurs. "Keep Calla safe."

I'm such a pussy.

I should be taking whatever Dragon doles out like a goddamn man, not allowing my sister to fight this battle for me.

"Go," she orders, her voice turning firm.

I leave my sister alone with the fire-breathing dragon.

Pussy.

I'm taken out of the cage and shoved to the floor beside my twin. She clings to me, crying for Stormy, who's now the one in danger. I bury my face in my hands, unable to look. I can't watch her take the punishment for my mistakes.

Her screams and Dragon's vicious growls have me retreating far inside my mind, where I don't have to face the fact I'm weak and caused all of this. Rocking in place, I squeeze my eyes shut and cover my ears.

I can't listen to him rape her.

I can't.

One of her screams pierces my peaceful sanctuary, drawing me back to the horrors in my present reality. Stupidly, I chance a glance into the cage.

I'm met with the harsh aftermath of what my sister endured for me.

Naked.

Her bared ass splattered with semen.

Destroyed at the hand of that monster who lies beside her, face up and panting.

“Brav-fucking-o,” Night Giant says, clapping. “The viewers loved that shit.”

If we make it through this alive, I’m not sure how my sister will ever forgive me. I know one thing’s for sure, I’ll never forgive myself.

And, given the opportunity, I’ll make Dragon pay for what he did to her.



TWO

Dragon

Several Months Later - June

I can't sleep.

Not since my last stint with Night Giant. When he forced me to...

Black. Black. Black.

All my rage swirls into a storm cloud of fury that successfully blocks out my memories. My nightmares might continue to haunt me, but when I'm awake, I'm in control.

I'll always be in control.

Night Giant won't ever get the opportunity to touch me again.

He might still walk the streets, but one day soon, I'll make him pay. I want it to be perfect. The monster doesn't know he's going to be in my biggest show yet.

I'm the fucking star.

He created me, so it's only right he gets to see the final production. To be a leading role, this time in *my* show. I'll make sure he feels every single ounce of pain and shame he caused me since I was just sixteen years old.

My chest aches when I think back to that day I was so brutally stolen from my life. Sometimes, Mom's face enters my dreams. Sometimes it's Dad. The only time tears fall is when I think about *them*.

My brothers.

I try not to check in on them, but it's my guilty pleasure. Seeing my three younger brothers grow into brilliant, successful young men gives me a sliver of peace. I doubt I'll ever show my face to them again, yet seeing them feels like I can steal tiny memories of a past that was once good.

Katana, sensing my dark mood, crowds closer. If it weren't for him saving my ass over a decade ago that night in the dumpster in Memphis when I was a traumatized eighteen-year-old, I would've probably ended up right back with Night Giant. I owe Katana my life. I owe him everything. He might have divulged to Koyn and the others my past, but it was only because he wanted to save us. I've forgiven him for it.

"It's a wedding, dumbass. Put your phone away," Stormy gripes, her pregnant ass trying and failing to steal my phone.

"Your hillbilly wedding's over. You did the duck walk in your pretty white dress and ate cake. Leave me alone."

She rolls her eyes that are painted heavily with mascara. Her stomach is fucking huge. Won't be long and we'll be adding another kid to this crew.

"I don't walk like a duck," she argues. "Dickhead."

I smirk because she so does walk like a duck. "When are we having real food? I'm fucking starving."

"Bermuda is barbequing chicken. God bless that hot boy's heart." She winks at me, the jagged scar I gave her stretching as she smiles. "Save me some drumsticks or so help me there'll be hell to pay." She smacks my stomach, nailing me with her big-ass ring.

"Why are pregnant women so bitchy?" I mutter to Katana as she walks away.

She flips me off and he shrugs.

My grin fades away when I see *him*. Baby Prospect. Standing at the edge of the woods, just beyond where we held the wedding, his hands stuffed in his jeans' pockets, frowning at the ground like it personally wronged him. For a soft fucker, he pouts like a big-ass prick like Koyn. Must've got that attitude of his from his bitchy big sister.

One of the other guests, a Fed named Nick Carmichael who Copper is buddies with, walks over to Cove. Cove's body tenses as the man speaks to him. Too close. Katana touches my back, dousing the sudden roaring raging fire inside me.

"What?" I grumble.

"I don't like that guy," he mutters.

They're the only words of confirmation I need before I'm flipping open my knife and stalking over to the two men. Nick sees me first, his eyes widening in fear. He holds his hands up in a placating way. When Cove sees me, his blue eyes flash with anger.

Toward me.

Fuck you, Baby Prospect.

"Time to go, Robin," I snap, putting my body between Nick and Cove. I glower down at the shorter male version of Stormy. "Now."

Fury explodes from him and he fucking shoves me.

Me!

"Go to hell, Dragon. You're not my boss."

My dick twitches at the thought of teaching him a fucking lesson or two.

"You'll do as I say, Baby Prospect, because you have to. Let's go."

"And if I don't?" he challenges, glowering up at me. "What then? Gonna tell Daddy?"

I grab him by his cut, hauling him closer. "Refer to Prez as Daddy again and he'll whip your little ass." I smirk. "Or

maybe he'll let me do that job. We both know I can overpower you."

It's a low blow.

Reminding him of that day I was ordered to fuck and kill him.

And, as predicted, the fire is squelched, and he withers in front of me. I should feel like a dick, but it solved the problem of him and Nick talking. That fucker disappeared seconds after I arrived.

"Let me go," Cove chokes out, not meeting my stare.

"Never going to happen."

His brows furl together and fiery eyes are back on mine. "What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"It means I made a promise to your sister." I flash him an evil grin. "It means you belong to me now, Robin."

"I'll never belong to you or anyone," he snarls, successfully wrenching himself from my grip. "Jesus, you're such a cockblock. I'd like to lose my virginity sometime this century and of my own free will, asshole."

I stare after him as he storms off, trembling with anger.

A cockblock?

His virginity?

I knew Night Giant forced him to suck cock on his first and only video, but it still shocks me he managed to make it out of there without worse shit happening. Violent, horrible rape from that sonofabitch. Add in the fact Baby Prospect is like nineteen or some shit, it's shocking to hear he's still a virgin. Unimaginable, in fact.

My eyes home back in on Nick, who watches Cove like he's a little piece of virgin ass he can't wait to tap.

Hell no.

"You have murder in your eyes," Katana says, appearing beside me. "Who are we killing today?"

I let out a dark chuckle. “Baby Prospect’s sex life, apparently.”

“I didn’t know he was gay.”

“And I didn’t know he was a virgin,” I mutter. “You know what they say about virgins?”

“I don’t think I want to know.”

Ignoring my best friend, I continue, “They’re meant to be sacrificed to the devil.”

“I don’t think that’s a saying, man.”

“It is now.” I wink at him and punch his arm. “Come on, we have devil’s work to do.”



THREE

Cove

Three months later...

Don't text him. Don't text him. Don't text him.

Me: Want to meet at our spot?

He doesn't respond right away, which annoys me considering I can see he read the message. It wasn't always like this. In the beginning, he texted and called all the time. When fifteen minutes go by without a response, I get pissed off.

Me: Or not.

Again, he reads it but doesn't respond.

Asshole.

Finally, the dots move as he types something out. I chew on my middle fingernail, nerves getting the best of me. It's not like I'm in love or anything. I just really need the escape he offers.

Nick: I can't.

Me: Later?

Nick: Never.

My stomach twists at his words. Since when? Nick and I have been fucking around for months, ever since my sister's wedding back in June. We meet up mostly by the lake at a secluded park and give each other head. It works out for us.

Me: Shut up. Meet me at our spot tonight.

Nick: No.

The dots move and stop several times before another text comes through.

Nick: I'm getting back with my wife so all this has to stop if I want things to work out between us.

His wife?

What the fuck?

Me: Are you serious right now? Wife???

Nick: I should have told you. I know this.

Me: FUCK OFF.

I slam my phone down, anger pulsing through my veins. It was a bad idea to get involved with Nick. I knew it, but mostly, I wanted to prove to Dragon he didn't get to run my life and I could see whoever I wanted.

Thinking about Dragon sours my mood even more.

He's a stalker. Ridiculously hot but psychotic stalker.

As if summoned by my thoughts alone, I sense him enter the clubhouse. Every muscle in my body tightens and I have to try desperately not to straighten my spine. Whenever I see him, I'm filled with disgust.

He would have raped and killed me.

When we were trapped in that creepy-ass perv land, the Night Giant freak ordered him to do just that. And like a trained dog, Dragon was ready. Had my sister not gone batshit crazy and taken my place, I wouldn't be here right now. I owe Stormy for her quick thinking, but it makes me feel like less than a man for not being able to protect her or myself.

I should have gone back to Arkansas after all that crap went down.

I should have.

My twin Calla and I both should have gone.

Instead, we stayed.

After what we went through, there wasn't any coming back normally from it. Besides, I want to help take down that motherfucker Night Giant. He's still out there doing fuck knows what.

That's partially the reason I joined the Royal Bastards MC.

The other was so I could learn how to defend myself.

I'll never allow myself to get into a situation where I can't fight back. All the fear I'd felt at being held captive and forced to perform a sex act on that monster has dissipated. All that remains is anger.

And *him*.

All of this would be so much easier if he wasn't here too, pissing me off each day. I can barely focus when Dragon is in the room with his stupid, smug smirks. He knows he's bigger and stronger than me and doesn't mind letting that be known.

But I'm not afraid of him.

I simply hate him.

"Baby Prospect," Dragon barks out. "Make me a drink."

Hate. Him. With. A. Passion.

Grinding my teeth to dust, I storm around to the back side of the bar, not bothering to look at the hot fucker. That only makes it worse. I know he's hot. He knows he's hot. Everyone knows he's the devil's beautiful gift to mankind. Doesn't mean I have to like him.

"What do you want?" I spit out, still refusing to meet his smoldering stare.

Being a prospect, I was sure they'd give me a bitch job like cleaning the garage or working on bikes or yardwork. But

Prez wants me manning the bar in the clubhouse. He's been trying to move the partying out to the clubhouse because he and his ol' lady are playing house in the big one. Fine by me. I like the clubhouse because it's the farthest place away from Dragon since he still lives at Koyn's. Only recently has he taken to bugging the shit out of me every day, though.

"For you to stop being a little asshole," Dragon says, humor in his voice. "And a Jack and Coke. Same for Katana."

I roll my eyes as I start their drinks. Katana, I've learned, is Dragon's shadow. He silently follows him around everywhere. I wouldn't be surprised if the guy watched him take a shit. It's bad enough having Dragon's imposing presence clouding around me, but add in his loyal best friend, and it's too much. I can always breathe again when they finally take their asses out of the clubhouse.

"Yo, BP," Nees calls out.

Now I smile and the tension bleeds out of me even though I hate my road name—BP, shortened from Baby Prospect. One good thing about joining the RBMC was meeting Nees. He's close to my age, a spitting image of his good-looking father, and we get along well. If he were gay too, I'd probably beg the dude to marry me or some shit. He's that perfect. But he's as straight as they come and I know better than to pursue a guy like him. Plus, I need him to be my best friend here.

I need someone.

Anyone who isn't my twin.

Just thinking that has guilt sluicing through me. Calla and I have always been joined at the hip. But...after the kidnapping, things have been different between us. I know that shit is on me. I'm the one who's harnessed the anger and tried to ride the wild stallion. The sweet, soft parts that match Calla's are gone. Charred and left for dead. I can't be who she needs me to be, so I avoid her.

I avoid a lot of people these days.

A strong hand clasps on my shoulder, making me jump. For a split second, I worry it's Dragon. But the second I get a

whiff of spearmint gum, I know it's Nees.

"You're on edge," he observes, never missing a thing, much like his father.

"Just in a pissy mood." I pour Dragon's and Katana's drinks. "You mind handing these over?"

He chuckles quietly. "And miss you and Dragon getting into a bitch fight? Never."

Fucker.

I leave him to pour his own damn drink, turning to make my way over to the man I loathe. His eyes burn into me, begging for me to look at him. Not because he cares. Because he likes to stare me the fuck down anytime I'm near. I'm just angry enough today I might not be the first to look away this time. Testing that theory, I lift my gaze as I slam his drink down.

Green eyes the color of grass on a bright summer day.

Probing. Intense. Antagonistic.

Dragon truly is one of the most beautiful people on the planet. Dark lashes that frame his emerald eyes. A perfect nose seemingly chiseled by a sculptor. Full dark pink lips. Nearly black stubble along his sharp jawline and cheeks. His dark brown hair is longer on top and typically tousled in a way that looks runway or photoshoot ready. It's always the light, silvery scars on his cheek that catch my stare, reminding me of why I hate him. Scars my sister inflicted upon him when they fucked.

Not by choice.

Another one of Night Giant's fucked-up games.

"What?" I demand, hating how my gaze travels down the column of his throat, admiring the detailed inked dragon on his neck.

"Nothing, Baby Prospect."

I roll my eyes and storm off, but Dragon is lightning quick. Always faster. Always stronger. Always in my fucking air,

breathing. He leans across the bar, snatching my wrist. His larger hand completely encircles my entire arm, the strength in his grip making my bones ache.

“Let go of me,” I snap, meeting his fiery stare with a hate-filled one of my own. “Now.”

“Not until you tell me what’s your problem today.”

Today?

He’s my problem. Every damn day.

“Go to hell,” I grit out.

His eyes narrow and then he holds out his hand. Katana sets my phone in his waiting palm. God, I hate them both.

“Looks like your boyfriend broke up with you.” Dragon pouts out his bottom lip, making fun of me. “Poor little boy.”

I try to yank my arm back, but he’s stronger, his grip only tightening. “He wasn’t my boyfriend. I just sucked his dick from time to time.”

A muscle ticks in his jaw before he releases me. He sets the phone down on the bar top and slides it my way. “Looks like you’re in for a dry spell.”

This. Fucking. Guy.

I sneer at him. “Or maybe I could make you suck it. Since you’re so damn good at it.”

“The fuck you say?”

“You heard me.”

“Cove,” Nees says from nearby. “Walk away.”

I know I’m poking the bear. Or the dragon in this case. But I’m so over him. Meeting Dragon’s stare, I make a crude gesture of jacking off.

That’s when I see it.

The second before he attacks, just like in that cage that night.

His face seems to shutter completely as someone else takes over. The real monster lurking inside him. Because I've seen it before, though, I'm already seconds ahead of him. I take off past the bar and through the living room, leaping over the sofa on my trip to the door. His heavy footfalls behind me have my heart ratcheting in my chest. A dragon chasing a fucking kitten. I have claws now. I'm not afraid to use them.

Flinging open the door, I barely make it outside before slamming into a solid chest. Before I can land on my ass, the scent of cigarette smoke and leather invades my nostrils. The air of authority ripples around me as two strong hands grip my shoulders, keeping me upright. Dragon, in all his burning heat, sears into me from behind, but he doesn't touch me.

"Prez," I grunt out, withering under Koyn's hard glare.

"What the hell's going on between you two?" Koyn demands, his lit cigarette between his lips bouncing as he speaks. His dark eyes dart between me and Dragon behind me. "Hmm?"

"Playing chase." My words are a low blow, throwing out a play on Dragon's real name, Chase, but fuck him. I'm so tired of his shit.

Dragon growls. Yes, growls. Like a fucking lunatic, madman wild animal.

"You know what my dad used to do back in the day when Copper and I would be at each other's throats?" Koyn asks, a smirk tugging at his lips.

"Spank you?" Dragon offers, sending more fury rushing through me like a flood of liquid fire.

Koyn chuckles, dark and kind of evil. "He wasn't that kind of daddy. No, he locked our asses in the shed or the garage or the damn barn. Made us clean up or haul equipment or whatever the hell else needed doing. No rules or supervision. Just me and my brother left to sort it out. We usually ended up with a black eye each, but by the end of it, we got that shit out of our system and moved on."

The thought of being trapped again with Dragon makes my stomach roil in disgust. No, thank you.

“My grandma used to just separate us and put us in a time-out,” I grind out, unable to meet Koyn’s penetrating stare.

“Yeah?” Koyn says. “Well, I ain’t your fuckin’ grandma. Get your shit together or I’ll have you both cleaning the slaughterhouse from top to bottom after we have our way with Corsetti.”

He releases me, shouldering past me.

“Corsetti?” Dragon demands, following him back into the clubhouse. “Loki’s problem?”

I let out a heavy sigh and go in as well. Koyn doesn’t come out to the clubhouse unless we’re having Church or he has business to talk about. Apparently, Loki, the prez of the Reno, Nevada, RBMC chapter, has dumped his shit into our lap.

“Loki’s problem *is* our problem,” Koyn barks back, making his way over to the bar and sitting down. “Anthony Corsetti’s son, Max, took off and headed out east.”

Knowing where my duty lies, I stalk over to the bar to grab him a bottle of Jameson and a glass. Once I pour him a couple of fingers’ worth, I set the bottle beside his glass and cross my arms over my chest. Dragon sits back down beside Katana. Nees is perched next to him, an eyebrow raised at me as if to silently ask me if I’m okay.

“Do we have him?” Nees asks. “Is he here?”

“No, but we’re going to intercept him.” Koyn downs his drink before slamming it on the countertop. “BP, how you handling a Glock these days?”

“I can hit a target,” I assure him, my voice a little too squeaky for my liking.

Katana snorts and I have the urge to flip him off. So maybe I’m not that good at hitting the target yet, but I know how to shoot the damn gun.

“I can do whatever needs to be done.” This time, I harness some of the earlier anger and harden my words with it. “I got

your back, Prez.”

His dark eyes soften briefly. “I know you do. I know you all do. Now gather up the rest of the guys, BP. We have shit to discuss.”

“Yes, sir.”



FOUR

Dragon

The seedy bar just outside of Oklahoma City reeks of desperation. Women with dark makeup and trashy clothes cling to whichever man will offer their arm. A few have glanced my way with interest, but quickly looked the other way when they saw my expression.

I'm not here to fuck around.

I'm here to wrangle a Corsetti for Loki. Koyn says it's our problem, so it's our fucking problem. Doesn't mean I have to like it. If it were my choice, we'd be dealing with Night Giant. He's too quiet for my liking. Too still. Though we have eyes on him, watching his every move, it's unnerving not knowing what's going on inside his head.

Soon.

Right now, we have a job.

Grab this Max Corsetti fucker for Loki and extract information through whatever means necessary. I've been dying to get my hands dirty. To slice through the flesh of an enemy, bathing in their howls of pain. I'd be looking forward to this whole damn trip if Prez didn't send *him* along for the ride.

Baby Prospect.

He sticks out like a sore thumb wherever we go. Where everyone here is rough and their demons are written in faded ink on their arms or the darkness in their eyes, Cove Gale is like a goddamn angel. Glowing. Innocent. Vulnerable. He makes it hard as fuck to keep my promise to Stormy while also obeying Koyn's orders. If he were like Filter or even Nees, for fuck's sake, I wouldn't feel so torn.

But he's not.

He's broken and fragile and unpredictable.

Soft.

So fucking soft.

It makes it insanely difficult to keep my focus on the job when I have to make sure his ass isn't getting hurt or into trouble.

"He's not here," Nees says, sidling up beside me. "Just made the rounds. No one's talking."

Because these people are smart. You don't blab your secrets when some newcomer starts asking around. Not to mention, even though Nees is a criminal like the rest of us, he interrogates like his father. It screams Fed or cop. I probably should be doing the questioning myself, but Koyn wanted us to slide in and out. Not bring attention to ourselves. If I'm the one questioning, I'll get answers one way or another and that shit isn't always quiet or clean.

"Who's that guy?" I ask, tipping my head toward Baby Prospect, who's sitting awfully close to a big, bearded guy, talking lowly between the two of them.

"Not sure. BP's been talking to him this whole time." Nees shrugs and sips his beer. "Might be a hookup."

Anger churns in my gut. This is why Koyn should have made Cove stay home. He's more interested in getting laid than doing his damn job.

Sure enough, Cove grins at the guy, a smile I've certainly never seen before, and gestures for the bathroom. Is he fucking kidding me right now? The larger guy stands up, slings a

possessive arm over Cove's shoulders, and guides him to the bathroom.

I slam my beer down with a hard clank that earns me several stares. Katana grips my elbow, leaning in, and hisses, "Don't."

Ignoring my best friend, I slide off the stool, storming into the bathroom after them. I find Cove sitting on the counter with the bearded fuckface standing between his parted thighs. Their mouths are all over each other—demanding and hungry.

I see fucking red.

Pouncing on the bearded guy, I grab him in a headlock, snarling at him. Cove bellows at me, his voice echoing off the cinderblock walls, but I ignore him. I tighten my grip around this guy's fat neck, clinging on as he struggles to fight me off and gasp for air. The moment he loses consciousness, we hit the floor hard. I shove the big fucker off me and rise to my feet. I'm just unsheathing my knife when Cove gets in my face, grabbing me by the cut.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" he demands, his spittle hitting my face.

"It's not playtime, Baby Prospect." I bring the blade of my knife to his neck, pressing in just hard enough for him to feel how sharp it is but not break the skin. "Get the fuck off me."

Cove smacks my hand back, sending my knife clattering to the tile floor. "You started this, Dragon. I was getting information and you interrupted—"

"He was going to fuck you for it!" The rage inside of me doesn't seem to simmer but instead boils over. "The guy is twice your size!"

Cove's blue eyes are icy and cold as he glowers at me. I know he hates me, but I don't give a fuck. He can get over it. His method of obtaining information was reckless and stupid.

"I can handle myself," he spits out, sounding so much like Stormy I nearly laugh.

I grab his throat, spinning us so his back is against the cinderblock wall, my hips pinning him in place. “No. You can’t.”

Fear briefly ripples over his features before it’s once again chased away by anger. Since the fucker has been working out, he’s not quite the boy I once overpowered in a cage. No, there’s a little power thrumming through him.

“Let go of me, Dragon, or so help me...” He trails off, his words clipped and sharp.

“Or you’ll what?” When he doesn’t respond, I bring my mouth to his ear. “That’s right. You’ll do nothing because you can’t. You’re just a fucking kid.”

He tries to take a swing at me, but I’m quicker, grabbing both wrists and slamming them to the wall. His yelp—cowed and resigned—makes my dick twitch.

“Know what I think?” I chuckle as I drop my gaze to his parted lips. “I think you like being at my mercy.”

“Fuck. You.”

“You’d like that too.” I run my nose along his, reveling in the sharp hiss of air he sucks in. “Right?”

“Touch one hair on my head and I will murder you in your sleep.”

The disgust seeping into his words has me recoiling. It reminds me of the day I was introduced to Night Giant after I was taken. Back then, I’d been a sixteen-year-old kid filled with false bravado. I thought my strength from playing basketball and my big mouth would be enough to keep the monsters at bay.

Boy, was I wrong.

Night Giant only saw it as incentive to want to break me.

“I’m not like him,” I mutter to myself. “I’m not.”

“Keep telling yourself that.”

Our conversation is interrupted when someone bursts into the bathroom. I release Cove to pick my knife back up,

swiveling to face the newest threat.

Nees.

“Katana is beating the shit out of some dude in the parking lot. Time to roll,” he barks out before rushing out of the bathroom.

I race after him, ready to give Katana backup, though I know he can handle his own shit. Sure enough, once outside, he’s kicking some guy in his ribs.

“Need help?” I ask, squatting down beside the groaning dude.

The guy whimpers and then pukes near my boots. I rise to my feet, planting my foot on his cheek to keep him from standing up.

Katana’s nearly black eyes flash with anger. “He was hitting on his girl.”

I follow Katana’s stare to a redhead with freckles and a black eye. She can’t be a day over eighteen.

“Go home to your mommy,” I tell the girl.

She doesn’t have to be told twice and scurries away. Katana cracks his neck, but his anger has faded. Usually it’s the other way around. He has to keep me in check. But there isn’t a hot button quicker on Katana than a man putting his hands on a woman.

“Anything on the guy inside?” Katana asks.

“Didn’t give him a chance to talk.”

The guy under my boot whines. I grind my foot into his cheek, causing him to howl.

Nees chuckles as he approaches. “Smells like piss. I think you made him piss his pants, Dragon.”

“What the fuck did I do?” I groan, sneering down at the man who indeed smells like piss. “I didn’t even have a chance to use my knife.”

“What now?” Cove demands, crossing his arms over his chest and scowling my way. “No one knows anything around here.”

Despite all his bitchiness and always mouthing, he still looks too pretty to be a part of this MC.

Like you once were?

I ignore that thought. Cove is nothing like me. Even before...everything...I was made of tough shit. Cove is just a weak kid.

“We go back inside, have another drink, and keep our dicks in our fucking pants, Baby Prospect.” I smirk at him. “You think you can do that?”

His response is a middle finger in my face.



Why are we still here?

The fuck if I know.

That's right, idiot, it was your idea.

I scowl as I down the rest of my Jack. The bar has gotten busier as the night wears on, reminding me of why I wanted to stay. Bermuda had good intel about this place being on Max Corsetti's path. I have a hunch that if we wait it out, we might come across something useful.

Against my own will, my eyes seek out Cove. His cheeks are pink from drinking too much and his blond hair is messy. Whenever Nees talks to him, he flashes him a bright smile before trying to hide it by biting on his lip. As much as I've been watching the people in this bar, I've equally had my eyes on Cove.

How can I not notice him?

Everyone notices him.

Because he's fucking pretty. Or good-looking. Sexy. Whatever. He's got Stormy's sex appeal, but he doesn't even realize it.

Not that I'm looking or remotely interested.

Night Giant made sure I'd never be into sex ever again. Not normally anyway. Yes, I have urges, but they're all too fucked up. The only time I can get off is by my own hand after one of my nightmares where I can still feel that fucker's hands on me.

It's disgusting.

I'm interested, however, in the way my body burns whenever I look at Cove. The fire shoots its way straight down my spine and through the length of my cock, filling it with blood and making my black jeans tighten.

Back in high school, I called myself bisexual. Mostly, I just liked to fuck around about as much as I liked basketball. It didn't matter about the sex of the person so long as they were hot or had a nice mouth. All that changed when I ended up with Night Giant. I no longer craved being with someone intimately and began to hate it. Not that I had a choice. When it came to him, he took what he wanted or forced me to obey his every command. He knew my body better than I did.

My dick softens at the thought of being back there. With him. Alone. Naked. Fucking terrified. In pain. I curl my hand into a fist, desperate to end that psychopath once and for all. Flipping my phone over on the bar top, I swipe it open and check my texts. Nothing new from Bermuda. He's been keeping tabs on Night Giant, who's been hiding out in a run-down trailer in Arkansas. It's been fucking forever since we escaped that abandoned hotel. As much as I want to swoop in and slit that asshole's throat, Koyn won't let me.

I understand his reasoning—to see if we can't draw out more of his pervert snakes—but I don't have to like the fact we sit around and do nothing. It's like Night Giant knows we can't find shit on him and is biding his time. We keep waiting for him to slip up, giving us more information about him, but

he never does. He won't. I'd rather just cut his heart out and be done with it.

When Cove stumbles and Nees makes a grab to keep him from falling, I decide we've had enough. I slide off the stool and make my way over to them.

"I'm Batman," Cove mocks, making his voice sound deeper before laughing. His blue eyes are cruel and filled with hate.

Fucker.

"Yeah, show's over, Robin. Let's go." I grab his bicep, jerking him toward me. His drunk ass falls against my chest, barely grabbing onto my cut before he falls to the ground. The heat from his body burns into my front, stoking the fire that was in my dick only moments ago. As soon as he realizes what his proximity has done to me, he stiffens, his plump lips parting in shock.

"I'm tired," Cove blurts out, his Adam's apple bobbing in his throat. "So fucking tired."

Of being here tonight?

Of life?

Of this war between us?

"Me too," I mutter. "Let's get back to the motel."

For once, the little shit doesn't fight me. Instead, he nods before resting his forehead against my sternum, his hot breath tickling me through my T-shirt.

"You smell good, Chase." His murmured words are like ice water dousing the flames of desire that were licking at me.

"Don't call me that." I grip his shoulders and push him away from me. "Let's go."

Katana nods at me. Most days we don't need the words. He knows what I want. He and Nees will stay here to try and get info while I get the drunk kid into bed. Luckily, the motel isn't far. I'm not sure I'd be able to keep Cove upright on my bike with me for more than a couple of miles. His drunk ass

would probably pass out. The last thing I need is road rash from the brat.

“Don’t touch me,” Cove complains, once again back to his bitching as he jerks away from me. “Leave me alone.”

I grit my teeth, holding back from knocking his ass out just to keep him from acting like an asshole. He stomps out of the bar like a child, earning several amused stares. When they meet my pissed off glare, the smiles are wiped right off their faces. As soon as I step outside, Cove stands in the middle of the parking lot, staring straight up.

“What are you doing?” I demand as I make my way over to him. “Counting stars?”

He snorts. “No.” A small sigh escapes him. “Just admiring the view.”

I follow his gaze to the brilliantly starlit sky. “I knew you were a nerd.” Grabbing hold of his elbow, I drag him over to my bike. “Get on.”

“No, man,” Cove growls. “Go get the keys from Nees. We’ll take Copper’s truck.”

I straddle my bike and scowl at him. “Don’t make me *force* you.”

Rage burns in his blue eyes that seem to glow in the moonlight. Rather than attempting to punch me like I can tell he’s itching to do, he clumsily climbs onto the back. I turn the engine over, getting a thrill at the power that rumbles beneath me. The smirk on my face fades when Cove wraps his arms around me.

“Don’t wreck,” he bites out over the sound of the engine.

I gun it out of the parking lot, spraying gravel behind us. His arms tighten around me and his thighs squeeze me. And damn if my dick doesn’t perk up again.

After years of being broken, I try not to let hope trickle in and make me feel human again. I won’t feel human until Night Giant’s blood is all over my hands as I steal his last breath.



FIVE

Cove

Why does he have to smell so good?

It's not fair. I'm not even twenty yet and have the world at my fingertips. I could choose any guy to fuck around with. But my dick doesn't want just any guy. It wants him.

Dragon.

The fact I have my arms around him and sitting on the back of his bike like I'm his bitch has me seeing red again. How can my body be so equally torn? My dick wants to play and my brain is screaming warnings at me.

Dragon is a monster.

I've seen what he can do. Hell, he almost did it to me, too.

A shiver ripples down my spine, forcing me to burrow my face against Dragon's solid back to ward off the chill. His scent is leathery from his cut and maybe even a hint of cigarette smoke. Just like any biker.

Lies.

Beneath that he smells like sex and sin and something so uniquely him that it maddens me.

Fire.

He smells like fire.

I try to think of anything else besides his scent, but it's invading me against my will. Infecting my every cell. Sinking into my every pore. I'm intoxicated by him.

I'm an idiot.

Always had a soft spot for danger.

Calla, my sweet twin, always seemed to have the sixth sense I was missing. Since Stormy was a Fed, I'd say she has it too. But me? It's like I'm called to it. The danger is a pulse only my ears can hear, luring me toward it like a siren to the sea.

By the time we reach the motel, my dick is painfully hard in my jeans. I'm sure Dragon is well aware of that fact since I've been pressed up against him this whole time. It annoys me further that he's probably smug over it too.

He kills the engine and climbs off. Smooth and coordinated and deadly. Not unlike how he stalked me that night, his green eyes ablaze with intent to attack, destroy, kill. I fumble my way off the bike, nearly tipping it over in the process. Cursing, I steady it before meeting his penetrating stare.

Amusement.

If I've learned anything since I came to be a part of the RBMC, it's that Dragon is a different breed than what he was at the hotel. Still dark and dangerous and fucking crazy, but also more human. Everyone but Katana and Stormy give him a wide berth, respecting the fact he could snap at any second.

I've seen the snap.

Been the prey during the snap.

His amusement is just a layer hiding the fire-breathing dragon he is beneath. I can see him for what he is. An enemy.

Dragon unlocks the motel room where we'd tossed our bags earlier—two queen beds—and walks inside. I follow him, the hairs on my arms standing at attention. Being alone with him makes me nervous.

“Go to bed, Baby Prospect.”

With his back to me, he whips off his cut, tossing it on the desk chair. Then he grabs the back of his shirt just below his neck and pulls it off. My traitorous eyes drink in the inked up, muscular skin as it's revealed to me. His black jeans hang low on his hips, giving me a peek of the sexiest back dimples at the base of his spine.

Fuck.

He tosses his shirt onto the bed before disappearing into the bathroom. As soon as the shower starts, I groan just thinking about him soapy and naked. This is torture. Finding your nemesis hot is a punishment fit for some circle of hell.

Quickly, I strip down to my boxers and slide beneath the stiff sheets that smell like cheap laundry soap. Because I'm a greedy bastard, I snag Dragon's abandoned shirt, bringing it to my nose.

God.

Why must he smell so fucking good?

With my nose buried in his shirt, I rub my dick over my boxers. My wicked mind conjures up the soapy shower image with no problem. I imagine him stroking his thickness in time with the way I rub at my own dick.

I clumsily shuck out of my boxers, eager to feel the skin of my palm on my bare length. My filthy thoughts are still with Dragon in the shower. Sure, I try to remember Nick's mouth—the way his lips felt around me. Soft and wet and hungry. But each time, I'm imprisoned by the image of Dragon's green eyes boring into me as he takes me into his throat.

The bed dips with the weight of another person, making me halt my furious stroking. How much time has passed? I pray to fuck it's Nees or Katana already back from the bar.

Somehow, I know, though.

It's not.

It's *him*.

The fiery heat of him is suffocating me, trapping me in its unyielding hold. I freeze with my hand still wrapped around my throbbing dick. My heart is hammering in my chest as I wait for his attack.

The blanket and sheet get ripped away, exposing me to the monster. A whimper creeps out of me as he slowly tugs away the T-shirt from my face. I squeeze my eyes shut, refusing to look at him. It's childish, but it's the only thing I can control at the moment.

I certainly can't control the way my body yearns for his wicked touch.

Or the way my heart thunders so loud it rattles my bones.

My dick is completely out of my control, leaking with pre-cum and twitching in my grip.

Fingertips dance along my abs, making me suck in a sharp breath. His touch is surprisingly gentle and teasing. I try to remember the way he scared the shit out of me when we were locked in that cage, victims of Night Giant's ruthless orders.

Victims.

Guilt sluices through me, souring my resolve to hate this man. Copper and Stormy told me everything Dragon went through. His kidnapping as a teenager. Being forced into sexual slavery before adulthood. The mind control Night Giant had over him when Dragon was back in his steely clutches.

"Don't touch me," I croak out, my voice weak and sounding unsure.

"You want me to." Smug. Curious. Matter of fact.

Fuck, I hate him.

My eyes pop open so I can stare into his vicious green eyes because clearly I need reminding of the monster he is. Rather than terrifying me with his stare, I'm sucked into it. Desperate for all that intensity focused on me and me alone. There isn't murder in his eyes like once before.

There's uncertainty or maybe even a glimmer of excitement. It sure as hell isn't anything I've ever seen before

being reflected back at me.

“You make my dick hard,” he murmurs, awe shining in his eyes. “So hard.”

A mewl crawls out of me. There’s a certain satisfaction in having the unpredictable man’s attention solely on you. It’s like the detonation of a bomb. Everything around me is decimated and destroyed.

My focus is on him.

Wet, dark hair hanging over his brows. Scruffy cheeks. Sharp jawline. Full, kissable lips. The greenest eyes I’ve ever seen. So fucking beautiful.

“I hate you,” I remind him, but the words sound fake even to my own ears.

“Good.”

With lightning quick reflexes, he grabs my wrists, pinning them to the bed as his powerful body slides over mine. The weight of him crushes me against the cheap mattress, the springs digging painfully into my backside. All I can do is swallow down the fear threatening to choke me, my eyes latched onto his.

Begging and pleading.

Please don't hurt me.

Just like before. I’ve become the prey for this wild predator. Something small and insignificant for him to devour and ruin.

His forehead presses to mine as his breath tickles over me. The grip on my wrists may as well be metal cuffs for how strong it is. Immovable. Unbreakable. Dragon shifts his body so that our cocks are sandwiched between us. All rational thought of escaping his hold fades around me right along with my will to fight him off. Pleasure curls in the pit of my stomach, making my dick throb with need. A quick, teasing thrust of his hips has us both gasping for air.

I want to scream at him to get off me.

To remind him he's a monster.

Claw and kick and fight and rage.

Instead, I angle my head up, seeking the softness of his lips. His mouth doesn't move or part to grant me access, so I nip at his bottom lip, the urge to taste him overwhelming. This has a bone-chilling growl rumbling through him that should have me running for the hills.

Rather than run, I bite him again. Harder. With anger infused into the action. A warning. I'm not the prey. I'm not.

His mouth captures mine in what I can only describe as a full attack. A plan to not only explore but to conquer and own. The needy whines escaping me are devoured by his groans. Each time his hips grind against me, I suck in air that tastes like him, desperate to fill my aching lungs with the toxic fog of him.

One of my hands manages to break free of his hold. I should push away or claw at him. Not spear my fingers into his wet hair, caressing his scalp with a tenderness I didn't know I possessed. His responding moan sets my soul on fire until I'm surrounded by the flames of him, suffocating on the sinful air.

He sucks on my tongue and then bites back, not quite as feral as mine. The thought warms me, chasing away the self-preservation and apprehension that always exists in his presence. I kiss him like I could win a war against him.

Challenging and furious and unrelenting.

His cock slides against mine in such a satisfying way, it doesn't take long for my balls to tighten with the urge to come. I grip his hair, undecided if I should pull him off me or tug him closer. In the end, he makes the decision for me, kissing me deeply as his thrusting carries me right over the edge.

A ragged roar of pleasure rips from my throat as my entire body seizes with my orgasm. Hot cum drenches our stomachs between us, creating the slick lubricant for him to find his own way to ecstasy. He cries out in what can only be described as shock a second before his seed gushes out of him, soaking us

and mixing with mine. His movements slow to a stop as his penetrating stare slices through me like a blade, flaying me before him.

“Get off me,” I whisper. “Get the fuck off me.”

His body tenses at my words, but he doesn't listen. No surprise there. He reaches for his discarded shirt and then proceeds to unpin me, resting on his side next to me. I hiss when he swipes his shirt over my cock, cleaning the combined cum off. His movements are almost sweet as he cleans the rest off of me and then himself.

I'm so confused.

A mixture of disgust and regret churns in my gut, souring the alcohol and threatening to make it reappear. Acid burns my esophagus.

What the fuck did we just do?

It's Dragon, for God's sake.

But, for as much as I hate him, I don't hate his mouth or his cock or his touch. I don't hate the way his green eyes study me with sharp intelligence as though he can peer inside my brain right now. I feel exposed and ruined and raw. Tears burn at my eyes while my bottom lip wobbles. I bite down on it to keep the sob locked in my throat.

“Please leave me alone,” I beg, one of the stupid tears escaping and racing down my temple. “Please.” And because it worked to piss him off before, I whisper his name, “Chase.”

His emerald eyes harden into stone and his jaw clenches. Even in his fury, he's a beautiful sight to behold. I want him to recoil away from me. I need him to because my heart is in agony right now.

He raises a hand, causing me to flinch. Then his thumb swipes away the tear. “I'm afraid I can't do that, Baby Prospect.”

But he does just that.

Leaves me alone.

Slides off the bed, revealing his toned ass and muscular thighs to me, and saunters into the bathroom. The shower starts back up again as a chill sweeps over my naked flesh. I blink away my daze, quickly scrambling to get my boxers back on. After I throw my T-shirt on too, I bury myself under the blanket, hoping to provide as many layers of protection as I can between us.

I hate Dragon with all that is in me.

So why do I ache for him?

Why does it hurt now that I'm alone in this bed with nothing but my pitiful thoughts?

Whatever just happened between us can't happen again. I won't survive going down that path with Dragon. No fucking way. He'll burn his way right through me. I'm papery thin as it is, barely managing to hold onto this life where I never feel as though I belong. All it'll take is for his burn to singe one tiny corner of me. I'll light up so fast, I'll have no hope of stopping it. In the end, I'll be nothing but ash.

I have to be strong.

Like the man I'm trying so hard to become.

I can do this.

I have to do this.

My life and sanity depend on it.



SIX

Dragon

I try to remember my life before Night Giant. Before he stole my innocence and made me his warped plaything. There was a time I had normal desires and wants. To love and be loved. To go to college and play ball. To make my parents proud.

All of it feels like a lost dream belonging to someone else.

My only dream now is to get my hands on that motherfucker so I can make him pay. I crave to slice and dice him. To cut his skin off inch by inch so he can feel one iota of the pain he caused me. I need to make him suffer.

Cracking my neck, I light up another cigarette. The soft click of the door behind me is my only tell I'm no longer alone. Katana, always in tune with my moods, sidles up beside me like a silent shadow. Immediately, the tension leaves my body and I can breathe easier. He's always been the person who keeps me still when I feel as though I'm spinning out of control.

"You didn't sleep much last night," Katana muses, stealing my cigarette to take a drag. "Tossed and turned a lot."

Like in the beginning.

After my first escape. Back before Koyn invited us into his home and club. Every night back then was like drowning. I

struggled to stay afloat when my thoughts were like anchors pulling me down. So often, Katana would curl up behind me and simply wrap his warmth and safety around me like a blanket. He'll always be the soothing presence in my world.

"A lot on my mind," I grunt out, my stare on the horizon as the sun rises.

"Night Giant?"

"Yep."

"And..."

I bristle because I'm not exactly eager to talk about what happened with Cove. I'm not even sure of it myself. All I know is I felt alive and whole and like the boy from my past. The fragile, innocent, trusting boy who walked right into the den of the devil. Those hot, frantic, stolen moments with Cove were like being given a morsel of my past. Greedily, I devoured it because I was so desperate in that moment for a glimpse of who I used to be. When reality set in, I realized the stupidity of letting my guard down.

I can't ever be Chase again.

Chase got caught.

Chase got tortured and raped and wiped from existence.

Chase is dead to me.

An ache forms in my chest. Longing floods through me, making me yearn to open social media and seek out my brothers. The addiction is real. I can't stop peeking in on them, making sure their lives are exactly as they should be. Normal. Boring. Simple. It's more kernels of my past that I greedily snatch up.

But in the end, I'm standing here holding shards and pieces of a young man. I'll never have him back in his entirety. Night Giant stole certain parts of me I'll never get back. They'll never be recovered. So instead of trying to rebuild who I used to be, I have to accept the man I am now. He might not be whole either, but he's vicious and strong.

“It’s BP,” Katana says, his voice tight. “He has you all twisted up.”

I clench my jaw, grinding my teeth to dust so I don’t spill out a bunch of shit I’ll regret saying later. It was just one night. We got off. He’s still weak and fragile—something I’m tasked with protecting—and he still hates me. The alcohol changed the game, but if I know Cove, he’ll be full of stubborn bitchiness again today, keeping me at arms’ length where I belong.

“Anything from last night?” I demand, changing the subject.

Katana lets out a quiet sigh, fused with frustration. I know sometimes it bothers him that I don’t open up to him. It bothers me, but I can’t articulate some things. Cove is one of them.

“That girl,” Katana mutters, “that was getting beaten on?”

“I remember.”

“She came back. Said she didn’t want to say it in front of her boyfriend, but she knows where Corsetti might be.” He steals my cigarette again, taking another deep drag before blowing out a plume of smoke. “We should be able to wrangle him up easily enough tonight and take them back to Tulsa.”

This is good news, but I’m still filled with unease.

“Where?” I demand.

“A bar just a few miles away from here.”

“Let’s go.”

“We will. Tonight. Until then, we’re going to check in with Koyn and Bermuda. Research this bar a bit. You know we don’t go in half-cocked. That’s not the Koynakov way. Prez likes to do shit the smart way.”

I grit my teeth, knowing he’s right. It’s not like the bar will even be open this time of morning. If we want to be successful, we need to be prepared.

“Try to grab a few more hours of sleep,” I grumble. “After breakfast, we’ll make a plan.”

Katana gives me a nod, squeezes my shoulder, and then walks back into the room. After I burn through another cigarette, I stub it out beneath my boot and then head inside. Katana is already passed out on the bed he shared with me last night. Nees and Cove are fucking cozy in the other bed with Nees’s arm slung over Cove’s smaller body like they’re fuck buddies.

I should try to sleep, but all I can do is stare.

At him.

Baby Prospect.

Cove’s full, parted lips are a reminder of what happened last night. My own bottom lip is sore from where he bit me like a fucking puppy. I run my tongue along the soreness of it, somehow still able to taste the sweetness of him.

Katana was right.

Cove has me all twisted up.



Apparently we can’t just show up at this bar tonight or we’ll be obvious. According to Bermuda during our FaceTime call after breakfast, we need to make a stop by a tattoo shop. A guy there named Wex is supposed to be our ticket to the bar. If we show up with him, it lets everyone else know we’re cool. Then we can get inside to where Corsetti is lying low. It sounds like a lot of extra goddamn steps if you ask me, when we could just wait for the fucker to emerge, but Koyn’s word is the law. He wants us to get our mark in the quiet, less messy way.

“Any good bars around here?” Nees asks the receptionist at the tattoo shop. “We’re passing through and wanted to get smashed tonight.”

The girl has a face full of piercings and tattoos that color every available inch of skin. She seems annoyed with Nees's friendliness based on the way she rolls her eyes and smacks her gum.

"There's a shit-kicker bar next door." She smirks at him. "Not that you're old enough to get in."

Knowing we'll never get anywhere with Nees leading the operation, I grab him by the back of his cut and drag him out of the way.

"I heard Empty Moon was a good place to get a drink." I narrow my gaze at her. "And I'm thirsty."

Her eyes narrow as she studies me. "You a cop or somethin'?"

Cove snorts. "Worse. He's Batman."

The girl peels her eyes from me to study Cove. "Blank canvas. Wex loves a virgin."

Katana's heat is behind me, calming the storm of irritation whipping inside me. I'm ready to reach across the counter and grab the girl by her nose ring if she doesn't cut the coy shit soon.

"I've been wanting a tatt," Cove says, shrugging.

Stormy would kill my ass if I let him get inked by some fuckface in OKC.

"No. Not here," I grit out. "Unless you're into shitty stick figures forever stained on your skin."

The girl scoffs. "The only way you're getting into Empty Moon is paying the price."

Still not marking up the kid on my watch.

"Fine," I snap. "He can ink me."

She crosses her arms over her chest and shakes her head. "Nope. You all get something done or you don't go to Empty Moon."

“Then we don’t go.” I nod my head toward the door. “We’re out.”

Cove pulls out his wallet and tosses some bills onto the counter. “I don’t want a shitty stick figure, but it said on your website he does piercings too.”

Her eyes gleam with delight. “Wex enjoys poking a virgin.”

I’m seriously going to kill this bitch.

“Cool,” Cove says, shrugging his shoulders. “I’ve been wanting to get my nipples pierced.”

Fiery heat chases away all the ice in my veins. My mind fixates on what Cove’s nipples would look like with metal piercing through the tender flesh. I can’t help but imagine the way they’d taste, too. A little salty like his personality, but sweet because he’s fucking soft.

“That settles it. I’ll get a room ready and call Wex in.” She sneers at me before disappearing into a back room.

Nees playfully punches Cove. “Your nipples? Kinky fucker. You think Nick is into that shit?”

Cove stiffens and scowls at Nees’s words. Someone hit a nerve. Just thinking about that douchebag from Stormy and Copper’s wedding has me fisting my hand, eager to smash the fuck out of something or someone.

“Nick’s married and straight,” Cove grumbles. “It’s not for anyone but me.”

And me.

I’m going to have the metal that’s attached to the bitchy boy between my teeth one day. My dick hardens painfully at the image. All thoughts of Cove’s naked body writhing beneath me vanish when a fat fucker with a long-ass gray beard waddles out of the backroom. Stains litter his once-white T-shirt and he brings with him the scent of greasy fast food. I’m revolted and would prefer to beat the hell out of the slobby fuckface to get answers and access to Empty Moon rather than letting him do work on us.

“I’ll do the virgin first,” Wex says, grinning at Cove.

I know he’s talking about piercing him, but the way he looks at him says something entirely different. Older men seem to lose their fucking sense around this kid. I want to choke the fucker, but Katana’s grip on the back of my neck prevents me from going apeshit.

Cove ignores Wex’s lascivious stare and gives him a nod. Wex shuffles into one of the side rooms, Cove right behind him. I shake off Katana’s hand to follow. The room isn’t that big, but I manage to squeeze into it, my attention solely on Cove. Irritation blazes in his blue eyes—hot and violent. It’s not far off from the look he gave me as our dicks rubbed together. I’m hard as hell in my jeans. Based on the slight pink color on Cove’s cheeks, I’d say he knows it too.

Shame doesn’t flood through me.

Desire does.

It’s such a foreign, unknown concept, I welcome it, allowing fantasies to evolve in my mind. I imagine what it would feel like to pull Cove’s jeans down, smack his pale ass, and then press the head of my thick cock between his cheeks.

“Take your shirt off,” Wex says, snapping me from my daydream.

I crack my neck. My eyes never leave Cove, but I keep Wex in my peripheral. Cove slowly tugs off his cut like it’s a striptease, his antagonizing grin aimed my way.

“Keep it up, Baby Prospect,” I warn, my voice a low growl. “You tease the dragon and you’re going to meet his fire.”

He shivers, which only seems to wake my dick up even more. My mouth goes dry when he peels away his T-shirt, revealing more of his bare flesh. He sits down in the chair and leans back. Without shame, I boldly rake my gaze down over his slightly muscular chest. There isn’t a hair to be found on his young chest, though there is a golden trail of hair below his navel that leads beneath his jeans. The slight bulge in his jeans

tells me he doesn't hate me nearly as much as he thinks he does.

I lean against the wall on my shoulder and pull my knife out so I have something to do with my hands rather than run them over Cove's silky flesh. The tip of my blade is sharp and stings when I press it a little too hard into the palm of my hand. Crimson dots my skin, slowly growing in size. As Wex sanitizes Cove's nipples, a dark rage rolls in like thunderclouds, swallowing up all peaceful sense.

"Perfect little nipples," Wex praises, tugging at the pebbled skin with gloved fingers. "Sometimes I love this job."

With a perverted grin, he readies himself to pierce Cove. The moment the needle pushes through the tender skin, Cove whimpers, clearly not expecting the pain of it.

"Fuck," Cove hisses. "That fucking hurt."



SEVEN

Cove

Holy shit.

The blinding, burning pain ripping across my chest is almost too much. I barely contain the surprised mewl. Gritting my teeth and fisting my hands, I try to ignore the searing pain and prepare myself to repeat it. Waiting for Wex to move on to the next nipple is torturous.

Something silver glints in my peripheral and I'm distracted by the man standing there. Dragon is a psychopath, but fuck does he look so damn good sometimes. Okay, all the time. And seeing the starved way he devours me with his narrowed green eyes is enough to make me squirm, remembering last night in great detail.

We were drunk...but goddamn did it feel good.

His strong, powerful body pinned my own down as he ground his naked cock against mine. It was equally horrifying because of who it was and the single most exquisite moment of my entire life. The lust won out as I eagerly chased my orgasm. However, the second reality came crashing in, the shame swept over me like a tidal wave.

Sick, sick Cove.

You liked blowing your kidnapper and you secretly like the man who would have raped and murdered you had your sister not sacrificed herself.

Guilt swarms in like a cloud of angry bees. I want to swat it away and blank out my mind, but the pain that's now stabbing through my other nipple keeps me trapped in Dragon's smoky haze.

Wex says something to me, explaining how I keep the piercings clean, and I attempt to pay attention, though it's hard with Dragon practically setting the small room on fire with just one hot look.

"Uh, what?" I croak out, meeting Wex's pervy stare.

"I said it's natural to get aroused," Wex drawls out, licking his cracked lips and then lowering his voice, "but if you need help taking care of this"—he boldly rubs his gloved palm over my erection in my jeans—"lose your guard dog and I'll make sure it's good for you."

I go to shove his hand away, but it's a fruitless effort because Dragon pounces like a lethal panther, lost to his own madness. He tackles Wex off the stool, sending them both crashing to the floor, instruments clattering all over the place. Dragon wails on him, punching him with the power of a god.

Oh, fuck.

He's not punching.

Stabbing.

He's fucking stabbing.

All I can do is stare in shock as Dragon drives deep holes into the struggling slob's chest, stomach, and neck, blood spurting up in a vicious arc when he slices through an important artery.

Katana slides into the room, his sharp gaze quickly analyzing the situation. I expect him to haul Dragon off, but instead he crosses his arms and calls out to Nees in a bored tone, "Change of plans."

Nees peeks into the room and groans. “Did I call it or did I call it, K?”

“You called it,” Katana replies before nodding at Dragon. “I think he’s dead now.”

Dragon snarls, his eyes dark with rage. “He deserved it.”

Katana tosses me my shirt and cut. “Put those back on. We need to bail.”

I scramble off the bench and throw my clothes back on, wincing at the sting of the fabric over my nipples. Dragon rises, staring at the corpse at his feet, a smirk transforming his stupidly gorgeous face from angry to amused.

Insane.

Completely fucking insane.

His head cocks to the side as he shifts his gaze to study me. I swallow down the unease, drowning out any lingering lust. With blood splattered all over his clothes, arms, and face, I should bolt away from this monster, not allow my stare to linger on the way his lips seem to pout out sometimes in an extremely tempting way. I’m still staring at his perfect mouth when Katana clears his throat.

I snap out of my daze, keeping my attention off the hole-riddled body on the floor and pushing past Katana to the reception area of the shop. The girl from earlier is gone, but I don’t waste time asking where she went. I follow Nees out, hopping into Copper’s truck with him. He doesn’t wait for Katana and Dragon, peeling out of the parking lot.

“Dude is fucking crazy,” Nees says, shaking his head, a manic grin on his face. “You never want to piss him off.”

His words settle in my gut, souring my stomach. Dragon stabbing Wex was just a reminder of his power and uncontrollably violent nature. Sure, we got off, but it was a one-time thing. Dangerous, but I lived. The next time, I might not be so lucky. I sure as hell won’t let my sister step in and save the day again. I’m an idiot for letting my guard down, even for a few seconds of bliss.

Dragon is a monster.

He eats guys like me for dinner.

The drive back to the motel is filled with Nees's chatter. I nod and smile where appropriate, but my head is still in that room with Dragon. It bothers me that I can't erase his lips from my mind. I should be disgusted, but nothing about his blood-splattered runway beautiful face turns me off.

I'm just like my mother.

Her choices left her with a brutal death. Mauled to death by the dogs of her drug dealing boyfriend. If it weren't for Stormy, who was able to shepherd away two toddlers while just being a kid herself, we would've met the same fate. We would've been consequences of Mom's terrible choices.

Stormy already paid for me once. I'll be damned if I keep putting my family in harm's way because I can't think with anything except my stupid dick.

By the time we step inside the motel, I'm hardened with the resolve to do better. When I'm not in Dragon's crosshairs, I can think properly. Like a sane man, not this dick-obsessed idiot I seem to become in his presence. While Nees calls Koyn to update him on the events that transpired, I close myself in the bathroom to take a look at my piercings. Once I shed my cut and shirt, I stare at the metal glinting under the harsh fluorescent lights.

They hurt pretty badly, but they look cool as hell.

The door handle jiggles, making me jolt in surprise.

"What?" I bark out.

"Shower."

Dragon's deep, irritated tone sends a shiver rippling down my spine and wrapping around to my groin. Just like that, all resolve flies out the window. With a shaky hand, I unlock the door and face off with the dragon. His nostrils flare and I swear I can imagine smoke coming from them. The blood is still splattered on his skin where he didn't even bother to try and clean it off at the shop.

I take a step forward to move past him, but he's already shoving inside the small space with me. He slams the bathroom door hard enough everything rattles in the motel room, including my teeth. Green eyes bore into me, fixating on my parted lips for a beat before raking down my naked chest. The heat of his stare on my newly pierced nipples has my dick once again betraying me.

"You killed him." I'd meant my words to come out as an accusation. Something to remind him he's a monster. Instead, they're soft and almost awe-filled. Shame licks at my skin, painting it crimson with each shallow breath I take.

"He touched you." His words are sharp like his blade, slicing through me in an unapologetic way. His words expose parts of me I've been trying to keep hidden.

Loneliness.

Despair.

The ache to be loved and needed and adored.

Despite my sane brain telling me to run, I turn my eyes from him and grab a clean washcloth from the shelf by the sink. Once I've wet it and wrung it out, I meet his penetrative stare in the mirror. The heat of his body burns into my back as he steps close enough I can feel his erection against my lower back. He rests his chin on the top of my head in an oddly affectionate gesture that has my heart flip-flopping in my chest.

My breath catches when his bloodstained hands skim over my abs but not touching me. The hairs stand on end, begging to be stroked by him. Rather than touch me, he hovers them up toward my pectorals. The metal of my piercings burns as though he's heating them in a supernatural way.

Because I'm an idiot, I press my ass against his hard dick, simultaneously hating and loving the thrill that rides through me at the thought of having him inside me. He doesn't touch me, even as I continue to push him back with my body until his back hits the wall behind him. Then I swivel around to face

him. His arms drop to his sides and he watches me with a hunger so ravenous it's dizzying.

Nick was always horny to get his dick sucked, but he never once looked at me like this. Like he wanted to bite every inch of flesh on my body. I crave to be bitten.

To keep from dropping to my knees and worshipping this unhinged beast of a man, I focus on scrubbing away the blood speckles on his face. I'm careful not to meet his stare that's still flaying me open. My heart is beating double time in my chest as I clean away the evidence of his rage.

He touched you.

His reasoning was so simple. As though it made perfect sense. Like it was his duty to protect me from the wickedness of the world. I haven't forgotten that only a few short months ago, he was part of that wickedness and had Stormy not intervened, I may not be here to tell the tale. I could have ended up like Wex at Dragon's vicious hands. But, despite what happened back then, it can't erase the way he makes me feel right now as he regards me with such intensity and those words are repeated back to me over and over again inside my head.

He touched you.

Once his face is clean, I scrub at his neck, fixated on the way the dragon inked there appears to move and breathe.

"I want to suck your dick," he murmurs, chasing his words all the way to my neck where he inhales me.

My body turns to stone and I choke out a, "N-No."

"I didn't say I was going to. I said I wanted to."

Because that makes all the sense in the world.

He continues, his words like soft caresses on my skin. "You don't understand, Baby Prospect. Ever since..." He trails off and then his fingers bite into my jaw hard enough I cry out. Slowly, he brings his face to where it's peering down at mine, our noses barely touching. "Ever since they took me, I've been broken."

“You’ve had sex,” I blurt out. “Not too broken.”

“With your sister,” he reminds me, his words dead and unfeeling, though lashing at me like a whip.

So I whip back. “And Night Giant.”

Why must I poke the bear? Or the dragon in this case?

I swallow down my unease, steeling my nerves against his intimidating presence. “You didn’t want it, though.”

“Smart kid.”

I bristle at his words. “That day in the cage, with you, I didn’t want it either.”

“I’m not like him.” His words are soft, barely fluttering over me like a feather. “I’m not.”

“You take what you want,” I accuse, the steamy reminder of last night igniting in my balls.

“If I took what I want,” he snaps back, “I’d have your pretty dick in my mouth and this conversation would be over.”

I swallow, trying desperately to get the image of this sinfully hot man on his knees with my cock down his throat. “You should shower,” I choke out. “We have shit to do.”

Fucking isn’t on that agenda, much to my aching dick’s dismay.

Dragon releases his grip on my jaw, his thumb brushing along my cheek. He doesn’t say another word as I step back and gain my bearings. I snatch up my clothes, eager to escape before he starts stripping off his.

Something tells me we’re not done discussing this subject.

And fuck if I’m not looking forward to it.

I have a death wish, that’s for damn sure.



EIGHT

Dragon

We're outsiders. That's blatantly obvious in the way everyone glares at us as we make our way inside the bar, Empty Moon. Because Wex got himself killed, we don't have the access to wherever it is Max Corsetti might be hiding out at. But even though Koyn bitched my ass out on the phone earlier after my shower, I don't regret it.

The fucker had it coming.

Four stools along the bar vacate as we approach. I'm not keen on leaving my back to these people, but I need a damn drink. I hop onto the first one and Katana slides in beside me. Nees and Cove sit on his other side. Nees, the big mouth of our group, flashes his fake ID and orders a round for the four of us. The bartender doesn't seem perturbed that Nees and Cove look like a couple of kids as he pours out some shots of tequila. I slam mine back, relishing the burn in my throat, before shoving the glass back toward the bartender for more. I've downed three before I begin to loosen up.

We'll figure out where that little Corsetti rat's hiding out and then we'll catch him. He's lucky it's us he's going to encounter rather than Loki. Loki's crazy ass makes me seem sane.

Cove laughs at something Nees says, drawing my attention his way. His cheeks have been perpetually stained pink since our encounter in the motel bathroom. The animosity that's normally thrown my way seems to have calmed.

"Never thought I'd see the day," Katana says, his voice low enough for only me to hear.

"Hmm?"

"You. Actually being normal."

I cut my eyes to his dark, amused ones. "Fuck off."

"I'm just saying, you're different with BP."

Fidgeting at his words, I knock back another shot before shrugging. "Don't know what you're talking about."

Katana smirks at me. "Denial is new too."

"I'm not in denial."

"You want to fuck him." He leans in, a taunting grin on his face. "And from where I sit, I'd say he'd be into it too."

Gritting my teeth, I try not to think about ripping Cove's clothes from his body and sinking into his tight ass. I bet he'd make more of those breathy sounds and try to rip my hair out as he comes like a wild man. My dick is aching hard in my jeans at the fantasy.

"No one cares, you know," Katana continues like he's a teenage gossip queen.

"If I fuck the kid?"

"If you fuck anyone, yeah, specifically the kid. Just because he's a guy, no one is going to give a shit."

My gaze once again finds Cove. His eyes dart away, the pink of his cheeks darkening. With his crooked smile and soft blond hair, he's an angelic temptation this devil can't ignore. If Koyn knew I was here obsessing over his prospect rather than stalking out our mark, he'd whip my ass.

"I'm gonna take a piss," I tell Katana, sliding off the stool. "If I'm not back in five, come looking for me."

I don't need to tell him I'm really going to see if I can't find out where the rat is hiding or the fact I want him to keep an eye on Cove. Katana is like my brother. He knows. He just knows.

As I make my way toward the back of the bar, I try not to think about my real brothers—*Chase's* brothers. Kai is twenty-five now, a junior advertising exec at a firm in downtown Memphis. Benjamin just turned twenty-one and his social media is nothing but party pictures. I'm sure Mom and Dad love that. It's the baby of our family that has my chest squeezing. He turns eighteen this year and is playing varsity basketball at his school, the same school I went to. Seeing pictures of Mitch, a spitting image of myself, is too hard sometimes. He's everything I was and never was able to be.

Because of Night Giant and his sick fucking operation.

My blood is boiling by the time I reach the hallway to the bathrooms. I bypass them and head for one of the back rooms a bartender is stepping out of. He's looking down at his phone, so he doesn't see me coming before it's too late. Grabbing the front of his shirt, I slam him up against the wall and put my face inches from his.

"Where's Corsetti?"

His eyes are wide and he sputters. "Who?"

"Don't fuck with me," I growl, yanking out my knife and pressing it against his ribs. "I will gut you and not think twice."

"Dude," he chokes out, "I don't know a Corsetti. What's he look like?"

"Tall. Lanky as fuck Italian asshole."

"Max?"

"That's him. Where the hell is he?"

"I don't know, man. I saw him earlier, but he left with Gutter Trash."

"Gutter Trash a biker?"

“Prez of the Route 44 Falcons.”

“Where’s their clubhouse?”

“Up the road about a mile or two but—”

“You’re gonna show me. Let’s go.” I dig the knife into his side and drag him toward the door at the end of the hallway.

“They won’t let us in,” he argues. “They’re crazy as shit and super fucking paranoid.”

“Figure out a way.” I push through the door and give him a shove. “Either that or you’ll be my bait.”

He takes off running, the little pussy, and puts his phone to his ear. I hear him call out Gutter Trash’s name and then tattle that a guy with a dragon on his neck is looking for Max. With a heavy, annoyed sigh, I throw my knife. It spins through the air and makes impact in my target’s back. He lets out a surprised howl and his phone clutters to the asphalt. Slowly, I make my way over to him.

I stomp on his phone, crushing it. He tries to crawl away, but when I press my boot into the butt of the knife, he screams out in pain.

“You fucked up,” I growl. “Was Max Corsetti worth it?”

He moans in agony, shuddering when I press my boot down, making the blade push in deeper. “I’m j-just a lackey. They p-pay the bills, man. I’m n-not loyal to them.”

“What’s he doing here?” I demand. “You’re in the business of human trafficking?”

His head shakes profusely. “No, f-fuck, no. He’s j-just lying low for a c-couple of weeks before he meets up with his b-business associate out east.”

“Who?”

“Fuck if I know. Some guy named Victor.”

“Victor who?”

“I don’t know, man.”

I push down harder, not moved by his sobbing. “Think.”

“He didn’t t-tell me.”

The rumble of motorcycles can be heard in the distance, no doubt Gutter Trash and his scuzzy friends.

“Your life depends on getting me information. Figure it out, motherfucker.”

He stupidly stalls, his words stuttering out. If he thinks his biker buddies can save him, he’s wrong.

Squatting, I grab hold of the knife, twisting it just enough to make him cry out in agony. “Listen, you dumb fuck. You’re going to tell me everything you know in the next thirty seconds or I’m going to cut you open from skull to asshole.”

He gags, shaking his head. “P-Please don’t. I...”

I crack my neck, ready to make good on my promise, when the club door bangs open, the sound of metal against metal getting lost in the roar of motorcycles as several approach.

“Yo, Dragon,” Nees bellows from behind me over the noise. “We got company, dude.”

The rumbling of engines grows louder as the bikes get closer. With an agitated grunt, I yank my knife out of the useless prick’s back, swipe the blood off on his jeans, and rise to my feet.

Nees’s brow is raised as he looks past me at the guy bleeding out on the pavement. I shrug as I pass him and stalk back inside the club. Music blasts on the speakers, but I can hear shouting as I make my way back into the open area. Katana is nose to nose with some fuckface with a beer belly. Cove stands behind him, hands fisted at his sides like he’s actually going to do something.

Rushing past them, I slash at the fat fucker’s face, opening up his cheek on my way to where some big-ass bikers are entering the bar. The guy I cut roars in pain, but the sounds of Katana wailing on him with his fists shut him up real quick.

A guy with face tattoos and bigger than Koyn charges for me. He’s probably mid-forties, so I’m quicker being the

younger of the two of us. I duck my head as I drive my knife in between two of his ribs. Before he can react, I'm already pulling it out and slamming it in between two more ribs. The guy stumbles, shock written all over his poorly tatted face. I shove him and am about to pounce on him when someone crashes into me.

"Fuck," I snarl, slamming my head to the concrete floor. My knife flings out of my grip, skittering just out of reach.

"You motherfuckers will pay for coming into Falcon territory!" the crazy dude above me says. He goes to stomp on me, but I roll away, soaking my shirt in a puddle of spilled beer.

"Falcons?" I sneer at him. "Sounds like a goddamn football team."

The guy sneers at me. "When Prez gets a hold of you and claws out your creepy-ass eyes, you'll see exactly why we're called the Falcons."

Katana appears behind the guy like a shadow, the only light the brief glimmer of his blade before he drives it into the side of linebacker dude's neck. Of course, K never misses his mark, so the second he yanks it back out, the arterial spray arcs out like a crimson rainbow. Katana darts between two guys, on a hunt for his next victim.

Another Falcon.

They're not hard to miss among all the screams and chaos. The Falcons are the big bastards with blue leather cuts.

A guy grabs me in a headlock, and he's massive. I struggle in his hold, a brief reminder of Night Giant sending a chill down my spine. His forearm and bicep are like a vise, crushing my throat. Blackness creeps in.

Until I see light.

Cove races after someone. I force my eyes open long enough to realize the guy he's after meets the description of Corsetti.

Fuck.

Corsetti heads down the hallway with Cove on his heels. Just the idea of Cove alone with someone like Max Corsetti makes me explode with fury. Loki's club wouldn't want us hunting him down if he wasn't the worst of the worst.

I go limp long enough for my attacker to relax an infinitesimal amount, and then I retaliate. Swinging my fist behind me, I nail him in the side of the head. It startles him enough that I'm able to wrangle out of his hold. Too easily, I turn the tables on him, climbing his back like I'm a fucking koala on a tree.

But, unlike him, when I get a hold of his head, I don't keep it in a headlock. No, I just snap his neck. One and done.

He crashes to the floor, his body taking the impact of our fall. I climb off his corpse and take off after where I last saw Cove. The back door at the end of the hallway is standing wide-open. Charging out the door, I immediately discover where two guys are brawling.

One is my guy.

The other one is going to wish he were.

With a thunderous growl, I grab the fucker by his douchebag hairdo, jerking him to the ground. Too effortlessly, I straddle him and rain punches down on his pretty face.

Slam. Slam. Slam.

Blood bursts from his nose and his lip splits.

Slam. Slam. Slam.

"Dragon!"

Cove's voice breaks through my furious haze. My chest heaves, but I cease my punching. I glower down at the groaning fucker I have pinned to the ground.

"Prez wants him in one piece," Cove says, his voice soft and so fucking gentle it feels like a breeze on my skin or a feather teasing down my spine. "Dragon, we need to get him to Copper's truck."

Finally, I lift my chin to find Cove squatted in front of me. Blue eyes glint in the moonlight like sapphires or a shimmery surface of a lake at night. Our eyes lock. His brows are furrowed as he studies me with intense scrutiny. I take a moment to appreciate all his angelic features from the silky blond hair on his head to the pillowy pink lips that are his mouth.

“I had it handled.” His words are still a whisper, but there’s a dry, sarcastic tone to them that makes my dick twitch.

“I handled it better.”

“Fuck off, man.” His lips curl into a sardonic grin. “Come on. Let’s get the hell out of here and back home. This city is a shithole.”

His smile feels like a victory for a game I didn’t realize I was competing in.

Still feels pretty damn good to win, though.



NINE

Cove

“You’re quiet,” Nees says from the driver’s seat. “More so than usual.”

I peel my stare from the mirror where I’ve been watching Katana and Dragon as they follow behind us on their bikes, their headlights side by side and could almost be confused with a car instead.

“Just tired.”

“And I bet your titties hurt like a bitch, huh?”

A laugh barks out of me. “Thanks for the reminder.”

He chuckles. “Maybe I should get my nipples pierced too. You think Calla would want to have my babies then?”

This dickhead is always joking about my sister. Where I’m amused by it, it pisses Stormy off something fierce. She says it’ll be incest if they hook up, which of course it won’t be, but it’s hilarious seeing Nees turn green whenever she mentions it.

“You’re going to have to get your dick pierced too if you think you’re going to compete with Filter.” I shrug, ignoring the muffled groans from our captive, who’s hog-tied and gagged in the back seat. “I’m pretty sure you’ll need dick enlargement surgery too.”

“Man, fuck Filter’s linebacker ass,” Nees grumbles. “Seriously, though. He wouldn’t hook up with my baby mama because Stormy would kill him.”

“If Stormy heard you call our sister your baby mama, she would kill *you*.”

“The only reason Filter even looks at Calla is because she’s a spittin’ image of Stormy. Besides, he’s too much of a pussy to do anything about it.”

“So are you.”

“I’m wearing her down,” Nees argues. “I ask her out on a date every time I see her.”

“She thinks you’re joking. Maybe don’t grin like a fucking idiot when you ask next time.”

“Is this your official blessing? Because, if so, I can work on Stormy’s approval. She likes me. I’ll bribe her with cherry limeades from Sonic and babysitting duty.”

“My blessing is irrelevant. You have to get past Filter. Have you seen the way he looks at her? Next time, instead of sucking up to my big sister, actually look at Filter when Calla’s in the same room as him.”

Stormy and Filter have history. She’d been an undercover Fed using Filter to get to Koyn and Copper. When she thought Prez’s ol’ lady, Hadley or PG as everyone calls her, was being hurt by Koyn, she blew her cover to save PG. Copper, since he was a Fed too, took Stormy as his captive and responsibility. Somewhere along the way, they fell in love and now everyone’s cool with the fact Stormy betrayed them. She proved her worth in the end and befriended Dragon of all people, even after what he was forced to do to her, and now she’s Copper’s ol’ lady. Filter wanted to kill my sister for her betrayal against him and the club, but Copper wouldn’t let that happen in a million years.

“It’s not about the size of the boat, it’s about the motion of the ocean,” Nees says, breaking into my inner thoughts with his arrogance. He pretends to thrust, holding on to the steering wheel as he does it.

“Dude,” I grunt. “You’re fucking disgusting. The last thing I want to think about is another Koynokov screwing one of my sisters.”

He laughs and shrugs. “Just saying. Filter might be twice as big as me, but I have game too, man.” His amusement dies as he grows serious. “Speaking of game. What’s up with you and Dragon?”

The two of us in one sentence, as though we’re a thing, makes me cringe. Me and Dragon aren’t anything other than a mistake.

I try not to think about how several times now, he’s beat the fuck out of or killed someone who touched me. It shouldn’t send a stupid thrill down my spine. But with the buzz of seeing the flaming emerald eyes fixated on me electrifying my every nerve, I can’t help but mentally fixate on those moments.

Sick fucker.

The barb is aimed at me this time, not Dragon. He’s a psychopath and wears that badge with every creepy-ass smile he gives everyone. Me, on the other hand...I bury my depravity so deep down, no one will ever see.

Dragon does.

Nees continues to blab about every goddamn thing, but my mind is only half there. The rest of me is remembering last night in bed with Dragon. The fiery heat of him. How my body responded so desperately to his.

Thank fuck we’ll be back to the clubhouse soon. I can put some much-needed space between us. He can go back to babysitting me from afar. Life will go back to normal.

A twist in my gut signals our arrival back to Koyn’s compound. This MC life isn’t light or pretty. It’s fucked-up and wrong. I know the second we get Corsetti out of this truck, things are going to get messy real quick. I’m hoping Koyn will do whatever he needs to do while I take a much-needed shower.

I want to forget everything that happened.

Specifically, Dragon.

Nees pulls into the driveway and shuts off the truck before looking over his shoulder. “You ready to start talking, cupcake?”

The muffled whines of Corsetti are all that can be heard through his gag. Nees smirks at me before climbing out. I follow suit, noticing from the corner of my eye that Dragon is still straddling his bike, though it’s no longer running. Under the moonlight, he looks extra devilish. Evil and demented. A chill shudders down my spine.

Bright green eyes seem to glow in the dark as he watches me with unguarded interest. I hate his new fixation on me. Can’t he find someone else to obsess over?

Like your sister?

I scowl, crossing my arms over my chest, and ignore Dragon’s penetrative stare. Koyn and Filter walk out of the house, both of them lighting a cigarette as they approach. The cherries bounce in the dark as they talk to Nees.

“He’s in the truck?” Koyn asks, gesturing to the vehicle. “Alive?”

“Yep.” Nees walks over to the rear door and pulls it open. “Dad’s gonna have a helluva time getting that blood off the leather.”

“Quite frankly,” Koyn grumbles, amusement in his tone, “I’m surprised the fucker is still alive. I mean, Dragon was with you guys.”

“He was going to kill him,” I offer, “but I told him to stop.”

Koyn plucks the lit cigarette from his lips, arching both brows high on his forehead as he blows smoke out in my face. “That right, BP?” His scarred X on his face is silvery in the moonlight.

“Yup.”

“And you didn’t have to whack him with a tire iron to make him listen?”

I shrug and start for the clubhouse, but Koyn's booming voice stops me.

"I'm not done talking to you, kid. Don't just walk off like that or I'll whip your ass."

Dragon barks out a laugh that has me whirling around. I find his intense stare and meet it with a fiery one of my own. With a growl, I flip him off before turning my attention back to Prez.

"Sorry, Prez," I mumble. "I'm tired as fuck, dirty as fuck, and—"

"Bitchy as fuck," Dragon finishes.

I clench my jaw, trying to ignore him. That lasts all of three seconds. "You know, asshole, I'm getting really sick to death of your shit."

Nees clutches the back of my neck. "Dude. Pull your panties out of your ass."

Gritting my teeth together, I refrain from saying anything else that might get me in trouble with Prez. I've seen him punish Bizzy before by making him clean fucking toilets. My ass is not cleaning toilets.

"Dragon," Koyn barks out. "You and Katana get Corsetti to the slaughterhouse. BP, I want you sitting in on this."

Wonderful.

I just love watching a good torture session.

"Prez—" I start but am cut off by Koyn dropping his cigarette at my feet. He crushes it out with his boot, towering over me. All attempts to argue my case are squashed like the butt of his cigarette beneath his boot. "Y-Yes, sir."

"That's what I thought," he murmurs. "Tomorrow, at Church, you four can fill me in on everything. Right now, my old ass needs sleep."

Koyn and Filter disappear back into the house. Nees, who's apparently off the hook, saunters to the clubhouse, leaving me with Katana and his psycho bestie.

“I’m going to get my good knives,” Dragon calls out. “K, make sure Baby Prospect gets the weasel to the slaughterhouse without letting him escape.”

Katana gives Dragon a nod. It takes everything in me to cool my temper. I know he’s just goading me. Like a dog with a bone, he sniffs out weakness. My weakness is I hate being treated like a child.

Max Corsetti whimpers as Katana hauls him out of the truck and tosses him to the ground. His hands are bound, as are his feet, and rope connects the two. Katana squats next to Max and cuts through the rope around his feet. Together, we pull the guy to a standing position and drag him across the property to the slaughterhouse.

Once inside, we toss Max on a filthy mattress. Max doesn’t even try to get up. When my phone buzzes, I turn from him to dig in my jeans to find it.

Nick: I miss you.

My irritation swells as I reread his text about ten times before I let it sink in. He’s serious. He’s totally fucking serious.

Me: You just miss my mouth. What does the wife think of me choking on your cock?

Nick: She doesn’t have to know.

Me: Go to hell.

Nick: That makes me sound like an asshole. I haven’t left her yet, but I want you. Not just your pretty mouth either. I need to touch you.

Me: You lost that privilege.

Nick: God, please, Cove. I need you so fucking badly. I can’t get the idea out of my mind of me fucking you. Maybe this is the final step.

Me: Step to what???

Nick: Us.

Me: There is NO us. We sucked each other off. That's it. Fuck off.

Nick: Because I wouldn't let there be an us. I want it. I want to try.

I gnaw on my bottom lip, glaring at his texts. Does it make me pathetic that I'm almost inclined to tell him to meet me in our spot? I'm desperate to relieve all this tension burning like fire in my veins. Nick may be an asshole, but he's gifted with his mouth. I could use him like he's so clearly used me all this time.

Footsteps crunch across loose gravel and Dragon's familiar scent floods all around me like a fog. The heat of his body burns into my back. I stiffen, my fingers frozen on my screen when the tip of a knife taps the glass of my phone.

"Is he becoming a problem? I'm great at dealing with problems."

Whirling on him, I give him a shove against his solid chest. My mind dances with the memory of his sculpted chest colored in tattoos. Dragon, despite being a psycho-prick, is so goddamn hot. The devious smirk on his face says he knows it too.

"Stay the fuck away from me," I snap, shoving my phone into my pocket.

"Or what?" Dragon taunts. "You send your boyfriend after me?"

The crazed glint in his eyes indicates he'd love that a little too much.

"Go to hell."

"Been there, Baby Prospect. Remember? We were there together."



TEN

Dragon

The bitchier he gets, the more alive I feel. Like his attitude problem is an injection in my vein—hot, electric, intoxicating. I want to get drunk off his anger and taste the rudeness on his tongue.

“We need information,” Katana says, his voice cutting through my addicted haze.

I step closer to Cove until I’m towering over him and he has to tilt his head back to see me. Grabbing hold of his jaw in my grip, I forcefully turn his head to the side so I have access to his ear. He sucks in a sharp gasp when my lips brush over the shell of his ear.

“I’m coming for you tonight.” I nip at his earlobe. “Be ready.”

He squirms out of my hold and I let him go. My dick is hard as fuck in my jeans. It’s such a confusing sensation—to be turned on and not feel ashamed by it. Instead, it’s invigorating. I crave more of his touch and scent and taste.

His face is bright red and he won’t meet my gaze. I rake my stare over his body, noting the state of his cock as well. Hard. Aching. Desperate for release.

The feeling is mutual, Baby Prospect.

Satisfied by his response, I saunter over to where Katana waits, eyes narrowed on me. I'm behaving erratically—well, erratic for me—so I know he's worried. But, for the first time in a long time, I feel somewhat normal. Human.

“Cut him loose,” I tell Katana.

Max Corsetti stiffens. I'm sure he's planning his escape. The fucker isn't going anywhere. It's just more fun when they try to run away.

As soon as his bindings and gag are removed, Max darts a quick look to the door. Cove stands in front of it, arms crossed over his chest, looking impressively formidable. I'm fascinated by the fact that Cove is smaller than me but doesn't cower like most people do. It's like...he wants to fight with the dragon.

“Time to talk,” I say, pulling out my Chris Reeve Green Beret combat knife from its sheath on my belt. I squat beside the filthy mattress. “That is, while you still have a tongue.”

Max's eyes widen in comical horror. He has no idea all the clever ways I can prolong his torture. I once peeled all the skin off a man's feet when we needed information. He howled the worst when I carved around his ankle bones. Fuckers passed out by the time I made it up past his knees. Max must sense the violence thrumming through me because he scrambles backward as though his escape is something attainable.

He's never leaving this property. His bones will turn to ash in the slaughterhouse firepit long after I've stolen every last scream he has in him.

“Reno.” I grin viciously at him. “You heard of Loki and his crew?”

He pales and shakes his head. “N-No, man. You got the wrong guy.”

Katana lets out an amused snort. “Right.”

“No, Corsetti, we have the right man. If you can even call yourself that. Soon, you'll be pissing your panties like a little bitch with nightmares.” I swipe the smile off my face,

replacing it with something far more sinister. “Spoiler alert: *I’m* the nightmare.”

Max rises to his feet, still backing away from me. He won’t get far. Three against one. His odds are impossible.

“W-What do y-you want from me? Is this about Truly?”

I don’t know who the fuck Truly is, so I shrug. “This is about you fucking over Loki and his brothers. We both know you know exactly what you did.”

“You want money? I have it. Lots of it.” Max’s gaze drifts to the door again. “Whatever you want.”

“K, do I give a fuck about money?”

“Nope,” Katana says. “You do like your boat, though.”

“It’s a bitchin’ boat.”

“Please,” Max begs. “Whatever you want. It’s yours.”

“Answers, Corsetti. I want answers. Where were you headed to?”

He nods up and down in such vehemence, it reminds me of a cartoon character. “East. Tennessee.”

That fucking state is a trigger word for me. Fury bubbles inside me, deep in my gut, and spreads like a contagion. I prowl toward Max, who’s trying desperately to put distance between us.

He won’t get away.

They never do.

“Do tell. What’s in Tennessee for you?”

He swallows, taking another step back. “Just a place to lie low.”

“*Who* was your contact there?” I stalk his every movement, matching each step with one of my own. “I want names or I will start cutting off body parts until you squeal.”

“Fuck, dude, you don’t have to use your knife. I said I’d tell you what you want to know.” He holds up both palms in defense. “Jesus. Chill.”

“Name.”

“It’s this guy my dad knows.”

“I want a name,” I growl.

“I don’t know his *real* name, just the alias he gave m—”

I throw the knife hard and it embeds itself in his palm. He lets out a pained shriek. Blood gushes from the wound, running down his forearm and dripping from his elbow.

“You have two choices,” I bite out, sliding another knife from my belt. “You can pull it out and try to defend yourself, but that’s going to hurt like a bitch the second you remove it. What’s the second choice, K?”

“Give you the name and shut the fuck up.”

“Okay, okay, okay,” Max hisses, his entire body trembling. “I’ll tell you, man. Just keep your knife over there.”

“Baby Prospect,” I call out over my shoulder. “Bring me my knife.”

Cove lets out an annoyed sigh, but he stomps over to us, passing by me to get to Corsetti. Max shakes his head at Cove, trying to keep him back, but Cove is quick. He yanks the knife out of Max’s hand with no warning.

“Fuuuuck,” Max bellows, clutching his palm to his chest. The blood quickly soaks the front of his shirt.

“Three. Two. One—”

“I already told you what I know, man. The name he gave me is Victor. Victor, uh, Knight. There. A last name. Are you fucking happy? That’s who I was going to see.”

Cove glances my way, an eyebrow arched in question. My eyes drop to his soft lips. He’s a damn distraction.

“What’s this Victor prick in the business of? If he’s willing to take you in, he must be a piece of shit.” I take a threatening step toward them. “Tick-tock, Corsetti.”

Cove’s body tenses as I prowl closer. When I made my promise to find him later, I didn’t think it through much. All I

know is I need him beneath me. I want to inhale him and taste him and feel him.

“Nothing anymore,” Max hisses. “He’s restructuring or some bullshit.”

A niggling feeling tugs at my mind, trying to make me piece together this puzzle rather than losing myself to the violence of torturing the sonofabitch.

I have to get information.

The whole point of fetching his loser ass was to get answers.

“What did he use to do?” Cove asks, his tone turning dark.

Max attempts to back away from my approaching frame, but Katana has slipped behind him like a shadow. His back bumps against Katana’s chest as Cove seizes his bicep. The fucker isn’t going anywhere.

“Answer BP’s question,” I growl, spittle landing on Max’s face as I tower over him. “Now.”

“He videoed sex shit.”

My blood runs cold and the muscle in my neck tightens as I grit my teeth. “What does this guy look like?”

“Knight?”

A shudder ripples down my spine. “Tall?”

“He’s a giant.” Max nods rapidly. “They call him—”

“Night Giant,” I snarl, finishing for him.

“Yeah, that’s him. Can you let me go now? I told you his name and I can even tell you where he’s at.”

Yeah, Arkansas, not Tennessee, dumbass.

“We know exactly where that motherfucker is hiding out,” I growl in a deep, threatening tone, “which makes you one hundred percent useless to us.”

Katana senses my pending explosion seconds before Cove does, because he tries to stop me with a sharp shake of his head.

You can't stop a volcano once it's erupted.

Fiery hot lava and ash are going to consume everything.

Total obliteration.

With no warning, I drive my blade into Max's gut. He lets out a shocked gargling sound. Before he has a chance to recover, I yank my knife out and hit him again, this time higher.

I want to pierce his organs.

All of them.

One by one.

I'm vaguely aware of the murmured words of both Katana and Cove, but I'm too fixated on my target to listen.

This fucker is running to the filthiest human on this planet.

Night Giant.

Grabbing hold of Max's bloody shirt, I jerk him forward and toss him to the dirty floor. He cries out and starts to crawl away, but I'm the predator.

He's weak, dying prey.

Mine to destroy.

Flipping him onto his back, I straddle his waist and rain my knife down over and over and over. Tearing and scraping and splattering. So many sounds coming from a human who can no longer breathe because I've turned his lungs to hamburger meat.

Stab. Stab. Stab. Stab.

I punch my blade through every piece of flesh I can, shredding his skin and making a violent, bloody mess of this worthless dickhead.

Over and over and over.

There's a ringing in my ears that deafens me to anything but that sound. I stab Corsetti until he's unrecognizable. I'm not sure how much time has passed, but he hasn't been breathing for a while.

Still, I could go all night.

When I go to carve his eyeballs out, a hand grips my shoulder that's soaked with blood.

"That's enough, Dragon," Cove murmurs, his sweet voice cutting through the ringing in my ears. "Katana is going to take care of the body."

I blink a few times to chase away the daze. Max's skin is cool to the touch, which means I've been at this a while. Suddenly, I'm overwhelmed by exhaustion.

"Come on," Cove grunts, tugging on my arm. "Shower at the clubhouse. Prez's ol' lady will shit bricks if you go into the big house dripping Max meat all over the place."

Hadley would murder me.

Well, she'd try.

And then I'd tell her to back the fuck off.

Prez would step in and all hell would break loose.

"Yeah," I mutter. "Not looking to get my ass kicked tonight."

Cove lets out a bark of a laugh. "Seriously? You actually think anyone would try to whip your psycho ass?"

I don't register his words, just admire the way he says them. How his lips pout when he speaks but then curl into a smirk that makes me desperate to devour. My body thrums with the urge to strip him and fuck him and own him.

"Whatever you're thinking," Cove says, shaking his head, "don't. I'm not interested in whatever your crazy head is cooking up right now."

My grin is wide and vicious.

"It's not like I'll give you a choice, Baby Prospect." I swipe my palm over my face, trying to smear off some of the blood. "We both know I'll get what I want."

Something flashes in his blue eyes, but it's not fear. It's something else entirely. Interest. Intrigue. Lust. I see it and I'm

starved for it.

Before I can latch onto it, he storms out of the slaughterhouse ahead of me. I stalk after him, scenting his tantalizing masculinity somehow through the metallic blood smell.

He barely makes it across the yard before I grab his arm, twisting him around to face me. His blue eyes widen fractionally when he sees my ravenous expression. A tiny mewl escapes him as I seize his jaw in my bloody grip. Succulent pink lips part, just aching to be tasted.

“I don’t understand it, but I need it,” I whisper over his lips. “You need it too.”

“Awfully sure of yourself.”

“I see the way you look at me.”

He scoffs. “You’re covered in blood and giving me the ‘fuck-me’ eyes that are frankly kind of terrifying. That’s how I look at you—”

His words die as my lips attack his. I eat them right out of his mouth, instead replacing them with my tongue and teeth and needy growls. He lets me own him with a hungry, claiming kiss.

“S-Shower,” he croaks out, “and then...”

He doesn’t have to say any more.

And then he’s mine.

All fucking mine.



ELEVEN

Cove

“Dude, what the fuck?” Nees hisses, grabbing my arm as Dragon strolls through the clubhouse like he doesn’t have pieces of someone else’s skin hanging from him.

I give him a sharp shake of my head, bypassing him to head to the sink behind the bar. My lips tingle from Dragon’s unexpected kiss, but it’s the sticky blood that’s making me sick to my stomach. I want it off me. Now.

Nees hops up on the counter beside the sink, studying me as I begin rigorously scrubbing blood from my hands and forearms.

“I’ve never seen him so...ugh, so fucking nasty. What the hell happened?” Nees demands. “For a second there, when I saw the blood on you, I thought he’d hurt you.”

No, he just wants to...

Fuck, I don’t even know what he wants to do. All I know is he’s going to shower and then he’s going to find me.

“I’m fine,” I grumble, splashing water on my face. “He found out Max was going to Night Giant.”

Nees sputters in shock. “Are you serious right now? Damn. Okay, I guess it’s understandable. If Night Giant wasn’t

such a sick fuck, I'd almost feel sorry for when Dragon finally gets his hands on him."

Once my hands and face are clean, he hands me a towel and I dry off. I pin him with a hard stare.

"Night Giant has everything coming to him. Whatever Dragon delivers won't be enough." I toss the towel back at him. "Do you have a change of clothes that'll fit him?"

Nees's brows fly up, but he doesn't say a word and only nods. I leave him, grabbing a bottle of Jack on the way to my room. Once inside, I twist off the cap and chug a healthy swig of the liquor before setting it on the nightstand. My phone has been buzzing ever since I had my argument with Nick. I'm sure he's trying to sway me to meet up with him, but that ship has sailed.

I'm clearly a whore for dangerous shit because the heated moments me and Dragon have shared the last couple of days make my encounters with Nick pale in comparison.

I change out of my clothes and settle for a gray pair of sweats that hang low on my hips, revealing the black band of my boxers. Since my nipples sting and need air, I opt for no shirt.

This is all so reckless.

Tempting the dragon is a surefire way to get burned.

But I want it. I need it. It'll scratch this itch of mine and I can move along to something normal. Healthy. Not at all fucked up.

Nees peeks his head in my doorway, sweeping his gaze over me as I stretch out on the bed. "Should I leave these here?"

"I guess."

He creeps into the room, brows crashing together. "Dude. Whatever it is you're about to do is a really, really bad idea."

"Who says I'm doing anything?"

“I’m not a fucking idiot, man.” He tosses the clothes onto the dresser and then gestures at me. “You’re about to do who the hell knows what with Dragon. It’s written all over your face.”

“So?”

“So? Cove, it’s Dragon we’re talking about. You know, the psycho who just walked in wearing guts and blood and chunks of Corsetti. And now what? You’re going to blow each other?”

My dick thickens at the thought of Dragon’s vicious lips wrapped around me. Nees doesn’t miss a beat, gaping at me in shock.

“Beat it, kid,” Dragon barks from the doorway, making Nees jump and squawk.

“It’s fine,” I assure my best friend. “We’re just going to hang out.”

Nees’s jaw clenches and his nostrils flare. “Are you sure, man? Really sure you want to, uh, ‘hang out’ alone with him?”

Dragon’s tattooed hand grips the back of Nees’s neck and he squeezes hard enough Nees cries out. “He said what he said. Respect his fucking wishes.” With a shove toward the door, Dragon lets Nees see himself out.

I rake my stare over the way the white towel hugs Dragon’s muscular ass. All of his back tattoos ripple as he moves toward the door to close it. I brace myself for a slam, but he lets it shut with a quiet *snick* before turning back around to face me.

Suppressing a needy groan, I drink in every glorious, colorful muscle on his ripped chest. So fucking hot. Water drips from his dark hair that hangs over his bright green eyes in drenched curtains.

No hiding the monster that lurks beneath the beautiful exterior.

Violence flickers in his gaze, but it’s laced with fiery need that my body responds to. I bite down on my lip to hold back

another desperate sound. My hand, of its own accord, travels over my abs and brushes my cock through my sweats.

Dragon takes a step toward the bed. And then another. Another and another and another until he's staring down at me, nostrils flaring like tendrils of smoke might actually come out.

“Take your pants off, Baby Prospect.”

I shiver at his husky command, clumsily fumbling with the waistband of my sweats and shoving them down. He never takes his eyes off my lips as he waits for me to obey. My feet get tangled in my pants, but I manage to kick them away with a frustrated huff. A smile tugs at his lips.

Not a sweet, flirtatious smile.

It's far more sinister.

Like a lion revealing his teeth right before he sinks them into your neck.

“The rest.” His eyes trail over my chest to my boxers. “Now, Cove.”

My name on his lips has a smile sneaking out. I try to hide it, but his penetrative gaze is back on me, not missing a thing. A shiver ripples through me as I slip out of my boxers, revealing my entire naked body to this man—no, this beast.

He takes a moment to inch his stare over every part of me from head to toe and back up again. Then, with movements so slow it's nearly maddening, he loosens his towel that's tied at his waist and lets it fall to the floor.

I swallow hard, taking in the state of his gorgeous and ridiculously large dick. It bobs heavily, jutting out toward me as though to accuse me of wanting to suck off the devil.

Guilty as charged.

Unable to escape this trap I willingly stepped into, I accept my fate and sit up on my knees. With my eyes locked on his glowing green ones, I crawl toward him on the bed. When I reach his cock, I run my nose along the upper side of his shaft, inhaling his soapy scent. His pubes are trimmed short and prickle the tip of my nose.

I expect him to bark out orders or force me to suck on him. But he's standing there, trembling, as though he doesn't know what to do next. I'm not exactly a professional dick sucker, but I like it and I've been having more fantasies than I'd like to admit about this exact moment.

Tilting my head back, I look up at him to find him watching me with such fiery intensity I'm surprised I don't self-combust on the spot. I offer him a smile that feels like a truce before flicking my tongue out to taste his soft flesh. He sucks in a sharp breath that does wonders for my ego.

Emboldened, I take hold of his massive girth, lazily stroking him, as I wrap my lips around the glistening head. A groan rumbles from him, making my heart twist at the sound. His salty essence is a tease on my taste buds. I ache to suck him into my mouth and down my throat until he fills me to the brim with his bitter taste.

"Mmm," I mumble around his cock, easing more of him into my mouth.

Strong hands find my hair, but rather than ripping it out of my head, he spears his fingers through the strands and clutches on as though he needs to in order to keep from collapsing.

I'm not the best dick sucker in the world, but I make up for my lack of experience in eagerness to make him lose his mind. I take him as far as I can into the back of my throat, gagging on reflex as his big dick tries to go deeper. Pulling back, I drag slobber over his cock and blink back the tears of my efforts. Then I go again, swallowing his cockhead into my throat. I hum out, pleased that I'm not a total loser in the dick sucking department.

"Fuck," he whispers. "Fuck."

It's the closest thing to a compliment I've ever heard roll out of Dragon's mouth. The shocked, ragged, needy sound of his voice encourages me. Each bob over his length, I take him deeper and hold him there for longer. Soon, his control slips and his hips begin pounding relentlessly. I gag when he doesn't give me a chance to breathe.

He yanks out abruptly as hot semen shoots across my face. I'd been planning to swallow every drop of him, not wear it. I open my mouth, sticking my tongue out in an effort to capture whatever spurts out.

His taste is good.

Smoky and addictive.

I want more, but all too soon he's done, his cock spent and dripping. I lick off what I can around my mouth. My fingers go to drag some off my cheek and into my mouth, but he stops me with a painful grip on my wrist. His other hand seizes my neck and he slams me onto my back on the bed.

"Dragon," I croak out, panic rising and tainting his name on my lips.

He smiles at me. Beautiful and wicked. Such a dangerous smile. One I shouldn't melt beneath like a piece of chocolate under the sun's powerful rays.

"Mine." He runs his tongue over my cheek, licking up his own cum.

"Oh."

The grin is back and it sets me on fire, burning from my heart straight to my dick. I tremble, not at all hating the strong grip he has on my neck. Would he squeeze if I asked him to? Would he let go if I had enough?

As though he can read my mind, his fingers tighten around my neck. Darkness creeps around the edge of my vision and my cock pulsates with need. I want his mouth on mine. Again, he doesn't disappoint, understanding what I need without words. His lips hover over mine as if he craves the taste of the air I expel. The hold on my throat squeezes until I nearly black out.

Pleasure zings through me, ricocheting every which way as he rubs his still-hard dick against mine. Choked breath wheezes from me. Right now, I don't even care to breathe. I just want him to keep rubbing on me until I come.

But he grants me a reprieve, releasing my neck to chase where his hand was with his lips. He bites and sucks and licks my skin, all the while dry humping me. It feels too good. Like I'll never get enough. Like I'll come and come and come. And when I stop coming, I'll get hard and come again.

Grabbing hold of his wrist, I give it a tug. He pulls back so he can stare down at me. The crazed glint in his eyes shouldn't be a turn-on, especially since I've nonverbally begged him to choke me again. He clutches onto my throat, testing my limits as he squeezes.

Overwhelming pleasure tickles over each nerve ending, electrifying the darkness that's surrounding me and making me blind. I'm drunk on the way his touch and nearness consume me.

I'm going to pass out.

Holy fuck.

The world tilts and shudders as my nuts seize up. Heat gushes between us. I'm in another dimension, lost in insane pleasure, chased by a dangerous dragon.

Air suddenly floods into my lungs, and with it, my vision clears. Hovering over me is the most beautiful, most terrifying man I've ever encountered.

A jarring thought shakes me to my core...

I'm going to let this man—this monster consume every part of me.

No regrets.

I fucking ache for it.

There are some paths that a man won't survive.

And this one, I know for a fact, I will not survive.

My dick, my heart, and my stupid-ass brain don't even care.



TWELVE

Dragon

I feel so...alive.

He's rushing through my veins, fiery and uncontrollable.

More. I need more. No, I need it all.

His body. His dick. His ass. His lips.

Everything.

As he comes down from his orgasm high, his long lashes flutter against his flushed cheeks. I crave to touch him, but for now, I settle for drinking in each detail about him.

Perfect lips remain parted as he sucks in air, filling his lungs that were deprived only moments ago. When he realizes I'm staring at him, his face blossoms into a dark, rosy pink.

"Um, good night," he rasps out, his voice hoarse from where I'd gripped his neck.

Amused by his awkwardness, I roll off him, resting on my side. I'm not going anywhere. I plan to stare at him as he sleeps. I want to memorize this night and the way I feel.

Normal.

I feel fucking normal.

For years and years, I've existed, living on nothing but anger and the thirst for revenge. But these past few days with Cove, something has changed. I can't pinpoint the exact moment or why or how, just that it did.

And I don't hate it.

In fact, I have this overwhelming craving for more. This desire to grab up more moments like this so I can remember what it felt like to be Chase. Just a happy guy who loved to fuck around and play basketball. A guy who had annoying siblings and hovering parents. Just a normal damn guy.

"Dragon..." Cove trails off, choosing to gnaw on his bottom lip rather than finish whatever it was he was going to say.

"Got a smoke?" I ask, ignoring the hints he's throwing down for me to leave. Fat fucking chance. I'm too interested in this feeling. I'm not going anywhere.

"Dresser," he croaks out. "Mind handing me boxers?"

With a smirk on my lips, I let my stare travel over his muscular chest, past his newly pierced nipples, and down to his dick that's wet from his spent cum. I linger on the mess, wondering if he tastes much different than me.

"Towel. Boxers. Now."

So fucking bossy. For someone who just a few minutes ago wanted me to have complete control over him, he sure has gone back to his usual bitchy self.

I climb off the bed and find my towel. After tossing it to him, I walk my naked ass over to the dresser in desperate need of a cigarette. Cove isn't much of a smoker, but I've seen him doing it on occasion. Enough so that he has packs lying around. I pull out one of the cancer sticks and light up, sucking a drag of nicotine into my lungs. Blowing it out slowly, I let my eyes find Cove again. He's managed to locate his boxers and has slid them on. Now, he sits against the headboard, scowling at me. My dick twitches back to life.

"Are you always horny?" he demands, his blue eyes flashing with anger.

“Apparently so.”

“You can leave now.”

“Nah, Baby Prospect, I’m not done with you.”

He crosses his arms over his chest in a petulant way that does nothing but make me hornier because his pectorals pop from the action, making his nipple piercings all the more tempting.

I take another drag and tilt my head up to stare at the ceiling. Exhaling a cloud of smoke, I allow the nicotine to do its job and calm me. It’s been a long-ass time since I’ve felt so relaxed.

But he’s still out there...

Not for long. Tomorrow, I’ll convince Koyn to let me deal with Night Giant once and for all. I’m tired of letting that monster roam this earth when I could send him to hell with his buddy Max.

I saunter back over to the bed, the cigarette trapped between my lips as I hunt for something to wear. Cove sighs heavily, but motions to a stack of clothes. I grab the sweats and yank them on before blowing out another plume of smoke. He groans when I climb back into bed, sitting beside him against the headboard.

“You’re really not leaving,” he mutters.

“Nope.” I hold out my cigarette. “Smoke?”

To my surprise, he leans toward my offering, parting his lips. I press the filter between them, holding it while he takes a drag. He blows the smoke into my face like the little bitch he is. It makes me want to kiss his stupid lips some more.

“Stop staring at me.”

I smirk as I take another drag. “You always complain so much?”

“Only around you.”

This time, I blow the smoke back into his face. A smile tugs at his pink lips. Fuck, my heart aches whenever he gifts

me those rare smiles.

“I thought us fucking would be some sort of truce,” I state, sucking in another drag. “I didn’t realize we were still at war.”

He stiffens. “We didn’t fuck, Dragon.”

“We were naked. We both got off. You wore my cum. Call it whatever you want, but to me, we were fucking.”

His flesh turns crimson again. Fuck if I don’t love the way his body colors with just a few taunting words. I offer him the cigarette once more. Again, he makes no moves to take it from my hand. Despite his poutiness, I think he likes me here with him, looking after him.

“Most guys fuck and run. It’s fine, Dragon. You don’t have to babysit me.”

I reach over to the nightstand, snuffing out the cherry of the cigarette on the wood surface before turning back to him. I let the smoke tendrils billow out of my nostrils before grinning at him. Palming his hard abs, I slowly stroke my hand over his stomach to where his dick is once again straining in his boxers. I lazily rub his dick through the material.

“If I were a babysitter, I’d get fired. Do babysitters do this? Certainly none that Mom and Dad ever hired.” I wince at the flash of their faces that makes its way into my mind against my will.

Cove, like the intuitive bastard he is, fixates on the action. His hand covers mine over his dick. “Your parents are still alive, right? That’s what Stormy told me. Your brothers too.”

A crushing wave of grief crashes into me out of nowhere. I’m reminded of all the trouble me and my brothers found ourselves in. Christmas mornings and Easter brunches. The way Mom would cheerily wake me up each day with her sunny smile and familiar perfumed scent that followed her everywhere.

Losing my family was such a gutting thing to endure. It’s not like they’re even dead where I could move on. Worse. They’re alive and a few states away. I could find them and see them again if I really wanted.

But Chase is dead.

They don't know Dragon, nor would I want them to.

Mom remembers me as a good kid who was going places. Sure, I was a mouthy fucker, but she loved me for it anyway. She wouldn't recognize the tattooed monster I am today. The heartless killer. A man who does what he must to survive. Hollow and used up. Worthless.

"Hey," Cove says, his voice calm and sweet. "It's okay."

Awareness trickles around me as I pull from my memories and find my way back to the present. I've somehow scooted down the bed and buried my face against Cove's chest. My leg is locked around his and my fingers dig into his ribs like he might try to escape my hold at any second. I'm thrumming with a mixture of grief and rage at the unfairness of it all.

Cove's fingers find my hair and he drags them through it. It's such a simple, soothing movement, I actually groan in surprise. Blinking hard, I try to shake off the pain that's shredding me from the inside out. My lashes are wet and my entire body shakes. But, with his fingers in my hair, soothing me, my erratic heart begins to slow.

I'm not Chase.

I'm Dragon.

They'll never have to meet the beast. Their memory of the boy will forever be kept in their hearts, untainted.

"I wasn't always a monster," I admit, my voice a mere whisper. "People used to like me."

"People liked you? I find that hard to believe." His wry tone has me smiling. "Want to tell me about them?"

My smile fades. "The people who liked me?"

"Your family."

"Why?"

"Because I know nothing about you, man. If we're going to...fuck, then I want to know more about you."

“So you admit it’ll happen again.”

He sighs heavily. “It was too good not to.”

A long, pregnant pause fills the air. I suck in a breath and then exhale, trying to shake the sadness still gripping my lungs like a vise.

“They were great,” I murmur. “Involved. Loving. Stern when they needed to be. If you looked up the textbook definition of great parents, mine were at the top of the list.”

“And your brothers?”

“Annoying. Especially Kai.” I bark out a laugh. “Not Mitch, though. The baby was everyone’s favorite, including mine.”

“You miss them.”

“They don’t know me anymore. It’s better they think I’m dead.”

“Why?”

“Because I’m not Chase anymore. They would hate Dragon. Especially Mom.”

He doesn’t respond, which means he must agree with me. The thought of not being tugged into Mom’s motherly hug because she is afraid of me causes bile to creep up my throat.

“That’s a lie you tell yourself,” he says finally, words barely audible.

“Lies are just another version of the truth.”

I’m no longer interested in discussing my family. Cove has proven to be a distraction and that’s exactly what I need right now. I need him panting and begging. Anything to stop my mind from whirling with possibilities and what-ifs.

What if Mom isn’t afraid of me?

What if they still love me, even like this?

The ridiculousness of it all fucks with my head. Rising frustration builds and builds until it looms over me like a tidal wave of self-loathing threatening to drown me.

Cove's scent grounds me.

Refocuses me.

Soothes me.

I press my lips to his neck, gently at first, and then suck his soft flesh into my mouth. He lets out a groan that sets me on fire. I'm overwhelmed with the need to paint his neck blue and purple, leaving little reminders of what we did all over his skin.

“Dragon.”

His voice sounds like a plea for me to stop, but it also sounds like a chant for me to go-go-go. I'm ravenous to taste him all over and hungrily nip at his collarbone on my way down his chest. I straddle his waist, loving the feel of his erection throbbing beneath me. My fingers find their way to his new nipple piercings and I tug. He winces, but he bucks his hips up like maybe he likes the pain. I flick them both.

“Ow,” he complains, a seductive grin betraying him.

“You like it.”

He doesn't argue. There's no point in denying the way his needs match mine. For all the shit I've been dealt in this life, this one thing right now feels pretty fucking good.

“Flip over,” I command. “Now.”

Panic flickers in his blue eyes, but the moment I sit up on my knees, he rolls onto his stomach. His back muscles flex and tighten with each ragged breath he takes. I run my finger down the ridges of his spine until I reach the hint of his ass crack showing above the waistband of his boxers.

“These are coming off.” The rumble in my voice vibrates down my chest and straight to my dick. Every part of me is wired and buzzing for him.

I scoot back so I can pull them off his ass. It's a nice ass—a perfect bubble of muscle and pale skin. I'm going to bite it and smack it, marking it as mine. He lets out a soft breath when my lips press to the base of his spine. I kiss my way along the crack of his ass, needing to find new parts of him.

Smacking his ass cheek, I grin at the irritated growl that comes from him. The skin smarts red from my abuse.

“Are you going to fuck me?” His voice is shaky and raw. Slightly terrified.

“Yeah,” I murmur, spreading his cheeks so I can see his hole. “With my tongue.”

The dark pink pucker clenches, which I find amusing. As though he’ll be able to keep me out at this point. That’s not going to happen. I tease the tip of my tongue around the hole, feeling each wrinkled groove. His entire body shudders, which has me smirking in satisfaction. I’ve never eaten ass before, but I haven’t ever wanted to until now. Now, it’s all I can think about.

Flattening my tongue, I begin lapping at his tender spot, getting him nice and juicy. After enough teasing, he uses his knees for leverage, pushing his ass closer to my face. I nip at his ass cheek before going back to his needy hole.

“Anyone ever been in here?” I murmur, my words hot against his wet flesh. “Or is it mine?”

“J-Just my own fingers.”

My dick twitches at the thought of him fingering himself when all alone.

“Who does it belong to now?”

“Fuck,” he whimpers. “You.”

I like the sound of that. His pretty, tight hole belonging to me. To reward him for his obedient words, I suck on the pucker hard enough to make him groan and then press my tongue inside him.

A strangled cry reverberates from him. His body tries to force my tongue out, but I’m too determined to make this feel good for him. Bouncing up and down, I fuck his hole with my tongue, moving my head from side to side as I do so he’ll feel me everywhere. It’s my hope to set him on fire from the inside out like he does me.

“Dragon,” he begs. “Oh, fuck, I just need—ah!”

I replace my tongue with my finger. It's longer and can reach better places inside him. He fists the sheets on his bed as I stroke my finger in and out of his tight channel. When my finger brushes over his prostate, he shrieks.

“You like that, Baby Prospect?”

“Yesyesyesyes.”

His chanting goes on and on. I slide out my finger only long enough to press it beside my middle one and then push back in. With each pump of my fingers into his body, I scissor and twist them, stretching him and preparing him for when I actually do take his ass.

Soon.

I'm going to fuck him so hard he forgets his own name.

Just not yet.

I rub on his prostate, teasing him until he finally comes. His body trembles and a loud groan of ecstasy echoes in the room. Once he's found his release, I pull my fingers out and climb over him. I shimmy out of my sweats before pressing the length of my cock against his ass crack. As much as I want to push into him and fuck him like a madman, I don't. I settle for nipping at his shoulder while I dry fuck him. Right before I come, I grip my dick, lifting up off him, and search for his hole. Rather than sliding into him, I press the head of my cock against his still-slick hole. Feeling his spasming hole, needy for my dick, twitching against my crown, I come with a relieved growl. Hot cum spurts from me and I feed it into him, barely pressing against him.

“You're not sleeping tonight,” I warn him. “Maybe not ever again.”

“Good.”

My cock is spent, drained into him. As I pull away, I stare in fascination as my milky white cum trickles out of his red hole. One day soon I'll make his pretty asshole gape open for me. I'll fill him with so much cum he won't be able to walk anywhere or do anything without me running down his thighs, reminding him of who he belongs to.

“Dragon?”

“Hmm?”

I collapse on him, inhaling the skin on his neck at his hairline.

“Thank you.”

His words stun me into silence. I’ve never once been thanked for sex before. All the shit that went down with Night Giant doesn’t count because it was fucked up and wrong.

This thing with Cove?

Feels too good to be true.



THIRTEEN

Cove

“P_{st}.”

I wake to someone poking my bare ass cheek and not in the fun sort of way. More like antagonistic and annoying as fuck. Considering I’m draped over Dragon’s also-naked form, it can’t be him.

Fuck.

I cringe, wondering who walked into this lovely scene. Thankfully, it’s just Nees. My best friend will keep his mouth shut. Sure, he’ll ask a thousand questions later, but he’s not going to gossip to the other club members about whatever the hell me and Dragon are doing.

What *are* we doing?

Whatever it is, it feels really, really good. Last night proved that we’re even better with a little practice.

“I’m not waking the psycho. That’s all on you,” Nees hisses, “but the two of you better get to Church. Everyone’s in there already shooting the shit and wondering where you guys are.”

“Fuck,” I mutter, my voice gravelly from sleep.

“Walk of shame, bro. No avoiding it.”

As soon as he closes the door behind him, I slowly extricate myself from Dragon's hot, tattooed body. This is going to be awkward as fuck and I dread it with every fiber of my being.

"Sneaking away, Baby Prospect?"

Dragon rolls onto his back, his dick thick and erect, just begging for attention. My own cock rejoices at the sight of perfection, jerking in excitement.

Down, boy.

Dragon, with his messy bedhead and wicked half-grin, does nothing to alleviate the state of my dick. If anything, it makes my body burn to crawl over him so I can ride his dick like I'm damn near desperate to do.

"Church," I grumble. "Get dressed. I'll go first and distract them."

His laughter is deep and sinister. "You ashamed of fucking me?"

"We didn't actually fuck," I snarl, irritation swelling faster than my cock.

He lifts a brow, smirking at me. "My tongue was in your ass, baby. Fucking. Fucking around. Whatever you want to call it, we did it. And we're going to do more of it, too."

Ignoring him, I throw on clothes and storm into the adjacent bathroom. When I see my reflection, I nearly beat my head against the glass.

Hickeys.

So many hickeys.

All over my neck for all to see.

I splash some water on my face in an attempt to cool the flames of humiliation. Doesn't work. My blood runs hotter than the skin holding it in, pooling in my dick as I remember his lips all over me last night. Quickly, I brush my teeth and try to do something with my hair. By the time I finish, Dragon is dressed—thank fuck—in a pair of sweats and sauntering my

way. He stops in the doorway, lifts his arms to grab onto the top of the doorframe, and leans in toward me.

Like the shameless slut I am for him, I drink in his perfect chest, my mouth watering for another taste of him.

“Move,” I choke out, stepping close enough our chests touch. “Now.”

“Even bitchier in the morning. I love it.” He grins widely and evilly. “You know that shit turns me on.”

I attempt to shove past him, but he works out like a fucking freak and has muscles for days. He’s immovable. With the quickness of a cobra, he strikes, his hand seizing my jaw with brutal strength. Then, with surprising gentleness, he tilts my head to the side. The fucker admires his handiwork all over my neck.

“Beautiful,” he murmurs, sending a chill over my flesh.

He pulls away, allowing me to exit the bathroom, as if he didn’t just make me dizzy with lust. Shakily, I find a clean pair of socks and boots before slipping out of my room without any more run-ins with Dragon.

Chaos can be heard across the clubhouse in the room where we hold Church. Unlike most MC clubs, or so I’ve been told since I’m a novice, our Church is unusual. Unusual in the fact that it’s sleek, expensive, and luxurious. It’s better suited for a bunch of men from Wall Street rather than us hooligans. Still, I’m not going to complain. The chairs are comfy as shit and Bermuda even conned Koyn into letting us have a stocked refrigerator and a popcorn machine. As soon as I walk into the conference room, the entire group goes silent.

“Morning,” I grunt out, not making eye contact with my brother-in-law, Copper.

Bizzy starts laughing so hard he begins to cough. Gibson smacks him hard on the back while Katana glowers at them. I don’t miss the amused smirk on Halo’s face as I pass by him.

“Damn, BP,” Bizzy says through his laughter. “Tell your bitch I got something she can suck on. Why can’t I ever find someone to Hoover my dick? I have abs now, goddammit.”

“It’s your mouth that annoys the shit out of people,” Filter offers, shrugging. “You could look like me and bitches would still keep their distance. That laugh, for one, is annoying as fuck.”

“I second that,” Nees says, raising his hand like a schoolboy. “Work on your swagger, bro, and you can get Hoovered any day of the week. Your boy here knows all about getting his dick sucked.”

Copper smacks Nees in the head. “Coming from the kid who wet the bed until he was nine.”

That sends another wave of riotous laughter through the room. I’m just glad they’ve moved on to Bizzy and Nees. The last thing I need is for them to realize the bitch who Hoovered me isn’t a bitch at all.

More like a psychopath.

A sexy one, but still fucking insane.

“Do I need to call Stormy to get you two to stop acting like idiots?” Koyn asks, directing his question at Copper and Nees. “She’s all but begged me to let her hold Church one day.”

Payne groans, shaking his head and burying his face in his palms. “That shit would go to her head.”

“Your ol’ lady like to boss you around in bed?” Bizzy asks Copper. “Do you call her Mommy?”

Copper flings an ink pen at Bizzy, nailing him right between the eyes. He grumbles, rubbing at the spot, and shoots Copper a death glare.

“Where’s your buddy, man?” Filter asks, nodding at Katana. “Usually you two are joined at the hip.”

Nees smothers a laugh and fiddles with his pocketknife to keep from giving away my secret. I can feel heat flooding my cheeks, making them turn bright red.

Katana gives Filter a shrug and doesn’t betray his best friend by looking at me. It’s clear he knows where Dragon holed up last night, but he’s not letting on.

“Seriously,” Bizzy says, elbowing me. “Who was she? Do I know her? Was it Erin? I bet it was Erin.”

“It wasn’t Erin,” Bermuda snaps, showing a rare flash of anger. “Don’t be an asshole, Biz.”

Pressing on, Bizzy whistles and waggles his brows. “What about Calla?”

“Dude,” I hiss. “My twin? Are you fucking insane?”

Bizzy cackles. “I knew it was Erin. Gibson, you owe me twenty bucks.”

Bermuda snags Halo’s pack of cigarettes and launches it at Bizzy, who barely dodges it.

“Man, I don’t know,” Gibson mutters under his breath. “Something’s not adding up.”

A formidable presence fills the doorway, sending the temperature in the room skyrocketing. Against my better judgment, I dart my eyes to find Dragon walking into the room. He’s still wearing the sweats from before and is shirtless.

Fuck. Me.

“Dude, you got laid too?” Bizzy demands, throwing his hands up in the air. “Unbelievable. I swear I’m never going to get my dick wet. All this working out and shit was a waste.”

Dragon stalks over to Bizzy’s chair and grabs the back of it, rolling him away from the table. “Move.”

“What? No. I was here first, dickhead,” Bizzy throws back.

“You’re in my seat,” Dragon growls.

“Since fucking when?”

“Since today, dumbass. Move before I send you through the fucking window.”

“Prez,” Bizzy whines. “Seriously?”

My face flames hotter and I can’t look at Koyn. He’s watching the entire situation unfold with intense scrutiny. The

man is smart and I know he's already putting it together.

Dragon makes good on his threat, shoving Bizzy so hard his chair slams against the window and a crack forms from the impact and splinters like a web.

"Bermuda," Koyn grumbles.

"Already texting them," Bermuda mutters back.

We've broken more windows at the clubhouse than humanly possible. Someone is always throwing something or someone through glass, which is why Bermuda has the window repair company on speed dial.

Dragon saunters over to an empty chair and drags it past everyone into Bizzy's vacated spot. He sits in his seat, swiveling so he can stare at my profile. I'm going to kill him.

"Holy shit," Filter mutters. "Is this fucking for real?"

"Are you done?" Koyn grunts. "Because we have shit to discuss and whatever this is"—he waves a dismissive hand between the two of us—"will have to wait until the next Q. This is Church, not social hour."

I give Koyn a clipped nod, mortified about this whole shitshow. "Yes, sir."

"Good. Because I want an update on what you guys found out last night. Katana insists on letting Dragon tell the story." Koyn leans back in his chair, the leather creaking with the movement. "This should be interesting."

Dragon leans forward, resting his elbows on his knees. He's so close, I can smell his smoky scent. I hate how I want to turn my head and bury my nose against his neck.

"Max is dead," Dragon deadpans.

"No shit, Sherlock," Koyn barks back. "Elaborate."

"He was wearing more of Max than Max was wearing of Max," Nees offers with a full-bodied shudder. "Fucking sick, man."

"Body?" Copper demands, his voice sharp with authority.

“Incinerated,” Katana offers. “Nothing but ash.”

Copper gives him a nod of approval. Being an ex-Fed, he makes sure we cover our asses anytime we do something illegal like torture, mutilate, and murder a loser like Max.

“What happened before you burned his body?” Koyn asks, irritation clawing at his tone.

“I stabbed him.” Dragon chuckles, low and sinister. “A lot.”

Koyn scrubs a palm over his scarred face and shakes his head. “Right. And what did you find out?”

Dragon’s attention is no longer on the conversation but instead fixated on my neck. He reaches up to touch one of the hickeys. I hiss at him, smacking his hand away.

“Hey, lovebirds,” Koyn snaps. “What the fuck happened?”

“Max was meeting up with Night Giant,” I blurt out, annoyed that neither Katana nor Dragon seem to be ready to tell the story any time this century.

The room goes silent.

“I see,” Koyn mutters. “Explains the horror show aftermath Nees saw. Anything else of use?”

“Not really.” I let out a huff. “Someone killed him before we could get anything helpful from him. All we know is he was headed to Memphis but—”

“Night Giant is in Arkansas,” Dragon bites out, his words so vicious, I flinch. “Having the time of his fucking life.”

“He’s hiding out in a janky-ass trailer,” Koyn spits back. “Not exactly the Ritz Carlton.”

“But he’s alive...” Dragon’s entire body thrums with violent energy. I have the urge to put my hand on his thigh to calm him down. Instead, I fist it in my lap. “Alive and breathing. Two things he doesn’t deserve.”

“I understand what you want—”

Koyn's words are cut off when Dragon slams a fist down on the conference table with enough force coffee splashes out of Payne's steaming mug, causing him to curse in annoyance. Koyn arches a brow and crosses his arms over his massive chest. He nods at Dragon, waiting for him to continue.

"His time is up, Prez. I'm going to kill him."

Koyn studies Dragon for a long beat before letting out a defeated sigh. "Fine. But you're not doing this alone. We'll figure out a plan and do it together. Understood?"

Dragon huffs but doesn't argue.

"Right," Koyn continues. "Now that we have psycho torture checked off on our daily agenda, let's move the fuck along."



FOURTEEN

Dragon

Now that Prez has moved on to other matters of club business and Bermuda babbles about finances, I refocus my attention back on Cove. The bruises all over his neck visible for all to see make my blood run hot in my veins, unable to focus on anything else.

With the morning sun streaming in, dancing across the massive mahogany conference table, and ending on Cove's soft profile, he is angelic. Something pure and innocent and untouched. Except he's not. I defiled him the entire night, not allowing either of us to sleep more than a couple hours at most.

He belongs to the devil now.

My chair creaks as I lean forward, needing to be closer to him so I can smell him. I can feel curious eyes on me, but I don't give a fuck.

"Can you not?" Cove hisses, shooting me a go to hell look that could melt glaciers.

"What?"

He rolls his eyes at my feigned innocence. Grabbing hold of the arm of his chair, I drag him closer. The scowl he wears deepens, but the pinkening of his cheeks gives him away.

“Is this going to be a problem?” Koyn demands.

“No,” Cove clips out. “I can leave.”

I grab his bicep before he can stand, squeezing to let him know he’s not going anywhere. “No problem here, Prez.”

The muscle along Cove’s jaw ticks furiously. I want to lick it. Lick him. Suck every sweet part of him into my mouth.

“As entertaining as this is,” Filter grunts, “some of us missed breakfast. Can we wrap this shit up so I can fucking eat?”

“And some of us are going to lose our breakfast...”

It might be a joke, but I’ve had enough of Bizzy’s shit this morning. I jerk away from Cove and am on my feet stalking toward Bizzy’s sloppy ass, wishing I had my knives and not my two fists, within the next second. Grabbing him by his thick neck, I drag him out of his chair—which is no easy feat since he’s a fat fuck—and snarl in his face.

“Are you a homophobic redneck piece of shit?” I ask, my tone low and deadly.

“W-What? Fuck. No, Dragon. No, man. It was a j-joke.” His eyes dart back and forth, pleading for me to understand.

“Let him go,” Koyn barks.

I squeeze my palm around his throat, watching his eyes bug out and his flesh turn purple. Unlike how Cove gets that orgasmic look on his pretty face, Bizzy looks like a pimple about to burst.

Katana materializes beside me. His sudden presence has me releasing Bizzy and glancing over at him. He smirks, amused that Bizzy got put in his place, but still there to keep me from doing something stupid like killing Bizzy in front of everyone.

“Apologize,” I say to Bizzy, my eyes not leaving Katana. My best friend grounds me. I’m tethered to reality when he’s near, not floating into the fucked-up abyss.

“Eh, sorry?” Bizzy blurts out.

Breaking eye contact with Katana, I pounce on Bizzy again, my forehead pressing to his as I stare him down, letting him feel the vibration of my fury rippling through me like electricity.

“Do better.” I don’t blink or move away. “I said do better.”

“Fuck. I, uh, I’m sorry for disrespecting you, man.”

“I don’t give a fuck what you think about me, Bizzy,” I spit out, spraying his overgrown beard. “Him.”

The room goes silent aside from Bizzy’s heavy breathing.

“BP, deal with your problem,” Koyn snaps. “Now.”

Cove curses and I feel him approach from behind. The hairs on my arms stand on end as he nears. He touches my lower bare back, his fingers softly brushing over the skin. I flutter my eyes closed, relishing in the way it feels.

“Say it,” I whisper to Bizzy.

“I’m sorry, Cove, er, BP,” Bizzy rushes out. “I’m cool with gays, man. This all got blown way out of proportion.”

“Are you satisfied, Baby Prospect?”

“Yes.” Cove’s tone is icy and filled with fury. At me. I don’t give a fuck. “Take a walk with me.”

I pull away from Bizzy, giving him a fiery warning glare that I hope he remembers next time he decides to open his stupid mouth.

Whirling around, I stalk my prey. Cove’s face is bright red from humiliation, but he’ll get over it. I prowl toward him, my heart rate skipping beats as he slowly tries to escape me.

There is no escape.

He unleashed the dragon. There’s no putting him back inside his cage.

“Cove,” Copper mutters. “Let’s talk later.”

Cove nods, swallowing hard. He walks backward out of the conference room, eyes locked on mine. I match him step for step, but growing closer to him with each one because of

having longer legs. He's nearly in the kitchen when I finally catch up. The conference door slams shut behind us. Koyn is probably pissed, but he'll get over it. Maybe he can punish Bizzy for once in his fucking life for being a dumbass.

"Hungry?" Cove asks, his voice tight.

"Fucking ravenous."

His face sours. "Not for me."

A wicked grin curls my lips up. "Then no."

He rolls his eyes and turns to walk into the kitchen. Big mistake. You don't turn your back on the predator. I grab his shoulders, pressing his body against the stainless-steel refrigerator, and rub my erection against his ass. My lips find his ear and I nip at the lobe.

"You going to feed me?"

"Dragon, I barely want to talk to you after the shit you just pulled."

Despite his furious words, his breathing becomes ragged and he writhes in my arms, rubbing against my cock. I suck on his neck just below his ear.

"Shouldn't have given me a taste, Baby Prospect. Now I'm addicted."

"You're fucking crazy is what you are. Dick drunk."

A laugh bubbles out of me. "Dick drunk, hmm?"

"Completely wasted." He sighs. "Let me go."

"I can't."

His body loses some of the tension and he melts in my arms. "How about a truce?"

"Mmm?"

"Let me cook you something to eat. After, we can, uh, go back to my room to, uh, blow off some of this steam."

"How domestic of you, wifey."

"See, you really piss me off when you say shit like that."

“I think it gets you off to be mad at me.”

He doesn't answer, which is the only answer I need. It's true. Cove, despite his bitchy behavior, enjoys my touch and words and the pleasure I offer. Feeling is fucking mutual. Minus the bitchy behavior on my part.

I pull back and smack his tight jean-covered ass. “Make me breakfast, lover.”

“I fucking hate you. You know that?”

“I think, for you, Baby Prospect, hate is synonymous with love.”

He shoots me the bird and I laugh.

Human. Cove makes me feel human for the first time in forever. If he thinks I'm letting him go anytime soon, he's just as fucking insane as I am.

Because I'm not.

Ever.



He tastes like syrup. We managed to inhale a few frozen waffles before I dragged Cove back to his bedroom. Now, I have him half-naked and my tongue down his throat. Voices and laughter can be heard beyond the door, meaning Church is over, but I don't care about that shit. All I care about is this.

Getting Cove naked and beneath me.

I drag my fingers over his hard abs as I kneel in front of him. His breath hitches when I jerk down his jeans and boxers, freeing his erection. He's not as thick or long as me, but his dick fits his smaller frame. It'll still taste good as I try to swallow him whole. A whimper bubbles out of him. I lick the underside of his shaft, making him whimper some more.

“Dragon,” he croaks out, his fingers tangling in my messy hair. “Fuck. That feels so damn good.”

I tease my tongue around the crown, avoiding the bead of pre-cum at the tip. I’m saving my treat.

“I like the way you smell,” I murmur, nuzzling my nose against his trimmed golden-blond pubes. “I can’t get enough.”

Trailing kisses along his length, I make my way back to the tip and lick off the salty goodness. Hungry for more, I slide my lips around his thickness and suck him deep. He cries out, the hold on my hair tightening. I grip the globes of his ass, pulling him closer and urging him to fuck my greedy throat. It takes all of three seconds for him to get the idea. Then, without warning, he starts thrusting hard, chanting my name like a fucking prayer.

Wrong god, baby.

Nothing but darkness and violence and evil here.

His dick slides down my throat like it belongs there. A perfect fit. I hum in pleasure.

“Jesus,” he groans. “Do that again.”

Revvng my throat like a fucking Harley, I let the vibrations enter the equation. He loves it because he starts fucking my throat with abandon. It burns and bruises, but I want the violence of it. A roar crawls out of him, echoing in the room as his cock begins pulsating. His seed, hot and plentiful, gushes down my throat. I swallow, gulping it all down until he’s spent and his dick slows its twitching.

“Lube,” I bark out as I pull away, lifting my gaze to meet his.

He’s wrecked. Pink cheeks. Parted lips. Eyes closed. A smile tugs at my lips as I rise to my feet. The urge to touch him overpowers the need to fuck him. At least, in this moment. I cup his cheek in my palm, running my tattooed thumb over his pillowy lips. Blue eyes snap open, snaring me with such an intense stare I can feel it in deep, shadowed parts of my soul. A little warmth for the chilly darkness.

“Did you like that?”

He nods, leaning his head into my touch. I don't know if he realizes it or if it's involuntary. Regardless, I like the way he responds to me. Like he can't ignore the overwhelming need any more than I can.

“I'm going to fuck you, Cove. Tell me you want this.”

His brows crash together. “Do I have a choice?”

I pull back, ice chasing away the heat. I'm dragged back to the past. When Night Giant commanded me like a dog and I fucking obeyed like one. Because of that motherfucker, I did things I don't want to think about.

This is why I'll never be able to see my family again.

Cove knows what I've done and can barely put up with me. But my family? They would be horrified and disgusted. They would hate the man I've become—

“Dragon.”

Arms wrap around me from behind, hugging me and immediately snuffing out my inner hatred. His palms caress my abdominal muscles before sliding into my sweats, seeking out my dick that has begun to soften. All it takes is a few expert strokes over my length to have me hard and needy again.

“Sometimes I'm an asshole when I don't mean to be. It's a defense mechanism.” His words are spoken softly against the skin on my back. “I'm sorry.”

“What Night Giant made me do...” I grit out. “Your sister ___”

“I know,” Cove interjects. “It was a low blow. We haven't done anything I haven't been one hundred percent on board for. I shouldn't have said that.”

“Do you need a safeword?”

Seems pretty stupid, but I'm the epitome of unsafe, so it might make him more comfortable.

“*You* need a safeword.”

At this, I laugh. “A fucking jokester is what you are.”

“I’m serious,” Cove growls. “Give me a safeword.”

“I could just rip you off of me. I outweigh you and can out-bench you.”

“Wow,” he deadpans. “You really know how to flatter a guy right into bed with those poetic words.”

He pulls away and strips the rest of the way out of his clothes. I watch him without shame, cataloguing every bruise and mark my rough hands and mouth have put on him in the last twenty-four hours.

“You need a safeword,” Cove continues, “for when I’m being a dick and it sends you to whatever dark place you just went to.” He chews on his bottom lip. “It reminded me of when...”

When Night Giant would command me to heel and obey like a good boy. I cringe at the thought of how easily that motherfucker can get right inside my mind. I want to murder him, but he says the right words to turn me into a terrified teenage boy he brutally raped and controlled for years.

“Batman.” I smirk at him. “That’s my safeword.”

“Of course it is. Mine will be Robin.”

It’s stupid because I’m not the type of guy who would ever want to use a safeword, but somehow, having it, makes me feel powerful. Impenetrable. Untouchable. In control.

“Time to fuck, Baby Prospect.”



FIFTEEN

Cove

He's arrogant and assumes I'll do his bidding whenever he wants. But because he melts me with a simple hot stare, I find myself obeying this man. Over and over again. He's a puppet master holding my strings. I perform for him like it's my fucking job.

I hate that I do.

But I also love that he makes me.

This thing between us is probably toxic as fuck. I'm going to need hella therapy after this—whenever this thing ends.

It will end.

All good things come to an end.

This is a very bad thing, though. Does that mean it'll last forever?

Dragon captures my lips with a fiery kiss that has me clawing at his shoulders, trying to pull him closer. We tumble into bed, his massive, muscular body crushing me to the mattress. I moan between kisses and quickly turn to pleading as his lips leave mine to tease along my jaw and to my neck.

His obsession with leaving marks on my neck is annoying.

And yet...I don't use my safeword.

It feels too good. Too perfect. Too real.

Days ago, I was pining over Nick and the shitty crumbs he offered me. With Dragon, it's no comparison. Everything is so intense and over the top. Like it's not enough and too much all at once. I'm maddened more and more each second we spend alone together. He owns my body whereas I just rent it.

"Lube," he murmurs against my throat, the sound desperate and ragged.

"Bedside drawer."

He pulls away to reach for it. When he comes back with lube and no condom, I almost confront him about it. Last night, we were reckless and unsafe. I'm of a right mind and should tell him to suit up.

I don't.

I nibble on my bottom lip as I watch him slick up his gorgeous cock. I'm desperate to have him slide into me. To take my anal virginity and fuck me like the madman he is.

"Let me see your tight hole," he commands, nudging my thighs apart. "Now, baby."

Not Baby Prospect. Just baby. That's the second time he's called me that.

A flush of warmth flutters over my skin as I spread my legs, letting him see the part of me that needs him to fill it up. His green eyes flicker with lust that matches my own and he takes the time to admire it before sliding a slippery finger inside. I shamelessly lift my hips, trying to force him deeper within me. A smirk tugs at his lips and he pushes another finger in.

"More," I beg. "I need more."

A third joins the first two, and though it's a tight squeeze that burns, it just makes me hungrier to have his dick inside me. He stretches me, rubbing in all the right spots before he pulls out and flashes me a devilish grin.

“Ready?”

“Fuck yes.”

He grabs hold of his dick with one hand and plants the other on the bed beside my head. His gaze locks on mine, penetrating the deepest, loneliest parts of me. He marches right inside my mind, parks his ass, and camps out.

“Ahh,” I cry out as he slowly presses into me.

I’d assumed that my first time like this would be quick and painful. Dragon, though, has proven to be a giving lover and takes his time. Wonder shines in his eyes, as if he can’t believe this is happening between us. I’m not far behind him on that thought.

Outside of this bedroom, we don’t make sense. He pisses me off and we argue. Because of our pasts that intertwine, I should hate him. Maybe, at one time, I did.

Not anymore.

Not since we crossed this line between love and hate. Our bodies don’t hate each other at all, which leaves us sitting on the other side of the line. It’s more than like or lust. It’s something else entirely. Fiery and hot. Soul crushing and spellbinding.

A ragged breath blows past Dragon’s lips, his eyelids partially closing in pleasure. The burning as he enters me is uncomfortable but not unwanted. I like the feel of him stretching and filling me. Like he’s staking a claim from the inside out. He pushes the rest of the way in, his groin grinding against me. I try to reach him with my lips, silently begging for a kiss.

Lips crash to mine, hard and unapologetic.

He kisses me like I have answers to questions he desperately needs answers to. Dragon doesn’t just kiss me—he consumes me. His hips begin a rhythmic dance as he strokes in and out of me. The fullness of him inside my body is dizzying. I like him on top of me, in me, kissing me, fucking me. It’s the most incredible thing I’ve ever experienced.

I lose all sense of reality and time.

All I know in these seconds, minutes, hours is him. Just him. His body, his taste, his scent. Dragon is everywhere all at once. In me, on me, flowing through my veins like hot lava. Nothing else matters but the way he ravishes me and fills me to the brim with his fiery-hot essence.

He loses control, his thrusting becoming more claiming and nearly violent. Too easily, he manhandles my wrists until he's pinned them both with one of his massive, tattooed hands. I'm at his mercy. His sex captive. His willing prey.

The safeword is a lifeline I don't reach out for.

I ignore it, sinking deeper and deeper into the darkness with him.

He drowns me and I don't care.

I want it. I need it. I demand it.

Digging my heels into his muscular ass, I silently beg for more. More chaos. More pain. More pleasure. I need it all. All at once. An obliteration of my entire being.

His wet lips tear from mine and he bites my cheek, my jaw, my neck. The way he marks me is so primal and should be annoying, but I grow harder despite just having come down his throat. My cock leaks with pre-cum, a clear indicator of how much his savagery turns me on.

The calloused fingers of his free hand find one of my sore, recently pierced nipples. He's not gentle at all. I cry out as he tugs on the metal piercing to the point I wonder if he'll rip it out.

The pain mixes with the pleasure coursing through my veins, dizzying me. Tears prickle at my eyes because it hurts, but my balls grow tighter with the need to come. It's confusing, but I love the pandemonium inside me right now.

"You want me to hurt you," he murmurs, hot breath tickling the side of my neck. "Admit it."

"I don't."

“Liar.”

He twists my nipple and it hurts so fucking badly, I nearly black out from the pain. The throbbing in my balls is like a defibrillator to my heart, shocking me out of my stupor and reminding me I am a liar as he says.

I love this.

Every nerve ending screams at me, reminding me I'm alive.

“You're a sadist,” I accuse, my words soft and breathless and not at all hateful. “You get off on hurting me.”

“And you get off on the pain.”

To punctuate his words, he bites on my earlobe and thrusts hard. At this rate, I won't be able to walk for a week. He's going to rip me in half in his attempt to climb inside me and dig his evil claws into the soft parts of my heart.

And I don't care.

I want it. Crave it. Fucking need it.

His breath tickles my ear as he murmurs, “Mine.”

I'm a bomb. I detonate without warning, a ragged cry of pleasure ripping from my throat. Semen jets from my throbbing dick, soaking both of us. My ass clenches with each pulse of cum that spurts out of me. It must feel good for Dragon because he's a bomb too.

Nuclear.

Obliterating.

World ending.

The guttural growl that leaves him imprints itself on my every nerve ending and stamps itself on my soul. It's a sound entwined with such a spectacular feeling I'll never ever forget it. It's a part of me now. This moment. The two of us destroying each other in the best possible way. An annihilation of the men we are and creating something new, unknown, otherworldly.

When my bedroom comes back into focus some time later, Dragon is no longer inside me, but more of a tattooed monstrous blanket gifted from the bowels of hell. I could snuggle under it forever and be completely content.

What does that say about me?

I'm just as fucked up as he is, apparently.

"I have shit to do," Dragon mutters, his lips barely moving as they rest against the side of my neck. "You going to be okay?"

Irritation chases away my post-coital bliss. "I'm a grown-ass man. I don't need a babysitter."

"Cool it with the bitchiness, BP. You know that shit turns me on and your ass is going to be sore for a few days. Trust me." He winces just a bit, but I notice.

"He was the first to be with you that way?"

Dragon tenses before rolling away from me and onto his back. A muscular arm rests over his eyes as though he can hide from me. Everything about him screams violent monster who can handle himself, but in this moment, he's hiding. Afraid. Ashamed. It stokes an inferno of hatred I have for Night Giant. For someone to still have such a hold on the most powerful person I know is mind-boggling.

"The first of many," Dragon clips out. "Never again."

Reaching for him, I gently drag my fingertips over his sculpted abs. "Not even for me?"

His lips press together in a firm line as every muscle in his body goes taut. "I have shit to do today. I can't lie in bed all day playing games."

"We're not a game, Dragon. We're an inevitability neither of us can seem to ignore."

I shove his arm away, needing to see his intense green eyes. When they finally latch onto mine, my heart stutters in my chest. Vulnerability shines in them, flickering like two fading stars in the sky.

“Would you?” I press on, needing to know there’s more to this thing between us than just the sex itself. I crave his trust.

“I have to go.”

“Dragon...”

“I said I have to go.”

“Just answer—”

“Batman.”

I gape at him, shocked that he’d use his safeword for this. But the panic in his eyes that dart everywhere but at me tells me all I need to know. Being with me, a man, is his way of trusting me. Me asking to flip the roles is too much for him. A weak spot that he’ll die to protect.

Leaning forward, I press a kiss to his chest where his heart is. It’s an intimate move, but I feel as though I need to comfort him since I’m the one responsible for forcing his safeword out of him.

“I’m going to shower and then meet up with Copper. I’ll see you around.”

His jaw clenches and he nods, still unable to look me in the eye. “Bye, Baby Prospect.”

The coldness in his words and the distance he’s quickly putting between us makes me sick to my stomach, but I respect his need for self-preservation. I was only imprisoned in that shithole for a short time and it was enough to make me an emotional basket case. I can’t imagine being taken as a teenager and spending many years in captivity.

Maybe this is the end for us.

One look at his handsome face and I know it’s another lie I tell myself.

This is only the beginning of something complicated and real and earth-shattering. Something I’m not going to survive. Something I can’t even begin to protect myself from.

I watch as he climbs out of bed and yanks his clothes on, each colorful back muscle rippling with the effort. Such a

beautiful creature.

“Dragon...”

Green eyes sweep over me, darkening as he takes in my wrecked, abused body sprawled out on the bed. “Hmm?”

“Leave me alone.” I scowl at him, hiding my smile. “Forever.”

The tension bleeds from him as a grin curls his lips up and reveals all his perfect white teeth. “You know I can’t do that. Not anymore.”

That’s what I was counting on.

“Asshole.”

He laughs, winks, and then strides out of my room—out of my world—like he didn’t just take my heart with him.

I am so fucked.

Literally. Figuratively. Completely.

And, for the first time in years, there’s a stirring in my gut. An excitement, a thrill. Something unfamiliar but all-consuming.

Happiness.

It’s within reach. I just have to find a way to grab onto it.



SIXTEEN

Dragon

Katana's presence the moment I step out of the clubhouse into the sticky Oklahoma afternoon is a salve to my singed soul. After fucking Cove, my mind is a goddamn mess. I can't shake away the terror that crept up on me.

Night Giant.

Most days, I can keep him on the pedestal where I throw all my mental hatred at him and fantasize all the ways I'll gut him like a fish.

Not today.

Today, he's a shadowy monster looming in my subconscious. Laughing at me. Reaching for me. Threatening me. No matter how hard I try to shake him from my head, he's there, suffocating me with his malevolence.

I'll never escape him.

Not until he's dead.

This shit has gone on long enough.

"I got your back, bro," Katana murmurs, voice hard with steely resolve.

He's always had my back. No matter what. Katana saved me all those years ago when I made my escape out of Night Giant's sick fucking hold. If it weren't for Katana, I'd be dead by now. There's no doubt in my mind. Had I not escaped, I would've figured out a way to take my own life eventually.

Laughter in the main house garage echoes loudly, beckoning me toward it. Katana is right behind me, ready to back me up no matter what. Koyn and Copper are standing side by side like a couple of behemoth brotherly tattooed beasts wearing matching smirks as Nees no doubt fucks up another one of his bikes. The kid's gone through more bikes than our whole club combined. Clumsy ass motherfucker.

"Prez," I grind out. "A word."

Copper's amusement fades away as he scrutinizes me in that ex-Fed way he's perfected. Like he can cut me open and find answers if he chooses to. I give him the finger before ignoring him completely.

"If you're coming to tell me you accidentally killed BP in some kinky-ass sex games," Koyn drawls out, "I don't want to hear about it. I'm not dealing with Stormy. You can tell her you fucked her brother to death yourself."

Nees barks out a laugh from nearby. Before I can retaliate, Katana rests an encouraging hand on my shoulder. All irritation for Nees evaporates in an instant.

"I'll make sure he's still alive," Copper deadpans. "Katana?"

Katana waits for my approval. I give him a clipped nod. Behind me, Nees complains as Copper herds him out of the garage.

Just me and Prez and my fury.

"I want him dead."

"BP?"

I crack my neck, pinning him with a cool glare. "Fuck off."

“You’re a real pain in my ass, you know that?” Koyn’s tone is gruff, but there’s a hint of affection beneath it all. It’s a reminder a man, a father, a husband lives inside the crazy fucking Royal Bastard.

“My patience is gone. Fucking gone. I’m going whether you allow me to or not.”

Koyn scowls, the scars on his face pinching at the movement. “Give me a couple of weeks to formulate a plan —”

“Tonight.”

“You’re fucking insane if you think I’m going to go for that.”

“Animal has eyes on that trailer. The only place Night Giant goes is to the local grocery store to buy toilet paper to wipe his ass and food. He’s right there, Prez. I can’t fucking sit still or relax knowing he’s right there within reach.”

He plucks a cigarette from his pack and offers me one as well. My nerves are shot, so a blast of nicotine will certainly take the edge off. We both light up and it isn’t until we’ve taken a couple of drags before he speaks again.

“Tonight, huh?”

“I can be there in a few hours.”

“Not alone.”

“I’ll have Katana.”

Koyn takes another drag and blows out a plume of smoke from his nostrils. “We’ll all go.”

“I don’t need everyone, Bizzy’s fat ass included, fucking this up for me,” I growl, cracking my neck. “I’ll get in and get out.”

“No.”

“Prez...”

“Jesus Christ, Dragon, I said no. You’re not doing this alone.”

“You can come, but I can’t do this with all of...them.”
Bizzy. Filter. Copper.

He studies me for a long beat, reading between the lines. Night Giant is my weakness. The one chink in my armor. Prez knows firsthand what that motherfucker did to me because he was there when I was just a young man on the run and looking for a safe place to land.

“All right. Give me an hour and then we’ll get rid of this sick piece of shit once and for all.”

Music to my ears.



“Listen up,” Koyn says after pushing away his empty plate from lunch. “Plans have changed.”

Copper gives me a warning glare, which means he must’ve interrogated Cove about this new thing we’re doing. He can shoot daggers at me all he wants, but I’m not quitting Cove. Not a fucking chance.

Koyn waits until everyone is crowded in the big house’s dining room and kitchen. The house is massive and swanky, reminding me of the house I grew up in, but all the tattooed bikers seem out of place. I force images of my mother out of my mind. She’d lose her shit if the Royal Bastards were in her pristine kitchen.

Ignoring the longing to hug my mother, I focus on Koyn. Somehow, he became more than a biker brother. He became a surrogate father when I was too ashamed and broken to go back to mine. I might be a shithead most days, but I’ll forever be grateful for the life Koyn gave me when I no longer had one.

“Tonight, we’re taking down Night Giant.”

“Hell yeah,” Nees shouts, fist pumping the air. “About damn time.”

“Not you, numbskull. Me, Katana, and Dragon.”

“Prez,” Filter starts, irritation in his tone. “I’m going too.”

“No,” Koyn grinds out. “It’s the three of us. In and out. We’ll be back by morning.”

“What about the intel?” Payne asks. “I thought we were using him to smoke out others.”

“Fuck the intel,” I snarl. “His expiration date is up.”

“We’re taking Hadley’s Tahoe,” Koyn continues, ignoring the arguing. “Filter, Halo, Gibson—make sure we’re stocked up on weapons. Bermuda, get in contact with Animal. Let him know we’re headed that way.”

Everyone begrudgingly breaks up to do as they’re told. I grab some of my favorite knives after a quick shower. Washing Cove’s scent off me wasn’t by choice. I just hate the idea of Night Giant smelling him. That bastard took enough from me. I’ll be damned if I let him take something as intangible as Cove’s smell too. Once I’m showered, dressed, and strapped for battle, I head outside.

A fucking angel awaits me.

Cove, dressed from head to toe in black, leans against Hadley’s Tahoe. His blond hair is messy on top of his head, like a chaotic halo. My wrecked angel. He’s been dragged to hell and clawed his way back out.

“Came to give me a goodbye kiss. How sweet,” I spit out, not meeting his penetrating stare. “I’m not in the mood.”

I’m absolutely in the fucking mood, but the second I get my lips back on him, I won’t be able to stop.

“Shut up, Dragon.”

His icy words are daggers in my heart. I love the cold pain of them. Cutting, stabbing, chilling.

“Go back to the clubhouse, Baby Prospect.”

“No.”

I stalk over to him, unable to keep from shoving my hips against his. His ass hits the side of the vehicle and he sucks in a sharp breath.

Don't touch him. Don't touch him. Don't touch him.

My hand shakes as I ghost it over his delicate cheek. His lips part, inviting me to do so much more than touch. To kiss and devour and own.

He reaches up and grabs my wrist, tugging me closer. I study his pouty lips as he molds my hand around his throat. A thrill shivers down my spine.

“What are you doing?” I demand, my hand giving in to his need, tightening around his neck. “You’re a distraction.”

“I’m going with you.”

“You’re not.”

He grabs my leather cut, pulling me impossibly closer. I love the ragged sound of his breathing as my grip around his throat shackles him to me.

“What happens when he gets inside your head, *Chase*? What then?”

I recoil at my real name, shuddering as it violates me with memories of a boy I once was. Everything darkens around me. Despair claws at me inside my chest. The world spins and then my head slams against the hard earth.

“Look at me,” Cove demands, scowling down at me.

He’s an avenging angel straddling me. Fire and brimstone in his blue eyes. Beautiful and terrifying.

“You need me,” he murmurs softly. “Admit it. I somehow understand what goes on in that fucked-up head of yours.”

My heart no longer races and thuds heavily in my chest. I grab hold of his shirt, tugging him down to me. His lips press to mine so sweetly and reverently, I almost don’t feel worthy of such a tender kiss. The sweetness fades as his tongue plunges into my mouth, teasing me in filthy ways that get my dick incredibly hard.

“You’re manipulative,” I complain.

“Whatever works.”

“Stormy teach you this shit?”

“Family trait.”

“Hmph.”

He grins against my lips. “That sounds like a yes.”

“You’re fucking deaf too.”

“I’m coming, Dragon.”

I grab his ass with two hands, squeezing tight. “Not yet. You will be when this is over.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Koyn barks out. “You can’t fuck in my front yard.”

“We were having a discussion,” Cove mutters.

“Yeah, me and Pageant Girl have the same fucking discussions all the time. Always ends up with my dick in her mouth too.” He grumbles all the way to the hatch and starts tossing shit into the Tahoe. “I’m leaving, Dragon. With or without you.”

I grab Cove’s jaw, bringing his lips to mine. “You can go with us. But Night Giant is mine. Understood?”

“Yeah, psycho. I’m not into that bloody shit like you. I’m just there to have your back.”

We get lost in another kiss, ignoring Katana’s sniggering as he passes by us. It isn’t until Koyn starts laying on the horn like a crazy-ass motherfucker that we break apart.

Time to put down the monster once and for all.



SEVENTEEN

Cove

A road trip with Prez, Katana, and Dragon isn't exactly my idea of a fun time. Especially since I've been reduced to sitting in the third row because Katana took up all of the second one. Dragon is surprisingly chatty up front with Koyn, talking about boats of all goddamn things.

Boats.

Dragon is a lot of things—mainly fucking crazy—but boats aren't something I think of when I think of Dragon. I think of knives and tattoos and piercing green eyes. Blood and mayhem.

Not sunny days in swim trunks, trolling all over Lake Keystone.

As if he senses that my thoughts are on him, he turns in the passenger seat, his intense stare boring into me. "Want to come up front and sit on Daddy's lap, Baby Prospect?"

I flip him the bird. "Fuck off."

"Are we ever going to talk about this?" Koyn asks, his voice gruff. "I know I'm not the only one around here wondering how the hell you two ended up in the same bed."

“BP was needy for cock. I have a cock that’s needy for attention,” Dragon says, his lips curling into a wicked grin. “Match made in heaven.”

“Hmph. Heaven. Whatever.” Koyn shakes his head. “I still can’t wrap my head around it.”

“Neither can I,” I mutter. “Are we there yet?”

“Almost,” Koyn says. “We’re going to meet up with some of Animal’s guys.”

Animal is the prez of the Little Rock, Arkansas Royal Bastards MC chapter. From what I can tell, he’s pretty tight with Koyn. They’ve backed us up on a lot of shit, including the rescue that went down when Dragon, my siblings, and a few other people we took in were all held captive by Night Giant and his crew of sick fucks.

Night Giant is what’s left of that whole ordeal. Koyn wanted to draw more information out of him, since we have eyes on him, but Dragon could only be held off for so long.

Koyn pulls into a decrepit convenience store parking lot and parks at one of the gas pumps. He doesn’t get out until a Harley rumbles to a stop on the other side. Dragon lets down the window as Koyn climbs out.

“Hey, man,” Koyn says, knocking fists with the burly biker. “What do we need to know?”

The man points down the road. “Another mile and turn right. He’s hunkered down in a shitty trailer. Only leaves to go to the little mom-and-pop grocery shop up the road. We watch him go in and then come back out.”

“Does he make contact with anyone once inside?” Koyn asks.

“They don’t have a public phone inside. I went in once just to see. It’s a real shithole inside. He goes back to the trailer and just waits.”

“Waits?”

“Seems that way.”

“On what?” Dragon demands, joining the conversation through the window. “For us to cut his balls off and feed them to him?”

The man snorts out a laugh. “Nah, man. I think he’s waiting on a rescue. It just ain’t come for him yet. Whoever he’s waiting to rescue him seems to have forgotten about him.”

Night Giant is a lot of things. Fucking scary and sick, but he isn’t stupid. Not by a long shot.

“Thanks, bro,” Koyn says, pulling a wad of cash from his jeans pocket. “Tell Animal I owe him a favor. After tonight, there won’t be any need to watch that motherfucker anymore.”

Koyn does another fist bump with the guy and then climbs into the Tahoe. He drives out of the parking lot and back onto the road. We follow the guy’s directions and turn off on a road littered with potholes. He slowly drives until a baby blue trailer peeks through the trees.

“We’ll park here. Wait until dark and then move in.”

Dragon scoffs. “You can sit here. I’m not waiting another second.”

He climbs out of the vehicle. Katana follows him, always having his back. Koyn utters a string of curse words under his breath. “I swear to fuck, this shit drives me insane. Let’s roll, BP.”

The four of us prowl through the woods, Dragon leading our pack. As soon as we get a good look at the trailer, Dragon holds up a fist, signifying we need to stop. I walk past Katana and Koyn to stand beside him.

“You okay?” I murmur.

He cracks his neck and whips out two knives. “I’ll be better than okay once I’ve gutted that pig.”

“Does it have to be messy?” I hiss. “Can you just put a bullet through his head and be done with it?”

“Nope. The asshole needs to pay in pain,” Dragon says in a detached tone. “For what he did to me, to you, to everyone.” He turns to face us. “I’m doing this alone.”

“No way,” I snarl.

Dragon’s lips twitch on one side. “Fine. Balls of Steel here is coming with me. Prez and K, you watch our backs.”

Koyn mutters his affirmation. Dragon creeps from the trees through the tall, overgrown grass like a lion stalking his prey. I walk behind him, matching each of his footsteps with similar ones of my own.

We reach the back door of the trailer and pause, listening for sounds. All quiet. It makes my heart lodge itself in my throat. I check the safety on my Glock, making sure it’s ready to fire in case this psycho monster comes charging at us.

Dragon turns the doorknob, slowly pushing into the trailer. The metal hinges creak in protest, making us both tense up. Still quiet. No footsteps or anything.

Dragon’s heavy boots make the floor groan as he steps inside. Each sound we make feels like a blaring alarm, alerting the madman to our presence. Still nothing.

The air is pungent with the smell of a cheap microwavable dinner. I motion at the coffee table where the plastic container is full of food and still steaming. Dragon nods, understanding. He’s here. Somewhere.

Chick-chick.

Dragon yanks me to the floor just barely before a shotgun blast obliterates the wall behind where I was standing.

We roll out of the way as another boom makes the floor explode.

The massive, towering monster emerges from the kitchen, a shotgun in his giant hands. He fumbles to shove two more buck shots into his shotgun, but Dragon is faster, meaner, more vicious. The shotgun is easily ripped from Night Giant’s grip despite his size and strength. Dragon is a man on a mission.

“Arghh,” Night Giant roars as he and Dragon crash to the kitchen floor.

I scoop up the shotgun and finish loading it in case I need to use it. Koyn and Katana emerge from outside, hollering to

make sure we're okay.

"He's got this," I assure them, my eyes glued to the way Dragon just stabs Night Giant over and over and over and over again in his protruding belly through his stained shirt.

"I wanted to make this last," Dragon snarls, "but as it turns out, even you don't deserve a special death. I just want to stick you and make you bleed."

Night Giant is no longer fighting. When I'd seen him every time before, he'd had a mask on. Now, he's maskless and looks like your everyday guy with a dark beard. Except, rather than writhing in pain, the creep is smiling.

"You m-must b-be his little t-toy." Night Giant coughs up blood, spewing it everywhere. "You always w-were his f-favorite."

A chill skitters down my spine at his words. Dragon is still in a crazed rage, now cutting off the man's shirt to access his flesh.

"Dragon..." I mutter.

He ignores me, his blade slicing through the man's gluttonous stomach. This guy is different. I'd remembered Night Giant was huge like this guy and had a similar voice, but he was solid, not fat. It's what made me feel so confused about not hating giving him a blowjob. The parts of him he allowed me to see were far from ugly.

"Dragon," I say louder. "It's not—"

A phone rings from somewhere in the living room. Koyn's footsteps are heavy as he goes toward the sound. Katana hovers nearby, ready to step in in case Dragon needs it.

He won't need help, though.

Not here.

First off, the guy is already dead.

Secondly—

"Fuck," Koyn barks out.

I leave Dragon to his mutilation of the corpse, turning my attention to Prez. His features are hard as he listens on the other line.

Pushing past Katana, I stand beside Koyn, frowning at him. While he listens to the person on the other end of the cheap burner phone, his fingers are flying over the screen of his own phone. The hairs on my neck stand up.

This isn't good.

Bile creeps up my throat. Whatever he has to say, I know I'm not going to like it. I've never seen Koyn look so... furious? Disgusted? Distraught?

"No," Koyn snarls into the burner phone. "Not just no, but fuck no."

He ends the call, tossing the phone onto the couch. I gnaw on my bottom lip, waiting for him to spill the beans. His fingers spear into his dark hair and he tugs at the ends as he paces the small living room.

"What did he want?" I croak out.

Koyn's glare lands on me. "To speak to Dragon."

The sick, wet ripping sounds of flesh being torn apart halt almost instantly. A deafening silence falls over the entire trailer. Then, creaking footsteps thud our way until Dragon appears, blood splattered and green eyes glowing with rage.

"Who was it?" Dragon demands.

"I've got Bermuda trying to track the call."

"That doesn't answer my question." Dragon whips his head my way. "Who was it?"

I frown. "Him."

His jaw clenches. "Who, Baby Prospect?"

The phone rings again before we can answer. Both Dragon and Koyn dive for it at once. Though Koyn is bigger and terrifying, Dragon is fucking crazy. They scuffle, crashing into furniture as they fight for the phone. Dragon elbows Koyn in the throat before snagging the phone and swiping it to answer.

He doesn't speak, just breathes heavily, letting the other person on the line know he's there. Whatever is said on the other line has Dragon swallowing hard. For a second, he looks like a scared little teenage boy, not the man he is.

We didn't get the monster.

No, the monster, it seems has been two steps ahead of us all along.



EIGHTEEN

Dragon

“Recognize my voice, Caught?”

I do. I fucking do.

The man I killed—who I thought was Night Giant—was nothing more than a lookalike. Not the real thing. A fraud.

“Hiding is a real bitch move,” I growl. “Where are you, big guy? I’m coming for you.”

His deep, mocking chuckle makes the hairs on my arms stand on end. “That’s no way to speak to your master, Caught.”

“You’re nothing but a target to me. Dead fucking meat just like your piece of shit stand-in.”

“So eager to take my place that brother of mine. The bikers you paid to watch me never noticed when we switched places right under their noses at the little grocery store. Ahh, my brother always was eager to please me. He’ll be missed.”

“Did you fuck him too?”

“Oh, Caught. If you were here right now, I’d punish you for your filthy mouth.”

“I’m coming for you, motherfucker.”

It isn't until Cove takes my bloodied hand in his that I realize I'm trembling. Having his touch grounds me. Brings me focus. Swallowing down the fear Night Giant always seems to instill in me, I wait to hear what he wants.

He definitely wants something.

My gut tells me that something is me.

"I don't need you anymore," Night Giant rumbles. "You see, I found something better."

"Better than me?" I taunt. "I thought I was your favorite."

"You were. But then you bulked up and got tattoos. You're no longer the boy you once were."

Sick fuck.

"If you tell me where you're at," I snarl, "I'll make your death quick like your fat-ass brother."

Night Giant laughs again, dark and demonic. "I told you, Caught, you've been replaced by a newer model."

Something shuffles and Night Giant orders someone to speak.

"H-Hello?" The soft voice is barely a whisper. Terrified and confused.

"Tell me where you're at," I command to the teenage boy on the other end of the line. "I'll come for you and kill that bastard."

"I-I don't know." His voice cracks. "I'm scared."

The never-ending inferno of rage inside me for Night Giant seems to go nuclear. I can't believe this shit is happening again. To some poor kid. It's so fucked up.

"Listen, kid, I'm doing what I can. What's your name?"

"M-Mitch."

I freeze, a wave of shock sending ice through my veins. "Mitch?"

There's a scuffle and then Night Giant's laughter rumbles through the phone. "See, *Chase*, I got a newer model. Your

brother says hello.”

A blood-curdling scream echoes through the phone before the line goes dead. I stagger back, my knees threatening to buckle beneath me as the phone drops to the dirty carpet.

No.

This can't be.

Not my youngest brother, Mitch.

Impossible.

“How?” I croak out, mostly talking to myself despite Koyn barking out questions of his own. “How? How? How?”

This time, I do fall to my knees. Hard enough the entire trailer trembles. Cove kneels in front of me, cupping my cheeks with his soft hands. His blue eyes are narrowed with concern.

Something hot and wet streaks down my cheek.

Blood.

“Don't cry, Dragon,” Cove murmurs. “It's going to be okay. Just tell me what he said.”

I'm crying?

My brother.

That motherfucker has my brother.

I did everything I could to keep my family free of the stain that is my life and yet they're still affected. Not just affected, but Night Giant is replacing his obsession with me with my baby brother.

No. No. No.

“Hey,” Cove croons, swiping my cheeks with his thumbs. “Focus. What did he say?”

I try to speak, but my throat aches. It's as though my heart is trying to claw its way out of me to go after my brother.

No. No. No.

This can't be.

He can't have Mitch.

Cove smacks my cheek hard enough I blink out of my daze. I scowl at him, momentarily distracted by the roar threatening to make me explode.

“What. Did. He. Say?”

I grit my teeth before snarling, “He has Mitch. He has my brother.”

Cove's eyes widen in horror. Both Katana and Koyn curse. I rise to my feet and shakily make my way back through the door I came in. Cove rushes after me, grabbing at my arm to stop me.

“Where are you going? Do you even know where he's at?”

I snag Cove's delicate jaw in my grip and glower down at him. “I'm going to Memphis. Where this all started. Where it'll fucking end.”

“I'm coming with you,” he states, his blue eyes flickering with the stubbornness I'm so familiar with when it comes to Cove Gale.

“Damn straight you are,” I growl, releasing him. “Someone has to go find out what my family knows and it can't be me.”

As much as I crave reuniting with them—Mom, Dad, my brothers—I know I can't. It'll cut open pieces of me I've worked years trying to stitch together. Cove, being the pretty Boy Scout he is, can get in and out with the information we need. Mom will be drawn to Cove's wholesome appearance.

I can't let Mom ever see me like this.

Not as Dragon.

For her to learn that her boy didn't die, but instead turned into this, it would kill me to witness the pain in her eyes. The disappointment. I remember my mother's pretty smile and sarcasm. Pity and horror are two things I refuse to see on her face.

I'll get my brother back for her, though. That I can do. I'll hunt down that sick monster and save Mitch like no one could save me. It'll be different this time because I know how Night Giant thinks. I know his habits and kinks. I will find that fuckface and end him once and for all.

Hang in there, little bro. I'm coming for you.



“We can’t just show up half-cocked and ready for a fight without knowing shit,” Koyn argues from the driver’s seat. “All I asked for was one day. One day to make a goddamn plan.”

Ignoring him, I glare out the window. If we’d gone back to Tulsa and planned, we’d be wasting more time. Night Giant has Mitch.

“Max Corsetti was going to see Night Giant,” Cove says from the middle row, having squished in beside Katana, uncaring that it earned him a pissy look. “What did he say the guy’s name was?”

“Victor Knight.”

I’d given Bermuda this information, but they didn’t come up with anything. Night Giant is good at covering his tracks and lying low with aliases.

“Nothing turned up on the name?” Koyn asks.

“Nope,” I growl. “Nothing.”

“I’m calling Loki,” Koyn says before barking his name out to Siri.

“Crazy Loki?” I ask, shooting him a sour look.

Koyn snorts. “Pot calling the kettle black.”

“Loki,” Loki grunts out in greeting. “I’m three seconds from getting head from my woman, so this better be fucking

important.”

Koyn smirks. “Yeah. It’s fucking important. Corsetti.”

“What about Corsetti?” Loki spits out. “You find that piece of shit?”

“We did and he’s been eliminated. Messy as fuck too. You’d be proud of Dragon’s handiwork.”

“Then what’s the problem?” he demands.

“The problem is Corsetti was headed to see Night Giant, a fuckface sicko, who now has my brother,” I bite out. “We need everything you have on Victor Knight.”

We’ll be in Memphis in the next half hour and can regroup, but in the meantime, I can gather as much information as I can.

“Goddammit. You’re going to make me put my fucking pants back on,” Loki grumbles. “Birdie, baby, stay here like a good girl until I get back and I’ll let you play in your cage when we get home.”

Cove sucks in a shocked breath behind me. I shoot him a smirk, unable to keep from giving him shit despite my stress levels being through the roof.

“Roch,” Loki bellows. “Dammit, someone find me Roch.”

We hear more grunting, more yelling, and eventually Loki says he’s passing on the phone to someone with more knowledge.

Silence.

“Hello?” Koyn says, an irritated growl rumbling through him. “Did he hang up?”

“No.” Soft, deep. Quiet.

“Roch?”

“Yep.”

“Tell us what you know about Corsetti,” Koyn demands. “It’s fucking important, man.”

More silence.

I'm about to tell this motherfucker to start talking or I'll gut his ass next, but then Cove climbs halfway over the console to bring his face to the front.

"You don't like to talk much, eh?" Cove asks, his voice soft and lyrical, reminding me of a sweetly sung song.

"Nope."

"Didn't think so," Cove says with a sigh. "Listen, Roch, we have a problem. Your guy, Corsetti, we took care of him. Dragon gutted him. It was fucking nasty."

Roch makes a grunt.

"All we got out of him, though, was a name. Victor Knight. You heard of it?"

"Yep."

"Any other names that might help us?"

"Vaughn."

"You got a last name?"

"Kingsville."

"Katana," Koyn says, eyes darting to the rearview.

"Texting Bermuda now," Katana calls back.

"Anything else?" Cove asks. "Anything that might help us?"

"River," Roch grunts.

For fuck's sake.

"He lives on a river?" Cove questions.

"Don't know."

Cove sighs heavily. "That's all you got?"

"Yep."

"Thanks, man."

"Fantastic," Loki deadpans as he takes the phone. "Now I can go back to getting my dick sucked. Bye, cockblockers."

He ends the call and Cove flashes me a smile. It's not nearly enough information, but it's a start. A lot more than we would have gotten with Koyn or me leading the interrogation. I snag Cove's hand with my blood-stained one before he can pull back to his seat. Bringing my lips to his knuckles, I brush a kiss along them as a thank you.

Tonight, we'll gather all the information we can get on Vaughn Kingsville or any other alias we can uncover, and tomorrow we're going to fuck some shit up.



NINETEEN

Cove

“We passed like three hotels,” I state, watching yet another Motel 6 go by.

In front of me, Dragon is like a caged animal, itching to be released. We’d stopped to fill up for gas in some shitty Podunk town and Koyn forced Dragon to get cleaned up some. He’s no longer wearing blood from head to toe and is sporting an Arkansas Razorbacks T-shirt that’s about two sizes too small.

You could almost confuse him for a college frat boy if it weren’t for the million tattoos crawling up his neck, another man’s blood under his fingernails, and the psychotic gleam of murder to come in his green eyes.

Like I said...almost.

“If you ask if we’re there yet one more time,” Koyn threatens, “I’m going to make Katana sit up front and Dragon can deal with you.”

Dragon laughs from the front, but it’s not a funny sort of laugh. No, it’s a dark chuckle filled with the promise of depravity. A shudder makes its way down my spine. Pass.

It’s not that I don’t want to get naked with Dragon again, because I do. I really, really do. It’s that, right now, in his manic state of needing to save his brother, he feels

unpredictable and more unhinged than usual. I'm not looking to accidentally get myself choked to death.

My cock stiffens.

Oh, fuck off, man.

We pass by a motel with an empty parking lot and I throw my hands up in the air. "Honestly, Prez," I mutter under my breath. "You said we were going to stop at the next hotel."

"Hotel, BP. Not some hole-in-the-wall, bed bug infested nasty-ass motel. That's how people get murdered, kid. They stay in Generic Roach Motel in Nowhere, Tennessee. And bam!" I jolt when he slams his fist down on the steering wheel for dramatic effect. "Dead. Some psycho sneaks into their room and stabs them eighty-seven times in the throat."

"Gross," I mutter. "And oddly specific. However, I would like to argue the fact that, in our situation, we have the psycho. He knows us and prefers to stab other people. Crisis averted."

"Fuckin' smartass is what you are," Koyn growls. "Didn't know I'd be getting a Stormy Jr."

Katana smothers a laugh that fades when I give him an icy scowl.

"I don't do bed bugs," Koyn continues. "I'll take some lunatic slasher over those damn bed bugs. Sorry, but PG will kill my ass if I bring bed bugs back to my house. She'd probably torch the place with us in it."

PG, or Hadley, is his ol' lady. She's far from old, though, like Prez. Where he's pushing fifty, she's closer to my age. They've got one kid and another on the way. I've walked in on them fucking more times than necessary.

"So where are we going then?" I demand.

Koyn grunts, smacking Dragon with his knuckles. "Do something about your boyfriend. He's getting on my nerves."

Dragon unbuckles his seat belt and I groan. Seriously? I shake my head at him, but he's already prowling between the seats toward me to do fuck only knows what.

“Ha,” I deadpan. “You made your point, Prez.”

“K,” Dragon growls, “move.”

I scowl, ignoring Dragon as he trades spots with Katana. Koyn starts yapping in the front seat about some big-ass gun he’s getting. Meanwhile, I’m left with a babysitter.

“You’re in my bed tonight,” Dragon murmurs, his hot breath tickling the side of my neck. “Understood?”

My eyes flutter closed the second he presses a surprisingly sweet kiss to the side of my neck just below my ear. But then, not gently at all, he sucks on the flesh hard enough I cry out.

“Don’t get jizz in this car,” Koyn barks out from the front.

It’s his own damn fault if the Tahoe gets jizzed on for sending Dragon after me. The man distracts me with his expert touch and filthy tongue.

“I got lube at the gas station,” Dragon murmurs. “Be ready to get fucked so hard you can’t walk.”

“Here?” I practically shriek.

“No,” Koyn snarls. “Both of you keep your dicks in your pants. We’re almost there, for fuck’s sake.”

Dragon spears his fingers into my hair, tugging and tugging until he guides me toward his mouth. He somehow manages to undo my seat belt and pull me into his lap. Now that I’m officially distracted with grinding on his dick while making out with him, I couldn’t care less when we get to a hotel that’s up to Koyn’s standards.

I gasp as Dragon’s palms slide beneath my T-shirt, skimming up my sides over my ribs. Sometimes his touch is gentle and nearly reverent. It’s confusing considering the man himself is rough and gritty and wild. A moan escapes me, followed by Koyn’s bitching, but I don’t care. He wanted Dragon to distract me? Well, it fucking worked.

“Fuck, you’re hot,” Dragon murmurs against my lips, one of his hands working to unfasten my jeans. “So fucking hot.”

I’m just Cove.

Softer than any of these Royal Bastards. A bit jaded. Bad attitude. Not buff and tatted like Dragon.

And he thinks I'm hot.

It does wonders for my ego. Sometimes, I don't fully feel like I fit in with these guys. Like I'm not tough enough or ruthless enough. I certainly don't enjoy making bloody art from the human flesh like Dragon apparently does.

I bite down on his bottom lip and tug until it pops free of my teeth. Dragon chases my mouth, a ravenous moan rumbling from him. A smile curls my lips up when he finds me again. He tastes like Sweet Tarts he'd been eating since the last pit stop we made. Sweet. A little tart. Delicious.

"Next time we fuck, baby, I want you riding my dick just like this," Dragon rasps out, squeezing both my ass cheeks over my jeans. "I want you to come all over me. Make a big fucking mess."

My dick is throbbing to the point of pain. I want some relief. Now. I grab hold of his wrist, guiding it to where my erection is straining in my jeans. Dragon rubs on it, knowing just how to get me revved up.

The Tahoe slams to a stop and I nearly topple out of Dragon's lap. Car doors slam and we're left in silence aside from the sounds of our needy breathing. Dragon tugs at my shirt until he's pulled it off completely. I shiver in his arms. He breaks from our kissing to give me open-mouthed kisses along my throat to my collarbone. I gasp, threading my fingers into his messy hair, when he bites down on the bone.

"Naked," I plead. "Now."

I start trying to shed off his too-tight T-shirt when someone bangs on the window. Dragon nips at my neck, unfazed by whoever interrupted us. Whipping my head toward the sound, I find Koyn holding up a keycard.

"Your room key," Koyn barks out. "Get out of my fucking car and finish that shit behind closed doors. I'm tired as hell and don't need to watch you two kids going at it."

I somehow manage to untangle myself from Dragon's hold. I'm dizzy and horny as fuck. All I want to do is find my room, shower off the grime of the day, and have Dragon fuck me into next week. Based on the way he stalks after me, I'd say he's on the same page. The walk to our room on the fifth floor is interrupted plenty of times with heated make-out sessions against walls.

By the time we've reached our room, we've lost Koyn and Katana to their own rooms. Dragon slams the card into the slot to open our door before dragging me inside.

"What the hell?" I mutter. "This is a damn suite."

"Prez doesn't rough it. Ever." Dragon smirks before peeling off his shirt to reveal his smooth, tattooed, muscular skin. "He's...what does Stormy call it? Bougie?"

Prez and bougie in the same sentence is almost laughable.

Yet, here we are, in a fucking suite that's nicer than any hotel I've ever stayed in.

"We'll get it dirty," I complain, gesturing at his still-bloody jeans. "Especially you."

"Damn straight."

"Shower," I mutter. "I'm not doing shit until you get cleaned up."

Dragon shrugs and then peels out of his boots and clothes. He saunters away, the muscles on his fine ass flexing as he walks. The spray of the shower can be heard through the door, so I quickly get naked too.

By the time I reach the shower, he's already soaping up. I join him beneath the spray, eager to wash the day's travel off me. Dragon, once he's cleaned himself off, sets to washing me. There's something intimate and oddly soothing about the way he's taking care of me right now. I know this thing between us is just an itch that needs scratching, but when he does stuff like this, it's easy to forget how much he annoys me.

I like it.

I like him.

I like the way he makes me feel when I'm with him.

Valued. Wanted. Craved. Needed.

Still soapy, he seizes my ass cheek in his powerful grip and pulls me to him. My arms snake up around his neck on instinct. His hips are rough as he grinds his erection into mine, crowding me against the shower wall that sends icy shivers down my spine.

"You can't fuck me in here," I murmur, tilting my head back.

His lips on my neck part and a chuckle comes out, dark and devious. "I can do whatever I want."

"We don't have lube."

"I'll improvise."

That should terrify me, not get my blood pumping hotter, faster, furiously.

"Soap?"

"No, my little masochist. Soap will burn like a motherfucker."

"Spit? Water?"

"No. Grab that bottle over there."

Conditioner.

Lovely. I'm going to have conditioner up my ass.

Yet, I reach over and retrieve the bottle for him anyway. Apparently, getting fucked by a psychopath with a bottle of hotel conditioner will suffice for me.

"Bend over and let me see your hole."

God, he's so damn filthy.

"Freak," I mutter but obey him nonetheless.

His palm strikes my ass cheek. "You're a freak too, baby."

Baby.

I hate that I swoon when he says that. When he leaves off the prospect part of my road name. It's such a small thing, but it really turns me on and makes me feel more than desired. Cherished. By Chase the motherfucking dragon.

He digs his thumbs into each of my ass cheeks, spreading them to expose my hole to him. Heat floods through me, burning over my flesh much hotter than the shower water. I'm at his mercy, being forced to show him a vulnerable part of me.

I expect a glob of conditioner.

Or an antagonistic comment.

Mostly, I expect a rough finger.

What I don't expect is a tongue, tentatively tasting me there. Again! I would shudder at the kinkiness of it and his apparent newfound love for it, except it feels too fantastic. Flutters of pleasure splinter through me, making me nearly black out from bliss.

"You like that?" His words are whispered against the hole. What the fuck? Who whispers to someone's asshole? Why do I like it?

"Y-Yes."

"Me too."

I don't get a chance to revel in our shared love of this naughty act because he begins licking and sucking and fucking nibbling my hole with more zeal than the last time. Practice makes perfect, it would seem.

Fuck.

It feels insanely good.

My knees buckle and moans spill out of me. I don't care, though. I brace my hands on the wall and shamelessly push my ass against his greedy tongue, aching for more. More. More.

With a groan that vibrates me down to my toes, he pushes against the pucker. To my mix of delight and horror, his tongue

penetrates me like last time. Presses inside me, hot and wet and slick. It feels unlike anything I've ever felt in my entire life because it's somehow ten times better than his last stab at it.

I love it.

“Oh, God,” I whimper. “Don't stop.”

He doesn't. He eats me like there's no tomorrow. Tongue fucks me like it's his job. The man might be crazy as hell, but he's good at this—sex—us. His tongue slides out of me, causing me to whimper, but then his finger is there, longer and firmer. He curls his finger, pressing against my prostate with enough pressure it has me crying out in ecstasy. My nuts tighten and cum shoots out of me, splattering the wall in front of me.

“I love when you whimper for me,” he croons, his praise washing over me like the hot water coming from the showerhead. “I also love it when you scream.”

To punctuate his words, he pushes another finger into my clenching, sensitive hole. I can barely hold myself up, still quaking from the aftershocks of my incredible orgasm.

“Say it,” he commands.

“I love it.”

We're in sync. I know what he wants because I want it too. This chaotic mix of roughness blended with beautiful pleasure. A two-sided coin of pain and bliss.

His fingers slip out of me and then I vaguely hear a squirt. I no longer care that he's using conditioner. All I care about is him fucking me. Now. His massive hand comes around my front, splaying over my abs as he rubs the head of his cock along my crack.

“Beg to be fucked, Cove.”

My name on his lips is intoxicating.

“Fuck me, Chase. Fuck me like I belong to you.”

He doesn't get pissy at the use of his real name and I don't apologize for it. It felt right coming out of my mouth in this moment. Together, we're sharing something that has nothing to do with the Royal Bastards. This is just us. Chase and Cove.

He drives into me hard, one fluid thrust of his hips. His thickness stretches me to the point of pain and the conditioner creates a stinging burn that makes me aware of every nerve ending inside of my asshole. I cry out, overcome with the way he obliterates me. He digs his fingers into my flesh, no doubt bruising me with his brutal grip. All I can do is hold on to the wall for dear life as he thunders his hips against me. The slap of our skin echoes loudly, but our moans are much louder. His dick is long, stabbing at my insides, making sure I'll never forget the way he feels in me.

A guttural growl rips from his throat and he sinks his teeth into my shoulder. His cock swells, stretching me even further, and then I feel it pulsate inside me, filling me with his cum. I like the idea of him filling me to the brim. The warmth of it staying inside me until he's ready to lick and suck it back out.

He pulls me upright, hugging me against his chest, still impaling me despite the softening of his cock. Something about this moment feels raw and dangerous. Like if we have any more, we'll be beyond itch-scratching territory and in some other land we'll never find our way out of.

It scares me to death because Dragon isn't some normal guy.

He's fucked-up beyond belief.

And I guess it makes me fucked-up too, which is a really hard pill to swallow.

"We should sleep," I choke out, needing for us to break this physical and emotional connection before it's too late. "Tomorrow is a big day."

He rests his forehead against the back of my head. "I can't sleep. Not when he has my brother."

The hoarse, pained way he says his words has me melting in his arms. It's difficult to keep a wall up between us when he

shows me more and more of his human side. A side of him I really like and want to know more about.

I turn my head, seeking out his mouth with mine. My kiss is a promise. I'll distract him and then we'll get his brother back.

What happens between the two of us after that is anyone's guess.



TWENTY

Dragon

I wake to the smell of coffee and *him*.

Cove.

His naked body is pressed against mine, his thigh smashing my morning wood. Sun streams in through the window, which means I need to get my ass out of bed.

I don't want to move, though.

Moving means facing reality. The reality is Night Giant has my brother. God only knows what that sicko is doing to him. Today, we'll find him. We have to.

Until it's time, I cling to this moment of peacefulness for a few seconds longer.

Running my fingers through his hair, I revel in the softness. Is this how Koyn and Copper feel all loved up with their bitches? There's definitely an appeal to waking to someone in your arms. Someone who knows you're a fucking bastard but wants you anyway.

"My boy tamed the beast."

I freeze at the sound of Nees's voice. "What the fuck are you doing in my room, asswipe?"

A chair creaks and he walks over to where I can see him. The kid is spry for this early in the morning, grinning like a goddamn idiot.

“Brought coffee and donuts. Prez said I was in charge of waking you two up. He gave me a keycard.” He shrugs. “Didn’t expect to see the two of you cuddling like a couple of lovebirds, though. I halfway expected to walk in on some demonic bloodplay kinky shit or something.”

“Fuck off, Nees.”

“Nah. Not until you’re awake, caffeinated, and dressed. Prez says we’re meeting in his suite at nine. Everyone’s here.”

But not everyone.

Neither Koyn, nor Copper, would leave their women unprotected. If I had to guess, Halo or Payne stayed back to hold down the fort.

“Please tell me I won’t have to look at Filter’s bitch-ass face this morning,” I complain, still unable to keep from stroking Cove’s soft hair. “I’m not in the mood.”

“I think Filter is going to be lying low.”

“Since when?”

“Since Bermuda busted him fucking Calla last night.”

Cove shoots up, his hair wild and a ferocious expression on his face. “He did what?”

Nees barks out a laugh, shrugging. “Fucked your sister, man. Nasty style. Stormy is going to lose her shit.”

“Stormy?” Cove growls. “I’m going to lose my shit. Filter needs to stay the fuck away from my sister.”

I grab at one of Cove’s new nipple rings, giving it a sharp tug that makes him cry out. “She’s a big girl.”

“No,” Cove says, seething as he smacks my hand away, “she’s not. She’s too young and innocent.”

“So are you,” I argue, “but I have no problems with defiling you. Frankly, neither do you. Didn’t hear one

complaint last night. In fact, the only thing I heard was, ‘harder, Dragon,’ or ‘oh God,’ or—”

“Fuck off,” Cove snaps. “I’m serious. Calla’s not me. She’s different. Softer. Fragile. I don’t want Filter fucking with her just because he’s still pissed off at Stormy for using him.”

Cove, in all his bitchy morning glory, is hot as hell. My dick perks up at the way his lips twist into a cruel sneer. I love his fucking mouth. It does things to me.

“Dude,” Nees huffs. “Don’t look at him like that. I’m right here. You’ll get me pregnant too.”

Cove flips Nees off and while he’s distracted, I yank him back down onto the bed. He puts up a fight for all of three seconds before letting me win. I climb over him, straddling his thighs, knowing Nees won’t be able to handle much more than this.

“Nine,” Nees barks out before slamming the door to our suite.

“It’s going to take longer than that for me to eat a donut off BP’s dick,” I yell after him.

“You’re an idiot.” Cove grabs me by the shoulder, tugging me down. “Now kiss me and then make me come.”

“You’re addicted to dick, Baby Prospect.”

“Just yours.”



“This,” Koyn says, an unlit cigarette pinned between his lips as he gestures between us, “is getting real fuckin’ old. When I say nine, I mean nine. Not a quarter after.”

It’s nine minutes after nine but whatthefuckever.

Filter has the audacity to smirk at us, which isn’t smart since he’s fucking Cove’s twin. I can feel the disgust rippling

from Cove, but he doesn't say anything to Filter. At least not yet. Filter's smugness hardens as he realizes his little secret isn't much of a secret anymore.

That's right.

My bitchy boyfriend and his even bitchier older sister are going to kill you, pretty boy.

Boyfriend?

The thought of Cove being my boyfriend is an amusing one. And if I wasn't knee-deep in Night Giant shit, I'd want to mentally analyze that a bit more. It's weird with Cove. Most of the time, I'm pretty sure he hates me, but then he purrs like a fucking kitten when I have him beneath me.

I like it.

I like him. A lot.

Having a claim over him—even if it is a cheesy-ass term like boyfriend—I feel a bond-deep sense of pleasure. I want him to be mine. I've never wanted anyone to be mine before. Not ever. When I was a teenager, that was the last thing on my mind as I was having the time of my life. And when Night Giant kidnapped me, I was forced to be something or someone I hated being. After, I was so fucked up, having someone close to me, besides a platonic way like with Katana, felt alien.

But with Cove?

I feel it. I want it. I crave it. I need it.

Cove sits down in a chair directly across from Filter. I find it amusing that the guy who's half the size of our VP is trying to intimidate the man in front of him. Dropping into the seat beside him, I sling my arm over the back of his chair and also glower at Filter. Moral support for my...boyfriend.

As though he's listening in on my thoughts, Cove turns his head to shoot me a nasty look that's meant to have me retreat. All it does is make me want to kiss him. So I do. Leaning forward, I drop a kiss on his swollen lips and grin.

“You're fucking hot when you're bitchy, Baby Prospect.”

Koyn groans, but he doesn't say shit. I catch Bermuda's smile he tries to smother and Halo's surprised expression. Copper is giving me the Fed stare-down, but I'm used to ignoring his ass. Nees is grinning like a fucking tool, Bizzy isn't saying shit because I'll kill him, and Gibson keeps stealing the occasional glance. Katana seems bored with the entire display.

“On the ride here, Bermuda's been pulling all he can on Night Giant or Vaughn Kingsville according to Loki's man, Roch's, intel,” Koyn barks out, jumping right into business. “The giant fuckface is a ghost. For being nearly seven feet tall, there's nothing on him. We've searched by height, name, etcetera, etcetera. Copper's exhausted his resources with the Feds too to no avail.”

Back to square fucking one.

Unbelievable.

“He's here. In Memphis. We just have to find him,” I growl. “We will find him.”

Several of the guys nod in agreement. They might annoy the shit out of me—like my own brothers used to back in the day—but they have my back. Even if they moan and complain a lot.

“What about the kid?” Filter asks. “Maybe we can work backward from there.”

“The kid is Mitch,” I grind out. “My baby brother.”

The suite falls into a respectful silence. They all know what Night Giant did to me and plenty of others, including Cove and his sisters, and it's inevitable he'll do the same to Mitch.

“Mitch,” Filter echoes. “According to our search, there's no record of a missing person report or anything. We'd think Night Giant was lying except Dragon spoke to Mitch. It's suspect that his parents haven't filed anything with the cops. So we need to talk to your parents and—”

“No,” I clip out. “None of you will be talking to them.”

Koyn flicks his unlit cigarette at me and it bounces off my chest. “Don’t make this difficult, Dragon. We need to find out why they haven’t reported your brother missing. This could be vital in leading us to him.”

I snap my head his way. “There’s a reason why I’ve kept this life from them. Nothing changes where that’s concerned.”

“I’ll do it,” Cove says.

“Do what?” Koyn demands.

“Talk to his parents. Nees and I both can. We’re young and can pretend to be Mitch’s friends, who are worried about him.” He glances over at me. “What do you think?”

I sweep my stare over Cove’s angelic features. My mother would eat him up. Throw a Polo on him and give him a fuckboy hairstyle and he’s golden. Nees is a bit of a douchebag, but most of my rich-ass friends were back in the day, especially Donte.

“That will work,” I agree, unable to pull my gaze from his supple lips. “They can find out when he was last seen and with whom.”

Cove’s lips curve into a pleased smile. It’s so soft and unexpected, I can’t help but stare. I reach up and brush my fingers over his mouth, unfortunately stealing his smile in the process.

“Anyway,” Koyn drawls out, irritation dripping from his tone. “We’ll split up. Some of us can keep hunting here on the computers, a few of us will go around town to interrogate locals, and the rest can wait outside for Nees and BP.”

After Koyn assigns everyone to their jobs, I take Filter, Nees, and Cove with me. We take Hadley’s Tahoe since it’s the nicest vehicle in the bunch and head to the high-end part of town to get these guys some new clothes.

“I’ll wait in here,” Filter says from behind the wheel. “Daddy can take you two shopping.”

Nees smacks him in the head before he climbs out. I bite back a laugh because it’s funny as fuck. Cove leans forward

before exiting and pokes Filter in the shoulder.

“Hurt my sister and I’ll kill you,” Cove growls. “She’s not a fuck toy.”

Filter scowls at him. “Fuck off, kid.”

“It’s a promise,” Cove hisses. “A motherfucking promise.”

“You couldn’t hurt me if you tried,” Filter snaps back.

“No,” I say with a calm but cutting edge to my voice, “but I could. Respect my fucking boyfriend.”

“Jesus,” Filter utters. “Are you shitting me right now?”

“I’m not your boyfriend,” Cove snarls, aiming his anger toward me now.

“He is,” I say to Filter. “And if you hurt his sister, I’ll hurt you. End of fucking discussion.”

Cove, clearly annoyed by my intervening, climbs out of the Tahoe and storms to one of the shops. I follow after him, smirking. He can be pissy all he wants. It only serves to make my dick hard.

“Not open until ten,” Nees says, pointing at the door. “We’ll have to wait.”

Through the glass, a snotty saleswoman ignores us. Not happening. If Mom were here, they’d open the door and let us shop early. I tap on the glass over and over again until she finally makes her way over to us.

“Let us in,” I say through the glass. “We have shit to buy.”

She purses her lips and frowns. “We don’t open until ten, sir.”

“Make an exception.”

“I can’t, sir. Now if you don’t leave, I’ll be forced to call the cops.”

I fish out my wallet and yank out my metal black AMEX card, just one of the many I have under different aliases. One of the perks to being in Koyn’s MC club is that we’re all loaded as fuck. We’ve all got money coming out of our ears

because Koyn and Bermuda are geniuses when it comes to computers and funneling money into our coffers.

The woman's eyes widen in shock. "But, sir..."

"There's a huge tip waiting for you at the end of this. Just let us the fuck in, woman."

Cove shoves me away and smiles at her. "I'm going to meet my *boyfriend's* parents and I want to look nice. I'm bringing my buddy with me. We need to look expensive. Like we belong and we're on a time crunch. Can you please help us?"

Of course his angelic charm would do the trick.

She sighs and unlocks the door. "I really shouldn't be doing this, but I'll make an exception."

We all file in and I pull out a wad of hundreds from my wallet. Her eyebrows fly to her hairline.

"Let me know how I can assist," she says, taking the cash and her smile brightening. "I'm happy to help."



TWENTY-ONE

Cove

Boyfriend.

Ugh. I hate that I even had to play along.

We're fuck buddies at best. Not boyfriends. Dragon wouldn't know what to do with a boyfriend. Sure, in the bedroom, he'd do more than just fine, but he's too much of a lunatic to be in an actual relationship with someone.

Keep telling yourself that...

I'm annoyed at the way my heart squeezed when he'd announced that I was his boyfriend in front of everyone earlier. I want to hate him with every fiber of my being, but he makes it so damn hard.

Literally.

Every time I think I have myself convinced I can keep my distance from him, he does something to draw me back into his seductive world. His mouth is magical and his touch is perfection. Sleeping curled up against him was a fantasy come to life.

It's when he speaks that he ruins everything.

Always running his mouth and saying the wrong thing.

Not to mention, he's a bloodthirsty psychopath.

"This way?" Filter asks, pointing at the exit on the highway.

Dragon nods, the movement clipped and sharp. His hand is fisted, resting on the center console, knuckles white. I think he's nervous about being so close to home. My own mother died when I was a baby, so I don't remember much of her. Grandma and Stormy took on the motherly role in my life. But if I had a chance to see my mother again, I'd absolutely take it. It must be hard on Dragon to get so close and not be able to see his mom or family.

An ache forms in my gut. I'm supposed to be mad at him for making me try on every goddamn outfit at the shop earlier, but I'm not. I can't be. Not when he seems so vulnerable right now. This is what makes everything confusing with Dragon. If he could just remain a dickheaded monster all the time, I would be able to keep my distance. But the more I get to know him, the more normal he becomes.

And I like this side of him.

The layers I'm peeling off reveal someone real. So real.

"Anything you want me to say to her?" I ask, my voice soft. "Anything you want me to ask?"

Dragon jerks his head to look at me over his shoulder. He sweeps his intense green eyes over my outfit. I feel like a doll dressed up and expected to perform. My hair looks stupid, but Dragon fixed it and said it'll work for today, so I have to trust him.

"No," he grinds out.

"Don't you want her to know you're alive and well?" Nees asks, uncertainty making him trail off.

Dragon's body tenses. "I said no."

"Okayyyy," Nees drawls out. "Whatever, man."

Filter lets out a sharp whistle. "This neighborhood?"

"Yep," Dragon bites out. "Got a problem?"

“Nope,” Filter mutters. “Just didn’t realize how loaded your family was.”

Dragon ignores him, gesturing with small flicks of his wrist each time he needs to make a turn. “Stop here.”

Filter pulls up to a massive home with a sprawling yard. Behind it, you can see a golf course that spans for as far as the eye can see. This house puts Koyn’s big-ass mansion to shame. The yard is neat and beautifully landscaped. There’s no white picket fence signifying the traditional American dream, but it’s probably against the homeowner association’s code or some shit.

While we got ready earlier, Dragon filled us in on details about his family. A lot was recent stuff, which means he regularly checks in on them. He revealed countless facts like it wasn’t all obtained by stalking his family.

It’s sad.

Heartbreaking really.

“Don’t curse in front of my mother,” Dragon says to Nees. “I’ll throat punch you if you do.”

Nees groans, absently rubbing his neck. “Dude. Chill. It’ll be fine.”

“Don’t try to fuck her either,” Dragon snaps. “That’ll get you worse than a throat punch.”

“Duly noted,” Nees mutters as he climbs out.

Before I can follow him out, Dragon reaches back, grabbing my arm to stop me. Our eyes meet and his flicker with brief pain that nearly knocks the breath out of me.

“Find out all you can,” he says, voice low and pleading. “We have to find him.”

Leaning forward, I peck his lips, hoping to convey that I’ve got this. We’ll find Mitch. That’s a promise. He releases me with a nod and I slide out of the vehicle. Together, Nees and I walk up to the stately home.

Nees knocks on the door. I shove my hands in my pockets, unsure what to do with them. A few minutes later, the door opens. My eyes widen briefly as I take in the woman standing before us.

Beautiful.

Not just beautiful, but ridiculously gorgeous.

She has the same intense green eyes as her son. Same nearly black hair. Same high cheekbones and height. With her heels, she's every bit as tall as Dragon. Even her mouth is the same, though her smile is friendly and I've never seen Dragon's lips behave in a friendly way.

"May I help you?" she asks in greeting, her smile strained.

"We came to see Mitch," Nees says, lifting his chin. "Is he here?"

Her lips press into a firm line and her gaze hardens. "I'm sorry, but he's not."

"Where can we find him?" Nees persists.

"I apologize, but I don't think we've met. I'm Lindsay Thomas. How do you know Mitch?"

"Friends from school," I chime in. "He's not answering his phone. I'm Cove Gale and this is Blake Koynakov."

Her eyes dart between us, scrutinizing our every detail. "Funny. I know everyone at his school and yet I've never heard of you."

"Trust me," I say, leveling her with a hard stare. "We know your son and care about him."

Dragon is still her son and that statement is the truth, much to my surprise.

Her body loses some of its rigidness. "Come on in, then."

We follow her into the nicest home I've ever been in. Everything is decorated to perfection. Though Koyn's and the clubhouse are pretty sweet, I've never actually lived anyplace nice. When I was a baby, we were poor and then when we

lived with Grandma, we were still poor. I can't imagine growing up like this.

Lindsay's heels clack across the hardwood floors as she guides us through the foyer to a formal sitting room. No television or family pictures. Just expensive looking artwork and even more expensive looking furniture. At least with the way Dragon dressed us, we fit in here and I don't have to worry about dirtying up her pristine white sofa.

"Would you like something to drink?"

"Yes, please," I say politely.

"Coffee okay?"

Me and Nees nod. She walks over to a discreet speaker on the wall and pushes a button.

"Martha, can you bring my guests some coffee and refreshments, please? We're in the parlor."

Nees widens his eyes at me and mocks silently, "We're in the parlor."

Ignoring him, I dart my eyes over the room, looking for any clues that this woman's world has been turned upside down by having another missing child. Nothing. Everything is in its place. Interesting. Or fucking weird. Definitely not normal.

"So," Lindsay chirps, coming to sit down in an armchair opposite of where we've sat down on the sofa. "Tell me when you last saw him."

Me and Nees exchange a quick look before I clear my throat and straighten my spine.

"It's been a while," I lie. "You?"

"Two days ago." Her nostrils flare. "He went on a hiking trip with his friend."

"Friend?"

"Yes," she says coolly. "He apparently has many of them."

"Did he mention which friend?"

“Taylor. They’re good friends. Play ball together. Which you already know...” She trails off, hiking up a sculpted brow. “Right?”

“Right,” Nees rushes out. “Do you know why he wouldn’t be answering his phone?”

“I’m sure it’s because he’s somewhere that’s out of cell range.” She swallows hard, eyes narrowing. “Is that all?”

We’re interrupted by a young woman who rolls in a cart. There’s a coffee carafe, a few mugs, and a plate of baked goods. She brings it close to us and then sets to pouring everyone a cup. The air is filled with awkward silence, none of us willing to talk about anything in front of the woman who must be Martha. Eventually, she leaves us alone and Lindsay is quick to strike, reminding me of her oldest son.

“Cut to the chase, boys. Who are you and why are you really here?” She sips her coffee. “Answer carefully because my husband will be here any minute with my sons.”

Nees makes himself at home, grabbing a handful of cookies, leaving me to answer this woman with fire blazing in her eyes.

“We have reason to believe he’s been kidnapped,” I say softly.

Her face pales and her hand trembles. She sets the mug down on the coffee table before searing me with a furious glare. “What kind of games are you playing?”

“No games,” I rush out. “I just...we...” I rub at my temple, trying to ease the headache that’s forming. “You know he’s missing. Question is, why aren’t you reporting it?”

She sucks in a sharp breath before pinning me with a look that could melt glaciers. Dragon isn’t a psycho because of his time with the Royal Bastards. He’s a psycho because it’s genetic.

“I’ve lost one child. I can’t lose another.” She swallows and smooths out her long dark hair with a shaking hand. “Mitch is just angry. Avoiding us.”

“Angry?”

“It’s the only explanation. He knows how I feel about him checking in with me. I’m adamant about knowing who his friends are and who he hangs out with at all times because...”

“Because you lost Chase.”

Her head snaps to mine and a sheen of tears forms in her green eyes. “You’ve read up and done your homework, I see.”

“Is it possible,” I hedge, “that the same person who took Chase also took Mitch?”

“Get. Out.”

“Ma’am,” I say, holding my palms up as I stand. “Hear me out—”

“I said, get out,” she snaps, also rising to her feet. “I want you out of my house.”

“Okay. We’ll leave, but can you tell me more about the friend he’s supposed to be with?”

“Mitch and Taylor are friends. Taylor isn’t answering his phone either. It’s not unusual for them to go hiking and camp out. They go all the time with Taylor’s father.”

“Have you spoken to Taylor’s father?” Nees asks. “Has he spoken to Taylor?”

“Who are you and why are you two so concerned with the whereabouts of my son?” she demands, not answering his questions.

“I’m your son’s boyfriend,” I blurt out before I can stop myself.

“That’s impossible. Mitch isn’t gay or even bisexual...”

No, lady, but your other one is.



TWENTY-TWO

Dragon

I'm antsy as fuck.

I can't sit in the Tahoe and do nothing. Not when Mitch is missing and Cove is talking to my mother. A sharp pain sears through my chest at the brief glimpse I'd gotten of her standing in the doorway of the house.

Still the same.

Over a decade since I've seen her up close and she's the same. Somehow the same fierce, beautiful woman who's well-respected and confident in every aspect of her life.

Filter keeps texting with someone while wearing a stupid grin, so I'm assuming it's Cove's twin, Calla. Maybe he actually likes her. There's no telling with Filter. This could all be some scheme to get back at Stormy for fucking with his heart. But you also can't fake a goofy smile. Filter, normally a bitch-ass punk, looks happy.

It makes me wonder if I look like that when I'm near Cove...

My phone buzzes with a text from Katana.

K: Me and Prez just drove by the old warehouse. Nothing.

A shudder trembles through me, earning a confused glance from Filter. Just the mention of that place makes bile churn in my stomach and the memories from the night of my escape burn like acid in my mind.



He screwed up.

Night Giant screwed up and didn't snap the lock on the chain all the way. I knew if I complied and distracted him, eventually he'd slip up. Puke threatens to spew out at how well I complied to earn his attention, but I can't think about that now. Not when escape is closer than it ever has been.

As quietly as I can possibly move, I unlatch the lock and slip my ankle free. I take a second to move it around before gaining my bearings. My whole body aches from the continuous strain Night Giant puts it through. I find my boxers and a shirt in the corner of the place he keeps me. Sometimes he rewards me by letting me wear clothes. Most times, I'm not worthy enough.

Fear claws through me, weighing my feet in place.

Go, idiot.

I jerk out of my frozen stupor and shakily throw on the clothes. It's chilly tonight, but this is better than nothing.

My bare feet are soundless as I creep to the edge of the shipping container and peer around the side. I've been dragged all over this warehouse and made to do things I cannot even begin to think about, so I at least am familiar with the layout. I know where Night Giant's men hang out and where they fuck the captives. I'll be avoiding both at all costs.

Since it's dark, I'm able to shift from shadow to shadow without being seen. When I make it to the door that leads outside, my heart is hammering in my throat. I've never been outside this door, so I have no idea where it goes.

I pray to God it doesn't sound an alarm if I open it.

Holding my breath, I push against the door. It opens with no resistance, but it makes a loud creaking sound that echoes through the whole warehouse. The voices I'd heard go silent.

Fuck.

I shove out the door and take off in a sprint, straight toward a fence. When I played basketball, I was the fastest on my team. But that was years ago.

Don't think about it.

Don't think about how long you've been here.

Two years, two years, two years.

Despite my best efforts to ignore it, I can't. Not when Night Giant reminds me all the time. That no one is looking for me. That no one wants me but him. I'm his.

"Hey!" a voice bellows from behind me.

I recognize it as one of his asshole henchmen. I don't even turn around to see who it is. Jumping as high as I can when I reach the fence, I climb over it like my ass is on fire. It will be if I get caught.

Chase got Caught.

Night Giant's taunts in my head are maddening me.

Focus, man.

I fling myself over the fence and land on the gravel hard, nearly twisting my ankle in the process. The shouts get louder behind me, but I'm past the biggest hurdle. Now, I just have to put distance between me and them. Lots and lots of distance.

Running as fast as my legs will carry me, I dart down a narrow alleyway between two buildings. I cut right and run all the way to the end of the block. Quickly, I rush across the street and run until I come across another alley. In the distance, I can hear tires squealing, which means they'll find me soon.

Hide.

I run down the alleyway and dive into the first shadowed area I find. There are boxes and other trash stacked up, so I drag them over my shaking body.

Fear swallows me whole and the tears begin. Once they start, it's hard to get them to stop. I suck in air, trying to calm myself, but it's too hard. I'll die if they found me because I was crying too loudly.

A sound nearby has me choking down my sobs. Footsteps come closer and then the boxes move. A boy with a filthy face, close to my eighteen years of age and messy black hair peers down at me, a frown tugging at his lips.

“Are you okay?”

“Hide,” I hiss. “You have to hide.”

“Me?”

“Yes. T-They're coming for me and they'll t-take you t-too.”

Shouts can be heard nearby. He snaps his head toward the direction of the road and then glances down the alley. “They'll find us here. Come on. I know a spot.”

He helps me to my feet and we run toward a giant dumpster. With quick, efficient movements, he helps me into the dumpster before also climbing inside. As quietly as we can, we bury ourselves under the trash.

The sounds of men speaking grow louder. I start to tremble so hard, all the trash around me rustles. The kid draws me to him, locking me in a warm embrace. For the first time in two years, I feel safe and protected and cared for. Tears silently stream down my face while I bask in the closeness of another human being who isn't out to hurt me.

Now, if we can only make it out of here unscathed, I can finally be free.



Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

I swivel my head to see who's tapping on the glass of the Tahoe. When green, familiar eyes mirror my own, I freeze.

Kai Thomas.

My brother.

Seeing him on social media is one thing, but seeing him on the other side of my window is something else entirely.

“Step out of the car,” Kai growls. Always had balls of steel. I guess some things never change.

“Nah, we're just passing through,” I say through the glass, unable to stop looking at him.

His eyes narrow as though he recognizes me. I'd stolen Bermuda's hat earlier and exchanged my Arkansas Razorbacks shirt I'd picked up at a gas station for a black T-shirt from my bag the guys brought with them this morning. My tattoos are on full display and I'm wearing sunglasses, so I'm not even close to looking like the brother Kai saw last. Still, he seems to pick up on the fact he knows me.

“Should we drive off?” Filter asks low enough for only me to hear.

I glance over at the house where a shiny silver Maserati sits in the driveway now. I'd been remembering my past and not paying attention to the fact someone arrived. And Filter's dumb ass was probably sexting with Calla.

“Two guys went into the house and this one came this way,” Filter grunts, answering my unanswered question.

“Walk away,” I tell Kai, not looking at him. “Now.”

The car door opens, much to my surprise, and Kai grabs my arm. Before I can react, he twists my wrist and runs his

finger over a scar—one he gave to me when we were kids.

“I fucking knew it,” Kai growls. “Chase? What the fuck, man? What the actual fuck?”

Flinging off my sunglasses, I shake off his hold and pin him with a fiery glare. “Chase is dead.”

His nostrils flare. “Always were dramatic as fuck. I told Mom and Dad a thousand times you ran away—”

I jump out of the Tahoe, shoving him so hard, he lands on his ass in the grass. “I did *not* run away.”

Always the quicker of us two, he’s back on his feet in a flash, shoving me back. He takes a swing at me, but I pull a knife and press it beneath his chin seconds after I duck.

“Look what you’ve done now,” I spit out, pressing the point of the blade into his flesh but not piercing him. “You’ve pissed me off.”

“Dragon,” Kai snarls. “I had a feeling and I was right. Benjamin owes me a hundred bucks.”

“How do you know my name?” I demand.

“You friended me on Facebook. All it said was Dragon and the pictures are of stupid shit like motorcycles and boats rather than people. Despite our no mutual friends, I accepted the friend request and have been watching you for a while now. Looking to see if you’d post anything that gave me a clue that it was you, Chase.” He huffs. “You’re my brother, asshole. It’s called brotherly intuition.”

A smile tugs at my lips until I remember we’re not brothers. Not like we used to be. I’m Dragon now—vicious, violent, evil. Our worlds can’t intersect. They just can’t.

“Pretend you never saw me,” I spit. “Go away.”

He smacks away my arm, the blade scraping his flesh as he does it. His glare is furious as he rubs at the cut under his chin. “You’re fucking stupid if you think I’m going to pretend like the brother I’ve been searching for for over a decade didn’t just suddenly appear in front of our childhood home

coincidentally at the same time our younger brother goes off the grid.”

“Coincidences happen.” I shrug.

“Not like this. You’re here because of Mitch. Is he with you? Are you bringing him back?”

Filter rounds the side of the vehicle and comes to stand beside me. The dude is built like a goddamn linebacker. Kai is taller than me now, but I’m a helluva lot more cut. Filter, though, is like a beast beside me.

“So what? You ‘didn’t run away,’ but now hang with some biker gang?” Kai demands, gesturing toward the Royal Bastards emblem on Filter’s leather cut. “Recruiting our baby brother?”

I crack my neck and then shake my head. “I’m trying to find our brother, dipshit.”

“Mom thinks he’s just avoiding her,” Kai mutters, though he doesn’t seem to believe it.

I shove my knife back in its sheath before looking at Kai again. “I think the same thing that happened to me is happening to Mitch.”

“You think? And what exactly happened to you?” His voice grows hoarse. “Chase, tell me what happened.”

I squeeze my eyes shut, trying like hell not to think about what happened. “He stole me. Night Giant kidnapped me and...”

“A lot of fucked up shit,” Filter supplies. “Fucked up shit that will happen to Mitch if you don’t tell us everything you know.”

Strong arms wrap around me and I stiffen at the sudden embrace. Kai, who only moments before was being a cunt, is hugging me, his entire body shaking. I try to remain stoic, but having my past envelop me is too much to ward off. All I can do is sink into his hug, blinking back emotion that threatens.

“I can’t be here,” I mumble. “Kai, I can’t. Seeing you is one thing, but Mom?”

My brother pulls away, gripping my shoulders, a fierce glare on his face. “Too late, big bro. You fucked up by staking out so close to the house. Something’s going on with our family and we need answers. Mom thinks you’re dead, for fuck’s sake. You can’t let her continue on thinking that way.”

“You know Mom,” I grind out. “She won’t like this.”

This being me.

What I’ve become.

A monster.

“You’re wrong and a dumbass for even thinking that way. Mom can be a real bitch sometimes, but she loves us. Even when we fuck up.”

“This is more than getting a bad grade or getting kicked off the basketball team,” I hiss. “I’ve hurt people, Kai. A lot of them. I like it. I like to hear them scream.”

My attempt to scare him away falls on deaf ears. He doesn’t cower or shy away. Simply shrugs. Always such a dumb asshole.

“Kai...”

“Dad’s Maserati can outrun this SUV. No more running and hiding. Time to face Mom and Dad or I’ll chase after you and drag you back.” He squares his shoulders, daring me to argue. “It’s time to come home.”

Home.

This can never be home.

But maybe he’s right. Maybe I need to do this so we can find Mitch.

Every sane thought inside my head is screaming at me that this is a bad idea. For some crazy reason, though, I nod.

Looks like I’m going home for the first time in over a decade.

Fuck.



TWENTY-THREE

Cove

Lindsay's green eyes narrow, reminding me so much of Dragon, it's a punch to the gut. How different would his life had been had he not ended up as Night Giant's captive?

"You knew my Chase?" she asks carefully, slowly prowling toward me around the coffee table. The woman isn't an idiot, and I can tell she's reading between the lines, snapping pieces together to form a picture that makes sense.

With her fierce gaze burning into me and the stealthy way she approaches, she reminds me of a panther circling its victim before she strikes. Though she's slender and female, there's no doubt in my mind that she wouldn't go down without a fight if she had to.

Just like Dragon.

There is fire in her eyes.

Determination.

A little bit of crazy.

"Yes," I admit, my voice coming out as more of a tremble than anything.

Nees stands and comes to my side. "We just—"

His words are cut off by the sound of voices. Two men. At first, I think it's Dragon, but soon, two handsome men enter the sitting room. The older one must be Dragon's father. Though the man isn't as built as Dragon, he's broad and muscular despite his age. A flash of panic gleams in his eyes. I'm sure it's worrying to find his wife alone with two strangers.

"Who's this?" a younger version of the man demands. "Mom?"

Lindsay straightens her spine and walks over to her husband. He places a hand on her hip, drawing her close to him. The younger guy steps forward as if to shield his parents from us.

Of all the Royal Bastards, me and Nees are literally the least intimidating.

"These boys, Benjamin," Lindsay clips out, "know your brother."

"They know where Mitch is?" Benjamin asks, the hard edge of his expression softening as he glances at her. "Is he okay?"

"Not Mitch." Her lips press together as she studies me for a beat. "They claim to know him, but they don't. However, they knew Chase."

Silence falls over the room.

Dragon's dad clears his throat. "Is that so? How? I don't believe I've seen either one of you before."

"I didn't know him," I say, my voice coming out as a whisper. "I *know* him. Well. He's my—"

"Boyfriend," Lindsay finishes for me. "Hear that, Owen? Boyfriend. As in present."

Benjamin's jaw drops as he gapes at me. Dragon is going to flip his shit for letting this information slip out, but there's no other way. His family isn't stupid. They're not falling for our lame attempt to dupe them into giving us information about Mitch.

“Fuck,” Nees mutters. “He’s going to murder you.”

Dragon is a lot of things—psychotic, vengeful, angry—but he’s not going to hurt me. At least not in any way I don’t like. It’s funny how my certainty in that statement has changed so much since that moment when we were in that cage together. When Night Giant ordered him to take me out. Back then he was a puppet on a string. Now, in the present, he’s a fierce dragon—fiery and powerful and protective over what’s his.

Like me.

I’m his whether I like it or not.

But I do like it.

“I’m Cove Gale, Chase’s...” Boyfriend? Lover? Piece of ass?

Owen, who seems to be stunned into silence, stares at me as though I’ve lost my mind. Lindsay takes the moment to study me like I’m a specimen under a microscope. I would squirm under her stare, but Benjamin has recovered before his father and is shooting me some seriously pissed-off death glares.

And here I thought one Dragon was enough for one lifetime...

Apparently I’ve stepped into a whole den of them.

“I don’t know whatever kind of sick bullshit you’re playing with my family,” Benjamin growls, “but we’re calling the cops. This ends now.” His attention darts to his father. “Dad, go find Kai. Mom, go with him.”

A door flings open and a voice booms along with it.

“Mom! Dad! You’re never going to believe what I found outside.”

I whip my head toward the sound of the voice, shocked to find a clean-cut version of Dragon striding into the room. The resemblance is almost disturbing. Minus the tattoos and biker gear, this guy is a spitting image of him. They even have the same fuckboy hair.

Heat prickles over my flesh and it has nothing to do with the Dragon lookalike.

No, the fire crawling down my torso on a straight path to my dick is caused by the real Dragon. My Dragon. A man who burns hotter than a thousand suns. The heavy thud of his boots across the marble demands every eye in the room as he walks into it. His emerald eyes bore into me, sweeping over me briefly to assess me for God only knows what, before landing on his family. His mother specifically.

“Hey, Mom.” He lifts a tattooed hand in greeting, flashing a half-smile that’s boyish and one I’ve never seen before.

She gasps, her hand flying to her chest. I expect her to shake or faint or something. Instead, she stalks over to Dragon until she’s inches from him.

“Do not ‘hey, Mom’ me. Not now. Not after all this time.” Her voice cracks only slightly. “I thought you were dead. I thought my son was dead.”

“Told you,” the Dragon lookalike mutters.

“Kai,” Owen admonishes.

Dragon tears his eyes from hers, his dark brows furling as he drops his chin to stare down at his feet. It’s such a docile move for someone so...wild.

“Chase, baby, look at me,” Lindsay whispers, her manicured fingers brushing beneath his chin and lifting so he’s forced to look at her. “You came back to me.”

His eyes slam shut and he mutters, “Momma.”

The slight woman jerks him into her arms, hugging him so tightly, I think she might have the power to break him. His massive, tattooed arms wrap around her, squeezing her back just as hard. Owen breaks from his stupor, rushing over to him, flinging his arms around both of them. Benjamin and Kai also approach, both wearing matching somber expressions.

I feel like a voyeur.

Watching something I’m not supposed to see.

A private family reunion that's long overdue.

"I'll go keep Filter company," Nees mumbles from beside me. "You should stay, though. I think he's going to need you."

I glower at him for leaving me in the middle of—this—but he's not bothered, quickly slipping away and out the door. The sniffles from Lindsay and Owen are heartbreaking. I imagine the discovery of finding out your oldest son is alive after over a decade has to be obliterating their minds right now.

Kai catches my gaze and frowns at me. "Who are you?"

"Chase's boyfriend," Benjamin blurts out. "If we're to believe any of this shit right now."

Kai drags his stare over me, assessing me in one quick sweep. His lips curl into an expression of disbelief. "Kind of small. The one outside was hotter. No offense, but you're really not his type."

I stiffen my spine. "No offense, but you really don't know him at all."

Benjamin snorts out a laugh.

"Hmph," Kai mutters, flashing me a wicked grin. "Maybe you *are* his type. I forgot he always liked the mouthy ones."

"Stop flirting with him or I'll rip your head off," Dragon growls, his teary eyes quickly hardening to the malevolent green I know so well.

"Boys," Lindsay admonishes, though there's a smile in her voice. "Though neither of you still live at home, house rules still apply."

"No fighting in the house," all three boys say at once.

Owen winks at me.

Of course Dragon's family would be the new-age version of *Leave it to Beaver*. Of course they would.

Everything I thought I knew about Dragon is all wrong. It seems, every passing minute, he throws a wrench into what I think I knew and I'm revealed something a lot more... shocking or interesting or unexpected.

And I'm still here, craving to learn more.



It's a strange thing to see.

Dragon being...Chase.

Sure, he's still Dragon in all his tattooed, scary biker glory, but around his family, something inside him blooms. He blossoms into this guy who smiles at his mother—and not in that creepy “I'm gonna carve your heart out of your chest while it still beats” kind of way. His smile is filled with love. Again, I'm left wondering who he would have become had Night Giant not ripped him from his perfect world and shredded the innocent boy.

I thought he'd be guarded, but his mother has some way of pulling the truth out of him. And the truth flows like a never-ending flood. He tells them everything.

The ugliness of his captivity.

His escape.

Terror of being found.

How he became Dragon, Koyn and the Royal Bastards, his criminal life.

The second run-in with Night Giant, what he was forced to do—with Stormy and what he almost did to me. Lots of graphic torture highlights over his decade career as a lawless biker. Whatever else he can chatter on about like it's normal chitchat, but it's really fucking insane.

Dragon's mouth just continues to expel this verbal vomit while everyone sits listening around him with a mixture of horror and shock. He eventually brings them to more recent events and his eyes land on me. The smile is back, sending curls of warmth swirling in my belly.

“Dragon,” I murmur, hoping he'll end his verbal shit-show.

Kai snorts out a derisive laugh. “Dude. I can’t call you Dragon. It’s so lame.”

Dragon flips him off, but humor dances in his eyes. “Screw off.”

“Seriously, stop talking,” I warn, giving Dragon my meanest glare. “They don’t need those details.”

Benjamin smothers a laugh. Owen and Lindsay share a secret glance that I wish I could interpret. I shift in my seat, eager to get the hell out of here before Dragon starts blabbing about how wild our fuckfests get.

“Baby Prospect doesn’t want you all knowing how he whimpers—”

“That’s enough,” Lindsay huffs, saving me from her son’s torture. “We get the idea. You’re in love. Now, what brought you back to us after all this time? Mitch?”

You’re in love.

I nearly scoff at her offhanded comment. We’re not in love. I can barely tolerate him. We’re absolutely fantastic in bed together, but that’s it. Boyfriends, I guess. As much as two bikers can call themselves that.

Dragon sobers up, scrubbing a tattooed hand over his face. “I spoke to Night Giant.” He frowns, shooting me a pained expression. “Then I spoke to Mitch.”

“But he’s hiking. He and Taylor probably camped out,” Lindsay says, her voice quaky despite her hard expression meant to convince everyone around her that he’s safe.

It’s just a hope.

Mitch isn’t safe. He’s in the clutches of a monster.

“You know that’s not true,” I say softly. “He’s missing and you know it. Otherwise, you wouldn’t have invited me in to try to pull answers out of me.”

Tears fill her eyes, but she blinks them back and swallows hard. “This can’t happen again. It can’t.”

But it did.

It *is* happening again.

“We’re looking for him, Mom,” Dragon assures her. “Koyn is the smartest man on the planet. Trust me. If anyone can get information on this bastard, it’s him. We’ll find Mitch and then I’ll make sure Night Giant pays for *everything*.”

Violence ripples from him like heat from the sun.

“I’d like to meet this Koyn fella,” Owen grunts. “See who’s been fathering my son in my absence. Sounds like he’s a bad influence if you ask me.”

Dragon winks at me, making my blood run hot. “Nah, Koyn can’t control me. The only bad influence is BP. Right, Baby Prospect?”

My face burns hot as they all watch me curiously. I need to get out of this damn house. It’s too much Dragon at once.

“We should go,” I state. “See what Koyn has for us on Mitch.”

Dragon checks his phone. “Nothing. Filter and Nees went back to the hotel.”

“So if Night Giant has Mitch,” Benjamin says, bringing everyone back to the subject at hand, “does that mean he has Taylor too? He’s not answering my calls either.”

“I don’t remember Taylor,” Dragon says with a frown.

“He’s not a Night Giant lackey if that’s what you’re thinking,” Lindsay mutters, shaking her head. “His parents are decent people. Aimee works at the hospital with Owen. She’s a pediatric surgeon.”

“And Taylor’s father?” Dragon implores.

“Leo is an accountant for the school district,” Lindsay answers. “Their family is like ours. Normal.”

Kai coughs out a “bullshit,” that earns a smack to his head by his mother.

“I’ll call Dr. Eckerd,” Owen says, ignoring Kai being a dick. “See what she has to say about Taylor.” He stands and

exits the room, his booming voice echoing behind him as he makes his call.

“We should go,” I say to Dragon. “We won’t find him sitting around here.”

“Absolutely not,” Lindsay hisses. “You two are staying for dinner. Until Owen hears back from Aimee or your boss—”

“Prez,” Dragon interjects.

Lindsay rolls her eyes. “Unless your *prez* has info and needs you, you’re both staying here. After dinner, if there’s no new information, you’ll stay here. Your room is still here, so you and your boyfriend will have a place to sleep.”

Fucking wonderful.

“You kept my room?” Dragon asks, the boyish softness in his tone a stark contrast to his outward serial killer look he has going on.

Lindsay takes his large, tattooed hand in her small, pale one. “You’re my son. I didn’t want to give up hope. Having your room made me feel closer to you. Sometimes I just sit in there for hours.”

“It’s creepy,” Kai says. “So glad I moved out.”

Owen returns, a somber expression on his face. “Spoke with Aimee. She can’t get ahold of Taylor and is concerned. I talked her out of calling the police.”

I’m curious why they wouldn’t want to involve the police. I mean, I don’t want them to because we’re not exactly on the up and up, but it doesn’t make a lot of sense why this wealthy, upstanding family doesn’t want to involve the police on the whereabouts of their missing son.

“Good,” Lindsay bites out. “They were useless the last time. I begged them to do whatever it took to find Chase and they got nowhere.” She waves a dismissive hand in the air. “If it means getting the help of a ruthless biker gang led by a former billionaire computer hacker and his ex-Fed brother to find my son, I know where I’ll place my bets. We’ll find

Mitch, and that sonofabitch who keeps taking my children will pay for what he's done.”

This family may be rich and loved in their community, but the cruel vibe coming from Lindsay is obviously a trait that Dragon came by honestly.

“I'm going to kill him, Momma.”

“Damn right you are.”



TWENTY-FOUR

Dragon

I'm drained.

So fucking drained.

Being home is surreal. I never planned to seek them out because Chase died. I'm not the boy they lost. I'm someone different. A goddamn monster.

But they don't care.

I looked my mother in the eyes and admitted every horrible thing I could think of, daring her to be disgusted with me. However, just like when I was a kid, she didn't back down from the helluva challenge I threw at her feet.

She was happy to see me.

Overjoyed.

They all were.

I still can't believe it. That I'm here, in my childhood home, feeling welcomed and loved. It's hard to merge these two worlds—being Chase and Dragon. Mom says I have no choice now. She's not letting me go no matter what.

My heart hurts, but I also feel so fucking happy. I'm buzzing with pent-up energy. I need to expel it in some way.

I'd love nothing more than to shred Night Giant to little pieces, but that's not an option...yet.

Right now I have one option.

Him.

Cove motherfucking Gale.

"I think we're going to call it a night," I grunt out, faking a yawn.

Cove rolls his eyes at me, always a sassy bastard, but stands as well. My parents take turns fussing over me and then my brothers each give me a hug. Once we're done with the affectionate shit that I've apparently really missed, I clutch onto the back of Cove's neck, guiding him through the house to my old room.

"I can honestly say when I woke up this morning, this is not where I expected to end up," Cove says. "Seriously, how are you not freaking out?"

We stop in front of my closed bedroom door and I release my hold on him.

"I *am* freaking out," I admit, frowning.

He takes my hand in his and squeezes. For as much as I love when Cove is super bitchy, I also like this tender side of him. It makes me feel things I have no business feeling, but Jesus, does it feel good to actually *feel* again.

"We're going to get Mitch back," Cove assures me, "and you'll have your family again too." He grins at me and then stands on his toes to brush a soft kiss on my lips. "I'm happy for you."

I capture his jaw in my strong grip, backing him up against my door. "And I'm *happy* to see you." To prove my point, I grind my body against his, letting him feel how hard my dick is. It's been stiff for him all day. I don't understand why I'm so damn addicted to Cove, but I am. I really fucking am.

My lips crash to his and he moans against my mouth. His hands are greedy, tugging at my shirt and pulling me to him. I

suck in a gasp when his fingertips glide over my abs. His touch is addictive.

“We gonna fuck in the hallway?” I ask, nipping at his bottom lip.

“We’re freaks, but not that freaky.” He bites me back.

I grin against his mouth. “Go before I do something regrettable out here.”

He smirks but manages to find the doorknob. The door creaks on its hinges as he pushes backward into my room. As soon as the scent of my old Abercrombie cologne hits my nostrils, I’m flooded with bittersweet memories. Cove tugs me into the room and closes the door behind us.

“Whoa.” He lets out a whistle. “That’s not creepy or anything.”

She was telling the truth. Everything is as it was. I mean, the bed’s been made and it’s obvious the cleaning lady has been in to dust, but all my stuff is still here. My bookbag sits on the desk chair, still open with books tucked inside. Pictures of me and my friends are tacked all over the place.

The room blurs and I hate the way my heart clenches painfully in my chest.

I lost all this. In the blink of an eye. Because of one stupid fucking mistake. I believed a predator. Walked right into a trap. Told me I could be a model. I fell for that shit and lost... *everything* because of it.

I land on my knees hard and dig my fingers into my jean-clad thighs, trying desperately to suck in more air. No such luck. My lungs are on fire as I choke, trying like hell to breathe. Everything spins and the room goes dark. Tears streak down my cheeks like rivers of regret.

“Shhh,” a voice whispers. “You’re okay. Everything is okay. Breathe, Dragon. Breathe.”

Someone sobs and it reminds me of the boy who woke up in a warehouse, chained to a pipe. Lost. Terrified. Alone.

Soft hands cradle my cheeks, rubbing the wetness on them. I manage to make air flow into my lungs and gasp for it.

“That’s it,” he murmurs. “I’ve got you.”

Cove, though smaller than me, manages to pull me against him in a comforting embrace. I cling to his shirt, my tears soaking the material. His fingers stroke through my hair, soothing me with such a simple maneuver.

“Come on,” he croons. “Let’s get into bed. It’s been a long day.”

Somehow, though in a daze, I strip and find my way beneath the covers. Cove does the same and curls up against me. I like feeling his bare skin on mine and his hot breath tickling my chest.

I like him here.

I like him everywhere.

His lips press to my skin near my nipple and then he scrapes his teeth over it. “I have a packet of lube in my wallet. Stay right here.”

He sits up, his erection bobbing, and climbs over me to fetch it from his jeans. After opening it with his teeth, he sets one knee on the edge of the bed and smears some lube on his fingertips. I take my throbbing cock into my hand, watching as he brings his fingers to his rear.

“Did you ever fuck anyone in your bed?” he asks. “Guys? Girls?”

“Are you kidding me?” I rumble. “My mom would have beaten my ass. Probably still will if she finds out we’re fucking under her roof.”

Cove flashes me an impish grin. “What she doesn’t know won’t hurt her. We’ll be quiet.”

A groan escapes him as he preps his hole. I can’t see what he’s doing back there, but I can tell by the way his eyes flutter he’s at least got two fingers inside his tight ass.

“Stop having all the fun by yourself,” I growl. “Come sit on my cock, baby.”

His cheeks turn rosy and a sweet smile curls his lips up. “I like when you call me that.”

“That’s your name, Baby Prospect.”

“No, dumbass. I like it when you call me baby. It makes me feel...”

“Like you’re mine?”

He nods, biting on his bottom lip in such a tempting way I nearly come from the sight of it. “Yes.”

“You *are* mine. Now get on my fucking dick.”

He pulls his hand from his ass and then crawls onto the bed. Once he’s straddling me, he stares at me with a tender expression that makes my heart nearly leap out of my chest. With his blond hair hanging down and his serious blue eyes pinning me, something clicks inside me. Like a key turning into a lock. A small snap that makes sense and opens a door I didn’t know existed.

More lube gets poured onto my dick and Cove strokes it, making sure to coat it well. Then, gingerly, he positions himself over my fat crown. With eyes locked on me, he slowly sinks down until he’s fully seated.

I could come just like this.

“Move,” I command, slightly bucking up my hips.

His grin is devilish. “I’ll move when I’m good and ready. You’re not in control this time. I am.”

I tense at his words.

Not in control.

Not in control.

“Hey,” he snaps, earning my attention. “It’s me. Not him. Me. You have a safeword.”

Relief—even though I feel stupid for it—floods through me. I roam my palms up his thighs, needing to touch him.

“Kiss me.”

Grabbing my wrists, he pushes them against the bed on either side of my head. Then he dips down to bring his mouth to mine. I eagerly meet his mouth with a frenzied kiss. I’m lost to the way our tongues slick across one another until a jolt of pleasure zings through me.

He’s moving.

Fuck, it feels good.

Cove isn’t the biggest guy. I could easily shove him away from me. Despite him pinning me, I know I could get away if I wanted to. Better yet, he’s armed me with a verbal way out. One I know I can use and he’ll obey.

Now *that’s* control.

Cove isn’t a tyrant. He’s my lover. My boyfriend.

He moves his hips in a sensual, teasing way that makes me crazy with need. I can’t help but buck against him to drive in deeper whenever I can. His ass is a vise, clenching me in such a delicious way I let out a satisfied groan.

“Shhh,” he murmurs, his lips raining kisses down on mine.

“I want to touch your dick.”

“No.” His grip on my wrists tightens. “You’re trapped.”

Another flare of panic thunders through me. He must sense my fear because he loosens his grip. “Say the words, Dragon, and I’ll let go.”

But I don’t want him to let go.

I want to fuck him and have him fuck me without Night Giant intruding in on our moment.

“Can you come like this?” I ask, ignoring his offer. “With my dick stretching your tiny asshole and buried deep inside?”

“Fuck yes,” he murmurs. “You make me feel so damn good.”

“I want to fuck you all night, baby. Fill you up with so much of my cum it’ll run out of you every time you move.”

“You’re a filthy motherfucker.”

“You love it.”

His blue eyes soften as he pulls back to stare at me. The fire between us heats to an inferno. He continues his skillful dance on my cock, bringing me closer and closer to ecstasy with each rock of his hips.

“Oh fuck, fuck, fuck,” Cove chants. “Are you close?”

Seeing him blissed out with his supple lips parted and his eyes hooded is enough to send me over the edge. I come with a guttural sound that rumbles through the entire room. It appears to do the trick for Cove because heat splatters over my abs. His ass clenches, seeming to gulp down the cum I’m offering.

For seconds or an eternity, we revel in the pleasure, trapped in a staring contest filled with longing and need and a million other undefined emotions I’m dying to further explore.

Tonight was different.

More raw.

A connection between us unlike ever before.

The buzzing in the air tethers us together. I like it—no, I love it. I’m desperate for more. All he’s willing to give me. The need to consume him over and over again becomes my only thought.

Mine. Mine. Mine.

“Yours,” he breathes. “And, yes, you were saying that aloud.”

His confirmation fills my chest with happiness. I break from his loose hold on my wrists to snake my arms around his middle. He crashes against my chest. My dick remains nestled inside him despite its softening. I like that he’s still stuffed with me and my cum isn’t able to escape.

“If only everyone knew what a caveman you are,” Cove teases, a smile in his voice as his lips press to my neck.

“I think they know.”

“I’m glad it was me.”

“You?”

“I’m glad it was me who you can show the real you.”

The real me?

Here, in this bed, I’m confused about who that person even is. I’m not Chase any longer, but with my family, I don’t feel completely like Dragon.

“I don’t know who that is anymore,” I admit, frowning and snapping my eyes closed.

“You’re Dragon and Chase and my boyfriend. You’re a lot crazy and a little sweet. Super sexy. An asshole, but a funny one. I like you, man. Whoever you’re becoming. I like *him*.”

I still want to destroy the monsters in my world.

But I also want to be Cove’s *a little sweet* boyfriend.

I can be Dragon *and* Chase.

I can be...me.



TWENTY-FIVE

Cove

“Knock-knock.”

I jolt awake to the female voice, quickly making sense of my surroundings. I’m buried beneath Dragon’s powerful body. I’d be lying if I said I didn’t love the possessive way he traps me in bed at night. But having his mother walk in on us in such a compromising position is super fucking awkward.

It takes some effort, but I manage to slip out of Dragon’s hold. He’s naked as the day he was born, but thankfully, after the last time we had sex last night, I opted to throw on a pair of sweats I’d found in one of his drawers. I toss the sheet over his ass and force my gaze to the woman standing in the doorway.

She’s perfect.

Hair and makeup are flawless. Her outfit is probably expensive as fuck. It’s alarming to me that anyone can look like this so early in the morning. A glance at the clock on the end table tells me, it is, in fact, early. Being woken up before eight by my boyfriend’s mother, whom I only met just yesterday, isn’t my idea of fun.

“Hey,” I grunt out.

Her plum-colored lips purse into a firm line as she sweeps her eyes over the wrecked state of the bedroom. Clothes are strewn everywhere among discarded towels we'd used for cleanup. The fitted sheet has come loose on one corner of the bed, exposing the mattress. Love bites and other evidence of Dragon's need to claim me feel as though they're blinking on my neck and naked chest, making the moment even more awkward.

"Did you two even sleep?" she asks, arching a sculpted brow high on her forehead.

My skin prickles with heat and I know I'm red as a tomato. I scrub a palm over my face before shooting her a helpless look. "I, uh... He was emotional."

Her hardened expression softens as she studies me inquisitively. "You're a perfect balance for my son. He was always so..."

"Crazy," I offer.

She smirks, reminding me of her son. "I was going to say wild, but crazy works as well. He was confident the moment he came into this world. His father and I always knew he'd do something incredible."

He can torture a man like no one else on earth, so I'd say that's pretty incredible.

"But you," she continues, "you're a calm to his storm. Logical to his unreasonable." She slowly approaches, her gaze turning on her son. Tears brim in her green eyes and a smile touches her lips. "That's all I ever wanted for him. Someone to be a perfect match for him. After everything he told us last night, it's amazing he was able to do that. I suppose we have you to thank for that."

"We're not serious," I blurt out, but as soon as I say the words, they leave a bitter aftertaste.

She reaches forward, patting my head that's probably sticking hair up in every direction. "From what he told us, I know he scared you in the beginning, but then you got to know

him.” She smiles. “Intimately. That lie you’re telling yourself doesn’t work anymore.”

I gape at her in shock.

“I raised four boys,” she says with a chuckle. “You don’t think I know a thing or two?”

Someone else steps into the bedroom. Owen. Lovely. Both his parents can be witnesses to the fact that me and Dragon fucked like wild stallions all night.

“I just got off the phone with Aimee,” Owen states, his voice growing somber. “Taylor called her back when he had cell service. Mitch isn’t with him.”

Lindsay deflates, her young features pinching, making her look much older than a few minutes ago. “Oh, Owen.”

He swallows hard before darting his eyes my way. “He’s just a kid.”

“We’re going to get him back,” I assure them. “We need to call Koyn and update him and then we’re going to deal with this problem once and for all.”



Dragon paces the living room, smoke practically fuming from him. Koyn doesn’t look at all uncomfortable in this flawless home, speaking with two equally flawless people. It’s a reminder he once came from a world like theirs. Heartache and grief molded him into the savage beast he is today.

Owen and Lindsay, despite having a house full of tattooed bikers, are taking it well. They’re both strong in the face of having another son gone missing under their noses. Kai sits in an armchair in the corner, watching the whole scene with a mixture of amusement and annoyance. Benjamin sits on the coffee table, his head low as he whispers to Nees. The rest of the bikers, including myself, are seated all around the living

room. The only other person standing is Katana, but that's so he can keep a close eye on Dragon.

"Tell me exactly what it is Aimee said," Koyn says to Owen. "We need to know how Mitch went from going hiking with Taylor to suddenly backing out."

Owen pinches the bridge of his nose, the stress of the day already weighing on him heavily. "She just said Taylor told her Mitch decided not to go."

"We need to talk to him," Dragon growls. "I don't like these vague-ass answers. Taylor knows something."

Bermuda thumps his finger on his laptop screen. "Holy shit...I have something."

Since I'm closest to Bermuda, I peek at his computer screen to find a picture of a teenager with big brown eyes and a goofy smile. Taylor Eckerd seems like your typical teen at first glance, though something about him strikes me as familiar.

"What is it?" Koyn demands.

"I looked up his social media accounts. On Instagram, he must have posted when he got service and spoke to his mother. He's at Meeman-Shelby Forest State Park. It's not too far from here." Bermuda taps away on his computer, pulling up another screen. "I pinged his cell to pinpoint his exact location."

"And?" Koyn implores.

"While there's nothing telling in his phone and text records, I looked up the video footage of a service station near the park. One everyone has to pass by. Based on when Lindsay last spoke to him and when Night Giant called Dragon, I worked in that time frame pulling that footage." He plays a segment of a video. "There's video of a man who meets the physical description of Night Giant. He speaks with Taylor and Mitch. Taylor leaves on his own and Mitch gets in the truck with the man."

"What?" Lindsay's voice is shrill. "He left with that monster? But why?"

“Because he knows him.” I swallow hard, locking eyes with Dragon, who’s stopped his pacing. “Mitch left with him because he knows him.”

Bermuda nods beside me. “I looked up the mutual friends on their list and one person meets the description.” He pulls up the social media account. “Extremely tall. Built like a linebacker...”

Though I’d never seen Night Giant’s face, the picture Bermuda shows me chills my blood. Something in his dark eyes haunts me. He looks just like his brother that Dragon slaughtered two days ago in that trailer.

“No,” Lindsay whispers. “That’s impossible.”

“Taylor’s dad,” Bermuda starts, but I finish for him, “is Night Giant.”

“What?” Benjamin practically bellows. “That’s insane. Impossible.”

I tear my stare from Night Giant—or Leo Eckerd’s—social media profile to meet Lindsay’s horrified expression.

“It’s an alias,” Copper growls from the sofa beside Nees. “And I’ll bet money his identification has the incorrect height, which is why we couldn’t find him before.” He rises to his feet. “I’ll call Dan. See what the Feds can uncover.”

“But Leo’s the school district’s accountant.” Lindsay shakes her head. “Owen, we’ve had this man in our home.”

Dragon goes deathly still, his features impassive as though he’s in a trance. Katana slinks up behind him, offering him a comforting hand on his shoulder. I’m thankful it eases some of the tension in Dragon.

“What do we do? Why does he want my son?” Lindsay demands, no longer the strong woman as before as tears slide down her rosy cheeks. “Why? How?”

“Find him,” Koyn orders to Bermuda. “Fuck.”

“He wants us to find him,” Dragon murmurs.

“He does?” Lindsay asks.

I shudder at Dragon's words. "It's another trap," I croak out. "Mitch is just the bait."

"Bait for what?" Kai demands, no longer seated and thrumming with violent energy that reminds me so much of his older brother.

My gaze finds Dragon's. He's still—frozen by the information and realization of what this all means.

"Me." Dragon winces, shaking his head hard as if to clear away the horrible thoughts running through his mind. "He wants me."

"No." Lindsay's features twist into something cruel and vicious. "Absolutely not."

"We have no choice, Mom," Dragon bites back. "It's Mitch. He's seventeen."

She swallows hard. "I don't care if he's a goddamn adult. That monster isn't taking you again. I won't trade one son for another."

Koyn and Dragon exchange a quick look—one that's in agreement. They'll do what they have to in order to get Mitch back. Even if that means trade dragon for boy, regardless of what the mother demands.

"Make the call," Dragon orders. "This happens today."

"Chase, no," Lindsay screeches. "We'll find another way. Let Copper get the Feds involved. You can't do this." Her voice cracks and a sob escapes. "Honey, please don't do this."

"I have to," Dragon replies. "Dad, tell her I have to."

Owen pulls Lindsay into a tight embrace. "Look at our son. And it's Leo. He might be bigger than Chase, but our son is different. He has *them*." He gestures to the room full of pumped up bikers.

Koyn gives Owen a sharp nod. "Night Giant dies today by the hand of the Royal fucking Bastards. Make the call."

"I'll do it," Lindsay says, swiping her tears away. Rage fills her green eyes. "I'll talk to that sick fuck."

She pulls out her phone and searches her contacts. After dialing, she puts it on speaker. Seconds later, a familiar voice answers.

“Ahh, hello, Mrs. Thomas. Took you long enough. And here I thought you were a shrewd woman.”

“Leo.” Her voice is ice and sharp enough to draw blood. “Let me speak to my son.”

He chuckles, dark and demonic. “He’s a little tied up at the moment.”

“You sick sonofabitch!” she screams into the phone. “I’ll kill you myself!”

“You won’t,” Night Giant hisses, “because if you want this boy to stay pure, you’ll do exactly as I say. You’ll make it quick, too, because my self-control is razor-thin.”

“Why are you doing this? Does Aimee know? Taylor?”

“Aimee knows I have secrets, but she chooses to ignore them. You can take that up with her later. Taylor is only guilty of making my obsession easier on me. This will really tear him up,” he assures her. “Don’t be too hard on him.”

Unbelievable. The gall of this fucker.

“All these years,” Lindsay snarls, “you hid in plain sight. You came into my home knowing full and well what you did to my son!”

“And I’ll do it to the baby boy too if you don’t shut the fuck up and listen.” Leo’s breathing is heavy. “I want Caught to meet me at our place. He knows where that is.”

“Do not call him that,” she hisses.

“An hour. I want him there in an hour. Alone.”

“No,” I clip out. “He won’t be alone. I’m coming with.”

Night Giant is silent for a beat. “A two-for-one special. Hmm. You still suck dick like a needy whore, little one?”

Dragon flies over the couch like an avenging angel escaped from hell. He yanks the phone from his mother’s grip

and brings it to his mouth, spittle flying all over it as he speaks.

“We’ll be there. The two of us. You let Mitch go and we’ll stay.” Dragon cracks his neck and fire gleams in his green eyes. “Vengeance is coming.”

Night Giant makes a salacious lip-smacking sound. “Oh, I’m counting on it. I love the pretty way your lips part when you orgasm—”

His words are silenced when Dragon throws the phone so hard at the window, it shatters through the glass on its way out.

Dragon holds his hand out to me. “Let’s go kill this piece of shit.”

I take his hand. “Fucking finally.”



TWENTY-SIX

Dragon

The building seems smaller than I remember. When I was just a kid, it seemed like this massive being that had swallowed me whole. For so long, I rotted away in the belly of the beast, slowly being devoured piece by piece by the parasite who had his fangs in me.

Night Giant.

Leo or Vaughn or whatever other fucking alias he has. No matter what his real name is, he'll always be Night Giant to me. The one who tried to take away my life, my body, and my soul.

"We don't have to do this," Cove says from beside me. "We can get Copper to call in his contacts. They can take him out and get to your brother."

For as simple as that sounds, I know it's anything but. Night Giant hasn't remained off the grid for so long by being stupid. He's smart and calculating. Detailed and efficient. It's not a surprise to me that he's an accountant.

"It'll take too long," I mumble, unable to tear my gaze from the rusting, metal monstrosity before us. "Who knows what he'll do to Mitch. I don't want to find out."

Cove shudders, no doubt imagining the worst. Night Giant destroyed me and I'll be damned if I let him do the same thing to my little brother.

“Fine,” Cove concedes, “but the second he gives him up, we'll do everything we can to take him out. The guys will be nearby and ready. It'll be over quickly.”

Despite his sure words, the quaver in his voice gives him away. He's nervous as hell that this is going to end badly. I'm pretty certain it will...for Night Giant. To see him bleed and hurt for everything he's done to me will be invigorating and freeing. I need this. I need to kill him with my own two hands. Bury my monster for good.

“Let's go,” I grunt out, lifting my chin toward the door. The same door I escaped from all those years ago.

Cove stays in step beside me, a strong presence despite his smaller frame. He's in bitch boy mode, but this time his claws are aimed at someone other than me.

We step into the building, the creaking of the door on its hinges much louder than I remember. Everything is just as it was before. An eerie wave of confusion washes over me. Time seems to have rewound to the past. I don't feel like Dragon. I feel like Chase, caught in that fucker's web.

“This way,” I grit out, forcing my feet to move. I walk between stacked storage containers until I come to the place I called home for nearly two years. “Fuck.”

A heap of clothes sits on the soiled mattress—the same fucking mattress. I remember the blood stain in shape of an elephant. A chill shivers down my spine at the memory.

Cove walks over to the mattress and lifts a T-shirt. I recognize it as one I'd seen Mitch wear in one of his social media pictures. I stalked every single post of his and remember it all.

“Where is he?” Cove demands.

“Come on,” I grunt, waving for him to follow. “There was a place Night Giant took me sometimes.”

Cove's fingers run down my spine and his palm spreads out over my lower back. "Breathe, Dragon."

I suck in a sharp breath, thankful for the cool oxygen filling my lungs. "I'm breathing. Still alive, BP. Can't get rid of me yet."

He smirks at me. "Don't plan on ever getting rid of you, asshole."

If I weren't in my own personal hell, I'd capture his sharp jaw in my brutal grip and claim him with a fiery kiss. But with Night Giant lurking with my little brother, I can't afford not to stay focused.

We walk down a series of corridors made by a careful arrangement of stacked shipping containers that go all the way to the incredibly high ceiling of the monolithic building. As we reach a dead end, forcing us to go left or right, I hold a finger to my lips, craning my ear to listen.

Breathing.

The heavy kind of breathing when someone is terrified.

Mitch.

I creep forward, making sure to keep Cove protected at my back. Cove and I aren't stupid and came strapped with weapons. I'm sure Night Giant will force me to give them up, but right now, I'm hanging onto them like a lifeline.

A whimper.

Closer.

My heart is hammering inside my chest, pumping blood furiously to my ears, making it nearly impossible to hear.

Cove grips the back of my leather cut, stopping me. We wait in silence until my heart isn't racing like it was. It's then I hear it too. Footsteps on a dirty floor.

"Shhh, princess. Your savior will be here soon."

Boiling rage surges up inside me, singing all rational thoughts. I charge toward Night Giant's voice, ignoring the hisses of Cove behind me. When I step into Night Giant's

“room,” I don’t see him sprawled out on the bed naked like I expect. For some reason, this startles me into confusion.

So many times, I’d been dragged into this room from my makeshift cell to please the motherfucker. I spent so much time on my knees in this room.

But he’s not naked and waiting.

He’s fully dressed, standing behind my brother, a Glock digging into his temple. Mitch is in nothing but a pair of black boxers. He’s shivering and his green eyes are wild with fear. A strip of duct tape over his mouth prevents him from speaking. When his gaze flickers to me, another wave of terror makes him tremble. Since I haven’t seen my brother since he was like in the first grade or some shit, he probably doesn’t even recognize me.

Sickness roils in my gut.

Does he think I’m one of them? A sicko like Night Giant?

“It’s okay, bubba,” I say in a tone I hope he remembers. “I’m gonna get you out of here.”

Recognition flickers in his eyes and he starts sobbing. This sends Night Giant into a fit of creepy laughter. It makes every hair on my arms stand on end.

“We had a deal,” Cove growls from behind me. “Us for him. Let him go.”

Night Giant’s grin is cruel. “But what fun this could be. I’ve always thought Mitch here looked just like his brother did at this age.” He roves a free hand over Mitch’s bare stomach. “The training would have to start all over again and I’ve just put too much time into my little pet. Right, Caught?”

A full-bodied shudder quakes through me. “Let him go.”

“Sorry,” Night Giant says, “I couldn’t hear you. Your whispers don’t do shit for me, Caught. You know I prefer your screams.”

I struggle to breathe. If it weren’t for Cove’s fierce presence, I’d probably pass out. Sweat trickles over my brow and the knife in my slick hand feels slippery.

“Let Mitch go,” Cove growls. “You want Dragon, so take him. Let the kid go.”

Night Giant digs his grip into Mitch’s ribs, wrenching a pained howl from him that’s smothered by the tape. “Someone grew some balls since he last got on his knees for me. Tell me, little shit starter, do I need to cut them off to make you behave?”

Bile claws up my throat, burning me in the process. I wish I really were a dragon so I could breathe the fire out of me and burn the motherfucker who has my brother in his wicked talons.

“What we’re going to do,” Night Giant says in a commanding voice that makes my skin crawl, “is we’re going to take a walk. Outside.”

Outside is good.

There’s a slew of badass bikers in hiding out there.

Copper or Filter could probably blow Night Giant’s big head off his shoulders if given a fraction of a second.

“Fine,” I grit out. “Let Mitch go and we’ll go with you.”

“Not yet,” Night Giant barks out. “Move your asses and stay where I can see you.”

Cove tugs on the sleeve of my shirt. “Come on.”

I follow after Cove, hating the idea of having Night Giant at my back. My brother whimpers and sobs, breaking my heart into a thousand black shards of glass. I want to save him—to hug him to me. I’ve let this monster take so much away from me and I’m desperate to take it all back.

“Walk to the end there and hang a left. There’s a door. Wait for me,” Night Giant instructs from behind me.

Fury wars with my fear of this man. I hate that he still has a hold over me. I’m blasted with memories of his touch—mostly brutal and sometimes almost loving. I’d been sickened into believing that maybe one day he’d just forget to torture me and just once take care of me. He told everyone, after all, I was his favorite.

But every time ended in pain. Horror. His taking what I didn't want against my will. My throat feels as though it's closing. Each breath is labored and my knees nearly buckle with each step.

Why am I willingly here again?

For Mitch.

Save your brother, man.

Tears sting my eyes and I know I'm losing the inner battle. I have to just hang on until Mitch is safely in the protection of Koyn and the other Royal Bastards. So close. I can do this. I can hang on until we trade him off.

Then what?

Then he'll have me and Cove.

Cove. Cove. Cove.

Cove is mine.

Anger rears its ugly head, chasing away the shadows of fear creeping up on me. I harness that fury, stoking each flame of hatred with memories of Night Giant's cruelty. If he touches one hair on Cove's head, I'll slaughter him. I have to.

We reach the door to the outside. Night Giant instructs Cove to open it.

"You, behind us," Night Giant tells Cove. "Caught, I want you walking ahead. I prefer that view of you."

I snap my eyes shut, flooded with a memory of him beating my bare ass with his belt. Choking down the disgust, I try to breathe and remember the plan.

Trade us for Mitch, then attack.

Easy.

On shaking legs, I walk past him and along the side of the building where he gestured. The Mississippi River is close as this factory must have been used at one time to ship the containers up and down the US. I can feel eyes on us and wonder who has Night Giant in his crosshairs. It makes me

nervous, though, because if they take the shot, who's to say they wouldn't miss and hit Mitch or Cove...

I gag and stumble over my boots. Night Giant rumbles out a hateful laugh from behind me. We walk until we reach a dock. A tugboat bobs at the end, thumping against the dock with each ripple of the water.

Uneasiness settles in my gut.

"Get on the boat, Caught," Night Giant growls.

"You promised to give Mitch up," Cove bites out from behind us. "So do it already."

Night Giant scans the property, a menacing glare on his face. "They're fucking everywhere. I knew you couldn't come alone."

"We're both liars," I grit out. "Get the fuck over it."

"You," Night Giant snaps at Cove. "Drop all your weapons before you get on the boat."

Cove glances at me. I still have my knives. With a clipped nod, I motion for him to obey. In his usual bitch boy form, he huffs and puffs as he tosses his weapons to the ground.

"Now strip down to your underwear," Night Giant demands.

"Why?" Cove glowers at him. "What the fuck for?"

"Because I said so, goddammit. Don't test me, kid, or I'll blow the brains out of this one's skull." To prove his point, Night Giant digs the barrel of his Glock into Mitch's temple so hard he cries out in pain. "I wonder if he bleeds like big brother does."

Cove scowls as he starts yanking clothes off. When he's in nothing but his tight boxers, he throws his hands up in the air. "Happy?"

"Not quite. Come closer," Night Giant says, backing himself onto the boat with my brother. "Get on the boat and untie the rope there."

“We’re trading,” Cove reminds him, his voice dripping with hatred. “In case you forgot.”

“I didn’t forget, smartass,” Night Giant snaps. “Do as you’re told.”

Cove gingerly steps onto the bobbing boat. He unties the rope that keeps us tethered to the dock. The knife, still in my grip, seems to buzz. I want to carve out Night Giant’s eyeballs and cram them up his big ass. I want to make him suffer. But I don’t dare make any sudden movements with Mitch still in his grip.

“Come closer,” Night Giant urges. “Stand in front of him with your back to him.”

Cove obeys, his body thrumming with anger. “Now what?”

“Garrison, time to go!” Night Giant barks.

The engine flares to life and we begin to move. I’m frozen in place, wondering what Night Giant’s play is here. He smacks Mitch in the head with the gun, knocking him unconscious. Before I can stop him, he shoves him off the boat.

Splash!

I start for my brother. Night Giant jerks Cove into his grip, shoving the gun into *his* temple this time. Koyn charges from somewhere and dives into the river after my brother. I’m torn between jumping in too and staying with the plan to take out Night Giant.

“You motherfucker,” I hiss. “I’m going to kill you.”

“Caught, *heel.*”

And just like that, with his firmly commanded words, he fucking owns me again.



TWENTY-SEVEN

Cove

Something thuds behind me. I claw at Night Giant's meaty arm to make sure Dragon's okay. But when I catch a glimpse of him on his knees, crawling toward us, I want to throw up. This can't be happening. Again. Last time I'd seen Dragon like this was when we were trapped together in that shitty hotel room. Like then, Dragon whimpers, fear etched on his beautiful face. He stops at Night Giant's boot, resting his cheek on the top of it. His knife lies on the deck of the boat, forgotten.

"Dragon," I croak out. "Dragon, stop it."

The tugboat picks up speed, quickly putting distance between us and the dock. Our plan was to take down Night Giant together, but we can't. Not with Dragon falling victim again to that monster's controlling methods.

I try nudging Dragon with my foot to get him to snap out of it, but my efforts go ignored.

"Caught is a good boy," Night Giant croons. "A special boy. One I've missed so much. No one has ever obeyed me like Caught has."

This man's strength is no match for me. I'd been relying on Dragon to catch him off-guard once Mitch was safe.

Now...now I'm on my own.

“What are you going to do?” I demand, trembling with fury.

“I only want to stroke my little pet,” Night Giant murmurs, nipping at my ear. “You can watch and if you behave, I might let you participate. Seems as though you learned a thing or two since I saw you last. Does my pet fuck you now?”

“Screw you,” I snap. “You’ll have to let me go eventually and when you do, I’ll tear your throat out.”

“So fucking feisty. I love it.” Night Giant tugs on one of my nipple rings. “These are new.”

I squirm in his grip, but he’s too strong. Again, I try to kick some sense into Dragon. Nothing rouses him from his stupor, though. It’s terrifying that a man could have such a hold on another person like that. With a change in his tone and a few carefully chosen words, he transformed my Dragon into a subservient kitten. Dragon mutters something over and over under his breath, though I can’t tell what he’s saying.

“Let me tell you a little story of what’s in store for the future,” Night Giant murmurs against the shell of my ear. “We’re getting out of this shit town and going someplace where I won’t be interrupted by a job or a family or other mundane responsibilities. I’ve got a place no one knows about, far, far out in the woods. The three of us are going to have so much fun.”

“Fuck. You.”

Night Giant twists my nipple until I cry out. “Oh, you will, little star. You’ll fuck me with that sweet mouth of yours many, many times.”

Dragon continues his chanting. I strain to hear what he’s saying but still can’t make it out.

“Caught obeys me so well. If I wanted him to beat you to death right now, all it would take was my command.” Night Giant chuckles. “You’d be dead within a minute.”

I don’t believe that.

This isn't like the last time. Dragon and I share much more than a bed. We have a connection. We're bound together in ways I've never been with anyone in my entire life. I'm his and as much as I like when he hurts me when we have sex, he wouldn't actually hurt me, much less kill me.

I have to believe this.

Dragon continues his mindless chanting. It comes out shakily and filled with terror. I'm beginning to realize he'll be useless unless I can deal with Night Giant first to snap him out of it.

Think, Cove.

Night Giant slides his hand down into my boxers, fondling my soft dick. I yelp in surprise before thrashing with all my might. He's relentless as he attempts to stroke my cock to life.

Dragon's chanting grows louder. Through my own strangled sounds of disgust, I try and make out what he's saying. Finally, I understand.

“Batman. Batman. Batman. Batman.”

Over and over and over again.

Tears burn in my eyes. His safeword. He's using his safeword, but I can't stop this control Night Giant has over him. I can't save him.

I have to try.

With a ragged screech, I twist in Night Giant's strong grip now that his hand is occupied in my boxers and my teeth find his pectoral muscle. I bite into him savagely, uncaring if I rip his fucking nipple off in the process. I don't manage to do that, but his howl of pain is enough to make him release me.

Dragon's knife.

It's so close.

I scramble for it, on my hands and knees, crawling over Dragon's bent form along the way. The boat moves hard to the right just before I reach it and it skitters across the deck out of range. Before I can make it to it, a boot smacks into my ribs,

knocking me onto my side. Pain radiates across my midsection as I gasp for air. Another kick has me sailing into some barrels. My shoulder screams in pain from the impact.

Night Giant's massive hand grabs the back of my neck and he manhandles me over the barrel. It's not until he rips my boxers down with such force the fabric tears that I realize what's about to happen.

Oh God, no.

"Dragon!" I scream, fighting against this beast of a man. "Help me!"

But he doesn't. I'm all alone in this.

The sound of Night Giant's belt jangling as he undoes his pants cuts through my every nerve ending. Realization washes over me like a cold wave. I'm not getting away. This man is going to brutally fuck me and there's nothing I can do about it—no one to beg to help me.

Like Dragon, I find myself murmuring my own safeword as if it actually has the power to save me.

"Robin. Robin. Robin."

Night Giant's thick cock smacks against my ass cheek. He's too big and we don't have lube. This is going to hurt so fucking bad.

I scream out the safeword again, followed by Dragon's name.

And then I give up.



Dragon

I want to go home.

I want to go home.

I want my mom.

My eyes are clamped shut as I listen for his instructions but try to seek an image of my mother's face. It's clearer in my mind than usual and I cling to it. But her image fades and I'm met with warm memories of him.

My boyfriend.

Cove the bitch boy Gale.

So beautiful and crabby.

Everything feels confusing. I want to stay locked in the dark dredges of my mind, kissing his pouty lips and teasing my finger along the grooves of his abs down to where his dick jerks with need, pre-cum leaking from the tip. I want to suck down every salty drop—to eat him alive and have his essence live inside me.

Robin.

The word, a strangled plea, cuts through the safety bubble I'd created in my mind. It's a blade of clarity, slicing through the bindings that keep me in place.

Robin.

I hear it again and it calls to me. Begs and pleads. Encourages me. A flicker of hatred ignites in my lower belly and quickly consumes me in its inferno. The fires burn away the fear and chase away the boy, giving birth to the dragon.

My eyes fly open as I track the sound. Not just any sound, but the repeated safeword Cove is using. When my eyes land on the way Night Giant is struggling to force his way into my fucking boyfriend, I see red.

An explosion of insanity bursts through me.

Night Giant's ass is white and hairy. His hand is on his cock as he concentrates on trying to put his dick inside a sobbing Cove.

I jerk one of my knives from my boot and stalk over to them. Night Giant has his hand on the back of Cove's neck,

holding him down over a barrel as he continues to try to rape him.

I'd wanted to make him suffer.

Draw it out and drain every drop of blood from him.

There's no time.

Vengeance doesn't matter when Cove's life and body are on the line. Silent like the night, I stalk and then pounce, driving a carefully placed blade between two hairy ass cheeks. Unlike Night Giant's dick that's too big for Cove's hole, my blade sinks deep inside of Night Giant.

His howl is otherworldly.

So pained and horrified, I almost feel it myself.

Night Giant is sputtering, attempting to command me like only moments before, but his words fall on deaf ears. The blood is roaring inside me, silencing everything but my rage.

Yanking the knife out, I'm satisfied to see how much blood spurts from him. He topples over like the giant in the old children's tale, landing hard on his side, making the whole tugboat tremble. Blood gushes from his asshole like the mighty Mississippi River beneath us.

I take a moment to run my palm down Cove's bare back, caressing him, my strength growing with just a simple touch. Then I turn to stalk over to Night Giant. With my boot, I shove him onto his back. He's still alive but unconscious from the pain. I drive my blade into his groin right above his dick, no doubt slicing through his bladder in the process. His demonic, dark eyes fly open, landing on me.

Grinning at him, I pull the knife back out to inspect the blood dripping from it. "I told you I was going to kill you, but you thought you were untouchable."

Blood spills from his lips, rolling down the sides of his cheeks. His flesh turns pale and begins shifting to a shade of blue I like. The color of death on the horizon. Beautiful.

I drive the blade down onto his dick this time, severing part of it. More blood oozes out of him, but all he can manage

is a twitch. He's dying. It's too quick, but I actually don't give a fuck. I've been waiting over a decade for this moment. Now that it's here, I don't want to draw it out any longer.

I want to kill the beast.

With a victorious growl, I pounce on him and slam the blade into the front of his throat. His eyes fix on me, forced to see me as death steals him for their departure to hell.

"That's for Mitch and Cove and Stormy," I spit out, glowering at his near-dead form. "That's for me. You no longer own me, you piece of shit. I'm free of you."

I rise to my feet, swaying on the deck. When I turn around, Cove is gone. Dread fills me to the brim, but then he appears, blood splattered all over him and the shirt he's somehow procured from somewhere.

"I hope you know how to drive a boat," Cove rasps out, trembling slightly, "because I just shot the guy driving it."

Stalking over to him, I clutch onto his neck, caressing the side of it gently with my blood-soaked thumb. "I fucking love boats, baby. Of course I can."

His lips find mine and we kiss.

Relief floods through me, draining away the vengeance and replacing it with a calm I haven't known since I was a child. I draw Cove closer, unable to keep from devouring him like he's the answer to every question in the universe.

This is definitively over.

Now, I can finally begin my life. And I'll have it all. My brothers with the Royal Bastards, my family, and my sexy-ass boyfriend.

It's time to stop surviving and start living.



TWENTY-EIGHT

Cove

A week later...

Things are strained.

Since coming back to Tulsa, Dragon has been avoiding me and I don't know why. Is this thing between us over? Has he finally let go of all his Night Giant baggage but dropped me somehow in the process?

Bitterness sours my gut.

I don't understand.

We were fine after we met up with Koyn. Mitch was fine. They rescued him from the river thanks to Koyn's quick actions. The family reunion with Dragon, his brothers, and his parents was tearful and moving. Lindsay catered in enough food to feed an army to celebrate the success while Filter and some of the guys disposed of the bodies. Me and Dragon stayed for a few days with his family and got to just...be.

It was nice.

Really nice.

I like his family a lot and him...well, it's a helluva lot more than like.

Which I thought he felt too.

So why is he avoiding me?

“Where’s my baby brother?” Stormy sings as she enters the clubhouse.

I groan to see her in her short cutoff denim shorts and a tight black tank top. She has a shit fit if Calla wears anything remotely risqué but prances around barely clothed despite the fact she’s a mom now. It’s fucking disgusting.

“What do you want?” I grumble, turning my back to her so I can pour her a drink at the clubhouse bar.

“A better fucking attitude, that’s what,” she snaps back in that big sister tone that never fails to grate on my nerves.

“I meant what to drink?”

“Just a Coke. I think I might be pregnant again. Better be safe.”

Whipping my head around, I glower at her. “What? Already?”

Her grin is devilish. “Copper has his ways...”

“Sick. Say no more. Please. I fucking beg of you.”

“You’re always such a prickly pear, Cove. What the hell? I thought that once you started getting laid, you’d chill on the attitude.”

She heard through the gossip grapevine of the Royal fucking bastards that I was seeing Dragon. At first, she bitched me out, and then she was just...okay with it. Almost like she expected it. Which was annoying because I didn’t expect to fall for Chase Thomas aka Dragon. And I did. I fell hard. For what?

I fill her a glass with ice and Coke before shoving it across the bar top toward her. “Where’s my niece?”

“Bermuda has her. I swear she likes him better than she likes her own parents.” She huffs and gestures at me, frowning. “Seriously, you’re upset. I came out here to talk to you. Tell me what’s wrong.”

I swallow hard, dropping my gaze to my boots. “I don’t understand where everything went wrong.”

“With Dragon?” Her voice is soft and gentle. Motherly. It makes my heart clench.

“Maybe I was just a fuck and nothing more.”

She sighs heavily. “Oh my God. Boys are so pathetic. Did you even try talking to him about it?”

I flip her off and glower at her. My mouth opens with a retort, but she’s right. I’ve sat in the clubhouse pouting rather than tracking him down to demand he talk to me.

“Where is he?” I croak out.

She laughs. “Where is he always?”

With Katana. His best friend. I’m not jealous. I just want to talk to him and touch him and kiss him. We haven’t had sex since the night before everything went down over a week ago.

Do I disgust him now?

Because Night Giant was groping me and almost fucked me?

“Can’t you bother someone else? Like Filter?”

Poking that wound never gets old. She drains her Coke glass before slamming it down on the bar top.

“Filter and I came to an agreement,” she says icily. “If he hurts Calla, I’ll have my dogs eat him alive.”

Hansel and Gretel, though intimidating Dobermans, aren’t exactly the human-eating types. They’re more likely to lick you to death.

“Mmhmm.”

“You’re a sassy bottom.”

I gape at her in horror. “Brenda!”

She cackles at being called by her real name, knowing she got to me. “For fuck’s sake, Cove, everyone knows you’re the bottom.”

“Y’all don’t know shit,” I spit out.

“Dragon staked his claim on you. Plus, with all the trauma he went through, I don’t really think he’ll ever let someone top him.”

“For a straight woman, who happens to be my sister, you’re awfully smug about your knowledge into my relationship.”

“Power bottom,” she says, ignoring my snappy words. “I think he’d be into that. You two actually make a really adorable couple.”

Not anymore.

We’re not anything.

He’s putting distance between us and I’ll be alone.

Pain radiates in my chest. I rub between my pectorals, hoping to release the ache inside me. Stormy softens and reaches out her hand.

“Honey, come here.”

I go to my sister and take her hand. “I hate you.”

“I know you do, but you love me too. Just like I know you love Dragon, which is an incredible feat because he’s not exactly easy to like, much less love.”

I don’t love Dragon.

Liar.

Jerking my hand from her grip, I let out a heavy sigh. “It doesn’t matter.”

“It does. Stop being such a baby, Cove. You’re a man now. Be the sassy bottom you are and go claim your top!”

I don’t know what the fuck she’s been watching on television or reading in her kinky sex books or talking about with Hadley, but she’s getting on my last nerve.

“Bye, Brenda.”

She fishes a keyring from her cleavage, and I cringe. “Here. Take Filter’s bike. I stole it when he had his tongue

down our sister's throat." She smirks at me. "Seriously. Get your ass down to the lake."

Maybe I've been avoiding the inevitable. Maybe he and I both have. Maybe it's like a bandage. It'll hurt a lot worse if I peel back the edges rather than yanking it off in one tug. If he doesn't want us to be together, that's fine. I'll survive.

Liar.

You won't survive.

It'll fucking gut you, you lovesick idiot.

Snapping up the keys, I throw her a wave. "If doing this gets me out of this bullshit heart-to-heart, then fine. Don't be surprised if I move into your love nest, though, if this all goes to shit."

Her antagonizing grin transforms into a sweeter smile. "You're my family. You'll always be welcome at my home. Don't be such a drama queen, though. The world isn't always seconds from imploding."

I stride out of the clubhouse, not listening to anything else she has to say. Sneaking into the garage at the main house, I find Filter's bike—because he's a fuckface for sleeping with Calla and deserves to get his bike stolen—and fire up the engine. Bermuda peeks his head out the door, gaping at me. I flip him off because fuck him too.

The cruise down the winding roads to Lake Keystone does nothing to calm my nerves. With each passing mile, I grow more and more pissed off. We're a good couple, dammit. We've been to hell and back and survived. In bed, we're on fire, but outside of it, the connection remains, sparking whenever each other is near. Fuck Dragon for pushing me away.

I park next to Katana's bike at the dock where Dragon keeps his boat. He's been restoring this houseboat with Katana according to the gossip mill that is the Royal Bastards. I'd been too stubborn to come down and take a look until now.

As soon as I shut off the engine, I can hear Dragon's laughter. It's so carefree and happy. My stomach twists and

tears sting my eyes. I want him to be like this, but I wanted to be there with him. Was I just a phase?

Blinking back the pain clawing at my eyes, I focus on my boots, putting one foot in front of the other. I won't be deterred or back out from fear of the unknown. I'm going to face him—this, us—head-on.

I stumble to a stop when I spot him. Squatting on the dock beside the boat, a paintbrush in hand and a cigarette dangling from his lips, Dragon is a sight to behold. All of the tattoos on his arms and back glisten in the sunshine. I can see the crack of his ass peeking out of his black jeans. He's gorgeous, which makes this more difficult. There's almost a boyish quality about him with his dark hair hidden beneath one of Bermuda's ballcaps that's flipped backward.

God, he's so hot.

And mine.

Whether he likes it or not.

“Dragon,” I bark out before I lose my nerve. “We need to talk.”

He glances over at me, a smirk tugging at his perfect lips. His green eyes greedily drink me up, which confuses me. I don't understand the avoidance when it looks as though he could devour me with his stare alone.

“So talk, Baby Prospect.”

“You're avoiding me.” The hurt in my tone is embarrassing and I hate I can't hide it. “Why?”

His humor fades and his features harden. I gulp down my nerves as he rises to his full height. He flicks the cigarette to the deck and stomps it out before tossing the paintbrush into a bucket.

He's coming for me.

A thrill shoots down my spine, finding its way to my cock. It thickens and strains against the denim it's imprisoned in.

“Avoiding you,” he mimics, the taunt in his tone heating my blood. “More like, I was busy, baby.”

Baby.

The relief that courses through me nearly has me falling to my knees. I’m such a predictable sap.

“Busy doing what?” I demand, craning my head up as he comes to stand right in front of me, towering over my smaller frame. “Tell me.” I poke a finger into the center of his chest. “Tell me what was so important that you didn’t want to see me.”

Okay, so maybe Stormy is onto the whole sassy bottom thing...

“Are you done throwing a bitch fit?” Dragon asks, humor glittering in his green eyes.

“No,” I say, fighting the tremble in my bottom lip. I’m on a roll now. “I’m not. You don’t get to do this to me. To us. You don’t get to be busy and avoid me. You’re my goddamn boyfriend and this is not okay!”

His large palms reach up to cradle my face. He strokes his thumbs over my cheeks. I melt against him, needy for his touch and affection. Warm lips ghost over mine, urging a moan from me.

“It was supposed to be a surprise but someone chose to be bitchy and ruin said surprise.” He kisses me hard. His words are annoyed, but his kiss is anything but. “Now you have to help.”

Help?

He pulls away and takes my hand in his. I’m forced to follow him back over to where he was working. Dragon’s Baby. The words are painted on so carefully and with such perfection it steals my breath away.

“Guess that’s my cue to leave,” Katana says from the boat. He hops down onto the deck. “I’ll tell everyone you two will miss dinner.” He winks at us and bumps fists with Dragon.

His departure is silent, as per usual with Katana, and the only reason I know he's no longer near us is because the engine on his bike rumbles a few seconds later. Dragon tugs me onto the boat, nearly bouncing on his toes with excitement.

"What is this? You're going to live here?" I ask in confusion.

He shoves me against a floor-to-ceiling cabinet once inside and licks my neck all the way up to my earlobe. "No, baby, *we're* going to live here."

My mind scatters in a thousand different directions.

"Wait? Are you asking me to move in with you?" I gape at him. "Dragon, what the hell? I thought you wanted to break up!"

He nips at my earlobe, tugging hard. "Did you forget that whole 'you're mine' part? I didn't stutter, baby. Clear as fucking day. You. Are. Mine."

"But..."

"But nothing. Now you get to help me and Katana finish the renovation. Bet you wish you would have reined in the bitchiness a little while longer."

I try to shove him off of me, but he pins me with his hips. His dick is hard as it rubs against my own aching erection. "I hate you so much."

He grins, wide and beautiful and powerful enough to light up the entire world. "I love you too, Cove."

I'm stunned to realize this isn't a joke for him. His emotions are unguarded on his face. We're not a passing phase. We're so, so much more.

"I don't hate you," I admit. "I don't think I ever did."

He kisses my mouth like he needs the words to survive. I don't want him to have to forage for them, though. I want to feed them to him one by one like grapes from a vine.

"I love you for some reason," I murmur. "I need you. You're mine."

His lashes flutter against his high cheekbones and he rests his forehead to mine. “This is our home now. I wanted a place that was for us. Neither of us has really had much of a life. It’s time to change that.”

Jerking him to me, I hug him tight, burying my nose against his sun-warmed flesh, inhaling his masculine scent I adore.

“Okay,” I agree. “Let’s do it.”

“I wasn’t asking, baby.”

“Well, I was tellin’ anyway.” I tug at his belt as I seek his lips with mine. “Just like I’m telling you now that you’re going to fuck me. Right here in this kitchen.” I grin against his mouth. “I’ve been told I’m a sassy bottom.”

He growls, nipping at my jaw. “By fucking who?”

“Stormy.”

His laughter warms me to my soul. “I mean, I think she’s onto something, but I prefer bitchy bottom. Has a nice ring to it. In fact, maybe I should paint over the boat name—”

I silence his teasing by shoving my hand into his pants and gripping his thickness. “Hush, boyfriend, we have a houseboat to christen.”

“If the boat is a rockin’, don’t come a knockin’.”

“Oh my God. That’s such a lame fucking dad joke. Did Owen teach you that one?”

He snorts. “Fuck off, BP.”

The jokes get discarded like the clothes on our body, at our feet and forgotten. Dragon consumes me whole like he’s done from day one. He’s fire and I’m timber. I want to burn only for him.

Buried deep inside me and his teeth digging into the flesh on my neck, I imagine a long future ahead of us. Many, many more days like this. Sex, love, maybe even a family one day. Whatever I can get with Dragon feels like more than I deserve.

It isn't until we're both spent and are sprawled out on the bed in our little houseboat that I relax. This is my life now. Him. Us. And it's all I could ever want.

“Love you, baby.”

Hmm, I want a *lot* more of those.

What can I say? I'm a greedy boy.



EPILOGUE

Bermuda

Thanksgiving...

I've never cooked for this many people, but our Royal Bastards family keeps growing, especially now that Dragon's family will be joining us this year too. Not that I'm complaining. I love the chaos. These guys are my brothers through and through. I'd go to hell and back for any damn one of them.

Still, it'd be nice if one of those fuckers would get off their ass and help me out. I glance out the window, searching for someone I can force to help me, but when I catch a glimpse of Cove straddling Dragon's lap and Dragon's hand down the back of Cove's jeans, I groan.

Scratch that idea.

A chilly presence enters the kitchen despite the heat billowing from the stove. I don't have to turn around to know who it is. Erin is the ice queen around here. Most days, she hides out at Copper and Stormy's, but when she's forced to socialize with the group, she brings her ice daggers, usually aimed for my heart.

"Bermuda," she clips out.

"Erin." I sigh, turning to face her. "How are you?"

She bristles and frowns, turning her glare to the floor. “Not well.”

Tossing the dish towel that was in my hands onto the counter, I prowl toward her. Though she’s an ice queen, sometimes she melts in my presence. I’ve had her naked and beneath me enough times to know it’s possible to get her hot. But usually when she gets what she wants, she moves along her merry little way.

It shouldn’t hurt, but it does.

There’s something inside Erin I want to save and nurture and heal. She, like Dragon, was a victim of human trafficking, forced to perform sexually and on camera. It’s amazing she’s still down to fuck considering her past. From what I’ve gathered from her and the others, she doesn’t fuck just anyone either. Just me. Our little secret.

“What’s going on?” I demand, using a finger beneath her chin to lift it and force her eyes to meet mine. “Are you sick?”

Her brows knit together. “It’s nothing.”

I take the liberty of kissing her pursed lips. “If you’re hurting, it’s not nothing. Talk to me.”

Her nostrils flare. “We’re not boyfriend and girlfriend, Bermuda. We’re nothing.”

Ouch.

Her barbs always cut deep, but I’m learning to look past the nastiness to find the real source of her pain. I’m an easy target because I don’t fight back. She needs protecting. Her past eats her alive from the inside out.

“We’re *something*, sugar,” I rumble, bringing my mouth to her ear. “I can show you how much of *something* we are after dinner.”

“Liar,” she whispers, but I can tell she wants me to argue.

“You wouldn’t keep coming back for more if it wasn’t the truth.” I nip at her ear. “I’ve been patient, letting you go at your own pace.”

“But,” she snaps.

“But nothing. I’ll keep being patient if that’s what you need. I just don’t know what you need because you never talk to me. You’re a fortress, sugar, and I just want in.”

Her palms go to my chest and she starts to push away, but I snake my arms around her, locking her in my embrace. She relaxes, no longer trying to escape me.

“Just words, Bermuda. That’s all this is. Words and an occasional good dicking.”

I roll my eyes at her. “We both know it’s a fan-fucking-tastic dicking when it happens. Good is for mere mortals. Like Filter and Calla. I bet they have regular good ol’-fashioned missionary-style dicking. Ours is spectacular. Who else can make you come like a wild woman with just his tongue?” I waggle my brows at her. “Seriously, Erin, talk to me.”

She bravely lifts her chin, boring her hard gaze into me. “I have something to say. Don’t speak, just listen.”

I frown but make a show of pressing my lips together.

“I’m...” She swallows and her lip wobbles. “Oh, God, I can’t do this. I can’t.”

“Whatever it is, we can tackle it together,” I assure her, not keeping my promise to keep my trap shut. “Let me in, woman.”

Tears sheen in her eyes and her voice is hoarse. “I’m pregnant.”

Gripping her hair, I tug her head back and attack her mouth with mine. She moans in surprise and melts in my arms.

Pregnant.

My mean-ass girl is pregnant.

With *my* baby.

“Marry me.” I grin at her, laughing when she huffs in horror. “What? I can cook and clean. My dick is magical. What more could you want?”

“You’re a cocky dumbass,” she snaps. “Maybe I don’t want to marry my baby daddy.”

“Maybe your baby daddy wasn’t asking. Maybe he was tellin’. Maybe you and I have a date with the courthouse tomorrow morning because I’m making you mine now, Erin. No more games. You gotta let me in. Trust me. I think I’ve earned it.”

She studies me with the softest expression I’ve ever seen on her face. I watch as she gnaws on her bottom lip, seriously thinking it through. I’m patient, so I wait it out. Finally, she offers me a roll of her eyes and a clipped nod.

I crush my lips to hers, sealing the deal. Then I scoop her up like she’s already my bride and stride outside where everyone is lounging around listening to Gibson play “Simple Man” by Hank Williams Jr. on his guitar. All eyes turn to us, shock evident in all of them. We’ve been discreet with our... relationship until now. Poor Nees’s heart will be broken. But that’s too bad. She’s mine and I claimed her a long time ago. Now it’s time to do it publicly.

“Hey, assholes,” I call out, grinning like a fucking idiot. “We have an announcement.”

“Put me down, freak!” Erin growls.

“We’re having a baby and I’m making her my wife.”

“Does *she* know that?” Stormy asks, brow arched high. “You can’t just kidnap the woman you think is hot and make her your wife. Doesn’t work like that, sweetie.”

Copper barks out a laugh. “Why not? It worked on your fine ass.”

She smacks him but not too hard because he has their daughter in his arms. I’m done answering questions. I’m ready to make us official.

“Hey!” Koyn barks out from the tree line where he stands with Halo and Payne, the three of them smoking. “I thought you were cooking the bird! Where the hell do you think you’re going?”

“Man, I’m grabbing onto my happily ever after before she runs away,” I yell back. “Tag, you’re it. Cook your own goddamn bird, Prez.”

“For fuck’s sake,” Koyn growls.

I don’t hear anything else because I make it into the clubhouse and slam the door behind us. Slowly, I set my woman to her feet and kiss her lips. Her icy glare turns into a sweet smile when I palm her stomach with my giant hand.

“I’m going to be a daddy.”

“Yeah,” she huffs. “I guess of all the choices around here, you’re the best one.”

In Erin-speak, she likes me. Soon, she’ll love me. I’ve loved her since the day I laid eyes on her. And this child we’re bringing into the world is a product of something special between us.

“You promise we’ll figure this out?” she asks, her voice trembling in a rare show of vulnerability.

“You leave it to me, sugar. I’m going to take care of you and our baby. I swear to fuck.”

“That shouldn’t be romantic,” she complains. “Ugh. This is how I got pregnant in the first place. Your annoying swoony-ass words.”

I grin at her.

She thinks I’m swoony.

Erin’s in love.

Thank you for reading *Dragon*.

I hope you loved these two guys!

This concludes my Royal Bastards: Tulsa, OK series!

I appreciate you reading my biker boys!

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*If you enjoyed Dragon in the Royal Bastards MC world,
check out the other chapters.*

*This is a standalone “world” but sometimes the characters
make cameos in other books!*

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PLAYLIST

Listen to the Spotify playlist [here](#).

“Cupid Carries A Gun” by Marilyn Manson

“Take Out the Gunman” by Chevelle

“Change” by Deftones

“Wicked Game” by Stone Sour

“Lunchbox” by Marilyn Manson

“Tha Hand That Feeds” by Nine Inch Nails

“The Perfect Drug” by Nine Inch Nails

And lots more!

ROYAL BASTARDS MC SERIES THIRD RUN

Winter Travers: *Monk*

K.L. Ramsey: *Ratchet's Revenge*

Chelle C . Craze & Eli Abbott: *Cocked Hammer*

Nikki Landis: *Hell's Fury*

M. Merin: *Diesel*

Kristine Allen: *Chains*

KE Osborn: *Seeking Shadows*

Scarlett Black: *River*

Erin Trejo: *Bleed for Me*

Crimson Syn: *Afflicted with Desire*

J.Lynn Lombard: *Torch's Torment*

Glenna Maynard: *Taken by the Biker*

K Webster: *Dragon*

Khloe Wren: *Flood of Bravery*

Rae B. Lake: *Chaos and Paradise*

Misty Walker: *Bexley's Biker*

J.L. Leslie: *Worth the Pain*

Nicole James: *Climbing the Ranks*

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Izzy Sweet & Sean Moriarty: *Broken Lines*

E.C. Land: *Spiral into Chaos*

Jax Hart: *Desert Heat*

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ABOUT K WEBSTER



K Webster is a *USA Today* Bestselling author. Her titles have claimed many bestseller tags in numerous categories, are translated in multiple languages, and have been adapted into audiobooks. She lives in “Tornado Alley” with her husband, two children, and her baby dog named Blue. When she’s not writing, she’s reading, drinking copious amounts of coffee, and researching aliens.

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